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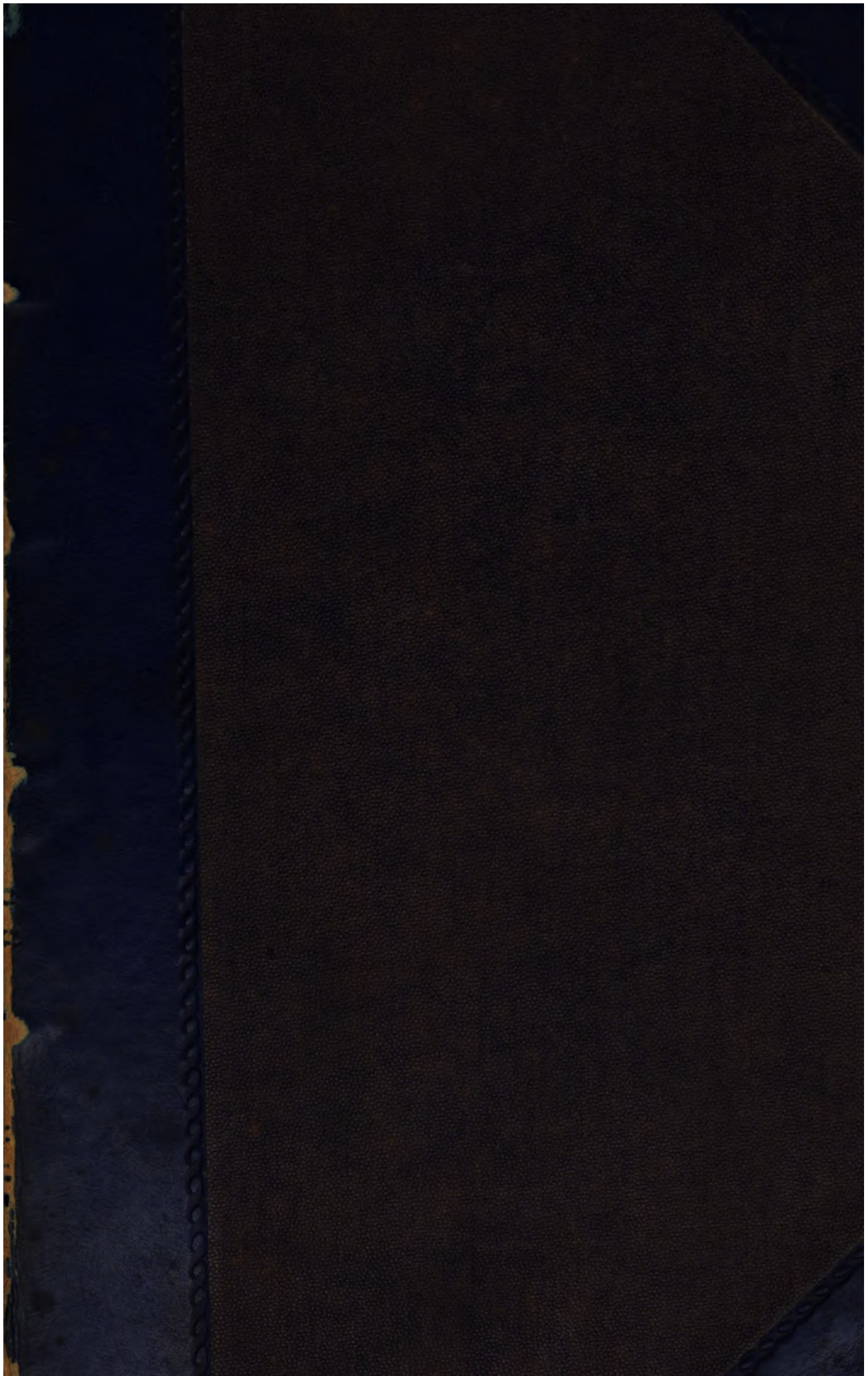
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THE POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR THOMAS WYATT.





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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*With Memoir and Critical Dissertation.*

THE TEXT EDITED BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

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THE  
LIFE OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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SIR THOMAS WYATT ranks with Henry, Earl of Surrey, as one of the best of our early poets; and with Surrey, Byron, Walpole, and some others, as one of the comparatively few of our aristocracy who have contributed much of value to the stores of English literature. He was descended from an ancient and noble family, which had been settled for several successive generations at Southange, in the county of York. His father, Sir Henry, had been faithful to the cause of the House of Lancaster during its darkest days; had been imprisoned in the Tower by Richard III., and even, it is said, tortured in the Usurper's presence. It is stated by tradition, and is inscribed on his monument in Kent, that, during his imprisonment, a cat brought him daily a pigeon from a neighbouring dove-cot, which served amply to supply his wants! When the sun began to shine on the Lancastrian side of the hedge, Henry VII. did not forget the loyalty of the able, prudent, and wise Sir Henry Wyatt, but appointed him one of his Privy Councillors, and afterwards one of the executors to his will. In the year 1493, we find him rich enough to purchase the estate of Allington, near Maidstone, in Kent, which became the residence of the family; and about the same time he also bought from the Marquis of Dorset the estate and mansion of Mole, lying a little to the east of Maidstone, and which fell afterwards into the possession of the Earl of Romney. After Henry VII.'s death, Wyatt was nominated by the Countess of Richmond one of the council for managing public affairs till the young king was of age; and he con-

tinued under Henry VIII. to enjoy many marks of royal distinction. At his coronation on the 23d of July 1509, Wyatt was created a Knight of the Bath; and having greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Spurs in August 1513, he was made Knight Banneret on the spot: besides afterwards acting at one time as Knight Marshall; at another, as Keeper of the King's Jewels; and at a third, as Ewerer to His Majesty. In 1502 he married Anne, daughter of John Skinner, of Reigate, in Surrey, and by her had three children—Thomas, the elder Sir Thomas Wyatt, as he is usually denominated, Henry, and Margaret.

The year 1503 was the time, and Allington Castle the place, signalised by the birth of our poet. As to the first twelve years of his life, biography is silent; but it seems probable that he enjoyed the instructions of a private tutor. In 1515 he was entered of St John's, Cambridge. He took his degree of B.A. in 1518, and that of A.M. in 1520. In the same year, when only seventeen, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Brooke, Lord Cobham. In 1525 he took part in a grand feat of arms which was performed at Greenwich at Christmas. Wyatt was one of sixteen challengers; and the enterprise began the day after St John the Evangelist's day, and lasted till the 8th of February, when "every man having journeyed as his course came, and many a sword being broken, and many a good stripe given, and every man having stricken his full number of twelve strokes, the combatants were severed and disarmed, and the achievement closed." Those who have the opportunity of consulting Hall's Chronicles, will find there a full and glowing picture of this splendid passage of arms, which the graceful and gallant courtesy of the combatants, the quaint titles and devices, the presence of the most beautiful and illustrious ladies, whose eyes

"Rain influence, and decide the prize;"

the gorgeous costumes, and the mazy dances, which alternated with the mock fights, must have rendered enchanting—reminding us, in some points, of the "gentle and joyous

passage of arms" at Ashby, in *Ivanhoe*, and exciting a renewal of the old sigh of Burke, because the "age of chivalry is gone."

In the absence of distinct information, various pleasant myths have been invented about this period of Wyatt's life, some supposing that he completed his education at Oxford, and others tracing him in imaginary tours to Paris and Italy. The fact, however, seems to be, that as Dr Nott well remarks, "at the period when Wood supposes him to have been advancing himself in learning by hearing the cardinal's lectures at Oxford, he must have been dividing his time between his attendance at Court, and the society of his wife Elizabeth in the 'classic' bowers of Allington, on the peaceful and romantic shores of the winding Medway."

The first authentic glimpse we get of him after the birth of his eldest son, in 1521, is at Anne Boleyn's marriage, in July 1533, where Wyatt officiated as ewerer, in room of his father. He had undoubtedly, in the mean time, been cultivating his mind in his study, perhaps serving in the army, and certainly shining in the Court. He possessed almost all the qualifications which go to constitute a consummate courtier. He had a noble appearance, a form where, according to Surrey, "force and beauty met," a face of perfect symmetry, eyes of dazzling lustre, a mouth of singular sweetness, and a carriage distinguished alike by dignity and ease—the dignity of the oak and the yielding grace of the willow. His accomplishments, too, were extensive, and yet hung elegantly about him, waving to his outline freely like the toga—not sternly girded around him like the tunic. He spoke French, Italian, and Spanish, like English, besides being thoroughly acquainted with the classical languages. He sang, too, and played skilfully on the lute; excelled in the arts of conversation, particularly in wit and repartee; was already celebrated as a poet, and formed altogether an unequalled specimen of the high-born cavalier of the period—of the soldier and the scholar, the gentleman and the genius. Through his various accomplishments he ingratiated himself greatly with the king, but is said to have used his influence

more in favour of others than of himself, so that it became a proverb when any one received unexpected advancement—"He has been in Wyatt's closet." That our young wit and poet passed through the ordeal of such a Court as Bluff King Hal's quite scatheless, is far from probable; but there is no evidence that he was ever dissolute or abandoned to pleasure. He accuses himself, indeed, to his son of past folly and unthriftiness; but it is not certain whether the folly ever amounted to guilt, or the unthriftiness to dissipation. His gay qualities, however, contributed, with other circumstances, to bring him into serious dangers, and nearly to premature death.

Our readers are all familiar with the character of the "Blue-beard among Monarchs;" the wife-killing king, Henry VIII., and with the tragic fate of (if we may use the somewhat paradoxical term) the "English Mary Queen of Scots," poor unfortunate Anne Boleyn. We must not judge of King Henry as a monster. There are few, if any, monsters in the history of mankind. He was merely a man of strong passions, developed by power and popularity into a selfish and ungovernable despot—a despot who would have been incomparably more tyrannical to his people, had not his fury found a safety-valve in his cruel treatment of his wives. The whole history of his marriages has almost a phantasmagorial effect on the imagination. His wives come like shadows, and like shadows depart—each diverse in aspect as in destiny—the gentle, dignified, and pious Catherine of Arragon, dying after writing a last letter to her husband, full of a tenderness and pathos which melted even his rough nature to tears, and leaving the "Bloody Mary" as her sad and terrible legacy to England—the gay and beautiful Anne Boleyn, appearing to imagination like that pale fair girl in Faust, with

"A single *blood-red line*,  
Not larger than the sharp end of a knife,  
Around her lovely neck,"

and from whose blood sprang Elizabeth, the Lioness of the Protestant faith—Jane Seymour, the beloved Rachel among the throng, and the mother of the boy-king Edward



VI., although, alas! like the Princess Charlotte in later days, perishing in parturition, and being, like her, the “consort of a year,” although not the “parent of the dead”—the coarse Anne of Cleves, the voluptuous and unhappy Catherine Howard—and the learned, sensible, and religious Catherine Parr, who was fortunate enough to outlive her capricious and sensual lord, and whose “Prayers and Meditations, wherein the mind is stirred patiently to suffer all afflictions here, and to set at nought the vaine prosperitie of this worlde, and, also, to long for the everlasting felicitie,” still survive to praise her in the gates. It was Anne Boleyn, the second in this strange procession, whose name has been associated with that of Wyatt, and the vortex of whose fate had very nearly engulfed our accomplished and brilliant bard. It will be remembered that she accompanied Mary, sister of Henry, on her marriage with Louis XII., to France, as maid of honour, and that, afterwards, she entered the service, first of Queen Claude, wife of Francis I., and then of his sister, the Duchess of Alençon. Her youth, beauty,\* wit, and the fascination of her manners, rendered her a great favourite in the French Court, where it is supposed Wyatt first met and became enamoured of her. On her return to England, she was appointed lady of honour to Queen Catherine, and attracted the notice of the king, who straightway moved heaven and earth, first, in an attempt to seduce her, which was unsuccessful, and then to obtain her as his wife. They were privately married, on November 14, 1532, but soon, her pregnancy revealing the secret, Cranmer declared the first marriage void, and celebrated a second, after which Anne was crowned Queen at Westminster, amidst circumstances of unequalled splendour. Her triumph proved as brief as her rise had been sudden. Henry speedily tired of her, transferring his affections to Jane Seymour, her maid of honour, and pretending to entertain suspicions of the Queen’s virtue. In 1535, two years after she had given birth to Elizabeth, she was

\* *That*, however, was far from perfect. She had six fingers on her right hand, and her complexion was too yellow. Her eyes, however, were fine, and her carriage majestic.

imprisoned, accused, brought to trial before a jury of peers, and, on the testimony of one Smeatoun, a musician, who confessed himself her paramour, was condemned to death by twenty-six judges. The sentence was executed on the 19th of May. She died with great firmness and dignity, sending a message to request forgiveness from the Princess Mary, the daughter of Catherine, for the injuries she had done to her and her mother, and another to the king, thanking him, that he had "uniformly continued his endeavours for her advancement—from a private gentlewoman having made her first a marchioness, then a queen—and as he could raise her no higher in this world, now sending her to be a saint in heaven." There is something in the mock humility and subacid bitterness of this message, as well as in her accomplishments, her early connexion with the Court of France, her grace and gaiety, her undoubted imprudence, surmised infidelity, and melancholy doom, to confirm the statement of the resemblance we have already mentioned between Anne Boleyn—the mother of Queen Elizabeth—and Mary of Scots, her great rival and victim.

Much obscurity rests on the nature of the connexion between Anne Boleyn and Wyatt. That they were acquainted is certain; that they were mutually attracted is probable; that, in the language of a modern historian, speaking of Barbaroux and Madame Roland, "they did look into each others eyes, and felt that to each other they were all too lovely," is a pleasant enough fancy. Here and there, besides, occur allusions in Wyatt's poetry, which serve to corroborate the suspicion. His mistress' name is "Anna." He speaks of his wealth, and even life, having been in great danger in May, the month when Anne Boleyn was tried and executed. He says again—

"And now I follow the coals that be quent,  
From Dover to Calais against my mind;"

lines which are supposed to refer to Anne Bolèyn's excursion to France, as Marchioness of Pembroke, in 1532, a little before her marriage, and to imply that Wyatt reluctantly

attended thither, his quenched or quenching flame. Yet his name does not occur in the list of the persons noticed in the account of the expenses of that voyage. He says, too, in reference to a lady—

“Graven with diamonds in letters plain,  
There is written her fair neck round about,  
Noli me tangere, *Cæsar’s, I am;*”

words which can hardly be explained, except on the supposition, that the object of his passion had come into the power of a royal lover. Anne was attended by the poet’s sister Margaret, on the scaffold, and, with a smile of farewell tenderness, gave to her a little prayer-book, set in gold, enamelled black, which she long preserved as a precious relic. A tradition, too, of the attachment is said to exist in the Wyatt family. And there is reason to believe, from a half burnt passage of a letter in the Cotton collection, that Anne Boleyn, during her confinement in the Tower, read and admired Wyatt’s songs and poems. Still, of criminal intimacy there is not the slightest evidence; and, whatever Platonic affection there might be between the parties, it seems to have faded away, before, in an evil hour, the “Anna” of Wyatt’s muse became the short-lived Queen of England.

The suspicion our poet underwent, and which, by his own account, had nearly proved fatal to his prospects, soon subsided, and on Easter day, 16th April 1536 or 1537, we find him created a knight, although, not long after, on account of some quarrel with the Duke of Suffolk, he was committed to the Tower. There he continued for only a short time, and was then appointed to a post in the army of the Duke of Norfolk, who was employed in subduing a rebellion in Lincolnshire. Before Wyatt, however, reached the scene of action, the rebels were routed. In token of the king’s confidence, he was the next year made Sheriff of Kent, and shortly after was despatched to the Continent, to make up the dispute between Henry and the Emperor, who was naturally indignant at the treatment of Catherine of Arragon, and interested in promoting the claims of her daughter Mary. In going, whether



from carelessness or from haste, Wyatt left his affairs in a state of confusion, and, as Thomas Cromwell tells him, "ravenous," exceedingly characteristic of a poet. By April 1537, he had reached Spain, and continued there for more than two years, conducting the necessary negotiations with much skill and judgment, although considerably embarrassed, partly through the complexity of the affairs, and partly through the duplicity of the Emperor and his Counsellors. In the end of 1539, he returned to England, where he met a gratifying reception from Henry, and then hastened to the country to spend some quiet months in his own home.

At the end of this year the Emperor proceeded through France to the Low Countries, and Wyatt was despatched to Paris as English ambassador, with a view to watch his motions. Having first had an interview with the French king at Blois, he joined the emperor at Chateaufort, and thence attended him to Paris, to Brussels, and to Ghent. His letters home are clear and sagacious, but testify to his intense disgust at his avocations, and his eagerness to return to his own country. At length, about the middle of May 1540, his wish was gratified, and he was again welcomed by the king with the most flattering tokens of approbation. During one of his visits to the Continent, at the dissolution of the monasteries, he had requested, and through Cromwell's influence obtained, the friary of Arlesford in Kent, which adjoined his family estate at Allington.

Wyatt had undoubtedly performed good service on the Continent, particularly by detecting and baffling the schemes of Cardinal Pole, who had been sent from Rome to Spain for the purpose of uniting the emperor and Francis in a league against England; but who, through Wyatt's interference, was so coldly received at Madrid, that he retired in chagrin to Avignon. Yet our poet had scarcely reached home, till he found his conduct cruelly misrepresented by his enemies. Bonner, afterwards infamous for his treatment of the Protestants, and surnamed the "Bloody Bonner," had been united with Wyatt in the continental embassy, and had formed a bitter enmity against him; encouraged by the fall of Lord Thomas Cromwell, who had been Wyatt's patron, he accused

him of holding a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Pole, and of having treated the king with disrespect while ambassador in 1538 and 1539. Through his insinuations, Henry's wrath was roused against the poet, and he threw him into the Tower. There he was treated with great severity. This we infer from his lines in prison to Bryan:—

“Sighs are my food, my drink they are my tears,  
 Clinking of fetters such music would crave;  
 Stink and close air away my life wears,  
 Innocency is all the hope I have.  
 Rain, wind, and weather I judge by my ears,  
 Malice assaults that righteousness should have,  
 Sure I am, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,  
 But yet, alas! the scar shall still remain.”

After he had been for some time in the Tower, the Privy Council desired him to state what the causes of his offence at the emperor's court were; and he replied, in a letter subjoined to this memoir. Shortly after, he was tried, and delivered the memorable defence, which we have also subjoined. It still richly deserves perusal, is manly in spirit, ingenious in its course of argument, and sparkles with wit and sarcasm. Not contented with defending himself, he retorts on his opponents, and makes Bonner especially look very contemptible. He was triumphantly acquitted, and Henry, the same year, bestowed on him certain lands in Lambeth, and the year after appointed him high steward of the Manor of Maidstone, and gave him estates in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, in exchange for others of less value in Kent.

To this crisis in Wyatt's life, Surrey alludes in one of his poems of the “Death of Sir Thomas Wyatt:”—

“Divers thy death, so diversely bemoan  
 Some that in presence of thy livelihood\*  
 Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swollen,  
 Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head.  
 Some that watched with the murderer's knife,  
 With eager thirst to shed thy guiltless blood,  
 Whose practice brake by happy end of life,  
 With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.”

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\* “Presence of thy livelihood:” presence of thee living.

Wyatt now retired to Allington, and amused himself by writing his Satires, addressed to his friend John Pointz, in which he gives a decided and eloquent preference to a country over a town life—the result, doubtless, of his own individual experience, since all his happy days had been passed at his ancestral seat, and all his miseries arose from his connexion with the Court. The winter of 1541, and the spring and summer of 1542, passed pleasantly with our poet. Besides the Satires, he wrote his version of the Seven Penitential Psalms, and occupied his leisure in improving his estate, and superintending the education of his nephew Henry Lee.

In the autumn of 1542, an embassy from the emperor being expected to arrange for a war with France, Henry ordered Wyatt to meet it at Falmouth, and conduct it to London. Hasting to obey the royal mandate, our poet went through most unfavourable weather to Sherborne, overheated himself, and was seized with a malignant fever. Horsey, one of his most intimate friends, who lived close at hand, came to his aid, but in vain. His constitution speedily yielded to the disease, and he expired on the 10th or 11th of October 1542, at the early age of thirty-nine. Horsey closed his eyes, and his body being unfit for removal, buried him in his own vault in the Great Church at Sherborne, where he lies without monument or inscription. He left an only son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, called usually Wyatt the younger, who, in 1554, having joined in the Lady Jane Grey conspiracy, was condemned and executed for high treason.

Thus prematurely perished the graceful, accomplished, eloquent, and gifted Wyatt the elder. He died regretted by all, except the Roman Catholics, who had long known his leaning to the Protestant faith. He seems to have been altogether a most admirable character—generous and brave, true to his friends, liberal to his dependants, full of varied learning, and actuated in his general conduct by high moral and Christian principle. In his defence he confesses, indeed, that he was not immaculate—saying, “I grant I do not profess chastity; but yet I use not abomination.” In his attachment to Anne Boleyn he was to be pitied as much as blamed,

and there is no other stain, whether deep or faint, upon his escutcheon.

We come now to a few remarks on his poetry. It is manifestly but a small extract from the large nature of the man; but in its smallness forms an exquisitely finished miniature of its author. It naturally and logically divides itself into three parts, answering in a remarkable manner to the various epochs in the history of the writer. We have first his Love-poetry, then his Satires, and finally his Paraphrase of David's Penitential Psalms. His Love-poetry is remarkable for its purity. The passion is clothed and disguised under the innumerable quaintnesses of expression, like Eve under her fantastic attire of fig-leaves. The love of Wyatt is neither, on the one hand, the merely animal feeling to be found in Dryden, and under a guise of refinement and a classical costume in Horace also, and Anacreon; nor is it, on the other hand, the fine etherealised rapture of a Crashaw or a Shelley—it partakes in some measure of both, and unites them into a *tertium quid*, blended of warm enthusiasm and homely natural feeling of the poetical and the subduedly sensuous. Such, we think, was the general character of the love-poetry of the Reformation age, as we find it in Surrey, in Spenser, and in almost all the plays of Shakspeare. It is never contaminated by corruption, and yet it never condescends to wear a gauzy veil of sentimentalism. It is plain-spoken, yet pure. Its extravagances are sincere in their very absurdity. A certain chivalric fervour and grace mingle with its most fervid expressions. It is the love of Piercie Shafton, than whom Scott seldom drew a truer and better character, for the Miller's daughter, without his coxcombry. To Wyatt and those other writers of his day his beloved is a goddess indeed; but a goddess stooping from heaven into his ardent embrace, and in embracing her he himself becomes in part divine. Some may object to the minuteness with which he anatomises his love feelings, and to the endless repetitions and refrains of his amorous song, but none can deny the sincerity of the songster; and the curious and quaint modes in which he expresses his affections remind you pleasantly of



Arcadia and its poetical lovers; or of Shakspeare's Arcadia of Arden, where his Rosalinds and Orlandos were wont to "fleet their time, as in the golden world." Every little song and madrigal of Wyatt's seems as if it had been first carved on the bark of a forest-tree, or perchance inscribed on the sand of the sea-shore, and thence transferred to his immortal verse.

In his Satires we find what we may call a mellowed souredness of spirit, like the taste of the plum or sloe when touched by the first frosts. There is no fury, no rancour, and but little bitterness. You have simply a good and great man, who has left the public arena early and without stain, giving the results of his experience, and deliberately preferring the life of rural simplicity and peace to that of courtly etiquette and diplomatic falsehood. How different from the savage and almost fiendish eye of retrospect such men as Swift and Byron cast upon a world which they have spurned, and which, with quite as much justice, has spurned them! Wyatt and the world, on the other hand, part fair foes, and shake hands ere they diverge from each other's paths for ever.

In his version of the Seven Penitential Psalms, some have fancied that they see a tacit acknowledgment, on our poet's part, of some special criminality. If it were so, it would only prove that he resembled one of the noblest characters in history in his repentance as well as in his sin. But we agree with Nott in thinking, that Wyatt's choice of such a theme for his muse arose merely from that growing solemnity and seriousness of mind which often distinguish a man in middle life more than in advanced years. As it is, his version of these psalms is very striking, more deeply impregnated with evangelical truth than anything in that age's poetry, and when he speaks at the close, in his own person, he approaches the sublime. Listen to the following picture of David in the cave:—

"He seemed in that place  
A marble image, of singular reverence  
Carved in the rock, with eyes and hand on high,  
Made as by craft to plain, to sob, to sigh.

Thus while a beam *that Bright Sun* forth sends,  
That sun the which was never cloud could hide,  
Pierceth the cave, and on the harp descends,  
Whose glancing light the cords did over glide,  
And such lustre upon the harp extends  
As light of lamp upon the gold clean tried,  
The lome whereof into his eyes did start,  
Surprised with joy by penance of the heart."

Our readers will observe in this extract, and throughout his poems, a certain ruggedness of versification and style; but they will not fail also to notice in every part of the volume traces of the ingenuity, eloquence, earnestness, fancy, and fire, which combine to constitute a true, if not a transcendent, poet.



THE  
DEFENCE OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

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SIR THOMAS WYATT'S LETTER TO THE  
PRIVY COUNCIL IN 1541.\*

PLEASE IT YOUR GOOD LORDSHIPS TO UNDERSTAND,

I HAVE knowledge by Mr Lieutenant that the King's pleasure is, and your commandment, that I should write and declare such things as have passed me whilst I was in the Emperor's Court, by word, writing, communing, or receiving, with or from any man, whereby I know myself to have offended, or whereby I might run in suspect of offence—namely, in the time of that Court being at Nice and Villa Franca.

First; like as I take God to record, in whom I trust to be saved, and whose redemption I forsake if wittingly I lie, so do I humbly in His name beseech you all, that in those things that be not fresh in my memory no captious advantage be taken of me: professing always that if myself can by any means, or your Lordships, or any other, reduce any other thing than I shall touch to my remembrance, sincerely and uncolourably from time to time to declare the truth in prison, or out. And for my part I declare affirmingly at all proofs whereby a Christian man may be tried, that in my lite in crime towards the Majesty of the King my master, or any his issue in deed, word, writing, or wish, I never offended. I

\* See page xiii. ante.



never committed malice or offence, or (as I have presently said before you) done a thing wherein my thought could accuse my conscience as touching words with any the King's enemy, or traitor, in my life. I remember not that ever I spake with any, knowing him at that time to be a traitor, or enemy, but to Brauncetour at his apprehension in Paris, and to Trogmorton at St Daves, that would have brought me a present of wine from Pole: which processes, I doubt not but it is well in your Lordships remembrance.

I had forgot in this place a light fellow, a gunner, that was an Englishman, and came out of Ireland with an Irish traitor, called James; I have forgot his other name and doubt in that also. He could scarce speak English, and drunken he was; and on a day I rebuked him out of my house; and he sought to advertise me of that James' coming again; but the thing was of no value, and I neglected them.

And there was also a fool, an Irishman, that was lame, maimed in the Emperors wars; and there took him by the name of Rosarossa, because he ware a red rose in his breast: but there was no substance of those things. But if they require any further, I am ready to say to it; though it be to none effect. Writing I never received none of any there, being known a traitor, or being suspect of treason: or none afterwards proved a traitor, other than followeth.

Of the Earl of Essex (being then as the King's chief Councillor, and after declared a traitor of Pagett) a letter, being inclosed within a letter of the Earl of Essex, directing another letter with the same to Brauncetour. Pate's letters I sent to the Earl of Essex, Brauncetour not yet known for a traitor. Of Leze, a letter or two, he being in Italy. Whereunto I answered him in substance, exhorting him to come and see Spain, and return into England with me: he then not being suspected of any offence, to my knowledge.

Of Brauncetour two or three letters (he being at Tour de Himmes in Castille, and I at Barcelona) concerning my money of the bank. This was twelve months before he was discovered for a traitor. Other letters or writings, such as above, I never remember that any came to my hands, or

through my hands unopened, but of the Priest that was my Lord Lyster's chaplain; which I opened, and after brought them the King.

Communing with any declared or known then to me a traitor or rebel, with sending of message, recommendations, advertisements, favourable tokens, or writings, or any such matter, let it be proved and impute it to me for treason. Nor I say not that, for that I have done it so secretly that it cannot be proved, but, as God judge me, I am clear of thought. Receiving, I am as clear as sending. God knoweth what restless torment it hath been to me since my hither coming, to examine myself, perusing all my deeds to my remembrance, whereby a malicious enemy might take advantage by evil interpretation. But, as I complained before to your Lordships, it had grieved me the suspect I have been in, being in Spain, that it was noised that I was run away to the Bishop of Rome, had not the King's Majesty had so good opinion of me that, as I know, at my coming home they were punished that had sown that noise on me.

And further, by examination of Mason; the which thing, with that you name the towns Nice and Villa Franca, reneweth the suspect thereof. Whereof the substance and truth of that I passed there, to my remembrance I shall declare sincerely.

At the Emperor's arrival at Villa Franca (which is about one mile from Nice, and where is a boat for galleys) to my galley came a servant from the Bishop of London that now is, and Dr Haynes, advertising me of their being at Nice. I went with my boat without delay to them; and, to be short, I gat them [lodging] at Villa Franca, right over against my own, as good as the time and place would suffer. For though they were better lodged at Nice, yet methought that Court being full of the Court of Rome, it was scant sure nor convenient, nor so meet for our communication. The execution thereof needs not here to be comprehended: it was then advertised of. And besides, I suppose it be not the intent of this declaration. I, as God judge me, like as I was continually imagining, and compassing what way I might do

best service; so rested I not day nor night to hunt out for knowledge of those things. I trotted continually up and down that hell through heat and stink, from counsellor to ambassador, from one friend to another; but the things then were either so secretly handled, or yet not in coverture, that I, with all mine acquaintance, and much less they my colleagues for any policy or industry that I saw them use, could not get any knowledge. Methought (an Emperor, a French King, and Bishop of Rome being so assembled, pretending an union of all the world, to be treated by the hands of my Master's mortal enemy, I being present, neither having knowledge of anything, nor thilk advertisement from hence) that I should leave no stone unmoved to get some intelligence; although, peradventure my colleagues thought that little to be their charge, but only to convert the Emperor by their learning.

Upon this it chanced that upon a day there was no person at dinner with us but we three, and Mason; and, the servants being from the board, (whether they were gone for meat, or whether I bade them go down, I remember not) I rehearsed the [case], care I had for lack of knowledge, and the necessity, and demanded their opinion, "What if Mason should insinuate himself dissembling with Pole, to suck something worthy of knowledge in these great matters." They both thought it good, and Mason was content to essay it when he should see time and occasion. The certain time how long I tarried after, or how long I was there in all, on my truth I remember not; but I think I was not there twelve days in all afore anything done in this matter. To my knowledge, my overture for my coming to the King was made unto me; wherein I had not so much respect to the offers that were made, as to the promise and the assurance that both the Emperor, Grandvela, and Cavas made me, that nothing neither with Bishop or King should be treated and concluded till I came again, if I came in fifteen or sixteen days, or that the King did send resolution upon these affairs. This, methought, was so gladsome unto me to win to the King, he being unbound and at liberty so many days (with my posting only and pain in so high matters), that all my policy of know-

ledge and intelligence was clean forgotten with me. Methought I had enough. The resolution upon these affairs your Lordships knoweth; and the success after sheweth what was meant then. The day passed; and [before] my return (although I solicited earnestly my dispatch) the appointment [was] concluded, and these Princes departed.

Touching this device of Mason with Pole, this is all that soundeth in any case to my fact. And let it be proved that ever by Mason, or any other, I sent him word, advertisement, or put word or order in his mouth what he should say or do, other than I have declared, and let it be imputed treason unto me.

The like unto this I used after at Toledo, where I used Mr Foleman's brother and another merchant that had been spoiled, to seek means to enter into Pole's lodging, and to spy who resorted thither, and what they could learn; whereby I discovered Brauncetour's treason, not only resorting to Pole, but plainly exhorting them to forsake the King and follow Pole, whereof I advertised: and by that also I knew of Grandvela's being there secretly with him; upon which I got of Grandvela further knowledge of Pole's suits and demands. This I did without consultation, for I had no colleague with me. But at Paris, about the apprehension of Brauncetour, I used Welden and Swerder, and that with participation of both Mr Tate and the Bishop of London, to be spies over Brauncetour, and to put themselves into company, whereby I ever knew where he became, till the hour came that he was apprehended, Welden being in the chamber with him. Our Lord defend these men, that the thing that was both meant and done in the King's service, should be prejudiced by suspect in this behalf.

But to return to the matter of Mason. I met with the Emperor upon the sea afore Marseilles, coming in a boat from Aquas-Mortes, both in hazard of the Moors and naughty weather, because I would prevent the Emperor and the French King's meeting, which should be at Aquas-Mortes. But I came too late to break anything. Now, had the Emperor been at Genes, and there had Mason gotten occasion to



enter with Pole; and he told me that he could suck nothing out of him, for that he seemed to suspect him. At Venice was I never. Whilst this was done was I yet in England; and Mason told me that he had written to me and the Earl of Essex what he had done, which letters never came to my hands, nor almost a year after to the Earl of Essex's hands, as the same Earl told me at my coming home: and further told me how honestly Mason had declared himself, and how well the King took it, and how good lord he was to him. And further declared unto me the chance, that though the letters that Mason wrote to him came not yet then to his hands, that in searching Mason's papers, the minute thereof was found; and after how the letter self came to his hands, adding thereunto these words, "They meant at Mason, but they shot at the Wyatt." And I remember well the answer I made was, "They strake at me, but they hurt me not; therefore, I pray God forgive them, but i-beshrew their hearts for their meaning." Mason of this all the while never wrote unto me into Spain, but that he was detained with a quartan; but I knew by Grandvela that he was detained by examination, wherein I was suspect; and further particular I could nothing of him. And after, as it may appear by my letters, I solicited my coming home for my declaration. If these be the matters that may bring me into suspect, me seemeth, if I be not blinded by mine cause, that the credit that an Ambassador hath, or ought to have, might well discharge as great stretches as these. If in these matters I have presumed to be trusty more than I was trusted, surely the zeal of the King's service drove me to it. And I have been always of opinion, that the King's Majesty either should send for Ambassadors such as he trusteth, or trust such as he sendeth. But all ye, my good Lords, and masters of the Council, that hath, and shall in like case serve the King, for Christ's charity weigh in this mine innocence, as you would be deemed in your first days, when you have [had] charge without experience. For if it be not by practice and means that an Ambassador should have and come to secrets, a Prince were as good send naked letters, and to receive naked letters, as to be at charge for residencers. And

if a man should be driven to be so scrupulous to do nothing without warrant, many occasions of good service should scape him.

Touching the Bishop of London and Haynes' calumniing in this matter, when it shall please your Lordships to examine me, I shall sincerely declare unto you the malice that hath moved them; and if I might be examiner in my own cause, I know they cannot avoid their untruth in denial of their consent in this cause of Mason.

I beseech you humbly be my good Lords, and let not my life wear away here, that might peradventure be better spent in some days deed for the King's service. Our Lord put in your hearts to do with me as I have deserved toward the King's Majesty.

The King's true, faithful subject and servant, and humble orator,

T. WYATT.

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## SIR THOMAS WYATT'S DEFENCE,

AFTER THE INDICTMENT AND EVIDENCE.

MY LORDS,—If it were here the law, as hath been in some commonwealths, that in all accusations the defendant should have double the time to say and defend, that the accusers have in making their accusations; and that the defendant might detain unto him counsel, as in France, or where the Civil Law is used; then might I well spare some of my leisure to move your Lordships' hearts to be favourable unto me; then might I by counsel help my truth, which by mine own wit I am not able against such a prepared thing. But inasmuch as that time, that your Lordships will favourably give me without interruption, I must spend to instruct without help of counsel their consciences, that must pronounce upon me; I beseech you only (at the reverence of God, whose place in judgment you occupy under the King's Majesty, and whom you ought to have, where you are, before your eyes)

that you be not both my judges and my accusers, that is to say, that you aggravate not my cause unto the quest, but that alone unto their requests or unto mine, which I suppose to be both ignorant in the law, ye interpret law sincerely. For although it be these men that must pronounce upon me: yet I know right well what a small word may, of any of your mouths that sit in your place, to these men that seeketh light at your hands. This done, with your Lordships' leaves, I shall convert my tale unto those men.

I say unto you, my good masters and Christian brethren, that if I might have had such help, as I spake of to my Lords before, counsel, and time, I doubt not but I should fully have satisfied your conscience, and have persuaded you. Nor I mean no such time as hath been had for the inventing, for the setting forth, for the indictment, for devisement of the dilating of the matters by my masters here of the King's Majesty's learned counsel; for it is three years that this matter is first begun: but I would have wished only so much time, that I might have read that they have penned; and penned too, that you might read. But that may not be. Therefore, I must answer directly to the accusation, which will be hard for me to remember.

The accusation comprehendeth the indictment, and all these worshipful men's tales annexed thereunto. The length whereof, the cunning whereof, made by learned men, weaved in and out to persuade you and trouble me here and there, to seek to answer that is in the one afore, and in the other behind, may both deceive you and amaze me, if God put not in your heads honest wisdom to weigh these things as much as it ought to be. So to avoid the danger of your forgetting, and my trouble in the declaration, it is necessary to gather the whole process into these chief points, and unto them to answer directly, whereby ye shall perceive what be the principals, and what be the effects which these men craftily and wittingly have weaved together, that a simple man might hardly try the one from the other. Surely, but that I understand mine own matter, I should be too much to seek and accumbered in it. But, masters, this is more of law than

of equity, of living than of uprightness, with such intricate appearances to blind men's conscience; specially in the case of man's life, where alway the naked truth is the goodliest persuasion. But to purpose.

Of the points that I am accused of, to my perceiving, these be the two marks whereunto mine accusers direct all their shot of eloquence. A deed and a saying. After this sort, in effect, is the deed alleged with so long words: "Wyatt, in so great trust with the King's Majesty, that he made him his ambassador, and for whom his Majesty hath done so much, being ambassador, hath had intelligence with the King's rebel and traitor Pole." Touching the saying, amounteth to this much: "That same Wyatt, being also ambassador, maliciously, falsely, and traitorously said, that he feared that the King should be cast out of a cart's tail; and that by God's blood, if he were so, he were well served, and he would he were so." The sole apparel of the rest of all this process pertaineth to the proofs of the one or other of these two points. But if these two points appear unto you to be more than false, maliciously invented, craftily disguised, and worse set forth, I doubt not but the rest of their proofs will be but reproofs in every honest man's judgment. But let us come to the matter.

And here I beseech you, if any of you have brought with you already my judgment, by reason of such tales as ye have heard of me abroad, that ye will leave all such determination aside, and only weigh the matter as it shall be here apparent unto you. And besides that, think, I beseech you, that if it be sufficient for the condemnation of any man to be accused only, that then there is no man guiltless. But if for condemnation is requisite proof and declaration, then take me as yet not condemned, till thoroughly, advisedly, and substantially ye have heard and marked my tale.

First you must understand that my masters here, serjeant — and other of the King's Counsel that allege here against me, were never beyond the sea with me, that I remember. They never heard me say any such words there, never saw me have any intelligence with Pole, nor my



indicters neither. Wherein you must mark, that neither these men which talk here unsworn, nor the indictment at large, is to be regarded as an evidence. The indicters have found that I have done it. If that be true, what need your trial? but if quests fetch their light at indictments at large, then is a man condemned unheard: then had my Lord Dacres been found guilty; for he was indicted at large by four or five quests; like was his matter avowed, affirmed, and aggravated by an help of learned men; but on all this the honourable and wise nobility did not once look; they looked at the evidence, in which they weighed, I suppose, the malice of his accusers, the unlikelihood of the things hanging together, and, chiefly of all, the substance of the matter and the proofs.

Who then accused me that ever he heard me, or saw me, or knew me to have intelligence with Pole by word, writing, or message to or fro? No man. Why so? For there is [no] such thing. Why art thou brought hither then? It is but a bare condemnation to say, "If I had not offended, I had not been brought hither." That was their saying against Christ, that had nothing to say against him else.

But there is other matter for proofs hereof against me. There is the Right Reverend Father in God the Bishop of London, and Mr Dr Haynes, the King's Chaplain, that depose against me. What sayest thou to this, Wyatt? These men were beyond the sea with thee, where thou sayest that neither the indicters nor we were there: these men of learning, of gravity, yea! and Ambassadors with thee too.

To this I say, this word "Intelligence" concludeth a familiarity or conferring of devices together, which may be by word, message, or writing, which the law forbiddeth to be had with any the King's traitors, or rebels, pain of the like. Rehearse the law: declare, my Lords, I beseech you, the meaning thereof. Am I a traitor, because I spake with the King's traitor? No, not for that, for I may bid him, "Avaunt, traitor:" or, "Defy him, traitor." No man will take this for treason. But where he is holpen, counselled, advertised

by my word, there lieth the treason. In writing it is like: in message it is like: for I may send him both letter and message of challenge, or defiance. But in any of these the suspect is dangerous; therefore whosoever would do any of these things, I would advise him that it appear well. And yet neither God's law, nor man's law, nor no equity condemneth a man for suspects: but for such a suspect, such a word, or writing, [that] may be so apparent by conjectures, or success of things afterwards, by vehement likelihoods, by conferring of things, and such like, that it may be a grievous matter.

But whereto do I declare this point? it is far out of my case: For if I ever spake word to him beyond the sea, and yet to my remembrance but once on this side; or if ever I wrote to him, or if I ever sent him word or message, I confess the action; let it be imputed to me for treason. I say not of word, message, or writing that should be abetting, aiding, comforting, or advertisement; but any at all, but only by his servant Trogmorton, at S. Daves, in France; which was in refusal of a present that he would have sent me of wine, and of other gear; of which thing I advertised, and it appeareth by my letters, the matter how it went; and there was present Chambers, Knowles, Mantell, Blage, and Mason, that heard what pleasant words I cherished him withal.

“Here were a great matter to blear your eyes withal,” say my accusers, “if you would believe Wyatt, that is not ashamed to lie so manifestly in judgment. Didst thou not send Mason unto him at Nice? Hast thou not confessed thyself? Hath not Mason confessed it? Hath not the Bishop of London and Haynes accused thee thereof?” Forsooth never a whit. Neither sent I Mason, nor have confessed that, nor Mason so confesseth, nor, I suppose, neither of my accusers do so allege. Call for them, Bonner and Haynes; their spirituality letteth not them from judgment out of the King's Court. Let them be sworn. Their saying is, that Mason spake with Pole at Genes. Here do not they accuse me, they accuse Mason. Call forth Mason, swear him. He is defendant, his oath cannot be taken. What saith he at the least? He saith that Bon-

ner, Haynes, and Wyatt, being all three the King's ambassadors at Villa Franca besides Nice, that same Wyatt, being in great care for intelligence how the matters went there in great closeness, being an Emperor, a French King, a Bishop of Rome so nigh together, that all these lay within four miles treating upon a conclusion of peace by the hands and means of the Bishop of Rome, the King's mortal enemy; Pole also his traitor being there practising against the King, the said Wyatt at a dinner devised and asked, "What if Mason did undermine Pole, to look if he could suck out anything of him, that were worth the King's knowledge;" which then all three thought good, and he accepted it, when he should see his time.

Doth Mason here accuse me, or confesseth, that I sent him on a message? What word gave I unto thee, Mason? What message? I defy all familiarity and friendship betwixt us, say thy worst. My accusers themselves are accused in this tale, as well as I, if this be treason. Yea, and more: for whereas I confess frankly, knowing both my conscience and the thing clear of treason: they, belike mistrusting themselves, deny this. What they mean by denying of this: minister interrogatories. Let them have such thirty-eight as were ministered unto me; and their familiar friends examined in hold, and appear as well as I; and let us see what milk these men would yield. Why not? they are accused as well as I. Shall they be privileged, because they by subtle craft complained first? where I, knowing no hurt in the thing, did not complain likewise? But they are two. We are also two. As in spiritual courts men are wont to purge their fames, let us try our fames for our honesties, and we will give them odds. And if the thing be earnestly marked, theirs is negative, ours is affirmative. Our oaths ought to be received: theirs in this point cannot.

I say further, they are not the first openers of this matter, whereby they ought to be received. For what will they say? Bonner wrote this out of France long after he was gone from me out of Spain. And Haynes came home, whereas he remained ambassador in France. But Mason wrote this to the

late Earl of Essex from Genes, where he had spoken with Pole, forthwith upon the speaking with him, I being here in England. For afore was I come from Villa Franca, sent to the Emperor from the King's Majesty in post: for what purpose, or what service I did, I know the King's Majesty hath esteemed more than I will ascribe unto myself; and it should but occupy the time, and instruct you little the better in the matter.

I say then, Mason wrote of this unto the Earl of Essex, and unto me also, which letters never came to my hands, nor unto the Earl of Essex's hands neither, all a year after. And when Mason was examined here upon the same afore the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Suffolk, and, as I remember, the Bishop of Durham (I being in Spain), his papers and his things were sought and visited. And where Mason alleged these letters sent to the Earl of Essex, he sware he never received them; and in that search was found the minute of that same letter. And I think Mason no such fool, but in that letter he rehearsed, that upon our consent he went to Pole, and so after what he did. Upon this, so apparent, was Mason dismissed: and long after came the letters to the Earl of Essex's hands. And this did the Earl of Essex tell me after my coming home out of Spain; and, as far as I remember, I learned that of Mr Bartlett, which was the Earl's servant, that brought the minute with Mason's papers. This I say, for that peradventure the letters cannot now be found; yet let him say what he knoweth. So that it is not to be believed, that Mason, then not being in doubt of any accusation, would have said in his letter that he went by the Ambassador's consent, unless it had been so indeed. Therefore, I say, if our consents in this be treason, then are they in this as far in as I; and their negative requireth proof, and neither oath nor denial: and our oaths are to be taken in the affirmative, and not theirs in the negative: nor they are not to be received as the first openers, for Mason wrote it long before them. And they, belike, condemning themselves in taking it to be treason, would falsely lay it unto us, that frankly confess it without thought of treason. But you may see how their falsehood hangeth together.



These men thinketh it enough to accuse: and as all these slanderers use for a general rule, "Whom thou lovest not, accuse; for though he heal the wound, yet the scar shall remain."

But you will say unto me, What is it to thy declaration, whether they have offended or no? Thou confessest, that thou consentest to his going to the King's traitor: how avoidest thou that? What didst thou mean by that, or what authority hadst thou so to do?

This is it, that I would ye should know, good masters, as well as God knoweth; and it shall be clear enough anon, without suspect, unto you.

But first, if that suspect should have been well and lawfully grounded, before it had come as far as accusation; it should have been proved between Pole and me kin, acquaintance, familiarity, or else accord of opinions, whereby it might appear, that my consent to Mason's going to him should be for naughty purpose: or else there should have been brought forth some success since, some letters, if none of mine, at the least of some others, some confession of some of his adherents that have been examined or suffered.

But what? There is none. Why so? Thou shalt as soon find out oil out of a flint stone, as find any such thing in me. What I meant by it is declared unto you. It was little for my avail: it was to undermine him; it was to be a spy over him; it was to learn an enemy's counsel. If it might have been, had it been out of purpose, trow you? I answer now, as though it had been done on my own head without the counsel of two of the King's counsellors, and myself also the third; there is also mine authority. I have received oft thanks from the King's Majesty, and his Councils, for things that I have gotten by such practices; as I have in twenty letters, "use now all your policy, use now all your friends, use now all your dexterity to come to knowledge and intelligence." This, and such like, were my policy; and by such means afterwards, and setting two to be spies over that same Pole in Toledo, when he came in post to the Emperor, I discovered the treason of Brauncetour and the practices of Pole in the Emperor's

Court. And I dare say the King's Majesty was served by the same deed; and how, my Lords of the Council know, both by my letters and declaration since I have been prisoner.

But this I shall beseech you to note in this matter that now I speak of; for that I spake before, "that successes declare suspects." Before Pole came out of Rome to go post to the Emperor, I had so good intelligence, that I knew of it and advertised that he should come, wherein I desired to know what I should do. I heard nothing. I wrote again, "He is on the sea, or else as far as Genes by land hitherward." I heard no word again. This was either because it was not believed, or else they thought it was not like that I should get the knowledge, being in Spain. I wrote again, "He is in Spain," and what I had done; for I had laboured before his coming importunately, that he should have been ordered according to the treaties. I heard yet no word. In conclusion, on my own head I did so much, that he was neither sent against, being the Bishop of Rome's legate, neither received, nor did nothing that he came for, nor rewarded, which princes use, nor accompanied out again. And besides that, I knew and advertised all his doings, and sent a copy of his own chief matters. And thus was he by my industry dispatched out of Spain smally to his reputation or contenting: and the answer with the king, afore the letters came to me by Francis the courier, [that directed] how I should order myself in the business. This I say, hath been one of the fruits of mine intelligence with Pole; that, as God judge me, this seven year, I suppose, came no gladder news unto him than this of my trouble; and on my troth it is no small trouble unto me, that he should rejoyce in it.

But to set spies over traitors, it is I think no new practice with ambassadors. He of France, that is now here, had he not, trow ye, them that knit company with Chappuis afore he was delivered here? I myself the last year at Paris appointed Welden and Swerder, two scholars there, to entertain Brauncetour, that by them I might know where he became always, for his sudden apprehension. The Bishop was made privy unto it; so was Mr Totle. And I would have had Mason

done this, but presently afore the Bishop he refused it, alleging that he\* had once swerved from him in such a like matter. I had no warrant for all this gear, no more had the Bishop in this that I know of, other than of the authority and trust that an ambassador hath and ought to have.

Besides this, ye bring in now, that I should have this intelligence with Pole because of our opinions, that are like, and that I am papish. I think I should have more ado with a great sort in England to purge myself of suspect of a Lutheran than of a Papist. What men judge of me abroad, this may be a great token, that the King's Majesty and his Council know what hazard I was in in Spain with the Inquisition, only by speaking against the Bishop of Rome, where peradventure Bonner would not have bid such a brunt. The Emperor had much ado to save me, and yet that made me not hold my peace, when I might defend the King's deed against him, and improve his naughtiness. But in this case, good masters, ye shall [hear] fair evidence: [what] the King and his Council thought in this matter, when they demised Mason at his first examination, and for the small weight there was either against him or me. And what thing hath there happened since that was not then opened? Inquire, and ye shall find none.

But now to the other part of my accusation, touching my saying. For the love of our Lord, weigh it substantially; and yet withal, remember the naughty handling of my accusers in the other point; and in this you shall see no less maliciousness, and a great deal more falsehood.

And first let us handle the matter, as though I had so said, except only that same "falsely, maliciously, and traitorously," with all. Were it so, I had said the words; yet it remaineth unproved: (but take it not, that I grant them, for I mean not so), but only that I had so said. Rehearse here the law of words; declare, my Lords, I beseech you, the meaning thereof. This includeth that words maliciously spoken, or traitorously, against the King's person should be taken for treason. It is not meant, masters, of words which despise the King lightly,

\* The bishop.

or which are not all the most reverently spoken of him, as a man should judge a chase against him at the tennis, wherewith he were not all the best contented; but such words as bear an open malice; or such words as persuade commotions, or seditions, or such things. And what say my accusers in these words? Do they swear I spake them traitorously or maliciously? I dare say, they be shameless enough; yet have they not so deposed against me. Read their depositions. They say not so. Confer their depositions, if they agree word for word. That is hard, if they were examined apart, unless they had conspired more than became faithful accusers. If they misagree in words, and not in substance, let us hear the words they vary in; for in some little thing may appear the truth, which, I dare say, you seek for conscience sake. And besides that, it is a small thing in altering of one syllable either with pen or word, that may make in the conceiving of the truth much matter or error. For in this thing, "I fear," or "I trust," seemeth but one small syllable changed, and yet it maketh a great difference, and may be of an hearer wrong conceived and worse reported; and yet, worst of all, altered by an examiner. Again, "fall out," "cast out," or "left out," maketh difference; yea, and the setting of the words one in another's place may make great difference, though the the words were all one, as a "mill horse," and "a horse mill." I beseech you, therefore, examine the matter under this sort; confer their several sayings together, confer the examinations upon the same matter, and I dare warrant, ye shall find misreporting and misunderstanding.

But first, for my own part, let this saying be interpreted in the highest kind of naughtiness and maliciousness; yea, and alter them most that can be, that they may be found to that purpose. This is (which God forbid should be thought of any man), that by throwing out of a cart's tail, I should mean that vile death, that is ordained for wretched thieves. Besides this; put, that I were the naughtiest rank traitor that ever the ground bare; doth any man think that I were so foolish, so void of wit, that I would have told Bonner and Haynes, which had already lowered at my fashions, that I



would so shameful a thing to the King's Highness? Though I were, I say, so naughty a knave, and not all of the wisest, yet am I not so very a fool, though I thought so abominably, to make them privy of it with whom I had no great acquaintance, and much less trust.

But it is far from that point. Men may not be interpreted by as much as may be evil wrested and worse conjectured: there must be reason and appearance in everything; but that way there is none. But ye know, masters, it is a common proverb, "I am left out of the cart's tail," and it is taken upon packing gear together for carriage, that it is evil taken heed to, or negligently slips out of the cart and is lost. So upon this blessed peace, that was handled, as partly is touched before, where seemed to be union of most part of Christendom, I saw that we hung yet in suspense between the two Princes that were at war, and that neither of them would conclude with us directly against the Bishop of Rome, and that we also would not conclude else with none of them: whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb, whereby I doubted they would conclude among themselves and leave us out. And in communicating with some, peradventure, [fore]casting these perils, I might say, "I fear, for all these men's fair promises, the King shall be left out of the cart's tail;" and lament that many good occasions had been let slip of concluding with one of these Princes, and I think that I have used the same proverb with some in talking. But that I used [it] with Bonner or Haynes I never remember; and if I ever did, I am sure never as they couch the tale. And if I have used it with any other, I think it hath been with Blage or with Mason. Let their declarations be rehearsed, if they have been in that examined, whereby it may appear what I meant by the proverb.

But consider the place and time where my accusers sayeth that I should speak it, and thereby ye shall easily perceive that either they lie and misreport the tale, or else that I can [not] speak English.

At Barcelona, say they, after we were come from Nice, and Villa Franca, and Aquas-Mortes; that was after the truce

concluded, after the meeting of the Princes; yea, and afore that, the King's Majesty was left out of the packing indeed: whereof at Aquas-Mortes I sent him the copy of the conclusions, and chapters of the peace, wherein he was not mentioned, contrary to the Emperor's promise, and to the French King's letters. Since we knew all three the same, it is now like that after this I would use the future tense in that was past, and say, "ye shall see," and then, "if he be so, by God's blood he is well served," and then, "I would he were so." It is more like I should say, if it were spoken at Barcelona, that "he is left out of the cart's tail, and by God's blood he is well served, and I am glad of it." By this you may perceive, that either they lie in the time, and the place, or else in the reporting the thing.

But because I am wont sometime to rap out an oath in an earnest talk, look how craftily they have put in an oath to the matter, to make the matter seem mine. And because they have guarded a naughty garment of theirs with one of my naughty guards, they will swear, and face me down, that that was my garment. But bring me my garment as it was. If I said any like thing, rehearse my tale as I said it. No man can believe you, that I meant it as you construe it, or that I speak it as you allege it, or that I understand English so evil to speak so out of purpose. Therefore the time, the place, and other men's saying upon the same matter, bewray your craft and your falsehood. It well appeareth that you have a toward will to lie, but that you lacked in the matter practice or wit; for they say, "He that will lie well must have a good remembrance, that he agree in all points with himself, lest he be spied."

To you, my good masters, in this purpose, I doubt not but you see already, that in this saying, if I had so said, I meant not that naughty interpretation that no devil would have imagined upon me; nother is proved unto you, nor one appearance thereof alleged. Besides, how unlike it is that I should so say as it is alleged: and finally, as I do grant, I might say, and as I think, I did say, that is no treason; for that I should wish or will that the King should be left out of

the comprehension; the King himself and all the Council, that were at that time understanding in the King's affairs, know what labour and what pains I took to have his matters comprehended; and I report me unto him and them: and some man would have thought it much to have said so much to his fellow, as I said after to the Emperor and his counselors, charging them with that they had broken promise with the King. This was an evident sign of my will, that I would nothing less than the misgoing of the King's affairs, namely, of these that I had the handling of. If they would have proved that, they should have brought in my negligence, my slothfulness, my false handling of myself, whereby the King's matters had quailed. But I say this much, if they have quailed for lack of wit, I am excusable: let the King blame his choice, and not me. But if they have been hindered of one minute of the advancement that they might have had by my untruth, my slackness, my negligence, my pleasures, mine eases, my meat, my health; let any of this be proved, and let it be treason unto me.

But now cometh to places, the conjectures and likelihoods that maketh proofs of mine intelligence with Pole, and of my malicious speaking of that same so disguised saying. But how can anything make a proof or a conjecture of nothing? Ye see the principals are wiped away: what matter can the appearances make? But yet let me answer unto them, you shall see them make for my purpose.

One and of the greatest is this: "Wyatt grudged at his first putting in the Tower; *ergo*, say they, he bare malice in his heart; and it is like that he sought intelligence with Pole; and also he wished the King's affairs to miscarry, because he would one day or other be revenged." Peradventure my accusers frame not their argument so much apparent against me: but let us examine every point thereof. "Wyatt grudged at his first putting into the Tower." If they take grudging for being sorry, or grieving, I will not stick with them, I grant it, and so I think it would do to any here. But if they use that word "grudging," including a desire to revenge, I say they lie, I never so grudged; nor they nor any other man



can either prove that, or make a likelihood of a proof thereof. Mason saith he hath heard me complain thereof. What then? Doth Mason say, that thereby he reckoned, I meant revenging, bearing malice in my heart? I know him so well that he will not so interpret complaining or moaning to revenging.

But here come my other two honest men, and they say that I should say, "God's blood, the King set me in the Tower, and afterward sent me for his ambassador: was not this I pray you a pretty way to get me credit?" as they say, I should think. Nay put it, that I had spoken so like an idiot, as they seem to make me by this tale: what grudging or revenging findeth any for my putting into the Tower in this saying? Is here any threatening? Is here any grudging? Yea, and that it is far from my nature to study to revenge, it may appear by the many great despites and displeasures that I have had done unto me, which yet at this day is no man alive that can say that ever I did hurt him for revenging: and in this case yet much less; for it is so far from my desire to revenge, that I never imputed to the King's Highness my imprisonment: and hereof can Mr Lieutenant here present testify, to whom I did ever impute it. Yea, and further, my Lord of Suffolk himself can tell, that I imputed it to him; and not only at the beginning, but even the very night before my apprehension now last: what time (I remember) my suing unto him for his favour to remit his old undeserved evil will, and to remember, "like as he was a mortal man, so as to bear no immortal hate in his breast." Although I had received the injury at his hand, let him say whether this be true.

But what is there here in this article of my fashion? Mark it, I pray you, that here again they have guarded my tale with an oath, because it should seem mine. But let them be examined that have heard me talk of that matter, whereof they seem to tear a piece or two, and patch them together; as if a man should take one of my doublet sleeves, and one of my coat, and sew them together after a disguised fashion, and then say, "Look, I pray you, what apparel Wyatt weareth." I say, let other men be examined, and ye shall find, that

after I came out of the Tower in the commotion time,\* that I was appointed to go against the King's rebels, and did (until I was countermanded) as speedily and as well furnished as I was well able: that after, I was made Sheriff of Kent for a special confidence in such a busy time: that after that again, I was sent the King's Ambassador. I have divers times boasted thereof, and taken it for a great declaration of my truth, for all my putting in the Tower, the confidence and the credit the King had in me after: and of this, peradventure, they have maliciously perverted some piece of my tale, if they perchance were there present, or heard of it. And it may easily appear; for their own saying is, that I should say, "Was not this, I pray you, a pretty way to get me credit?" How think ye, masters? I suppose it was a way to get me credit. Trow ye, that any man could think, that I should think it was not a way to get me credit? It gat me so much credit that I am in debt, yet in debt for it. Mark, I beseech you, how this gear hangeth together. This is one of their proofs that I grudged at my last putting in the Tower; which, if by grudging they mean revenging, you see how substantially that is proved: and if by grudging they mean moaning, they need not prove it; I grant it. Will any man then, that hath honesty, wit, or discretion, gather, that because I bemoaned my imprisonment, that, therefore, I bear malice and would revenge? Will any man that hath Christian charity and any conscience, upon such a malicious gathering, frame an accusation upon a man's life? Doth any man that hath any perceiving, see not the malice of these men? If there be any of you that doth not, I bind myself, ere my tale be done, to let you see it in great letters.

But unto this they add withal, that I should wish the King had sent me to Newgate when he sent me ambassador.

I confess frankly, I never begged the office; and, but for the obedience to my master, I would have utterly refused it. And how I excused the taking of it, my Lords of the Council can bear me record, as well for that I knew my own inability,

\* He alludes to the insurrection of the northern counties in 1537 during Cromwell's administration.



whereby I should be wondrously accumbered, for that I was given to a more pleasant kind of life. My cumbrance I found again when I had great matters in hand, meddling with wise men, had no counsel but my own foolish head, a great zeal that the King might be well served by me, a great fear lest anything should quail through my fault. This solicitude, this care troubled me. Mason, Blage, Mr Hobby, Mr Dudley, and other that were with me can testify, yea, and my letters oft-times hither, that I wished a meeter man than myself in the room; yea, and that I had been at the plough on that condition. But I never remember, in good faith, that I should in that matter name Newgate. But if I had so said (although it had been foolishly spoken) what proveth this malice, to revenging for my being in the Tower? Would he, trow ye, that would revenge, wish himself in Newgate? is it not like this matter? A man would think rather, he being an ambassador might do more despite toward the King. There he might play the false knave, and discover, and make mis-relation, and such parts.

But what thing is that, that these men would not wrest for their purpose, that wrest such things? They found fault, that I did not them the honour that belonged to the King's ambassadors. I lent not them my horse, when they went out of Barcelona, nor I did not accompany them on the way.

First I report me to my servants, whereof some of them are gentlemen, [and] right honest men; to their own servants; yea, and let them answer themselves. Did ye not sit always at the upper end of the table? Went ye abroad at any time together, but that either the one or the other was on my right hand? Came any man to visit me, whom I made not do ye reverence, and visit ye too? Had ye not in the galley the most and best commodious places? Had any man a worse than I? Where ye were charged with a groat, was not I charged with five? Was not I for all this first in the commission? Was not I ambassador resident? A better man than either of ye both should have gone without that honour that I did you, if he had looked for it. I know no man that did you dishonour, but your unmannerly behaviour, that

made ye a laughing stock to all men that came in your company, and me sometime to sweat for shame to see you. Yet let other judge how I hid and covered your faults. But I have not to do to charge you; I will not spend the time about it.

But mark, I pray you, I lent not them my horses; they never desired to go into the town, to walk or stir out of their lodging, but they had mule, or horse, or both ready for them, foot-cloth, and harnessed with velvet of the best that I had for mule or hackney. Marry, it was thought indeed amongst us, that Bonner could have been content to have been upon a genet with gilt harness. These men came in post, and went again in post at their parting. My servants had gotten their post-horses ready; would they have had without necessity my horse to have ridden post? I brought them to their horse. Would they, I should have accompanied them riding in post? Children would not have played the fool so notably. Was not this a pretty article toward treason to be alleged against me by Bonner? Some man might think, that hereby a man might perceive the malice that hath moved my trouble; but yet it shall be more manifest.

Another occasion there is, that I should say, "They were more meet to be parish priests than ambassadors." By my truth, I never liked them indeed for ambassadors; and no more did the most part of them that saw them, and namely they that had to do with them. But that did I not [talk], on my faith, with no stranger. But if I said they were meeter to be parish priests, on my faith I never remember it; and it is not like I should so say; for as far as I could see, neither of them both had greatly any fancy to mass, and that, ye know, were requisite for a parish priest; for this can all that were there report, that not one of them all, while they were there, said mass, or offered to hear mass, [as] though it was but a superstition. I say, both Mason and I, because of the name that Englishmen then had, to be all Lutherans, were fain to entreat them that we might sometimes shew ourselves in the Church together, that men

conceived not an evil opinion of us. Let Mason be asked of this. It was not like then, that the Bishop of London should sue to have the Scripture in English taken out of the Church.

But I have not to do withal; I must here answer to interrogatories, that upon this occasion belike were ministered against me. Whether he thought that I could be a good subject, that misliketh or repugneth his prince's proceedings? I say here, as I said unto it, as far as misliking or repugning includeth violent disobedience or seditious persuasion, I think, he is no good subject; but to dislike a building, a choice of an ambassador, or the making of a law, obeying yet nevertheless, or such things proceeding, although peradventure it may be done out of time and place, yet I think, it may be without hurt of allegiance: unless there be a law made to the contrary, which I know not. What say I then to the law of words, which Mason should say, that me thought very hard, and that the first devisers were well served in falling into it, which he thinketh I meant by the Lord Rocheford or the Lord of Essex? This, and if it were offence, it is uncertain by his own saying; and yet I never remember, I said so unto him. But what is it to treason? Do I maintain against the law? do I persuade any violence against the law? it rather includeth allowance of the law, if they were well served, that they suffered for offending in that.

Again, saith Mason, that I should say unto him, "That it was a goodly Act, the Act of Supreme Head, speciously the King's Majesty being so virtuous, so wise, so learned, and so good a prince: but if it should fall into an evil prince, that it were a sore rod." I suppose I have not missaid in that: For all powers, namely absolute, are sore rods when they fall into evil men's hands; and yet I say, they are to be obeyed by express law of [God]; for that there is no evil prince, but for desert of the people; and no hand over an evil prince but the hand of God. This, upon examining of so many men as have been familiar with me, among whom some words might have escaped me, and sucked out of both of them and of me with

such interrogatories; yet is nothing found of me of treason. Yea, and when there is any toward my master within this heart, a sharp sword go thither withal.

But because I bound myself to make this malice of my accusers to appear manifest unto you, let me come to another point of their accusing, which was, by Bonner's letters to the Earl of Essex, that I lived viciously among the Nuns of Barcelona.

To the end ye be fully persuaded and informed of that matter, there be many men in the town, and most of them [gentlemen], which walk upon their horses, and here and there talk with those ladies; and when they will, go and sit, company together with them, talking in their chambers. Earls, Lords, Dukes, use the same, and I among them. I used not the pastime in company of ruffians, but with such, or with ambassadors of [Ferrara], of Mantua, of Venice, a man of sixty years old, and such vicious company.

I pray you now, let me turn my tale to Bonner; for this riseth of him, yea, and so (I think) doth all the rest: for his crafty malice, I suppose in my conscience, abuseth the other's simpleness.

Come on now, my Lord of London, what is my abominable and vicious living? Do ye know it, or have ye heard it? I grant I do not profess chastity; but yet I use not abomination. If ye know it, tell it here, with whom and when. If ye heard it, who is your author? Have you seen me have any harlot in my house whilst ye were in my company? Did you ever see woman so much as dine, or sup at my table? None, but for your pleasure, the woman that was in the galley; which I assure you may be well seen; for, before you came, neither she nor any other came above the mast. But because the gentlemen took pleasure to see you entertain her, therefore they made her dine and sup with you; and they liked well your looks, your carving to Madonna, your drinking to her, and your playing under the table. Ask Mason, ask Blage (Bowes is dead), ask Wolf, that was my steward; they can tell how the gentlemen marked it, and talked of it. It was a play to them, the keeping of your bottles, that no man



might drink of but yourself; and "That the little fat priest were a jolly morsel for the Signora." This was their talk; it is not my devise: ask other, whether I do lie. But turn to my own part.

What, think you, this man meant sincerely to accuse me of treason, when he seeketh the conjectures to prove my treason by my moaning the first imprisonment, by not lending my horse (wherein also he lieth), by not accompanying him out of town, by misliking them for Ambassadors, and by my vicious living with Nuns. This man thought rather to defame me, than sincerely to accuse me. Like as, I trust, ye will not condemn me for conjectures and likelihoods, and namely so out of all appearance, although you hear them. Likewise, I pray you, give me leave to show you my conjecture and likelihoods upon these things, and then guess whether I go nearer the truth: and yet I desire not by them to be absolved, so that by the other I be not also condemned.

The Earl of Essex belike desired Bonner to be a spy over me, and to advertise him; he thinking that if he might wipe me out of that room, that himself might come to it, as indeed the man is desirous of honour; and for my part I would he had it without envy. That this might be a practice of the Earl of Essex, I think, toward me, not meaning for any treason, but to find whether it were true that I did so good service as was reported, I know by myself; for so would he have had me done for him toward my Lord of Winchester, then being Ambassador in France; and I suppose my said Lord could tell, by Bonner's means and one Barnaby, what a tragedy and a suspect they stirred against him. Well, all this is reconciled. But yet, I say, it is the likelier that he would take that office toward me, that used it to another; and then, conceiving in his mind (and that as God judge me, falsely) that I had letted him in Spain, that he had no reward of the Emperor, conceived therewithal a malice; and by some inking that he had, that I misliked his fashion; and upon this he hath built this ungodly work that ye see, that standeth all by invention, conjectures, likelihoods, stretched, wrested, and drawn out of all (God forbode) without any proof at all.



This far I have had to say upon the foundation and rearing of this accusation against me; and I do not mistrust your wisdom never a whit, but like as ye weigh the chief principles, so weigh ye little these horrible and slanderous words, that of ordinary learned men use both in their indictments and accusations, as at the beginning I declared them to satisfy your conscience; but a great deal better to satisfy your minds, I touched afore, that this matter two years past was afore the Council, Mason in hold detained, and all this rehearsed, and he dismissed. I heard thereof, and sued to come home for my declaration. After I came home, I was in hand with the Earl of Essex for that he desired me to let it pass. "I was cleared well enough;" and he told me much of this thing, that I have in the matter rehearsed. If this were not sufficient to satisfy your conscience, then take more with you.

Within six months after that I came home, so far unlike was it, that any of these gear, both then known, examined, and dismissed, should be taken for treason, that I was sent again Ambassador to the Emperor at his coming into France, and the King's Grace had rewarded me with a good piece of lands, above my deserving. And then it was said unto me, "I was used for the necessity," yea, and my instrument of my treasons was sent with me, Mr Mason. I came home in the beginning of the last summer. I ran not away at none of all these goings over. All this while, till now, there hath been no question of this reckoning. If anything of new be against me, which is not alleged, if it be nothing but this, it hath been tried and dismissed. You see what evidence the counsellors gave against me. The confidence put in my affairs is for you to acquit me. And it is a naughty fear (if any man have any such) to think a quest dare not acquit a man of treason when they think him clear; for it were a foul slander to the King's Majesty. God be thanked, he is no tyrant: he will no such things against men's conscience: he will but his laws, and his laws with mercy. What displeasure bare he to the Lords for the acquitting the Lord Dacres? Never none; nor will not unto you, if you do as your conscience leads you. And for a great cause: the law ministereth be-

twixt the King and his subject an oath to the quest in favour of the subject, for it supposeth more favour to be borne to the Prince than to the party, if the oath bound not Christian men's conscience.

Thus much I thought to say unto you before God and man to discharge me, that I seem not to perish in my own fault, for lack of declaring my truth; and afore God and all these men, I charge you with my innocent truth, that in case (as God defend) ye be guilty of mine innocent blood, that ye before His tribunal shall be inexcusable. And for conclusion, our Lord put in your hearts to pronounce upon me according as I have willed to the King, my Master and Sovereign, in heart, will, and wish.

T. W.



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# WYATT'S POETICAL WORKS.

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## SONGS AND SONNETS.

---

### THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS

HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

THE long love that in my thought I harbour,  
And in my heart doth keep his residence,  
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,  
And there campeth displaying his banner.  
She that me learns to love and to suffer,  
And wills that my trust, and lust's negligence  
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,  
With his hardiness takes displeasure.  
Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,  
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,      10  
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.  
What may I do, when my master feareth,  
    But in the field with him to live and die?  
    For good is the life, ending faithfully.

---

### THE LOVER WAXETH WISER,

AND WILL NOT DIE FOR AFFECTION.

YET was I never of your love aggrieved,  
Nor never shall while that my life doth last;  
But of hating myself, that date is past,

And tears continual sore have me wearied. 4  
 I will not yet in my grave be buried;  
 Nor on my tomb your name have fixed fast,  
 As cruel cause, that did the spirit soon haste  
 From th' unhappy bones, by great sighs stirred.  
 Then if an heart of amorous faith and will  
 Content your mind withouten doing grief; 10  
 Please it you so, to this to do relief:  
 If otherwise you seek for to fulfil  
     Your wrath, you err, and shall not as you ween;  
     And you yourself the cause thereof have been.

---

THE ABUSED LOVER SEETH HIS FOLLY,  
 AND INTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE.

WAS never file yet half so well yfiled,  
 To file a file for any smith's intent,  
 As I was made a filing instrument,  
 To frame other, while that I was beguiled:  
 But reason, lo, hath at my folly smiled,  
 And pardoned me, since that I me repent  
 Of my lost years, and of my time misspent.  
 For youth led me, and falsehood me misguided.  
 Yet, this trust I have of great apparence,  
 Since that deceit is aye returnable, 10  
 Of very force it is agreeable,  
 That therewithal be done the recompense:  
     Then guile beguiled plained should be never;  
     And the reward is little trust for ever.

## THE LOVER DESCRIBETH

HIS BEING STRICKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

THE lively sparks that issue from those eyes,  
 Against the which there vaileth no defence,  
 Have pierc'd my heart, and done it none offence,  
 With quaking pleasure more than once or twice.  
 Was never man could anything devise,  
 Sunbeams to turn with so great vehemence  
 To daze man's sight, as by their bright presence  
 Dazed am I; much like unto the guise  
 Of one stricken with dint of lightening,  
 Blind with the stroke, and crying here and there; 10  
 So call I for help, I not<sup>1</sup> when nor where,  
 The pain of my fall patiently bearing:  
 For straight after the blaze, as is no wonder,  
 Of deadly noise hear I the fearful thunder.

## THE WAVERING LOVER WILLETH,

AND DREADETH TO MOVE HIS DESIRE.

SUCH vain thought as wonted to mislead me  
 In desert hope, by well assured moan,  
 Makes me from company to live alone,  
 In following her whom reason bids me flee.  
 She fleeth as fast by gentle cruelty;  
 And after her my heart would fain be gone;  
 But armed sighs my way do stop anon,  
 'Twixt hope and dread locking my liberty;  
 Yet as I guess, under disdainful brow 10  
 One beam of ruth is in her cloudy look:  
 Which comforteth the mind, that erst for fear shook:

<sup>1</sup> 'Not:' know not.



That bolded<sup>1</sup> straight the way then seek I how 12  
 To utter forth the smart I bide within;  
 But such it is, I not<sup>2</sup> how to begin.

---

THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED ENJOYING  
 OF HIS LOVE, COMPLAINETH THAT THE DREAM  
 IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER.

UNSTABLE dream! according to the place,  
 Be steadfast once, or else at least be true:  
 By tasted sweetness make me not to rue  
 The sudden loss of thy false, feigned grace.  
 By good respect, in such a dangerous case,  
 Thou brought'st not her into these tossing seas;  
 But madest my sprite to live, my care t' encrease,  
 My body in tempest her delight t' embrace.  
 The body dead, the sprite had his desire;  
 Painless was th' one, th' other in delight. 10  
 Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,  
 But thus return to leap into the fire;  
 And where it was at wish, could not remain?  
 Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

---

THE LOVER UNHAPPY BIDDETH HAPPY  
 LOVERS REJOICE IN MAY,

WHILE HE WAILETH THAT MONTH TO HIM MOST UNLUCKY.

YE that in love find luck and sweet abundance,  
 And live in lust and joyful jollity,  
 Arise for shame, do way your sluggardy:  
 Arise, I say, do May some observance.  
 Let me in bed lie dreaming in mischance; 5

<sup>1</sup> 'Bolded:' emboldened.—<sup>2</sup> 'Not:' know not.

Let me remember my mishaps unhappy,  
 That me betide in May most commonly;  
 As one whom love list little to advance.  
 Stephan<sup>1</sup> said true, that my nativity  
 Mischanced was with the ruler of May.  
 He guessed (I prove) of that the verity.  
 In May my wealth, and eke my wits, I say,  
 Have stond so oft in such perplexity:  
 Joy, let me dream of your felicity.

---

THE LOVER CONFESSETH HIM IN LOVE  
 WITH PHYLLIS.

If waker<sup>2</sup> care; if sudden pale colour;  
 If many sighs with little speech to plain:  
 Now joy, now woe, if they my chere<sup>3</sup> distain;  
 For hope of small, if much to fear therefore;  
 To haste or slack, my pace to less, or more,  
 Be sign of love, then do I love again.  
 If thou ask whom; sure, since I did refrain  
 Brunet, that set my wealth in such a roar,  
 Th' unfeigned cheer of Phyllis hath the place  
 That Brunet had; she hath, and ever shall. 10  
 She from myself now hath me in her grace;  
 She hath in hand my wit, my will, and all.  
 My heart alone well worthy she doth stay,  
 Without whose help scant do I live a day.

---

OF OTHERS' FEIGNED SORROW,  
 AND THE LOVER'S FEIGNED MIRTH.

CÆSAR, when that the traitor of Egypt  
 With th' honourable head did him present,

<sup>1</sup> 'Stephan:' an astrologer.—<sup>2</sup> 'Waker:' wakeful.—<sup>3</sup> 'Chere:' the expression of the countenance.

Covering his heart's gladness, did represent 3  
 Plaint with his tears outward, as it is writ.  
 Eke Hannibal, when fortune him outshyt<sup>1</sup>  
 Clean from his reign, and from all his intent,  
 Laugh'd to his folk, whom sorrow did torment;  
 His cruel despite for to disgorge and quit.  
 So chanced me, that every passion  
 The mind hideth by colour contrary, 10  
 With feigned visage, now sad, now merry;  
 Whereby if that I laugh at any season,  
 It is because I have none other way  
 To cloke my care, but under sport and play.

---

### OF CHANGE IN MIND.

EACH man me tell'th I change of my devise;  
 And on my faith, methink it good reason  
 To change purpose, like after the season.  
 For in each case to keep still one guise,  
 Is meet for them that would be taken wise;  
 And I am not of such manner condition;  
 But treated after a diverse fashion;  
 And thereupon my diverseness doth rise.  
 But you, this diverseness that blamen most,  
 Change you no more, but still after one rate 10  
 Treat you me well, and keep you in that state;  
 And while with me doth dwell this wearied ghost,  
 My word, nor I, shall not be variable,  
 But always one; your own both firm and stable.

---

### HOW THE LOVER PERISHETH IN HIS DELIGHT AS THE FLY IN THE FIRE.

SOME fowls there be that have so perfect sight,  
 Against the sun their eyes for to defend;

<sup>1</sup> 'Outshyt:' outshut.

And some, because the light doth them offend, 3  
 Never appear but in the dark or night :  
 Other rejoice to see the fire so bright,  
 And ween<sup>1</sup> to play in it, as they pretend,  
 But find contrary of it, that they intend.  
 Alas! of that sort may I be by right ;  
 For to withstand her look I am not able ;  
 Yet can I not hide me in no dark place ; 10  
 So followeth me remembrance of that face,  
 That with my teary eyen, swoln, and unstable,  
     My destiny to behold her doth me lead ;  
     And yet I know I run into the glead.<sup>2</sup>

---

AGAINST HIS TONGUE THAT FAILED TO  
 UTTER HIS SUITS.

BECAUSE I still kept thee fro' lies and blame,  
 And to my power always thee honoured,  
 Unkind tongue! to ill hast thou me rend'red,  
 For such desert to do me wreke and shame.  
 In need of succour most when that I am,  
 To ask reward, thou stand'st like one afraid :  
 Alway most cold, and if one word be said,  
 As in a dream, unperfect is the same.  
 And ye salt tears, against my will each night  
 That are with me, when I would be alone ; 10  
 Then are ye gone when I should make my moan :  
 And ye so ready sighs to make me shrigh<sup>3</sup>,  
     Then are ye slack when that ye should outstart ;  
     And only doth my look declare my heart.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ween : ' imagine.—<sup>2</sup> 'Glead : ' fire; spelt also *glede*, *gleid*, or *gleed*.  
<sup>3</sup> 'Shright : ' shriek.



DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS  
PASSIONS IN A LOVER.

I FIND no peace, and all my war is done ;  
 I fear and hope ; I burn, and freeze like ice ;  
 I fly aloft, yet can I not arise ;  
 And nought I have, and all the world I seize on ;  
 That locks nor looseth, holdeth me in prison,  
 And holds me not, yet can I 'scape no wise :  
 Nor letteth me live, nor die, at my devise,  
 And yet of death it giveth me occasion.  
 Without eye I see ; without tongue I plain :  
 I wish to perish, yet I ask for health ;                   10  
 I love another, and I hate myself ;  
 I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.  
     Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,  
     And my delight is causer of this strife.

---

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE TO  
A SHIP IN PERILOUS STORM TOSSED ON THE SEA.

My galley charged with forgetfulness,  
 Through sharp seas, in winter nights, doth pass  
 'Tween rock and rock ; and eke my foe, alas,  
 That is my lord, steereth with cruelty :  
 And every oar, a thought in readiness,  
 As though that death were light in such a case ;  
 An endless wind doth tear the sail apace  
 Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness ;  
 A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,  
 Have done the wearied cords great hinderance :   10  
 Wreathed with error, and with ignorance ;

The stars be hid that lead me to this pain; 12  
 Drown'd is reason that should be my comfort,  
 And I remain, despairing of the port.

---

OF DOUBTFUL LOVE.

AVISING<sup>1</sup> the bright beams of those fair eyes,  
 Where he abides that mine oft moistens and washeth;  
 The wearied mind straight from the heart departeth,  
 To rest within his worldly paradise,  
 And bitter finds the sweet, under his guise.  
 What webs there he hath wrought, well he perceiveth:  
 Whereby then with himself on love he plaineth,  
 That spurs with fire, and bridleth eke with ice.  
 In such extremity thus is he brought:  
 Frozen now cold, and now he stands in flame: 10  
 'Twixt woe and wealth, betwixt earnest and game,  
 With seldom glad, and many a diverse thought,  
 In sore repentance of his hardness,  
 Of such a root, lo, cometh fruit fruitless.

---

THE LOVER ABUSED RENOUNCETH LOVE.

My love to scorn, my service to retain,  
 Therein, methought, you used cruelty;  
 Since with good will I lost my liberty,  
 To follow her which causeth all my pain.<sup>2</sup>  
 Might never woe yet cause me to refrain;  
 But only this, which is extremity,  
 To give me nought, alas, nor to agree  
 That, as I was, your man I might remain:

<sup>1</sup> 'Avising:' observing, looking earnestly upon.—<sup>2</sup> This line is supplied in Nott's edition from the Devonshire MS.

But since that thus ye list to order me, 9  
 That would have been your servant true and fast;  
 Displease you not, my doting time is past;  
 And with my loss to leave I must agree:  
     For as there is a certain time to rage,  
     So is there time such madness to assuage.

---

TO HIS LADY,

CRUEL OVER HER YIELDING LOVER.

SUCH is the course that nature's kind hath wrought,  
 That snakes have time to cast away their stings:  
 Against chain'd prisoners what need defence be sought?  
 The fierce lion will hurt no yelden things:  
 Why should such spite be nurs'd then in thy thought?  
 Sith all these powers are prest<sup>1</sup> under thy wings;  
 And eke thou seest, and reason thee hath taught,  
 What mischief malice many ways it brings:  
 Consider eke, that spite availeth nought.  
 Therefore this song thy fault to thee it sings: 10  
 Displease thee not, for saying thus my thought,  
 Nor hate thou him from whom no hate forth springs:  
     For furies that in hell be execrable,  
     For that they hate, are made most miserable.

---

HOW UNPOSSIBLE IT IS TO FIND QUIET  
 IN LOVE.

EVER my hap is slack and slow in coming,  
 Desire increasing, aye my hope uncertain,  
 With doubtful love, that but increaseth pain;  
 For, tiger like, so swift it is in parting.

<sup>1</sup> 'Prest:' ready.

Alas! the snow black shall it be and scalding, 5  
 The sea waterless, and fish upon the mountain,  
 The Thames shall back return into his fountain,  
 And where he rose the sun shall take lodging,  
 Ere I in this find peace or quietness ;  
 Or that Love, or my Lady, right-wisely,  
 Leave to conspire against me wrongfully.  
 And if I have, after such bitterness,  
     One drop of sweet, my mouth is out of taste,  
     That all my trust and travail is but waste.

---

OF LOVE, FORTUNE, AND THE LOVER'S  
 MIND.

Love, Fortune, and my mind which do remember  
 Eke that is now, and that, that once hath ben,  
 Torment my heart so sore, that very often  
 I hate and envy them beyond all measure.  
 Love slayeth mine heart, while Fortune is depriver  
 Of all my comfort; the foolish mind then  
 Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldom  
 Liveth in rest. So still in displeasure  
 My pleasant days they fleet and pass;  
 And daily doth mine ill change to the worse: 10  
 While more than the half is run of my course.  
 Alas, not of steel, but of brittle glass,  
     I see that from my hand falleth my trust,  
     And all my thoughts are dashed into dust.

---

THE LOVER PRAYETH HIS OFFERED  
 HEART TO BE RECEIVED.

How oft have I, my dear and cruel foe,  
 With my great pain to get some peace or truce,



Given you my heart; but you do not use 3  
 In so high things, to cast your mind so low.  
 If any other look for it, as you trow,  
 Their vain weak hope doth greatly them abuse:  
 And that thus I disdain, that you refuse;  
 It was once mine, it can no more be so.  
 If you it chafe, that it in you can find,  
 In this exile, no manner of comfort, 10  
 Nor live alone, nor where he is call'd resort;  
 He may wander from his natural kind.  
 So shall it be great hurt unto us twain,  
 And yours the loss, and mine the deadly pain.

---

### THE LOVER'S LIFE COMPARED TO THE ALPS.

LIKE unto these unmeasurable mountains  
 So is my painful life, the burden of ire;  
 For high be they, and high is my desire;  
 And I of tears, and they be full of fountains:  
 Under craggy rocks they have barren plains;  
 Hard thoughts in me my woful mind doth tire:  
 Small fruit and many leaves their tops do attire,  
 With small effect great trust in me remains:  
 The boisterous winds oft their high boughs do blast;  
 Hot sighs in me continually be shed: 10  
 Wild beasts in them, fierce love in me is fed;  
 Unmovable am I, and they steadfast.  
 Of singing birds they have the tune and note;  
 And I always plaints passing through my throat.

CHARGING OF HIS LOVE AS UNPITEOUS  
AND LOVING OTHER.

IF amorous faith, an heart unfeigned,  
A sweet langoùr, a great lovely desire,  
If honest will kindled in gentle fire,  
If long error in a blind maze chained,  
If in my visage each thought distained,  
Or if my sparkling voice, lower, or higher,  
Which fear and shame so wofully doth tire;  
If a pale colour, which love hath stained,  
If to have another than myself more dear,  
If wailing or sighing continually, 10  
With sorrowful anger feeding busily,  
If burning far off, and if freezing near,  
Are cause that I by love myself destroy,  
Yours is the fault, and mine the great annoy.

---

THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS UNKIND  
LOVE.

My heart I gave thee, not to do it pain,  
But to preserve, lo, it to thee was taken.  
I served thee, not that I should be forsaken;  
But, that I should receive reward again,  
I was content thy servant to remain;  
And not to be repayed on this fashion.  
Now, since in thee there is none other reason,  
Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.  
Unsatiated of my woe, and thy desire;  
Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault: 10  
But, since it pleaseth thee to feign default,  
Farewell, I say, departing from the fire.

For he that doth believe bearing in hand,<sup>1</sup> 13  
 Plougheth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

---

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS  
 STATE.

- 1 THE flaming sighs that boil within my breast,  
 Sometime break forth, and they can well declare  
 The heart's unrest, and how that it doth fare,  
 The pain thereof, the grief, and all the rest.  
 The water'd eye from whence the tears do fall,  
 Do feel some force, or else they would be dry;  
 The wasted flesh of colour dead can try,  
 And sometime tell what sweetness is in gall:  
 And he that lust to see, and to discern  
 How care can force within a wearied mind,  
 Come he to me, I am that place assign'd:  
 But for all this, no force, it doth no harm;  
 The wound, alas, hap in some other place,  
 From whence no tool away the scar can raze.
- 2 But you, that of such like have had your part,  
 Can best be judge. Wherefore, my friend so dear,  
 I thought it good my state should now appear  
 To you, and that there is no great desert.  
 And whereas you, in weighty matters great,  
 Of fortune saw the shadow that you know,  
 For trifling things I now am stricken so,  
 That though I feel my heart doth wound and beat,  
 I sit alone, save on the second day  
 My fever comes, with whom I spend my time  
 In burning heat, while that she list assign.

<sup>1</sup> 'Believe bearing in hand:' who believes after being deceived.

And who hath health and liberty alway,  
 Let him thank God, and let him not provoke,  
 To have the like of this my painful stroke.

---

### THE LOVER LAMENTS THE DEATH OF HIS LOVE.

THE pillar perish'd is whereto I leant,  
 The strongest stay of mine unquiet mind;  
 The like of it no man again can find,  
 From east to west still seeking though he went,  
 To mine unhap; for hap away hath rent  
 Of all my joy the very bark and rind:  
 And I, alas! by chance am thus assign'd  
 Daily to mourn, till death do it relent.  
 But since that thus it is by destiny,  
 What can I more but have a woful heart;      10  
 My pen in plaint, my voice in careful cry,  
 My mind in woe, my body full of smart;  
 And I myself, myself always to hate,  
 Till dreadful death do ease my doleful state.

---

### A RENOUNCING OF LOVE.

FAREWELL, Love, and all thy laws for ever;  
 Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more:  
 Senec and Plato call me from thy lore,  
 To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavour;  
 In blind erroùr when I did persèver,  
 Thy sharp repulse, that pricketh aye so sore,  
 Taught me in trifles that I set no store;  
 But 'scaped forth thence, since liberty is lever:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Lever:' dearer.

Therefore, farewell, go trouble younger hearts, 9  
 And in me claim no more authority ;  
 With idle youth go use thy property,<sup>1</sup>  
 And thereon spend thy many brittle darts :  
 For, hitherto though I have lost my time,  
 Me list no longer rotten boughs to clime.

---

THE LOVER DESPAIRING TO ATTAIN  
 UNTO HIS LADY'S GRACE, RELINQUISHETH THE PURSUIT.

Whoso list to hunt? I know where is an hind!  
 But as for me, alas! I may no more,  
 The vain travail hath wearied me so sore;  
 I am of them that furthest come behind.  
 Yet may I by no means my wearied mind,  
 Draw from the deer; but as she fleeth afore  
 Fainting I follow; I leave off therefore,  
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.  
 Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt  
 As well as I, may spend his time in vain! 11  
 And graven with diamonds in letters plain,  
 There is written her fair neck round about;  
 'Noli me tangere; for Cæsar's I am,  
 And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'

---

THE DESERTED LOVER CONSOLETH  
 HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE THAT ALL WOMEN ARE  
 BY NATURE FICKLE.

DIVERS doth use, as I have heard and know,  
 When that to change their ladies do begin  
 To mourn, and wail, and never for to lynn;<sup>2</sup>  
 Hoping thereby to 'pease their painful woe.

<sup>1</sup> 'Property:' powers or qualities.—<sup>2</sup> 'Lynn:' cease, stop.



And some there be that when it chanceth so 5  
 That women change, and hate where love hath been,  
 They call them false, and think with words to win  
 The hearts of them which otherwhere doth grow.  
 But as for me, though that by chance indeed  
 Change hath outworn the favour that I had,  
 I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,  
 Nor call her false that falsely did me feed;  
     But let it pass, and think it is of kind  
     That often change doth please a woman's mind.

---

THAT HOPE UNSATISFIED IS TO THE  
 LOVER'S HEART AS A PROLONGED DEATH.

I ABIDE, and abide; and better abide,  
 After the old proverb, the happy day.  
 And ever my lady to me doth say,  
 'Let me alone, and I will provide.'  
 I abide, and abide, and tarry the tide,  
 And with abiding speed well ye may.  
 Thus do I abide I wot alway,  
 N' other obtaining, nor yet denied.  
 Aye me! this long abiding  
 Seemeth to me, as who sayeth 10  
 A prolonging of a dying death,  
 Or a refusing of a desired thing.  
     Much were it better for to be plain,  
     Than to say, 'Abide,' and yet not obtain.

---

HE PRAYETH HIS LADY TO BE TRUE;

FOR NO ONE CAN RESTRAIN A WILLING MIND.

THOUGH I myself be bridled of my mind,  
 Returning me backward by force express;

If thou seek honour, to keep thy promess 3  
 Who may thee hold, but thou thyself unbind?  
 Sigh then no more, since no way man may find  
 Thy virtue to let, though that frowardness  
 Of Fortune me holdeth; and yet as I may guess  
 Though other be present thou art not all behind.  
 Suffice it then that thou be ready there  
 At all hours; still under the defence 10  
 Of Time, Truth, and Love to save thee from offence.  
 Crying I burn in a lovely desire,  
     With my dear mistress that may not follow;  
     Whereby mine absence turneth me to sorrow.

---

### THE DESERTED LOVER

WISHETH THAT HIS RIVAL MIGHT EXPERIENCE THE SAME  
 FORTUNE HE HIMSELF HAD TASTED.

To rail or jest, ye know I use it not;  
 Though that such cause sometime in folks I find.  
 And though to change ye list to set your mind,  
 Love it who list, in faith I like it not.  
 And if ye were to me, as ye are not,  
 I would be loth to see you so unkind:  
 But since your fault must needs be so by kind;  
 Though I hate it I pray you love it not.  
 Things of great weight I never thought to crave,  
 This is but small; of right deny it not: 10  
 Your feigning ways, as yet forget them not.  
 But like reward let other lovers have;  
     That is to say, for service true and fast,  
     Too long delays, and changing at the last.

## RONDEAUX.

REQUEST TO CUPID FOR REVENGE OF  
HIS UNKIND LOVE.

BEHOLD, Love! thy power how she despiseth;  
 My grievous pain how little she regardeth:  
 The solemn oath, whereof she takes no cure,  
 Broken she hath, and yet she bideth sure,  
 Right at her ease, and little thee she dreadeth:  
 Weapon'd thou art, and she unarmèd sitteth:  
 To thee disdainful, all her life she leadeth;  
 To me spiteful, without just cause or measure:  
 Behold, Love, how proudly she triumpheth.

I am in hold, but if thee pity moveth, 10  
 Go, bend thy bow, that stony hearts breaketh,  
 And with some stroke revenge the displeasure  
 Of thee, and him that sorrow doth endure,  
 And, as his lord, thee lowly here entreateth.

Behold, Love!

COMPLAINT FOR TRUE LOVE  
UNREQUITED.

WHAT 'vaileth truth, or by it to take pain?  
 To strive by steadfastness for to attain  
 How to be just, and flee from doubleness?  
 Since all alike, where ruleth craftiness,  
 Rewarded is both crafty, false, and plain.

Soonest he speeds that most can lie and feign:  
 True meaning heart is had in high disdain.  
 Against deceit and cloakèd doubleness,

What 'vaileth truth, or perfect steadfastness? 9  
 Deceiv'd is he by false and crafty train,<sup>1</sup>  
 That means no guile, and faithful doth remain  
 Within the trap, without help or redress:  
 But for to love, lo, such a stern mistress,  
 Where cruelty dwells, alas, it were in vain.  
 What 'vaileth truth!

---

THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHS TO MOVE  
 HIS SUIT.

Go, burning sighs! unto the frozen heart,  
 To break the ice, which pity's painful dart  
 Might never pierce: and if that mortal prayer  
 In heaven be heard, at least yet I desire  
 That death, or mercy, end my woful smart.  
 Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,  
 And eke the flame from which I cannot start,  
 And leave me then in rest, I you require.  
 Go, burning sighs! fulfil that I desire,  
 I must go work, I see, by craft and art, 10  
 For truth and faith in her is laid apart:  
 Alas, I cannot therefore now assail her,  
 With pitiful complaint and scalding fire,  
 That from my breast deceivably doth start.  
 Go, burning sighs!

---

THE LOVER SEEKING FOR HIS LOST  
 HEART

PRAYETH THAT IT MAY BE KINDLY ENTREATED  
 BY WHOMSOEVER FOUND.

1 HELP me to seek! for I lost it there;  
 And if that ye have found it, ye that be here,

<sup>1</sup> 'Train:' Deceit.

And seek to convey it secretly,  
 Handle it soft, and treat it tenderly,  
 Or else it will plain, and then appair.<sup>1</sup>  
 But pray restore it mannerly,  
 Since that I do ask it thus honestly,  
 For to lese it, it sitteth me near;  
           Help me to seek!

2 Alas! and is there no remède:  
 But have I thus lost it wilfully.  
 I wis it was a thing all too dear  
 To be bestowed, and wist not where.  
 It was mine heart! I pray you heartily  
           Help me to seek.

---

### HE DETERMINETH TO CEASE TO LOVE.

FOR to love her for her looks lovely,  
 My heart was set in thought right firmly,  
 Trusting by truth to have had redress;  
 But she hath made another promess,  
 And hath given me leave full honestly.  
 Yet do I not rejoyce it greatly;  
 For on my faith I loved too surely,  
 But reason will that I do cesse,  
           For to love her.

Since (that in love the pains been deadly,) 10  
 Methink it best that readily  
 I do return to my first address;  
 For at this time too great is the press,  
 And perils appear too abundantly,  
           For to love her.

<sup>1</sup> 'Appair:' Decay.



OF THE FOLLY OF LOVING WHEN THE  
SEASON OF LOVE IS PAST.

YE old mule! that think yourself so fair,  
Leave off with craft your beauty to repair,  
For it is time without any fable;  
No man setteth now by riding in your saddle!  
Too much travail so do your train appair;

Ye old mule!

With false favour though you deceive th'eyes,<sup>1</sup>  
Whoso taste you shall well perceive your layes  
Savoureth somewhat of a keeper's stable;

Ye old mule!

10

Ye must now serve to market, and to fair,  
All for the burthen, for panniers a pair;  
For since grey hairs ben powder'd in your sable,  
The thing ye seek for, you must yourself enable  
To purchase it by payment and by prayer;

Ye old mule!

---

THE ABUSED LOVER RESOLVETH TO  
FORGET HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

WHAT no, perdie! ye may be sure!  
Think not to make me to your lure,  
With words and chere so contrarying,  
Sweet and sour countre-weighing,  
Too much it were still to endure.  
Truth is tried, where craft is in ure.<sup>2</sup>  
But though ye have had my heart's cure,  
Trow ye I dote without ending?

What no, perdie!

<sup>1</sup> 'Th'eyes:' eyes.—<sup>2</sup> 'In ure:' in use.

Though that with pain I do procure 10  
 For to forget that once was pure;  
 Within my heart shall still that thing  
 Unstable, unsure, and wavering,  
 Be in my mind without recure?  
 What no, perdie!

---

THE ABSENT LOVER PERSUADETH  
 HIMSELF THAT HIS MISTRESS WILL NOT HAVE  
 THE POWER TO FORSAKE HIM.

If it be so that I forsake thee,  
 As banished from thy company;  
 Yet my heart, my mind, and my affection,  
 Shall still remain in thy perfection,  
 And right as thou list so order me.  
 But some would say in their opinion,  
 Revolted is thy good intention.  
 Then may I well blame thy cruelty,  
 If it be so.  
 But myself I say on this fashion; 10  
 'I have her heart in my possession,  
 And of itself cannot, perdie!  
 By no means love, an heartless body!  
 And on my faith good is the reason,  
 If it be so.

---

THE RECURED LOVER  
 RENOUNCETH HIS FICKLE MISTRESS FOR HER NEW-  
 FANGLIENESS.

Thou hast no faith of him that hath none,  
 But thou must love him needs by reason;

For as saith a proverb notable, 3  
 'Each thing seeketh his semblable,'  
 And thou hast thine of thy condition.  
 Yet is it not the thing I pass on,  
 Nor hot nor cold is mine affection!  
 For since thine heart is so mutable,  
     Thou hast no faith.

I thought thee true without exception, 10  
 But I perceive I lacked discretion;  
 To fashion faith to words mutable,  
 Thy thought is too light and variable  
 To change so oft without occasion.  
     Thou hast no faith!

---

## O D E S.

### THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UNKIND- NESS OF HIS LOVE.

- 1 My lute, awake! perform the last  
 Labour, that thou and I shall waste;  
     And end that I have now begun:  
 And when this song is sung and past,  
     My lute! be still, for I have done.
  
- 2 As to be heard where ear is none;  
 As lead to grave in marble stone;  
     My song may pierce her heart as soon.  
 Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?  
     No, no, my lute! for I have done.
  
- 3 The rocks do not so cruelly  
 Repulse the waves continually,  
     As she my suit and affection:

So that I am past remedy;  
Whereby my lute and I have done.

- 4 Proud of the spoil that thou hast got  
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,  
By whom unkind thou hast them won:  
Think not he hath his bow forgot,  
Although my lute and I have done.
- 5 Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,  
That makest but game on earnest pain;  
Think not alone under the sun  
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain;  
Although my lute and I have done.
- 6 May chance thee lie withered and old  
In winter nights, that are so cold,  
Plaining in vain unto the moon;  
Thy wishes then dare not be told:  
Care then who list, for I have done.
- 7 And then may chance thee to repent  
The time that thou hast lost and spent,  
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon:  
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,  
And wish and want as I have done.
- 8 Now cease, my lute! this is the last  
Labour, that thou and I shall waste;  
And ended is that we begun:  
Now is this song both sung and past;  
My lute! be still, for I have done.

THE LOVER REJOICETH THE ENJOYING  
OF HIS LOVE.

- 1 ONCE, as methought, Fortune me kiss'd,  
And bade me ask what I thought best,  
And I should have it as me list,  
Therewith to set my heart in rest.
- 2 I askèd but my lady's heart,  
To have for evermore mine own;  
Then at an end were all my smart;  
Then should I need no more to moan.
- 3 Yet for all that a stormy blast  
Had overturn'd this goodly day;  
And Fortune seemèd at the last  
That to her promise she said nay.
- 4 But like as one out of despair,  
To sudden hope revivèd I,  
Now Fortune sheweth herself so fair,  
That I content me wondrously.
- 5 My most desire my hand may reach,  
My will is alway at my hand;  
Me need not long for to beseech  
Her, that hath power me to command.
- 6 What earthly thing more can I crave?  
What would I wish more at my will?  
Nothing on earth more would I have,  
Save that I have, to have it still.
- 7 For Fortune now hath kept her promess,  
In granting me my most desire:  
Of my sovereign I have redress,  
And I content me with my hire.



THE LOVER SHEWETH HOW HE IS

FORSAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME ENJOYED.

- 1 THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seek,  
 With naked foot stalking within my chamber:  
 Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,  
 That now are wild, and do not once remember,  
 That sometime they have put themselves in danger  
 To take bread at my hand; and now they range  
 Busily seeking in continual change.
  
- 2 Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise  
 Twenty times better; but once in special,  
 In thin array, after a pleasant guise,  
 When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,  
 And she me caught in her arms long and small,  
 And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,  
 And softly said, 'Dear heart, how like you this?'
  
- 3 It was no dream; for I lay broad awaking:  
 But all is turn'd now, through my gentleness,  
 Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;  
 And I have leave to go of her goodness;  
 And she also to use new fangleness.  
 But, since that I unkindly so am servèd,  
 I would fain know what she hath servèd?

---

THE LOVER TO HIS BED,

WITH DESCRIBING OF HIS UNQUIET STATE.

- 1 THOU! restful place, renewer of my smart,  
 Thou! labours' salve, increasing my sorròw,

- Thou ! body's ease, and troubler of my heart,  
 Quieter of mind, and my unquiet foe,  
 Forgetter of pain, rememberer of my woe,  
 The place of sleep, wherein I do but wake,  
 Besprent with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.
- 2 The frost, the snow may not redress my heat,  
 Nor heat of sun abate my fervent cold,  
 I know nothing to ease my pains so great;  
 Each cure causeth increase by twenty fold,  
 Renewing cares upon my sorrows old,  
 Such overthwart effects in me they make:  
 Besprent with tears, my bed for to forsake.
- 3 But all for nought, I find no better ease  
 In bed or out: this most causeth my pain,  
 Where I do seek how best that I may please;  
 My lost labour, alas, is all in vain:  
 My heart once set, I cannot it refrain;  
 No place from me my grief away can take;  
 Wherefore with tears, my bed, I thee forsake.

---

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THAT HIS  
 LOVE DOTH NOT PITY HIM.

- 1 RESOUND my voice, ye woods, that hear me plain;  
 Both hills and vales causing reflexion;  
 And rivers eke, record ye of my pain,  
 Which have oft forc'd ye by compassion,  
 As judges, lo, to hear my exclamation:  
 Among whom ruth, I find, yet doth remain;  
 Where I it seek, alas, there is disdain.

- 2 Oft, ye rivers, to hear my woful sound  
 Have stopp'd your course: and plainly to express  
 Many a tear by moisture of the ground,  
 The earth hath wept to hear my heaviness:  
 Which causeless I endure without redress.  
 The hugy oaks have roarèd in the wind:  
 Each thing, methought, complaining in their kind.
- 3 Why then, alas, doth not she on me rue?  
 Or is her heart so hard that no pity  
 May in it sink, my joy for to renew?  
 O stony heart, who hath thus framed thee  
 So cruel, that art cloaked with beauty!  
 That from thee may no grace to me proceed,  
 But as' reward, death for to be my meed!

---

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIMSELF  
 FORSAKEN.

- 1 WHERE shall I have, at mine own will,  
 Tears to complain? where shall I fet<sup>1</sup>  
 Such sighs, that I may sigh my fill,  
 And then again my plaints repeat?
- 2 For, though my plaint shall have none end,  
 My tears cannot suffice my woe:  
 To moan my harm have I no friend;  
 For fortune's friend is mishap's foe.
- 3 Comfort, God wot, else have I none,  
 But in the wind to waste my words;  
 Nought moveth you my deadly moan,  
 But still you turn it into bordes.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Fet:' Fetch.—<sup>2</sup> 'Bordes:' Jest.

- 4 I speak not now to move your heart,  
That you should rue upon my pain;  
The sentence given may not revert:  
I know such labour were but vain.
- 5 But since that I for you, my dear,  
Have lost that thing, that was my best,  
A right small loss it must appear  
To lose these words, and all the rest.
- 6 But though they sparkle in the wind,  
Yet shall they shew your falsèd faith,  
Which is return'd unto his kind;  
For like to like, the proverb saith.
- 7 Fortune and you did me advance;  
Methought I swam, and could not drown:  
Happiest of all; but my mischance  
Did lift me up, to throw me down.
- 8 And you with her, of cruelty,  
Did set your foot upon my neck,  
Me, and my welfare, to oppress;  
Without offence your heart to wreck.
- 9 Where are your pleasant words, alas!  
Where is your faith? your steadfastness?  
There is no more, but all doth pass,  
And I am left all comfortless.
- 10 But since so much it doth you grieve,  
And also me my wretched life,  
Have here my truth: nought shall relieve,  
But death alone, my wretched strife.

- 11 Therefore farewell, my life, my death;  
 My gain, my loss, my salve, my sore;  
 Farewell also, with you my breath;  
 For I am gone for evermore.
- 

A RENOUNCING OF HARDLY ESCAPED  
 LOVE.

- 1 FAREWELL the heart of cruelty;  
 Though that with pain my liberty  
 Dear have I bought, and wofully  
 Finish'd my fearful tragedy.
- 2 Of force I must forsake such pleasùre;  
 A good cause just, since I endure  
 Thereby my woe, which be ye sure,  
 Shall therewith go me to recure.
- 3 I fare as one escap'd that fleeth,  
 Glad he is gone, and yet still feareth  
 Spied to be caught, and so dreadeth  
 That he for nought his pain leseth.
- 4 In joyful pain, rejoice my heart,  
 Thus to sustain of each a part.  
 Let not this song from thee astart;  
 Welcome among my pleasant smart.
- 

THE LOVER TAUGHT, MISTRUSTETH  
 ALLUREMENTS.

- 1 It may be good, like it who list;  
 But I do doubt: who can me blame?  
 For oft assur'd, yet have I miss'd;



And now again I fear the same.  
 The windy words, the eyes' quaint game,  
 Of sudden change, make me aghast;  
 For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

2 Alas! I tread an endless maze,  
 That seek t' accord two contraries;  
 And hope thus still, and nothing hase,<sup>1</sup>  
 Imprisonèd in liberties:  
 As one unheard, and still that cries;  
 Always thirsty, and nought doth taste;  
 For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

3 Assur'd, I doubt I be not sure;  
 Should I then trust unto such surety,  
 That oft hath put the proof in ure,  
 And never yet have found it trusty?  
 Nay, sir, in faith, it were great folly:  
 And yet my life thus do I waste;  
 For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

---

## THE LOVER REJOICETH AGAINST FORTUNE

THAT BY HINDERING HIS SUIT HAD HAPPILY MADE HIM  
 FORSAKE HIS FOLLY.

1 IN faith I wot not what to say,  
 Thy chances been so wonderous,  
 Thou, Fortune, with thy divers play  
 That makest the joyful dolorous,  
 And eke the same right joyous.  
 Yet though thy chain hath me enwrapp'd,  
 Spite of thy hap, hap hath well happ'd.

<sup>1</sup> 'Hase:' conjectured to be for halse, to embrace.

- 2 Though thou hast set me for a wonder,  
 And seek'st by change to do me pain:  
 Men's minds yet mayst thou not so order;  
 For honesty, if it remain,  
 Shall shine for all thy cloudy rain.  
 In vain thou seek'st to have me trapp'd;  
 Spite of thy hap, hap hath well happ'd.
- 3 In hindering me, me didst thou further;  
 And made a gap, where was a stile:  
 Cruel wills been oft put under;  
 Weening to lour, then didst thou smile:  
 Lord! how thyself thou didst beguile,  
 That in thy cares wouldst me have wrapp'd!  
 But spite of hap, hap hath well happ'd.

---

THE LOVER'S SORROWFUL STATE  
 MAKETH HIM WRITE SORROWFUL SONGS, BUT SUCH  
 LOVE MAY CHANGE THE SAME.

- 1 MARVEL no more although  
 The songs I sing do moan;  
 For other life than woe,  
 I never proved none.  
 And in my heart also  
 Is graven, with letters deep,  
 A thousand sighs and mo,  
 A flood of tears to weep.
- 2 How may a man in smart  
 Find matter to rejoice?  
 How may a mourning heart  
 Set forth a pleasant voice?

Play, whoso can, that part,  
Needs must in me appear  
How fortune overthwart  
Doth cause my mourning chere.

3 Perdie! there is no man,  
If he saw never sight,  
That perfectly tell can  
The nature of the light.  
Alas! how should I than,  
That never taste but sour,  
But do as I began,  
Continually to lour.

4 But yet perchance some chance  
May chance to change my tune;  
And when such chance doth chance,  
Then shall I thank fortune.  
And if I have such chance,  
Perchance ere it be long,  
For such a pleasant chance,  
To sing some pleasant song.

---

THE LOVER SENDETH HIS COMPLAINTS  
AND TEARS TO SUE FOR GRACE.

1 PASS forth, my wonted cries,  
Those cruel ears to perse,  
Which in most hateful wise  
Do still my plaints reverse.  
Do you, my tears, also  
So wet her barren heart,  
That pity there may grow,  
And cruelty depart.

2 For though hard rocks among  
 She seems to have been bred,  
 And of the tiger long  
 Been nourished and fed;  
 Yet shall not nature change,  
 If pity once win place;  
 Whom as unknown and strange  
 She now away doth chase.

3 And as the water soft,  
 Without forcing or strength,  
 Where that it falleth oft  
 Hard stones doth pierce at length :  
 So in her stony heart  
 My plaints at last shall grave,  
 And, rigour set apart,  
 Win grant of that I crave.

4 Wherefore, my plaints, present  
 Still so to her my suit,  
 As ye, through her assent,  
 May bring to me some fruit.  
 And as she shall me prove,  
 So bid her me regard ;  
 And render love for love ;  
 Which is a just reward.

---

THE LOVER'S CASE CANNOT BE HIDDEN  
 HOWEVER HE DISSEMBLE.

1 YOUR looks so often cast,  
 Your eyes so friendly roll'd,  
 Your sight fixed so fast,  
 Always one to behold;

Though hide it fain ye wold,  
 It plainly doth declare,  
 Who hath your heart in hold,  
 And where good will ye bear.

2 Fain would ye find a cloak  
 Your brenning<sup>1</sup> fire to hide,  
 Yet both the flame and smoke  
 Breaks out on every side.  
 Ye cannot love so guide,  
 That it no issue win:  
 Abroad needs must it glide,  
 That brens so hot within.

3 For, 'cause yourself do wink,  
 Ye judge all other blind;  
 And secret it you think,  
 Which every man doth find.  
 In waste oft spend ye wind,  
 Yourself in love to quit;  
 For agues of that kind  
 Will shew who hath the fit.

4 Your sighs you fetch from far,  
 And all to wry<sup>2</sup> your woe;  
 Yet are ye ne'er the narre:<sup>3</sup>  
 Men are not blinded so.  
 Deeply oft swear ye no;  
 But all those oaths are vain:  
 So well your eye doth shew,  
 Who puts your heart to pain.

5 Think not therefore to hide,  
 That still itself betrays:

<sup>1</sup> 'Brenning:' burning.—<sup>2</sup> 'Wry:' to divert, or hide.—<sup>3</sup> 'Narre:' nearer.



Nor seek means to provide  
 To dark the sunny days.  
 Forget those wonted ways;  
 Leave off such frowning cheer,  
 There will be found no stays  
 To stop a thing so clear.

---

THE LOVER PRAYETH NOT TO BE  
 DISDAINED, REFUSED, MISTRUSTED, NOR FORSAKEN.

- 1 DISDAIN me not without desert;  
 Nor leave me not so suddenly;  
 Since well ye wot that in my heart  
 I mean ye not but honestly.
  
- Refuse me not without cause why;  
 Nor think me not to be unjust;  
 Since that by lot of fantasy,  
 This careful knot needs knit I must.
  
- 3 Mistrust me not, though some there be,  
 That fain would spot my steadfastness:  
 Believe them not, since that ye see,  
 The proof is not as they express.
  
- 4 Forsake me not, till I deserve;  
 Nor hate me not, till I offend;  
 Destroy me not till that I swerve:  
 But<sup>1</sup> since ye know what I intend.
  
- 5 Disdain me not, that am your own;  
 Refuse me not, that am so true;  
 Mistrust me not, till all be known;  
 Forsake me not now for no new.

<sup>1</sup> 'But:' perhaps for *bot*, unless.

THE LOVER LAMENTETH HIS ESTATE  
WITH SUIT FOR GRACE.

- 1 For want of will in woe I plain,  
Under colour of soberness;  
Renewing with my suit my pain,  
My wanhope<sup>1</sup> with you steadfastness.  
Awake therefore of gentleness;  
Regard, at length, I you require,  
My swelting pains of my desire.
- 2 Betimes who giveth willingly,  
Redoubled thanks aye doth deserve;  
And I that sue unfeignedly,  
In fruitless hope, alas! do sterve.<sup>2</sup>  
How great my cause is for to swerve,  
And yet how steadfast is my suit,  
Lo, here ye see: where is the fruit?
- 3 As hound that hath his keeper lost,  
Seek I your presence to obtain;  
In which my heart delighteth most,  
And shall delight though I be slain.  
You may release my band of pain;  
Loose then the care that makes me cry  
For want of help, or else I die.
- 4 I die, though not incontinent;<sup>3</sup>  
By process, yet consumingly,  
As waste of fire which doth relent:  
If you as wilful will deny.  
Wherefore cease of such cruelty,  
And take me wholly in your grace;  
Which lacketh will to change his place.

<sup>1</sup> 'Wanhope:' despair.—<sup>2</sup> 'Sterve:' perish, die.—<sup>3</sup> 'Incontinent:' immediately.

## THE LOVER WAILETH HIS CHANGED JOYS.

- 1 IF ever man might him avaunt  
 Of Fortune's friendly chere,  
 It was myself, I must it grant,  
 For I have bought it dear:  
 And dearly have I held also  
 The glory of her name,  
 In yielding her such tribute, lo,  
 As did set forth her fame.
- 2 Sometime I stood so in her grace,  
 That, as I would require,  
 Each joy I thought did me embrace,  
 That furthered my desire:  
 And all those pleasures, lo, had I,  
 That fancy might support;  
 And nothing she did me deny  
 That was unto my comfort.
- 3 I had, what would you more, perdie?  
 Each grace that I did crave;  
 Thus Fortune's will was unto me  
 All thing that I would have:  
 But all too rathe,<sup>1</sup> alas the while,  
 She built on such a ground:  
 In little space, too great a guile  
 In her now have I found.
- 4 For she hath turned so her wheel,  
 That I, unhappy man,  
 May wail the time that I did feel  
 Wherewith she fed me than:

<sup>1</sup> 'Rathe:' soon.

For broken now are her behests,  
 And pleasant looks she gave,  
 And therefore now all my requests  
 From peril cannot save.

- 5 Yet would I well it might appear  
 To her my chief regard ;  
 Though my deserts have been too dear  
 To merit such reward :  
 Since Fortune's will is now so bent  
 To plague me thus, poor man,  
 I must myself therewith content,  
 And bear it as I can.

---

TO HIS LOVE THAT HATH GIVEN HIM  
 ANSWER OF REFUSAL.

- 1 THE answer that ye made to me, my dear,  
 When I did sue for my poor heart's redress,  
 Hath so appall'd my countenance and my chere,  
 That in this case I am all comfortless,  
 Since I of blame no cause can well express.
- 2 I have no wrong, where I can claim no right,  
 Nought ta'en me fro, where I have nothing had,  
 Yet of my woe I cannot so be quite ;  
 Namely, since that another may be glad  
 With that, that thus in sorrow makes me sad.
- 3 Yet none can claim, I say, by former grant,  
 That knoweth not of any grant at all ;  
 And by desert, I dare well make avaunt  
 Of faithful will ; there is nowhere that shall  
 Bear you more truth, more ready at your call.

- 4 Now good then, call again that bitter word,  
 That touch'd your friend so near with pangs of pain;  
 And say, my dear, that it was said in bord:  
 Late, or too soon, let it not rule the gain,  
 Wherewith free will doth true desert retain.

---

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS BEING  
 TAKEN WITH SIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

- 1 UNWARILY so was never no man caught,  
 With steadfast look upon a goodly face,  
 As I of late: for suddenly, methought,  
 My heart was torn out of his place.
- 2 Through mine eye the stroke from hers did slide,  
 And down directly to my heart it ran;  
 In help whereof the blood thereto did glide,  
 And left my face both pale and wan.
- 3 Then was I like a man for woe amazed,  
 Or like the fowl that fleeth into the fire;  
 For while that I upon her beauty gazed,  
 The more I burn'd in my desire.
- 4 Anon the blood start in my face again,  
 Inflam'd with heat, that it had at my heart,  
 And brought therewith, throughout in every vein,  
 A quaking heat with pleasant smart.
- 5 Then was I like the straw, when that the flame  
 Is driven therein by force and rage of wind;  
 I cannot tell, alas! what I shall blame,  
 Nor what to seek, nor what to find.



6 But well I wot the grief doth hold me sore  
 In heat and cold, betwixt both hope and dread,  
 That, but her help to health doth me restore,  
 This restless life I may not lead.

---

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIM OF WORDS,

WHEREWITH HE WAS UNJUSTLY CHARGED.

- 1 PERDIE! I said it not,  
 Nor never thought to do:  
 As well as I, ye wot  
 I have no power thereto.  
 And if I did, the lot,  
 That first did me enchain,  
 May never slack the knot,  
 But strait it to my pain!
- 2 And if I did each thing,  
 That may do harm or woe,  
 Continually may wring  
 My heart whereso I go!  
 Report may always ring  
 Of shame on me for aye,  
 If in my heart did spring  
 The words that you do say.
- 3 And if I did, each star  
 That is in heaven above,  
 May frown on me to mar  
 The hope I have in love!  
 And if I did, such war  
 As they brought unto Troy,  
 Bring all my life as far  
 From all his lust and joy!

- 4 And if I did so say,  
 The beauty that me bound,  
 Increase from day to day  
 More cruel to my wound!  
 With all the moan that may,  
 To plaint may turn my song;  
 My life may soon decay,  
 Without redress, by wrong!
- 5 If I be clear from thought,  
 Why do you then complain?  
 Then is this thing but sought  
 To turn my heart to pain.  
 Then this that you have wrought,  
 You must it now redress;  
 Of right therefore you ought  
 Such rigour to repress.
- 6 And as I have deserved,  
 So grant me now my hire;  
 You know I never swerved,  
 You never found me liar.  
 For Rachel have I served,  
 For Leah cared I never;  
 And her I have reserved  
 Within my heart for ever.

---

THE LOVER CURSETH THE TIME WHEN  
 FIRST HE FELL IN LOVE.

- 1 WHEN first mine eyes did view and mark  
 Thy fair beauty to behold;  
 And when my ears listened to hark  
 The pleasant words, that thou me told;

I would as then I had been free  
From ears to hear, and eyes to see.

2 And when my lips 'gan first to move,  
Whereby my heart to thee was known,  
And when my tongue did talk of love  
To thee that hast true love down thrown;  
I would my lips and tongue also  
Had then been dumb, no deal<sup>1</sup> to go.

3 And when my hands have handled ought  
That thee hath kept in memory,  
And when my feet have gone and sought  
To find and get thee company;  
I would each hand a foot had been,  
And I each foot a hand had seen.

4 And when in mind I did consent,  
To follow this my fancy's will,  
And when my heart did first relent  
To taste such bait, my life to spill;  
I would my heart had been as thine,  
Or else thy heart had been as mine.

---

THE LOVER DETERMINETH TO SERVE  
FAITHFULLY.

1 SINCE Love will needs that I shall love,  
Of very force I must agree:  
And since no chance may it remove,  
In wealth and in adversity,  
I shall alway myself apply  
To serve, and suffer patiently.

<sup>1</sup> 'No deal:' not a bit.

- 2 Though for good will I find but hate,  
    And cruelty, my life to waste,  
And though that still a wretched state  
    Should pine my days unto the last,  
Yet I profess it willingly  
To serve, and suffer patiently.
- 3 For since my heart is bound to serve,  
    And I not ruler of mine own,  
Whatso befall, till that I sterve  
    By proof full well it shall be known,  
That I shall still myself apply  
To serve, and suffer patiently.
- 4 Yea, though my grief find no redress,  
    But still increase before mine eyes,  
Though my reward be cruelness,  
    With all the harm hap can devise,  
Yet I profess it willingly  
To serve, and suffer patiently.
- 5 Yea, though Fortune her pleasant face  
    Should show, to set me up aloft,  
And straight my wealth for to deface,  
    Should writhe away, as she doth oft,  
Yet would I still myself apply  
To serve, and suffer patiently.
- 6 There is no grief, no smart, no woe,  
    That yet I feel, or after shall,  
That from this mind may make me go;  
    And whatsoever me befall,  
I do profess it willingly  
To serve, and suffer patiently.

## TO HIS UNKIND LOVE.

- 1 WHAT rage is this? what furor? of what kind?  
 What power? what plague doth weary thus my mind?  
 Within my bones to rankle is assign'd,  
     What poison, pleasant, sweet?
- 2 Lo! see mine eyes flow with continual tears,  
 The body still away sleepless it wears,  
 My food nothing my fainting strength repairs,  
     Nor doth my limbs sustain.
- 3 In deep wide wound, the deadly stroke doth turn  
 To cureless scar that never shall return:  
 Go to! triumph! rejoice thy goodly turn,  
     Thy friend thou dost oppress.
- 4 Oppress thou dost, and hast of him no cure,  
 Nor yet my plaint no pity can procure,  
 Fierce tiger fell! hard rock without recure!  
     Cruel rebèl to love!
- 5 Once may thou love, never belov'd again!  
 So love thou still, and not thy love obtain!  
 So wrathful love, with spites of just disdain,  
     May freat<sup>1</sup> thy cruel heart!

---

 THE LOVER COMPLAINETH HIS ESTATE.

- 1 I SEE that chance hath chosen me  
     Thus secretly to live in pain,  
 And to another given the fee,  
     Of all my loss to have the gain:

<sup>1</sup> 'Freat, or frete:' consume.



By chance assign'd thus do I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

2 Unto myself sometime alone  
I do lament my woful case;  
But what availeth me to moan?  
Since truth and pity hath no place  
In them, to whom I sue and serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

3 To seek by mean to change this mind,  
Alas! I prove, it will not be;  
For in my heart I cannot find  
Once to refrain, but still agree,  
As bound by force, alway to serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

4 Such is the fortune that I have,  
To love them most that love me least;  
And to my pain to seek, and crave  
The thing that other have possess'd:  
So thus in vain alway I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

5 And till I may appease the heat,  
If that my hap will hap so well,  
To wail my woe my heart shall frete,  
Whose pensive pain my tongue can tell;  
Yet thus unhappy must I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

WHETHER LIBERTY BY LOSS OF LIFE  
OR LIFE IN PRISON AND THRALDOM BE TO BE PREFERRED.

- 1 LIKE as the bird within the cage inclosed,  
The door unsparr'd, her foe the hawk without,  
'Twixt death and prison piteously oppressed,  
Whether for to choose standeth in doubt;  
Lo! so do I, which seek to bring about,  
Which should be best by determination,  
By loss of life, liberty; or life by prison.
  
- 2 O mischief, by mischief to be redressed!  
Where pain is best, there lieth but little pleasure,  
By short death better to be delivered,  
Than bide in painful life, thraldom, and dolour:  
Small is the pleasure, where much pain we suffer;  
Rather therefore to choose methinketh wisdom,  
By loss of life liberty, than life by prison.
  
- 3 And yet methinks, although I live and suffer,  
I do but wait on time and fortune's chance;  
Oft many things do happen in one hour;  
That which oppress'd me now may me advance.  
In time is trust, which by death's grievance  
Is wholly lost. Then were it not reason  
By death to choose liberty, and not life by prison.
  
- 4 But death were deliverance, where life lengths pain,  
Of these two ills let see now choose the lest,  
This bird to deliver that here doth plain:  
What say ye, lovers? which shall be the best?  
In cage thraldom, or by the hawk oppress'd:  
And which to choose make plain conclusion,  
By loss of life liberty, or life by prison?

HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE REIGN  
OVER REALMS,

THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS.

- 1 If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage  
Of cruel will; and see thou keep thee free  
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage:  
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,  
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulè,  
If thy desire have over thee the power,  
Subject then art thou, and no governor.
- 2 If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,  
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning;  
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,  
And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,  
Alike hath made thee noble in his working;  
So that wretched no way may thou be,  
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.
- 3 All<sup>1</sup> were it so thou had a flood of gold  
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;  
And though with Indian stones, a thousand fold  
More precious than can thyself devise,  
Ycharged were thy back; thy covetise,  
And busy biting yet should never let  
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet.

<sup>1</sup> 'All:' although.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER GIVETH TO HIS  
MISTRESS HIS HEART,

AS HIS BEST AND ONLY TREASURE.

- 1 To seek each where where man doth live,  
The sea, the land, the rock, the clive,  
France, Spain, and Inde, and every where;  
Is none a greater gift to give,  
Less set by oft, and is so lief and dear,  
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.<sup>1</sup>
  
- 2 I cannot give broaches nor rings,  
These goldsmith work, and goodly things,  
Pierrie,<sup>2</sup> nor pearl, orient and clear;  
But for all that can no man bring  
Liever jewel unto his lady dear,  
Dare I well say, than that I give to year.
  
- 3 Nor I seek not to fetch it far;  
Worse is it not though it be narr;  
And as it is, it doth appear  
Uncounterfeit mistrust to bar.  
It is both whole, and pure, withouten peer,  
Dare I well say, the gift I give to year.
  
- 4 To thee therefore the same retain;  
The like of thee to have again  
France would I give, if mine it were.  
Is none alive in whom doth reign  
Lesser disdain; freely therefore lo! here  
Dare I well give, I say, my heart to year.

<sup>1</sup> 'To year:' this year.—<sup>2</sup> 'Pierrie:' precious stones.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SORROW OF  
TRUE LOVERS' PARTING.

1 THERE was never nothing more me pain'd,  
Nor more my pity mov'd,  
As when my sweetheart her complain'd  
That ever she me lov'd.

Alas! the while!

2 With piteous look she said, and sight,<sup>1</sup>  
'Alas! what aileth me?  
To love, and set my wealth so light,  
On him that loveth not me;

Alas! the while!

3 Was I not well void of all pain,  
When that nothing me griev'd?  
And now with sorrows I must complain,  
And cannot be reliev'd,

Alas! the while!

4 My restful nights, and joyful days,  
Since I began to love  
Be take from me; all thing decays,  
Yet can I not remove,

Alas! the while!

5 She wept and wrung her hands withal,  
The tears fell in my neck:  
She turn'd her face, and let it fall;  
And scarce therewith could speak:

Alas! the while!

6 Her pains tormented me so sore  
That comfort had I none;

<sup>1</sup> 'Sight:' sighed.



But curs'd my fortune more and more  
 To see her sob and groan,  
 Alas! the while!

---

### THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS STONY HEARTED MISTRESS TO HEAR HIM  
 COMPLAIN ERE THAT HE DIE.

- 1 HEAVEN, and earth, and all that hear me plain  
 Do well perceive what care doth make me cry;  
 Save you alone, to whom I cry in vain;  
 Mercy, Madam, alas! I die, I die!
- 2 If that you sleep, I humbly you require  
 Forbear a while, and let your rigour slake,  
 Since that by you I burn thus in this fire;  
 To hear my plaint, dear heart, awake! awake!
- 3 Since that so oft ye have made me to wake  
 In plaint, and tears, and in right piteous case;  
 Displease you not if force do now me make  
 To break your sleep, crying alas! alas!
- 4 It is the last trouble that ye shall have  
 Of me, Madam, to hear my last complaint;  
 Pity at least your poor unhappy slave,  
 For in despair, alas! I faint, I faint.
- 5 It is not now, but long and long ago  
 I have you serv'd, as to my power and might  
 As faithfully as any man might do;  
 Claiming of you nothing of right, of right
- 6 Save of your grace only to stay my life  
 That fleeth as fast as cloud before the wind;

For since that first I enter'd in this strife,  
 An inward death hath fret<sup>1</sup> my mind, my mind.

7 If I had suffer'd this to you unware  
 Mine were the fault, and you nothing to blame;  
 But since you know my woe and all my care,  
 Why do I die, alas! for shame! for shame!

8 I know right well my face, my look, my tears,  
 Mine eyes, my words, and eke my dreary chere  
 Have cried my death full oft unto your ears;  
 Hard of belief it doth appear, appear.

9 A better proof I see that ye would have;  
 How I am dead, therefore, when ye hear tell,  
 Believe it not, although ye see my grave;  
 Cruel! unkind! I say farewell! farewell!

---

HE REJOICETH THE OBTAINING THE  
 FAVOUR OF THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

1 AFTER great storms the calm returns,  
 And pleasanter it is thereby;  
 Fortune likewise that often turns,  
 Hath made me now the most happy.

2 The heaven that pitied my distress,  
 My just desire, and my cry,  
 Hath made my languor to cease,  
 And me also the most happy.

3 Whereto despairèd ye, my friends?  
 My trust alway in her did lie

<sup>1</sup> 'Fret:' wasted.

That knoweth what my thought intends;  
Whereby I live the most happy.

4 Lo! what can take hope from that heart,  
That is assured steadfastly;  
Hope therefore ye that live in smart,  
Whereby I am the most happy.

5 And I that have felt of your pain  
Shall pray to God continually,  
To make your hope, your health retain,  
And me also the most happy.

---

## THE LOVER PRAYETH VENUS

TO CONDUCT HIM TO THE DESIRED HAVEN.

1 THOUGH this the port, and I thy servant true,  
And thou thyself dost cast thy beams from high  
From thy chief house,<sup>1</sup> promising to renew  
Both joy and eke delight, behold yet how that I,  
Banished from my bliss, carefully do cry.  
Help now Cytheræa! my lady dear,  
My fearful trust, 'En vogant la galere.'

2 Alas! the doubt that dreadful absence giveth!  
Without thine aid assurance is there none;  
The firm faith that in the water fleteth,  
Succour thou therefore, in thee it is alone.  
Stay that with faith, that faithfully doth moan,  
Thou also givest me both hope and fear,  
Remember me then, 'En vogant la galere.'

<sup>1</sup> 'Chief house:' in the astrological sense.

- 3 By seas, and hills elonged from thy sight,  
 Thy wonted grace reducing to my mind,  
 Instead of sleep thus I occupy the night;  
 A thousand thoughts, and many doubts I find,  
 And still I trust thou canst not be unkind,  
 Or else despair my comfort and my chere  
 Would she forthwith, 'En vogant la galere.'
- 4 Yet, on my faith! full little doth remain  
 Of any hope whereby I may myself uphold;  
 For since that only words do me retain,  
 I may well think the affection is but cold.  
 But since my will is nothing as I would,  
 And in thy hands it resteth whole and clear,  
 Forget me not, 'En vogant la galere.'

---

THE LOVER PRAISETH THE BEAUTY  
 OF HIS LADY'S HAND.

1 O GOODLY hand,  
 Wherein doth stand  
 My heart distract in pain:  
 Dear hand, alas!  
 In little space  
 My life thou dost restrain.

2 O fingers slight,  
 Departed right,  
 So long, so small, so round!  
 Goodly begone,  
 And yet a bone  
 Most cruel in my wound.

3 With lilies white  
 And roses bright

Doth strain thy colour fair:  
 Nature did lend  
 Each finger's end  
 A pearl for to repair.

4 Consent at last,  
 Since that thou hast  
 My heart in thy demain,  
 For service true  
 On me to rue,  
 And reach me love again.

5 And if not so,  
 There with more woe  
 Enforce thyself to strain  
 This simple heart,  
 That suffered smart,  
 And rid it out of pain.

---

THAT THE EYE BEWRAYETH ALWAY THE  
 SECRET AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART.

1 AND if an eye may save or slay,  
 And strike more deep than weapon long;  
 And if an eye by subtle play,  
 May move one more than any tongue;  
 How can ye say that I do wrong,  
 Thus to suspect without desert?  
 For the eye is traitor to the heart.

2 To frame all well, I am content  
 That it were done unweetingly;  
 But yet I say, (who will assent),  
 To do but well, do nothing why  
 That men should deem the contrary;



For it is said by men expert  
That the eye is traitor of the heart.

3 But yet, alas! that look, all soul,  
That I do claim of right to have,  
Should not, methink——go seek the school,  
To please all folk, for who can crave  
Friendlier thing than heart witsave<sup>1</sup>  
By look to give in friendly part;  
For the eye is traitor of the heart.

4 And my suspect is without blame;  
For as ye say, not only I  
But other mo have deem'd the same;  
Then is it not jealousy,  
But subtle look of reckless eye  
Did range too far, to make me smart;  
For the eye is traitor of the heart.

5 But I your friend shall take it thus,  
Since you will so, as stroke of chance;  
And leave further for to discuss,  
Whether the stroke did stick or glance;  
But 'scuse who can let him advance  
Dissembled looks, but for my part,  
My eye must still betray my heart.

6 And of this grief ye shall be quit,  
In helping Truth steadfast to go.  
The time is long that Truth doth sit  
Feeble and weak, and suff'reth woe;  
Cherish him well, continue so;  
Let him not fro' your heart astart;  
Then fears not the eye to show the heart.

<sup>1</sup> 'Witsave:' vouchsafe.

## THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT FAITH MAY NOT AVAIL WITHOUT THE FAVOUR OF  
FANTASY.

- 1 IF Fancy<sup>1</sup> would favour,  
As my deserving shall;  
My love, my paramour,  
Should love me best of all.
- 2 But if I cannot attain  
The grace that I desire,  
Then may I well complain  
My service, and my hire.
- 3 Fancy doth know how  
To further my true heart;  
If Fancy might avow  
With Faith to take part.
- 4 But Fancy is so frail  
And flitting still so fast,  
That Faith may not prevail  
To help me, first nor last.
- 5 For Fancy at his lust,  
Doth rule all but by guess;  
Whereto should I then trust  
In truth or steadfastness.
- 6 Yet gladly would I please  
The fancy of her heart,  
That may me only ease  
And cure my careful smart.

<sup>1</sup> Fancy : ' Love.

7 Therefore, my lady dear,  
 Set once your fantasy  
 To make some hope appear,  
 Of steadfast remedy.

8 For if he be my friend,  
 And undertake my woe,  
 My grief is at end  
 If he continue so.

9 Else Fancy doth not right;  
 As I deserve and shall,  
 To have you day and night,  
 To love me best of all.

---

## THAT TOO MUCH CONFIDENCE

SOMETIMES DISAPPOINTETH HOPE.

1 My hope, alas! hath me abused,  
 And vain rejoicing hath me fed:  
 Lust and joy have me refused,  
 And careful plaint is in their stead;  
 Too much advancing slack'd my speed,  
 Mirth hath caus'd my heaviness,  
 And I remain all comfortless.

2 Whereto did I assure my thought  
 Without displeasure steadfastly;  
 In Fortune's forge my joy was wrought,  
 And is revolted readily.  
 I am mistaken wonderly;  
 For I thought not but faithfulness;  
 Yet I remain all comfortless.

- 3 In gladsome cheer I did delight,  
 Till that delight did cause my smart,  
 And all was wrong when I thought right;  
 For right it was, that my true heart  
 Should not from truth be set apart,  
 Since truth did cause my hardiness;  
 Yet I remain all comfortless.
- 4 Sometime delight did tune my song,  
 And led my heart full pleasantly;  
 And to myself I said among,  
 ' My hap is coming hastily.'  
 But it hath happed contrary.  
 Assurance causeth my distress,  
 And I remain all comfortless.
- 5 Then if my note now do vary,  
 And leave his wonted pleasantness;  
 The heavy burthen that I carry  
 Hath alter'd all my joyfulness.  
 No pleasure hath still steadfastness,  
 But haste hath hurt my happiness;  
 And I remain all comfortless.

---

### THE LOVER BEMOANETH

HIS UNHAPPINESS THAT HE CANNOT OBTAIN GRACE,  
 YET CANNOT CEASE LOVING.

- 1 ALL heavy minds  
 Do seek to ease their charge;  
 And that that most them binds  
 To let at large.

- 2 Then why should I  
    Hold pain within my heart,  
And may my tune apply,  
    To ease my smart.
- 3 My faithful lute  
    Alone shall hear me plain,  
For else all other suit,  
    Is clean in vain.
- 4 For where I sue  
    Redress of all my grief;  
Lo! they do most eschew  
    My heart's relief.
- 5 Alas! my dear,  
    Have I deserved so?  
That no help may appear  
    Of all my woe!
- 6 Whom speak I to,  
    Unkind, and deaf of ear!  
Alas! lo! I go,  
    And wot not where.
- 7 Where is my thought?  
    Where wanders my desire?  
Where may the thing be sought  
    That I require?
- 8 Light in the wind  
    Doth flee all my delight;  
Where truth and faithful mind  
    Are put to flight.



- 9 Who shall me give  
Feather'd wings for to flee?  
The thing that doth me grieve  
That I may see!
- 10 Who would go seek  
The cause whereby to pain?  
Who could his foe beseek<sup>1</sup>  
For ease of pain!
- 11 My chance doth so  
My woful case procure,  
To offer to my foe  
My heart to cure.
- 12 What hope I then  
To have any redress!  
Of whom, or where, or when?  
Who can express!
- 13 No! since despair  
Hath set me in this case,  
In vain is 't in the air  
To say, Alas!
- 14 I seek nothing  
But thus for to discharge  
My heart of sore sighing,  
To plain at large.
- 15 And with my lute  
Sometime to ease my pain;  
For else all other suit  
Is clean in vain.

<sup>1</sup> 'Beseek : ' beseech.

## THE MOURNFUL LOVER TO HIS HEART

WITH COMPLAINT THAT IT WILL NOT BREAK.

- 1 COMFORT thyself, my woful heart,  
Or shortly on thyself thee wreak;  
For length redoubleth deadly smart;  
Why sigh'st thou, heart! and wilt not break?
- 2 To waste in sighs were piteous death;  
Alas! I find thee faint and weak.  
Enforce thyself to lose thy breath;  
Why sigh'st thou, heart! and wilt not break?
- 3 Thou know'st right well that no redress  
Is thus to pine; and for to speak,  
Perdie! it is remediless;  
Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break?
- 4 It is too late for to refuse  
The yoke, when it is on thy neck!  
To shake it off, 'vailleth not to muse;  
Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break?
- 5 To sob and sigh it were but vain,  
Since there is none that doth it reck;  
Alas! thou dost prolong thy pain;  
Why sigh'st thou then, and wilt not break?
- 6 Then in her sight to move her heart  
Seek on thyself, thyself to wreak,  
That she may know thou suffered'st smart;  
Sigh there thy last, and therewith break.

THE LOVER RENOUNCES HIS CRUEL LOVE  
FOR EVER.

- 1 ALAS! the grief, and deadly woful smart,  
The careful chance, shapen afore my shert,  
The sorrowful tears, the sighs hot as fire,  
That cruel love hath long sok'd from my heart!  
And for reward of over great desire  
Disdainful doubleness have I, for my hire.
  
- 2 O lost service! O pain ill rewarded!  
O pitiful heart, with pain enlarged!  
O faithful mind, too suddenly assented!  
Return, alas! sithens thou'rt not regarded.  
Too great a proof of true faith presented,  
Causeth by right such faith to be repented.
  
- 3 O cruel causer of undeserved change,  
By great desire unconstantly to range,  
Is this your way for proof of steadfastness?  
Perdie! you know, the thing was not so strange,  
By former proof too much my faithfulness;  
What needeth then such colour'd doubleness?
  
- 4 I have wail'd thus, weeping in nightly pain,  
In sobs, and sighs, alas! and all in vain,  
In inward plaint, and heart's woful torment.  
And yet, alas! lo! cruelty and disdain  
Have set at nought a faithful true intent,  
And price hath privilege truth to prevent.
  
- 5 But though I starve, and to my death still mourn,  
And piecemeal in pieces though I be torn;  
And though I die, yielding my wearied ghost.

Shall never thing again make me return.

I wite<sup>1</sup> thou . . . . of that that I have lost  
To whom so ever lust for to prove most.

---

A COMPLAINT OF HIS LADY'S CRUELTY

1 SINCE ye delight to know,  
That my torment and woe  
Should still increase  
Without release,  
I shall enforce me so,  
That life and all shall go  
For to content your cruelty.

2 And so this grievous train,  
That I too long sustain,  
Shall sometime cesse,  
And have redress,  
And you also remain,  
Full pleasèd with my pain,  
For to content your cruelty.

3 Unless that be too light,  
And that ye would ye might,  
See the distress,  
And heaviness,  
Of one slain outright,  
Therewith to please your sight,  
And to content your cruelty.

4 Then in your cruel mood  
Would God! forthwith ye would  
With force express,  
My heart oppress,

<sup>1</sup> 'With : ' blame.

To do your heart such good,  
 To see me bathe in blood,  
 For to content your cruelty.

5 Then could ye ask no more;  
 Then should ye ease my sore,  
 And the excess  
 Of my distress;  
 And you should evermore  
 Defamed be therefore,  
 For to repent your cruelty.

---

OF THE CONTRARY AFFECTIONS OF  
 THE LOVER.

- 1 SUCH hap as I am happèd in,  
 Had never man of truth, I ween;  
 At me Fortune list to begin,  
 To shew that never hath been seen,  
 A new kind of unhappiness;  
 Nor I cannot the thing I mean  
 Myself express.
- 2 Myself express my deadly pain,  
 That can I well, if that might serve:  
 But when I have not help again,  
 That know I not, unless I sterve,<sup>1</sup>  
 For hunger still amidst my food  
 [Lacking the thing] that I deserve  
 To do me good.
- 3 To do me good what may prevail,  
 For I deserve, and not desire,

<sup>1</sup> 'Sterve:' perish.



And still of cold I me bewail,  
 And raked am in burning fire;  
 For though I have, such is my lot,  
 In hand to help that I require,  
 It helpeth not.

4 It helpeth not but to increase  
 That, that by proof can be no more;  
 That is, the heat that cannot cease;  
 And that I have, to crave so sore.  
 What wonder is this greedy lust!  
 To ask and have, and yet therefore  
 Refrain I must.

5 Refrain I must; what is the cause?  
 Sure as they say, 'So hawks be taught,'  
 But in my case layeth no such clause;  
 For such craft I am not caught;  
 Wherefore I say, and good cause why,  
 With hapless hand no man hath raught<sup>1</sup>  
 Such hap as I.

---

THAT RIGHT CANNOT GOVERN FANCY.

1 I HAVE sought long with steadfastness  
 To have had some ease of my great smart;  
 But nought availeth faithfulness  
 To grave within your stony heart.

2 But hap, and hit, or else hit not,  
 As uncertain as is the wind;  
 Right so it fareth by the shot  
 Of Love, alas! that is so blind.

<sup>1</sup> 'Raught:' reached.

- 3 Therefore I play'd the fool in vain,  
 With pity when I first began  
 Your cruel heart for to constrain,  
 Since love regardeth no doubtful man.
- 4 But of your goodness, all your mind  
 Is that I should complain in vain;  
 This is the favour that I find;  
 Ye list to hear how I can plain!
- 5 But though I plain to please your heart,  
 Trust me I trust to temper it so,  
 Not for to care which do revert;  
 All shall be one, or wealth, or woe.
- 6 For Fancy ruleth, though Right say nay,  
 Even as the good man kiss'd his cow:  
 None other reason can ye lay,  
 But as who sayeth; 'I reck not how.'

---

THAT TRUE LOVE AVAILETH NOT WHEN  
 FORTUNE LIST TO FROWN.

- 1 To wish, and want, and not obtain;  
 To seek and sue ease of my pain,  
 Since all that ever I do is vain,  
 What may it avail me!
- 2 Although I strive both day and hour  
 Against the stream, with all my power,  
 If Fortune list yet for to lower,  
 What may it avail me!
- 3 If willingly I suffer woe;  
 If from the fire me list not go;

If then I burn to plain me so,  
 What may it avail me!

4 And if the harm that I suffer,  
 Be run too far out of measure,  
 To seek for help any further,  
 What may it avail me!

5 What though each heart that hear' th me plain,  
 Pitieth and plaineth for my pain;  
 If I no less in grief remain,  
 What may it avail me!

6 Yea! though the want of my relief  
 Displease the causer of my grief;  
 Since I remain still in mischief,  
 What may it avail me!

7 Such cruel chance doth so me threat  
 Continually inward to freat,<sup>1</sup>  
 Then of release for to treat;  
 What may it avail me!

8 Fortune is deaf unto my call;  
 My torment moveth her not at all;  
 And though she turn as doth a ball,  
 What may it avail me!

9 For in despair there is no rede;<sup>2</sup>  
 To want of ear, speech is no speed;  
 To linger still alive as dead,  
 What may it avail me!

<sup>1</sup> 'Freat:' consume away.—<sup>2</sup> 'Rede:' counsel.

THE DECEIVED LOVER SUETH ONLY  
FOR LIBERTY.

- 1 If chance assign'd,  
Were to my mind,  
By very kind  
    Of destiny;  
Yet would I crave  
Nought else to have,  
    But life and liberty.
- 2 Then were I sure,  
I might endure  
The displeasure  
    Of cruelty;  
Where now I plain,  
Alas! in vain,  
    Lacking my life, for liberty.
- 3 For without th' one,  
Th' other is gone,  
And there can none  
    It remedy;  
If th' one be past,  
Th' other doth waste,  
    And all for lack of liberty.
- 4 And so I drive,  
As yet alive,  
Although I strive  
    With misery;  
Drawing my breath,  
Looking for death,  
    And loss of life for liberty.

5 But thou that still,  
 Mayst at thy will,  
 Turn all this ill  
     Adversity;  
 For the repair,  
 Of my welfare,  
     Grant me but life and liberty.

6 And if not so,  
 Then let all go  
 To wretched woe,  
     And let me die;  
 For th' one or th' other,  
 There is none other;  
     My death, or life with liberty.

---

## THE LOVER CALLETH ON HIS LUTE

TO HELP HIM BEMOAN HIS HAPLESS FATE.

1 At most mischief  
 I suffer grief;  
 For of relief  
     Since I have none;  
 My lute and I  
 Continually  
 Shall us apply  
     To sigh and moan.

2 Nought may prevail  
 To weep or wail;  
 Pity doth fail  
     In you, alas!



Mourning or moan,  
Complaint or none,  
It is all one,  
    As in this case.

3 For cruelty,  
That most can be,  
Hath sovereignty,  
    Within your heart ;  
Which maketh bare,  
All my welfare :  
Nought do ye care  
    How sore I smart.

4 No tiger's heart  
Is so pervert,  
Without desert  
    To wreak his ire ;  
And you me kill  
For my good will :  
Lo! how I spill  
    For my desire!

5 There is no love  
That can ye move,  
And I can prove  
    None other way :  
Therefore I must  
Restrain my lust,  
Banish my trust,  
    And wealth away.

6 Thus in mischief  
I suffer grief,

For of relief  
 Since I have none;  
 My lute and I  
 Continually  
 Shall us apply  
 To sigh and moan.

---

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE IS SUCH  
 HE WORKETH IMPOSSIBILITIES.

- 1 To cause accord, or to agree  
 Two contraries in one degree,  
 And in one point, as seemeth me  
 To all man's wit it cannot be;  
 It is impossible!
- 2 Of heat and cold when I complain,  
 And say that heat doth cause my pain,  
 When cold doth shake me every vein,  
 And both at once! I say again,  
 It is impossible!
- 3 That man that hath his heart away,  
 If life liveth there, as men do say,  
 That he heartless should last one day  
 Alive, and not to turn to clay,  
 It is impossible!
- 4 'Twixt life and death, say what who saith,  
 There liveth no life that draweth breath;  
 They join so near, and eke I' faith,  
 To seek for life by wish of death,  
 It is impossible!
- 5 Yet Love, that all thing doth subdue,  
 Whose power there may no life eschew,

Hath wrought in me that I may rue  
 These miracles to be so true,  
                     That are impossible.

---

THAT THE LIFE OF THE UNREGARDED  
 LOVER IS WORSE THAN DEATH.

1 WHAT death is worse than this!  
     When my delight,  
 My weal, my joy, my bliss,  
     Is from my sight  
     Both day and night,  
 My life, alas! I miss.

2 For though I seem alive,  
     My heart is hence;  
 Thus bootless for to strive  
     Out of presence  
     Of my defence  
 Toward my death I drive.

3 Heartless, alas! what man  
     May long endure!  
 Alas! how live I then;  
     Since no recure<sup>1</sup>  
     May me assure  
 My life I may well ban.

4 Thus doth my torment grow  
     In deadly dread;  
 Alas! who might live so;  
     Alive, as dead:  
     Alive, to lead  
 A deadly life in woe.

<sup>1</sup> 'Recure:' recovery.

THE LOVER WHO CANNOT PREVAIL MUST  
NEEDS HAVE PATIENCE.

- 1 PATIENCE for my device;  
Impatience for your part!  
Of contraries the guise  
Must needs be overthwart.  
Patience! for I am true;  
The contrary for you.
  
- 2 Patience! a good cause why!  
You have no cause at all;  
Trust me, that stands awry  
Perchance may sometime fall.  
Patience then say, and sup  
A taste of Patience' cup.
  
- 3 Patience! no force for that  
Yet brush your gown again.  
Patience! spurn not thereat;  
Lest folk perceive your pain.  
Patience at my pleasure,  
When yours hath no measure.
  
- 4 The t'other was for me,  
This Patience is for you,  
Change when ye list let see,  
For I have ta'en a new.  
Patience with a good will  
Is easy to fulfil.

WHEN FORTUNE SMILES NOT, ONLY  
PATIENCE COMFORTETH.

- 1 PATIENCE! though I have not  
    The thing that I require;  
I must, of force, God wot,  
    Forbear my most desire,  
For no ways can I find  
    To sail against the wind.
  
- 2 Patience! do what they will  
    To work me woe or spite;  
I shall content me still  
    To think both day and night;  
To think, and hold my peace,  
    Since there is no redress.
  
- 3 Patience! withouten blame,  
    For I offended nought;  
I know they know the same,  
    Though they have chang'd their thought.  
Was ever thought so moved,  
    To hate that it hath loved?
  
- 4 Patience of all my harm,  
    For Fortune is my foe;  
Patience must be the charm  
    To heal me of my woe.  
Patience without offence  
    Is a painful Patience.



THAT PATIENCE ALONE CAN HEAL THE  
WOUND INFLICTED BY ADVERSITY.

- 1 PATIENCE of all my smart!  
For Fortune is turn'd awry:  
Patience must ease my heart,  
That mourns continually.  
Patience to suffer wrong  
Is a Patience too long.
  
- 2 Patience to have a nay,  
Of that I most desire;  
Patience to have alway,  
And ever burn like fire.  
Patience without desert  
Is grounder of my smart.
  
- 3 Who can with merry heart  
Set forth some pleasant song,  
That always feels but smart,  
And never hath but wrong?  
Yet Patience evermore  
Must heal the wound and sore.
  
- 4 Patience! to be content,  
With froward Fortune's train!  
Patience, to the intent  
Somewhat to slake my pain:  
I see no remedy,  
But suffer patiently.
  
- 5 To plain where is none ear,  
My chance is chanced so;

For it doth well appear  
 My friend is turn'd my foe:  
 But since there is no defence,  
 I must take Patience.

---

### THE LOVER,

HOPELESS OF GREATER HAPPINESS, CONTENTETH HIMSELF  
 WITH ONLY PITY.

- 1 THOUGH I cannot your cruelty constrain,  
 For my good will to favour me again;  
 Though my true and faithful love  
 Have no power your heart to move,  
 Yet rue upon my pain!
  
- 2 Though I your thrall must evermore remain,  
 And for your sake my liberty restrain;  
 The greatest grace that I do crave  
 Is that ye would vouchsave  
 To rue upon my pain!
  
- 3 Though I have not deserved to obtain  
 So high reward, but thus to serve in vain,  
 Though I shall have no redress,  
 Yet of right ye can no less,  
 But rue upon my pain!
  
- 4 But I see well, that your high disdain  
 Will no wise grant that I shall more attain;  
 Yet ye must grant at the last  
 This my poor, and small request;  
 Rejoice not at my pain!

THAT TIME, HUMBLENESS, AND PRAYER,

CAN SOFTEN EVERYTHING SAVE HIS LADY'S HEART.

- 1 PROCESS of time worketh such wonder,  
That water which is of kind so soft,  
Doth pierce the marble stone asunder,  
By little drops falling from aloft.
  
- 2 And yet an heart that seems so tender,  
Receiveth no drop of the stilling tears  
That alway still cause me to render,  
The vain plaint that sounds not in her ears.
  
- 3 So cruel, alas! is nought alive,  
So fierce, so froward, so out of frame,  
But some way, some time may so contrive  
By means the wild to temper and tame.
  
- 4 And I that always have sought, and seek  
Each place, each time for some lucky day,  
This fierce tiger, less I find her meek,  
And more denied the longer I pray.
  
- 5 The lion in his raging furour  
Forbears that sueth, meekness for his [boot];  
And thou, alas! in extreme dolour,  
The heart so low thou treads under thy foot.
  
- 6 Each fierce thing, lo! how thou dost exceed,  
And hides it under so humble a face!  
And yet the humble to help at need  
Nought helpeth time, humbleness, nor place.

THAT UNKINDNESS HATH SLAIN HIS  
POOR TRUE HEART.

IF in the world there be more woe  
 Than I have in my heart;  
 Whereso it is, it doth come fro',  
 And in my breast there doth it grow,  
 For to increase my smart.  
 Alas! I am receipt of every care;  
 And of my life each sorrow claims his part.  
 Who list to live in quietness  
 By me let him beware.  
 For I by high disdain 10  
 Am made without redress;  
 And unkindness, alas! hath slain  
 My poor true heart, all comfortless.

---

THE DYING LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT HIS MISTRESS REGARDETH NOT HIS SUFFERINGS.

- 1 LIKE as the swan towards her death  
 Doth strain her voice with doleful note;  
 Right so sing I with waste of breath,  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.
- 2 I shall enforce my fainting breath,  
 That all that hears this deadly note,  
 Shall know that you dost cause my death,  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.
- 3 Your unkindness hath sworn my death,  
 And changed hath my pleasant note  
 To painful sighs that stop my breath.  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.

4 Consumeth my life, faileth my breath,  
 Your fault is forger of this note ;  
 Melting in tears a cruel death.  
 I die! I die! and you regard it not.

5 My faith with me after my death  
 Buried shall be, and to this note  
 I do bequeath my weary breath  
 To cry, I die! and you regard it not.

---

THE CAREFUL LOVER COMPLAINETH, AND  
 THE HAPPY LOVER COUNSELLETH.

AH ! Robin!  
 Jolly Robin!  
 Tell me how thy leman doth?  
 And thou shalt know of mine.  
 ‘ My lady is unkind, perdie!’  
 Alack, why is she so?  
 ‘ She loveth another better than me,  
 And yet she will say, no.’

RESPONSE.

I find no such doubleness;  
 I find women true.  
 My lady loveth me doubtless,  
 And will change for no new.

10

LE PLAINTIF.

Thou art happy while that doth last,  
 But I say as I find;  
 That woman’s love is but a blast,  
 And turneth like the wind.



## RESPONSE.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,  
 Learn this lesson of me;  
 At others' fires thyself to warm,  
 And let them warm with thee.

17

## LE PLAINTIF.

Such folks shall take no harm by love,  
 That can abide their turn;  
 But I, alas, can no way prove  
 In love, but lack, and mourn.

---

THE LOVER HAVING BROKEN HIS  
 BONDAGE,

VOWETH NEVER MORE TO BE ENTHRALLED.

- 1 In æternum I was once determed,  
 For to have loved and my mind affirmed,  
 That with my heart it should be confirmed,  
 In æternum.
- 2 Forthwith I found the thing that I might like,  
 And sought with love to warm her heart alike,  
 For as methought I should not see the like,  
 In æternum.
- 3 To trace this dance I put myself in press,  
 Vain Hope did lead, and bade I should not cesse,  
 To serve to suffer, and still to hold my peace  
 In æternum.
- 4 With this first rule I further'd me a pace,  
 That as methought my truth had taken place,  
 With full assurance to stand in her grace,  
 In æternum.

5 It was not long ere I by proof had found  
 That feeble building is on feeble ground,  
 For in her heart this word did never sound  
 In æternum.

6 In æternum then from my heart I cest <sup>1</sup>  
 That, I had first determin'd for the best,  
 Now in the place another thought <sup>2</sup> doth rest.  
 In æternum.

---

THE ABUSED LOVER ADMONISHES THE  
 UNWARY TO BEWARE OF LOVE.

1 Lo! what it is to love!  
 Learn ye that list to prove  
 At me,<sup>3</sup> I say;  
 No ways that may  
 The grounded grief remove,  
 My life alway  
 That doth decay;  
 Lo! what it is to love.

2 Flee alway from the snare:  
 Learn by me to beware  
 Of such a train  
 Which doubles pain,  
 And endless woe, and care  
 That doth retain;  
 Which to refrain  
 Flee alway from the snare.

3 To love, and to be wise,  
 To rage with good advice;

<sup>1</sup> 'Cest:' for 'kest,' or cast.—<sup>2</sup> 'Another thought:' another fancy or love.

<sup>3</sup> 'At me:' of me.

Now thus, now than,  
 Now off, now an,<sup>1</sup>  
 Uncertain as the dice;  
 There is no man  
 At once that can  
 To love and to be wise.

4 Such are the divers throes,  
 Such that no man knows  
 That hath not proved  
 And once have loved;  
 Such are the raging woes  
 Sooner reprov'd  
 Than well removed,  
 Such are the divers throes.

5 Love is a fervent fire  
 Kindled by hot desire;  
 For a short pleasure  
 Long displeasure,  
 Repentance is the hire;  
 A poor treasure,  
 Without measure;  
 Love is a fervent fire.  
 Lo! what it is to love!

---

#### A REPROOF TO SUCH AS SLANDER LOVE.

1 LEAVE thus to slander love!  
 Though evil with such it prove,  
 Which often use  
 Love to misuse,

<sup>1</sup> 'An:' on.

And loving to reprove;  
 Such cannot choose  
 For their refuse<sup>1</sup>  
 But thus to slander love.

2 Flee not so much the snare!  
 Love seldom causeth care.  
 But by deserts  
 And crafty parts  
 Some lese their own welfare.  
 Be true of heart;  
 And for no smart,  
 Flee not so much the snare.

3 To love, and not to be wise,  
 Is but a mad device;  
 Such love doth last  
 As sure and fast,  
 As chance on the dice,  
 A bitter taste  
 Comes at the last,  
 To love, and not to be wise.

4 Such be the pleasant days,  
 Such be the honest ways,  
 There is no man  
 That fully can  
 Know it, but he that says  
 Loving to ban  
 Were folly then;  
 Such be the pleasant days.

5 Love is a pleasant fire  
 Kindled by true desire;

<sup>1</sup> 'Refuse:' refusal.

And though the pain  
 Cause men to plain,  
 Speed well is oft the hire.  
 Then though some feign  
 And lese the gain,  
 Love is a pleasant fire.

6 Who most doeth slander love,  
 The deed must alway prove.  
 Truth shall excuse  
 That you accuse  
 For slander, and reprove.  
 Not by refuse,  
 But by abuse,  
 You most do slander love !

7 Ye grant it is a snare,  
 And would us not beware.  
 Lest that your train  
 Should be too plain  
 Ye colour all the care ;  
 Lo ! how you feign  
 Pleasure for pain,  
 And grant it is a snare.

8 To love, and to be wise,  
 It were a strange device :  
 But from that taste  
 Ye vow the fast,  
 On cinges though run your dice,  
 Ambsace<sup>1</sup> may haste  
 Your pain to waste.  
 To love, and to be wise.

<sup>1</sup> Ambsace : ' the two aces, the lowest throw of the dice ; bad luck.



- 9 Of all such pleasant days,  
Of all such pleasant plays,  
Without desert,  
You have your part,  
And all the world so says;  
Save that poor heart  
That for more smart,  
Feeleth not such pleasant days.
- 10 Such fire, and such heat,  
Did never make ye sweat;  
For without pain  
You best obtain  
Too good speed, and too great.  
Whoso doeth plain  
You best do feign,  
Such fire, and such heat.  
Who now doth slander Love?

---

## DESPAIR COUNSELLETH THE DESERTED

LOVER TO END HIS WOES BY DEATH, BUT  
REASON BRINGETH COMFORT.

- 1 Most wretched heart! most miserable,  
Since thy comfort is from thee fled;  
Since all thy truth is turn'd to fable  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
- 2 'No! no! I live, and must do still;  
Whereof I thank God, and no mo;  
For I myself have at my will,  
And he is wretched that weens him so.'

- 3 But yet thou hast both had and lost  
The hope, so long that hath thee fed,  
And all thy travail, and thy cost;  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
- 4 'Some other hope must feed me new:  
If I have lost, I say what tho!<sup>1</sup>  
Despair shall not therewith ensue;  
For he is wretched that weens him so.'
- 5 The sun, the moon doth frown on thee;  
Thou hast darkness in daylight stead:  
As good in grave, as so to be;  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
- 6 'Some pleasant star may show me light;  
But though the heaven would work me woe,  
Who hath himself shall stand upright;  
And he is wretched that weens him so.'
- 7 Hath he himself that is not sure?  
His trust is like as he hath sped.  
Against the stream thou mayst not dure;  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?
- 8 'The last is worst: who fears not that  
He hath himself whereso he go:  
And he that knoweth what is what,  
Saith he is wretched that weens him so.'
- 9 Seest thou not how they whet their teeth,  
Which to touch thee sometime did dread?  
They find comfort, for thy mischief,  
Most wretched heart! why art thou not dead?

<sup>1</sup> 'Tho:.' although.

- 10 'What though that curs do fall by kind  
 On him that hath the overthrow;  
 All that cannot oppress my mind;  
 For he is wretched that weens him so.'
- 11 Yet can it not be then denied,  
 It is as certain as thy creed,  
 Thy great unhap thou canst not hide;  
 Unhappy then! why art thou not dead?
- 12 'Unhappy; but no wretch therefore!  
 For hap doth come again, and go,  
 For which I keep myself in store;  
 Since unhap cannot kill me so.'

---

## THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED

THOUGH IT SING OF HIS LADY'S UNKINDNESS.

- 1 BLAME not my Lute! for he must sound  
 Of this or that as liketh me;  
 For lack of wit the Lute is bound  
 To give such tunes as pleaseth me;  
 Though my songs be somewhat strange,  
 And speak such words as touch thy change,  
 Blame not my Lute!
- 2 My Lute, alas! doth not offend,  
 Though that perforce he must agree  
 To sound such tunes as I intend,  
 To sing to them that heareth me;  
 Then though my songs be somewhat plain,  
 And toucheth some that use to feign,  
 Blame not my Lute!

- 3 My Lute and strings may not deny,  
But as I strike they must obey;  
Break not them then so wrongfully,  
But wreak thyself some other way;  
And though the songs which I indite  
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,  
Blame not my Lute!
- 4 Spite asketh spite, and changing change,  
And falsed faith must needs be known;  
The faults so great, the case so strange;  
Of right it must abroad be blown:  
Then since that by thine own desert  
My songs do tell how true thou art,  
Blame not my Lute!
- 5 Blame but thyself that hast misdone,  
And well deserved to have blame;  
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,  
And then my Lute shall sound that same;  
But if till then my fingers play,  
By thy desert their wonted way,  
Blame not my Lute!
- 6 Farewell! unknown; for though thou break  
My strings in spite with great disdain,  
Yet I have found out for thy sake,  
Strings for to string my Lute again:  
And if, perchance, this sely rhyme  
Do make thee blush, at any time,  
Blame not my Lute!

## THE NEGLECTED LOVER

CALLETH ON HIS PEN TO RECORD THE UNGENTLE  
BEHAVIOUR OF HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

- 1 My pen! take pain a little space  
To follow that which doth me chase,  
And hath in hold my heart so sore;  
But when thou hast this brought to pass,  
My pen! I pri'thee write no more.
- 2 Remember oft thou hast me eased,  
And all my pains full well appeased,  
But now I know, unknown before,  
For where I trust, I am deceived;  
And yet, my pen! thou canst no more.
- 3 A time thou had'st as other have  
To write which way my hope to crave;  
That time is past; withdraw, therefore:  
Since we do lose that others have,  
As good leave off and write no more.
- 4 In worth to use another way;  
Not as we would, but as we may,  
For once my loss is past restore,  
And my desire is my decay;  
My pen! yet write a little more.
- 5 To love in vain, who ever shall,  
Of worldly pain it passeth all,  
As in like case I find; wherefore  
To hold so fast, and yet to fall!  
Alas! my pen, now write no more.



- 6 Since thou hast taken pain this space  
 To follow that which doth me chase,  
 And hath in hold my heart so sore,  
 Now hast thou brought my mind to pass,  
 My pen! I pri'thee write no more.
- 

THAT CAUTION SHOULD BE USED  
 IN LOVE.

- 1 TAKE heed by time, lest ye be spied:  
 Your loving eyes can it not hide,  
 At last the truth will sure be tried;  
 Therefore, take heed!
- 2 For some there be of crafty kind,  
 Though you show no part of your mind,  
 Surely their eyes can ye not blind;  
 Therefore, take heed!
- 3 For in like case theirselves hath been,  
 And thought right sure none had them seen,  
 But it was not as they did ween,  
 Therefore, take heed!
- 4 Although they be of divers schools,  
 And well can use all crafty tools,  
 At length they prove themselves but fools.  
 Therefore, take heed!
- 5 If they might take you in that trap,  
 They would soon leave it in your lap;  
 To love unspied is but a hap;  
 Therefore, take heed!

## AN EARNEST REQUEST

TO HIS CRUEL MISTRESS EITHER TO PITY HIM,  
OR LET HIM DIE.

- 1 At last withdraw your cruelty,  
Or let me die at once;  
It is too much extremity,  
Devised for the nonce,  
To hold me thus alive,  
In pain still for to drive:  
What may I more sustain,  
Alas! that die would fain,  
And cannot die for pain?
- 2 For to the flame wherewith ye burn,  
My thought and my desire,  
When into ashes it should turn  
My heart, by fervent fire,  
Ye send a stormy rain  
That doth it quench again,  
And make mine eyes express,  
The tears that do redress<sup>1</sup>  
My life, in wretchedness.
- 3 Then when these should have drown'd,  
And overwhelm'd my heart,  
The heart doth them confound,  
Renewing all my smart;  
Then doth flame increase,  
My torment cannot cease;  
My woe doth then revive,  
And I remain alive,  
With death still for to strive

<sup>1</sup> 'Redress:' recover.

4 But if that ye would have my death,  
 And that ye would none other,  
 Shortly then for to spend my breath,  
 Withdraw the one, or t'other ;  
 For thus your cruelty  
 Doth let itself doubtless ;  
 And it is reason why !  
 No man alive, nor I,  
 Of double death can die.

---

## THE ABUSED LOVER REPROACHETH

HIS FALSE MISTRESS OF DISSIMULATION.

1 To wet your eye withouten tear,  
 And in good health to feign disease,  
 That you thereby mine eyen might blear,  
 Therewith your other friends to please ;  
 And though ye think ye need not fear,  
 Yet so ye can not me appease ;  
 But as ye list fawn, flatter, or glose,  
 Ye shall not win, if I do lose.

2 Prate, and paint, and spare not,  
 Ye know I can me wreak ;  
 And if so be ye can so not,  
 Be sure I do not reck ;  
 And though ye swear it were not,  
 I can both swear and speak  
 By God, and by this cross,  
 If I have the mock, ye shall have the loss.

HE BEWAILS HIS HARD FATE THAT  
THOUGH BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESS HE STILL LIVES IN PAIN.

- 1 I LOVE, loved ; and so doth she,  
    And yet in love we suffer still ;  
    The cause is strange as seemeth me,  
    To love so well, and want our will.
- 2 O deadly yea! O grievous smart!  
    Worse than refuse, unhappy gain!  
    In love who ever play'd this part,  
    To love so well, and live in pain?
- 3 Were ever hearts so well agreed,  
    Since love was love as I do trow,  
    That in their love so evil did speed,  
    To love so well, and live in woe?
- 4 Thus mourn we both, and hath done long,  
    With woful plaint and careful voice ;  
    Alas! it is a grievous wrong,  
    To love so well, and not rejoice.
- 5 Send here an end of all our moan,  
    With sighing oft my breath is scant ;  
    Since of mishap ours is alone,  
    To love so well, and yet to want.
- 6 But they that causers be of this,  
    Of all our cares God send them part ;  
    That they may know what grief it is,  
    To love so well, and live in smart.

A COMPLAINT OF THE FALSENESS  
OF LOVE.

1 It is a grievous smart,  
To suffer pain and sorrow;  
But most grieveth my heart,  
He laid his faith to borrow;<sup>1</sup>  
And falsehood hath his faith and troth,  
And he foresworn by many an oath.

2 All ye lovers, perdie!  
Hath cause to blame his deed,  
Which shall example be,  
To let you of your speed;  
Let never woman again  
Trust to such words as man can feign.

3 For I unto my cost  
Am warning to you all;  
That they whom you trust most  
Soonest deceive you shall;  
But complaint cannot redress,  
Of my great grief the great excess.

4 Farewell all my welfare!  
My shoe is trod awry.  
Now may I cark and care,  
To sing lullaby! lullaby!  
Alas! what shall I do thereto?  
There is no shift to help me now.

5 Who made it such offence,  
To love for love again;

<sup>1</sup> 'Borrow:' as surety.

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God wot! that my pretence  
 Was but to ease his pain;  
 For I had ruth to see his woe:  
 Alas! more fool! why did I so!

- 6 For he from me is gone,  
 And makes thereat a game;  
 And hath left me alone,  
 To suffer sorrow and shame;  
 Alas! he is unkind doubtless,  
 To leave me thus all comfortless.

---

THE LOVER SUETH THAT HIS SERVICE  
 MAY BE ACCEPTED.

- 1 THE heart and service to you proffer'd  
 With right good will full honestly,  
 Refuse it not since it is offer'd,  
 But take it to you gentlyly.
- 2 And though it be a small present,  
 Yet good, consider graciously,  
 The thought, the mind, and the intent  
 Of him that loves you faithfully.
- 3 It were a thing of small effect  
 To work my woe thus cruelly ;  
 For my good will to be object,  
 Therefore accept it lovingly.
- 4 Pain, or travail; to run, or ride,  
 I undertake it pleasantly ;  
 Bid ye me go, and straight I glide,  
 At your commandment humbly.

- 5 Pain or pleasure now may you plant,  
 Even which it please you steadfastly;  
 Do which you list, I shall not want  
 To be your servant secretly.
- 6 And since so much I do desire,  
 To be your own assuredly;  
 For all my service, and my hire  
 Reward your servant liberally.

---

OF THE PAINS AND SORROWS CAUSED  
 BY LOVE.

- 1 **WHAT** meaneth this! when I lie **alone**  
 I toss, I turn, I sigh, I groan;  
 My bed me seems as hard as stone:  
 What means this?
- 2 I sigh, I plain continually;  
 The clothes that on my bed do lie,  
 Always methink they lie awry;  
 What means this?
- 3 In slumbers oft for fear I quake;  
 For heat and cold I burn and shake;  
 For lack of sleep my head doth ake;  
 What means this?
- 4 A mornings then when I do rise,  
 I turn unto my wonted guise,  
 All day after muse and devise;  
 What means this?
- 5 And if perchance by me there pass,  
 She, unto whom I sue for grace,

The cold blood forsaketh my face;  
 What means this?

6 But if I sit near her by,  
 With loud voice my heart doth cry,  
 And yet my mouth is dumb and dry;  
 What means this?

7 To ask for help no heart I have;  
 My tongue doth fail what I should crave;  
 Yet inwardly I rage and rave;  
 What means this?

8 Thus have I passed many a year,  
 And many a day, though nought appear,  
 But most of that that most I fear;  
 What means this?

---

THE LOVER RECOUNTETH THE VARIABLE  
 FANCY OF HIS FICKLE MISTRESS.

1 Is it possible?  
 That so high debate,  
 So sharp, so sore, and of such rate,  
 Should end so soon, and was begun so late;  
 Is it possible?

2 Is it possible?  
 So cruel intent,  
 So hasty heat, and so soon spent,  
 From love to hate, and thence for to relent;  
 Is it possible?

3 Is it possible?  
 That any may find,

Within one heart so diverse mind,  
 To change or turn as weather and wind ;  
 Is it possible?

4 Is it possible?  
 To spy it in an eye,  
 That turns as oft as chance or die,  
 The truth whereof can any try ;  
 Is it possible?

5 It is possible,  
 For to turn so oft ;  
 To bring that low'st that was most aloft ;  
 And to fall highest, yet to light soft ;  
 It is possible!

6 All is possible!  
 Whoso list believe,  
 Trust therefore first and after preve ;  
 As men wed ladies by license and leave ;  
 All is possible!

---

### THE ABUSED LOVER

BEWAILS THE TIME THAT EVER HIS EYE BEHELD HER TO  
 WHOM HE HAD GIVEN HIS FAITHFUL HEART.

1 ALAS! poor man, what hap have I,  
 That must forbear that I love best!  
 I trow, it be my destiny,  
 Never to live in quiet rest.

2 No wonder is though I complain ;  
 Not without cause ye may be sure ;  
 I seek for that I cannot attain,  
 Which is my mortal displeasure.

- 3 Alas! poor heart, as in this case  
 With pensive plaint thou art opprest;  
 Unwise thou were to desire place  
 Whereas another is possest.
- 4 Do what I can to ease thy smart,  
 Thou wilt not let to love her still;  
 Hers, and not mine I see thou art;  
 Let her do by thee as she will.
- 5 A careful carcass full of pain  
 Now hast thou left to mourn for thee,  
 The heart once gone, the body is slain;  
 That ever I saw her woe is me;
- 6 Mine eye, alas! was cause of this,  
 Which her to see had never his fill;  
 To me that sight full bitter is,  
 In recompense of my good will.
- 7 She that I serve all other above  
 Hath paid my hire, as ye may see;  
 I was unhappy, and that I prove,  
 To love above my poor degree.

---

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MIS-  
 TRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

- 1 AND wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay! for shame!  
 To save thee from the blame  
 Of all my grief and grame.<sup>1</sup>  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

<sup>1</sup> 'Grame:' sorrow.



2 And wilt thou leave me thus  
 That hath loved thee so long,  
 In wealth and woe among?  
 And is thy heart so strong  
 As for to leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

3 And wilt thou leave me thus  
 That hath given thee my heart  
 Never for to depart ;  
 Neither for pain nor smart ?  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

4 And wilt thou leave me thus,  
 And have no more pity,  
 Of him that loveth thee?  
 Alas! thy cruelty!  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay!

---

### HE REMEMBERETH THE PROMISE

HIS LADY ONCE GAVE HIM OF AFFECTION, AND  
 COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH HOPE.

1 THAT time that mirth did steer my ship,  
 Which now is fraught with heaviness;  
 And Fortune beat not then the lip,  
 But was defence of my distress,  
 Then in my book wrote my mistress;  
 'I am yours, you may well be sure;  
 And shall be while my life doth dure.'

2 But she herself which then wrote that  
 Is now mine extreme enemy;

Above all men she doth me hate,  
 Rejoicing of my misery.  
 But though that for her sake I die,  
 I shall be hers, she may be sure,  
 As long as my life doth endure.

3 It is not time that can wear out  
 With me, that once is firmly set;  
 While Nature keeps her course about  
 My love from her no man can let.<sup>1</sup>  
 Though never so sore they me threat,  
 Yet I am hers, she may be sure;  
 And shall be while that life doth dure.

4 And once I trust to see that day,  
 Renewer of my joy and wealth,  
 That she to me these words shall say;  
 'In faith! welcome to me myself!  
 Welcome my joy! welcome my health,  
 For I am thine, thou mayst be sure,  
 And shall be while that life doth dure.'

5 Aye me! alas! what words were these!  
 Incontinent<sup>2</sup> I might find them so!  
 I reckon not what smart or disease  
 I suffer'd, so that I might know  
 [After my passèd pain and woe]  
 That she were mine; and might be sure  
 She should [be] while that life doth dure.

<sup>1</sup> 'Let:' hinder.—<sup>2</sup> 'Incontinent:' soon, immediately.

THAT ALL HIS JOY DEPENDETH ON HIS  
LADY'S FAVOUR.

- 1 As power and wit will me assist,  
My will shall will even as ye list.  
For as ye list my will is bent  
In every thing to be content,  
To serve in love 'till life be spent;  
So you reward my love thus meant,  
Even as ye list.
- 2 To feign, or fable is not my mind,  
Nor to refuse such as I find;  
But as a lamb of humble kind,  
Or bird in cage to be assign'd,  
Even as ye list.
- 3 When all the flock is come and gone  
Mine eye and heart agree'th in one,  
Hath chosen you, only, alone,  
To be my joy, or else my moan,  
Even as ye list.
- 4 Joy, if pity appear in place;  
Moan, if disdain do show his face;  
Yet crave I not as in this case,  
But as ye lead to follow the trace,  
Even as ye list.
- 5 Some in words much love can feign;  
And some for words give words again:  
Thus words for words in words remain,  
And yet at last words do obtain  
Even as ye list.

- 6 To crave in words I will eschew,  
 And love in deed I will ensue ;  
 It is my mind both whole and true,  
 And for my truth I pray you rue  
 Even as ye list.
- 7 Dear heart ! I bid your heart farewell,  
 With better heart than tongue can tell ;  
 Yet take this tale, as true as gospel,  
 Ye may my life save or expel  
 Even as ye list.
- 

HE PROMISETH TO REMAIN FAITHFUL  
 WHATEVER FORTUNE BETIDE.

- 1 SOMETIME I sigh, sometime I sing ;  
 Sometime I laugh, sometime mourning  
 As one in doubt, this is my saying,  
 Have I displeased you in any thing ?
- 2 Alack ! what aileth you to be griev' d ?  
 Right sorry am I that ye be mov' d.  
 I am your own, if truth be prov' d ;  
 And by your displeasure as one mischiev' d.
- 3 When ye be merry then am I glad ;  
 When ye be sorry then am I sad ;  
 Such grace or fortune I would I had  
 You for to please howe'er I were bestad.
- 4 When ye be merry why should I care ?  
 Ye are my joy, and my welfare ;  
 I will you love, I will not spare  
 Into your presence, as far as I dare.

- 5 All my poor heart, and my love true,  
 While life doth last I give it you;  
 And you to serve with service due,  
 And never to change you for no new.
- 

### THE FAITHFUL LOVER WISHETH ALL EVIL

MAY BEFALL HIM IF HE FORSAKE HIS LADY.

- 1 THE knot which first my heart did strain,  
 When that your servant I became,  
 Doth bind me still for to remain,  
 Always your own as now I am;  
 And if you find that I do feign,  
 With just judgment myself I damn,  
 To have disdain.
- 2 If other thought in me do grow  
 But still to love you steadfastly;  
 If that the proof do not well show  
 That I am yours assuredly;  
 Let every wealth turn me to woe,  
 And you to be continually  
 My chiefest foe.
- 3 If other love, or new request,  
 Do seize my heart, but only this;  
 Or if within my wearied breast  
 Be hid one thought that means amiss,  
 I do desire that mine unrest  
 May still increase, and I to miss  
 That I love best.
- 4 If in my love there be one spot  
 Of false deceit or doubleness;



Or if I mind to slip this knot  
 By want of faith or steadfastness;  
 Let all my service be forgot,  
 And when I would have chief redress,  
 Esteem me not.

5 But if that I consume in pain  
 Of burning sighs and fervent love;  
 And daily seek none other gain,  
 But with my deed these words to prove;  
 Methink of right I should obtain  
 That ye would mind for to remove  
 Your great disdain.

6 And for the end of this my song,  
 Unto your hands I do submit  
 My deadly grief, and pains so strong  
 Which in my heart be firmly shytt,<sup>1</sup>  
 And when ye list, redress my wrong:  
 Since well ye know this painful fit  
 Hath last too long.

---

OF FORTUNE, LOVE, AND FANTASY.

1 It was my choice; it was no chance  
 That brought my heart in other's hold;  
 Whereby it hath had sufferance  
 Longer, perdie, than reason wold.  
 Since I it bound where it was free  
 Methinks, y-wis,<sup>2</sup> of right it should  
 Accepted be.

2 Accepted be without refuse;  
 Unless that Fortune have the power

<sup>1</sup> 'Shytt:' shut.—<sup>2</sup> 'Y-wis:' certainly.

All right of love for to abuse.  
 For as they say one happy hour  
 May more prevail than right or might;  
 If Fortune then list for to lower,  
 What 'vaileth right?

3 What 'vaileth right if this be true!  
 Then trust to chance, and go by guess:  
 Then whoso loveth may well go sue  
 Uncertain hope for his redress.  
 Yet some would say assuredly  
 Thou mayst appeal for thy release  
 To Fantasy.<sup>1</sup>

4 To Fantasy pertains to choose!  
 All this I know: for Fantasy  
 First unto love did me induce;  
 But yet I know as steadfastly,  
 That if love have no faster knot,  
 So nice a choice slips suddenly;  
 It lasteth not.

5 It lasteth not, that stands by change;  
 Fancy doth change; Fortune is frail;  
 Both these to please the way is strange.  
 Therefore methinks best to prevail,  
 There is no way that is so just  
 As truth to lead; the other fail,  
 And thereto trust.

<sup>1</sup> 'Fantasy:' fancy.

## DESERTED BY HIS MISTRESS,

HE RENOUNCETH ALL JOY FOR EVER.

- 1 HEART oppress'd with desperate thought,  
 Is forcèd ever to lament;  
 Which now in me so far hath wrought,  
 That needs to it I must consent:  
 Wherefore all joy I do refuse,  
 And cruel will thereof accuse.
- 2 If cruel will had not been guide,  
 Despair in me had [found] no place;  
 For my true meaning she well espied;  
 Yet for all that would give no grace;  
 Wherefore all joy I do refuse,  
 And cruel will thereof accuse.
- 3 She might well see, and yet would not;  
 And may daily, if that she will;  
 How painful is my hapless lot;  
 Join'd with despair me for to spill;  
 Wherefore all joy I do refuse,  
 And cruel will thereof accuse.

---

 THAT NO WORDS MAY EXPRESS THE  
 CRAFTY TRAINS OF LOVE.

- 1 FULL well it may be seen  
 To such as understand,  
 How some there be that ween  
 They have their wealth at hand:  
 Through love's abused band  
 But little do they see  
 The abuse wherein they be.

- 2 Of love there is a kind  
 Which kindleth by abuse;  
 As in a feeble mind  
 Whom fancy may induce  
 By love's deceitful use,  
 To follow the fond lust  
 And proof of a vain trust.
- 3 As I myself may say,  
 By trial of the same;  
 No wight can well bewray  
 That falsehood love can frame;  
 I say, 'twixt grief and game,  
 There is no living man  
 That knows the craft love can.
- 4 For love so well can feign  
 To favour for the while;  
 That such as seeks the gain  
 Are servèd with the guile;  
 And some can this concile<sup>1</sup>  
 To give the simple leave  
 Themselves for to deceive.
- 5 What thing may more declare  
 Of love the crafty kind,  
 Than see the wise so ware,  
 In love to be so blind;  
 If so it be assign'd;  
 Let them enjoy the gain,  
 That thinks it worth the pain.

<sup>1</sup> Concile: 'reconcile.

THAT THE POWER OF LOVE EXCUSETH  
THE FOLLY OF LOVING.

- 1 SINCE love is such as that ye wot  
    Cannot always be wisely used;  
I say therefore then blame me not,  
    Though I therein have been abused.  
For as with cause I am accused,  
Guilty I grant such was my lot;  
    And though it cannot be excused,  
Yet let such folly be forgot.
- 2 For in my years of reckless youth  
    Methought the power of love so great,  
That to his laws I bound my truth,  
    And to my will there was no let.  
Me list no more so far to fet;<sup>1</sup>  
Such fruit! lo! as of love ensu'th;  
    The gain was small that was to get,  
And of the loss the less the ruth.
- 3 And few there is but first or last,  
    A time in love once shall they have;  
And glad I am my time is past,  
    Henceforth my freedom to withsave.<sup>2</sup>  
Now in my heart there shall I grave  
The granted grace that now I taste;  
    Thanked be fortune that me gave  
So fair a gift, so sure and fast.
- 4 Now such as have me seen ere this,  
    When youth in me set forth his kind;

<sup>1</sup> 'Fet:.' fetch.—<sup>2</sup> 'Withsave:.' preserve.

And folly fram'd my thought amiss,  
 The fault whereof now well I find:  
 Lo! since that so it is assign'd,  
 That unto each a time there is,  
 Then blame the lot that led my mind,  
 Some time to live in lovè's bliss.

- 5 But from henceforth I do protest,  
 By proof of that that I have past,  
 Shall never cease within my breast  
 The power of love so late outcast:  
 The knot thereof is knit full fast,  
 And I thereto so sure profess'd  
 For evermore with me to last  
 The power wherein I am possess'd.

---

## THE DOUBTFUL LOVER

RESOLVETH TO BE ASSURED WHETHER HE IS TO LIVE  
 IN JOY OR WOE.

- 1 Lo! how I seek and sue to have  
 That no man hath, and may be had;  
 There is [no] more but sink or save,  
 And bring this doubt to good or bad.  
 To live in sorrows always sad,  
 I like not so to linger forth;  
 Hap evil or good I shall be glad  
 To take that comes, as well in worth.<sup>1</sup>
- 2 Should I sustain this great distress,  
 Still wandering forth thus to and fro,

<sup>1</sup> 'Worth:' meekly, patiently.



In dreadful hope to hold my peace,  
 And feed myself with secret woe?  
 Nay! nay! certain, I will not so!  
 But sure I shall myself apply  
 To put in proof this doubt to know,  
 And rid this danger readily.

3 I shall assay by secret suit  
 To shew the mind of mine intent;  
 And my deserts shall give such fruit  
 As with my heart my words be meant;  
 So by the proof of this consent  
 Soon out of doubt I shall be sure,  
 For to rejoice, or to repent,  
 In joy, or pain for to endure.

---

OF THE EXTREME TORMENT ENDURED BY  
 THE UNHAPPY LOVER.

1 My love is like unto th' eternal fire,  
 And I, as those which therein do remain;  
 Whose grievous pains is but their great desire  
 To see the sight which they may not attain:  
 So in hell's heat myself I feel to be,  
 That am restrain'd by great extremity,  
 The sight of her which is so dear to me.  
 O! puissant Love! and power of great avail!  
 By whom hell may be felt ere death assail!

HE BIDDETH FAREWELL TO HIS UNKIND  
MISTRESS.

- 1 SINCE so ye please to hear me plain,  
And that ye do rejoice my smart;  
Me list no longer to remain  
To such as be so overthwart:
- 2 But cursèd be that cruel heart  
Which hath procur'd a careless mind,  
For me and mine unfeigned smart;  
And forceth me such faults to find.
- 3 More than too much I am assured  
Of thine intent, whereto to trust;  
A speedless<sup>1</sup> proof I have endured;  
And now I leave it to them that lust.

---

HE REPENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER  
LOVED.

- 1 Now must I learn to live at rest,  
And wean me of my will;  
For I repent where I was prest<sup>2</sup>  
My fancy to fulfil.
- 2 I may no longer more endure  
My wonted life to lead;  
But I must learn to put in ure<sup>3</sup>  
The change of womanhed.
- 3 I may not see my service long  
Rewarded in such wise;

<sup>1</sup> 'Speedless:' ineffectual.—<sup>2</sup> 'Prest:' ready.—<sup>3</sup> 'In ure:' in practice.

Nor I may not sustain such wrong  
That ye my love despise.

4 I may not sigh in sorrow deep,  
Nor wail the want of love;  
Nor I may neither crouch nor creep  
Where it doth not behove.

5 But I of force must needs forsake  
My faith so fondly set;  
And from henceforth must undertake  
Such folly to forget.

6 Now must I seek some other ways  
Myself for to withsave;<sup>1</sup>  
And as I trust by mine essays  
Some remedy to have.

7 I ask none other remedy  
To recompense my wrong;  
But once to have the liberty  
That I have lack'd so long.

---

## THE LOVER BESEECHETH HIS MISTRESS

NOT TO FORGET HIS STEADFAST FAITH AND  
TRUE INTENT.

1 FORGET not yet the tried intent  
Of such a truth as I have meant;  
My great travail so gladly spent,  
Forget not yet!

2 Forget not yet when first began  
The weary life ye know, since whan

<sup>1</sup> 'Withsave:' preserve.

The suit, the service none tell can ;  
 Forget not yet!

3 Forget not yet the great assays,  
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,  
 The painful patience in delays,  
 Forget not yet!

4 Forget not! oh! forget not this,  
 How long ago hath been, and is  
 The mind that never meant amiss,  
 Forget not yet!

5 Forget not then thine own approv'd,  
 The which so long hath thee so lov'd,  
 Whose steadfast faith yet never mov'd:  
 Forget not this!

---

## HE BEWAILS THE PAIN HE ENDURES

WHEN BANISHED FROM THE MISTRESS OF  
 HIS HEART.

O! MISERABLE sorrow, withouten cure!  
 If it please thee, lo! to have me thus suffer,  
 At least yet let her know what I endure,  
 And this my last voice carry thou thither,  
 Where liv'd my hope, now dead for ever:  
 For as ill grievous is my banishment,  
 As was my pleasure when she was present.

HE COMPARES HIS SUFFERINGS TO THOSE  
OF TANTALUS.

THE fruit of all the service that I serve  
Despair doth reap; such hapless hap have I.  
But though he have no power to make me swerve,  
Yet by the fire for cold I feel I die.  
In paradise for hunger still I sterve,  
And in the flood for thirst to death I dry;  
So Tantalus am I, and in worse pain,  
Amidst my help that helpless doth remain.

---

THAT NOTHING MAY ASSUAGE HIS PAIN  
SAVE ONLY HIS LADY'S FAVOUR.

1 If with complaint the pain might be express'd  
That inwardly doth cause me sigh and groan;  
Your hard heart, and your cruel breast  
Should sigh and plain for my unrest;  
And though it were of stone,  
Yet should remorse cause it relent and moan.

2 But since it is so far out of measure,  
That with my words I can it not contain,  
My only trust! my heart's treasure!  
Alas! why do I still endure  
This restless smart and pain?  
Since if ye list ye may my woe restrain.

## THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LONG SUFFERING MAY AT LENGTH FIND  
RECOMPENSE.

1 YE know my heart, my Lady dear!  
That since the time I was your thrall  
I have been yours both whole and clear,  
Though my reward hath been but small;  
So am I yet, and more than all.  
And ye know well how I have serv'd,  
As if ye prove it shall appear,  
How well, how long,  
How faithfully!  
And suffer'd wrong,  
How patiently!  
Then since that I have never swerv'd,  
Let not my pains be undeserv'd.

2 Ye know also, though ye say nay,  
That you alone are my desire;  
And you alone it is that may  
Assuage my fervent flaming fire.  
Succour me then, I you require!  
Ye know it were a just request,  
Since ye do cause my heat, I say,  
If that I burn,  
It will ye warm,  
And not to turn,  
All to my harm,  
Lending such flame from frozen breast  
Against nature for my unrest.

3 And I know well how scornfully  
Ye have mista'en my true intent;



And hitherto how wrongfully,  
 I have found cause for to repent.  
 But if your heart doth not relent,  
 Since I do know that this ye know,  
 Ye shall slay me all wilfully.  
 For me, and mine,  
 And all I have,  
 Ye may assign,  
 To spill or save.  
 Why are ye then so cruel foe  
 Unto your own, that loves you so?

---

HE DESCRIBETH THE CEASELESS TORMENTS  
 OF LOVE.

- 1 SINCE you will needs that I shall sing,  
 Take it in worth<sup>1</sup> such as I have;  
 Plenty of plaint, moan, and mourning,  
 In deep despair and deadly pain.  
 Bootless for boot, crying to crave;  
 To crave in vain.
- 2 Such hammers work within my head  
 That sound nought else unto my ears,  
 But fast at board, and wake a-bed:  
 Such tune the temper to my song  
 To wail my wrong, that I want tears  
 To wail my wrong.
- 3 Death and despair afore my face,  
 My days decay, my grief doth grow;  
 The cause thereof is in this place,

<sup>1</sup> 'In worth:' patiently.



3 What'vaileth then to skip  
 At fruit over the lip  
 . . . . .  
 For fruit withouten taste  
 Doth nought but rot and waste.

4 What'vaileth under kay<sup>1</sup>  
 To keep treasure alway,  
 That never shall see day.  
 If it be not used,  
 It is but abused.

5 What'vaileth the flower  
 To stand still and wither;  
 If no man it savour,  
 It serves only for sight,  
 And fadeth towards night.

6 Therefore fear not to assay  
 To gather, ye that may,  
 The flower that this day  
 Is fresher than the next.  
 Mark well I say this text:

7 Let not the fruit be lost  
 That is desired most;  
 Delight shall quite<sup>2</sup> the cost.  
 If it be ta'en in time  
 Small labour is to climb.

8 And as for such treasure  
 That maketh thee the richer,  
 And no deal the poorer

<sup>1</sup> 'Kay:' key.—<sup>2</sup> 'Quite:' requite.

When it is given or lent,  
Methinks it were well spent.

- 9 If this be under mist,  
And not well plainly wist,  
Understand me who list,  
For I reck not a bean;  
I wot what I do mean.

---

THAT THE PAIN HE ENDURED SHOULD  
NOT MAKE HIM CEASE FROM LOVING.

- 1 THE joy so short, alas! the pain so near,  
The way so long, the departure so smart;  
The first sight, alas! I bought too dear,  
That so suddenly now from hence must part.  
The body gone, yet remain shall the heart  
With her, the which for me salt tears doth rain;  
And shall not change till that we meet again.
- 2 The time doth pass, yet shall not my love;  
Though I be far, always my heart is near.  
Though other change, yet will not I remove;  
Though other care not, yet love I will and fear;  
Though other hate, yet will I love my dear;  
Though other will of lightness say 'Adieu,'  
Yet will I be found steadfast and true.
- 3 When other laugh, alas! then do I weep;  
When other sing, then do I wail and cry;  
When other run, perforc'd I am to creep;  
When other dance, in sorrow I do lie;  
When other joy, for pain well near I die;  
Thus brought from wealth, alas! to endless pain,  
That undeserved, causeless to remain.

## THE COMPLAINT OF A DESERTED LOVER.

- 1 'How should I  
    Be so pleasant,  
    In my semblant,<sup>1</sup>  
As my fellows be?'
- 2 Not long ago,  
It chanced so,  
    As I did walk alone;  
I heard a man,  
That now and than  
    Himself did thus bemoan :
- 3 'Alas!' he said,  
    'I am betray'd,  
    And utterly undone ;  
Whom I did trust,  
And think so just,  
    Another man hath won.
- 4 My service due,  
And heart so true,  
    On her I did bestow ;  
I never meant  
For to repent,  
    In wealth, nor yet in woe.
- 5 Each western wind  
Hath turned her mind,  
    And blown it clean away ;  
Thereby my wealth,  
My mirth and health  
    Are driven to great decay.

<sup>1</sup> 'Semblant : ' appearance.

- 6 Fortune did smile  
A right short while,  
    And never said me nay;  
With pleasant plays,  
And joyful days,  
    My time to pass away.
- 7 Alas! alas!  
The time so was,  
    So never shall it be,  
Since she is gone,  
And I alone  
    Am left as you may see.
- 8 Where is the oath,  
Where is the troth,  
    That she to me did give?  
Such feigned words,  
With sely bourds,<sup>1</sup>  
    Let no wise man believe.
- 9 For even as I,  
Thus wofully,  
    Unto myself complain:  
If ye then trust,  
Needs learn ye must,  
    To sing my song in vain.
- 10 How should I  
    Be so pleasant,  
    In my semblant,  
As my fellows be?'

<sup>1</sup> 'Bourds:' jests.



THAT FAITH IS DEAD, AND TRUE LOVE  
DISREGARDED.

1 WHAT should I say!  
Since Faith is dead,  
And Truth away  
From you is fled?  
Should I be led  
With doubleness?  
Nay! nay! Mistress.

2 I promis'd you,  
And you promis'd me,  
To be as true,  
As I would be.  
But since I see  
Your double heart,  
Farewell my part!

3 Thought for to take,  
It is not my mind;  
But to forsake  
[One so unkind;]  
And as I find,  
So will I trust;  
Farewell, unjust!

4 Can ye say nay,  
But that you said  
That I alway  
Should be obey'd?  
And thus betray'd,  
Or that I wist!  
Farewell, unkiss'd!

## THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT HIS FAITHFUL HEART AND TRUE MEANING HAD  
NEVER MET WITH JUST REWARD.

- 1 GIVE place! all ye that doth rejoyce,  
And love's pangs hath clean forgot.  
Let them draw near and hear my voice  
Whom love doth force in pains to fret;  
For all of plaint my song is set,  
Which long hath serv'd and nought can get.
  
- 2 A faithful heart so truly meant,  
Rewarded is full slenderly;  
A steadfast faith with good intent  
Is recompensed craftily;  
Such hap doth hap unhappily  
To them that mean but honestly.
  
- 3 With humble suit I have essayed  
To turn her cruel hearted mind;  
But for reward I am delayed,  
And to my wealth her eyes be blind.  
Lo! thus by chance I am assign'd  
With steadfast love to serve the unkind.
  
- 4 What'vailleth truth, or steadfastness,  
Or still to serve without reproof!  
What'vailleth faith or gentleness,  
Where cruelty doth reign as chief!  
Alas! there is no greater grief  
Than for to love, and lack relief.
  
- 5 Care doth constrain me to complain  
Of love, and her uncertainty,

Which granteth nought but great disdain,  
 For loss of all my liberty.  
 Alas! this is extremity,  
 For love to find such cruelty.

- 6 For love to find such cruelty,  
 Alas! it is a careful lot;  
 And for to void such mockery  
 There is no way but slip the knot!  
 The gain so cold, the pain so hot!  
 Praise it who list, I like it not.

---

### THE FORSAKEN LOVER

CONSOLETH HIMSELF WITH REMEMBRANCE OF PAST  
 HAPPINESS.

- 1 SPITE hath no power to make me sad,  
 Nor scornfulness to make me plain.  
 It doth suffice that once I had,  
 And so to leave it is no pain.
- 2 Let them frown on that least doth gain,  
 Who did rejoice must needs be glad;  
 And though with words thou ween'st to reign  
 It doth suffice that once I had.
- 3 Since that in checks thus overthwart,  
 And coyly looks thou dost delight;  
 It doth suffice that mine thou wert,  
 Though change hath put thy faith to flight.
- 4 Alas! it is a peevish spite,  
 To yield thyself and then to part;  
 But since thou force thy faith so light,  
 It doth suffice that mine thou wert.

- 5 And since thy love doth thus decline,  
 And in thy heart such hate doth grow;  
 It doth suffice that thou wert mine,  
 And with good will I quite it so.
- 6 Sometime my friend, farewell my foe,  
 Since thou change I am not thine;  
 But for relief of all my woe,  
 It doth suffice that thou wert mine.
- 7 Praying you all that hear this song,  
 To judge no wight, nor none to blame;  
 It doth suffice she doth me wrong,  
 And that herself doth know the same.
- 8 And though she change it is no shame,  
 Their kind it is, and hath been long:  
 Yet I protest she hath no name;  
 It doth suffice she doth me wrong.

---

### HE COMPLAINETH TO HIS HEART

THAT HAVING ONCE RECOVERED HIS FREEDOM HE HAD  
 AGAIN BECOME THRALL TO LOVE.

- 1 AH! my heart, what aileth thee  
 To set so light my liberty!  
 Making me bond when I was free:  
 Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
- 2 When thou were rid from all distress,  
 Void of all pain and pensiveness,  
 To choose again a new mistress;  
 Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

- 3 When thou were well thou could not hold :  
 To turn again, that were too bold ;  
 Thus to renew my sorrows old,  
     Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
- 4 Thou know'st full well that but of late,  
 I was turned out of Love's gate:  
 And now to guide me to this mate!  
     Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?
- 5 I hop'd full well all had been done ;  
 But now my hope is ta'en and won ;  
 To my torment to yield so soon,  
     Ah! my heart, what aileth thee?

---

HE PROFESSETH INDIFFERENCE.

HATE whom ye list, for I care not ;  
 Love whom ye list, and spare not ;  
 Do what ye list, and dread not ;  
 Think what ye list, I fear not ;  
 For as for me I am not,  
 But even as one that recks not,  
 Whether ye hate or hate not,  
 For in your love I dote not ;  
 Wherefore I pray you forget not ;  
 But love whom ye list, for I care not.      10

---

HE REJOICETH THAT HE HAD BROKEN  
 THE SNARES OF LOVE.

- 1 TANGLED I was in Love's snare,  
 Oppress'd with pain, torment with care ;  
 Of grief right sure, of joy full bare,

- Clean in despair by cruelty ;  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 2 The woful days so full of pain,  
The weary night all spent in vain,  
The labour lost for so small gain,  
To write them all it will not be ;  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 3 Every thing that fair doth show,  
When proof is made it proveth not so ;  
But turneth mirth to bitter woe,  
Which in this case full well I see ;  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 4 Too great desire was my guide,  
And wanton will went by my side,  
Hope ruled still and made me bide,  
Of Love's craft the extremity.  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 5 With feigned words, which were but wind,  
To long delays I was assign'd ;  
Her wily looks my wits did blind ;  
Thus as she would I did agree.  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.
- 6 Was never bird tangled in lime  
That brake away in better time,  
Than I, that rotten boughs did climb,



And had no hurt, but 'scapèd free.  
 Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
 For I am now at liberty.

---

THE LOVER PRAYETH

THAT HIS LADY'S HEART MIGHT BE ENFLAMED WITH EQUAL  
 AFFECTION.

1 Love doth again  
 Put me to pain,  
 And yet all is but lost.  
 I serve in vain,  
 And am certain,  
 Of all misliked most.

2 Both heat and cold  
 Doth so me hold,  
 And comber so my mind;  
 That whom I should  
 Speak and behold,  
 It driveth me still behind.

3 My wits be past,  
 My life doth waste,  
 My comfort is exiled;  
 And I in haste,  
 Am like to taste  
 How love hath me beguiled.

4 Unless that right  
 May in her sight  
 Obtain pity and grace;  
 Why should a wight  
 Have beauty bright,  
 If mercy have no place?

- 5 Yet I, alas!  
Am in such case,  
That back I cannot go;  
But still forth trace  
A patient pace,  
And suffer secret woe.
- 6 For with the wind  
My firèd mind  
Doth still inflame;  
And she unkind  
That did me bind,  
Doth turn it all to game.
- 7 Yet can no pain  
Make me refrain,  
Nor here and there to range;  
I shall retain  
Hope to obtain  
Her heart that is so strange.
- 8 But I require  
The painful fire,  
That oft doth make me sweat;  
For all my ire,  
With like desire,  
To give her heart a heat.
- 9 Then she shall prove  
How I her love,  
And what I have offer'd;  
Which should her move,  
For to remove  
The pains that I have suffer'd.

10 And better fee  
 Than she gave me,  
 She shall of me attain ;  
 For whereas she  
 Show'd cruelty,  
 She shall my heart obtain.

---

### THE DISDAINFUL LADY REFUSING TO HEAR

HER LOVER'S SUIT, HE RESOLVETH TO FORSAKE HER.

1 Now all of change  
 Must be my song,  
 And from my bond now must I break ;  
 Since she so strange,  
 Unto my wrong,  
 Doth stop her ears, to hear me speak.

2 Yet none doth know  
 So well as she,  
 My grief, which can have no restraint ;  
 That fain would follow,  
 Now needs must flee,  
 For fault of ear unto my plaint.

3 I am not he  
 By false assays,  
 Nor feigned faith can bear in hand ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Though most I see  
 That such always  
 Are best for to be understand.

4 But I, that truth  
 Hath always meant,

<sup>1</sup> 'Bear in hand : ' to deceive.

Doth still proceed to serve in vain:  
Desire pursu'th  
My time misspent,  
And doth not pass upon my pain.

5 Of Fortune's might  
That each compels,  
And me the most, it doth suffice;  
Now for my right  
To ask nought else  
But to withdraw this enterprise.

6 And for the gain  
Of that good hour,  
Which of my woe shall be relief;  
I shall refrain  
By painful power,  
The thing that most hath been my grief.

7 I shall not miss  
To exercise  
The help thereof which doth me teach,  
That after this  
In any wise  
To keep right within my reach.

8 And she unjust  
Which feareth not  
In this her fame to be defiled,  
Yet once I trust  
Shall be my lot  
To quite the craft that me beguiled.

THE ABSENT LOVER FINDETH ALL HIS  
PAINS REDOUBLED.

- 1 ABSENCE, absenting causeth me to complain,  
My sorrowful complaints abiding in distress;  
And departing most privy increaseth my pain,  
Thus live I uncomforted wrapped all in heaviness.
- 2 In heaviness I am wrapped, devoid of all solace,  
Neither pastime nor pleasure can revive my dull wit,  
My spirits be all taken, and death doth me menace,  
With his fatal knife the thread for to kit.
- 3 For to kit the thread of this wretched life,  
And shortly bring me out of this case;  
I see it availeth not, yet must I be pensive,  
Since Fortune from me hath turned her face.
- 4 Her face she hath turned with countenance contrarious,  
And clean from her presence she hath exiled me,  
In sorrow remaining as a man most dolorous,  
Exempt from all pleasure and worldly felicity.
- 5 All worldly felicity now am I private,<sup>1</sup>  
And left in desert most solitarily,  
Wandering all about as one without mate;  
My death approacheth; what remedy!
- 6 What remedy, alas! to rejoice my woful heart,  
With sighs suspiring<sup>2</sup> most ruefully;  
Now welcome! I am ready to depart;  
Farewell all pleasure! welcome pain and smart!

<sup>1</sup> 'Private:' deprived.—<sup>2</sup> 'Suspiring:' sighing.

## HE SEEKETH COMFORT IN PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! for I have wrong,  
 And dare not show wherein;  
 Patience shall be my song;  
 Since Truth can nothing win.  
 Patience then for this fit;  
 Hereafter comes not yet.

---

OF THE POWER OF LOVE OVER THE  
YIELDEN LOVER.

- 1 WILL ye see what wonders Love hath wrought?  
 Then come and look at me.  
 There need nowhere else to be sought,  
 In me ye may them see.
- 2 For unto that, that men may see  
 Most monstrous thing of kind,  
 Myself may best compared be;  
 Love hath me so assign'd.
- 3 There is a rock in the salt flood,  
 A rock of such nature,  
 That draweth the iron from the wood,  
 And leaveth the ship unsure.
- 4 She is the rock, the ship am I;  
 That rock my deadly foe,  
 That draweth me there where I must die,  
 And robbeth my heart me fro.
- 5 A bird there fleeth, and that but one,  
 Of her this thing ensueth;



That when her days be spent and gone,  
With fire she reneweth.

- 6 And I with her may well compare  
My love, that is alone;  
The flame whereof doth aye repair  
My life when it is gone.

---

HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER CAUSE  
TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S FAITH.

- 1 DEEM as ye list upon good 'cause,  
I may or think of this, or that;  
But what, or why myself best knows  
Whereby I think and fear not.  
But thereunto I may well think  
The doubtful sentence of this clause;  
'I would it were not as I think  
I would I thought it were not.'
- 2 For if I thought it were not so,  
Though it were so, it griev'd me not;  
Unto my thought it were as though  
I hearkened though I hear not.  
At that I see I cannot wink,  
Nor from my thought so let it go;  
'I would it were not as I think;  
I would I thought it were not.'
- 3 Lo! how my thought might make me free,  
Of that perchance it needs not.  
Perchance none doubt the dread I see;  
I shrink at that I bear not.

But in my heart this word shall sink,  
 Until the proof may better be ;  
 ' I would it were not as I think ;  
 I would I thought it were not.'

- 4 If it be not, show no cause why  
 I should so think, then care I not ;  
 For I shall so myself apply  
 To be that I appear not.  
 That is, as one that shall not shrink  
 To be your own until I die ;  
 ' And if that be not as I think,  
 Likewise to think it is not.'

---

### THE RECURED LOVER

EXULTETH IN HIS FREEDOM, AND VOWETH TO REMAIN  
 FREE UNTIL DEATH.

- 1 I AM as I am, and so will I be ;  
 But how that I am, none knoweth truly.  
 Be it evil, be it well, be I bond, be I free,  
 I am as I am, and so will I be.
- 2 I lead my life indifferently ;  
 I mean nothing but honesty ;  
 And though folks judge full diversely,  
 I am as I am, and so will I die.
- 3 I do not rejoyce, nor yet complain,  
 Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,  
 And use the means since folks will feign ;  
 Yet I am as I am, be it pleasure or pain.
- 4 Divers do judge as they do trow,  
 Some of pleasure and some of woe,

Yet for all that nothing they know;  
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

5 But since judgers do thus decay,  
Let every man his judgment say;  
I will it take in sport and play,  
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

6 Who judgeth well, well God him send;  
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;  
To judge the best therefore intend,  
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

7 Yet some there be that take delight  
To judge folks' thought for envy and spite;  
But whether they judge me wrong or right,  
I am as I am, and so do I write.

8 Praying you all that this do read,  
To trust it as you do your creed;  
And not to think I change my weed,  
For I am as I am, however I speed.

9 But how that is I leave to you;  
Judge as ye list, false or true,  
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,  
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

10 And from this mind I will not flee,  
But to you all that misjudge me,  
I do protest as ye may see  
That I am as I am, and so will be.

## POEMS.

WYATT'S COMPLAINT UPON LOVE TO  
REASON,

WITH LOVE'S ANSWER.

- 1 MINE old dear enemy, my froward master,  
 Afore that Queen I caus'd to be acited,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which holdeth the divine part of our nature;  
 That like as gold in fire, he might be trièd:  
 Chargèd with dolour, there I me presented,  
 With horrible fear, as one that greatly dreadeth  
 A wrongful death, and justice alway seeketh.
- 2 And thus I said: 'Once my left foot, Madame,  
 When I was young, I set within his reign;  
 Whereby other than fiery burning flame  
 I never felt, but many a grievous pain:  
 Torment I suffer'd, anger and disdain;  
 That mine oppressed patiènce was past,  
 And I mine own life hated at the last.
- 3 Thus hitherto have I my time passed  
 In pain and smart: what ways profitable,  
 How many pleasant days have me escaped,  
 In serving this false liar so deceivable!  
 What wit have words so prest and forcible,  
 That may contain my great mishappiness,  
 And just complaints of his ungentleness!
- 4 Oh! small honey, much aloes, and gall,  
 In bitterness, my blind life have I tasted:  
 His false semblance, that turneth as a ball,

<sup>1</sup> 'Acited:' summoned.

With fair and amorous dance, made me be traced;  
 And where I had my thought, and mind araised  
 From earthly frailness, and from vain pleasure,  
 Me from my rest he took, and set in error.

- 5 God made he me regardless, than I ought,  
 And to myself to take right little heed:  
 And for a woman have I set at naught  
 All other thoughts, in this only to speed:  
 And he was only counsellor of this deed;  
 Whetting always my youthly frail desire  
 On cruel whetstone, temperèd with fire.
- 6 But oh, alas, where had I ever wit,  
 Or other gift given to me of nature?  
 That sooner shall be chang'd my wearied sprite  
 Than the obstinate will, that is my ruler:  
 So robbeth he my freedom with displeasure;  
 This wicked traitor, whom I thus accuse:  
 That bitter life hath turn'd in pleasant use.
- 7 He hath me hasted through divers regions;  
 Through desert woods, and sharp high mountains;  
 Through froward people, and through bitter passions;  
 Through rocky seas, and over hills and plains;  
 With weary travel, and with laborious pains;  
 Always in trouble and in tediousness,  
 In all error, and dangerous distress.
- 8 But neither he nor she, my other foe,  
 For all my flight did ever me forsake:  
 That though my timely death hath been so slow,  
 That me, as yet, it hath not overtake:  
 The heavenly gods of pity do it slake!

And note they this his cruel tyranny,  
That feeds him with my care, and misery!

- 9 Since I was his, hour rested I never,  
Nor look to do; and eke the wakey nights  
The banish'd sleep may in no wise recover.  
By guile and force, over my thrall'd sprites  
He is ruler; since which bell never strikes  
That I hear not as sounding my complaints to renew.  
Himself he knoweth that I say true.
- 10 For never worms old rotten stock have eaten,  
As he my heart, where he is resident,  
And doth the same with death daily threaten;  
Thence come the tears, and thence the bitter  
torment,  
The sighs, the words, and eke the languishment,  
That annoy both me, and peradventure other:  
Judge thou, that know'st the one, and eke the  
other.'
- 11 Mine adversare with such grievous reproof,  
Thus he began; 'Hear, Lady, the other part;  
That the plain truth, from which he draweth aloof,  
This unkind man may show, ere that I part:  
In his young age, I took him from that art,  
That selleth words, and make a clattering knight,  
And of my wealth I gave him the delight.
- 12 Now shames he not on me for to complain,  
That held him evermore in pleasant game,  
From his desire, that might have been his pain:  
Yet thereby alone I brought him to some frame;  
Which now as wretchedness, he doth so blame:



And toward honour quickened I his wit,  
Where as a dastard else he might have sit.

- 13 He knoweth how great Atrides, that made Troy  
freat;<sup>1</sup>  
And Hannibal to Rome so troublous ;  
Whom Homer honoured, Achilles that great ;  
And African Scipion, the famous ;  
And many other, by much honour glorious ;  
Whose fame and acts did lift them up above ;  
I did let fall in base dishonest love.
- 14 And unto him, though he unworthy were,  
I chose the best of many a million ;  
That under sun yet never was her peer  
Of wisdom, womanhood, and of discretion ;  
And of my grace I gave her such a fashion,  
And eke such way I taught her for to teach,  
That never base thought his heart so high might  
reach.
- 15 Evermore thus to content his mistress,  
That was his only frame of honesty,  
I stirred him still toward gentleness ;  
And caus'd him to regard fidelity ;  
Patience I taught him in adversity :  
Such virtues learned he in my great school ;  
Whereof repenteth now the ignorant fool.
- 16 These were the same deceits, and bitter gall,  
That I have us'd, the torment and the anger,  
Sweeter than ever did to other fall ;  
Of right good seed ill fruit, lo, thus I gather ;  
And so shall he that the unkind doth further :

<sup>1</sup> 'Freat : ' waste.

A serpent nourish I under my wing,  
And now of nature 'ginneth he to sting.

17 And for to tell, at last, my great service ;  
From thousand dishonesties have I him drawn,  
That, by my means, him in no manner wise  
Never vile pleasure once hath overthrowen ;  
Where in his deed, shame hath him always  
gnawen ;

Doubting report that should come to her ear :  
Whom now he blames, her wonted he to fear.

18 Whatever he hath of any honest custom,  
Of her, and me, that holds he every whit :  
But, lo, yet never was there nightly phantom  
So far in error, as he is from his wit  
To plain on us : he striveth with the bit,  
Which may rule him, and do him ease and pain,  
And in one hour make all his grief his gain.

19 But one thing yet there is, above all other :  
I gave him wings, wherewith he might upfly  
To honour and fame ; and if he would to higher  
Than mortal things, above the starry sky :  
Considering the pleasure that an eye  
Might give in earth, by reason of his love ;  
What should that be that lasteth still above ?

20 And he the same himself hath said ere this :  
But now, forgotten is both that and I,  
That gave him her, his only wealth and bliss.'  
And at this word, with deadly shriek and cry,  
'Thou gave her once,' quod I, 'but by and by  
Thou took her ayen from me, that woe-worth thee !'  
'Not I, but price ; more worth than thou,' quod he.

21 At last, each other for himself concluded,  
 I trembling still, but he, with small reverence;  
 'Lo, thus, as we each other have accused,  
 Dear lady, now we wait thine only sentence.'  
 She, smiling at the whisted<sup>1</sup> audience,  
 'It liketh me,' quod she, 'to have heard your  
 question,  
 But longer time doth ask a resolution.'

---

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HIS LOVE.

So feeble is the thread, that doth the burden stay  
 Of my poor life; in heavy plight, that falleth in decay;  
 That, but it have elsewhere some aid or some succours,  
 The running spindle of my fate anon shall end his course.  
 For since the unhappy hour, that did<sup>2</sup> me to depart  
 From my sweet weal, one only hope hath stay'd my  
 life apart:

Which doth persuade such words unto my soled mind,  
 'Maintain thyself, O woful wight, some better luck to  
 find:

For though thou be depriv'd from thy desired sight,  
 Who can thee tell, if thy return be for thy more  
 delight? 10

Or, who can tell, thy loss if thou mayst once recover,  
 Some pleasant hour thy woe may wrap, and thee  
 defend and cover.'

Thus in this trust as yet it hath my life sustained;  
 But now, alas, I see it faint, and I by trust am trained.<sup>3</sup>  
 The time doth fleet, and I see how the hours do bend  
 So fast, that I have scant the space to mark my coming  
 end.

<sup>1</sup> 'Whisted:' silent.—<sup>2</sup> 'Did:' caused.—<sup>3</sup> 'Trained:' deceived.

Westward the sun from out the east scant shews his  
light, 17  
When in the west he hides him straight, within the  
dark of night;  
And comes as fast, where he began his path awry,  
From east to west, from west to east, so doth his  
journey lie.  
The life so short, so frail, that mortal men live  
here;  
So great a weight, so heavy charge the bodies that we  
bear;  
That when I think upon the distance and the space,  
That doth so far divide me from my dear desired  
face,  
I know not how t' attain the wings that I require,  
To lift me up, that I might fly, to follow my desire.  
Thus of that hope, that doth my life something sustain,  
Alas! I fear, and partly feel, full little doth remain.  
Each place doth bring me grief, where I do not  
behold  
Those lively eyes, which of my thoughts were wont  
the keys to hold, 30  
Those thoughts were pleasant sweet, whilst I enjoy'd  
that grace;  
My pleasure past, my present pain when I might well  
embrace.  
And for because my want should more my woe  
increase;  
In watch, in sleep, both day and night, my will doth  
never cease  
That thing to wish, whereof since I did lose the  
sight,  
Was never thing that might in ought my woful heart  
delight.

Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for to mete 37  
 The floods, the seas, the lands, the hills, that doth  
 them intermete <sup>1</sup>

'Tween me, and those shene lights that wonted for  
 to clear

My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts, as bright as  
 Phoebus' sphere.

It teacheth me also what was my pleasant state,  
 The more to feel, by such record, how that my wealth  
 doth bate.

If such record, alas! provoke the inflamed mind,  
 Which sprang that day that I did leave the best of  
 me behind:

If love forget himself, by length of absence let,  
 Who doth me guide, O woful wretch, unto this  
 baited net

Where doth increase my care; much better were  
 for me,

As dumb as stone, all things forgot, still absent for  
 to be.

Alas, the clear crystal, the bright transplendent  
 glass

Doth not bewray the colours hid, which underneath  
 it has, 50

As doth th' accumbred <sup>2</sup> sprite the thoughtful throes  
 discover,

Of fierce delight, of fervent love, that in our hearts  
 we cover:

Out by these eyes it showeth, that evermore delight  
 In plaint and tears to seek redress, and eke both day  
 and night.

Those kinds of pleasure most wherein men so rejoice,  
 To me they do redouble still of stormy sighs the voice.

<sup>1</sup> 'Intermete:' do interpose.—<sup>2</sup> 'Accumbred:' overwhelmed.



For I am one of them whom plaint doth well content,  
 It fits me well mine absent wealth, me seems, for to  
 lament; 58

And with my tears t'assay to charge mine eyès  
 twain,

Like as my heart above the brink is fraughted full  
 of pain:

And for because thereto, that those fair eyes to treat  
 Do me provoke; I will return, my plaint thus to  
 repeat:

For there is nothing else so toucheth me within;  
 Where they rule all, and I alone nought but the case  
 or skin:

Wherefore I shall return to them, as well, or spring,  
 From whom descends my mortal woe, above all other  
 thing.

So shall mine eyes in pain accompany my heart,  
 That were the guides, that did it lead of love to feel  
 the smart.

The crisped gold that doth surmount Apollo's pride;  
 The lively streams of pleasant stars that under it doth  
 glide; 70

Wherein the beams of love do still increase their heat,  
 Which yet so far touch me so near, in cold to make  
 me sweat:

The wise and pleasant talk, so rare, or else alone,  
 That gave to me the courteous gift, that erst had never  
 none:

Be far from me, alas! and every other thing  
 I might forbear with better will, than this that did me  
 bring,

With pleasant word and chere, redress of linger'd  
 pain,

And wonted oft in kindled will to virtue me to train.



Thus am I forc'd to hear and hearken after news: 79  
 My comfort scant, my large desire in doubtful trust  
 renews.

And yet with more delight to moan my woful case,  
 I must complain those hands, these arms, that firmly  
 do embrace

Me from myself, and rule the stern of my poor life;  
 The sweet disdains the pleasant wraths and eke the  
 lovely strife,

That wonted well to tune, in temper just and meet,  
 The rage, that oft did make me err, by furor undiscreet.  
 All this is hid fro me, with sharp and ragged hills,  
 At others' will my long abode my deep despair fulfils;  
 And if my hope sometime rise up by some redress,  
 It stumbleth straight, for feeble faint, my fear hath  
 such excess. 90

Such is the sort of hope, the less for more desire,  
 And yet I trust ere that I die to see that I require:  
 The resting-place of love, where virtue dwells and  
 grows,

There I desire my weary life sometime may take  
 repose.

My song! thou shalt attain to find that pleasant  
 place,

Where she doth live, by whom I live: may chance  
 to have this grace,

When she hath read, and seen the grief wherein I  
 serve,

Between her breasts she shall thee put, there shall  
 she thee reserve:

Then tell her that I come, she shall me shortly see,  
 And if for weight the body fail, the soul shall to her  
 flee. 100

## THE SONG OF IOPAS, UNFINISHED.

WHEN Dido feasted the wand'ring Troian knight,  
Whom Juno's wrath with storms did force in Lybic  
sands to light;  
That mighty Atlas taught, the supper lasting long,  
With crisped locks on golden harp Iopas sang in  
song:  
'That same,' quod he, 'that we the World do call  
and name,  
Of heaven and earth with all contents, it is the very  
frame.  
Or thus, of heavenly powers, by more power kept  
in one;  
Repugnant kinds, in mids of whom the earth hath  
place alone;  
Firm, round, of living things the mother, place,  
and nurse;  
Without the which in equal weight, this heaven doth  
hold his course: 10  
And it is call'd by name the first and moving heaven.  
The firmament is placed next, containing other seven.  
Of heavenly powers that same is planted full and  
thick,  
As shining lights which we call stars, that therein  
cleave and stick:  
With great swift sway the first, and with his restless  
source,  
Carrieth itself, and all those eight, in even continual  
course.  
And of this world so round within that rolling case,  
Two points there be that never move, but firmly keep  
their place:

The one we see alway, the other stands object 19  
 Against the same, dividing just the ground by line  
 direct;

Which by imagination drawn from one to t'other  
 Toucheth the centre of the earth, for way there is  
 none other:

And these be call'd the poles, describ'd by stars not  
 bright:

Arctic the one northward we see: Antarctic t'other  
 hight.

The line, that we devise from the one to t'other so,  
 As axle is; upon the which the heavens about do go;  
 Which of water nor earth, of air, nor fire, have kind;  
 Therefore the substance of those same were hard for  
 man to find:

But they been uncorrupt, simple and pure unmix'd;  
 And so we say been all those stars, that in those  
 same be fix'd: 30

And eke those erring seven, in circle as they stray;  
 So call'd, because against that first they have re-  
 pugnant way;

And smaller by-ways too, scant sensible to man;  
 Too busy work for my poor harp; let sing them he  
 that can.

The widest save the first, of all these nine above,  
 One hundred year doth ask of space, for one degree to  
 move.

Of which degrees we make, in the first moving  
 heaven,

Three hundred and threescore, in parts justly divided  
 even.

And yet there is another between those heavens two,  
 Whose moving is so sly, so slack, I name it not for  
 now. 40

The seventh heaven, or the shell, next to the starry  
sky, 41

All those degrees that gathereth up, with aged pace  
so sly:

And doth perform the same, as elders' count hath  
been,

In nine and twenty years complete, and days almost  
sixteen;

Doth carry in his bowt,<sup>1</sup> the star of Saturn old,  
A threat'ner of all living things with drought and with  
his cold.

The sixth whom this contains, doth stalk with younger  
pace,

And in twelve year doth somewhat more than t'other's  
voyage was:

And this in it doth bear the star of Jove benign,  
'Tween Saturn's malice and us men, friendly defending  
sign. 50

The fifth bears bloody Mars, that in three hundred  
days

And twice eleven with one full year hath finish'd all  
those ways.

A year doth ask the fourth, and hours thereto six,  
And in the same the day his eye, the Sun, therein he  
sticks.

The third that govern'd is by that that governs  
me,

And love for love, and for no love provokes, as oft we  
see,

In like space doth perform that course, that did the  
other.

So doth the next unto the same, that second is in  
order;

<sup>1</sup> 'Bowt.' orbit

But it doth bear the star, that call'd is Mercury; 59  
That many a crafty secret step doth tread, as calcars<sup>1</sup>  
try.

That sky is last, and fix'd next us those ways hath  
gone,

In seven-and-twenty common days, and eke the third  
of one;

And beareth with his sway the diverse Moon about;  
Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now  
her light is out:

Thus have they of their own two movings all these  
Seven;

One, wherein they be carried still, each in his several  
heaven:

Another of themselves, where their bodies be laid  
In by-ways, and in lesser rounds, as I afore have said;  
Save of them all the Sun doth stray least from the  
straight:

The starry sky hath but one course, that we have  
call'd the eight. 70

And all these movings eight are meant from west to  
east;

Although they seem to climb aloft, I say, from east to  
west.

But that is but by force of their first moving sky,  
In twice twelve hours from east to east, that carrieth  
them by and by:

But mark we well also, these movings of these seven  
Be not above the axletree of the first moving heaven.  
For they have their two poles directly th' one to  
th' other,' &c.

<sup>1</sup> 'Calcars:' astrologers.



## SONGS AND EPIGRAMS.

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS  
HE WOULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wondrous well,  
 Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;  
 Of gladsome chere, all grief for to expel;  
 With sober looks, so would I that it should  
 Speak without word, such words as none can tell:  
 Her tress also should be of crisped gold;  
 With wit, and these perchance I might be tried,  
 And knit again with knot, that should not slide.

---

## WHY LOVE IS BLIND.

OF purpose Love chose first for to be blind,  
 For he with sight of that, that I behold,  
 Vanquish'd had been, against all godly kind:  
 His bow your hand, and truss should have unfold;  
 And he with me to serve had been assign'd:  
 But, for he blind and reckless would him hold,  
 And still by chance his deadly strokes bestow;  
 With such as see, I serve, and suffer woe.

---

THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS INSTANT  
DESIRE.

DESIRE, alas! my master and my foe,  
 So sore alter'd thyself, how mayst thou see?  
 Sometime thou seek'st, and drives me to and fro;  
 Sometime thou lead'st, that leadeth thee and me.



What reason is to rule thy subject so,  
 By forced law, and mutability?  
 For where by thee I doubted to have blame,  
 Even now by hate again I doubt the same.

---

### AGAINST HOARDERS OF MONEY.

FOR shamefast harm of great and hateful need,  
 In deep despair, as did a wretch go,  
 With ready cord out of his life to speed,  
 His stumbling foot did find an hoard, lo!  
 Of gold, I say, where he prepar'd this deed,  
 And in exchange he left the cord tho.<sup>1</sup>  
 He that had hid the gold, and found it not,  
 Of that he found he shap'd his neck a knot.

---

### DESCRIPTION OF A GUN.

VULCAN begat me, Minerva me taught,  
 Nature my mother, craft nourish'd me year by year;  
 Three bodies are my food, my strength is in nought;  
 Anger, wrath, waste, and noise are my children  
 dear;  
 Guess, friend, what I am, and how I am wrought,  
 Monster of sea, or of land, or of elsewhere:  
 Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend,  
 And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

<sup>1</sup> 'Tho:' then.

OF THE MOTHER THAT EAT HER CHILD  
AT THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM.

IN doubtful breast whilst motherly pity  
With furious famine standeth at debate;  
The mother saith, 'O child unhappy,  
Return thy blood where thou hadst milk of late;  
Yield me those limbs that I made unto thee,  
And enter there where thou were generate;  
For of one body against all nature,  
To another must I make sepulture.'

---

TO HIS LOVE WHOM HE HAD KISSED  
AGAINST HER WILL.

ALAS, Madam, for stealing of a kiss,  
Have I so much your mind therein offended?  
Or have I done so grievously amiss,  
That by no means it may not be amended?  
Revenge you then: the readiest way is this;  
Another kiss, my life it shall have ended;  
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck;  
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

---

OF THE JEALOUS MAN

THAT LOVED THE SAME WOMAN, AND ESPIED THIS OTHER  
SITTING WITH HER.

THE wandering gadling<sup>1</sup> in the summer tide,  
That finds the adder with his reckless<sup>2</sup> foot,  
Starts not dismay'd so suddenly aside,  
As jealous despite did, though there were no boot,

<sup>1</sup> 'Gadling:' vagabond.—<sup>2</sup> 'Reckless:' reckless.

When that he saw me sitting by her side,  
 That of my health is very crop and root.  
 It pleas'd me then to have so fair a grace,  
 To sting the heart, that would have had my place.

---

TO HIS LOVE FROM WHOM HE HAD  
 HER GLOVES.

WHAT needs these threatening words and wasted wind?  
 All this cannot make me restore my prey.  
 To rob your good, ywis<sup>1</sup> is not my mind:  
 Nor causeless your fair hand did I display.  
 Let Love be judge, or else whom next we find,  
 That may both hear what you and I can say.  
 She reft my heart, and I a glove from her:  
 Let us see then, if one be worth the other.

---

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH

THAT DEADLY SICKNESS CANNOT HELP HIS AFFECTION.

THE enemy of life, decayer of all kind,  
 That with his cold withers away the green,  
 This other night me in my bed did find,  
 And offer'd me to rid my fever clean;  
 And I did grant, so did despair me blind:  
 He drew his bow with arrow sharp and keen,  
 And strake the place where Love had hit before;  
 And drave the first dart deeper more and more.

<sup>1</sup> 'Ywis:' assuredly, certainly.

### OF THE FEIGNED FRIEND.

RIGHT true it is, and said full yore ago;  
 'Take heed of him that by the back thee claweth:'  
 For none is worse than is a friendly foe.  
 Though thee seem good all thing that thee delighteth,  
 Yet know it well, that in thy bosom creepeth:  
 For many a man such fire oft-times he kindleth,  
 That with the blaze his beard himself he singeth.

---

### COMPARISON OF LOVE TO A STREAM FALLING FROM THE ALPS.

FROM these high hills as when a spring doth fall,  
 It trilleth down with still and subtle course,  
 Of this and that it gathers aye, and shall,  
 Till it have just down flow'd to stream, and force,  
 Then at the foot it rageth over all:  
 So fareth love, when he hath ta'en a source,  
 Rage is his reign, resistance 'vaileth none,  
 The first eschew is remedy alone.

---

### OF HIS LOVE THAT PRICKED HER FINGER WITH A NEEDLE.

SHE sat and sew'd, that hath done me the wrong  
 Whereof I plain, and have done many a day:  
 And, whilst she heard my plaint, in piteous song  
 She wish'd my heart the sampler, as it lay.  
 The blind master, whom I have serv'd so long,  
 Grudging to hear that he did hear her say,  
 Made her own weapon do her finger bleed,  
 To feel if pricking were so good indeed.

## OF THE SAME.

WHAT man heard such cruelty before?

That, when my plaint remember'd her my woe,  
That caused it, she, cruel more and more,

Wished each stitch, as she did sit and sew,  
Had prick'd my heart for to increase my sore:

And, as I think, she thought it had been so:  
For as she thought, 'this is his heart indeed,'  
She pricked hard, and made herself to bleed.

THE LOVER THAT FLED LOVE NOW  
FOLLOWS IT WITH HIS HARM.

SOMETIME I fled the fire, that me so brent,

By sea, by land, by water, and by wind;  
And now the coals I follow that be quent,<sup>1</sup>

From Dover to Calais, with willing mind.  
Lo! how desire is both forth sprung, and spent;  
And he may see, that whilom was so blind,  
And all his labour laughs he now to scorn,  
Mesh'd in the briers, that erst was only torn.

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS HEART TO  
THE OVERCHARGED GUN.

THE furious gun in his raging ire,

When that the bowl is rammèd in too sore,  
And that the flame cannot part from the fire;

Cracks in sunder, and in the air do roar  
The shiver'd pieces. So doth my desire;

Whose flame increaseth aye from more to more;  
Which to let out, I dare not look, nor speak;  
So inward force my heart doth all-to<sup>2</sup> break.

<sup>1</sup> 'Quent:' quenched.—<sup>2</sup> 'All-to:' altogether.



HOW BY A KISS HE FOUND BOTH HIS  
LIFE AND DEATH.

NATURE, that gave the bee so feat<sup>1</sup> a grace  
To find honey of so wondrous fashion,  
Hath taught the spider out of the same place  
To fetch poison by strange alteration;  
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case  
With one kiss by secret operation  
Both these at once in those your lips to find;  
In change whereof I leave my heart behind.

---

TO HIS LOVER TO LOOK UPON HIM.

ALL in thy look my life doth whole depend,  
Thou hid'st thyself, and I must die therefore;  
But since thou mayst so easily help thy friend,  
Why dost thou stick to salve that thou mad'st sore?  
Why do I die since thou mayst me defend?  
And if I die, thy life may last no more;  
For each by other doth live and have relief,  
I in thy look, and thou most in my grief.

---

OF DISAPPOINTED PURPOSE BY  
NEGLIGENCE.

OF Carthage he that worthy warrior  
Could overcome, but could not use his chance;  
And I likewise of all my long endeavour  
The sharp conquest though Fortune did advance,  
Could not it use. The hold that is given over  
I unpossess, so hangeth now in balance  
Of war my peace, reward of all my pain,  
At Mountzon thus I restless rest in Spain.

<sup>1</sup> 'Feat': neat, clever.



## OF HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.

TAGUS, farewell! that westward with thy streams  
 Turns up the grains of gold already tried ;  
 For I with spur and sail go seek the Thames,  
 Gainward the sun that show' th her wealthy pride ;  
 And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,  
 Like bended moon, that leans her lusty side ;  
 My King, my Country I seek, for whom I live :  
 O mighty Jove, the winds for this me give.

---

## WYATT BEING IN PRISON, TO BRYAN.

SIGHS are my food, my drink are my tears ;  
 Clinking of fetters would such music crave ;  
 Stink, and close air away my life it wears ;  
 Poor innocence is all the hope I have :  
 Rain, wind, or weather judge I by my ears :  
 Malice assaults, that righteousness should have.  
 Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,  
 But yet, alas ! the scar shall still remain.

---

## OF SUCH AS HAD FORSAKEN HIM.

LOOK! my fair falcon, and thy fellows all ;  
 How well pleasant it were your liberty !  
 Ye not forsake me, that fair might you fall.  
 But they that sometime liked my company,  
 Like lice away from dead bodies they crawl :  
 Lo, what a proof in light adversity !  
 But ye, my birds, I swear by all your bells,  
 Ye be my friends, and so be but few else.

THE LOVER HOPETH OF BETTER CHANCE.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,  
 The sun returns, that hid was under cloud,  
 And when Fortune had spit out all her gall,  
 I trust good luck to me shall be allowed:  
 For I have seen a ship in haven fall,  
 After that storm hath broke both mast and shroud;  
 The willow eke, that stoopeth with the wind,  
 Doth rise again, and greater wood doth bind.

---

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY  
 PAIN.

VENOMOUS thorns that are so sharp and keen,  
 Sometime bear flowers fair and fresh of hue:  
 Poison ofttime is put in medicine,  
 And unto man his health doth oft renew:  
 The fire that all things eke consumeth clean  
 May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,  
 I trust sometime my harm may be my health,  
 Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

---

THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

IN Court to serve, deckèd with fresh array,  
 Of sugar'd meats feeling the sweet repast,  
 The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play,  
 Amid the press of worldly looks to waste,  
 Hath with it join'd ofttimes such bitter taste,  
 That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,  
 In prison joys, fetter'd with chains of gold.

## OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE.

STAND, whoso list, upon the slipper wheel  
 Of high estate; and let me here rejoice,  
 And use my life in quietness each dele,<sup>1</sup>  
 Unknown in Court that hath the wanton toys:  
 In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,  
 And when my years be past withouten noise,  
 Let me die old after the common trace;  
 For gripes of death doth he too hardly pass,  
 That knowen is to all, but to himself, alas,  
 He dieth unknown, dasèd with dreadful face.

## THE LOVER SUSPECTED OF CHANGE

PRAYETH THAT IT BE NOT BELIEVED AGAINST HIM.

ACCUSED though I be without desert;  
 Sith none can prove, believe it not for true:  
 For never yet, since that you had my heart,  
 Intended I to false, or be untrue.  
 Sooner I would of death sustain the smart,  
 Than break one word of that I promis'd you;  
 Accept therefore my service in good part:  
 None is alive, that can ill tongues eschew;  
 Hold them as false; and let not us depart  
 Our friendship old in hope of any new:  
 Put not thy trust in such as use to feign,  
 Except thou mind to put thy friend to pain.

10

<sup>1</sup> 'Dele:' portion, division.

## OF DISSEMBLING WORDS.

THROUGHOUT the world if it were sought,  
 Fair words enough a man shall find;  
 They be good cheap, they cost right nought,  
 Their substance is but only wind;  
 But well to say and so to mean,  
 That sweet accord is seldom seen.

---

## OF SUDDEN TRUSTING.

DRIVEN by desire I did this deed,  
 To danger myself without cause why,  
 To trust th' untrue, not like to speed,  
 To speak and promise faithfully:  
 But now the proof doth verify,  
 That whoso trusteth ere he know,  
 Doth hurt himself, and please his foe.

---

THE LADY TO ANSWER DIRECTLY WITH  
YEA OR NAY.

- 1 MADAM, withouten many words,  
 Once I am sure you will, or no:  
 And if you will, then leave your bourds,  
 And use your wit, and show it so:
- 2 For with a beck you shall me call;  
 And if of one, that burns alway,  
 Ye have pity or ruth at all,  
 Answer him fair with yea or nay.

- 3 If it be yea, I shall be fain ;  
 If it be nay, friends as before ;  
 You shall another man obtain,  
 And I mine own, and yours no more.

---

ANSWER.

- 1 OF few words, Sir, you seem to be,  
 And where I doubted what I would do  
 Your quick request hath caused me  
 Quickly to tell you what you shall trust to.
- 2 For he that will be called with a beck,  
 Makes hasty suit on light desire :  
 Is ever ready to the check,  
 And burneth in no wasting fire.
- 3 Therefore whether you be lief or loth,  
 And whether it grieve you light or sore,  
 I am at a point : I have made an oath,  
 Content you with 'Nay ;' for you get no more.

---

THE LOVER PROFESSETH HIMSELF  
 CONSTANT.

WITHIN my breast I never thought it gain  
 Of gentle minds the freedom for to lose ;  
 Nor in my heart sank never such disdain,  
 To be a forger, faults for to disclose :  
 Nor I cannot endure the truth to glose,  
 To set a gloss upon an earnest pain :  
 Nor I am not in number one of those  
 That list to blow retreat to every train.

## THE LOVER BLAMETH HIS LOVE

FOR RENTING OF THE LETTER HE SENT HER.

- 1 SUFFICED not, Madàm, that you did tear  
My woful heart, but thus also to rent  
The weeping paper that to you I sent,  
Whereof each letter was written with a tear?
- 2 Could not my present pains, alas! suffice  
Your greedy heart? and that my heart doth feel  
Torments, that prick more sharper than the steel,  
But new and new must to my lot arise?
- 3 Use then my death: so shall your cruelty,  
Spite of your spite, rid me from all my smart,  
And I no more such torments of the heart  
Feel as I do: this shall you gain thereby.

---

## THE LOVER COMPLAINETH AND HIS LADY COMFORTETH.

- 1 *Lover.* It burneth yet, alas! my heart's desire.  
*Lady.* What is the thing that hath inflam'd thy  
heart?
- Lover.* A certain point as fervent as the fire.  
*Lady.* The heat shall cease, if that thou wilt  
convert.
- Lover.* I cannot stop the fervent raging ire.  
*Lady.* What may I do, if thyself cause thy  
smart?
- Lover.* Hear my request, and rue my weeping  
chere.
- Lady.* With right good will, say on: lo, I thee  
hear.



- 2 *Lover.* That thing would I, that maketh two content.  
*Lady.* Thou seekest, perchance, of me, that I  
 may not.  
*Lover.* Would God, thou wouldst, as thou mayst  
 well, assent.  
*Lady.* That I may not, the grief is mine, God wot.  
*Lover.* But I it feel, whatso thy words have meant.  
*Lady.* Suspect me not: my words be not forgot.  
*Lover.* Then say, alas, shall I have help or no?  
*Lady.* I see no time to answer yea, but no.
- 3 *Lover.* Say yea, dear heart, and stand no more in  
 doubt.  
*Lady.* I may not grant a thing that is so dear.  
*Lover.* Lo, with delays thou drivest me still about.  
*Lady.* Thou wouldst my death, it plainly doth  
 appear.  
*Lover.* First, may my heart his blood and life bleed  
 out.  
*Lady.* Then for my sake, alas, thy will forbear.  
*Lover.* From day to day thus wastes my life away.  
*Lady.* Yet for the best, suffer some small delay.
- 4 *Lover.* Now good! say yea: do once so good a deed.  
*Lady.* If I said yea, what should thereof ensue?  
*Lover.* A heart in pain of succour so should speed:  
 'Twixt yea and nay, my doubt shall still  
 renew.  
 My sweet, say yea; and do away this dread.  
*Lady.* Thou wilt needs so: be it so; but then be  
 true.  
*Lover.* Nought would I else, nor other treasure none.  
 Thus hearts be won by love, request, and  
 moan.

THE LOVER SUSPECTED BLAMETH  
ILL TONGUES.

- 1 MISTRUSTFUL minds be moved  
To have me in suspect,  
The truth it shall be proved,  
Which time shall once detect.
- 2 Though falsehood go about  
Of crime me to accuse,  
At length I do not doubt  
But truth shall me excuse.
- 3 Such sauce as they have served  
To me without desert,  
Even as they have deserved,  
Thereof God send them part.

---

OF HIS LOVE CALLED ANNA.

WHAT word is that, that changeth not,  
Though it be turn'd and made in twain?  
It is mine Anna, God it wot,  
The only causer of my pain;  
My love that meedeth with disdain.  
Yet is it lov'd, what will you more?  
It is my salve, and eke my sore.

---

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GIVEN BY A LADY.

A LADY gave me a gift she had not;  
And I receiv'd her gift which I took not;  
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not;  
And I receiv'd it, albeit I could not:

If she gave it me, I force not;  
 And if she take it again, she cares not.  
 Construe what this is, and tell not;  
 For I am fast sworn I may not.

---

THAT SPEAKING OR PROFFERING BRINGS  
 ALWAYS SPEEDING.

SPEAK thou and speed where will or power ought  
 help'th;  
 Where power doth want, will must be won by wealth:  
 For need will speed, where will works not his kind;  
 And gain thy foes thy friends shall cause thee find:  
 For suit and gold, what do not they obtain?  
 Of good and bad the tryers are these twain.

---

T. WYATT OF LOVE.

- 1 LIKE as the wind with raging blast  
 Doth cause each tree to bow and bend;  
 Even so do I spend my time in waste,  
 My life consuming unto an end.
- 2 For as the flame by force doth quench the fire,  
 And running streams consume the rain;  
 Even so do I myself desire  
 To augment my grief and deadly pain.
- 3 Whereas I find that what is what,  
 And cold is cold by course of kind,  
 So shall I knit an endless knot;  
 Such fruit in love, alas! I find.

- 4 When I foresaw those crystal streams,  
Whose beauty doth cause my mortal wound,  
I little thought within those beams  
So sweet a venom for to have found.
- 5 I feel and see my own decay;  
As one that bear 'th flame in his breast,  
Forgetful thought to put away  
The thing that breedeth my unrest.
- 6 Like as the fly doth seek the flame,  
And afterward playeth in the fire,  
Who findeth her woe, and seeketh her game,  
Whose grief doth grow of her own desire.
- 7 Like as the spider doth draw her line,  
As labour lost so is my suit;  
The gain is hers, the loss is mine:  
Of evil-sown seed such is the fruit.

---

---

## SATIRES.

### OF THE MEAN AND SURE ESTATE,

WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

My mother's maids, when they do sew and spin,  
They sing a song made of the fieldish mouse:  
That for because her livelode was but thin,  
Would needs go see her townish sister's house.  
She thought herself endur'd to grievous pain;  
The stormy blasts her cave so sore did souse,  
That when the furrows swimm'd with the rain,  
She must lie cold and wet, in sorry plight;

And worse than that, bare meat there did remain 9  
 To comfort her, when she her house had dight;  
 Sometime a barley corn, sometime a bean;  
 For which she labour'd hard both day and night,  
 In harvest time, while she might go and glean.  
 And when her store was stroyèd with the flood,  
 Then wellaway! for she undone was clean:  
 Then was she fain to take, instead of food,  
 Sleep if she might, her hunger to beguile.  
 'My sister,' quod she, 'hath a living good;  
 And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile.  
 In cold and storm, she lieth warm and dry 20  
 In bed of down; the dirt doth not defile  
 Her tender foot, she labours not as I.  
 Richly she feeds, and at the rich man's cost;  
 And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry;  
 By sea, by land, of delicates the most,  
 Her cater seeks, and spareth for no peril:  
 She feeds on boil'd meat, bakèd meat, and roast,  
 And hath therefore no wit of charge nor travail.  
 And, when she list, the liquor of the grape  
 Doth glad her heart, till that her belly swell.' 30  
 And at this journey makes she but a jape,<sup>1</sup>  
 So forth she goes, trusting of all this wealth  
 With her Sister her part so for to shape,  
 That if she might there keep herself in health,  
 To live a lady, while her life do last.  
 And to the door now is she come by stealth;  
 And with her foot anon she scrapes full fast.  
 Th' other for fear durst not well scarce appear;  
 Of every noise so was the wretch aghast.  
 At last she asked softly who was there; 40  
 And in her language as well as she could,

<sup>1</sup> 'A jape:' a jest.



'Peep,' quod the other, 'Sister, I am here.' 42

'Peace,' quod the town-mouse, 'why speakest thou  
so loud?'

And by the hand she took her fair and well.

'Welcome,' quod she, 'my Sister, by the rood.'

She feasted her, that joy it was to tell

The fare they had, they drank the wine so clear;

And as to purpose now and then it fell,

So cheered her with, 'How, Sister, what cheer?'

Amid this joy befel a sorry chance, 50

That wellaway! the stranger bought full dear

The fare she had. For as she look'd askance,

Under a stool she spied two steaming eyes

In a round head, with sharp ears. In France

Was never mouse so fear'd, for the unwise

Had not yseen such a beast before.

Yet had nature taught her after her guise

To know her foe, and dread him evermore.

The town mouse fled, she knew whither to go;

Th' other had no shift, but wonders sore; 60

Fear'd of her life, at home she wish'd her tho,<sup>1</sup>

And to the door, alas, as she did skip,

Th' heaven it would, lo, and eke her chance was so

At the threshold her sely foot did trip;

And ere she might recover it again,

The traitor cat had caught her by the hip,

And made her there against her will remain,

That had forgot her power, surety, and rest,

For seeking wealth, wherein she thought to reign.

Alas! my Pains, how men do seek the best, 70

And find the worst, by error as they stray;

And no marvel; when sight is so opprest,

And blinds the guide, anon out of the way

<sup>1</sup> 'Tho:' then.



Goeth guide and all in seeking quiet life. 74  
 O wretched minds! there is no gold that may  
 Grant that you seek, no war, no peace, no strife:  
 No! no! although thy head were hoop'd with gold,  
 Serjeant with mace, with halbert, sword, nor knife,  
 Cannot repulse the care that follow should.  
 Each kind of life hath with him his disease: 80  
 Live in delights even as thy lust would,  
 And thou shalt find, when lust doth most thee please,  
 It irketh straight, and by itself doth fade.  
 A small thing is it that may thy mind appease?  
 None of you all there is, that is so mad,  
 To seek for grapes on brambles or on briers:  
 Nor none I trow, that hath a wit so bad,  
 To set his haye<sup>1</sup> for coneys over rivers;  
 Nor ye set not a drag-net for a hare.  
 And yet the thing, that most is your desire, 90  
 You do mis-seek with more travail and care.  
 Make plain thine heart, that it be not knotted  
 With hope or dread, and see thy will be bare  
 From all affects,<sup>2</sup> whom vice hath never spotted.  
 Thyself content with that is thee assign'd,  
 And use it well that is to thee allotted;  
 Then seek no more out of thyself to find  
 The thing that thou hast sought so long before:  
 For thou shalt feel it sticking in thy mind,  
 Mad, if ye list to continue your sore. 100  
 Let present pass, and gape on time to come,  
 And deep thyself<sup>3</sup> in travail more and more.  
 Henceforth, my Pains, this shall be all and sum;<sup>4</sup>  
 These wretched fools shall have nought else of me;  
 But, to the great God, and to his doom,

<sup>1</sup> 'Haye:' a net.—<sup>2</sup> 'Affects:' passions.—<sup>3</sup> 'Deep thyself:' enter deeply.  
<sup>4</sup> 'All and sum:' everything.

None other pain pray I for them to be ; 106  
 But when the rage doth lead them from the right,  
 That looking backward Virtue they may see,  
 Even as she is, so goodly fair and bright :  
 And whilst they clasp their lusts in arms across,  
 Grant them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,  
 To fret inward, for losing such a loss.

---

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE,

WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS.

MINE own John Poins, since ye delight to know  
 The causes why that homeward I me draw,  
 And fly the press of Courts, whereso they go ;  
 Rather than to live thrall under the awe  
 Of lordly looks ; wrapped within my cloak ;  
 To will and lust learning to set a law :  
 It is not that because I scorn or mock  
 The power of them, whom fortune here hath lent  
 Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke :  
 But true it is that I have always meant 10  
 Less to esteem them than the common sort,  
 Of outward things that judge in their intent  
 Without regard what inward doth resort.  
 I grant, sometime of glory that the fire  
 Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report  
 Blame by honour, and honour to desire.  
 But how may I this honour now attain,  
 That cannot dye the colour black a liar ?  
 My Poins, I cannot frame my tongue to feign,  
 To cloak the truth, for praise without desert 20  
 Of them that list all vice for to retain.  
 I cannot honour them that set their part  
 With Venus, and Bacchus, all their life long ;

Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart. 24  
 I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong;  
 To worship them like God on earth alone,  
 That are as wolves these sely lambs among.  
 I cannot with my words complain and moan,  
 And suffer nought; nor smart without complaint:  
 Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone. 30  
 I cannot speak and look like as a saint;  
 Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a pleasure;  
 Call craft counsel, for lucre still to paint.  
 I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,  
 With innocent blood to feed myself fat,  
 And do most hurt, where that most help I offer.  
 I am not he, that can allow the state  
 Of high Cæsar, and damn Cato to die,  
 That with his death did 'scape out of the gate  
 From Cæsar's hands, if Livy doth not lie, 40  
 And would not live, where liberty was lost;  
 So did his heart the common wealth apply.  
 I am not he, such eloquence to boast,  
 To make the crow in singing as the swan;  
 Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most,  
 That cannot take a mouse as the cat can:  
 And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,  
 Call him Alexander; and say that Pan  
 Passeth Apollo in music manifold:  
 Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale, 50  
 And scorn the story that the Knight told:<sup>1</sup>  
 Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;  
 Grin when he laughs, that beareth all the sway,  
 Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale:  
 On others' lust to hang both night and day.  
 None of these points could ever frame in me:

<sup>1</sup> See Chaucer.

My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way. 57  
 And much the less of things that greater be,  
 That asken help of colours to devise:  
 To join the mean with each extremity,  
 With nearest virtue aye to clothe the vice:  
 And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,  
 To press the virtue that it may not rise:  
 As drunkenness good fellowship to call;  
 The friendly foe, with his fair double face,  
 Say he is gentle, and courteous therewithal;  
 Affirm that favel<sup>1</sup> hath a goodly grace  
 In eloquence: and cruelty to name  
 Zeal of justice, and change in time and place:  
 And he that suffereth offence without blame, 70  
 Call him pitiful; and him true and plain,  
 That railleth rechless unto each man's shame.  
 Say he is rude, that cannot lie and feign;  
 The lecher a lover; and tyranny  
 To be the right of a prince's reign:  
 I cannot, I; no, no! it will not be.  
 This is the cause that I could never yet  
 Hang on their sleeves that weigh, as thou mayst see,  
 A chip of chance more than a pound of wit:  
 This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk; 80  
 And in foul weather at my book to sit;  
 In frost and snow, then with my bow to stalk;  
 No man doth mark whereso I ride or go:  
 In lusty leas at liberty I walk;  
 And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe;  
 Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.  
 No force for that,<sup>2</sup> for it is order'd so,  
 That I may leap both hedge and dyke full well.  
 I am not now in France, to judge the wine;

<sup>1</sup> 'Favel:' flattery.—<sup>2</sup> 'No force:' no matter for that.



With savoury sauce those delicates to feel: 90  
 Nor yet in Spain, where one must him incline,  
 Rather than to be, outwardly to seem,  
 I meddle not with wits that be so fine;  
 Nor Flanders' cheer lets not my sight to deem  
 Of black, and white; nor takes my wits away  
 With beastliness; such do those beasts esteem.  
 Nor I am not, where truth is given in prey  
 For money, poison, and treason, at Rome  
 A common practice, usèd night and day.  
 But I am here in Kent and Christendom, 100  
 Among the Muses, where I read and rhyme;  
 Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,  
 Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

---

## HOW TO USE THE COURT AND HIMSELF

THEREIN, WRITTEN TO SIR FRANCIS BRYAN.

A SPENDING hand that alway poureth out,  
 Had need to have a bringer-in as fast;  
 And on the stone that still doth turn about,  
 There groweth no moss: these proverbs yet do last;  
 Reason hath set them in so sure a place,  
 That length of years their force can never waste.  
 When I remember this, and eke the case  
 Wherein thou stand'st, I thought forthwith to write,  
 Bryan, to thee, who knows how great a grace  
 In writing is, to counsel man the right. 10  
 To thee therefore, that trots still up and down,  
 And never rests; but running day and night  
 From realm to realm, from city, street, and town;  
 Why dost thou wear thy body to the bones?  
 And mightst at home sleep in thy bed of down:

And drink good ale so nappy for the nones;           16  
 Feed thyself fat; and heap up pound by pound.  
 Lik' st thou not this? No. Why? For swine so groins<sup>1</sup>  
 In sty, and chaw dung moulded on the ground;  
 And drivel on pearls, with head still in the manger:  
 So of the harp the ass doth hear the sound:  
 So sacks of dirt be fill'd up in the cloister,  
 That serve for less than do these fatted swine.  
 Though I seem lean and dry, withouten moisture,  
 Yet will I serve my prince, my lord and thine;  
 And let them live to feed the paunch that list;  
 So I may live to feed both me and mine.  
 By God! well said. But what and if thou wist  
 How to bring in, as fast as thou dost spend?  
 That would I learn. And it shall not be miss'd   30  
 To tell thee how. Now hark what I intend:  
 Thou know'st well first, whoso can seek to please,  
 Shall purchase friends, where truth shall but offend:  
 Flee therefore truth, it is both wealth and ease.  
 For though that truth of every man hath praise,  
 Full near that wind goeth truth in great misease.  
 Use Virtue, as it goeth now-a-days,  
 In word alone, to make thy language sweet:  
 And of thy deed yet do not as thou says;  
 Else be thou sure, thou shalt be far unmeet       40  
 To get thy bread; each thing is now so scant,  
 Seek still thy profit upon thy bare feet.  
 Lend in nowise, for fear that thou do want,  
 Unless it be as to a calf a cheese:  
 But if thou can be sure to win a cant<sup>2</sup>  
 Of half at least. It is not good to leese.  
 Learn at the lad, that in a long white coat,  
 From under the stall, withouten lands or fees,

<sup>1</sup> 'Groin:' to bore with the snout.—<sup>2</sup> 'Cant:' a portion, or cantle.



Hath leapt into the shop; who knows by rote      49  
 This rule that I have told thee here before.  
 Some time also rich age begins to dote;  
 See thou when there thy gain may be the more:  
 Stay him by the arm whereso he walk or go;  
 Be near alway, and if he cough too sore,  
 What he hath spit tread out; and please him so.  
 A diligent knave that picks his master's purse  
 May please him so, that he, withouten mo',  
 Executor is: And what is he the worse?  
 But if so chance, thou get naught of the man,  
 The widow may for all thy pain disburse;      60  
 A rivel'd skin, a stinking breath; what then?  
 A toothless mouth shall do thy lips no harm;  
 The gold is good: and though she curse or ban,  
 Yet where thee list thou mayst lie good and warm;  
 Let the old mule bite upon the bridle,  
 Whilst there do lie a sweeter in thy arm.  
 In this also see that thou be not idle,  
 Thy niece, thy cousin, sister, or thy daughter,  
 If she be fair, if handsome be her middle,  
 If thy better hath her love besought her,      70  
 Avance his cause, and he shall help thy need;  
 It is but love, turn thou it to a laughter.  
 But'ware, I say, so gold thee help and speed,  
 That in this case thou be not so unwise  
 As Pandar was in such a like deed;  
 For he, the fool of conscience, was so nice,  
 That he no gain would have for all his pain:  
 Be next thyself, for friendship bears no price.  
 Laughest thou at me? why? do I speak in vain?  
 No, not at thee, but at thy thrifty jest:      80  
 Wouldst thou, I should, for any loss or gain,  
 Change that for gold that I have ta'en for best?

Next godly things, to have an honest name? 83  
Should I leave that? then take me for a beast.  
Nay then, farewell, and if thou care for shame,  
Content thee then with honest poverty;  
With free tongue what thee mislikes, to blame,  
And for thy truth, sometime adversity.  
And therewithal this gift I shall thee give,  
In this world now little prosperity; 90  
And coin to keep, as water in a sieve.

# PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

---

TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND HIS SINGULAR GOOD LORD,  
WILLIAM MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON,  
EARL OF ESSEX, BARON OF KENDAL, LORD PARR,  
AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,  
YOUR MOST BOUNDEN ORATOR AT COMMANDMENT,  
JOHN HARRINGTON,  
WISHETH HEALTH AND PROSPERITY  
WITH INCREASE OF VIRTUE,  
AND THE MERCY OF GOD FOR EVER.

CONSIDERING the manifold duties and abundant service that I owe unto your good Lordship, right honourable and my singular good Lord, I cannot but see infinite causes why I, chiefly of all others, ought with all cheerful and ready endeavour to gratify your good Lordship by all means possible, and to apply myself wholly to the same, as one that would gladly, but can by no means be able to do accordingly as his bounden duty requireth: I cannot, I say, but see and acknowledge myself bounden, and not able to do such service as I owe, both for the inestimable benefits that your noble progenitors, and also your good Lordship hath showed unto my parents and predecessors; and also to myself, as to one least able to do any acceptable service, though the will be at all times most ready. In token whereof, your Lordship shall at all times perceive by simple things that my little wit shall be able to invent, that if mine heart could do you any service, no labour or travail should withhold me from doing my duty; and that if busy labour and the heart might be able to pay the duty that love oweth, your Lordship should in no point find me ingrate or unthankful. And to declare this my ready will, I have dedicated unto your name this little treatise, which, after I had perused and by the advice of others (better learned than myself) determined to put it in print, that the noble fame of so worthy a knight as was the author hereof, Sir Thomas Wyatt, should not perish but remain, as well for his singular learning as valiant deeds in martial feats, I thought that I could not find a more worthy patron for such a man's work than your Lordship, whom I have always known to be of so godly a zeal to the furtherance of God's holy and sacred Gospel, most humbly beseeching your good Lordship herein to accept my good will, and to esteem me as one that wisheth unto the same all honour, health, and prosperous success. Amen.

Your good Lordship's most humble at commandment,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

## PENITENTIAL PSALMS.

---

H. S.

The great Macedon that out of Persia chased  
 Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rang;  
 In the rich ark if Homer's rhymes he placed,  
 Who feigned gests of heathen princes sang;  
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture  
 To Wyatt's Psalms should Christians then purchase,  
 Where he doth paint the lively faith and pure,  
 The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace  
 Of just David by perfect penitence;  
 Where rulers may see in a mirrour clear,  
 The bitter fruits of false concupiscence,  
 How Jewry bought Urias' death full dear.  
 In princes' hearts God's scourge y-printed deep,  
 Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

### THE PROLOGUE OF THE AUTHOR.

- 1 Love to give law unto his subjects' hearts,  
 Stood in the eyes of Batsabé the bright;  
 And in a look anon himself converts  
 Cruelly pleasant before King David's sight;  
 First daz'd his eyes, and further-forth he starts  
 With venom'd breath, as softly as he might  
 Touches his sinews, and overruns his bones  
 With creeping fire, sparkled for the nones.
  
- 2 And when he saw that kindled was the flame,  
 The moist poison in his heart he lanced,  
 So that the soul did tremble with the same;  
 And in this brawl as he stood entranced,  
 Yielding unto the figure and the frame,  
 That those fair eyes had in his presence glanced;  
 The form, that Love had printed in his breast,  
 He honoureth as a thing of thingès best.

- 3 So that, forgot the wisdom and forecast,  
 Which woe to realms, when that the King doth lack!  
 Forgetting eke God's majesty as fast,  
 Yea and his own; forthwith he doth to make  
 Urie to go into the field in haste,  
 Urie, I say, that was his jewel's make,<sup>1</sup>  
 Under pretence of certain victory,  
 For the enemies' swords a ready prey to be.
- 4 Whereby he may enjoy her out of doubt,  
 Whom more than God or himself he mindeth:  
 And after he had brought this thing about,  
 And of that lust possess'd himself, he findeth  
 That hath and doth reverse, and clean turn out  
 Kings from kingdoms, and cities undermineth;  
 He blinded thinks, this train<sup>2</sup> so blind and close,  
 To blind all things, that nought may it disclose.
- 5 But Nathan hath spied out this treachery,  
 With rueful chere; and sets afore his face  
 The great offence, outrage, and injury,  
 That he hath done to God, as in this case,  
 By murder for to cloak adultery:  
 He showeth eke from heaven the threats, alas!  
 So sternly sore this Prophet, this Nathan,  
 That all amazed was this woful man.
- 6 Like him that meets with horror and with fear,  
 The heat doth straight forsake the limbès cold,  
 The colour eke droopeth down from his chere;  
 So doth he feel his fire manifold,  
 His heat, his lust, his pleasure all in fere<sup>3</sup>  
 Consume and waste: and straight his crown of gold,

<sup>1</sup> Make: matc.—<sup>2</sup> Train: stratagem.—<sup>3</sup> In fere: together.



His purple pall, his sceptre he lets fall,  
And to the ground he throweth himself withal.

- 7 Then pompous pride of state, and dignity  
Forthwith rebates<sup>1</sup> repentant humbleness:  
Thinner vile cloth than clotheth poverty  
Doth scanty hide and clad his nakedness:  
His fair hoar beard of reverent gravity,  
With ruffled hair, knowing his wickedness:  
More like was he the selfsame repentance  
Than stately prince of worldly governance.
- 8 His harp he taketh in hand to be his guide,  
Wherewith he offereth plaints, his soul to save,  
That from his heart distils on every side,  
Withdrawing himself into a dark deep cave  
Within the ground, wherein he might him hide,  
Flying the light, as in prison or grave;  
In which, as soon as David entered had,  
The dark horror did make his soul adrad.
- 9 But he, without prolonging or delay  
Of that which might his Lord his God appease,  
Falleth on his knees, and with his harp, I say,  
Afore his breast yfraughted with disease  
Of stormy sighs, deep draughts of his decay,  
Dressed upright, seeking to counterpoise  
His song with sighs, and touching of the strings,  
With tender heart, lo, thus to God he sings.

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE.<sup>2</sup>

O LORD! since in my mouth thy mighty name  
Suffereth itself, my Lord, to name and call,

<sup>1</sup> 'Rebates:' abates, diminishes.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm vi.



Here hath my heart hope taken by the same;      3  
 That the repentance, which I have and shall,  
 May at thy hand seek mercy, as the thing  
 Of only comfort of wretched sinners all:  
 Whereby I dare with humble bemoaning,  
 By thy goodness, this thing of thee require:  
 Chastise me not for my deserving  
 According to thy just conceived ire.      10  
 O Lord! I dread: and that I did not dread  
 I me repent; and evermore desire  
 Thee, Thee to dread. I open here, and spread  
 My fault to thee: but thou, for thy goodness,  
 Measure it not in largeness, nor in breade:<sup>1</sup>  
 Punish it not as asketh the greatness  
 Of thy furor, provok'd by mine offence.  
 Temper, O Lord! the harm of my excess,  
 With mending will, that I for recompense  
 Prepare again: and rather pity me,      20  
 For I am weak, and clean without defence;  
 More is the need I have of remedy.  
 For of the whole the leche taketh no cure;  
 The sheep that strayeth the shepherd seeks to see.  
 I, Lord, am stray'd; and, seke<sup>2</sup> without recure,  
 Feel all my limbs, that have rebell'd, for fear  
 Shake in despair, unless thou me assure:  
 My flesh is troubled, my heart doth fear the spear:  
 That dread of death, of death that ever lasts,  
 Threateth of right, and draweth near and near.      30  
 Much more my soul is troubled by the blasts  
 Of these assaults, that come as thick as hail,  
 Of worldly vanities, that temptation casts  
 Against the bulwark of the flesh frail,  
 Wherein the soul in great perplexity

<sup>1</sup> 'Breade:' breadth.—<sup>2</sup> 'Seke:' sick.

Feeleth the senses with them that assail 36  
 Conspire, corrupt by pleasure and vanity:  
 Whereby the wretch doth to the shade resort  
 Of hope in Thee, in this extremity.  
 But thou, O Lord, how long after this sort  
 Forbearest thou to see my misery?  
 Suffer me yet, in hope of some comfort,  
 Fear, and not feel that thou forgettest me.  
 Return, O Lord! O Lord! I thee beseech,  
 Unto thy old wonted benignity.  
 Reduce, revive my soul: be thou the leche;  
 And reconcile the great hatred, and strife,  
 That it hath ta'en against the flesh; the wretch  
 That stirred hath thy wrath by filthy life.  
 See how my soul doth fret it to the bones: 50  
 Inward remorse so sharpeth it like a knife,  
 That but Thou help the caitiff, that bemoans  
 His great offence, it turneth anon to dust.  
 Here hath thy mercy matter for the nones;  
 For if thy righteous hand, that is so just,  
 Suffer no sin, or strike with damnation,  
 Thy infinite mercy want needs it must  
 Subject matter for his operation:  
 For that in death there is no memory  
 Among the damn'd, nor yet no mention 60  
 Of thy great name, ground of all glory.  
 Then if I die, and go whereas I fear  
 To think thereon, how shall thy great mercy  
 Sound in my mouth unto the world's ear?  
 For there is none, that can Thee laud, and love,  
 For that thou wilt no love among them there.  
 Suffer my cries the mercy for to move,  
 That wonted is a hundred years' offence  
 In a moment of repentance to remove.

How oft have I call'd up with diligence 70  
 This slothful flesh long afore the day  
 For to confess his fault, and negligence;  
 That to the den, for aught that I could say,  
 Hath still return'd to shroud himself from cold?  
 Whereby it suffereth now for such delay,  
 By mighty pains, instead of pleasures old.  
 I wash my bed with tears continual,  
 To dull my sight, that it be never bold  
 To stir my heart again to such a fall.  
 Thus dry I up, among my foes, in woe, 80  
 That with my fall do rise, and grow withal,  
 And me beset even now where I am, so  
 With secret traps, to trouble my penance.  
 Some do present to my weeping eyes, lo,  
 The chere, the manner, beauty, or countenance  
 Of her, whose look, alas! did make me blind:  
 Some other offer to my remembrance  
 Those pleasant words, now bitter to my mind:  
 And some show me the power of my armour,  
 Triumph, and conquest, and to my head assign'd 90  
 Double diadem: some show the favour  
 Of people frail, palace, pomp, and riches.  
 To these mermaids, and their baits of error  
 I stop my ears, with help of thy goodness.  
 And for I feel, it cometh alone of Thee  
 That to my heart these foes have none access,  
 I dare them bid, Avoid, wretches, and flee;  
 The Lord hath heard the voice of my complaint;  
 Your engines take no more effect in me:  
 The Lord hath heard, I say, and seen me faint 100  
 Under your hand, and pitieth my distress.  
 He shall do<sup>1</sup> make my senses, by constraint,

<sup>1</sup> 'Do:' cause.

Obey the rule, that reason shall express : 103  
 Where the deceit of that your glosing bait  
 Made them usurp a power in all excess.  
 Shamed be they all, that so do lie in wait  
 To compass me, by missing of their prey !  
 Shame and rebuke redound to such deceit !  
 Sudden confusion, as stroke without delay,  
 Shall so deface their crafty suggestion, 110  
 That they to hurt my health no more assay  
 Since I, O Lord, remain in thy protection.

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### THE AUTHOR.

- 1 Whoso hath seen the sick in his fever,  
 After truce taken with the heat or cold,  
 And that the fit is past of his fervour,  
 Draw fainting sighs ; let him, I say, behold  
 Sorrowful David, after his langour,  
 That with his tears, that from his eyes down roll'd,  
 Paused his plaint, and laid adown his harp,  
 Faithful record of all his sorrows sharp.
- 2 It seemed now that of his fault the horror  
 Did make afear'd no more his hope of grace ;  
 The threats whereof, in horrible terror,  
 Did hold his heart as in despair a space,  
 Till he had will'd to seek for his succour ;  
 Himself accusing, beknowing his case,  
 Thinking so best his Lord to appease,  
 And not yet heal'd he feeleth his disease.
- 3 Now seemeth fearful no more the dark cave,  
 That erst did make his soul for to tremble ;  
 A place devout, of refuge for to save  
 The succourless it rather doth resemble :

For who had seen so kneeling within the grave  
 The chief pastor of the Hebrews' assemble,  
 Would judge it made by tears of penitence  
 A sacred place worthy of reverence.

- 4 With vapour'd<sup>1</sup> eyes he looketh here and there,  
 And when he hath a while himself bethought,  
 Gathering his spirits, that were dismay'd for fear  
 His harp again into his hand he raught,  
 Tuning accord by judgment of his ear,  
 His heart's bottom for a sigh he sought;  
 And therewithal upon the hollow tree  
 With strained voice again thus crieth he.

BEATI, QUORUM REMISSÆ SUNT INIQUITATES.<sup>2</sup>

OH! happy are they that have forgiveness got  
 Of their offence, not by their penitence  
 As by merit, which recompenseth not;  
 Although that yet pardon hath not offence  
 Without the same; but by the goodness  
 Of Him that hath perfect intelligence  
 Of heart contrite, and covereth the greatness  
 Of sin within a merciful discharge.  
 And happy are they that have the wilfulness  
 Of lust restrain'd afore it went at large, 10  
 Provoked by the dread of God's furor;  
 Whereby they have not on their backs the charge  
 Of others' faults to suffer the dolor;  
 For that their fault was never execute  
 In open sight, example of error.  
 And happy is he to whom God doth impute  
 No more his fault, by knowledging his sin:  
 But cleansed now the Lord doth him repute;

<sup>1</sup> 'Vapoured : ' dim.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm xxxii.



As adder fresh new stripped from his skin :      19  
 Nor in his sprite is aught undiscover'd.  
 I, for because I hid it still within,  
 Thinking by state in fault to be preferr'd,  
 Do find by hiding of my fault my harm ;  
 As he that findeth his health hinder'd  
 By secret wound concealed from the charm  
 Of leech's cure, that else had had redress ;  
 And feel my bones consume, and wax unfirm  
 By daily rage, roaring in excess.  
 Thy heavy hand on me was so increas'd  
 Both day and night, and held my heart in press, 30  
 With pricking thoughts bereaving me my rest ;  
 That withered is my lustiness away,  
 As summer heats that have the green oppress'd.  
 Wherefore I did another way assay,  
 And sought forthwith to open in thy sight  
 My fault, my fear, my filthiness, I say,  
 And not to hide from Thee my great unright.  
 I shall, quoth I, against myself confess  
 Unto thee, Lord, all my sinful plight :  
 And Thou forthwith didst wash the wickedness 40  
 Of mine offence. Of truth right thus it is,  
 Wherefore they, that have tasted thy goodness,  
 At me shall take example as of this,  
 And pray, and seek in time for time of grace.  
 Then shall the storms and floods of harm him miss,  
 And him to reach shall never have the space.  
 Thou art my refuge, and only safeguard  
 From the troubles that compass me the place.  
 Such joys as he that scapes his enemies' ward  
 With loosed bands, hath in his liberty ;      50  
 Such is my joy, thou hast to me prepared ;  
 That, as the seaman in his jeopardy



By sudden light perceived hath the port ; 53  
 So by thy great merciful property  
 Within thy book thus read I my comfort :  
 ' I shall thee teach, and give understanding,  
 And point to thee what way thou shalt resort  
 For thy address, to keep thee from wandering :  
 Mine eyes shall take the charge to be thy guide :  
 I ask thereto of thee only this thing, 60  
 Be not like horse, or mule, that men do ride,  
 That not alone doth not his master know,  
 But for the good thou dost him must be tied,  
 And bridled lest his guide he bite or throw.'  
 Oh! diverse are the chastisings of sin  
 In meat, in drink, in breath, that man doth blow,  
 In sleep, in watch, in fretting still within :  
 That never suffer rest unto the mind  
 Fill'd with offence; that new and new begin  
 With thousand fears the heart to strain and bind : 70  
 But for all this, he that in God doth trust  
 With mercy shall himself defended find.  
 Joy and rejoyce, I say, you that be just,  
 In Him, that maketh and holdeth you so still :  
 In Him your glory always set you must,  
 All you that be of upright heart and will.

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### THE AUTHOR.

- 1 THIS song ended, David did stint his voice ;  
 And in that while he about with his eye  
 Did seek the dark cave ; with which, withouten noise,  
 His silence seemed to argue, and reply.  
 Upon his peace, this peace that did rejoyce  
 The soul with mercy, that mercy so did cry,

And found mercy at plentiful Mercy's hand,  
Never denied, but where it was withstand.

- 2 As the servant that in his master's face  
Finding pardon of his pass'd offence,  
Considering his great goodness and his grace,  
Glad tears distils, as gladsome recompense :  
Right so David seemed in the place  
A marble image of singular reverence,  
Carv'd in the rock, with eyes and hand on high  
Made as by craft to plain, to sob, to sigh.
- 3 This while a beam that Bright Sun forth sendeth,  
That Sun, the which was never cloud could hide,  
Pierceth the cave, and on the harp descendeth :  
Whose glancing light the chords did overglide,  
And such lustre upon the harp extendeth,  
As light of lamp upon the gold clean tried,  
The lome<sup>1</sup> whereof into his eyes did start,  
Surpris'd with joy by penance of the heart.
- 4 He then, inflam'd with far more hot affect<sup>2</sup>  
Of God, than he was erst of Batsabè,  
His left foot did on the earth erect,  
And just thereby remaineth the other knee ;  
To the left side his weight he doth direct :  
For hope of health his harp again taketh he ;  
His hand, his tune, his mind eke sought this lay,  
Which to the Lord with sober voice did say.

DOMINE, NE IN FURORE TUO.<sup>3</sup>

O LORD! as I have thee both pray'd, and pray,  
(Although in Thee be no alteration,

<sup>1</sup> 'Lome:' Gleam.—<sup>2</sup> 'Affect:' Affection.—<sup>3</sup> Psalm xxxviii.

But that we men, like as ourselves, we say,           3  
 Measuring thy justice by our mutation)  
 Chastise me not, O Lord! in thy furor,  
 Nor me correct in wrathful castigation:  
 For that thy arrows of fear, of terror,  
 Of sword, of sickness, of famine, and of fire,  
 Stick deep in me: I, lo! from mine error,  
 Am plunged up, as horse out of the mire           10  
 With stroke of spur; such is thy hand on me,  
 That in my flesh, for terror of thy ire,  
 Is not one point of firm stability;  
 Nor in my bones there is no steadfastness:  
 Such is my dread of mutability;  
 For that I know my frailful wickedness.  
 For why? my sins above my head are bound,  
 Like heavy weight, that doth my force oppress;  
 Under the which I stoop and bow to the ground,  
 As willow plant haled by violence.           20  
 And of my flesh each not well cured wound,  
 That fester'd is by folly and negligence,  
 By secret lust hath rankled under skin,  
 Not duly cured by my penitence.  
 Perceiving thus the tyranny of sin,  
 That with his weight hath humbled and depress'd  
 My pride; by gnawing of the worm within,  
 That never dieth, I live withouten rest.  
 So are mine entrails infect with fervent sore,  
 Feeding the harm that hath my wealth oppress'd, 30  
 That in my flesh is left no health therefore.  
 So wondrous great hath been my vexation,  
 That it hath forc'd my heart to cry and roar.  
 O Lord! thou knowest the inward contemplation  
 Of my desire: thou knowest my sighs and plaints:  
 Thou knowest the tears of my lamentation

Cannot express my heart's inward restraints. 37  
 My heart panteth, my force I feel it quail;  
 My sight, my eyes, my look decays and faints.  
 And when mine enemies did me most assail,  
 My friends most sure, wherein I set most trust,  
 Mine own virtues, soonest then did fail  
 And stand apart; reason and wit unjust,  
 As kin unkind, were farthest gone at need:  
 So had they place their venom out to thrust,  
 That sought my death by naughty word and deed.  
 Their tongues reproach, their wit did fraud apply,  
 And I, like deaf and dumb, forth my way yede,<sup>1</sup>  
 Like one that hears not, nor hath to reply  
 One word again; knowing that from thine hand 50  
 These things proceed, and thou, Lord, shalt supply  
 My trust in that, wherein I stick and stand.  
 Yet have I had great cause to dread and fear,  
 That thou wouldst give my foes the over hand;  
 For in my fall they show'd such pleasant chere.  
 And therewithal I alway in the lash  
 Abide the stroke; and with me everywhere  
 I bear my fault, that greatly doth abash  
 My doleful chere; for I my fault confess,  
 And my desert doth all my comfort dash. 60  
 In the meanwhile mine enemies still increase;  
 And my provokers hereby do augment,  
 That without cause to hurt me do not cease:  
 In evil for good against me they be bent,  
 And hinder shall my good pursuit of grace.  
 Lo! now, my God, that seest my whole intent!  
 My Lord, I am, thou knowest in what case;  
 Forsake me not, be not far from me gone.  
 Haste to my help; haste, Lord, and haste apace,  
 O Lord, the Lord of all my health alone! 70

<sup>1</sup> 'Yede:' went.

## THE AUTHOR.

- 1 LIKE as the pilgrim, that in a long way  
 Fainting for heat, provoked by some wind,  
 In some fresh shade lieth down at mid of day:  
 So doth of David the wearied voice and mind  
 Take breath of sighs, when he had sung this lay,  
 Under such shade as sorrow hath assign'd:  
 And as the one still minds his voyage end,  
 So doth the other to mercy still pretend.
- 2 On sonour<sup>1</sup> chords his fingers he extends,  
 Without hearing or judgment of the sound:  
 Down from his eyes a stream of tears descends,  
 Without feeling, that trickle on the ground.  
 As he that bleeds in bain<sup>2</sup> right so intends  
 The alter'd senses to that that they are bound.  
 But sigh and weep he can none other thing,  
 And look up still unto the heavens' King.
- 3 But who had been without the cavè's mouth  
 And heard the tears and sighs that him did strain,  
 He would have sworn there had out of the south  
 A lukewarm wind brought forth a smoky rain.  
 But that so close the cave was and uncouth  
 That none but God was record of his pain,  
 Else had the wind blown in all Israel's ears  
 Of their King the woful plaint and tears.
- 4 Of which some part when he up supped had,  
 Like as he, whom his own thought affrays,  
 He turns his look; him seemeth that the shade  
 Of his offence again his force assays

<sup>1</sup> 'Sonour:' sounding.—<sup>2</sup> 'Bain:' a bath.



By violent despair on him to lade;  
 Starting like him, whom sudden fear dismays,  
 His voice he strains, and from his heart out brings  
 This song, that I n'ot<sup>1</sup> whether he cries or sings:

MISERERE MEI, DEUS.<sup>2</sup>

RUE on me, Lord! for thy goodness and grace,  
 That of thy nature art so bountiful;  
 For that goodness that in the world doth brace  
 Repugnant natures in quiet wonderful;  
 And for thy mercies, number without end  
 In heaven and earth perceiv'd so plentiful,  
 That over all they do themselves extend;  
 For those mercies, much more than man can sin,  
 Dō away my sins, that so thy grace offend  
 Ofttimes again. Wash, wash me well within, 10  
 And from my sin, that thus makes me afraid,  
 Make thou me clean, as aye thy wont hath been.  
 For unto Thee no number can be laid  
 For to prescribe remissions of offence  
 In hearts return'd, as thou thyself hast said;  
 And I beknow my fault, my negligence:  
 And in my sight my sin is fixed fast,  
 Thereof to have more perfect penitence.  
 To Thee alone, to Thee have I trespass'd;  
 For none can measure my fault but thou alone: 20  
 For in thy sight, I have not been aghast  
 For to offend; judging thy sight as none,  
 So that my fault were hid from sight of man;  
 Thy majesty so from my mind was gone.  
 This know I, and repent; pardon Thou then;  
 Whereby Thou shalt keep still thy word stable,  
 Thy justice pure and clean, because that when

<sup>1</sup> 'N'ot:' ne wote, know not.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm li.



I pardon'd am, then forthwith justly able                    28  
 Just I am judg'd by justice of thy grace.  
 For I myself, lo! thing most unstable,  
 Form'd in offence, conceivèd in like case,  
 Am nought but sin from my nativity.  
 Be not these said for mine excuse, alas!  
 But of thy help to show necessity:  
 For, lo! Thou lovest truth of the inward heart,  
 Which yet doth live in my fidelity,  
 Though I have fallen by frailty overthwart:  
 For wilful malice led me not the way  
 So much as hath the flesh drawn me apart.  
 Wherefore, O Lord, as thou hast done alway,                    40  
 Teach me the hidden wisdom of thy lore;  
 Since that my faith doth not yet decay.  
 And, as the Jews do heal the leper sore,  
 With hyssop cleanse, cleanse me and I am clean.  
 Thou shalt me wash, and more than snow therefore  
 I shall be white, how foul my fault hath been.  
 Thou of my health shalt gladsome tidings bring,  
 When from above remission shall be seen  
 Descend on earth; then shall for joy up spring  
 The bones, that were before consum'd to dust.                    50  
 Look not, O Lord! upon mine offending,  
 But do away my deeds that are unjust.  
 Make a clean heart in the middle of my breast,  
 With spirit upright voided from filthy lust.  
 From thine eyes' cure cast me not in unrest,  
 Nor take from me thy Spirit of Holiness.  
 Render to me joy of thy help and rest:  
 My will confirm with the Spirit of Steadfastness;  
 And by this shall these godly things ensue,  
 Sinners I shall into thy ways address;                                    60  
 They shall return to Thee, and thy grace sue.

My tongue shall praise thy justification; 62  
 My mouth shall spread thy glorious praises true.  
 But of thyself, O God! this operation  
 It must proceed; by purging me from blood,  
 Among the just that I may have relation:  
 And of thy lauds for to let out the flood,  
 Thou must, O Lord! my lips first unloose.  
 For if thou hadst esteemed pleasant good  
 The outward deeds, that outward men disclose, 70  
 I would have offer'd unto Thee sacrifice:  
 But thou delightest not in no such glose  
 Of outward deed, as men dream and devise.  
 The sacrifice that the Lord liketh most  
 Is spirit contrite: low heart in humble wise  
 Thou dost accept, O God, for pleasant host.<sup>1</sup>  
 Make Sion, Lord, according to thy will  
 Inward Sion, the Sion of the ghost:<sup>2</sup>  
 Of heart's Jerusalem strength the walls still:  
 Then shalt Thou take for good the outward deeds, 80  
 As a sacrifice thy pleasure to fulfil.  
 Of Thee alone thus all our good proceeds.

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### THE AUTHOR.

- 1 OF deep secrets, that David there did sing,  
 Of Mercy, of Faith, of Frailty, of Grace;  
 Of God's goodness, and of Justifying  
 The greatness did so astonny himself apace,  
 As who might say, 'Who hath express'd this thing?  
 I sinner! I! what have I said? alas!  
 That God's goodness would in my song entreat,  
 Let me again consider and repeat.'

<sup>1</sup> 'Host.' sacrifice.—<sup>2</sup> 'Sion of the ghost:' Sion of the heart.

- 2 And so he doth; but not express'd by word;  
 But in his heart he turneth oft and poiseth  
 Each word, that erst his lips might forth afford:  
 He pants, he pauseth, he wonders, he praiseth  
 The Mercy, that hideth of Justice the sword:  
 The Justice that so his promise accomplisheth  
 For his word's sake to worthless desert,  
 That gratis his grace to men doth depart.
- 3 Here hath he comfort when he doth measure  
 Measureless mercy to measureless fault,  
 To prodigal sinners infinite treasure,  
 Treasure celestial, that never shall default:  
 Yea! when that sin shall fail, and may not dure,  
 Mercy shall reign, 'gainst whom shall no assault  
 Of hell prevail: by whom, lo! at this day  
 Of Heaven gates Remission is the key.
- 4 And when David had ponder'd well and tried,  
 And seeth himself not utterly deprived  
 From light of Grace, that dark of sin did hide,  
 He findeth his hope much therewith revived;  
 He dare importune the Lord on every side,  
 For he knoweth well that to Mercy is ascribed  
 Respectless labour, importune, cry, and call;  
 And thus beginneth his song therewithal:

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.<sup>1</sup>

LORD! hear my prayer, and let my cry pass  
 Unto thee, Lord, without impediment.  
 Do not from me turn thy merciful face,  
 Unto myself leaving my government.  
 In time of trouble and adversity  
 Incline to me thine ear and thine intent:

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cii.

And when I call, help my necessity; 7  
 Readily grant the effect of my desire:  
 These bold demands do please thy Majesty:  
 And eke my case such haste doth well require.  
 For like as smoke my days are past away,  
 My bones dried up, as furnace with the fire;  
 My heart, my mind is wither'd up like hay;  
 Because I have forgot to take my bread,  
 My bread of life, the word of Truth, I say.  
 And for my plaintful sighs and for my dread,  
 My bones, my strength, my very force of mind  
 Cleav'd to the flesh, and from the spirit were fled,  
 As desperate thy mercy for to find.  
 So made I me the solen<sup>2</sup> pelican, 20  
 And like the owl, that flieth by proper kind  
 Light of the day, and hath herself beta'en  
 To pining life out of all company,  
 With waker care, that with this woe began,  
 Like the sparrow was I solitary,  
 That sits alone under the houses' eaves.  
 This while my foes conspir'd continually,  
 And did provoke the harm of my disease.  
 Wherefore like ashes my bread did me savour;  
 Of thy just word the taste might not me please: 30  
 Wherefore my drink I tempered with liquor  
 Of weeping tears, that from mine eyes did rain,  
 Because I know the wrath of thy furor,  
 Provok'd by right, had of my pride disdain.  
 For thou didst lift me up to throw me down;  
 To teach me how to know myself again:  
 Whereby I knew that helpless I should drown.  
 My days like shadow decline, and I do cry:  
 And Thee for ever eternity doth crown;

<sup>1</sup> 'Solen:' solitary.

World without end doth last thy memory. 40  
 For this frailty, that yoketh all mankind,  
 Thou shalt awake, and rue<sup>1</sup> this misery:  
 Rue on Sion, Sion that as I find  
 Is the people that live under thy law.  
 For now is time, the time at hand assign'd,  
 The time so long that thy servants draw  
 In great desire to see that pleasant day;  
 Day of redeeming Sion from sin's awe.  
 For they have ruth to see in such decay  
 In dust and stones this wretched Sion lower. 50  
 Then the Gentiles shall dread thy name alway;  
 All earthly kings thy glory shall honour,  
 Then, when thy grace thy Sion thus redeemeth,  
 When thus Thou hast declar'd thy mighty power.  
 The lord his servants' wishes so esteemeth  
 That He him turneth unto the poor's request.  
 To our descent this to be written seemeth,  
 Of all comforts as consolation best:  
 And they, that then shall be regenerate, 59  
 Shall praise the Lord therefore, both most and least  
 For He hath look'd from the height of his estate,  
 The Lord from heaven in earth hath look'd on us,  
 To hear the moan of them that are algate<sup>2</sup>  
 In foul bondage; to loose, and to discuss  
 The sons of death out from their deadly bond;  
 To give thereby occasion glorious  
 In this Sion his holy name to stonde;  
 And in Jerusalem his lauds, lasting aye,  
 When in one Church the people of the land  
 And realms been gather'd to serve, to laud, to pray  
 The Lord above, so just and merciful. 71  
 But to this samble<sup>3</sup> running in the way,

<sup>1</sup> 'Rue:' have mercy.—<sup>2</sup> 'Algate:' always.—<sup>3</sup> 'Samble:' assembly.



My strength faileth to reach it at the full. 73  
 He hath abridg'd my days, they may not dure  
 To see that term, that term so wonderful:  
 Although I have with hearty will, and cure,  
 Pray'd to the Lord, take me not, Lord! away  
 In midst of my years: though thine ever sure  
 Remain eterne, whom time cannot decay.  
 Thou wrought'st the earth, thy hands the heavens  
     did make: 80  
 They shall perish, and Thou shalt last alway;  
 And all things age shall wear, and overtake,  
 Like cloth, and Thou shalt change them like  
     apparel,  
 Turn, and translate, and thou in worth it take;  
 But Thou thyself thyself remainest well,  
 That Thou wast erst, and shalt thy years extend.  
 Then, since to this there may no thing rebel,  
 The greatest comfort that I can pretend,  
 Is, that the children of thy servants dear,  
 That in thy word are got, shall without end 90  
 Before thy face be 'stablish'd all in fear.

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### THE AUTHOR.

- 1 WHEN David had perceived in his breast  
     The Spirit of God return, that was exiled;  
 Because he knew he hath alone express'd  
     These same great things, that greater Spirit com-  
     piled;  
 As shawm or pipe lets out the sound impress'd,  
     By music's art forged tofore and filed;  
 I say, when David had perceived this,  
 The spirit of comfort in him revived is.



- 2 For thereupon he maketh argument  
 Of reconciling unto the Lord's grace;  
 Although sometime to prophesy have lent  
 Both brute beasts, and wicked hearts a place.  
 But our David judgeth in his intent  
 Himself by penance, clean out of this case,  
 Whereby he hath remission of offence,  
 And 'ginneth to allow his pain and penitence.
- 3 But when he weigheth the fault and recompense,  
 He damneth this his deed and findeth plain  
 Atween them two no whit equivalence;  
 Whereby he takes all outward deed in vain  
 To bear the name of rightful penitence;  
 Which is alone the heart return'd again,  
 And sore contrite, that doth his fault bemoan;  
 And outward deed the sign or fruit alone.
- 4 With this he doth defend the sly assault  
 Of vain allowance<sup>1</sup> of his own desert;  
 And all the glory of his forgiven fault  
 To God alone he doth it whole convert;  
 His own merit he findeth in default:  
 And whilst he pondereth these things in his heart,  
 His knee his arm, his hand sustain'd his chin,  
 When he his song again thus did begin:

DE PROFUNDIS CLAMAVI AD TE, DOMINE.<sup>2</sup>

FROM depth of sin, and from a deep despair,  
 From depth of death, from depth of heart's sorrow,  
 From this deep cave, of darkness deep repair,  
 Thee have I called, O Lord! to be my borrow.  
 Thou in my voice, O Lord! perceive and hear

<sup>1</sup> ' Allowance : ' praise.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm cxxx.

My heart, my hope, my plaint, my overthrow,      6  
 My will to rise: and let, by grant, appear  
 That to my voice thine ears do well attend;  
 No place so far, that to Thee is not near;  
 No depth so deep, that thou ne mayst extend      10  
 Thine ear thereto; hear then my woful plaint:  
 For, Lord, if thou observe what men offend,  
 And put thy native mercy in restraint;  
 If just exaction demand recompense;  
 Who may endure, O Lord? who shall not faint  
 At such accompt? so dread, not reverence  
 Should reign at large. But thou seek'st rather love;  
 For in thy hand is Mercy's residence;  
 By hope whereof Thou dost our hearts eke move.  
 I in the Lord have set my confidence:      20  
 My soul such trust doth evermore approve:  
 Thy holy word of eterne excellence,  
 Thy mercy's promise, that is alway just,  
 Have been my stay, my pillar, and defence.  
 My soul in God hath more desirous trust,  
 Than hath the watchman looking for the day,  
 For his relief, to quench of sleep the thrust.<sup>1</sup>  
 Let Israel trust unto the Lord alway;  
 For grace and favour are his property:  
 Plenteous ransom shall come with him, I say,      30  
 And shall redeem all our iniquity.

---

### THE AUTHOR.

- 1 THIS word 'redeem,' that in his mouth did sound,  
 Did put David, it seemeth unto me,  
 As in a trance, to stare upon the ground,  
 And with his thought the height of heaven to see:

<sup>1</sup> 'Thrust:' thirst.

Where he beholds the Word that should confound  
 The word of death, by humility to be  
 In mortal maid, in mortal habit made,  
 Eternity in mortal vail to shade.

2 He seeth that Word, when full ripe time should  
 come,

Do away that vail by fervent affection,  
 Torn of with death, for death should have her doom,  
 And leapeth lighter from such corruption:  
 The glint of light, that in the air doth lome,  
 Man redeemeth; death hath her destruction:  
 That mortal vail hath immortality;  
 To David assurance of his iniquity.

3 Whereby he frames this reason in his heart;  
 That goodness, which doth not forbear his Son  
 From death for me, and can thereby convert  
 My death to life, my sin to salvation,  
 Both can and will a smaller grace depart  
 To him, that sueth by humble supplication:  
 And since I have his larger grace assay'd,  
 To ask this thing why am I then afraid?

4 He granteth most to them that most do crave,  
 And He delights in suit without respect.  
 Alas! my son pursues me to the grave,  
 Suffer'd by God my sin for to correct.  
 But of my sin, since I may pardon have,  
 My son's pursuit shall shortly be reject;  
 Then will I crave with surèd confidence.  
 And thus beginneth the suit of his pretence.

DOMINE, EXAUDI ORATIONEM MEAM.<sup>1</sup>

HEAR my prayer, O Lord! hear my request;  
 Compish my boon; answer to my desire;  
 Not by desert, but for thine own behest;  
 In whose firm truth Thou promised mine empire  
 To stand stable: and after thy justice,  
 Perform, O Lord! that thing that I require.  
 But not of law after the form and guise  
 To enter judgment with thy thrall bondslave,  
 To plead his right; for in such manner wise  
 Before thy sight no man his right shall save,      10  
 For of myself, lo! this my righteousness  
 By scourge, and whip, and pricking spurs, I have  
 Scant risen up, such is my beastliness:  
 For that mine enemy hath pursu'd my life,  
 And in the dust hath soil'd my lustiness;  
 To foreign realms, to flee his rage so rife,  
 He hath me forc'd; as dead to hide my head.  
 And for because, within myself at strife,  
 My heart, and spirit, with all my force, were fled,  
 I had recourse to times that have been past,      20  
 And did remember thy deeds in all my dread,  
 And did peruse thy works that ever last;  
 Whereby I know above these wonders all  
 Thy mercies were: then lift I up in haste  
 My hands to Thee; my soul to Thee did call,  
 Like barren soil, for moisture of thy grace.  
 Haste to my help, O Lord! afore I fall;  
 For sure I feel my spirit doth faint apace.  
 Turn not thy face from me, that I be laid  
 In count of them that headling down do pass      30  
 Into the pit: Shew me betimes thine aid,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm cxliii.

For on thy grace I wholly do depend: 32  
 And in thy hand since all my health is staid,  
 Do me to know what way thou wilt I bend;  
 For unto thee I have rais'd up my mind.  
 Rid me, O Lord, from them that do entend  
 My foes to be; for I have me assign'd  
 Always within thy secret protection.  
 Teach me thy will, that I by thee may find  
 The way to work the same in affection: 40  
 For thou, my God! thy blessed Spirit upright  
 In laud of truth shall be my direction.  
 Thou, for thy name, Lord, shalt revive my sprite  
 Within the right, that I receive by Thee:  
 Whereby my life of danger shall be quite.  
 Thou hast fordone<sup>1</sup> the great iniquity,  
 That vex'd my soul: Thou shalt also confound  
 My foes, O Lord, for thy benignity;  
 For thine am I, thy servant aye most bound.

NOLI EMULARI IN MALIGNA.<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH thou see th' outrageous climb aloft,  
 Envy not thou his blind prosperity.  
 The wealth of wretches, though it seemeth soft,  
 Move not thy heart by their felicity.  
 They shall be found like grass, turn'd into hay,  
 And as the herbs that wither suddenly.  
 'Stablish thy trust in God: seek right alway,  
 And on the earth thou shalt inhabit long.  
 Feed, and increase such hope from day to day;  
 And if with God thou time thy hearty song, 10  
 He shall thee give what so thy heart can lust.  
 Cast upon God thy will, that rights thy wrong;  
 Give him the charge, for He upright and just,

<sup>1</sup> 'Fordone:' done away.—<sup>2</sup> Psalm xxxvii.



Hath cure of thee, and eke of thy cares all;      14  
 And He shall make thy truth to be discuss'd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Bright as the sun, and thy rightwiseness shall  
 (The cursed wealth, though now do it deface)  
 Shine like the daylight that we the noon call.  
 Patiently abide the Lord's assured grace:  
 Bear with even mind the trouble that he sends;      20  
 Dismay thee not, though thou see the purchase  
 Increase of some; for such like luck God sends  
 To wicked folk.  
 Restrain thy mind from wrath that aye offends.  
 Do way all rage, and see thou do eschew  
 By their like deed such deeds for to commit;  
 For wicked folk their overthrow shall rue.  
 Who patiently abides, and do not flit  
 They shall possede the world from heir to heir;  
 The wicked shall of all his wealth be quit      30  
 So suddenly, and that without repair,  
 That all his pomp, and all his strange array  
 Shall from thine eye depart, as blast of air,  
 The sober then the world shall wield, I say,  
 And live in wealth and peace so plentiful.  
 Him to destroy the wicked shall assay,  
 And gnash his teeth eke with groaning ireful;  
 The Lord shall scorn the threatenings of the wretch,  
 For he doth know the tide is nigh at full  
 When he shall sink, and no hand shall him seech.      40  
 They have unsheathed eke their bloody bronds,  
 And bent their bow to prove if they might reach  
 To overthrow the . . . . .  
 Bare of relief the harmless to devour.  
 The sword shall pierce the heart of such that fonds:<sup>2</sup>  
 Their bow shall break in their most endeavour.

<sup>1</sup> 'Discuss'd:' sifted.—<sup>2</sup> 'Fonds:' dotes.



A little living gotten rightfully 47  
 Passeth the riches, and eke the high power  
 Of that, that wretches have gather'd wickedly.  
 Perish shall the wicked's posterity,  
 And God shall 'stablish the just assuredly.  
 The just man's days the Lord doth know, and see!  
 Their heritage shall last for evermore,  
 And of their hope beguil'd they shall not be,  
 When dismold days shall wrap the other sore.  
 They shall be full when other faint for food,  
 Therewithal shall fail these wicked men therefore,  
 To God's enemies such end shall be allow'd,  
 As hath lamb's grease wasting in the fire,  
 That is consum'd into a smoky cloud. 60  
 Borroweth th' unjust without will or desire  
 To yield again; the just freely doth give,  
 Where he seeth need: as mercy doth require.  
 Who will'th him well for right therefore shall leve;  
 Who banish him shall be rooted away.  
 His steps shall God direct still and relieve,  
 And please him shall what life him lust essay;  
 And though he fall under foot, lie shall not he,  
 Catching his hand, for God shall straight him stay :  
 . . . . .  
 Nor yet his seed foodless seen for to be. 70  
 The just to all men merciful hath been;  
 Busy to do well; therefore his seed, I say,  
 Shall have abundance alway fresh and green.  
 Flee ill; do good; that thou may'st last alway,  
 For God doth love for evermore the upright.  
 Never his chosen doth he cast away;  
 For ever he them mindeth day and night;  
 And wicked seed alway shall waste to nought,  
 The just shall wield the world as their own right, 79

And long thereon shall dwell, as they have wrought.  
 With wisdom shall the wise man's mouth him able;  
 His tongue shall speak alway even as it ought, 82  
 With God's learning he hath his heart stable,  
 His foot therefore from sliding shall be sure!  
 The wicked watcheth the just for to disable,  
 And for to slay him doth his busy cure.  
 But God will not suffer him for to quail;  
 By tyranny, nor yet by fault unpure,  
 To be condemn'd in judgment without fail.  
 Await therefore the coming of the Lord! 90  
 Live with his laws in patience to prevail,  
 And He shall raise thee of thine own accord  
 Above the earth, in surety to behold  
 The wicked's death, that thou may it record;  
 I have well seen the wicked sheen like gold:  
 Lusty and green as laurel lasting aye,  
 But even anon and scant his seat was cold  
 When I have pass'd again the selfsame way;  
 Where he did reign, he was not to be found:  
 Vanish'd he was for all his fresh array. 100  
 Let uprightness be still thy steadfast ground.  
 Follow the right: such one shall alway find  
 Himself in peace and plenty to abound.  
 All wicked folk reversèd shall untwind,<sup>1</sup>  
 And wretchedness shall be the wicked's end.  
 Health to the just from God shall be assign'd,  
 He shall them strength whom trouble should offend.  
 The Lord shall help, I say, and them deliver  
 From cursed hands, and health unto them send,  
 For that in Him they set their trust for ever. 110

<sup>1</sup> 'Untwind:' be weakened, dissolved.

AN EPITAPH OF SIR THOMAS GRAVENER,  
KNIGHT.

- 1 UNDER this stone there lieth at rest  
A friendly man, a worthy knight;  
Whose heart and mind was ever prest  
To favour truth, to further right.
  
- 2 The poor's defence, his neighbour's aid,  
Most kind always unto his kin;  
That stint all strife that might be stayed;  
Whose gentle grace great love did win.
  
- 3 A man, that was full earnest set  
To serve his prince at all assays:  
No sickness could him from it let;  
Which was the shortening of his days.
  
- 4 His life was good, he died full well;  
The body here, the soul in bliss;  
With length of words why should I tell,  
Or further shew, that well known is;  
Since that the tears of more and less,  
Right well declare his worthiness.

*Vivit post funera Virtus.*



YOUNG'S  
NIGHT THOUGHTS.





YOUNG'S  
NIGHT THOUGHTS.

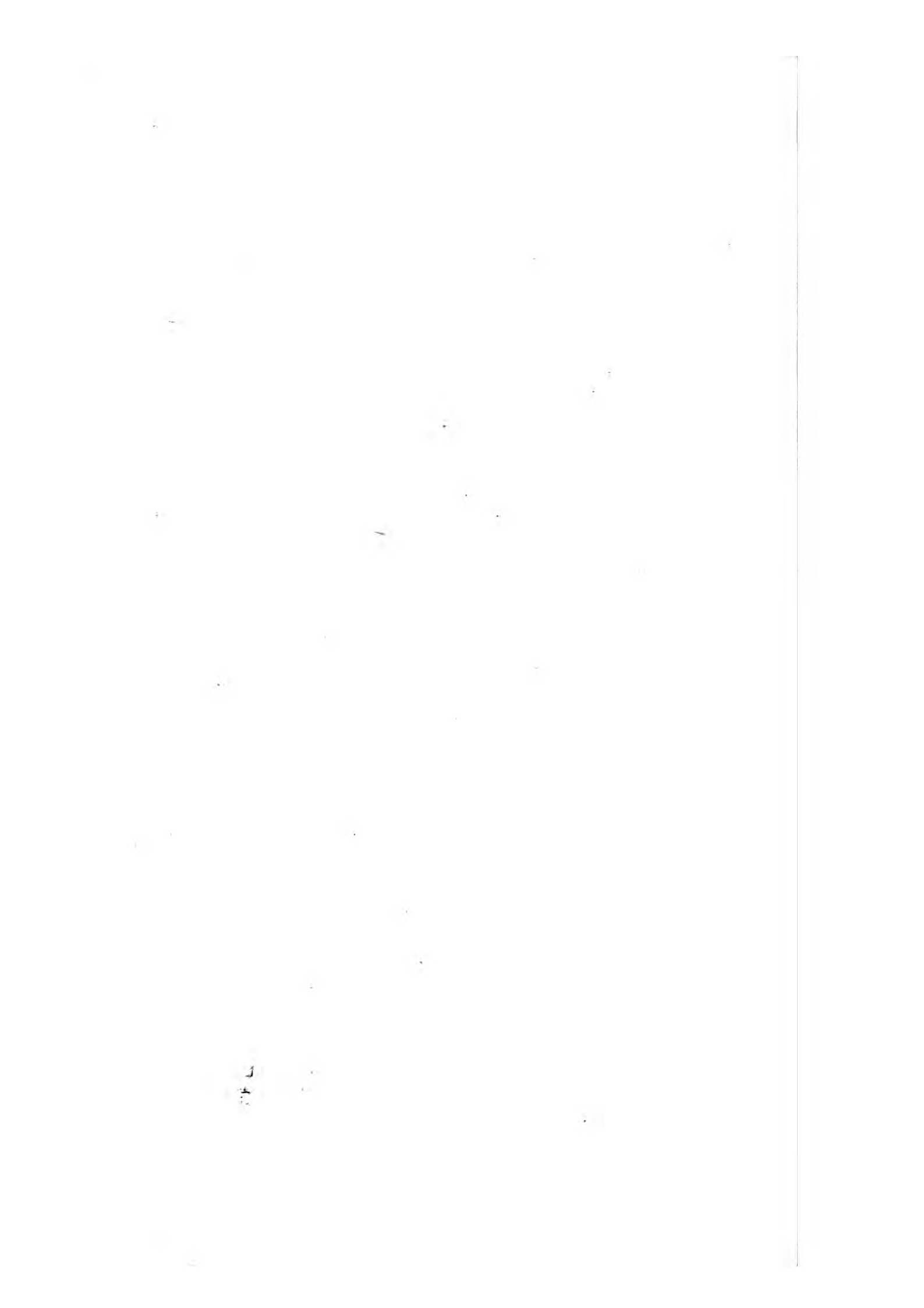
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## ON THE LIFE AND POETIC GENIUS OF EDWARD YOUNG.

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BETWEEN the period of George Herbert, and that of EDWARD YOUNG, some singular changes had taken place in British poetry as well as in British manners, politics, and religion. There had passed over the land the thunderstorm of the Puritanic Revolt, which had first clouded and then cleared, for a season, the intellectual and moral horizon. The effect of this on poetry was, for such fugitive though felicitous hymns as those of Herbert, to substitute the epic unities and grand choral harmonies of Milton. Then came the Restoration—the Apotheosis of falsehood ; including in that term false principles, false politics, and false taste. Britain became the degraded slave of France, at once in laws and in literature. Dryden, indeed, maintained, in some measure, the character and the taste of his nation, but he stood almost alone. To him succeeded Addison and Pope, both gifted but both timid men, whose genius, great as it was, never, or rarely, ventured on original and daring flights, and who seemed always to be haunted by the fear of French criticism. Pope, especially, lent all his influence to confirm and seal the power of a foreign code of literary laws ; and so general and so deep was the submission, that it is to us one of the strongest proofs of Edward Young's genius, that he ventured, in that polished but powerless era, to uplift a native voice of song, and not to uplift it in vain ; for, if he did not absolutely make a revolu-

tion, or found a school, he yet established himself, and left his poetry as a glorious precedent to all who should afterwards be so hardy as to "go and do likewise."

Edward Young was born in June 1681 (according to some, two years earlier), in the village of Upham, Hampshire. His father was rector of the parish, and is represented as a man of great learning and abilities. He was the author of some volumes of sermons, and, on account of their merit, and through the patronage of Lord Bradford, he was appointed chaplain to King William, and Dean of Salisbury. He died in 1705, in the sixty-third year of his age, and Bishop Burnet, the Sunday after his decease, pronounced a glowing panegyric on his character, in a funeral sermon delivered in the Cathedral.

Edward was sent to Winchester School, and thence to Oxford, where he obtained a law fellowship in All-Souls College, and afterwards took successively the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Civil Law, besides obtaining a fellowship in 1706. When the Codrington Library was founded, he was appointed to deliver the Latin oration. It was published, but met with a frigid reception, being full of conceits and puerilities, and the author wisely omitted it from his collected works. Little else is known of his career at College. He is said to have blended fits of study with frequent dissipation. When he relaxed, it was in the company of the infamous Duke of Wharton, who patronised, corrupted, and laughed at him. When he studied, he would shut his windows, create around him an artificial night, and make it more hideous by piling up skulls, cross-bones, and instruments of death in his room. His talent was then as well known as his eccentricity. Tindal the sceptic bore a striking testimony to this when he said, "The other boys I can always answer, because I always know where they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own."

He seems to have been nearly thirty ere he began to tune that lyre which was afterwards to thrill with vibrations of song so powerful and melodious. His first choice of a subject was characteristic of the lofty and ambitious tone of his genius: it

was, "The Last Day." This poem was written in 1710, although not given to the world till 1713. He had previously, in 1712, published an epistle to Lord Lansdown, which displayed little of his peculiar power, but was at once feeble and pretentious. Young became afterwards heartily ashamed of it. In the same year that "The Last Day" appeared, he prefixed to Addison's "Cato" a copy of verses of no great merit. Shortly after, he issued a poem entitled, "The Force of Religion; or, Vanquished Love:" it was founded on the story of Lady Jane Grey and her husband, and was ushered in by a flaming dedication to the Countess of Salisbury. On the death of the Queen, in 1714, he published a panegyric in verse on her memory, and inscribed it to Addison. In these days flattery to princes and nobles was a commodity almost essential to poetry—a tawdry court dress which every poet was obliged to put on for the nonce; and not even Dryden has excelled Young in the violent unlikeness and unsparing incense of his adulations. It is satisfactory to remember that, on cool reflection, he cancelled the most of those unworthy effusions; although he continued to the last very much of a courtier, as the dedications to the "Night Thoughts" sufficiently prove. He is supposed about the year 1717 to have visited Ireland in company with Wharton.

In 1719 his tragedy of "Busiris" appeared on the stage, and had considerable success. He sold the copyright afterwards to B. Lintot, for £84, which, for a first play by an author previously unknown, was thought a large sum. "Busiris" is a play of that solemnly pompous and intensely artificial school, the race of which has been long since gathered to its fathers. It is conceived and written in 'Ercles' vein; and Nat Lee himself, in his wild ranting plays, has scarcely surpassed the torrents of bombastic nonsense which issue from the lips of Myron. Immediately after "Busiris" he published his Paraphrase on part of the Book of Job, a production scarcely worthy either of Young or of the sublime original. The descriptions in that grandest of all poems, which are so rich and massive as to press almost on the sense, are more fairly represented in our common prose transla-



tion than in the poetical paraphrase of Young. We are far, however, from being opposed, with some critics, to the principle of paraphrasing Scripture. We admire to enthusiasm many of the Scottish paraphrases, some of Byron's and Moore's Hebrew Melodies, and Croly's *Scenes from Scripture*; and should like to see all the poetry of the Bible versified by some competent hand.

In 1721 appeared "The Revenge," by far the most powerful of his tragedies. Its great fault lies in its likeness to Othello: its great praise is, that, though it imitates and challenges comparison with that Shakspearean masterpiece, it has not been utterly sunk and eclipsed before it. As a play, we think it decidedly second-rate; the plot is not artistically managed, and the means by which jealousy is excited in the mind of Alonzo, are a very poor and shabby copy of those in Shakspeare. Zanga has been called a "vulgar caricature of Iago;" he is so in part, perhaps, but Young has abated the vulgarity of the imitation by endowing his hero with a wild and native vein of poetry. Iago is a subtler, colder fiend than Zanga, and indulges more in sneers and in smut than in declamation. Zanga's speeches exhaust the rhetoric of revenge. Iago has nothing but intellect, wit, and malignity. Zanga has an imagination worthy of the hot and lion-peopled land of his birth. Iago, after his detection, sinks into obstinate silence; he stiffens into the statue of a demon. Zanga dies, using lofty imagery and ranting.

Indeed, "The Revenge" owes all its interest to the flames of poetic genius which burst out at every pore of its otherwise coarse and copied structure. It was dedicated to Wharton, with whom Young continued to be intimate; whom he taught to speak good Latin in *the space of six weeks*; and who lent him money to reimburse him for the expenses of an unsuccessful attempt to get into Parliament. This was in 1721; the place was Cirencester. The election, however, was contested, and fortunately, perhaps, both for Young and the world, he was unsuccessful. Had he gained the seat, he had very probably,

"Though born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,  
And to party given up what was meant for mankind;

and what comparison between a series of eloquent, forgotten speeches, and the starry, ever-burning splendours of the "Night Thoughts"?

His disappointment in this attempt, coupled, probably, with remorse for the follies and vices of a misspent youth, seems to have soured Young, and ripened him to the point when satire becomes the unavoidable expression of the irritated yet unsubdued spirit. In 1725 appeared the first part of his "Universal Passion;" the rest came out in successive satires between that and 1728, when they were collected and published, along with a somewhat querulous preface, in which he hints that he had not found poetry very favourable to preferment. He gained, however, £3000 by these poems, of which, according to Spence, £2000 was contributed by the Duke of Grafton, who did not, however, regret the price. His inscriptions of the several satires were, as usual at the time, stuffed with fulsome praise of such men as Dorset, Dodington, Campton, and Sir Robert Walpole, all of whom appreciated and rewarded the compliments. We cannot stay here to criticise these remarkable productions; suffice it for our purpose if we remark that they were published *before* the satires of Pope, and that they became instantly popular.

As if to propitiate the Nemesis, who always stands behind the chariot of the popular writer, Young next issued two of the poorest of all his unequal productions. The first of these, entitled "The Instalment," was addressed to Sir Robert Walpole, and is, perhaps, although the word be a wide one, the most nonsensical and trashy *lie in verse* ever addressed to a prime minister. The second is an "Ode to Ocean," a compound of doggerel and stilted dulness—which, indeed, any sailor of education might have composed, if "half-seas-over."

At length, sick of dissipation, of the stage, of bad odes, and good satires, Young determined to become wise, and enter into orders. An irresistible current had long been carrying him on, with many a convulsive recalcitration on his part, to this determination. That great intellect and heart,

over which, already, the shadow of the "Night Thoughts" was beginning to gather, could not be satisfied with the society of "peers, poets," and demireps; with the applause of sweltering crowds collected in theatres; or with the ebullitions of its own giant spleen, in the shape of epigrammatic satires. The world, which once seemed to his eye so fresh and fair, had withered gradually to a skeleton, with sockets for eyes, with eternal baldness for hair, with a "stench instead of a sweet savour, and burning instead of beauty." He resolved to proclaim the particulars of this painful yet blessed disenchantment to the ends of the earth, and to all classes of mankind. And for this purpose, he first of all mounted the pulpit, and then began to wield what was even then the mightier engine of the press. He was no novice when he entered the ministry. Would that we had more who, like Young, do not go up by a mechanical ladder, and the mere force of custom, to the pulpit, but who come down upon it from long and vain wanderings elsewhere, and with a conviction, as the result of mature experience, that God there still desires to dwell, and that it constitutes even yet a pinnacle of prospect, and power, and promise! Thus came Herbert, and Chalmers, and Foster, to their real work as ministers of the gospel. It is not a boy, but a Boanerges-ministry that introduces the Word with most effect to a gain-saying world. Young was full forty-seven—mature in years, in acquirements, in experience, and in reputation—when he began to publish the "News that it is well." Like the eminent men we have just mentioned, and like others whom we might mention, his motives in entering the Church have been calumniated. He has been compared to a lady disappointed in love, taking the veil; and, rather inconsistently with this figure, to a sated sensualist becoming an anchorite. How can both be true? If Young was disappointed, how could he be sated? and if sated, how could he be chagrined by the want of satisfaction? The fact is, that such men as Young, Chalmers, Herbert, and Foster, are altogether superior to common standards of judgment, and must be tried by their peers. All had their own share of the disgusts and dissatisfac-



tions connected with life, and all felt them keenly. But all had a deeper reason still—a reason, we grant, probably stirred by circumstances into action, for renouncing the empty arena of this world's honours and wealth, and devoting themselves to a higher and nobler purpose. They all saw into the hollowness of society, into the misery of the human heart; and felt that the gospel alone could fill that aching void, and satisfy those dreary cravings. Hence, Herbert quitted the pleasures of a court; Chalmers dropped his air-pump and his telescope; Foster resigned his philosophic speculations; and Young shook off the blandishments of peers, and forgot the claps of multitudes, to proclaim the glad tidings to perishing sinners; and verily all, in different measures, had their reward.

In April 1728 he was appointed chaplain to George II. His tragedy, "The Brothers," which had been in rehearsal, was prudently withdrawn. It is a play superior to "Busiris," but very much inferior to "The Revenge." Full of passion and poetry, of startling scenes, and vivid images, its subject is unpleasing, and the various perplexities of the plot are not skilfully disentangled.

In the same year he published "A True Estimate of Human Life," written with force and ingenuity; and a long and very loyal sermon, preached before the House of Commons, on the Martyrdom of Charles I. It was entitled, "An Apology for Princes; or, the Reverence due to Governments."

Hitherto Young had lived on the proceeds of his fellowship, and on presents from Wharton, who, at his death, too, left him a pension. He became now, however, very naturally anxious for promotion in that new sphere on which he had entered, and was compelled, *proh pudor!* to lay his case before Mrs Howard, the favourite mistress of George II.—that identical "good Howard," who figures so curiously in the famous scene between Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline. The fact of the application, as well as the terms of the letter he wrote her, renders this the most humiliating incident in all Young's history. In 1730, he published "Imperium Pelagi," another naval lyric, as bad and much longer than his "Ode to Ocean."

In the same year he wrote an epistle to Pope, which resembles a coarser and more careless production of the little man of Twickenham.

In July 1730, Young was presented by his college to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. We refer our readers, for various delightful speculations and anecdotes about his residence and labours there, to Bulwer's *Student*. He was a powerful preacher. His sermons seem to have been striking in thought, rich in image, intensely practical in tendency, and were delivered with great animation and effect. It is told, that on one occasion, while preaching at St James's before the Court and His Majesty, on some subject of transcendent importance, and not being able to command the attention or awaken the feelings of his audience, he at length threw himself back into the pulpit, and burst into tears. That was itself a sermon! The figure of this weeping Titan, who could have rent rocks and severed mountains, but who had failed in breaking the hearts of any of his courtly hearers, is one of the most affecting in the annals of pulpit oratory. Alas! what preacher who has ever aimed at Young's object, has not been at times tempted to assume Young's attitude, and to shed Young's bitter and burning tears? "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

In 1731, Young, at the mature age of fifty, married the Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. This marriage sprung out of his father's acquaintance with Lady Ann Wharton, who was co-heiress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley in Oxfordshire, and seems to have been very happy. He next published another of those stupid odes by which he seemed predestined to disgrace his genius, entitled "A Sea Piece." It was as though Milton had tried to write Anacreontics. A few years afterwards appeared "The Foreign Address, or the Best Argument for Peace," occasioned by the posture of affairs in which the British fleet was then placed, and written in the character of a sailor. It is a mere tissue of sounding verbiage—or, as Hamlet hath it, "Words, words, words." About this time

Young met with Voltaire, who, according to the story, was ridiculing Milton's allegory of "Death and Sin," when our hero struck in with the extempore epigram:—

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,  
That thou thyself art Milton's Death, and Sin."

We cannot see very much wit in this epigram, even in that best shape which we have now given it; but it was not inappropriate to the lean denier, who sought to empty everything of the important element—its God; to leave the universe, like himself, a grinning skeleton, and to smile in ghastly sympathy over the completed ruin. We fancy we see the two gifted men, the one the representative of the scepticism of France, the other, of the belief of England, meeting and conversing together. Voltaire is not much in advance of thirty; Young is fifty, and more. Voltaire's face is worn with premature thought and inordinate laughter; Young's, though older, bears a warmer and more sanguine flush. Voltaire has the insincerest of smiles playing constantly over his face like the light of an aurora borealis; Young's countenance is grave, settled, open, and serene, as the radiance of an autumn sunset. In Voltaire's eye you see the future "Candide" laughing down in its depths, while on Young's brow lies the dim and magnificent promise of the "Night Thoughts." After meeting, talking, bowing, wondering, and recoiling, they part for ever; Voltaire sighing through smiles as he thinks of the "mised giant of Religion;" and Young smiling through sighs as he thinks of the "wondrous and well-nigh human ape of Infidelity."

By his wife Young had one son, Frederick. He does not seem to have been a particularly well-behaved youth; indeed, his father for some time before his death refused to see him, although he ultimately sent him his forgiveness, and made him his heir. But no son of illustrious father has ever had harder measure dealt him. It has been generally supposed that he was the Lorenzo of the "Night Thoughts," a poem published when Frederick was only eight years of age, and when he could scarcely have even thought of committing those crimes of scepticism and reckless self-gratification with which Young charges his imaginary or half-real hero.



The Poet's life, during the first ten years of his rectorship at Welwyn, flowed on in an even tenor. He was regular in his conduct, happy in his family, diligent in his pastoral duties, and easy in his fortune. His preaching was popular and useful. His studies were principally connected with his own profession, and yielded him a growing satisfaction. An anonymous writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1782, who seems to have been intimate with him, thus describes him : —“ The dignity of a great and good mind appeared in all his actions, and in all his words. He conversed on religious subjects with the cheerfulness of virtue ; his piety was undebased by gloom or enthusiasm ; he was regular in the performance of all its duties, both in public and in private. In his domestic character he was amiable as he was venerable in the Christian. His politeness was such as I never saw equalled : it was invariable to his superiors in rank ; to his equals and to his inferiors it differed only in degrees of elegance. I never heard him speak with roughness to the meanest servant. In conversation upon lively subjects he had a brilliancy of wit which was peculiar to himself ; I know not how to describe it but by saying that it was both heightened and softened by the amiable qualities of his soul. I have seen him ill and in pain, yet the serenity of his mind remained unruffled. I never heard a peevish expression fall from his lips.” Few of his brilliancies are preserved, since, unfortunately, he had no Boswell attached to his heels. But one or two of the sayings that have floated down to us are singularly characteristic. On one very stormy night Young went out to his garden, and remained some time. When he returned, one expressed wonder why he had stayed so long in such an evening. “ Oh,” he replied, “ it is a very fine night ; *the Lord is abroad.*” He was very fond of a garden, and inscribed on the wall of his summer-house the words, *Ambulantes in horto audiebant vocem Dei* (Walking in the garden, they heard the voice of God). He had also erected a dial with the inscription, *Eheu fugaces !* which, he said with a smile to Mr Langton, “ was sadly verified, for by the next morning my dial had been carried off.” Though sometimes melancholy, he was disposed to encourage

mirth in others, and established an assembly and bowling-green in his parish.

And had this been all—had Young continued to pursue such an even, equable course—he had been by this time well-nigh forgotten; for we do not think that either his satires or plays would of themselves have preserved his name. But it was decreed that grief should co-operate with disappointment in unfolding the full riches of his mind. Antæus was strongest when he touched the ground. Job was never so eloquent till he was prostrated on his dunghill. And, in order to be able to write the “Night Thoughts,” Young must be plunged in the deepest gloom of affliction—“Thrice flew the shaft, and thrice his peace was slain.” In 1736, a daughter of his wife, by a former husband, died. This was Mrs Temple—the Narcissa of his great poem. Her disease was a lingering one. Young accompanied her to Lyons, where she died, and where her remains were brutally denied sepulture, as the dust of a Protestant. Her husband, Mr Temple, or Philander, died four years later; and in 1741, Young’s wife, or Lucia, also expired. He now felt himself alone, and blasted in his solitude. But his grief did not sink into sullen inactivity. He made it oracular, and distilled his tears into song. The “Night Thoughts” were immediately commenced, and published between 1742 and 1744. This marvellous poem was all composed either at night, or when riding on horseback—an exercise, by the way, which gives a sense of mastery and confidence, stirs the blood, elevates the animal spirits, and has been felt by many to be eminently favourable to thought and mental composition. It inspired, we know, such men as Burns, Byron, Shelley, and Delta. We love to think of Young riding through the green lanes of his parish, and cooing out to himself his plaintive minstrelsy. We love better still to watch his lonely lamp shining at midnight, like a star, through the darkness, and seeming to answer the far signal of those mightier luminaries which are burning above in the Great Bear and Orion—the poet the while now dipping his pen to indite his ardent immortalities—now leaning his head on his widowed arm, and surrendering himself to paroxysms of uncon-

trollable anguish—and now looking out upon the Night as the “Lord is abroad” on the wings of the tempest, or as He is silently shining out his name in suns and galaxies—those unwearied “Watchers” and unbaptized “Holy Ones.”

In 1745, Young wrote “Reflections on the Public Situation of the Kingdom”—a production which made no impression at the time, and is now entirely forgotten. He did not include it in the collection of his works. In 1753, the tragedy of “The Brothers,” which had lain past for thirty years, was produced on the stage. Young gave the profits of the play, and several hundreds from his own pocket, amounting to a thousand pounds in all, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—an act which surely balances the stories usually told of his love of money and thirst for preferment.

His next work was, “The Centaur not Fabulous, in Six Letters to a Friend.” Its subjects were, the infidelity and licentiousness of that age. It is a pity that this book has fallen into oblivion, as it is a very rich and powerful piece of writing. It is full of clear, sharp, sententious truth. Its style palpitates with energy, and glitters with poetic image. We wish we saw it reprinted in a cheap form; for, although infidelity and pleasure have both materially changed their phases, there is much in Young’s little work that has an imperishable application, and that would be even yet eminently useful. The character of Altamont is supposed to represent Lord Euston—a nobleman notorious for his vices. The age in which Young’s lot was cast was characterised by a low, sneering scepticism, and his earnest and awful letters were treated with ridicule. Many pronounced him mad, others whispered about dotage. *Now*, the book seems replete with wisdom, and burning almost with prophetic fire.

Young, in fact, was not generally appreciated during his lifetime. Tried by the Boileau and Pope standard, his writings were pronounced turgid, strained, and extravagant. Even Warburton, who should have known better, passed a severe judgment on the “Night Thoughts.” He had, however, his warm admirers, prominent among whom was the amiable and learned Joseph Warton. He dedicated to Young his “Essay



on Pope"—an essay containing the first sober and discriminating estimate of that most artificial of true poets, and with the opinions expressed in which Young is supposed to have coincided; for, although he admired, and too often imitated, Pope's brilliant point and antithesis, he was aware of far higher models, and found Homer, Milton, and Job far more congenial companions in his studious midnights. In 1758, he published a short and in nowise remarkable sermon, preached before the King at Kensington.

Richardson, the novelist, was one of Young's greatest friends. Their views on moral and religious subjects were identical; and in gravity of tone, and severity of genius, they resembled each other—Richardson being a duller Young, and Young a more elastic and brilliant Richardson. Although both lived in a most depraved age, neither catered to its tastes. To Richardson, Young addressed, in 1759, a letter on Original Composition, which betrays no symptoms of senility, but is full of vigorous and striking remark. In 1762, when upwards of eighty, he wrote his last and worst poem. It is entitled "Resignation," and requires, on the part of the reader, considerable exercise of that grace. It has very little of Young's peculiar power, and is chiefly filled with weak and toothless abuse of his old acquaintance Voltaire. It was written, it appears, at the instance of Mrs Boscawen—the widow of the Admiral—who, having found consolation from the "Night Thoughts," visited Young, and was still more captivated by his conversation.

During the latter years of his life, he is said to have fallen too much under the dominion of his housekeeper, Mrs Hallows, the widow of a clergyman, who is reported to have ruled him with a rod of iron. Ere his death he revised his printed works, and gave charges in his will that all his MSS. should be burned. He applied, when past eighty, to Archbishop Secker for promotion, and was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Princess-Dowager of Wales. In April 1765, at the age of eighty-four, he breathed his last. He had been previously unable to perform duty for three or four years, but retained his faculties to the last. He left his property princi-

pally to his son, who was found by Johnson and Boswell, in 1781, residing at Welwyn, and cherishing the memory of his father.

Young was unquestionably a neglected man. Out of all sight the greatest genius then connected with the ministry of the Church of England, he never mounted one step higher than the rectorship his own college had conferred on him. Many reasons have been assigned for this. Some say that it was because he had attached himself to the side of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and had preached an obnoxious sermon at St James's; others, that it was because he had received a pension through Sir Robert Walpole. We think that the real cause lay in the vulgar and senseless prejudice which prevailed then, and in some measure prevails still, against a literary divine, as if he were a hybrid, or "centaur, not fabulous." History, however, has shown that Young's lot was by no means singular, and, having regard to the number of men of high literary genius whose merits have met with still less reward than his, it cannot be considered as hard. It is unnecessary to mention the names of any of these unfortunate great men, their stories are familiar enough. Probably Young felt himself consoled for his bad success by the knowledge that his name and great poem had travelled to foreign lands, and that Madame Klopstock was wondering—good, simple soul!—that her husband's idol and her own had not been made Archbishop of Canterbury.

Very little beyond what we have mentioned has been left on record about his private habits and manners. It was his custom, when well pleased with a passage in the course of his reading, to double down the leaf—when particularly gratified, to mark it by two folds; and some favourite works, such as *The Rambler*, had so many of these marks of approbation that they would not shut. On one occasion, in replying to Tonson and Lintot, who were both candidates for printing one of his works, he misdirected the letters; and when Lintot opened his, he found it begun—"Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel," &c. Young was proverbial for absence of mind, and sometimes forgot whether he had dined or not. Yet in



Welwyn his mode of life was rather systematic. He rose early, made his domestics join him in morning prayer, read little, ate and drank moderately, walked much in his churchyard, and, in general, retired to rest punctually at eight evening. His son told Dr Johnson that he was cheerful in company, but gloomy when alone, and that he never fully recovered his spirits after his wife's death. Mr Jones, his curate, has confirmed this statement, although the gossipping and heartless tone of his letters about such a man cannot be too strongly condemned. Young was subject to fits of inspiration, which stupid people confounded with madness. At times his poetry rushed upon him like a whirlwind, and caught him up

“ Like swift Ezekiel, by his lock of hair ”—

and when he came down he seemed weak, panting, and powerless. Mrs Boscawen and others describe his conversation as still more remarkable than his writings, although occasionally disfigured by conceits and bad puns.

We come now to speak of his genius, especially as manifested in the “Night Thoughts.” The subject of this wonderful strain was one which, in its novelty, dignity, and depth, challenged the very highest exercise of the very highest faculties; and had Young risen to the full height of his great argument, he had become the greatest of all poets. This we by no means affirm he did; but we do assert, that many of the aspects of his magnificent theme have been fully and eloquently expressed by him, and that some of his passages are unsurpassed in the language of men.

The poem demands a brief critical consideration as to its *season*, its *argument*, its *imagery*, its *style*, its *versification*, its *comparative place* and *merit*, and, lastly, the *genius* of its author. First, of its *season*—the Night—and the use to which he turns it. Night had never before found a worthy laureate. Its profound silence, as if it were listening to catch the accents of some supernal voice—the shadowy grandeur and mysterious newness it gives to objects on the earth—the divine hues into which its moon discolours all things—the deep sleep

which then falleth upon men, and changes the world into one hushed grave—the supernatural shapes and mystic sounds which have been supposed to walk in its darkness, or to echo through its depths—the voices scarce less solemn, which often break its silence, of howling winds, and wailing rivers, and shrieking tempests, and groaning thunders, and the wild cries of human misery and despair—and last and highest, its withdrawal of the bright mist and mantle of day from the starry universe, and the pomp with which it unrols and exhibits its “great map” of suns and systems—its silvery satellites—its meek planets, each shining in its own degree of reflected splendour—its oceans of original and ever-burning fire called suns—its comets, those serpents of the sky, trailing their vast volumes of deadly glory through the shuddering system—its fantastic and magnificent shapes and collocations of stars, the constellations—its firmaments rising above firmaments, like rounds in a ladder, at the top of which is the throne of God—and those two awful arms into which its Milky Way diverges, and which seem uplifted to heaven in silent prayer, or in some deep and dread protest,—all these elements of interest and grandeur had existed from the beginning of the world in Night, and yet had never, till Young arose, awakened any consecutive and lofty strain of poetic adoration. Many beautiful and many sublime sentiments had been uttered by poets about particular features of Night, but there had been no attempt to represent it as a whole. There were many single thoughts, but no large and sounding Hymn. The views of the Pagan poets about astronomy were, of course, warped by the absurd systems of their day; and this served to damp their fire, and to render their poetic tributes rather fantastic than truly powerful. Even Dante and Milton are somewhat embarrassed by the Ptolemaic system, although it proves the strength of their genius that they have extracted so much poetry from it. But before Young arose,

“Nature and nature’s laws lay hid in night;  
God said, Let Newton be, and all was light;”

and he has set the Newtonian system to his own martial music.

We are far from contending that Young has exhausted the poetry of the theme. Since his time the telescopes of Herschel and Lord Rosse have been turned to the skies, and have greatly extended the size and splendour of that vast midnight Apparition—the starry scheme. Our recent poets have availed themselves of these discoveries, as witness the eloquent rhapsodies about the stars by Bailey, A. Smith, and Bigg. And there is even yet room for another great poem on the subject, entitled “Night,” were the author come. But Young deserves praise for the following things:—

*1st,* He has nobly sung the magnitude and unutterable glory of the starry hosts. His soul kindles, triumphs, exults under the midnight canopy. As the Tartar horse when led forth from his stable to the free steppes and free firmament of the desert, bounds, prances, and caracoles for joy, so does Young, in the last part of his poem. Escaped from dark and mournful contemplations on Man, Death, Infidelity, and Earth’s “melancholy map,” he sees the stars like bright milestones on the way to heaven, and his spirit is glad within him, and tumultuous is the grandeur, and fierce and rapid the torrent, of his song.

*2dly,* He has brought out, better than any other poet, the religion of the stars. “Night,” says Isaac Taylor, “has three daughters, Atheism, Superstition, and Religion.” Following out this fine thought, we see Atheism looking up with impudent eye, brazen brow, and naked figure, to the midnight sky, as if it were only a huge toy-shop of glittering gew-gaws; Superstition shrouding herself in a black mantle, and falling down prostrate and trembling before these innumerable fires, as if they were the eyes of an infinite enemy; while Religion turns aloft her humble, yet fearless form, her tear-trembling yet radiant visage, and murmurs, “My Father made them all.” Young, we need scarcely say, finds in the nocturnal heavens lessons neither of Atheism nor of Superstition, but of Religion, and reads in the face of Old Night her divine origin, the witness she bears to the existence of God, her dependence upon her Author, and her subordination to His purposes. He had magnified, as Newton himself could not so eloquently



have done, the extent of the universe; and yet his loyalty to Scripture compels him to intimate that this system, so far from being God, or infinite, or, strictly speaking, Divine, is to perish and pass away. One look from the angry Judge, one uplifting of His rod, and its voluminous waves of glory, like another Red Sea, are to be dried up, that the people of God may pass through and enter on the land of the real Immortality, the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that shall never fade away." We refer our readers to that most eloquent picture, near the beginning of the Ninth Night, of the Last Day. We once heard a lecturer on chemistry close a superb description of the material universe, with the words, "And it is to shine on for ever." We thought of the words of Peter, "All these things shall be dissolved." And then we fancied an invisible animalcule inhabiting one of the mountain peaks of a furnace, looking abroad from one of its surging spires, and saying, "This wondrous blaze is to burn for ever," and yet, ere a few hours have passed, the flame is sunk in ashes, and the animalcule is gone. So the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise. They shall perish, but Thou God remainest; nay, thou Man, too, art destined to survive this splendid nursery, and to enter on new Heavens and a new Earth!

The argument of the "Night Thoughts" may be stated in general to be as follows:—It is to shew the vanity of man as mortal; to inculcate the lowness, misery, and madness of the sensual life; to prove the superiority of the Christian to the man of the world, both in life and in death, and the worthlessness of merely human friendship; to argue, from nature and reason, the truth of man's immortality; to shew the reasonableness of religion, and to inculcate the necessity of a divine revelation, and of a propitiatory sacrifice. That this argument is always steadily pursued, or logically pled, we do not pretend. It has its flaws;—we particularly demur to many of its proofs of the immortality of the soul, which seem to us very feeble and unsatisfactory; but, taking it as a whole, it is unanswerable and overwhelming. Its links are of red-hot iron; its appeals to the conscience are irresistible; and

he who can read it with indifference, or rise from it unimpressed and unawed, must be either something worse or something less than man. It needs not to be surrounded by panegyrics. Convinced, purified, elevated, saved Souls, are the gems in its crown. We are inclined to believe that, in this aspect, the "Night Thoughts" has effected more practical good than the "Paradise Lost." The latter is a splendid picture; the former a searching, powerful sermon. Now, although pictures with a strong moral contained in them have often done much good, they want the point, emphasis, and effect of great sermons. You may gaze long enough at Milton with no feeling besides admiration of his genius; but in every page Young is grappling with your conscience, and saying, "Don't look at me, but look to yourself." Foster, one of the greatest of our practical reasoners on religion, has been much indebted to Young, whom he resembled also in the sombre grandeur of his genius.

Young's imagery is distinguished by its richness, originality, and exceeding boldness. It was verily a new thing in that timid and conventional age. Like the imagery of all highest poets, it is selected alike from low and from lofty objects, from the gay and the gloomy, from stars and dunghills. His mind moves along through the poem like a great wheel, now descending and now ascending, easy to criticise, but impossible to resist. You may question the taste of many of his figures, such as that of the Sun—

" Rude drunkard, rising rosy from the main ;"

or when he speaks of God as the "Great Philanthropist;" or calls the moon "the Portland of the skies;" but you always feel yourself in contact with a new, native, overflowing mind—with a mind which has read nature through man, and man through nature. There is to Young's genius nothing common or unclean in the material universe. *All* points up to God, and looks round significantly to man. His imagination has no limits, and, when he is thoroughly roused, like the war-horse of Job, the "glory of his nostrils is terrible;" it is the fury of power, the revel of conscious wealth, the "prancing of a mighty one;"



not the dance of mere fancy, but the earnestness and energy of one treading a winepress alone. In proof of this, we appeal to his splendid passages on the miserable state of Man, on Dreams, on Procrastination, to one half of his defence of Immortality, and to the whole of his descant on the Stars. This every one feels is power—barbarous power, if you will—savage, mismanaged power, if you please to call it so; but power that moves, agitates, overwhelms, hurries you away like an infant on the stream of a cataract.

His diction is, on the whole, a worthy medium to his thought. It has been somewhat spoiled by intimacy with Pope's writings, and is often vitiated with antithesis, an excess in which was the mode of the day. Now and then, too, he is coarse and violent, to vulgarity, in his expressions. But whenever he forgets Pope, and remembers Milton—or, still more, when he becomes swallowed up in the magnitude of his theme—his language is easy, powerful, and magnificent. It never, as Mitford asserts, is unsupported by a "corresponding grandeur of thought." There is more thought in Young's poem—more sharp, clear, original reflection—more of that matter which leaves stings behind it—more moral sublimity—than in any poem which has appeared since in Britain. Mitford says, that "every image is amplified to the utmost." Some images unquestionably are; but amplification is not a prevailing vice of Young's style—it is, indeed, inconsistent with that pointed intensity which is his general manner; and how comes it, if he be a diffuse and wordy writer, that his pages literally sparkle with maxims, and that, next perhaps to Shakspeare, no poet has been so often quoted? What the same writer means by Young "fatiguing the reader's mind," we can understand; since it is fatiguing to look long at the sun, or to follow the grand parabola of the eagle's flight; but how he should "dissatisfy" the mind of any intelligent and candid reader, is to us extraordinary. It is not true that the work has "a uniformity of subject." Its tone is rather uniform, but its subjects are as varied as they are important. They are—Man—the World—Ambition—Pleasure—Infidelity—Immortality—Death—Judgment—Heaven—Hell—the Stars—Eternity. **Mr**

Mitford compares Young to Seneca; as if a cold collector of stiff maxims, and a poet whose wisdom was set in enthusiasm as in a ring of fire, were proper subjects of comparison. And it is strange how he should introduce the name of Cicero, as if he were not that very master of amplification, and of over-copiousness of expression, which Mitford *imagines* Young to be! "No selection—no discreet and graceful reservation—no experienced taste!"—in other words, he was not Pope or Campbell, but Edward Young—not a middle-sized, neat, and well-dressed citizen, but a hirsute giant—not an elegant *parterre*, but an American forest, bowing only to the old Tempests, and offering up a holocaust of native wealth and glory, not to Man, but to God.

His versification is a more vulnerable point. We grant at once that it is, as a whole, rugged and imperfect, and that, while his single lines are often exceedingly melodious, he rarely reaches, any more than Pope or Johnson, those long and linked swells of sound—

"Floating, mingling, interweaving,  
Rising, sinking, and receiving  
Each from each, while each is giving  
On to each, and each relieving  
Each, the pails of gold, the living  
Current through the air is heaving"—

which Goethe has so beautifully, although unintentionally, described in these words, applied by him to the elements of Nature; and which he and Milton, and Spenser, and Coleridge, and Shelley, have so admirably exemplified in their verse. Young's style is too broken and sententious to permit the miracles of melody which are found in some of our poets. Yet he has a few passages which approach even to this high standard. Take the following:—

"Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;  
All change, no death. Day follows night, and night  
The dying day; stars rise and set and rise;  
Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay,  
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,  
Droops into pallid autumn; winter gray,

Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away ;  
Then melts into the spring. Soft spring, with breath  
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
Recalls the first."

Or take the well-known burst which closes the First  
Night:—

"The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn ;  
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,  
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer  
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel ! like thee,  
And call the stars to listen : every star  
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.  
Yet be not vain ; there are, who thine excel,  
And charm through distant ages : wrapt in shade,  
Pris'ner of darkness ! to the silent hours  
How often I repeat their rage divine,  
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe !  
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire,  
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides !  
Or, Milton ! thee ; ah, could I reach your strain :  
Or his, who made Mæonides our own.  
Man too he sung : immortal man I sing ;  
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life ;  
What, now, but immortality, can please ?  
O had he press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,  
Which opens out of darkness into day !  
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,  
Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man !  
How had it bless'd mankind, and rescu'd me !"

The reader will notice how, in this noble passage, the individual sentences and points are all subordinated to the main purpose of the poet, and being subjected to the general stress of the strain, do not detract from, but add to, its musical unity.

The comparative place of the poem, and the genius of the writer, are two subjects which are closely connected, and indeed slide into each other. The "Night Thoughts" must not be named, in interest, finish, sustained sublimity, and artistic completeness, with the "Iliad," the "Divina Commedia," or the "Paradise Lost." It ranks, however, at the top of such a high class of poems as Cowper's Poems, Thomson's "Seasons," Byron's Poems, Blair's "Grave," Pollok's "Course of

*Time,*" and a few others not very often criticised now-a-days. Young, however, seems to us to have been capable of even higher things than he has effected in his works. He was one of those prolific, fiery, inexhaustible souls, who never seem nearing a limit, or dreaming of a shallow in their genius; who, often stumbling over precipices or precipitated into pools, rise stronger, and rush on faster, from their misadventures; who, sometimes stopping too long to moralise on fungi and ant-hillocks, are all the better breathed to career through endless forests, and to take Alps and Andes at a flying leap; and who are

"Ne'er so sure our pleasure to create,  
As when they tread the brink of all we hate."

His taste was not equal certainly to his other faculties, and he was guilty of occasional extravagances, and stumbled not unfrequently over the brink of the bathos; but his genius possessed the following qualities:—It was original. He had read much, but he copies little, and never slavishly. His mind looks at everything—at skulls and stars—through a medium of its own. It was subtle as well as native and strong, and in its movements it is broadly based on a vigorous intellect. It was progressive and prophetic in its spirit, and many of our recent speculations or semi-speculations on the relations of man and nature, are to be found in Young—ay, in the mere spray his mind threw off on its way to an ulterior result. Think of this, for instance, and then remember a similar expression in Carlyle:—

"Man's grief is but his grandeur in disguise;  
And discontent is immortality."

Finally, his genius, with all its compass and daring, was reverent and religious. He gloried in the universe; he swam, as it were, and circled like a strong swimmer, in that starry sea; but he bent before the Cross, and, instead of looking up, looked down, and cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

We commend his masterpiece to readers, partly, indeed, for its power,—a power that has hitherto rather been felt than

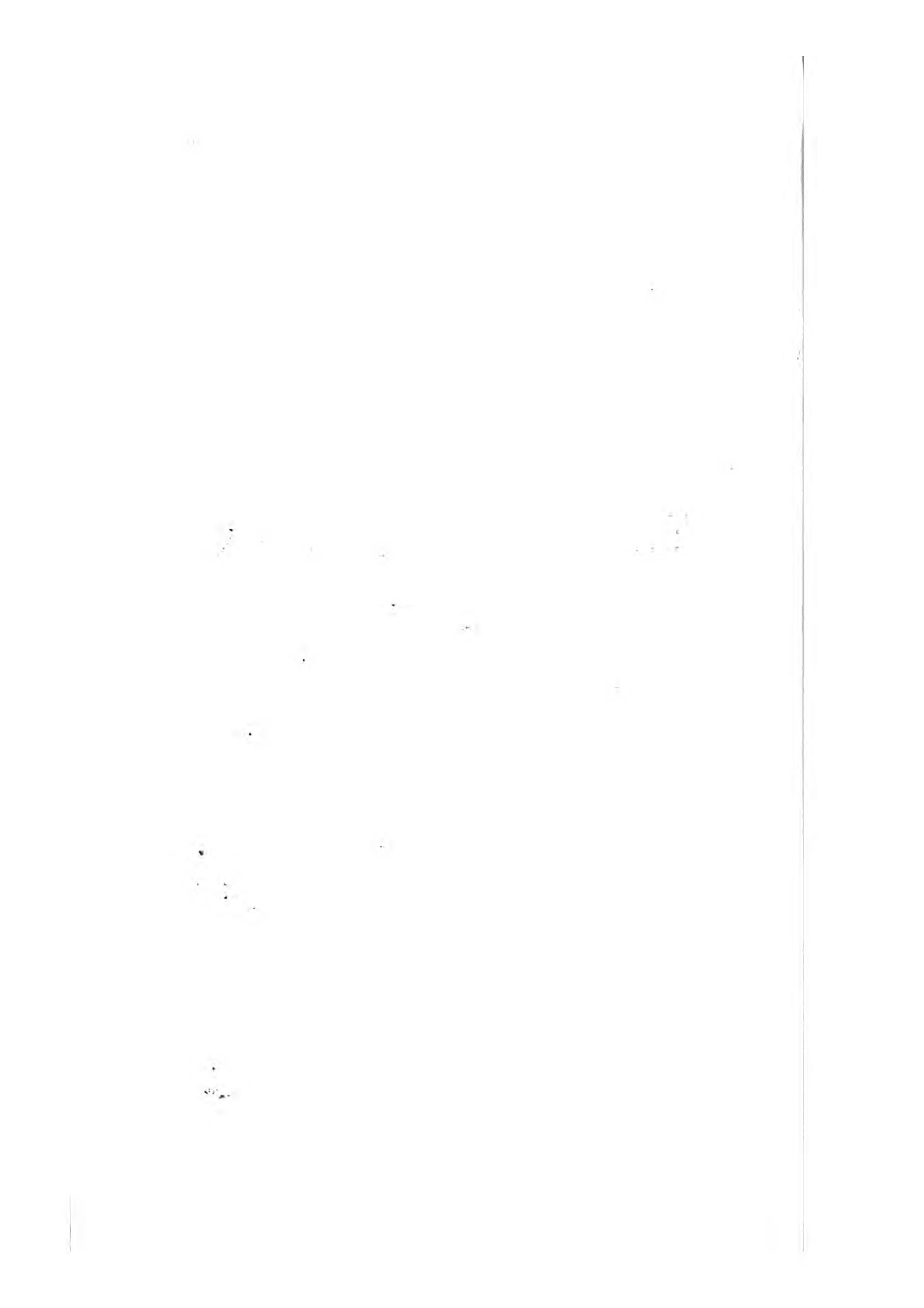
acknowledged, rather admired in silence than analysed ; but principally because, like " The Temple " of Herbert, it is holy ground. The author, amid his elaborate ingenuities, and wilful though minor perversities, never ceases to love and to honour truth ; in pursuit of renown, he is never afraid to glory in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ ; and if his flights of fancy be at times too wild, and if his thoughts be often set to the tune of the tempest, it is a tempest on whose wings, to use his own simple but immortal words, " The Lord is abroad."



# THE COMPLAINT:

OR,

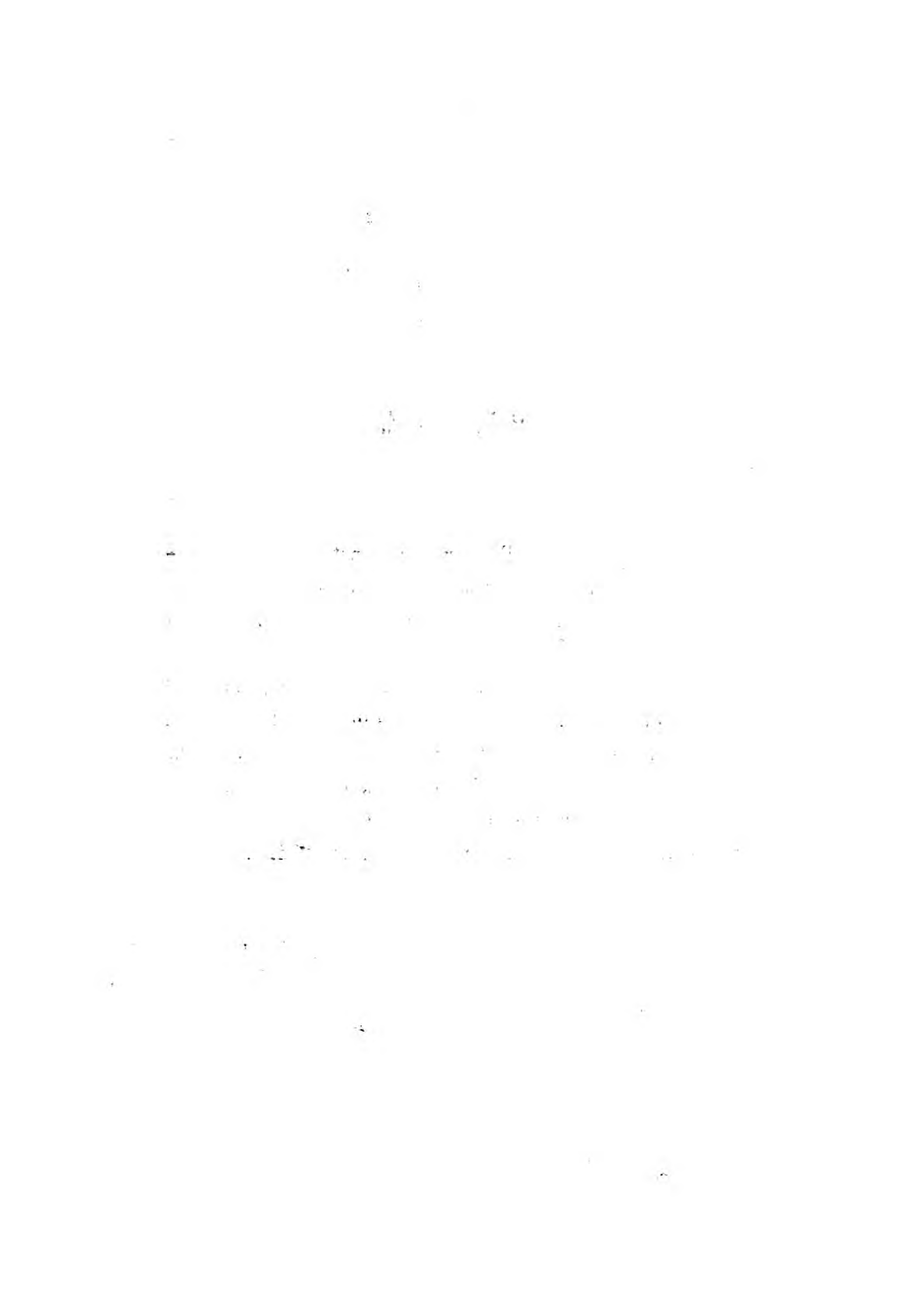
NIGHT THOUGHTS.



## PREFACE.

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As the occasion of this Poem was real, not fictitious ; so the method pursued in it was rather imposed by what spontaneously arose in the Author's mind on that occasion, than meditated or designed. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reason of it is, that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the Writer.



NIGHT FIRST.

---

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, ESQ.,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

---

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays  
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;  
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,  
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,  
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!  
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.  
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams  
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought 10  
From wave to wave of fancied misery  
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.  
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,  
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:



The day too short for my distress ; and night, 15  
 Even in the zenith of her dark domain,  
 Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,  
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth  
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.  
 Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !  
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds ;  
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse 23  
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause ;  
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.  
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd ;  
 Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness : solemn sisters ! twins  
 From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought  
 To reason, and on reason build resolve 30  
 (That column of true majesty in man),  
 Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;  
 The grave, your kingdom : there this frame shall fall  
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.  
 But what are ye ?—

Thou, who didst put to flight  
 Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,  
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;  
 O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck  
 That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ; 40  
 My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,  
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.  
 Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,  
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,  
 To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,  
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe),  
 Lead it through various scenes of life and death ;  
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.

Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song ; 49  
 Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will  
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve  
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :  
 Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd  
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time  
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours :  
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood. 60  
 It is the signal that demands despatch :  
 How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears  
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—on what ? a fathomless abyss ;  
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man !  
 How passing wonder He who made him such ! 70  
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes !  
 From different natures marvellously mix'd,  
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !  
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain !  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !  
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd !  
 Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine !  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite ! 80  
 A worm ! a god !—I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost ! At home a stranger,

Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast, 83  
 And wond'ring at her own : how reason reels !  
 O what a miracle to man is man,  
 Triumphantly distress'd ! what joy, what dread !  
 Alternately transported and alarm'd !  
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy ?  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there. 90

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :  
 While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,  
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod  
 O'er fairy fields ; or mourn'd along the gloom  
 Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep  
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool  
 Or scal'd the cliff ; or danc'd on hollow winds,  
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?  
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature  
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ; 100  
 Active, aërial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,  
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.  
 Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal  
 Even silent night proclaims eternal day.  
 For human weal, Heaven husbands all events ;  
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost ?  
 Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,  
 In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?  
 Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ? 110

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth  
 Unkindled, unconceiv'd ; and from an eye  
 Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall  
 On me, more justly number'd with the dead.  
 This is the desert, this the solitude :  
 How populous, how vital, is the grave !

This is creation's melancholy vault, 117  
 The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;  
 The land of apparitions, empty shades !  
 All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond  
 Is substance ; the reverse is Folly's creed :  
 How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn, 123  
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule ;  
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,  
 Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,  
 This gross impediment of clay remove,  
 And make us embryos of existence free.  
 From real life, but little more remote  
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light, 130  
 The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.  
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,  
 Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,  
 The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his thoughts ;  
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.  
 Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,  
 Here pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by heaven  
 To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,  
 Where seraphs gather immortality, 140  
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.  
 What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow  
 In His full beam, and ripen for the just,  
 Where momentary ages are no more !  
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death, expire !  
 And is it in the flight of threescore years  
 To push eternity from human thought,  
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?  
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness 150



Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd, 151  
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,  
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself;  
 How was my heart encrusted by the world!  
 O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!  
 How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round  
 In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,  
 Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er 160  
 With soft conceit of endless comfort here,  
 Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above):  
 Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dream'd  
 Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)  
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!  
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!  
 Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!  
 How richly were my noontide trances hung  
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys! 170  
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!  
 Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue  
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,  
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone.  
 Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture?  
 The cobwebb'd cottage, with its ragged wall  
 Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!  
 The spider's most attenuated thread  
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze. 180

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!  
 Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!  
 A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.  
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,



That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy, 185  
And quite unparadise the realms of light.

Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres ;  
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance  
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions every hour ;  
And rarely for the better ; or the best,  
More mortal than the common births of fate.

Each moment has its sickle, emulous 193  
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep  
Strikes empires from the root ; each moment plays  
His little weapon in the narrower sphere  
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down  
The fairest bloom of sùblunary bliss.

Bliss ! sùblunary bliss !—proud words, and vain !  
Implicit treason to divine decree ! 200

A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven !  
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.  
Oh ! had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,  
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !

Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine  
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.  
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;  
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere  
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust  
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ? 210

Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me ?  
Insatiate archer ! could not one suffice ?  
Thy shaft flew thrice ;<sup>1</sup> and thrice my peace was slain ;  
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.  
O Cynthia ! why so pale ? dost thou lament  
Thy wretched neighbour ? grieve to see thy wheel

<sup>1</sup> 'Thrice : ' alluding to the death of his wife, his daughter Mrs Temple, and Mr Temple.—See *Life*.

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ? 217  
 How wanes my borrow'd bliss ! from fortune's smile,  
 Precarious courtesy ! not virtue's sure,  
 Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.

In every varied posture, place, and hour,  
 How widow'd every thought of every joy !  
 Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !  
 Through the dark postern of time long laps'd, 224  
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,  
 Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)  
 Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past ;  
 In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;  
 And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts  
 Of my departed joys ; a numerous train ! 230  
 I rue the riches of my former fate ;  
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;  
 I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;  
 And every pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain ? or why complain for one ?  
 Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,  
 The single man ? Are angels all beside ?  
 I mourn for millions : 'tis the common lot ;  
 In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd  
 The mother's throes on all of woman born, 240  
 Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,  
 Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart  
 Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.  
 God's image disinherited of day,  
 Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made.  
 There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,  
 Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;  
 And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.  
 Some, for hard masters. broken under arms, 250

In battle lopp'd away, with half their limbs, 251  
 Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,  
 If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.  
 Want and incurable disease (fell pair!)  
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize  
 At once ; and make a refuge of the grave.  
 How groaning hospitals eject their dead !  
 What numbers groan for sad admission there !  
 What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,  
 Solicit the cold hand of charity ! 260  
 To shock us more, solicit it in vain !  
 Ye silken sons of pleasure ! since in pains  
 Ye rue more modish visits, visit here,  
 And breathe from your debauch : give, and reduce  
 Surfeit's dominion o'er you : but so great  
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right.  
 Happy, did sorrow seize on such alone !  
 Not prudence can defend, or virtue save ;  
 Disease invades the chastest temperance ;  
 And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm, 270  
 Through thickest shades pursues the fond of peace.  
 Man's caution often into danger turns,  
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death.  
 Not happiness itself makes good her name !  
 Our very wishes give us not our wish.  
 How distant oft the thing we doat on most,  
 From that for which we doat, felicity !  
 The smoothest course of nature has its pains ;  
 And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.  
 Without misfortune, what calamities ! 280  
 And what hostilities, without a foe !  
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.  
 But endless is the list of human ills,  
 And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe 285  
 Is tenanted by man ! the rest a waste,  
 Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands :  
 Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.  
 Such is earth's melancholy map ! But, far  
 More sad ! this earth is a true map of man.  
 So bounded are its haughty lord's delights  
 To woe's wide empire ; where deep troubles toss,  
 Loud sorrows howl, envenom'd passions bite, 293  
 Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,  
 And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.  
 What then am I, who sorrow for myself ?  
 In age, in infancy, from others' aid  
 Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind.  
 That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind ;  
 The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels ; 300  
 More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;  
 And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.  
 Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give  
 Swoln thought a second channel ; who divide,  
 They weaken, too, the torrent of their grief.  
 Take then, O world ! thy much-indebted tear :  
 How sad a sight is human happiness,  
 To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour !  
 O thou ! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults !  
 Would'st thou I should congratulate thy fate ? 310  
 I know thou would'st ; thy pride demands it from me.  
 Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,  
 The salutary censure of a friend.  
 Thou happy wretch ! by blindness thou art blest ;  
 By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.  
 Know, smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;  
 Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.  
 Misfortune, like a creditor severe,



But rises in demand for her delay ; 319  
 She makes a scourge of past prosperity,  
 To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee,  
 Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.  
 Dear is thy welfare ; think me not unkind ;  
 I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.  
 Think not that fear is sacred to the storm :  
 Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.  
 Is Heav'n tremendous in its frowns ? Most sure ;  
 And in its favours formidable too :

Its favours here are trials, not rewards ; 330  
 A call to duty, not discharge from care ;  
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes ;  
 Awake us to their cause, and consequence ;  
 O'er our scann'd conduct give a jealous eye,  
 And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert ;  
 Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,  
 Lest, while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert  
 To worse than simple misery, their charms.

Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,  
 Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd, 340  
 With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.  
 Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware  
 All joys, but joys that never can expire.  
 Who builds on less than an immortal base,  
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander !<sup>1</sup> thy last sigh  
 Dissolv'd the charm ; the disenchanted earth  
 Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring tow'rs ?  
 Her golden mountains, where ? all darken'd down  
 To naked waste ; a dreary vale of tears : 350  
 The great magician's dead ! Thou poor, pale piece

<sup>1</sup> ' Philander : ' Mr Temple, his son-in-law.



Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change 352  
 From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near  
 (Long-labour'd prize!), O how ambition flush'd  
 Thy glowing cheek! ambition truly great,  
 Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within  
 (Sly, treacherous miner!), working in the dark,  
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd  
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,  
 Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey! 360

Man's foresight is conditionally wise;  
 Lorenzo!<sup>1</sup> wisdom into folly turns  
 Oft, the first instant, its idea fair  
 To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!  
 The present moment terminates our sight;  
 Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown the next;  
 We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.  
 Time is dealt out by particles; and each,  
 Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,  
 By fate's inviolable oath is sworn 370  
 Deep silence, "where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be now;  
 There's no prerogative in human hours.  
 In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!  
 Where is to-morrow? In another world.  
 For numbers this is certain; the reverse  
 Is sure to none; and yet on this perhaps,  
 This peradventure, infamous for lies,  
 As on a rock of adamant, we build 389  
 Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,  
 As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,  
 And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not even Philander had bespoke his shroud;

<sup>1</sup> 'Lorenzo:' not Young's son, but probably the Earl of Wharton.

Nor had he cause ; a warning was denied. 385

How many fall as sudden, not as safe !

As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.

Of human ills the last extreme beware ;

Beware, Lorenzo ! a slow sudden death.

How dreadful that deliberate surprise !

Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;

Next day the fatal precedent will plead ; 392

Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Procrastination is the thief of time ;

Year after year it steals, till all are fled,

And to the mercies of a moment leaves

The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?

That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears 400

The palm, " That all men are about to live,"

For ever on the brink of being born.

All pay themselves the compliment to think

They one day shall not drivel : and their pride

On this reversion takes up ready praise ;

At least, their own ; their future selves applaud ;

How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !

Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails ;

That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign ;

The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ; 410

'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;

And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

All promise is poor dilatory man,

And that through every stage : when young, indeed,

In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,

Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,

As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;

Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ; 419  
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.  
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves :  
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;  
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,  
 Soon close ; where pass'd the shaft, no trace is found.  
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains ; 430  
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel ;  
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.  
 Even with the tender tear which nature sheds  
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.  
 Can I forget Philander ? That were strange !  
 O my full heart !——But should I give it vent,  
 The longest night, though longer far, would fail,  
 And the lark listen to my midnight song.

The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn ;  
 Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast, 440  
 I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer  
 The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel ! like thee,  
 And call the stars to listen : every star  
 Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.  
 Yet be not vain ; there are, who thine excel,  
 And charm through distant ages : wrapt in shade.  
 Pris'ner of darkness ! to the silent hours,  
 How often I repeat their rage divine,  
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe !  
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire. 450  
 Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ' Mæonides : ' Homer.

Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain! 452  
Or his, who made Mæonides our own.<sup>1</sup>  
Man too he sung; immortal man I sing;  
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;  
What, now, but immortality can please?  
O had he press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,  
Which opens out of darkness into day!  
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,  
Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man! 460  
How had it bless'd mankind, and rescu'd me!

<sup>1</sup> 'His, who made:' Pope.





## NIGHT SECOND.

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ON

## TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

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“WHEN the cock crew, he wept”—smote by that eye  
Which looks on me, on all : that Pow’r, who bids  
This midnight sentinel, with clarion shrill  
(Emblem of that which shall awake the dead),  
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of heav’ n.  
Shall I too weep ? Where then is fortitude ?  
And, fortitude abandon’d, where is man ?  
I know the terms on which he sees the light ;  
He that is born, is listed ; life is war ;  
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best, 10  
Deserves it least.—On other themes I’ll dwell.  
Lorenzo ! let me turn my thoughts on thee,  
And thine, on themes may profit ; profit there,  
Where most thy need ; themes, too, the genuine growth  
Of dear Philander’s dust. He thus, though dead,  
May still befriend—what themes ? Time’s wondrous price,  
Death, friendship, and Philander’s final scene.  
So could I touch these themes, as might obtain  
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag’d,

The good deed would delight me ; half impress 20  
 On my dark cloud an Iris ; and from grief  
 Call glory.—Dost thou mourn Philander's fate ?  
 I know thou say'st it : says thy life the same ?  
 He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.  
 Where is that thrift, that avarice of time,  
 (O glorious avarice !) thought of death inspires,  
 As rumour'd robberies endear our gold ?  
 O time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load  
 Than lead to fools ; and fools reputed wise.  
 What moment granted man without account ? 30  
 What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid !  
 Our wealth in days, all due to that discharge.  
 Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,  
 Insidious Death ! should his strong hand arrest,  
 No composition sets the pris'ner free.  
 Eternity's inexorable chain  
 Fast binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrear.  
 How late I shudder'd on the brink ! how late  
 Life call'd for her last refuge in despair !  
 That time is mine, O Mead ! to thee I owe ; 40  
 Fain would I pay thee with eternity.  
 But ill my genius answers my desire ;  
 My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.  
 Accept the will ;—that dies not with my strain.  
 For what calls thy disease, Lorenzo ? not  
 For Esculapian, but for moral aid.  
 Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.  
 Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor ;  
 Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay  
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth ; 50  
 And what its worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.  
 Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big  
 With holy hope of nobler time to come ;

Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark  
Of men and angels ; virtue more divine. 54

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain ?  
(These Heav'n benign in vital union binds)  
And sport we like the natives of the bough,  
When vernal suns inspire ? Amusement reigns  
Man's great demand : to trifle, is to live :  
And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?

Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo ! 'tis confess'd. 62  
What, if for once, I preach thee quite awake ?  
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle ?  
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,  
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?  
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?  
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes  
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,  
As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires, 70  
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm  
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there ?  
Will toys amuse ? No : thrones will then be toys,  
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time ?—its loss we dearly buy.  
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports ?  
He pleads time's numerous blanks ; he loudly pleads  
The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.  
From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee ?  
No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant. 80  
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine ;  
This cancels thy complaint at once, this leaves  
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.  
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all ;  
This, the bless'd art of turning all to gold ;  
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise  
A royal tribute from the poorest hours ;

Immense revénué ! every moment pays. 88  
 If nothing more than purpose in thy pow'r ;  
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :  
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
 Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.  
 Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint ;  
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer ;  
 Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard in heav'n.

On all-important time, through every age,  
 Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man  
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.

“ I've lost a day ”—the prince who nobly cried  
 Had been an emperor without his crown ; 103  
 Of Rome ? say, rather, lord of human race :  
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.

So should all speak ; so reason speaks in all :  
 From the soft whispers of that God in man,  
 Why fly to folly, why to phrensy fly,  
 For rescue from the blessing we possess ?  
 Time the supreme !—Time is eternity ;  
 Pregnant with all eternity can give ;  
 Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.  
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth 110  
 A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

Ah ! how unjust to Nature, and himself,  
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !  
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,  
 We censure Nature for a span too short ;  
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;  
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,  
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,  
 And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.  
 Art, brainless Art ! our furious charioteer 120  
 (For Nature's voice unstifled would recall),

Drives headlong towards the precipice of death ; 122

Death, most our dread ; death thus more dreadful made :

Oh, what a riddle of absurdity !

Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot wheels ;

How heavily we drag the load of life !

Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of Cain,

It makes us wander ; wander earth around,

To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd

The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour. 130

We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;

The next amusement mortgages our fields ;

Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,

From hateful time if prisons set us free.

Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,

We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,

Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.

To man's false optics (from his folly false),

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,

And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ; 140

Behold him, when pass'd by ; what then is seen,

But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?

And all mankind, in contradiction strong,

Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors and these ills ;

To Nature just, their cause and cure explore.

Not short Heav'n's bounty, boundless our expense ;

No niggard, Nature ; men are prodigals.

We waste, not use our time ; we breathe, not live.

Time wasted is existence, us'd is life. 150

And bare existence, man, to live ordain'd,

Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.

And why ? since time was giv'n for use, not waste,

Enjoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide, and stars,

To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man ;



Time's use was doom'd a pleasure : waste, a pain ; 156  
 That man might feel his error, if unseen :  
 And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;  
 Not, blundering, split on idleness for ease.  
 Life's cares are comforts ; such by Heaven design'd ;  
 He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.  
 Cares are employments ; and without employ  
 The soul is on a rack ; the rack of rest, 163  
 To souls most adverse ; action all their joy.

Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;  
 Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.  
 We rave, we wrestle, with great Nature's plan ;  
 We thwart the Deity ; and 'tis decreed,  
 Who thwart his will shall contradict their own.  
 Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves ; 170  
 Our thoughts at enmity ; our bosom-broils ;  
 We push Time from us, and we wish him back ;  
 Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life ;  
 Life we think long, and short ; death seek, and shun ;  
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,  
 United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity ! while here,  
 How tasteless ! and how terrible, when gone !  
 Gone ! they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still ;  
 The spirit walks of every day deceas'd ; 186  
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.  
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,  
 And time possess'd, both pain us, what can please ?  
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,  
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours  
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,  
 At once he draws the sting of life and death ;  
 He walks with Nature ; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen : see next

Time's nature, origin, importance, speed ; 190  
 And thy great gain from urging his career.—  
 All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,  
 He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else  
 Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a god.  
 Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence ?  
 For, or against, what wonders he can do,  
 And will? To stand blank neuter he disdains.  
 Not on those terms was Time (Heaven's stranger!) sent  
 On his important embassy to man.  
 Lorenzo! no: on the long-destin'd hour, 200  
 From everlasting ages growing ripe,  
 That memorable hour of wondrous birth,  
 When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,  
 And big with Nature, rising in his might,  
 Call'd forth creation (for then Time was born),  
 By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds ;  
 Not on those terms, from the great days of heav'n,  
 From old Eternity's mysterious orb,  
 Was Time cut off, and cast beneath the skies ;  
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode, 210  
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres ;  
 That horologe machinery divine.  
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his children play,  
 Like numerous wings around him, as he flies :  
 Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape  
 His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,  
 To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,  
 And join anew Eternity his sire ;  
 In his immutability to nest,  
 When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd 220  
 (Fate the loud signal sounding), headlong rush  
 To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.  
 Why spur the speedy? why with levities

New wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?      224  
 Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?  
 Man flies from time, and time from man; too soon  
 In sad divorce this double flight must end:  
 And then where are we? where, Lorenzo! then  
 Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state  
 Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud,  
 Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath.  
 Has Death his fopperies? Then well may life      232  
 Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.  
 Ye well-array'd! ye lilies of our land!  
 Ye lilies male! who neither toil nor spin  
 (As sister lilies might), if not so wise  
 As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!  
 Ye delicate! who nothing can support,  
 Yourselves most insupportable! for whom  
 The winter rose must blow, the sun put on      240  
 A brighter beam in Leo; silky-soft  
 Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;  
 And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,  
 And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!  
 O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem  
 One moment unamus'd, a misery  
 Not made for feeble man! who call aloud  
 For every bauble drivell'd o'er by sense;  
 For rattles, and conceits of every cast,  
 For change of follies, and relays of joy,      250  
 To drag your patient through the tedious length  
 Of a short winter's day—say, sages! say,  
 Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!  
 How will you weather an eternal night,  
 Where such expedients fail?  
 O treacherous Conscience! while she seems to sleep  
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;

While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop 258  
 On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,  
 And give us up to licence, unrecall'd,  
 Unmark'd ;—see, from behind her secret stand,  
 The sly informer minutes every fault,  
 And her dread diary with horror fills.  
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;  
 She reconnoitres fancy's airy band,  
 A watchful foe ! the formidable spy,  
 List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp :  
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,  
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.  
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal 270  
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs ;  
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats  
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable time ;  
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied ;  
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,  
 Writes our whole history ; which Death shall read  
 In every pale delinquent's private ear ;  
 And Judgment publish ; publish to more worlds  
 Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.  
 Lorenzo, such that sleeper in thy breast ! 280  
 Such is her slumber ; and her vengeance such  
 For slighted counsel ; such thy future peace !  
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon ?

But why on Time so lavish is my song ?  
 On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school,  
 To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,  
 Each morn are born anew : each day, a life !  
 And shall we kill each day ? If trifling kills ;  
 Sure vice must butcher. Oh, what heaps of slain  
 Cry out for vengeance on us ! 'Time destroy'd 290  
 Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.



Time flies, Death urges, knells call, Heav'n invites, 297  
 Hell threatens : all exerts ; in effort, all ;  
 More than creation labours !—labours more !  
 And is there in creation what, amidst  
 This tumult universal, wing'd despatch,  
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns ?—  
 Man sleeps ; and man alone ; and man, whose fate,  
 Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,  
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf 300  
 A moment trembles ; drops ! and man, for whom  
 All else is in alarm ! man, the sole cause  
 Of this surrounding storm ! and yet he sleeps,  
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away ?  
 Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize ;  
 Heav'n's on their wing : a moment we may wish,  
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid Day stand still,  
 Bid him drive back his car, and re-import  
 The period past, re-give the given hour.  
 Lorenzo, more than miracles we want ; 310  
 Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come !

Such is the language of the man awake ;  
 His ardour such, for what oppresses thee.  
 And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo ? No ;  
 That more than miracle the gods indulge ;  
 To-day is yesterday return'd ; return'd  
 Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,  
 And reinstate us on the rock of peace.  
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate ;  
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool. 320  
 Shall it evaporate in fume ? fly off  
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still ?  
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd ?  
 More wretched for the clemencies of Heav'n ?  
 Where shall I find him ? Angels ! tell me where.



You know him : he is near you : point him out : 326  
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow ?  
 Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs ?  
 Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, shed  
 Protection ; now, are waving in applause  
 To that bless'd son of foresight ! lord of fate !  
 That awful independent on to-morrow !  
 Whose work is done ; who triumphs in the past ; 333  
 Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile ;  
 Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly ;  
 That common but opprobrious lot ! past hours,  
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,  
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,  
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;  
 All god-like passion for eternal quench'd ; 340  
 All relish of realities expir'd ;  
 Renounced all correspondence with the skies ;  
 Our freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our desire ;  
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar ;  
 Prone to the centre ; crawling in the dust ;  
 Dismounted every great and glorious aim ;  
 Embruted every faculty divine ;  
 Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world.  
 The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,  
 Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire 350  
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there  
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd,  
 Though we from earth ; ethereal, they that fell.  
 Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.  
 For what, gay friend ! is this escutcheon'd world,  
 Which hangs out death in one eternal night ?  
 A night, that glooms us in the noontide ray,  
 And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.

Life's little stage is a small eminence, 260  
 Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,  
 Where dwells the multitude : we gaze around ;  
 We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while  
 We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplor'd ;  
 Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot !

Is Death at distance ? No : he has been on thee ;  
 And given sure earnest of his final blow.  
 These hours that lately smil'd, where are they now ?  
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd  
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues ! 370  
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.  
 The rest are on the wing : how fleet their flight !  
 Already has the fatal train took fire ;  
 A moment, and the world's blown up to thee ;  
 The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;  
 And ask them, what report they bore to heaven ;  
 And how they might have borne more welcome news.  
 Their answers form what men experience call ;  
 If Wisdom's friend, her best ; if not, worst foe. 380  
 " Oh, reconcile them ! " kind Experience cries ;  
 " There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;  
 The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;  
 And by success are tutor'd to despair."  
 Nor is it only thus, but must be so.

Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.  
 Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,  
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,  
 Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes ? 390  
 Since, by life's passing breath, blown up from earth,  
 Light as the summer's dust, we take in air  
 A moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;

Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil, 394  
 And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more ;  
 Since then (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)  
 We, sore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,  
 And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,  
 As man's own choice (controller of the skies!)  
 As man's despotic will, perhaps one hour  
 (O how omnipotent is time !) decrees ;  
 Should not each warning give a strong alarm ?  
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn 403  
 From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead !  
 Should not each dial strike us as we pass,  
 Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,  
 O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,  
 Erewhile high-flush'd, with insolence, and wine ?  
 Like that, the dial speaks ; and points to thee,  
 Lorenzo ! loth to break thy banquet up : 410  
 " O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;  
 And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."  
 Its silent language such : nor need'st thou call  
 Thy Magi, to decipher what it means.  
 Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls :  
 Dost ask, How ? Whence ? Belshazzar-like, amaz'd ?  
 Man's make encloses the sure seeds of death ;  
 Life feeds the murderer : ingrate ! he thrives  
 On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.  
 But, here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies ; 420  
 That solar shadow, as it measures life,  
 It life resembles too : life speeds away  
 From point to point, though seeming to stand still.  
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth :  
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen ;  
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.  
 Warnings point out our danger ; gnomons, time :

As these are useless when the sun is set : 428  
 So those, but when more glorious reason shines.  
 Reason should judge in all ; in reason's eye,  
 That sedentary shadow travels hard.  
 But such our gravitation to the wrong,  
 So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,  
 'Tis later with the wise than he's aware :  
 A Wilmington goes slower than the sun :  
 And all mankind mistake their time of day :  
 Even age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown  
 In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent  
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.  
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring ; 440  
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft  
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel.  
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.  
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store  
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ;  
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On this, or similar, Philander ! thou,  
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue ;  
 And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;  
 How often we talk'd down the summer's sun. 450  
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !  
 How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve.  
 By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,  
 Best found, so sought ; to the recluse more coy !  
 Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip ;  
 Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,  
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song ;  
 Song, fashionably fruitless ; such as stains  
 The fancy, and unhallow'd passion fires ;  
 Chiming her saints to Cytherea's<sup>1</sup> fane. 460

<sup>1</sup> 'Cytherea :' Venus, from Cythera, one of the Ionian Islands, where she was worshipped.



Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains? 461  
 As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,  
 So men from friendship, wisdom and delight;  
 Twins tied by Nature, if they part, they die.  
 Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?  
 Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,  
 And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.  
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied;  
 Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too!  
 Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross;  
 When coin'd in words, we know its real worth. 471  
 If sterling, store it for thy future use;  
 'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.  
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd;  
 Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain  
 The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.  
 Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;  
 Speech burnishes our mental magazine;  
 Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.  
 What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie, 480  
 Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,  
 And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,  
 And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;  
 If born bless'd heirs of half their mother's tongue!  
 'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push  
 Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,  
 And defecates the student's standing pool.  
 In contemplation is his proud resource?  
 'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustain'd.  
 Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field; 490  
 Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit  
 Of due restraint; and emulation's spur  
 Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.  
 'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;



As exercise, for salutary rest.

495

By that untutor'd, contemplation raves ;  
And Nature's fool, by wisdom is undone.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,  
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,  
What is she, but the means of happiness ?  
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;  
A melancholy fool, without her bells.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives  
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.

503

Nature, in zeal for human amity,  
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.

Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;  
Joy flies monopolists : it calls for two ;  
Rich fruit! heav'n-planted! never pluck'd by one.

Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give

510

To social man true relish of himself.

Full on ourselves, descending in a line,  
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :  
Delight intense, is taken by rebound ;  
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial happiness, whene'er she stoops  
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,  
And one alone, to make her sweet amends  
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend ;  
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,  
Each other's pillow to repose divine.

520

Beware the counterfeit : in passion's flame  
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.  
True love strikes root in reason ; passion's foe :  
Virtue alone entenders us for life :

I wrong her much—entenders us for ever :  
Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair  
Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,

And, emulously, rapid in her race. 529  
 O the soft enmity ! endearing strife !  
 This carries friendship to her noontide point,  
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

From friendship, which outlives my former themes,  
 Glorious survivor of old time and death ;  
 From friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed,  
 The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,  
 Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian flower ?  
 Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.  
 Lorenzo ! pardon what my love extorts, 540  
 An honest love, and not afraid to frown.  
 Though choice of follies fasten on the great,  
 None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond  
 That sacred friendship is their easy prey ;  
 Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,  
 Or fascination of a high-born smile.

Their smiles, the great, and the coquette, throw out  
 For others' hearts, tenacious of their own ;  
 And we no less of ours, when such the bait.  
 Ye fortune's cofferers ! ye powers of wealth ! 550  
 Can gold gain friendship ? Impudence of hope !  
 As well mere man an angel might beget.  
 Love, and love only, is the loan for love.  
 Lorenzo ! pride repress ; nor hope to find  
 A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.  
 All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;  
 And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)  
 I show thee friendship delicate, as dear,  
 Of tender violations apt to die ? 560  
 Reserve will wound it ; and distrust, destroy.  
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend.

But since friends grow not thick on every bough, 563  
 Nor every friend unrotten at the core ;  
 First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself ;  
 Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,  
 Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;  
 Judge before friendship, then confide till death.  
 Well, for thy friend ; but nobler far for thee ;  
 How gallant danger for earth's highest prize ! 570  
 A friend is worth all hazards we can run.  
 " Poor is the friendless master of a world :  
 A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung he (angels hear that angel sing !  
 Angels from friendship gather half their joy),  
 So sung Philander, as his friend went round  
 In the rich ichor, in the generous blood  
 Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,  
 A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.  
 He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend ; 580  
 His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd  
 Friendship's the wine of life ; but friendship new  
 (Not such was his) is neither strong, nor pure.  
 O for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,  
 And elevating spirit, of a friend,  
 For twenty summers ripening by my side ;  
 All feculence of falsehood long thrown down ;  
 All social virtues rising in his soul ;  
 As crystal clear ; and smiling, as they rise !  
 Here nectar flows ; it sparkles in our sight ; 590  
 Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.  
 High-flavour'd bliss for gods ! on earth how rare !  
 On earth how lost !—Philander is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song ?  
 Am I too warm ?—Too warm I cannot be.  
 I lov'd him much ; but now I love him more.

Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd, 597  
 Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes  
 Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold ;  
 How blessings brighten as they take their flight !  
 His flight Philander took ; his upward flight,  
 If ever soul ascended. Had he dropp'd  
 (That eagle genius !), oh ! had he let fall  
 One feather as he flew ; I, then, had wrote, 604  
 What friends might flatter ; prudent foes forbear ;  
 Rivals scarce damn ; and Zoilus reprieve.  
 Yet what I can, I must : it were profane  
 To quench a glory lighted at the skies,  
 And cast in shadows his illustrious close.  
 Strange ! the theme most affecting, most sublime, 610  
 Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung !  
 And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,  
 Paynim or Christian ; to the blush of wit.  
 Man's highest triumph ! man's profoundest fall !  
 The death-bed of the just ! is yet undrawn  
 By mortal hand ; it merits a divine :  
 Angels should paint it, angels ever there ;  
 There, on a post of honour, and of joy.  
 Dare I presume, then ? But Philander bids ;  
 And glory tempts, and inclination calls— 620  
 Yet am I struck ; as struck the soul, beneath  
 Aërial groves' impenetrable gloom ;  
 Or, in some mighty ruin's solemn shade ;  
 Or, gazing by pale lamps on high-born dust,  
 In vaults ; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings ;  
 Or, at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.  
 Is it religion to proceed ? I pause—  
 And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.  
 Is it his death-bed ? No : it is his shrine :  
 Behold him, there, just rising to a god. 530



The chamber where the good man meets his fate, 631  
 Is privileg'd beyond the common walk  
 Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.  
 Fly, ye profane ! if not, draw near with awe,  
 Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,  
 That threw in this Bethesda your disease ;  
 If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.  
 For here, resistless demonstration dwells ;  
 A death-bed's a detector of the heart.  
 Here tir'd Dissimulation drops her mask, 640  
 Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene !  
 Here real and apparent are the same.  
 You see the man ; you see his hold on heav'n ;  
 If sound his virtue ; as Philander's, sound.  
 Heav'n waits not the last moment ; owns her friends  
 On this side death ; and points them out to men,  
 A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign power !  
 To vice, confusion ; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays, 650  
 Virtue alone has majesty in death ;  
 And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.  
 Philander ! he severely frown'd on thee.  
 " No warning given ! Unceremonious fate !  
 A sudden rush from life's meridian joy !  
 A wrench from all we love ! from all we are !  
 A restless bed of pain ! a plunge opaque  
 Beyond conjecture ! feeble Nature's dread !  
 Strong reason's shudder at the dark unknown !  
 A sun extinguish'd ! a just opening grave !  
 And, oh ! the last, last, what ? (can words express ? 660  
 Thought reach it ?)—the last—silence of a friend !"  
 Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,  
 This hideous group of ills, which singly shock,  
 Demand from man ?—I thought him man till now.

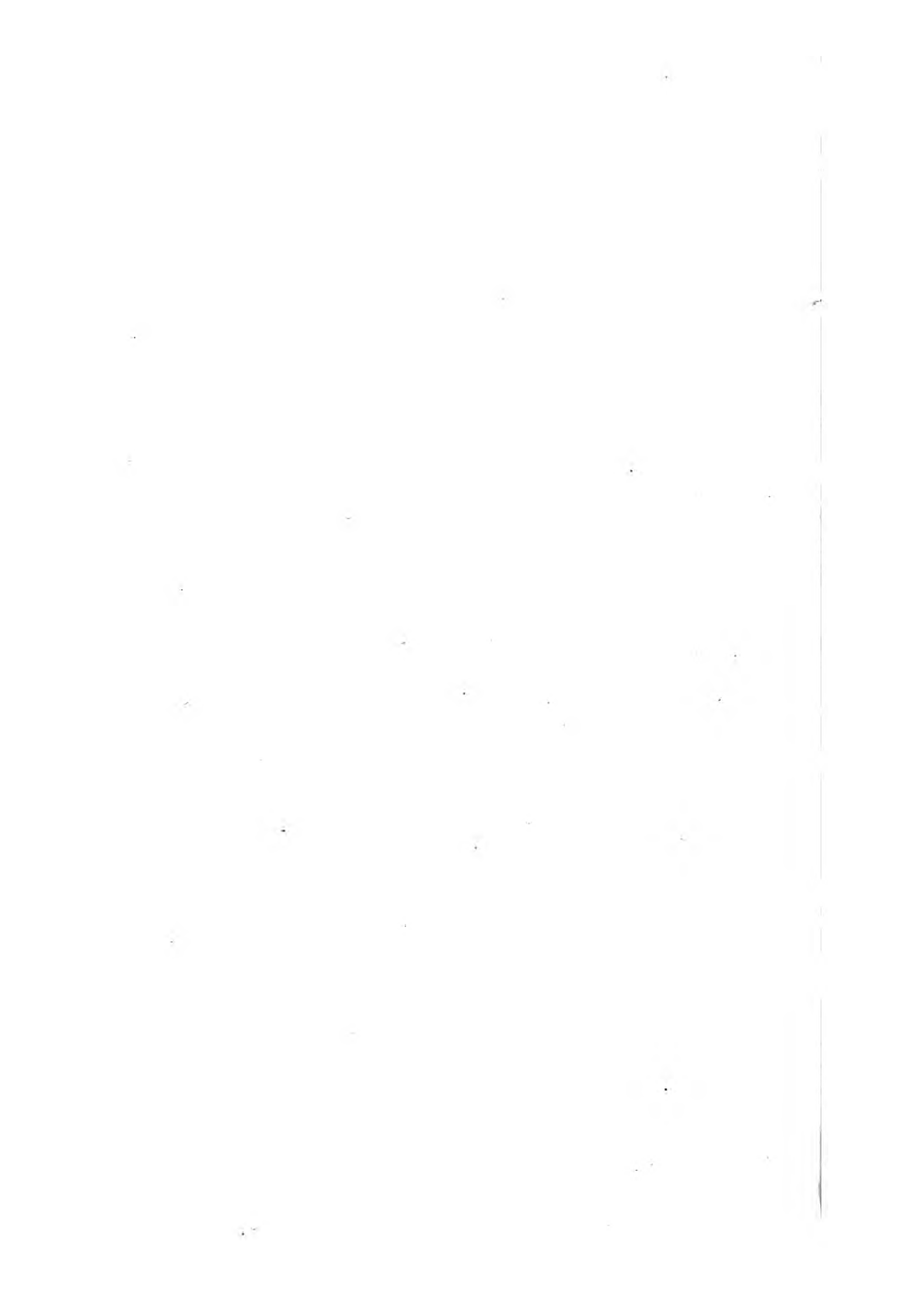


Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies  
 (Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom).  
 What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!  
 Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?  
 No, not in death, the mortal to be found.  
 His conduct is a legacy for all; 679  
 Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.  
 His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,  
 With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields,  
 His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burn'd within us at the scene!  
 Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?  
 His God sustains him in his final hour!  
 His final hour brings glory to his God!  
 Man's glory Heav'n vouchsafes to call her own.  
 We gaze, we weep; mix'd tears of grief and joy! 680  
 Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!  
 Christians adore! and infidels believe!

As some tall tower,<sup>1</sup> or lofty mountain's brow,  
 Detains the sun, illustrious, from its height;  
 While rising vapours, and descending shades,  
 With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious vale;  
 Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,  
 Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,  
 At that black hour, which general horror sheds  
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng: 690  
 Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy,  
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul;  
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,  
 With incommunicable lustre, bright.

<sup>1</sup> 'As some tall tower:' Goldsmith has borrowed this fine image in his description of the good pastor's death, in the 'Deserted Village.'



NIGHT THIRD.

---

NARCISSA.

---

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF P——.<sup>1</sup>

---

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.—VIRG.*

---

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,  
To reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,  
Once more I wake ; and at the destin'd hour,  
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,  
I keep my assignation with my woe.

Oh ! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !  
Who think it solitude to be alone.  
Communion sweet ! communion large and high !  
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God !  
Then nearest these, when others most remote ;  
And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these.  
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,  
A stranger ! unacknowledg'd, unapprov'd !  
Now woo them, wed them, bind them to thy breast ;  
To win thy wish, creation has no more.  
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—  
But friends, how mortal ! dangerous the desire.

10

<sup>1</sup> ' P—— : ' Portland.

Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards ! 19  
 Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head ;  
 And reeling through the wilderness of joy ;  
 Where sense runs savage, broke from reason's chain,  
 And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.  
 My fortune is unlike ; unlike my song ;  
 Unlike the deity my song invokes.  
 I to Day's soft-ey'd sister pay my court  
 (Endymion's rival !), and her aid implore ;  
 Now first implor'd in succour to the Muse.

Thou, who didst lately borrow<sup>1</sup> Cynthia's form,  
 And modestly forego thine own ! O thou, 30  
 Who didst thyself at midnight hours inspire !  
 Say, why not Cynthia patroness of song ?  
 As thou her crescent, she thy character  
 Assumes ; still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute  
 This revolution in the world inspir'd ?  
 Ye train Pierian ! to the lunar sphere,  
 In silent hour address your ardent call  
 For aid immortal ; less her brother's right.  
 She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads 40  
 The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain ;  
 A strain for gods, denied to mortal ear.  
 Transmit it heard, thou silver Queen of Heaven !  
 What title, or what name, endears thee most ?  
 Cynthia ! Cyllene ! Phœbe !—or dost hear  
 With higher gust, fair P——d of the skies ?  
 Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,  
 More powerful than of old Circean charm ?  
 Come ; but from heav'nly banquets with thee bring  
 The soul of song, and whisper in my ear 50  
 The theft divine ; or in propitious dreams

<sup>1</sup> ' Didst lately borrow : ' at the Duke of Norfolk's masquerade.

(For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the breast 52  
 Of thy first votary—but not thy last ;  
 If, like thy namesake, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be ; kind on such a theme ;  
 A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,  
 Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !  
 A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,  
 'Twas Night ; on her fond hopes perpetual night ;  
 A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp, 60  
 Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.  
 Narcissa<sup>1</sup> follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.

Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;  
 They love a train, they tread each other's heel ;  
 Her death invades his mournful right, and claims  
 The grief that started from my lids for him :  
 Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,  
 Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent Death,  
 Sorrow he more than causes, he confounds ;  
 For human sighs his rival strokes contend, 70  
 And make distress, distraction. Oh, Philander !  
 What was thy fate ? A double fate to me ;  
 Portent, and pain ! a menace, and a blow !  
 Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,  
 Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.  
 It call'd Narcissa long before her hour ;  
 It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,  
 From the first blossom, from the buds of joy ;  
 Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves  
 In this inclement clime of human life. 80

Sweet harmonist ! and beautiful as sweet !  
 And young as beautiful ! and soft as young !  
 And gay as soft ! and innocent as gay !  
 And happy (if aught happy here) as good !

<sup>1</sup> 'Narcissa : ' Mrs Temple.



For fortune fond had built her nest on high. 85  
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,  
 Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark),  
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,  
 And left it unharmonious! all its charms  
 Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!  
 Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,  
 Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain  
 (O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart! 93  
 Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group  
 Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise,  
 As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,  
 Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all  
 We guess of heav'n: and these were all her own;  
 And she was mine; and I was—was!—most blest!—  
 Gay title of the deepest misery! 100  
 As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life;  
 Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd, in joy.  
 Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,  
 Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;  
 And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;  
 Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.  
 And will not the severe excuse a sigh?  
 Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;  
 Our tears indulg'd, indeed deserve our shame.  
 Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me. 110  
 Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,  
 Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;  
 And on her cheek, the residence of spring,  
 Pale omen sat; and scatter'd fears around  
 On all that saw; (and who would cease to gaze,  
 That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,  
 I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,  
 Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,

And bore her nearer to the sun ;<sup>1</sup> the sun 119  
 (As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,  
 Denied his wonted succour ; nor with more  
 Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells  
 Of lilies ; fairest lilies, not so fair !

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !  
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ;  
 In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,  
 And drink the sun ; which gives your cheeks to glow,  
 And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair ;  
 You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,  
 Which often cropp'd your odours, incense meet 130  
 To thought so pure ! Ye lovely fugitives !  
 Coeval race with man ! for man you smile ;  
 Why not smile at him too ? You share indeed  
 His sudden pass ; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, 'naught ministers delight,  
 By what his glowing passions can engage ;  
 And glowing passions, bent on aught below,  
 Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;  
 And anguish, after rapture, how severe !  
 Rapture ? Bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine, 140  
 By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,  
 While here, presuming on the rights of heav' n.  
 For transport dost thou call on every hour,  
 Lorenzo ? At thy friend's expense be wise ;  
 Lean not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;  
 A broken reed, at best ; but, oft, a spear ;  
 On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her :—thought repell'd  
 Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.  
 Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour ! 150

<sup>1</sup> Nearer to the sun : ' Mrs Temple died on her way to Nice, accompanied by her father, and was interred at Montpelier.

And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd ! 151  
 And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening joys !  
 And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete !  
 And on a foreign shore ; where strangers wept !  
 Strangers to thee ; and, more surprising still,  
 Strangers to kindness, wept : their eyes let fall  
 Inhuman tears : strange tears ! that trickled down  
 From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !  
 A tenderness that call'd them more severe ;  
 In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd ; 160  
 While nature melted, superstition rav'd ;  
 That mourn'd the dead ; and this denied a grave.  
 Their sighs incens'd ; sighs foreign to the will !  
 Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.  
 For oh ! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal !  
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd  
 In blind infallibility's embrace,  
 The sainted spirit petrified the breast ;  
 Denied the charity of dust, to spread  
 O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy. 170  
 What could I do ? what succour ? what resource ?  
 With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole ;  
 With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd ;  
 Short in my duty ; coward in my grief !  
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,  
 With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep  
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.  
 I whisper'd what should echo through their realms ;  
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.  
 Presumptuous fear ! How durst I dread her foes, 180  
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?  
 Pardon necessity, bless'd shade ! of grief  
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;  
 Half execration mingled with my prayer ;

Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ; 185  
 Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;  
 Stamp'd the curs'd soil ; and with humanity  
 (Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glows my resentment into guilt ? What guilt  
 Can equal violations of the dead ?

The dead how sacred ! Sacred is the dust  
 Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine ! 192

This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth,  
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse  
 With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.

When every passion sleeps that can offend ;  
 When strikes us every motive that can melt ;  
 When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,  
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will ;

Then, spleen to dust ? the dust of innocence ? 200  
 An angel's dust ?—This Lucifer transcends ;  
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,  
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride ;  
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race  
 Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love ;  
 And uncreated, but for love divine ;

And, but for love divine, this moment, lost,  
 By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.

Man hard of heart to man ! of horrid things 210  
 Most horrid ! 'mid stupendous, highly strange !

Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs ;

Pride brandishes the favours He confers,

And contumelious his humanity :

What then his vengeance ? Hear it not, ye stars !

And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the sound ;

Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.

A previous blast foretells the rising storm ;



O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ; 219  
 Volcanos bellow ere they disemboque ;  
 Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;  
 And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire :  
 Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,  
 And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.  
 Is this the flight of fancy ? Would it were !  
 Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings, but himself,  
 That hideous sight, a naked human heart.  
 Fir'd is the Muse ? And let the Muse be fir'd :  
 Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,  
 And in the nerve most tender, in his friends ? 230  
 Shame to mankind ! Philander had his foes ;  
 He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.  
 But he, nor I, feel more : past ills, Narcissa !  
 Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart !  
 Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs ;  
 Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that swarm'd  
 O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clustering there  
 Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,  
 Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.  
 Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale) 240  
 How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd ?  
 An aspic, each ! and all, a hydra woe :  
 What strong Herculean virtue could suffice ?—  
 Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here ?  
 This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews ;  
 And each tear mourns its own distinct distress ;  
 And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands  
 Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.  
 A grief like this proprietors excludes :  
 Not friends alone such obsequies deplore ; 250  
 They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs  
 Far as the fatal fame can wing her way ;



And turn the gayest thought of gayest age, 253  
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.

The vale of death ! that hush'd Cimmerian vale,  
Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates  
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day  
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change !  
That subterranean world, that land of ruin !  
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought !  
There let my thought expatiate, and explore 261  
Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,  
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here.  
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,  
My soul ! " the fruits of dying friends survey ;  
Expose the vain of life ; weigh life and death ;  
Give death his eulogy ; thy fear subdue ;  
And labour that first palm of noble minds,  
A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave. 270  
As poets feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood  
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r ;  
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.  
And first, of dying friends ; what fruit from these ?  
It brings us more than triple aid ; an aid  
To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,  
To damp our brainless ardours ; and abate  
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.  
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth 280  
Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars  
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws  
Cross our obstructed way ; and, thus to make  
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.  
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume  
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,

Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights, 287  
 And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,  
 On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,  
 Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,  
 O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,  
 And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends  
 Are angels sent on errands full of love ;  
 For us they languish, and for us they die :  
 And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain ?  
 Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,  
 Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?  
 Shall we disdain their silent soft address ;  
 Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer ?  
 Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves, 300  
 Tread under foot their agonies and groans ;  
 Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?  
 Lorenzo ! no ; the thought of death indulge ;  
 Give it its wholesome empire ! let it reign,  
 That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy !  
 Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,  
 And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast :  
 Auspicious era ! golden days, begin !  
 The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.  
 And why not think on death ? Is life the theme 310  
 Of every thought ? and wish of every hour ?  
 And song of every joy ? Surprising truth !  
 The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.  
 To wave the numerous ills that seize on life  
 As their own property, their lawful prey ;  
 Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,  
 His luxuries have left him no reserve,  
 No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights ;  
 On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists,  
 And in the tasteless present chews the past ; 320

Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down. 321  
 Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years  
 Have disinherited his future hours,  
 Which starve on orts, and glean their former field.  
 Live ever here, Lorenzo?—shocking thought!  
 So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;  
 Disown from shame what they from folly crave.  
 Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?  
 For what live ever here?—With labouring step  
 To tread our former footsteps? pace the round 330  
 Eternal? to climb life's worn, heavy wheel,  
 Which draws up nothing new? to beat, and beat  
 The beaten track? to bid each wretched day  
 The former mock? to surfeit on the same,  
 And yawn our joys? or thank a misery  
 For change, though sad? to see what we have seen?  
 Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?  
 To taste the tasted, and at each return  
 Less tasteful? o'er our palates to decant  
 Another vintage? strain a flatter year, 340  
 Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?  
 Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!  
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted! load, not life!  
 The rational foul kennels of excess!  
 Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch!  
 Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl  
 Such of our fine ones is the wish refin'd!  
 So would they have it: elegant desire!  
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?  
 But such examples might their riot awe. 350  
 Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought  
 (Though on bright thought they father all their flights),  
 To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,  
 The same vain world; to censure, and espouse,

This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool 355  
 Each moment of each day ; to flatter bad  
 Through dread of worse ; to cling to this rude rock,  
 Barren, to them, of good, and sharp with ills,  
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,  
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope—  
 Scar'd at the gloomy gulf, that yawns beneath,  
 Such are their triumphs ! such their pangs of joy ! 362

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.  
 This hugg'd, this hideous state, what art can cure ?  
 One only ; but that one, what all may reach ;  
 Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess ! charms  
 That rock to bloom ; and tames the painted shrew ;  
 And what will more surprise, Lorenzo ! gives  
 To life's sick, nauseous iteration, change ;  
 And straightens nature's circle to a line. 370  
 Believ'st thou this, Lorenzo ? lend an ear,  
 A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden iteration reigns,  
 And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys  
 Of sight, smell, taste : the cuckoo-seasons sing  
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize,  
 But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,  
 To doating sense indulge. But nobler minds,  
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the sun,  
 Make their days various ; various as the dyes 380  
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.  
 On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,  
 On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,  
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves  
 In that for which they long, for which they live.  
 Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,  
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise ;  
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents



To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame ; 389  
 While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel  
 Rolling beneath their elevated aims,  
 Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour ;  
 Advancing virtue, in a line to bliss ;  
 Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire !  
 And bliss, which Christian schemes alone ensure !  
 And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence  
 Apostates, and turn infidels for joy ?  
 A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,  
 " He sins against this life, who slights the next."  
 What is this life ? How few their favourite know ! 400  
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,  
 By passionately loving life, we make  
 Lov'd life unlovely ; hugging her to death.  
 We give to time eternity's regard ;  
 And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.  
 Life has no value as an end, but means ;  
 An end deplorable ! a means divine !  
 When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing ; worse than naught ;  
 A nest of pains : when held as nothing, much :  
 Like some fair humorists, life is most enjoy'd, 410  
 When courted least ; most worth, when disesteem'd ;  
 Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace ;  
 In prospect richer far ; important ! awful !  
 Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise !  
 Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy !  
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss !  
 Where now the barren rock ? the painted shrew ?  
 Where now, Lorenzo ! life's eternal round ?  
 Have I not made my triple promise good ?  
 Vain is the world ; but only to the vain. 420  
 To what compare we then this varying scene,  
 Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines ?



Waxes, and wanes ? (In all propitious, night 423  
 Assists me here) compare it to the moon ;  
 Dark in herself, and indigent ; but rich  
 In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere.

When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,  
 O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy ;  
 Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font  
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow. 430

Nor is that glory distant : Oh, Lorenzo !  
 A good man, and an angel ! these between  
 How thin the barrier ! What divides their fate ?  
 Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year :  
 Or, if an age, it is a moment still ;  
 A moment, or eternity's forgot.

Then be, what once they were, who now are gods ;  
 Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.  
 Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass ?  
 The soft transition call it ; and be cheer'd : 440  
 Such it is often, and why not to thee ?

To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise ;  
 And may itself procure, what it presumes.  
 Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd ;  
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.  
 " Strange competition !"—True, Lorenzo ! strange !  
 So little life can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;  
 Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.  
 Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim life peeps at light ;  
 Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day ; 451  
 All eye, all ear, the disembodied pow' r.  
 Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel ;  
 Life, ill's substantial, wisdom cannot shun.  
 Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven !  
 By tyrant life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd ?

By death enlarg'd, ennobl'd, deific'd ? 457

Death but entombs the body ; life the soul.

“ Is Death then guiltless ? How he marks his way

With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine !

Art, genius, fortune, elevated pow'r !

With various lustres these light up the world,

Which Death puts out, and darkens human race.” 463

I grant, Lorenzo ! this indictment just :

The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror !

Death humbles these ; more barb'rous life, the man.

Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay ;

Death, of the spirit infinite ! divine !

Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts ;

Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves. 470

No bliss has life to boast, till death can give

Far greater ; life's a debtor to the grave,

Dark lattice ! letting in eternal day.

Lorenzo ! blush at fondness for a life,

Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,

To cater for the sense ; and serve at boards,

Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps

Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.

Luxurious feast ! a soul, a soul immortal,

In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd ! 480

Lorenzo ! blush at terror for a death,

Which gives thee to repose in festive bow'rs,

Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,

And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,

And éternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.

What need I more ? O Death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, Death ! thy dreaded harbingers,

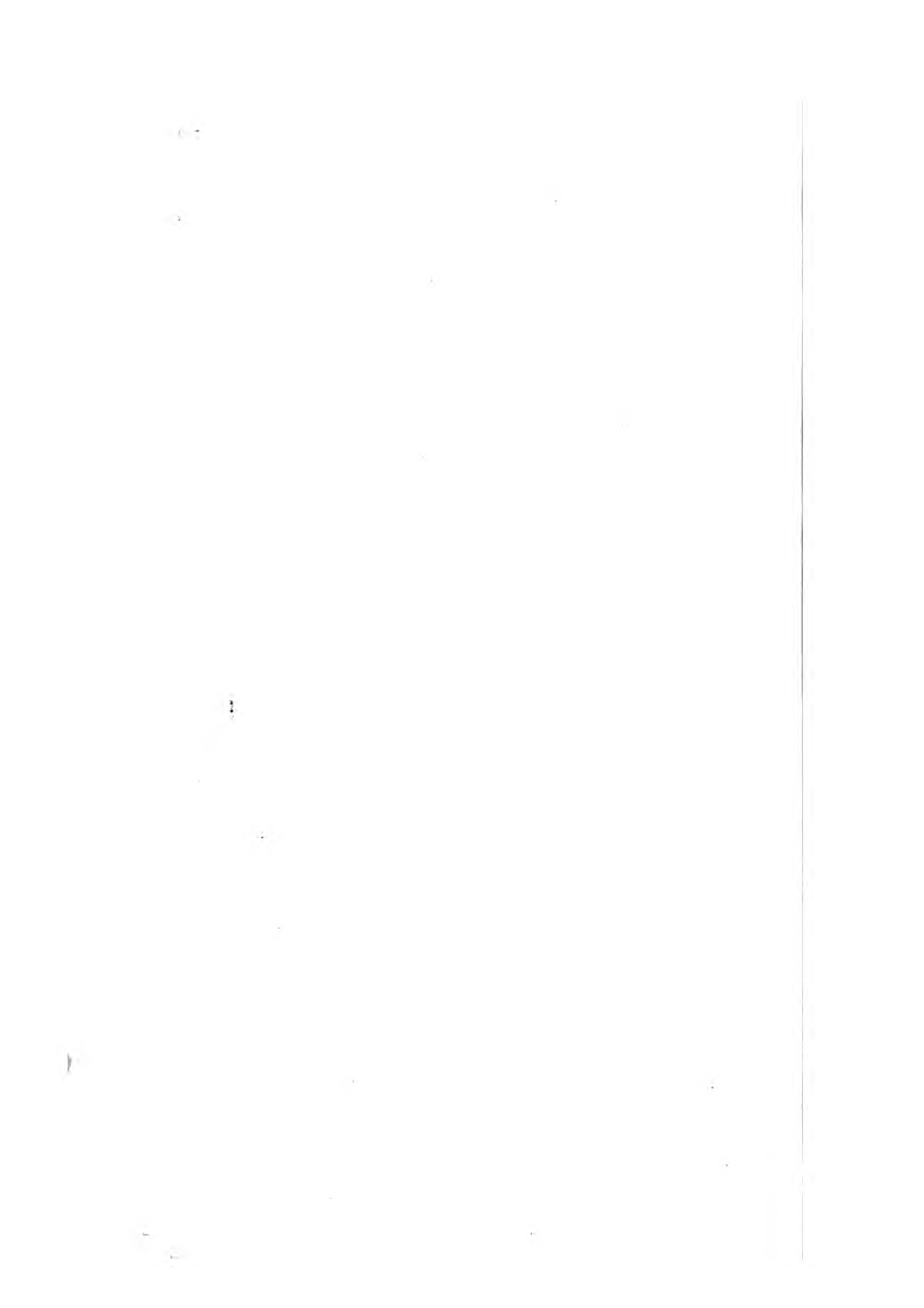
Age and disease ; disease, though long my guest ;

That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life ;

Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell, 490

That calls my few friends to my funeral ; 491  
 Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,  
 While reason and religion, better taught,  
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb  
 With wreath triumphant. Death is victory ;  
 It binds in chains the raging ills of life :  
 Lust and ambition, wrath and avarice,  
 Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his pow'r.  
 That ills corrosive, cares importunate,  
 Are not immortal too, O Death ! is thine. 500  
 Our day of dissolution !—name it right ;  
 'Tis our great pay-day ; 'tis our harvest, rich  
 And ripe : what though the sickle, sometimes keen,  
 Just scars us as we reap the golden grain ?  
 More than thy balm, O Gilead ! heals the wound.  
 Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep dismal groan,  
 Are slender tributes low-tax'd nature pays  
 For mighty gain : the gain of each, a life !  
 But O ! the last the former so transcends,  
 Life dies, compar'd ; life lives beyond the grave. 510  
 And feel I, Death ! no joy from thought of thee ?  
 Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires  
 With every nobler thought, and fairer deed !  
 Death, the deliverer, who rescues man !  
 Death, the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns !  
 Death, that absolves my birth ; a curse without it !  
 Rich death, that realises all my cares,  
 Toils, virtues, hopes ; without it a chimera !  
 Death, of all pain the period, not of joy ;  
 Joy's source, and subject, still subsist unhurt ; 520  
 One, in my soul ; and one, in her great Sire ;  
 Though the four winds were warring for my dust.  
 Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,  
 Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim

(To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres),  
And live entire. Death is the crown of life : 526  
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain ;  
Were death denied, to live would not be life ;  
Were death denied, ev'n fools would wish to die.  
Death wounds to cure : we fall ; we rise ; we reign !  
Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ;  
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight :  
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.  
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.  
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?  
When shall I die ?—When shall I live for ever ? 530





NIGHT FOURTH.

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THE  
CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH:

CONTAINING OUR  
ONLY CURE FOR THE FEAR OF DEATH ; AND PROPER SENTIMENTS  
OF HEART ON THAT INESTIMABLE BLESSING.

---

TO THE  
HONOURABLE MR YORKE.

---

A MUCH-INDEBTED muse, O Yorke ! intrudes.  
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,  
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.  
How deep implanted in the breast of man  
The dread of death ! I sing its sovereign cure.  
Why start at Death ? Where is he ? Death arriv'd,  
Is past ; not come, or gone, he's never here.  
Ere hope, sensation fails ; black-boding man  
Receives, not suffers, Death's tremendous blow.  
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ; 10  
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;  
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,  
The terrors of the living, not the dead.  
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,  
Man makes a death, which nature never made ;  
Then on the point of his own fancy falls ;  
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.  
But were death frightful, what has age to fear ?  
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,

And shelter in his hospitable gloom. 20  
 I scarce can meet a monument, but holds  
 My younger ; every date cries—" Come away."  
 And what recalls me ? Look the world around,  
 And tell me what : the wisest cannot tell.  
 Should any born of woman give his thought  
 Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field,  
 Of things, the vanity ; of men, the flaws ;  
 Flaws in the best ; the many, flaw all o'er ;  
 As leopards, spotted, or, as Ethiops, dark ;  
 Vivacious ill ; good dying immature ; 30  
 (How immature, Narcissa's marble tells !)  
 And at his death bequeathing endless pain ;  
 His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,  
 And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant  
 To lucky life) some perquisites of joy ;  
 A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,  
 Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,  
 But from our comment on the comedy,  
 Pleasing reflections on parts well sustain'd, 40  
 Or purpos'd emendations where we fail'd,  
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,  
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,  
 Toss fortune back her tinsel, and her plume,  
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come ; my world is dead ;  
 A new world rises, and new manners reign :  
 Foreign comedians, a spruce band ! arrive,  
 To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.  
 What a pert race starts up ! the strangers gaze, 50  
 And I at them ; my neighbour is unknown ;  
 Nor that the worst : ah me ! the dire effect  
 Of loit'ring here, of Death defrauded long ;

Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),  
My very master knows me not.— 51

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate?  
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.  
An object ever pressing dims the sight,  
And hides behind its ardour to be seen.  
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint, 60  
They drink it as the nectar of the great;  
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.  
Refusal! canst thou wear a smoother form?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:  
Who cheapens life, abates the fear of death:  
Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,  
Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege;  
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.  
Alas! ambition makes my little less;  
Embitt'ring the possess'd: Why wish for more? 70  
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;  
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!  
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,  
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.  
Were I as wealthy as a South Sea dream,  
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.  
Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool;  
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,  
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!

Bless'd be that hand divine, which gently laid 71  
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.  
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,  
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;  
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,  
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,  
As that of seas remote, or dying storms:  
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;

Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death. 88  
 Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,  
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,  
 Eager ambition's fiery chase I see ;  
 I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,  
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,  
 Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's prey ;  
 As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;  
 Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?  
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?  
 Earth's highest station ends in " Here he lies :"  
 And " Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song. 100  
 If this song lives, posterity shall know  
 One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,  
 Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late ;  
 Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme  
 For future vacancies in Church or State ;  
 Some avocation deeming it—to die,  
 Unbit by rage canine of dying rich ;  
 Guilt's blunder ! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coevals ! remnants of yourselves !  
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave ! 110  
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,  
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,  
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?  
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,  
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?  
 With avarice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?  
 Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?  
 Man wants but little ; nor that little, long ;  
 How soon must he resign his very dust,  
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour ! 120  
 Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous ills ;

And soon as man, expert from time, has found 122  
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,  
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,  
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,  
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far  
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe  
I still survive : and am I fond of life,  
Who scarce can think it possible, I live ? 130

Alive by miracle ! or, what is next,  
Alive by Mead ! if I am still alive,  
Who long have buried what gives life to live,  
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.  
Life's lee is not more shallow, than impure,  
And vapid ; sense and reason show the door,  
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death !  
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun !  
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth 140  
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay  
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath  
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,  
To drink the spirit of the golden day,  
And triumph in existence ; and could know  
No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd  
A rise in blessing ! with the patriarch's joy,  
Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;  
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;  
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs : 150  
All weight in this—O let me live to thee !

Though nature's terrors thus may be repress'd ;  
Still frowns grim Death ; guilt points the tyrant's spear.  
And whence all human guilt ? From death forgot.  
Ah me ! too long I set at naught the swarm



Of friendly warnings, which around me flew ;           156  
 And smil'd, unsmitten : small my cause to smile !  
 Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,  
 More dreadful by delay, the longer ere  
 They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound ;  
 O think how deep, Lorenzo ! here it stings :  
 Who can appease its anguish ? How it burns !           162  
 What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can draw ?  
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace ?  
 And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ?  
     With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I see ;  
 Ah ! too conspicuous ! it is fix'd on high.  
 On high ?—What means my phrensy ? I blaspheme ;  
 Alas ! how low ! how far beneath the skies !  
 The skies it form'd ; and now it bleeds for me—           170  
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds ;  
 Draw the dire steel—ah, no ! the dreadful blessing  
 What heart or can sustain, or dares forego ?  
 There hangs all human hope : that nail supports  
 The falling universe : that gone, we drop ;  
 Horror receives us, and the dismal wish  
 Creation had been smother'd in her birth—  
 Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust ;  
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne !  
 In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell ?           180  
 Oh, what a groan was there ! a groan not his.  
 He seiz'd our dreadful right ; the load sustain'd ;  
 And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.  
 A thousand worlds, so bought, were bought too dear ;  
 Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise ;  
 Suspend their song ; and make a pause in bliss.  
 O for their song, to reach my lofty theme !  
 Inspire me, Night ! with all thy tuneful spheres ;  
 Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,

And show to men the dignity of man ; 190  
 Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.  
 Shall Pagan pages glow celestial flame,  
 And Christian languish ? On our hearts, not heads,  
 Falls the foul infamy : my heart ! awake.  
 What can awake thee, unawak'd by this,  
 " Expended deity on human weal ?"  
 Feel the great truths, which burst the tenfold night  
 Of heathen error, with a golden flood  
 Of endless day : to feel, is to be fir'd ;  
 And to believe, Lorenzo ! is to feel. 200

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Pow'r !  
 Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love !  
 That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands ;  
 And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night ;  
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense !  
 In love immense, inviolably just !  
 Thou, rather than thy justice should be stain'd,  
 Didst stain the cross ; and work of wonders far  
 The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought ! shall I dare speak it, or repress ? 210  
 Should man more execrate, or boast, the guilt  
 Which rous'd such vengeance ? which such love inflam'd ?  
 O'er guilt (how mountainous !), with outstretch'd arms,  
 Stern justice, and soft-smiling love embrace,  
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,  
 When seem'd its majesty to need support,  
 Or that, or man, inevitably lost :  
 What, but the fathomless of thought divine  
 Could labour such expedient from despair,  
 And rescue both ? Both rescue ! both exalt ! 220  
 Oh, how are both exalted by the deed !  
 The wondrous deed ! or shall I call it more ?

A wonder in omnipotence itself!

221

A mystery no less to gods than men!

Not, thus, our infidels th' Eternal draw,

A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,

Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete :

They set at odds Heaven's jarring attributes ;

And, with one excellence, another wound ;

Maim Heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,

Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,

231

Undeified by their opprobrious praise :

A God all mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!

Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains!

The ransom was paid down; the fund of heav'n,

Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,

Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,

All price beyond: though curious to compute,

Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum :

240

Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,

For ever hides, and glows, in the Supreme.

And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid

(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.

The sun beheld it—No! the shocking scene,

Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face;

Not such as this; not such as nature makes;

A midnight nature shudder'd to behold;

A midnight new! a dread eclipse (without

Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!

250

Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start

At that enormous load of human guilt,

Which bow'd His blessed head; o'erwhelm'd His cross;

Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb,

With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?

Hell howl'd; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear;

Heav'n wept, that men might smile! Heav'n bled, that man  
Might never die!—

And is devotion virtue? 'Tis compell'd. 259

What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?

Such contemplations mount us; and should mount

The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,

Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts

To rest from wonders? Other wonders rise;

And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught:

Heav'n's sov'reign blessings, clust'ring from the cross,

Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,

The pris'ner of amaze!—In his bless'd life,

I see the path, and, in his death, the price,

And in his great ascent, the proof supreme

270

Of immortality.—And did he rise?

Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!

He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!

And give the King of glory to come in.

Who is the King of glory? He who left

His throne of glory, for the pang of death:

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!

And give the King of glory to come in.

Who is the King of glory? He who slew

280

The rav'nous foe, that gorg'd all human race!

The King of glory, he whose glory fill'd

Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;

And with divine complacency beheld

Powers most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?

O the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!

Last gasp of vanquish'd Death! Shout earth and heaven!

This sum of good to man. Whose nature then

Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb! 290



Then, then, I rose ; then first humanity 291  
 Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light  
 (Stupendous guest !), and seiz'd eternal youth,  
 Seiz'd in our name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous  
 To call man mortal. Man's mortality  
 Was then transferr'd to death ; and heav'n's duration  
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,  
 This child of dust—Man, all-immortal ! hail ;  
 Hail, Heaven ! all lavish of strange gifts to man !  
 Thine all the glory ; man's the boundless bliss. 300

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme ?  
 On Christian joy's exulting wing, above  
 Th' Aonian mount ?—Alas ! small cause for joy !  
 What if to pain immortal ? if extent  
 Of being, to preclude a close of woe ?  
 Where, then, my boast of immortality ?  
 I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt ;  
 For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd ;  
 'Tis guilt alone can justify his death ;  
 Nor that, unless his death can justify 310  
 Relenting guilt in Heaven's indulgent sight.  
 If, sick of folly, I relent ; he writes  
 My name in heaven with that inverted spear  
 (A spear deep-dipp'd in blood !) which pierc'd his side,  
 And open'd there a font for all mankind,  
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live :  
 This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

And what is this ?—Survey the wondrous cure :  
 And at each step, let higher wonder rise !  
 " Pardon for infinite offence ! and pardon 320  
 Through means that speak its value infinite !  
 A pardon bought with blood ! with blood divine !  
 With blood divine of Him I made my foe !  
 Persisted to provoke ! though woo'd and aw'd,



Bless'd and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still !  
 A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne !  
 Nor I alone ! a rebel universe !  
 My species up in arms ! not one exempt !  
 Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies,  
 Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt !  
 As if our race were held of highest rank ;  
 And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man !”

325

332

Bound, ev'ry heart ! and ev'ry bosom, burn !  
 O what a scale of miracles is here !  
 Its lowest round, high planted on the skies ;  
 Its towering summit lost beyond the thought  
 Of man or angel ! O that I could climb  
 The wonderful ascent, with equal praise !  
 Praise ! flow for ever (if astonishment  
 Will give thee leave) my praise ! for ever flow ;  
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heav'n  
 More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd,  
 And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

340

So dear, so due to Heav'n, shall praise descend,  
 With her soft plume (from plausible angel's wing  
 First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,  
 Thus diving in the pockets of the great ?  
 Is praise the perquisite of every paw,  
 Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold ?  
 O love of gold ! thou meanest of amours !  
 Shall praise her odours waste on Virtue's dead,  
 Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,  
 Earn dirty bread by washing Æthiops fair,  
 Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,  
 A scavenger in scenes, where vacant posts,  
 Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect  
 Their future ornaments ? From courts and thrones,  
 Return, apostate praise ! thou vagabond !

350

Thou prostitute ! to thy first love return, 359  
 Thy first, thy greatest, once unrivall'd theme.  
 There flow redundant ; like Meander flow,  
 Back to thy fountain ; to that parent Pow'r,  
 Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,  
 The soul to be. Men homage pay to men,  
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow  
 In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,  
 Of guilt to guilt ; and turn their back on thee,  
 Great Sire ! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing ;  
 To prostrate angels, an amazing scene !  
 O the presumption of man's awe for man !— 370  
 Man's author ! end ! restorer ! law ! and judge !  
 Thine, all ; day thine, and thine this gloom of night,  
 With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds :  
 What, night eternal, but a frown from thee ?  
 What, heav'n's meridian glory, but thy smile ?  
 And shall not praise be thine ? not human praise ?  
 While heav'n's high host on hallelujahs live ?  
 O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe  
 My soul in praise to Him, who gave my soul,  
 And all her infinite of prospect fair, 380  
 Cut through the shades of hell, great Love ! by thee  
 O most adorable ! most unador'd !  
 Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end ?  
 Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause !  
 How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,  
 How richly wrought with attributes divine !  
 What wisdom shines ! what love ! This midnight pomp,  
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid !  
 Built with divine ambition ! naught to thee ;  
 For others this profusion : Thou, apart, 390  
 Above ! beyond ! O tell me, mighty Mind !  
 Where art thou ? Shall I dive into the deep,

Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds, 898  
 For their Creator? Shall I question loud  
 The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells?  
 Or holds He furious storms in straiten'd reins,  
 And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?

What mean these questions?—Trembling I retract;  
 My prostrate soul adores the present God:  
 Praise I a distant deity? He tunes 400  
 My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sustains:  
 Wrapp'd in his being, I resound his praise:  
 But though past all diffus'd, without a shore,  
 His essence; local is his throne (as meet),  
 To gather the dispers'd (as standards call  
 The listed from afar): to fix a point,  
 A central point, collective of his sons,  
 Since finite every nature but his own.

The nameless He, whose nod is nature's birth;  
 And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand; 410  
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile!  
 The great First-Last! pavilion'd high he sits,  
 In darkness from excessive splendour borne,  
 By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.  
 His glory, to created glory, bright,  
 As that to central horrors; he looks down  
 On all that soars; and spans immensity.

Though night unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,  
 Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,  
 A mere effluvium of his majesty: 420  
 And shall an atom of this atom-world  
 Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heav'n?  
 Down to the centre should I send my thought  
 Through beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,  
 Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;  
 Goes out in darkness: if, on tow'ring wing,

I send it through the boundless vault of stars ! 427 †  
 The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to thee,  
 Great, good, wise, wonderful, eternal King !  
 If to those conscious stars thy throne around,  
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss ;  
 And ask their strain ; they want it, more they want,  
 Poor their abundance, humble their sublime, 433  
 Languid their energy, their ardour cold,  
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns ;  
 Short of its mark, defective, though divine.

Still more—this theme is man's, and man's alone ;  
 Their vast appointments reach it not : they see  
 On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high ;  
 And downward look for heav'n's superior praise ! 440  
 First-born of ether ! high in fields of light !  
 View man, to see the glory of your God !  
 Could angels envy, they had envied here ;  
 And some did envy ; and the rest, though gods,  
 Yet still gods unredeem'd (their triumphs man,  
 Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies),  
 They less would feel, though more adorn, my theme.  
 They sung creation (for in that they shar'd) ;  
 How rose in melody, that child of love !  
 Creation's great superior, man ! is thine ; 450  
 Thine is redemption ; they just gave the key :  
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song ;  
 Though human, yet divine ; for should not this  
 Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs here ?  
 Redemption ! 'twas creation more sublime ;  
 Redemption ! 'twas the labour of the skies ;  
 Far more than labour—it was death in heav'n.  
 A truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;  
 If not far bolder still to disbelieve. 459

Here pause, and ponder—Was there death in heav'n ?



What then on earth ? on earth, which struck the blow ?  
 Who struck it ? Who ?—O how is man enlarg'd, 462  
 Seen through this medium ! How the pigmy tow'rs !  
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust !  
 How counterpois'd to dust his sad return !  
 How voided his vast distance from the skies !  
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing !  
 Which is the seraph ? Which the born of clay ?  
 How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud  
 Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heav'n ! 470  
 The double son ; the made, and the re-made !  
 And shall heaven's double property be lost ?  
 Man's double madness only can destroy.  
 To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all ;  
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace ;  
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny ?  
 O ye who, from this Rock of Ages, leap,  
 Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep !  
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong,  
 Whatever winds arise, or billows roll, 480  
 Our interest in the Master of the storm !  
 Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins smile ;  
 While vile apostates tremble in a calm.  
 Man ! know thyself. All wisdom centres there ;  
 To none man seems ignoble, but to man ;  
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :  
 How long shall human nature be their book,  
 Degenerate mortal ! and unread by thee ?  
 The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there ;  
 What high contents ! illustrious faculties ! 490  
 But the grand comment, which displays at full  
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,  
 By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the Cross.  
 Who looks on that, and sees not in himself



An awful stranger, a terrestrial god ? 495  
 A glorious partner with the Deity  
 In that high attribute, immortal life?  
 If a god bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm :  
 I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul  
 Catches strange fire, eternity ! at thee ;  
 And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys :  
 How chang'd the face of nature ! how improv'd ! 502  
 What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,  
 Or, what a world, an Eden ; heighten'd all !  
 It is another scene ! another self !  
 And still another, as time rolls along ;  
 And that a self far more illustrious still.  
 Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades  
 Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,  
 What evolutions of surprising fate ! 510  
 How nature opens, and receives my soul  
 In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! where gods  
 Encounter and embrace me ! What new births  
 Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,  
 Where what now charms, perhaps, what'er exists,  
 Old time, and fair creation, are forgot !  
 Is this extravagant ? Of man we form  
 Extravagant conception, to be just :  
 Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him :  
 Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more. 520  
 He, the great Father ! kindled at one flame  
 The world of rationals ; one spirit pour'd  
 From spirit's awful fountain ; pour'd himself  
 Through all their souls ; but not in equal stream,  
 Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,  
 As his wise plan demanded ; and when past  
 Their various trials, in their various spheres,  
 If they continue rational, as made,

Resorbs them all into himself again ;  
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

520

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,  
Though yet unsung, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?

Angels are men of a superior kind ;  
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,  
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;

And men are angels, loaded for an hour,  
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,  
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.

Angels their failings, mortals have their praise ;

While here, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,

540

And summon'd to the glorious standard soon,  
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.

Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,

Yet absent ; but not absent from their love.

Michael has fought our battles ; Raphael sung

Our triumphs ; Gabriel on our errands flown,

Sent by the Sovereign : and are these, O Man !

Thy friends, thy warm allies ? and thou (shame burn

The cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ?

Religion's all. Descending from the skies

550

To wretched man, the goddess, in her left,

Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next ;

Religion ! the sole voucher man is man ;

Supporter sole of man above himself ;

Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,

She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.

Religion ! Providence ! an After-state !

Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock !

This can support us ; all is sea besides ;

Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.

560

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,

And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick polluted air, 568  
 Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,  
 And dungeon horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,  
 Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure  
 Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,  
 His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;  
 As if new-born, he triumphs in the change ;  
 So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims,  
 And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth 571  
 Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts  
 To reason's region, her own element,  
 Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;  
 And, groaning Calvary, of thee ! there shine  
 The noblest truths ; there strongest motives sting ;  
 There sacred violence assaults the soul ;  
 There, nothing but compulsion is forborne.  
 Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ? 580  
 He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun ;  
 He sighs—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.  
 If in his love so terrible, what then  
 His wrath inflam'd ? his tenderness on fire ?  
 Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires ?  
 Can prayer, can praise avert it ?—Thou, my all !  
 My theme ! my inspiration ! and my crown !  
 My strength in age ! my rise in low estate !  
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth !—my world !  
 My light in darkness ! and my life in death ! 590  
 My boast through time ! bliss through eternity !  
 Eternity, too short to speak thy praise !  
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man !  
 To man of men the meanest, even to me ;  
 My sacrifice ! my God !—what things are these !  
 What then art Thou ? by what name shall I call thee ?—

Knew I the name devout archangels use, 597  
 Devout archangels should the name enjoy,  
 By me unrivall'd ; thousands more sublime,  
 None half so dear as that which, though unspoke,  
 Still glows at heart : O how omnipotence  
 Is lost in love ! Thou great Philanthropist !  
 Father of angels ! but the friend of man ! 603  
 Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born !  
 Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand  
 From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !  
 How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress !  
 To make us groan beneath our gratitude,  
 Too big for birth ! to favour, and confound ;  
 To challenge, and to distance all return ! 610  
 Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,  
 And leave praise panting in the distant vale !  
 Thy right, too great, defrauds thee of thy due ;  
 And sacrilegious our sublimest song.  
 But since the naked will obtains thy smile,  
 Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,  
 And future life symphonious to my strain,  
 (That noblest hymn to heaven !) for ever lie  
 Entomb'd my fear of death ! and every fear,  
 The dread of every evil, but thy frown. 620  
 Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile ?  
 Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.  
 Ye quietists, in homage to the skies !  
 Serene ! of soft address ! who mildly make  
 An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,  
 Abhorring violence ! who halt indeed ;  
 But, for the blessing, wrestle not with Heaven !  
 Think you my song too turbulent ? too warm ?  
 Are passions, then, the Pagans of the soul ?  
 Reason alone baptiz'd ? alone ordain'd 630



To touch things sacred ? Oh for warmer still ! 631  
 Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my pow'rs ;  
 Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song !  
 Thou, my much-injur'd theme ! with that soft eye,  
 Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look  
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast ;  
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

O ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists !  
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;  
 Passion is reason, transport temper, here. 640  
 Shall Heav'n, which gave us ardour, and has shown  
 Her own for man so strongly, not disdain  
 What smooth emollients in theology,  
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,  
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?  
 Rise odours sweet from incense uninflam'd ?  
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;  
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to heav'n ;  
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;  
 High heav'n's orchestra chants amen to man. 650

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,  
 Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heav'n,  
 Soft-wafted on celestial pity's plume,  
 Through the vast spaces of the universe,  
 To cheer me in this melancholy gloom ?  
 Oh, when will death (now stingless), like a friend,  
 Admit me of their choir ? Oh, when will death  
 This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down ?  
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode ?  
 O Death divine ! that giv'st us to the skies ! 660  
 Great future ! glorious patron of the past,  
 And present ! when shall I thy shrine adore ?  
 From nature's continent, immensely wide,  
 Immensely bless'd, this little isle of life,



This dark, incarcerating colony, 665-  
 Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain ;  
 That manumits ; that calls from exile home ;  
 That leads to nature's great metropolis,  
 And re-admits us, through the guardian hand  
 Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne ;  
 Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds  
 Beholding man, allows that tender name. 672-  
 'Tis this makes Christian triumph a command :  
 'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise ;  
 'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

See thou, Lorenzo ! where hangs all our hope ?  
 Touch'd by the Cross, we live ; or, more than die ;  
 That touch which touch'd not angels ; more divine  
 Than that which touch'd confusion into form,  
 And darkness into glory ; partial touch ! 680-  
 Ineffably pre-eminent regard !  
 Sacred to man, and sov'reign through the whole  
 Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs  
 From heav'n through all duration, and supports  
 In one illustrious and amazing plan,  
 Thy welfare, nature ! and thy God's renown.  
 That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul  
 Diseases'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,  
 Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones transforms  
 The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb. 690-

Dost ask me when ? When He who died returns ;  
 Returns, how chang'd ! Where then the man of woe ?  
 In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns ;  
 And all his courts, exhausted by the tide  
 Of deities triumphant in his train,  
 Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven ;  
 Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase

Of pomp, and multitude ; a radiant band  
Of angels new ; of angels from the tomb.

698

Is this by fancy thrown remote ? and rise  
Dark doubts between the promise and event ?  
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure ;  
Read nature ; nature is a friend to truth ;  
Nature is Christian ; preaches to mankind ;  
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.  
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?  
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds  
On gazing nations ; from his fiery train  
Of length enormous, takes his ample round  
Through depths of ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds,  
Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide  
Heav'n's mighty cape ; and then revisits earth,  
From the long travel of a thousand years.  
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return  
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze :  
And, with him, all our triumph o'er the tomb.

709

Nature is dumb on this important point ;  
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes ;  
Faith speaks aloud, distinct ; even adders hear ;  
But turn, and dart into the dark again.

720

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,  
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,  
And lands Thought smoothly on the farther shore.  
Death's terror is the mountain faith removes ;  
That mountain barrier between man and peace.  
'Tis faith disarms destruction ; and absolves  
From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve ? Lorenzo !—" Reason bids,  
All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still ;  
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame :  
All-sacred reason ! source, and soul, of all

730

Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above ! 787  
 My heart is thine : deep in its inmost folds,  
 Live thou with life ; live dearer of the two.  
 Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp'd  
 On passive nature, before thought was born ?  
 My birth's blind bigot ! fir'd with local zeal !  
 No ; reason re-baptiz'd me when adult ;  
 Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale :  
 My heart became the convert of my head ; 740  
 And made that choice, which once was but my fate.  
 " On argument alone my faith is built : "  
 Reason pursu'd is faith ; and, unpursu'd  
 Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more :  
 And such our proof, that, or our faith is right,  
 Or reason lies, and Heav'n design'd it wrong :  
 Absolve we this ? What, then, is blasphemy ?  
 Fond as we are, and justly fond, of faith,  
 Reason, we grant, demands our first regard ;  
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear. 750  
 Reason the root, fair faith is but the flow'r ;  
 The fading flow'r shall die ; but reason lives  
 Immortal, as her Father in the skies.  
 When faith is virtue, reason makes it so.  
 Wrong not the Christian ; think not reason yours :  
 'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear ;  
 'Tis reason's injur'd rights his wrath resents ;  
 'Tis reason's voice obey'd, his glories crown ;  
 To give lost reason life, he pour'd his own :  
 Believe, and show the reason of a man ; 760  
 Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;  
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb :  
 Through reason's wounds alone thy faith can die ;  
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,  
 And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

Learn hence what honours, what loud pæans, due 766  
 To those, who push our antidote aside ;  
 Those boasted friends to reason, and to man,  
 Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves  
 Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.  
 Those pompous sons of reason idoliz'd  
 And vilified at once ; of reason dead,  
 Then deified, as monarchs were of old ; 775  
 What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?  
 While love of truth through all their camp resounds,  
 They draw pride's curtain o'er the noontide ray,  
 Spike up their inch of reason, on the point  
 Of philosophic wit, call'd argument ;  
 And then, exulting in their taper, cry,  
 " Behold the sun ! " and, Indian-like, adore. 780

Talk they of morals ? O thou bleeding Love !  
 Thou maker of new morals to mankind !  
 The grand morality is love of thee.  
 As wise as Socrates, if such they were  
 (Nor will they bate of that sublime renown),  
 As wise as Socrates, might justly stand  
 The definition of a modern fool.

A Christian is the highest style of man :  
 And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,  
 As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow ? 790  
 If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :  
 The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,  
 More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell ?

Ye sold to sense ! ye citizens of earth !  
 (For such alone the Christian banner fly)  
 Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain ?  
 Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :  
 " He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,  
 And says, he call'd another ; that arrives,



Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on ; 800  
 Till one calls him, who varies not his call,  
 But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,  
 Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free ;  
 A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;  
 Add to life's highest prize her latest hour ;  
 That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,  
 That, like a post, comes on in full career :  
 How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud !  
 Where is the fable of thy former years ? 810

Thrown down the gulf of time ; as far from thee  
 As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,  
 Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;  
 Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;  
 And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd  
 By strides as swift. Eternity is all ;  
 And whose eternity ? Who triumphs there ?  
 Bathing for ever in the font of bliss !  
 For ever basking in the Deity !

Lorenzo ! who ?—Thy conscience shall reply. 820

O give it leave to speak ! 'twill speak ere long,  
 Thy leave unask'd ; Lorenzo ! hear it now,  
 While useful its advice, its accents mild.  
 By the great edict, the divine decree,  
 Truth is deposited with man's last hour ;  
 An honest hour, and faithful to her trust ;  
 Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity ;  
 Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds ;  
 Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;  
 Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound, 830  
 Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,  
 That heav'n-commission'd hour no sooner calls,  
 But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,



Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd, 834  
The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame ;  
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.  
Dark demons I discharge, and hydra-stings ;  
The keen vibration of bright truth—is hell :  
Just definition ! though by schools untaught.  
Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this parson'd page, 840  
And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest ;  
“ Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.”

## NIGHT FIFTH.

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### THE RELAPSE.

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF LICHFIELD.

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LORENZO! to recriminate is just.  
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.  
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.  
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.

As just thy second charge. I grant the Muse  
Has often blush'd at her degenerate sons,  
Retain'd by sense to plead her filthy cause ;  
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,  
And subtilize the gross into refin'd :  
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm  
'Twas given, to make a civet of their song  
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.  
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute,  
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.  
We wear the chains of pleasure and of pride.  
These share the man ; and these distract him too ;  
Draw different ways, and clash in their commands.  
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars ;  
But pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.

Joys shar'd by brute creation, pride resents ;           21  
 Pleasure embraces : man would both enjoy,  
 And both at once : a point so hard, how gain !  
 But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire ?

    Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise.  
 Since joys of sense can't rise to reason's taste ;  
 In subtle sophistry's laborious forge,  
 Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops  
 To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.  
 Wit calls the graces the chaste zone to loose ;           30  
 Nor less than a plump god to fill the bowl :  
 A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,  
 A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,  
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,  
 And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.

Thus that which shock'd the judgment, shocks no more ;  
 That which gave Pride offence, no more offends.  
 Pleasure and Pride, by nature mortal foes,  
 At war eternal, which in man shall reign,  
 By Wit's address, patch up a fatal peace,           40  
 And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,  
 From rank refin'd to delicate and gay.  
 Art, cursed Art ! wipes off th' indebted blush  
 From Nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame.  
 Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,  
 And infamy stands candidate for praise.

    All writ by man in favour of the soul,  
 These sensual ethics far, in bulk, transcend.  
 The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd  
 O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.           50  
 Can powers of genius exorcise their page,  
 And consecrate enormities with song ?

    But let not these inexpiable strains  
 Condemn the Muse that knows her dignity ;

Nor meanly stops at time, but holds the world 57  
 As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,  
 A point in her esteem ; from whence to start,  
 And run the round of universal space,  
 To visit being universal there,  
 And being's source, that utmost flight of mind !  
 Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,  
 Well knows, but what is moral, naught is great. 62  
 Sing syrens only ? Do not angels sing ?  
 There is in Poesy a decent pride,  
 Which well becomes her when she speaks to Prose,  
 Her younger sister ; haply, not more wise.

Think'st thou, Lorenzo ! to find pastimes here ?  
 No guilty passion blown into a flame,  
 No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,  
 No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r, 70  
 No rainbow colours here, or silken tale :  
 But solemn counsels, images of awe,  
 Truths, which eternity lets fall on man  
 With double weight, through these revolving spheres,  
 This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade :  
 Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour ;  
 Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires ;  
 And thy dark pencil, Midnight ! darker still  
 In melancholy dipp'd, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, even this, my laughter-loving friends ! 80  
 Lorenzo ! and thy brothers of the smile !  
 If, what imports you most, can most engage,  
 Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.  
 Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste  
 The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel ;  
 And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent  
 Is ample recompense ; is more than praise.  
 But chiefly thine, O Lichfield ! nor mistake ;

Think not un introduc'd I force my way ; 89  
 Narcissa, not unknown, not unallied,  
 By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth !  
 To thee, from blooming amaranthine bow'rs,  
 Where all the language harmony, descends  
 Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the Muse :  
 A Muse that will not pain thee with thy praise ;  
 Thy praise she drops, by nobler still inspir'd.

O Thou ! Blest Spirit ! whether the supreme,  
 Great antemundane Father ! in whose breast  
 Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,  
 And all its various revolutions roll'd 100  
 Present, though future ; prior to themselves ;  
 Whose breath can blow it into naught again ;  
 Or, from his throne some delegated power,  
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought  
 From vain and vile, to solid and sublime !  
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts  
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,  
 And fuller of the god, than that which burst  
 From fam'd Castalia : nor is yet allay'd  
 My sacred thirst ; though long my soul has rang'd 110  
 Through pleasing paths of moral, and divine,  
 By Thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.

By them best lighted are the paths of thought :  
 Nights are their days, their most illumin'd hours.  
 By day, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,  
 Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,  
 Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.  
 By day the soul is passive, all her thoughts  
 Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.  
 By night, from objects free, from passion cool, 120  
 Thoughts uncontroll'd, and unimpress'd, the births  
 Of pure election, arbitrary range,



Not to the limits of one world confin'd ;  
 But from ethereal travels light on earth,  
 As voyagers drop anchor, for repose. 128

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond  
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore :  
 Darkness has more divinity for me ;  
 It strikes thought inward ; it drives back the soul  
 To settle on herself, our point supreme ! 180

There lies our theatre ; there sits our judge.  
 Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene ;  
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out  
 'Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis reason's reign,  
 And virtue's too ; these tutelary shades  
 Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.  
 Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too ;  
 It no less rescues virtue, than inspires.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,  
 Her tender nature suffers in the crowd, 140  
 Nor touches on the world, without a stain :  
 The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve.  
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.  
 Something we thought, is blotted ; we resolv'd,  
 Is shaken ; we renounc'd, returns again.

Each salutation may slide in a sin  
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.  
 Nor is it strange : light, motion, concourse, noise,  
 All, scatter us abroad ; thought outward-bound,  
 Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off 150  
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,  
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,  
 And acts with double force, by few repell'd.  
 Ambition fires ambition ; love of gain  
 Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast ;

Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe ; 157  
 And inhumanity is caught from man,  
 From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,  
 And shot at random, often has brought home  
 A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,  
 Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.

We see, we hear, with peril ; safety dwells 162  
 Remote from multitude ; the world's a school  
 Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around !  
 We must, or imitate, or disapprove ;  
 Must list as their accomplices, or foes ;  
 That stains our innocence ; this wounds our peace.  
 From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been smit  
 With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade. 170

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it ?  
 'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.  
 Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,  
 And looks, like other objects, black by night.  
 By night an atheist half believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend ;  
 The conscious moon, through every distant age,  
 Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall,  
 On contemplation's eye, her purging ray. 180  
 The fam'd Athenian,<sup>1</sup> he who woo'd from heaven  
 Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,  
 And form their manners, not inflame their pride,  
 While o'er his head, as fearful to molest  
 His labouring mind, the stars in silence slide,  
 And seem all gazing on their future guest,  
 See him soliciting his ardent suit  
 In private audience : all the live-long night,  
 Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands :

<sup>1</sup> ' Athenian : ' Socrates.

Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun 190  
 (Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main !)  
 Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,  
 And gives him to the tumult of the world.  
 Hail, precious moments ! stol'n from the black waste  
 Of murder'd time ! Auspicious midnight ! hail !  
 The world excluded, every passion hush'd,  
 And open'd a calm intercourse with Heav'n,  
 Here the soul sits in council ; ponders past,  
 Predestines future action ; sees, not feels,  
 Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm ; 200  
 All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.  
     What awful joy ! what mental liberty !  
 I am not pent in darkness ; rather say  
 (If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.  
 Delightful gloom ! the clustering thoughts around  
 Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade ;  
 But droop by day, and sicken in the sun.  
 Thought borrows light elsewhere ; from that first fire,  
 Fountain of animation ! whence descends  
 Urania, my celestial guest ! who deigns 210  
 Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and now,  
 Conscious how needful discipline to man,  
 From pleasing dalliance with the charms of Night  
 My wandering thought recalls, to what excites  
 Far other beat of heart !—Narcissa's tomb !  
 Or is it feeble nature calls me back,  
 And breaks my spirit into grief again ?  
 Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood ?  
 A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins ?  
 Or is it thus with all men ?—Thus with all. 220  
 What are we ? how unequal ! Now we soar,  
 And now we sink ; to be the same, transcends  
 Our present prowess. Dearly pays the soul

For lodging ill ; too dearly rents her clay. 224

Reason, a baffled counsellor ! but adds  
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.  
The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,  
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,  
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly ;  
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.

Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again ;  
And not to yield, though beaten, all our praise. 232

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.  
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,  
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,  
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,

Where grief detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,  
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,  
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off pain,  
Mortality shook off, in ether pure, 240

And struck the stars ; now feel my spirits fail ;  
They drop me from the zenith ; down I rush,  
Like him whom fable fledg'd<sup>1</sup> with waxen wings,  
In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.

How wretched is the man who never mourn'd !  
I dive for precious pearl in sorrow's stream :  
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves ;  
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain ;  
(Inestimable gain !) and gives Heav'n leave  
To make him but more wretched, not more wise. 250

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else  
Ennobles man ? what else have angels learn'd ?),  
Grief ! more proficient in thy school are made,  
Than genius, or proud learning, e'er could boast.  
Voracious learning, often over-fed,  
Digests not into sense her motley meal.

<sup>1</sup> ' Fable fledged : ' Icarus.



This book-case, which dark booty almost burst, 257  
 This forager on others' wisdom, leaves  
 Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.  
 With mix'd manure she surfeits the rank soil,  
 Dung'd, but not dress'd ; and rich to beggary.  
 A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.  
 Her servant's wealth, encumber'd wisdom mourns. 263  
     And what says Genius ? " Let the dull be wise."  
 Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong ;  
 And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.  
 It pleads exemption from the laws of sense ;  
 Considers reason as a leveller ;  
 And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.  
 That wise it could be, thinks an ample claim 270  
 To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.  
 Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.  
 Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.  
     But Wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.  
 When sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,  
 And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning show'r ;  
 Her seed celestial, then, glad wisdom sows ;  
 Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.  
 If so, Narcissa, welcome my Relapse ;  
 I'll raise a tax on my calamity, 280  
 And reap rich compensation from my pain.  
 I'll range the plenteous intellectual field ;  
 And gather every thought of sov'reign pow'r  
 To chase the moral maladies of man ;  
 Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,  
 Though natives of this coarse penurious soil ;  
 Nor wholly wither there, where seraphs sing,  
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n.  
 Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same  
 In either clime, though more illustrious there. 290



These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd, 291  
 Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb ;  
 And, peradventure, of no fading flow'rs.

Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?  
 " Th' importance of contemplating the tomb ;  
 Why men decline it ; suicide's foul birth ;  
 The various kind of grief ; the faults of age ;  
 And Death's dread character—invite my song."

And first th' importance of our end survey'd.  
 Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief : 300  
 Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal too soon.  
 Are they more kind than He, who struck the blow ?  
 Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,  
 And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,  
 And bring it back, a true and endless peace ?  
 Calamities are friends : as glaring day  
 Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight ;  
 Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts  
 Of import high, and light divine, to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes, 310  
 (Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves !)  
 Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,  
 Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,  
 Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray ;  
 To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,  
 Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !  
 Lorenzo ! read with me Narcissa's stone ;  
 (Narcissa was thy favourite) let us read  
 Her moral stone ; few doctors preach so well ;  
 Few orators so tenderly can touch 320  
 The feeling heart. What pathos in the date !  
 Apt words can strike : and yet in them we see  
 Faint images of what we here enjoy.

What cause have we to build on length of life ?

Temptations seize, when fear is laid asleep ; 325  
 And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,  
 Truth, radiant goddess ! sallies on my soul,  
 And puts delusion's dusky train to flight ;  
 Dispels the mists our sultry passions raise,  
 From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene ;  
 And shows the real estimate of things ; 332  
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw ;  
 Pulls off the veil from virtue's rising charms ;  
 Detects temptation in a thousand lies.

Truth bids me look on men, as autumn leaves,  
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,  
 Driv'n by the whirlwind : lighted by her beams,  
 I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,  
 See things invisible, feel things remote, 340  
 Am present with futurities ; think naught  
 To man so foreign, as the joys possess'd ;  
 Naught so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight ;  
 Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms ;  
 In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,  
 If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,  
 Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss !  
 At the first blast it vanishes in air.  
 Not so, celestial : would'st thou know, Lorenzo ! 350  
 How differ worldly wisdom, and divine ?  
 Just as the waning and the waxing moon.  
 More empty worldly wisdom every day ;  
 And every day more fair her rival shines.  
 When later, there's less time to play the fool.  
 Soon our whole term for wisdom is expir'd  
 (Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave) :

And everlasting fool is writ in fire, 358  
 Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble Sibyl's leaves,  
 The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare,  
 (In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale),  
 In price still rising, as in number less,  
 Inestimable quite his final hour. 364

For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones;  
 Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.  
 "O let me die his death!" all nature cries.  
 "Then live his life."—All nature falters there;  
 Our great physician daily to consult,  
 To commune with the grave, our only cure. 370

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's; and yet,  
 From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage!  
 Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.  
 Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'Tis to bind,  
 By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,  
 The thought of death, which reason, too supine,  
 Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.  
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both  
 Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.  
 Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand! 380  
 Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!  
 And to forget it, the chief aim of life,  
 Though well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

Is Death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,  
 That all-important, and that only sure  
 (Come when he will), an unexpected guest?  
 Nay, though invited by the loudest calls  
 Of blind imprudence, unexpected still;  
 Though numerous messengers are sent before,  
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause, 390

The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill ? 391  
 All heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that life has sown her joys so thick,  
 We can't thrust in a single care between ?  
 Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,  
 The thought of death can't enter for the throng ?  
 Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,  
 Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream ?  
 To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats ;  
 We take the lying sister for the same. 400

Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook ;  
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.  
 In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice :  
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.  
 We call the brook the same ; the same we think  
 Our life, though still more rapid in its flow ;  
 Nor mark the much, irrevocably laps'd,  
 And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say  
 (Retaining still the brook to bear us on)  
 That life is like a vessel on the stream ? 410  
 In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide  
 Of time descend, but not on time intent ;  
 Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave ;  
 Till on a sudden we perceive a shock ;  
 We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ?  
 Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Is this the cause death flies all human thought ?  
 Or is it judgment, by the will struck blind,  
 That domineering mistress of the soul !  
 Like him so strong, by Delilah the fair ? 420  
 Or is it fear turns startled reason back,  
 From looking down a precipice so steep ?  
 'Tis dreadful ; and the dread is wisely plac'd,  
 By nature, conscious of the make of man.

A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind, 425  
 A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.  
 By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,  
 The good man would repine ; would suffer joys,  
 And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.  
 The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride,  
 Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein ;  
 Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark, 432  
 And mar the schemes of Providence below.

What groan was that, Lorenzo ?—Furies ! rise,  
 And drown in your less execrable yell  
 Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,  
 On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,  
 Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death ;  
 Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,  
 So call'd, so thought—and then he fled the field. 440  
 Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.  
 O Britain, infamous for suicide !  
 An island in thy manners ! far disjoin'd  
 From the whole world of rationals beside !  
 In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,  
 Wash the dire stain, nor shock the Continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause  
 Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,  
 And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.  
 Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun ; 450  
 The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd :  
 Immoral climes kind nature never made.  
 The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,  
 And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow,  
 Who names his soul), a native of the skies !  
 High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,  
 Unsold, unmortgag'd for earth's little bribes.



Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land, 459  
 Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,  
 Studious of home, and ardent to return,  
 Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup  
 With cool reserve light touching, should indulge  
 On immortality her godlike taste ;  
 There take large draughts, make her chief banquet there.

But some reject this sustenance divine ;  
 To beggarly vile appetites descend ;  
 Ask alms of earth, for guests that came from heav'n !  
 Sink into slaves ; and sell, for present hire,  
 Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate) 470  
 Their native freedom, to the prince who sways  
 This nether world. And when his payments fail,  
 When his foul basket gorges them no more,  
 Or their pall'd palates loathe the basket full ;  
 Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,  
 For breaking all the chains of Providence,  
 And bursting their confinement ; though fast barr'd  
 By laws divine and human ; guarded strong  
 With horrors doubled to defend the pass,  
 The blackest, nature, or dire guilt, can raise ; 480  
 And moated round with fathomless destruction,  
 Sure to receive, and overwhelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons ! is the cause, to you unknown,  
 Or worse, o'erlook'd ; o'erlook'd by magistrates,  
 Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed  
 Is madness, but the madness of the heart.  
 And what is that ? Our utmost bound of guilt.  
 A sensual, unreflecting life, is big  
 With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown  
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break 490  
 Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush,  
 Through sacred Nature's murder, on their own,

Because they never think of death, they die. 493  
 'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,  
 At once to shun, and meditate, his end.  
 When by the bed of languishment we sit  
 (The seat of wisdom ! if our choice, not fate),  
 Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,  
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,  
 Number their moments, and, in every clock, 500  
 Start at the voice of an eternity ;  
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift  
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,  
 Then sink again, and quiver into death,  
 That most pathetic herald of our own ;  
 How read we such sad scenes ? As sent to man  
 In perfect vengeance ? No ; in pity sent,  
 To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,  
 Indelible, Death's image on his heart ;  
 Bleeding for others, trembling for himself. 510  
 We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.  
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.  
 Our quick-returning folly cancels all ;  
 As the tide rushing razes what is writ  
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.  
 Lorenzo ! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh ?  
 Or studied the philosophy of tears ?  
 (A science, yet unlectur'd in our schools !)  
 Hast thou descended deep into the breast,  
 And seen their source ? If not, descend with me, 520  
 And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.  
 Our funeral tears from different causes rise,  
 As if from separate cisterns in the soul,  
 Of various kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,  
 By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,  
 And stream obsequious to the leading eye.

Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd. 527  
 Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,  
 Struck by the magic of the public eye,  
 Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.  
 Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,  
 So high in merit, and to them so dear.  
 They dwell on praises, which they think they share ; 533  
 And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.  
 Some mourn, in proof that something they could love :  
 They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.  
 Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,  
 As conscious all their love is in arrear.  
 Some mischievously weep, not unappris'd  
 Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye. 540  
 With what address the soft Ephesians draw  
 Their sable network o'er entangled hearts !  
 As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,  
 While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek !  
 Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,  
 Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.  
 Some weep at death, abstracted from the dead,  
 And celebrate, like Charles,<sup>1</sup> their own decease.  
 By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,  
 Because a decent veil conceals their joy. 550  
 Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain ;  
 As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.  
 Passion, blind Passion ! impotently pours  
 Tears, that deserve more tears ; while Reason sleeps ;  
 Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd ;  
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm ;  
 Knows not it speaks to her, and her alone.  
 Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,  
 That noble gift ! that privilege of man !

<sup>1</sup> ' Charles : ' Charles V.

From sorrow's pang, the birth of endless joy. 569  
 But these are barren of that birth divine :  
 They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,  
 And full as short ! The cruel grief soon tam'd,  
 They make a pastime of the stingless tale ;  
 Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread  
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.  
 No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.

Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by Death  
 Are spent in watering vanities of life ;  
 In making folly flourish still more fair, 570  
 When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,  
 Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust ;  
 Instead of learning, there, her true support,  
 Though there thrown down her true support to learn.  
 Without Heaven's aid, impatient to be bless'd,  
 She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,  
 Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell ;  
 With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,  
 The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,  
 In all the fruitless fopperies of life : 580  
 Presents her weed, well-fancied, at the ball,  
 And raffles for the Death's-head on the ring.

So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd youth  
 Stepp'd in, with his receipt for making smiles,  
 And blanching sables into bridal bloom.  
 So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate ;  
 Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats ;  
 And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth !  
 Not such, Narcissa, my distress for thee.  
 I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb, 590  
 To sacrifice to wisdom.—What wast thou ?  
 " Young, gay, and fortunate !" Each yields a theme.  
 I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe ;



(Heaven knows I labour with severer still!) 594  
 I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.  
 A soul without reflection, like a pile  
 Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, first, thy youth. What says it to grey hairs?  
 Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now—  
 Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,  
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n.  
 Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne 602  
 Aloft; nor thinks but on another's grave.  
 Cover'd with shame I speak it, age severe  
 Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair;  
 With graceless gravity, chastising youth,  
 That youth chastised surpassing in a fault,  
 Father of all, forgetfulness of death:  
 As if, like objects pressing on the sight,  
 Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen: 610  
 Or, that life's loan Time ripen'd into right;  
 And men might plead prescription from the grave;  
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.  
 Deathless? far from it! such are dead already;  
 Their hearts are buried, and the world their grave.

Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,  
 What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants  
 The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and Death  
 Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,  
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends 620  
 Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off  
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers  
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?  
 We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs  
 Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;  
 Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!  
 We see Time's furrows on another's brow,



And Death intrench'd, preparing his assault ; 628  
 How few themselves, in that just mirror, see,  
 Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong !  
 There, death is certain ; doubtful here : he must,  
 And soon ; we may, within an age, expire.  
 Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green ;  
 Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent ;  
 Folly sings six, while Nature points at twelve.

Absurd longevity ! More, more ! it cries :  
 More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.  
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?  
 Object, and appetite, must club for joy ;  
 Shall Folly labour hard to mend the bow, 640  
 Baubles, I mean, that strike us from without,  
 While Nature is relaxing every string ?  
 Ask thought for joy ; grow rich, and hoard within.  
 Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,  
 Has nothing of more manly to succeed ?  
 Contract the taste immortal ; learn ev'n now  
 To relish what alone subsists hereafter.  
 Divine, or none, henceforth your joys for ever.  
 Of age the glory is, to wish to die.

That wish is praise, and promise ; it applauds 650  
 Past life, and promises our future bliss.  
 What weakness see not children in their sires ?  
 Grand-climacterical absurdities !  
 Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,  
 How shocking ! it makes folly thrice a fool ;  
 And our first childhood might our last despise.  
 Peace and esteem is all that age can hope.  
 Nothing but wisdom gives the first ; the last,  
 Nothing, but the repute of being wise.

Folly bars both ; our age is quite undone. 660

What folly can be ranker ? Like our shadows,

Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines. 662  
 No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.  
 Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell  
 Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil.  
 Enough to live in tempest, die in port ;  
 Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat  
 Defects of judgment ; and the will subdue ;  
 Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore  
 Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ; 670  
 And put good works on board ; and wait the wind  
 That shortly blows us into worlds unknown :  
 If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene !

All should be prophets to themselves ; foresee  
 Their future fate ; their future fate foretaste ;  
 This art would waste the bitterness of death.  
 The thought of death alone, the fear destroys.  
 A disaffection to that precious thought  
 Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,  
 Which sleeps beneath it, on a precipice, 680  
 Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, Lorenzo, why so warmly press'd,  
 By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,  
 The thought of death ? That thought is the machine,  
 The grand machine, that heaves us from the dust,  
 And rears us into men. That thought, plied home,  
 Will soon reduce the ghastly precipice  
 O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,  
 And gently slope our passage to the grave ;  
 How warmly to be wish'd ! What heart of flesh 690  
 Would trifle with tremendous ? dare extremes ?  
 Yawn o'er the fate of infinite ? What hand,  
 Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,  
 (To speak a language too well known to thee),

Would at a moment give its all to chance, 695  
 And stamp the die for an eternity ?

Aid me, Narcissa ! aid me to keep pace  
 With Destiny ; and ere her scissors cut  
 My thread of life, to break this tougher thread  
 Of moral death, that ties me to the world.  
 Sting thou my slumbering reason to send forth  
 A thought of observation on the foe ; 702  
 To sally ; and survey the rapid march  
 Of his ten thousand messengers to man ;  
 Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.  
 All accident apart, by Nature sign'd,  
 My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet ;  
 Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then forward only look for Death ?  
 Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there. 710  
 Man is a self-survivor every year.  
 Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.  
 Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.  
 My youth, my noontide, his ; my yesterday ;  
 The bold invader shares the present hour.  
 Each moment on the former shuts the grave.  
 While man is growing, life is in decrease ;  
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.  
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;  
 As tapers waste, that instant they take fire. 720

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,  
 Which comes to pass each moment of our lives ?  
 If fear we must, let that Death turn us pale,  
 Which murders strength and ardour ; what remains  
 Should rather call on Death, than dread his call.  
 Ye partners of my fault, and my decline !  
 Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell  
 (Rude visitant !) knocks hard at your dull sense,

And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear ! 729  
 Be death your theme, in every place and hour ;  
 Nor longer want, ye monumental sires !  
 A brother tomb to tell you ye shall die.  
 That death you dread (so great is Nature's skill)  
 Know, you shall court before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in volumes deep, you sit ;  
 In wisdom, shallow : pompous ignorance !  
 Would you be still more learned than the learn'd ?  
 Learn well to know how much need not be known,  
 And what that knowledge, which impairs your sense.  
 Our needful knowledge, like our needful food, 740  
 Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field ;  
 And bids all welcome to the vital feast.

You scorn what lies before you in the page  
 Of Nature, and Experience, moral truth ;  
 Of indispensable, eternal fruit ;  
 Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods :  
 And dive in science for distinguish'd names,  
 Dishonest fomentation of your pride !  
 Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords 750  
 Light, but not heat ; it leaves you indevout,  
 Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

Awake, ye curious indagators ! fond  
 Of knowing all, but what avails you known.  
 If you would learn Death's character, attend.  
 All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,  
 All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,  
 Together shook in his impartial urn,  
 Come forth at random : or, if choice is made.  
 The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults 760  
 All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

What countless multitudes not only leave,



But deeply disappoint us, by their deaths ! 763

Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.

Like other tyrants, Death delights to smite,  
 What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,  
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,  
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;  
 The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud ;  
 And weeping fathers build their children's tomb : 770

Me thine, Narcissa !—What though short thy date ?

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.

That life is long, which answers life's great end.

The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name ;

The man of wisdom is the man of years.

In hoary youth Methusalems may die ;

O how misdated on their flatt'ring tombs !

Narcissa's youth has lectur'd me thus far.

And can her gaiety give counsel too ?

That, like the Jews' fam'd oracle of gems,<sup>1</sup> 780

Sparkles instruction ; such as throws new light,

And opens more the character of Death ;

Ill known to thee, Lorenzo ! This thy vaunt :

“ Give Death his due, the wretched, and the old ;

Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave ;

Let him not violate kind Nature's laws,

But own man born to live as well as die.”

Wretched and old thou giv'st him ; young and gay

He takes ; and plunder is a tyrant's joy.

What if I prove, “ The farthest from the fear, 790

Are often nearest to the stroke of Fate ?”

All, more than common, menaces an end.

A blaze betokens brevity of life :

As if bright embers should emit a flame,

Glad spirits sparkled from Narcissa's eye,

<sup>1</sup> ‘ Oracle of gems : ’ the Urim and Thummim.



And made youth younger, and taught life to live, 796  
 As Nature's opposites wage endless war,  
 For this offence, as treason to the deep  
 Inviolable stupor of his reign,  
 Where Lust, and turbulent Ambition, sleep,  
 Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,  
 More life is still more odious ; and, reduc'd  
 By conquest, aggrandizes more his pow'r. 803  
 But wherefore aggrandiz'd ? By Heav'n's decree,  
 To plant the soul on her eternal guard,  
 In awful expectation of our end.

Thus runs Death's dread commission : " Strike, but so  
 As most alarms the living by the dead."

Hence stratagem delights him, and surprise,  
 And cruel sport with man's securities. 810

Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim ;  
 And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.  
 This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are his arts to lay our fears asleep ?

Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up  
 In deep dissimulation's darkest night.  
 Like princes unconfess'd in foreign courts,  
 Who travel under cover, Death assumes  
 The name and look of life, and dwells among us.  
 He takes all shapes that serve his black designs : 820  
 Though master of a wider empire far  
 Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew.  
 Like Nero, he's a fiddler, charioteer,  
 Or drives his phaeton, in female guise ;  
 Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,  
 His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,  
 His slender self. Hence burly corpulence  
 Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.

Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,  
 Or ambush in a smile ; or wanton dive  
 In dimples deep ; love's eddies, which draw in  
 Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.  
 Such, on Narcissa's couch he loiter'd long  
 Unknown ; and, when detected, still was seen  
 To smile ; such peace has innocence in death !  
 Most happy they ! whom least his arts deceive.  
 One eye on Death, and one full fix'd on heav'n,  
 Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

830

Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,  
 I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant dress ;  
 Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.  
 Say, Muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,  
 And show Lorenzo the surprising scene ;  
 If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

840

'Twas in a circle of the gay I stood.  
 Death would have enter'd ; Nature push'd him back ;  
 Supported by a doctor of renown,  
 His point he gain'd. Then artfully dismiss'd  
 The sage ; for Death design'd to be conceal'd.  
 He gave an old vivacious usurer  
 His meagre aspect, and his naked bones  
 In gratitude for plumping up his prey,  
 A pamper'd spendthrift ; whose fantastic air,  
 Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,  
 He took in change, and underneath the pride  
 Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.  
 His crooked bow he straighten'd to a cane ;  
 And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.

850

The dreadful masquerader, thus equipp'd,  
 Out sallies on adventures. Ask you where ?  
 Where is he not ? For his peculiar haunts,  
 Let this suffice ; sure as night follows day,

850

Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world, <sup>861</sup>  
 When pleasure treads the paths, which reason shuns.  
 When, against reason, riot shuts the door,  
 And gaiety supplies the place of sense,  
 Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,  
 Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die ;  
 Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown. 870

Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,  
 Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,  
 As absent far : and when the revel burns,  
 When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought,  
 Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,  
 Against him turns the key ; and bids him sup  
 With their progenitors—He drops his mask ;  
 Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,  
 From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire ; 880  
 He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.  
 And is not this triumphant treachery,  
 And more than simple conquest, in the fiend ?

And now, Lorenzo, dost thou wrap thy soul  
 In soft security, because unknown  
 Which moment is commission'd to destroy ?  
 In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.  
 Is death uncertain ? Therefore thou be fix'd ;  
 Fix'd as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,  
 All expectation of the coming foe. 890

Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear ;  
 Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,  
 And Fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong ;  
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown,  
 Of dying well ; though doom'd but once to die.  
 Nor let life's period hidden (as from most)  
 Hide too from thee the precious use of life.

Early, not sudden, was Narcissa's fate. 898  
 Soon, not surprising, Death his visit paid.  
 Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,  
 Nor gaiety forgot it was to die :  
 Though Fortune too (our third and final theme),  
 As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,  
 And every glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight, 904  
 To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.  
 Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man ;  
 And every thought that misses it, is blind.  
 Fortune, with youth and gaiety, conspir'd  
 To weave a triple wreath of happiness  
 (If happiness on earth) to crown her brow. 910  
 And could Death charge through such a shining shield ?  
 That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear.  
 As if to damp our elevated aims,  
 And strongly preach humility to man.  
 O how portentous is prosperity !  
 How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !  
 Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition,  
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,  
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.  
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er 920  
 With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliss,  
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,  
 The gaudy centre, of the public eye,  
 When Fortune thus has toss'd her child in air,  
 Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,  
 How often have I seen him dropp'd at once,  
 Our morning's envy ! and our evening's sigh !  
 As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,  
 The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,  
 And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey. 930  
 High Fortune seems in cruel league with Fate.



Ask you for what ? To give his war on man 932  
 The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;  
 Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.  
 And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime  
 Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high,  
 On the slight timber of the topmost bough,  
 Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall ?  
 Granting grim Death at equal distance there ;  
 Yet peace begins just where ambition ends. 940  
 What makes man wretched ? Happiness denied ?  
 Lorenzo ! no : 'tis happiness disdain'd.  
 She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile ;  
 And calls herself Content, a homely name !  
 Our flame is transport, and Content our scorn.  
 Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,  
 And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead ;  
 A tempest to warm transport near of kin.  
 Unknowing what our mortal state admits,  
 Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise ; 950  
 And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace ;  
 Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth !  
 Of fortune fond ! as thoughtless of thy fate !  
 As late I drew Death's picture, to stir up  
 Thy wholesome fears ; now, drawn in contrast, see  
 Gay Fortune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.  
 See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,  
 Unlocks her casket, spreads her glitt'ring ware,  
 And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad 960  
 Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.  
 All rush rapacious ; friends o'er trodden friends ;  
 Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,  
 Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair  
 (Still more ador'd), to snatch the golden shower.  
 Gold glitters most, where virtue shines no more ;



As stars from absent suns have leave to shine. 967  
 O what a precious pack of votaries  
 Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,  
 Pour in, all opening in their idol's praise ;  
 All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,  
 And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,  
 Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd, 977  
 Untasted, through mad appetite for more ;  
 Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.  
 Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,  
 And bold to seize the greatest. If (bless'd chance !)  
 Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,  
 O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,  
 Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r, 980  
 Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.  
 Or, if for men you take them, as I mark  
 Their manners, thou their various fates survey.  
 With aim mismeasur'd. and impetuous speed,  
 Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,  
 Through fury to possess it : some succeed,  
 But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.  
 From some, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,  
 And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.  
 To some it sticks so close, that, when torn off, 990  
 Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.  
 Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,  
 Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.  
 Together some (unhappy rivals !) seize,  
 And rend abundance into poverty ;  
 Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles :  
 Smiles too the goddess ; but smiles most at those  
 (Just victims of exorbitant desire !)  
 Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd  
 Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire. 1000  
 Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,

The number small, which happiness can bear. 1002  
 Though various for a while their fates ; at last  
 One curse involves them all : at Death's approach,  
 All read their riches backward into loss,  
 And mourn, in just proportion to their store.

And Death's approach (if orthodox my song)  
 Is hasten'd by the lure of Fortune's smiles.

And art thou still a glutton of bright gold ?

And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin ?

1010

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;

A blow, which, while it executes, alarms ;

And startles thousands with a single fall.

As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,

Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,

The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence ;

By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,

Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,

In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground :

The conscious forest trembles at the shock,

1020

And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.

These high-aim'd darts of Death, and these alone,  
 Should I collect, my quiver would be full.

A quiver, which, suspended in mid-air,

Or near heav'n's archer, in the zodiac, hung,

(So could it be) should draw the public eye,

The gaze and contemplation of mankind !

A constellation awful, yet benign,

To guide the gay through life's tempestuous wave ;

Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,

1030

“ From greater danger to grow more secure,

And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate.”

Lysander, happy past the common lot,

Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.

He woo'd the fair Aspasia : she was kind :

In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bless'd :

All who knew, envied ; yet in envy lov'd : 1037  
 Can fancy form more finish'd happiness ?  
 Fix'd was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome  
 Rose on the sounding beach. The glitt'ring spires  
 Float in the wave, and break against the shore :  
 So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.  
 The faithless morning smil'd : he takes his leave, 1043  
 To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.  
 The rising storm forbids. The news arrives :  
 Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.  
 She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel);  
 And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,  
 In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.  
 Now, round the sumptuous bridal monument, 1050  
 The guilty billows innocently roar ;  
 And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.  
 A tear ?—can tears suffice ?—But not for me.  
 How vain our efforts ! and our arts, how vain !  
 The distant train of thought I took, to shun,  
 Has thrown me on my fate—these died together ;  
 Happy in ruin ! undivorc'd by death !  
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part,<sup>1</sup> is peace—  
 Narcissa ! pity bleeds at thought of thee.  
 Yet thou wast only near me ; not myself. 1060  
 Survive myself ?—That cures all other woe.  
 Narcissa lives ; Philander is forgot.  
 O the soft commerce ! O the tender ties,  
 Close twisted with the fibres of the heart !  
 Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the soul  
 Of human joy ; and make it pain to live—  
 And is it then to live ? When such friends part,  
 'Tis the survivor dies—My heart ! no more. 1068

<sup>1</sup> ' Ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part : ' hence Burns's famous line in his verses to Clarinda :—

' Never met, or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.'

NIGHT SIXTH.

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THE  
INFIDEL RECLAIMED,

IN TWO PARTS;

CONTAINING

THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE OF  
IMMORTALITY.

---

PART I.

WHERE, AMONG OTHER THINGS, GLORY AND RICHES  
ARE PARTICULARLY CONSIDERED.

---

TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE  
EXCHEQUER.

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PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, truth, reason, religion, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty sound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings;

and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which inclination has over the judgment, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed, immortality; and how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel: but by how many is the Gospel rejected or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being accidentally privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronise), are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly and impartially inquire after the surest means of escaping the one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall here occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the most important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason only, viz., because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.



## NIGHT SIXTH.

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### THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

#### PART I.

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SHE<sup>1</sup> (for I know not yet her name in heav'n),  
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene ;  
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail ?  
This seeming mitigation but inflames ;  
This fancied medicine heightens the disease.  
The longer known, the closer still she grew ;  
And gradual parting is a gradual death.  
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,  
By tardy pressure's still-increasing weight,  
From hardest hearts, confession of distress. 10

Oh, the long, dark approach through years of pain,  
Death's gallery! (might I dare to call it so)  
With dismal doubt, and sable terror, hung ;  
Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimm'ring ray :  
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,  
Forbid self-love itself to flatter, there.  
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad !

<sup>1</sup> 'She : ' his wife, it is supposed.

How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles! 18  
 In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine.  
 She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.  
 Like powerful armies trenching at a town,  
 By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,  
 In his pale progress gently gaining ground,  
 Death urg'd his deadly siege ; in spite of art,  
 Of all the balmy blessings nature lends  
 To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!  
 (Not now first made familiar to my sight)  
 And thou, O moon! bear witness, many a night  
 He tore the pillow from beneath my head,  
 Tied down my sore attention to the shock, 30  
 By ceaseless depredations on a life  
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post  
 Of observation! darker every hour!  
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,  
 And pointed at eternity below ;  
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity ;  
 When, on a moment's point, th' important die  
 Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,  
 And turn'd up life ; my title to more woe.  
 But why more woe ? More comfort let it be. 40  
 Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die ;  
 Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain ;  
 Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,  
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.  
 Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise ?  
 Too dark the sun to see it ; highest stars  
 Too low to reach it ; Death, great Death alone,  
 O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.  
 Nor dreadful our transition ; though the mind,  
 An artist at creating self-alarms, 50  
 Rich in expedients for inquietude,

Is prone to paint it dreadful: Who can take  
 Death's portrait true? The tyrant never sat. 52  
 Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;  
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.  
 Death, and his image rising in the brain,  
 Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;  
 Fear shakes the pencil; Fancy loves excess;  
 Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades:  
 And these the formidable picture draw. 60

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise;  
 And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.  
 Far other views our contemplation claim,  
 Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;  
 Views that suspend our agonies in death.  
 Wrapt in the thought of immortality,  
 Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!  
 Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;  
 And find the soul unsated with her theme.  
 Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song. 70  
 O that my song could emulate my soul!  
 Like her, immortal. No!—the soul disdains  
 A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;  
 If endless ages can outweigh an hour,  
 Let not the laurel, but the palm, inspire.

Thy nature, Immortality! who knows?  
 And yet who knows it not? It is but life  
 In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,  
 And spun for ever; dipp'd by cruel Fate  
 In Stygian dye, how black, how brittle here! 80  
 How short our correspondence with the sun!  
 And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,  
 How wanting in their weight! our highest joys  
 Small cordials to support us in our pain,  
 And give us strength to suffer. But how great

To mingle interests, converse, amities, 86  
 With all the sons of Reason, scatter'd wide  
 Through habitable space, wherever born,  
 Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens  
 Of universal nature! to lay hold  
 By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!  
 To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines  
 (Mines, which support archangels in their state) 93  
 Our own! To rise in science, as in bliss,  
 Initiate in the secrets of the skies!  
 To read creation; read its mighty plan  
 In the bare bosom of the Deity!  
 The plan, and execution, to collate!  
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,  
 All cloud, all shadow, blown remote; and leave 100  
 No mystery—but that of Love Divine,  
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,  
 From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,  
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,  
 From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!  
 Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!  
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair!  
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate!  
 Bless'd absolution of our blackest hour!

Lorenzo, these are thoughts that make man Man, 110  
 The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.  
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,  
 And every moment fear to sink beneath  
 The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons);  
 How great, in the wild whirl of Time's pursuits,  
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,  
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,  
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,  
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,

Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine! 120  
 To prophesy our own futurities ;  
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends !  
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys  
 As far beyond conception as desert,  
 Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale !  
 Lorenzo, swells thy bosom at the thought ?  
 The swell becomes thee : 'tis an honest pride.  
 Revere thyself ;—and yet thyself despise.  
 His nature no man can o'er-rate ; and none  
 Can under-rate his merit. Take good heed, 130  
 Nor there be modest, where thou should'st be proud ;  
 That almost universal error shun.  
 How just our pride, when we behold those heights !  
 Not those Ambition paints in air, but those  
 Reason points out, and ardent Virtue gains ;  
 And angels emulate ; our pride how just !  
 When mount we ? when these shackles cast ? when quit  
 This cell of the creation ? this small nest,  
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,  
 Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air ? 140  
 Fine-spun to sense ; but gross and feculent  
 To souls celestial ; souls ordain'd to breathe  
 Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky ;  
 Greatly triumphant on Time's farther shore,  
 Where Virtue reigns, enrich'd with full arrears ;  
 While Pomp imperial begs an alms of peace.  
 In empire high, or in proud science deep,  
 Ye born of earth ! on what can you confer,  
 With half the dignity, with half the gain,  
 The gust, the glow of rational delight, 150  
 As on this theme, which angels praise and share ?  
 Man's fates and favours are a theme in heav'n.  
 What wretched repetition cloy's us here !



What periodic potions for the sick ! 154  
 Distemper'd bodies ! and distemper'd minds !  
 In an eternity, what scenes shall strike !  
 Adventures thicken ! novelties surprise !  
 What webs of wonder shall unravel there !  
 What full day pour on all the paths of heav'n,  
 And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep !  
 How shall the blessed day of our discharge  
 Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate, 162  
 And straighten its inextricable maze !  
     If inextinguishable thirst in man  
 To know ; how rich, how full, our banquet there !  
 There, not the moral world alone unfolds ;  
 The world material, lately seen in shades,  
 And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,  
 And seen those fragments by the lab'ring eye.  
 Unbroken, then, illustrious, and entire, 170  
 Its ample sphere, its universal frame,  
 In full dimensions, swells to the survey ;  
 And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.  
 From some superior point (where, who can tell ?  
 Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)  
 How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,  
 In the vast ocean of unbounded space,  
 Behold an infinite of floating worlds  
 Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,  
 In endless voyage, without port ? The least 180  
 Of these disseminated orbs, how great !  
 Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,  
 Huge, as Leviathan, to that small race,  
 Those twinkling multitudes of little life,  
 He swallows unperceiv'd ! Stupendous these !  
 Yet what are these stupendous to the whole ?  
 As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd ;

As circulating globules in our veins ; 188  
 So vast the plan. Fecundity divine !  
 Exuberant Source ! perhaps, I wrong thee still.

If admiration is a source of joy,  
 What transport hence ! Yet this the least in heav'n.  
 What this to that illustrious robe He wears,  
 Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,  
 A specimen, an earnest of his pow'r ?  
 'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,  
 As the mead's meanest flow' ret to the sun,  
 Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heav'n ?  
 This bliss supreme of the supremely blest ?  
 Death, only death, the question can resolve. 200  
 By death, cheap bought th' ideas of our joy ;  
 The bare ideas ! solid happiness  
 So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

And chase we still the phantom through the fire,  
 O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death ?  
 And toil we still for sublunary pay ?  
 Defy the dangers of the field and flood,  
 Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,  
 Our more than vitals spin (if no regard  
 To great futurity) in curious webs 210  
 Of subtle thought, and exquisite design ;  
 (Fine network of the brain !) to catch a fly !  
 The momentary buzz of vain renown !  
 A name ! a mortal immortality !

Or (meaner still !) instead of grasping air,  
 For sordid lucre plunge we in the mire ?  
 Drudge, sweat, through every shame, for every gain,  
 For vile contaminating trash ; throw up  
 Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man ?  
 And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold ? 220  
 Ambition, Avarice ; the two demons these,

Which goad through every slough our human herd, 222  
 Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.  
 How low the wretches stoop ! how steep they climb !  
 These demons burn mankind ; but most possess  
 Lorenzo's bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in time to hide eternity ?  
 And why not in an atom on the shore  
 To cover ocean ? or a mote, the sun ?  
 Glory and wealth ! have they this blinding power ? 230  
 What if to them I prove Lorenzo blind ?  
 Would it surprise thee ? Be thou then surpris'd ;  
 Thou neither know'st : their nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as these subjects seem,  
 What close connexion ties them to my theme.  
 First, what is true ambition ? The pursuit  
 Of glory, nothing less than man can share.  
 Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,  
 As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,  
 Their arts and conquests animals might boast, 240  
 And claim their laurel crowns, as well as we ;  
 But not celestial. Here we stand alone ;  
 As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent ;  
 If prone in thought, our stature is our shame ;  
 And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.  
 The visible and present are for brutes,  
 A slender portion, and a narrow bound !  
 These Reason, with an energy divine,  
 O'erleaps ; and claims the future and unseen ;  
 The vast unseen ! the future fathomless ! 250  
 When the great soul buoys up to this high point,  
 Leaving gross nature's sediments below,  
 Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits  
 The sage and hero of the fields and woods,

Asserts his rank, and rises into man. 255

'This is ambition : this is human fire.

Can Parts or Place (two bold pretenders !) make  
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng ?

Genius and Art, ambition's boasted wings,  
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid !  
Dedalian enginery ! If these alone  
Assist our flight, Fame's flight is Glory's fall.  
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high, 263  
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.

A celebrated wretch, when I behold,  
When I behold a genius bright, and base,  
Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;  
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,  
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,  
With rubbish mix'd, and glitt'ring in the dust. 270  
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,  
At once compassion soft, and envy, rise—  
But wherefore envy ? Talents angel-bright,  
If wanting worth, are shining instruments  
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults  
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great pow'rs.  
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.  
Reason the means, affections choose our end ;  
Means have no merit, if our end amiss. 280  
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain :  
What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart ?  
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.  
Right ends and means, make wisdom : worldly-wise  
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

Let Genius then despair to make thee great ;  
Nor flatter Station : what is station high ?  
'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;

It begs an alms of homage from the throng, 289  
 And oft the throng denies its charity.  
 Monarchs and ministers, are awful names ;  
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.  
 Religion, public order, both exact  
 External homage, and a supple knee,  
 To beings pompously set up, to serve  
 The meanest slave : all more is merit's due,  
 Her sacred and inviolable right ;  
 Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.  
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth ;  
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there. 300  
 Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,  
 And vote the mantle into majesty.  
 Let the small savage boast his silver fur ;  
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,  
 His own, descending fairly from his sires.  
 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,  
 And souls in ermine scorn a soul without ?  
 Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize ?  
 Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps ;  
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales. 310  
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself :  
 Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids :  
 Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.  
 Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause ?  
 The cause is lodg'd in immortality.  
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r ;  
 What station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;  
 'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before ?  
 Then thou before wast something less than man.  
 Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ? 320  
 That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity ;  
 That pride defames humanity, and calls



The being mean, which staffs or strings can raise. 323  
 That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,  
 From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies.  
 'Tis born of ignorance, which knows not man  
 An angel's second ; nor his second, long.  
 A Nero quitting his imperial throne,  
 And courting glory from the tinkling string,  
 But faintly shadows an immortal soul, 330  
 With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.  
 If nobler motives minister no cure,  
 Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place : 'tis more ;  
 It makes the post stand candidate for thee ;  
 Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man ;  
 Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis wealth ;  
 And though it wears no riband, 'tis renown ;  
 Renown, that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd,  
 Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile. 340  
 Other ambition Nature interdicts ;  
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,  
 By pointing at his origin, and end ;  
 Milk, and a swathe, at first, his whole demand ;  
 His whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone ;  
 To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

Souls truly great dart forward on the wing  
 Of just ambition, to the grand result,  
 The curtain's fall ; there, see the buskin'd chief  
 Unshod behind this momentary scene ; 350  
 Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,  
 As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;  
 And laugh at this fantastic mummery,  
 This antic prelude of grotesque events,  
 Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray  
 A littleness of soul by worlds o'errun,

And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice 357  
 To Christian pride ! which had with horror shock'd  
 The darkest Pagans, offer'd to their gods.

O thou most Christian<sup>1</sup> enemy to peace !  
 Again in arms ? Again provoking fate ?  
 That prince, and that alone, is truly great,  
 Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes ; 363  
 On empire builds what empire far outweighs,  
 And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why this so rare ? Because forgot of all  
 The day of death ; that venerable day,  
 Which sits as judge ; that day, which shall pronounce  
 On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.  
 Lorenzo, never shut thy thought against it ; 370  
 Be levees ne'er so full, afford it room,  
 And give it audience in the cabinet.

That friend consulted, flatteries apart,  
 Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.  
 To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,  
 Is that ambition ? Then let flames descend,  
 Point to the centre their inverted spires,  
 And learn humiliation from a soul,  
 Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.

Yet these are they, the world pronounces wise ; 380  
 The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,  
 And casts new wisdom : ev'n the grave man lends  
 His solemn face, to countenance the coin.  
 Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.  
 This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave  
 To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,  
 The most ambitious, unambitious, mean ;  
 In triumph, mean ; and abject, on a throne.  
 Nothing can make it less than mad in man,

<sup>1</sup> ' Most Christian : ' Louis XIV., King of France.

To put forth all his ardour, all his art, 390  
 And give his soul her full unbounded flight,  
 But reaching Him, who gave her wings to fly.  
 When blind Ambition quite mistakes her road,  
 And downwards pores, for that which shines above,  
 Substantial happiness, and true renown ;  
 Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,  
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud ;  
 At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition ! powerful source of good and ill !  
 Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds, 400  
 When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease,  
 And swifter flight, transports us to the skies ;  
 By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,  
 It turns a curse ; it is our chain, and scourge,  
 In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,  
 Close grated by the sordid bars of Sense ;  
 All prospect of eternity shut out ;  
 And, but for execution, ne'er set free.

With error in ambition justly charg'd,  
 Find we Lorenzo wiser in his wealth ? 410  
 What if thy rental I reform ? and draw  
 An inventory new, to set thee right ?  
 Where thy true treasure ? Gold says, " Not in me :"  
 And, " Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor ;  
 India's insolvent : seek it in thyself,  
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;  
 In being, so descended, form'd, endow'd ;  
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race !  
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine !  
 In senses, which inherit earth, and heav'ns ; 420  
 Enjoy the various riches Nature yields ;  
 Far nobler ! give the riches they enjoy ;  
 Give taste to fruits ; and harmony to groves ;

Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire ; 424  
 Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,  
 At a small inlet, which a grain might close,  
 And half create the wondrous world they see.  
 Our senses, as our reason, are divine.  
 But for the magic organ's powerful charm,  
 Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.  
 Objects are but th' occasion ; ours th' exploit ;  
 Ours is the cloth,<sup>1</sup> the pencil, and the paint, 432  
 Which nature's admirable picture draws ;  
 And beautifies creation's ample dome.  
 Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,  
 Man makes the matchless image man admires.  
 Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,  
 Superior wonders in himself forgot,  
 His admiration waste on objects round,  
 When Heaven makes him the soul of all he sees ? 440  
 Absurd ! not rare ! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in senses such as these ! What wealth  
 In Fancy, fired to form a fairer scene  
 Than Sense surveys ! In memory's firm record,  
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall  
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years !  
 In colours fresh, originally bright,  
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate  
 What wealth in Intellect, that sov'reign pow'r !  
 Which Sense and Fancy summons to the bar ; 450  
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;  
 And from the mass those underlings import,  
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,  
 And in Truth's balance accurately weigh'd,  
 Forms art, and science, government, and law ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Ours is the cloth,' &c. : how like the lines of Coleridge !—

' O Lady, we receive but what we give,' &c.



The solid basis, and the beauteous frame, 456  
 The vitals, and the grace of civil life !  
 And manners (sad exception !) set aside,  
 Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair  
 Of His idea, whose indulgent thought  
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd human bliss.

What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,  
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time ; 463  
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear  
 Th' Almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound !  
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view  
 What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be ;  
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,  
 Creations new in fancy's field to rise !  
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made, 470  
 And wander wild through things impossible !  
 What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,  
 In quenchless passions violent to crave,  
 In liberty to choose, in pow'r to reach,  
 And in duration (how thy riches rise !)  
 Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss !

Ask you, what power resides in feeble man  
 That bliss to gain ? Is Virtue's, then, unknown ?  
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.  
 Man's unprecarious, natural estate, 480  
 Improveable at will, in virtue lies ;  
 Its tenure sure ; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?  
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more ;  
 Then make a richer scramble for the throng.  
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long  
 Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,  
 Like rubbish from displying engines thrown,  
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly ;



Fly diverse ; fly to foreigners, to foes ; 490  
 New masters court, and call the former fools  
 (How justly !), for dependence on their stay.  
 Wide scatter, first, our playthings ; then, our dust.

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace ?  
 Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme :  
 Riches enable to be richer still ;  
 And, richer still, what mortal can resist ?  
 Thus wealth (a cruel taskmaster !) enjoins  
 New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !  
 And murders peace, which taught it first to shine. 500  
 The poor are half as wretched as the rich ;  
 Whose proud and painful privilege it is  
 At once, to bear a double load of woe ;  
 To feel the stings of envy, and of want,  
 Outrageous want ! both Indies cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content.  
 Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;  
 Sick, or encumber'd, is our happiness,  
 A competence is all we can enjoy.  
 Oh, be content, where Heav'n can give no more ! 510  
 More, like a flash of water from a lock,  
 Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour ;  
 But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys  
 Above our native temper's common stream.  
 Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,  
 As bees in flowers ; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;  
 Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.  
 Much learning shows how little mortals know ;  
 Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy : 520  
 At best, it babies us with endless toys,  
 And keeps us children till we drop to dust.  
 As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,

They fail to find what they so plainly see ; 531  
 Thus men, in shining riches, see the face  
 Of happiness, nor know it is a shade ;  
 But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,  
 And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want !  
 Who lives to Nature, rarely can be poor ;  
 Who lives to Fancy, never can be rich.  
 Poor is the man in debt ; the man of gold, 532  
 In debt to Fortune, trembles at her pow'r.  
 The man of reason smiles at her, and Death.  
 Oh ! what a patrimony this ! a being  
 Of such inherent strength and majesty,  
 Not worlds possess'd can raise it ; worlds destroy'd  
 Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,  
 When thine, O Nature ! ends ; too blest to mourn  
 Creation's obsequies. What treasure, this ! 533  
 The monarch is a beggar to the man.

Immortal ! Ages past, yet nothing gone !  
 Morn without eve ! a race without a goal !  
 Unshorten'd by progression infinite !  
 Futurity for ever future ! Life  
 Beginning still where computation ends !  
 'Tis the description of a deity !  
 'Tis the description of the meanest slave :  
 The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn ?  
 The meanest slave thy sov' reign glory shares. 534  
 Proud youth ! fastidious of the lower world !  
 Man's lawful pride includes humility ;  
 Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find  
 Inferiors ; all immortal ! brothers all !  
 Proprietors eternal of thy love.

Immortal ! What can strike the sense so strong,  
 As this the soul ? It thunders to the thought ;

Reason amazes ; gratitude o'erwhelms ;  
 No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;  
 Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,  
 And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds  
 Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires ;  
 Quick kindles all that is divine within us ;  
 Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

558

Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame ?  
 Immortal ! Were but one immortal, how  
 Would others envy ! how would thrones adore !  
 Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?  
 How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heav'n !  
 Oh, vain, vain, vain, all else ! Eternity !  
 A glorious and a needful refuge, that,  
 From vile imprisonment in abject views.

569

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,  
 Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,  
 The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.  
 That only, and that amply, this performs ;  
 Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above ;  
 Their terror those, and these their lustre lose ;  
 Eternity depending covers all ;  
 Eternity depending all achieves ;  
 Sets earth at distance ; casts her into shades ;  
 Blends her distinctions ; abrogates her pow'rs ;  
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,  
 Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,  
 Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,  
 The man beneath ; if I may call him man,  
 Whom immortality's full force inspires.

580

Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought ;  
 Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,  
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent,  
 Their present province, and their future prize ;

590

Divinely darting upward every wish, 592

Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost!

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?

If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye

Were seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink,

And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.

Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,

Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.

To that stupendous view, when souls awake, 600

So large of late, so mountainous to man,

Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,

But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height

Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled:

And all may do, what has by man been done.

Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,

Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,

Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?

What slave unblest, who from to-morrow's dawn 610

Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,

And, thron'd in thought, his absent sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!

Her own immense appointments to compute,

Or comprehend her high prerogatives,

In this her dark minority, how toils,

How vainly pants, the human soul divine!

Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;

What heart but trembles at so strange a bliss?

In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung, 620

Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!

Are there who wrap the world so close about them,

They see no farther than the clouds; and dance

On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,

Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,



Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song ?  
 Are there, Lorenzo ? is it possible ? 627  
 Are there on earth (let me not call them men)  
 Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts ;  
 Unconscious as the mountain of its ore ;  
 Or rock of its inestimable gem ?  
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these  
 Shall know their treasure ; treasure, then, no more. 633  
 Are there (still more amazing !) who resist  
 The rising thought ? who smother, in its birth ;  
 The glorious truth ? who struggle to be brutes ?  
 Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,  
 And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink ?  
 Who labour downwards through th' opposing pow'rs  
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them, 640  
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock  
 Of endless night ; night darker than the grave's ?  
 Who fight the proofs of immortality ?  
 With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,  
 Work all their engines, level their black fires,  
 To blot from man this attribute divine,  
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wise),  
 Blasphemers, and rank atheists to themselves ?  
 To contradict them, see all nature rise !  
 What object, what event, the moon beneath, 650  
 But argues, or endears, an after-scene ?  
 To reason proves, or weds it to desire ?  
 All things proclaim it needful ; some advance  
 One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.  
 A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,  
 From heav'n, and earth, and man. Indulge a few,  
 By Nature, as her common habit, worn ;  
 So pressing Providence a truth to teach,  
 Which truth untaught. all other truths were vain.



Thou ! whose all-providential eye surveys, 660  
 Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms  
 Creation, and holds empire far beyond !  
 Eternity's inhabitant august !  
 Of two eternities amazing Lord !  
 One past, ere man's, or angel's, had begun ;  
 Aid ! while I rescue from the foe's assault  
 Thy glorious immortality in man :  
 A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,  
 Of moment infinite ! but relish'd most  
 By those who love Thee most, who most adore. 670

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth  
 Of Thee the Great Immutable, to man  
 Speaks wisdom, is his oracle supreme ;  
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.  
 Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haste ;  
 And come back all-immortal, all-divine :  
 Look nature through, 'tis revolution all ;  
 All change ; no death. Day follows night ; and night  
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;  
 Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay, 680  
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,  
 Droops into pallid autumn : winter grey,  
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
 Blows autumn, and his golden fruits, away :  
 Then melts into the spring : soft spring, with breath  
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades ;  
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.  
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just, 690  
 Nature revolves, but man advances ; both  
 Eternal, that a circle, this a line.  
 That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul,

Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends, 694  
 Zeal and humility her wings, to heav' n.  
 The world of matter, with its various forms,  
 All dies into new life. Life born from death  
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.  
 No single atom, once in being, lost,  
 With change of counsel charges the Most High.

What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?  
 Matter immortal? And shall Spirit die? 702  
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?  
 Shall Man alone, for whom all else revives,  
 No resurrection know? Shall Man alone,  
 Imperial Man! be sown in barren ground,  
 Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?  
 Is Man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize  
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain  
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate, 710  
 Severely doom'd Death's single unredeem'd?

If Nature's revolution speaks aloud,  
 In her gradation, hear her louder still.  
 Look nature through, 'tis neat gradation all.  
 By what minute degrees her scale ascends!  
 Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,  
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath.  
 Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,  
 Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!  
 Here, dormant matter waits a call to life; 720  
 Half life, half death, join there; here, life and sence;  
 There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray;  
 Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd  
 The chain unbroken upward, to the realms  
 Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,  
 Where Death hath no dominion? Grant a make  
 Half mortal, half immortal; earthy, part,

And part ethereal ; grant the soul of man 723  
Eternal ; or in man the series ends.

Wide yawns the gap ; connexion is no more ;  
Check'd Reason halts ; her next step wants support ;  
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme ;  
A scheme, analogy pronounc'd so true ;  
Analogy, man's surest guide below. 734

Thus far, all nature calls on thy belief.  
And will Lorenzo, careless of the call,  
False attestation on all nature charge,  
Rather than violate his league with Death ?  
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce  
The dust belov'd, and run the risk of heaven ? 740

Oh, what indignity to deathless souls !  
What treason to the majesty of man !  
Of man immortal ! Hear the lofty style :  
" If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.  
Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,  
And grind us into dust. The soul is safe ;  
The man emerges ; mounts above the wreck,  
As towering flame<sup>1</sup> from Nature's funeral pyre ;  
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles ;  
His charter, his inviolable rights, 750  
Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,  
Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

But these chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo !  
The glories of the world thy sevenfold shield.  
Other ambition than of crowns in air,  
And superlunary felicities,  
Thy bosom warms. I'll cool it, if I can ;  
And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.

<sup>1</sup> 'Towering flame,' &c.: these lines are reproduced in the close of Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope.'

What ties thee to this life, proclaims the next. 759

If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.

Come, my ambitious ! let us mount together  
(To mount, Lorenzo never can refuse) ;  
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,  
Look down on earth.—What seest thou? Wondrous things!  
Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.

What lengths of labour'd lands ! what loaded seas !

Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war !

Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,

His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.

Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand ; 770

What levell'd mountains ! and what lifted vales !

O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,

And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.

Some mid the wondering waves majestic rise ;

And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.

Far greater still ! (what cannot mortal might ?)

See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep !

The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.

Or southward turn ; to delicate and grand,

The finer arts there ripen in the sun. 780

How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,

Ascend the skies ! the proud triumphal arch

Shows us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.

High through mid-air, here, streams are taught to flow ;

Whole rivers, there, laid by in basins, sleep.

Here, plains turn oceans ; there, vast oceans join

Through kingdoms channell'd deep from shore to shore ;

And chang'd creation takes its face from man.

Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,

Where fame and empire wait upon the sword ? 790

See fields in blood ; hear naval thunders rise ;

Britannia's voice ! that awes the world to peace.

How yon enormous mole projecting breaks 793  
 The mid-sea, furious waves! Their roar amidst,  
 Out-speaks the Deity, and says, "O main!  
 Thus far, nor farther; new restraints obey."  
 Earth's disembowell'd! measur'd are the skies!  
 Stars are detected in their deep recess!  
 Creation widens! vanquish'd Nature yields!  
 Her secrets are extorted! Art prevails! 800  
 What monument of genius, spirit, power!

And now, Lorenzo! raptur'd at this scene,  
 Whose glories render heav'n superfluous! say,  
 Whose footsteps these?—Immortals have been here.  
 Could less than souls immortal this have done?  
 Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal;  
 And proofs of immortality forgot.

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,  
 These are Ambition's works: and these are great:  
 But this, the least immortal souls can do; 820  
 Transcend them all—but what can these transcend?  
 Dost ask me what?—One sigh for the distress'd.  
 What then for infidels? A deeper sigh.  
 'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man:  
 How little they, who think aught great below!  
 All our ambitions death defeats, but one;  
 And that it crowns.—Here cease we: but, ere long,  
 More powerful proof shall take the field against thee,  
 Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb. 829





## NIGHT SEVENTH.

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### THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

#### PART II.

CONTAINING

#### THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE OF IMMORTALITY.

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#### PREFACE.

AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange: it is a subject by far the most interesting and important that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase, at this day; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the Preface to the preceding Night be just. It is there supposed, that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronise, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubts of their immortality, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a futurity is a strange error; yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are,—That either God will not, or can not, punish. Considering the divine attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as holiness, that God can-

not punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner almost incredible. And since on this member of their alternative, there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by those whom they so much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality. For his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "where he should deposit his remains," it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have a regard for anything, even in himself, that was not immortal.

This fact well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality; which is all I desire; and that, for their sakes: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

*July 7, 1744.*

## NIGHT SEVENTH.

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### THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

#### PART II.

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##### CONTENTS.

IN the Sixth Night arguments were drawn, from Nature, in proof of Immortality: here, others are drawn from Man: from his Discontent, ver. 29; from his Passions and Powers, 63; from the gradual growth of Reason, 81; from his fear of Death, 86; from the nature of Hope, 104; and of Virtue, 159, &c.; from Knowledge and Love, as being the most essential properties of the soul, 253; from the order of Creation, 290, &c.; from the nature of Ambition, 337, &c.; Avarice, 460; Pleasure, 477. A digression on the grandeur of the Passions, 521. Immortality alone renders our present state intelligible, 545. An objection from the Stoics' disbelief of immortality answered, 585. Endless questions unresolvable, but on the supposition of our immortality, 606. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetic complaint of a worthy man, under the persuasion of no Futurity, 653, &c. The gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation urged home on Lorenzo, 843, &c. The soul's vast importance, 992, &c.; from whence it arises, 1080. The Difficulty of being an Infidel, 1133; the Infamy, 1148; the Cause, 1188; and the Character, 1203, of an Infidel state. What true free-thinking is, 1218. The necessary punishment of the false, 1273. Man's ruin is from himself, 1303. An Infidel accuses himself with guilt and hypocrisy, and that of the worst sort, 1319. His obligation to Christians, 1337. What danger he incurs by Virtue, 1345. Vice recommended to him, 1364. His high pretences to Virtue and Benevolence exploded, 1373. The Conclusion, on the nature of Faith, 1406; Reason, 1440; and Hope, 1445; with an apology for this attempt, 1472.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.

What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,

To wake the soul to sense of future scenes ? 3  
 Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in every way,  
 And kindly point us to our journey's end.  
 Pope, who could'st make immortals ! art thou dead ?  
 I give thee joy : nor will I take my leave ;  
 So soon to follow. Man but dives in death ;  
 Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise ;  
 The grave, his subterranean road to bliss. 10  
 Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so ;  
 Through various parts our glorious story runs ;  
 Time gives the preface, endless age unrolls  
 The volume (ne'er unroll'd !) of human fate.  
 This, earth and skies already<sup>1</sup> have proclaim'd.  
 The world's a prophecy of worlds to come ;  
 And who, what God foretells (who speaks in things,  
 Still louder than in words) shall dare deny ?  
 If Nature's arguments appear too weak,  
 Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in Man. 20  
 If man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees,  
 Can he prove infidel to what he feels ?  
 He, whose blind thought futurity denies,  
 Unconscious bears, Bellerophon !<sup>2</sup> like thee,  
 His own indictment ; he condemns himself ;  
 Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life ;  
 Or, Nature, there, imposing on her sons,  
 Has written fables ; man was made a lie.  
 Why Discontent for ever harbour'd there ?  
 Incurable consumption of our peace ! 30  
 Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,  
 He, whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he  
 Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,

<sup>1</sup> 'Already : ' Night Sixth. — <sup>2</sup> 'Bellerophon : ' who carried letters from Proctus to Jobates, King of Lycia, which contained an order in cipher for his execution after nine days. He contrived, however, to escape.



Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw 34

Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,  
In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?

Is it, that things terrestrial can't content ?  
Deep in rich pasture will thy flocks complain ?  
Not so ; but to their master is denied  
To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease,  
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,  
Where Nature foddors him with other food, 42  
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,  
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,  
Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd.

Is Heav'n, then, kinder to thy flocks than thee ?  
Not so ; thy pasture richer, but remote ;  
In part, remote ; for that remoter part  
Man bleats from instinct, though perhaps, debauch'd  
By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause. 50  
The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes !  
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise ;  
And discontent is immortality.

Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of heav'n,  
Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,  
With brutal acquiescence in the mire ?  
Lorenzo, no ! they shall be nobly pain'd ;  
The glorious foreigners, distress'd, shall sigh  
On thrones ; and thou congratulate the sigh :  
Man's misery declares him born for bliss ; 60  
His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing,  
And gives the sceptic in his head the lie.

Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our pow'rs,  
Speak the same language ; call us to the skies :  
Unripen'd these in this inclement clime,  
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake ;  
And for this land of trifles those too strong

Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life : 08  
 What prize on earth can pay us for the storm ?  
 Meet objects for our passions Heav'n ordain'd  
 Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave  
 No fault, but in defect : bless'd Heav'n ! avert  
 A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss !  
 O for a bliss unbounded ! Far beneath  
 A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.  
 Nor are our pow'rs to perish immature ;  
 But, after feeble effort here, beneath  
 A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,  
 Transplanted from this sublunary bed,  
 Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom. 80  
 Reason progressive, Instinct is complete ;  
 Swift Instinct leaps ; slow Reason feebly climbs.  
 Brutes soon their zenith reach ; their little all  
 Flows in at once ; in ages they no more  
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.  
 Were man to live coeval with the sun,  
 The patriarch-pupil would be learning still ;  
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearn'd.  
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun  
 Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd ; 90  
 If fit, with dim, illustrious to compare,  
 The sun's meridian with the soul of man.  
 To man, why, stepdame Nature ! so severe ?  
 Why thrown aside thy masterpiece half wrought,  
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy ?  
 Or, if abortively, poor man must die,  
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread ?  
 Why curs'd with foresight ? wise to misery ?  
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey ?  
 Why less pre-eminent in rank than pain ? 100  
 His immortality alone can tell ;

Full ample fund to balance all amiss,  
And turn the scale in favour of the just !

109

His immortality alone can solve  
The darkest of enigmas, human hope ;  
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.  
Hope, eager Hope, th' assassin of our joy,  
All present blessings treading under foot,  
Is scarce a milder tyrant than Despair.  
With no past toils content, still planting new,  
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.  
Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit ?  
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown ?  
That wish accomplish'd, why the grave of bliss ?  
Because, in the great future buried deep,  
Beyond our plans of empire and renown,  
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue  
And He who made him, bent him to the right.

110

Man's heart th' Almighty to the future sets,  
By secret and inviolable springs ;  
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.  
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still ;  
"More, more !" the glutton cries : for something new  
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,  
He will descend. He starves on the possess'd.  
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,  
In Caprea plung'd ; and div'd beneath the brute.  
In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son  
Supreme ? Because he could no higher fly ;  
His riot was ambition in despair.

120

130

Old Rome consulted birds ; Lorenzo ! thou  
With more success, the flight of Hope survey ;  
Of restless Hope, for ever on the wing.  
High perch'd o'er every thought that falcon sits,  
To fly at all that rises in her sight ;

And never stooping, but to mount again 136

Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,  
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,  
If being fails), more mournful riddles rise,  
And Virtue vies with Hope in mystery.

Why Virtue? where its praise, its being, fled?

Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd : 143

What true self-interest of quite-mortal man?

To close with all that makes him happy here.

If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,

Then vice is virtue; 'tis our sov'reign good.

In self-applause is virtue's golden prize;

No self-applause attends it on thy scheme:

Whence self-applause? From conscience of the right.

And what is right, but means of happiness? 151

No means of happiness when virtue yields;

That basis failing, falls the building too,

And lays in ruin every virtuous joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,

So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,

Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'errun.

Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams

Of self-exposure, laudable, and great?

Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death? 160

Die for thy country!—Thou romantic fool!

Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:

Thy country! what to thee?—the Godhead, what?

(I speak with awe!) though He should bid thee bleed?

If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt,

Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,

Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience: know, Lorenzo!

Whate'er th' Almighty's subsequent command,



His first command is this :—" Man, love thyself." 170

In this alone, free agents are not free.

Existence is the basis, bliss the prize ;

If virtue costs existence, 'tis a crime ;

Bold violation of our law supreme,

Black suicide ; though nations, which consult

Their gain, at thy expense, resound applause.

Since Virtue's recompense is doubtful, here,

If man dies wholly, well may we demand,

Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain ?

Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd ?

180

Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd ?

Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,

By sweet complacencies from virtue felt ?

Why whispers Nature lies on Virtue's part ?

Or if blind Instinct (which assumes the name  
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,

Why Reason made accomplice in the cheat ?

Why are the wisest loudest in her praise ?

Can man by Reason's beam be led astray ?

Or, at his peril, imitate his God ?

190

Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,

Or both are true, or man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,

Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.

Dauntless thy spirit ; cowards are thy scorn.

Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.

The man immortal, rationally brave,

Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.

But if man loses all, when life is lost,

He lives a coward, or a fool expires.

200

A daring infidel (and such there are,

From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,



Or pure heroical defect of thought), 208  
 Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd  
 For valour, virtue, science, all we love,  
 And all we praise ; for worth, whose noontide beam,  
 Enabling us to think in higher style,  
 Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs ;  
 Dream we that lustre of the moral world 210

Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close ?  
 Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,  
 And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,  
 The Mind Almighty ? Could it be, that Fate,  
 Just when the lineaments began to shine,  
 And dawn the Deity, should snatch the draught,  
 With night eternal blot it out, and give  
 The skies alarm, lest angels too might die ?

If human souls, why not angelic too  
 Extinguish'd ? and a solitary God, 220  
 O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne ?  
 Shall we this moment gaze on God in man ?  
 The next, lose man for ever in the dust ?

From dust we disengage, or man mistakes ;  
 And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.  
 Wisdom and worth, how boldly he commends !  
 Wisdom and worth, are sacred names ; rever'd,  
 Where not embrac'd ; applauded ; deified ;  
 Why not compassion'd too ? If spirits die,  
 Both are calamities, inflicted both, 230

To make us but more wretched : Wisdom's eye  
 Acute, for what ? to spy more miseries ;  
 And worth, so recompensed, new-points their stings.  
 Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,  
 And worth exalted humbles us the more.

Thou wilt not patronise a scheme that makes 236  
Weakness and vice the refuge of mankind.

“Has virtue, then, no joys?”—Yes, joys dear-bought.  
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,

Virtue and vice are at eternal war,  
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for naught?  
Or for precarious, or for small reward?

Who virtue's self-reward so loud resound, 243  
Would take degrees angelic here below,  
And virtue, while they compliment, betray,  
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.

The crown, th' unfading crown, her soul inspires:

'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail

The body's treach'ries, and the world's assaults:

On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies. 250

Truth incontestible! in spite of all

A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.

In man the more we dive, the more we see

Heav'n's signet stamping an immortal make.

Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base

Sustaining all; what find we? knowledge, love.

As light and heat, essential to the sun,

These to the soul. And why, if souls expire?

How little lovely here? how little known?

Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil; 260

And love unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.

Why starv'd, on earth, our angel appetites;

While brutal are indulg'd their fulsome fill?

Were then capacities divine conferr'd,

As a mock-diadem, in savage sport,

Rank insult of our pompous poverty,

Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?

In future age lies no redress? and shuts

Eternity the door on our complaint?

If so, for what strange ends were mortals made ! 270  
 The worst to wallow, and the best to weep ;  
 The man who merits most, must most complain :  
 Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,  
 What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?

This cannot be. To love, and know, in man  
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r ;  
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.  
 Objects, pow'rs, appetites, Heav'n suits in all ;  
 Nor, nature through, e'er violates this sweet,  
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string. 280

Is Man the sole exception from her laws ?  
 Eternity struck off from human hope  
 (I speak with truth, but veneration too),  
 Man is a monster, the reproach of Heav'n,  
 A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud  
 On Nature's beauteous aspect ; and deforms  
 (Amazing blot !), deforms her with her lord.  
 If such is man's allotment, what is heaven ?  
 Or own the soul immortal, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert 290  
 All order. Go, mock-majesty ! go, man !  
 And bow to thy superiors of the stall ;  
 Through every scene of sense superior far :  
 They graze the turf untill'd ; they drink the stream  
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd  
 With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs ;  
 Mankind's peculiar ! reason's precious dow'r !  
 No foreign clime they ransack for their robes ;  
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar ;  
 Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd ; 300  
 They find a paradise in every field,

On boughs forbidden where no curses hang :  
 Or ill no more than strikes the sense ; unstretch'd

By previous dread, or murmur in the rear : 304  
 When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd ; one stroke  
 Begins, and ends, their woe : they die but once ;  
 Bless'd, incommunicable privilege ! for which  
 Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,  
 Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.  
 No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,  
 But what beams on it from eternity. 312  
 O sole and sweet solution ! that unties  
 The difficult, and softens the severe ;  
 The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels ;  
 Restores bright order ; casts the brute beneath ;  
 And re-enthrones us in supremacy  
 Of joy, even here : admit immortal life,  
 And virtue is knight-errantry no more ;  
 Each virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r, 320  
 Far richer in reversion : Hope exults ;  
 And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,  
 Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.  
 O wherefore is the Deity so kind ?  
 Astonishing beyond astonishment !  
 Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart ?—for there  
 The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.  
 Reason is guiltless ; will alone rebels.  
 What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find 330  
 New, unexpected witnesses against thee ?  
 Ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain !  
 Canst thou suspect that these, which make the soul  
 The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n ?  
 Canst thou suspect what makes us disbelieve  
 Our immortality, should prove it sure ?  
 First, then, Ambition summon to the bar.



Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust  
 And inextinguishable nature, speak.  
 Each much deposes ; hear them in their turn.

338

Thy soul, how passionately fond of fame !  
 How anxious, that fond passion to conceal !  
 We blush, detected in designs on praise,  
 Though for best deeds, and from the best of men :  
 And why ? Because immortal. Art divine  
 Has made the body tutor to the soul ;  
 Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow ;  
 Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there  
 Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,  
 Which stoops to court a character from man ;  
 While o'er us, in tremendous judgment sit  
 Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.

350

Ambition's boundless appetite outspeaks  
 The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire  
 At high presumptions of their own desert,  
 One age is poor applause ; the mighty shout,  
 The thunder by the living few begun,  
 Late time must echo ; worlds unborn resound.  
 We wish our names eternally to live :  
 Wild dream ! which ne'er had haunted human thought,  
 Had not our natures been eternal too.

361

Instinct points out an interest in hereafter ;  
 But our blind reason sees not where it lies ;  
 Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,  
 And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,  
 Contemn'd ; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.  
 Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.  
 " And is this all ?" cried Cæsar at his height,  
 Disgusted. This third proof Ambition brings  
 Of immortality. The first in fame,

370



Observe him near, your envy will abate : 372  
 Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between  
 The passion and the purchase, he will sigh  
 At such success, and blush at his renown.  
 And why? Because far richer prize invites  
 His heart; far more illustrious glory calls :  
 It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.

And can Ambition a fourth proof supply?  
 It can, and stronger than the former three ; 380  
 Yet quite o'erlook'd by some reputed wise.  
 Though disappointments in ambition pain,  
 And though success disgusts ; yet still, Lorenzo !  
 In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts ;  
 By Nature planted for the noblest ends.  
 Absurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus<sup>1</sup> giv'n,  
 More prais'd, than ponder'd ; specious, but unsound :  
 Sooner that hero's sword the world had quell'd,  
 Than Reason, his ambition. Man must soar.

An obstinate activity within, 390  
 An insuppressive spring, will toss him up  
 In spite of Fortune's load. Not kings alone,  
 Each villager has his ambition too ;  
 No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave :  
 Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,  
 Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts,  
 And cry,—“ Behold the wonders of my might !”  
 And why? Because immortal as their lord ;  
 And souls immortal must for ever heave  
 At something great ; the glitter, or the gold ; 400  
 The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heav'n.

Nor absolutely vain is human praise,  
 When human is supported by divine.

<sup>1</sup> ‘To Pyrrhus:’ by a philosopher who told him he would have been as happy had he stayed at home, instead of pursuing a career of conquest.

I'll introduce Lorenzo to himself ; 404  
 Pleasure and Pride (bad masters !) share our hearts.

As love of pleasure is ordain'd to guard  
 And feed our bodies, and extend our race ;  
 The love of praise is planted to protect,  
 And propagate the glories of the mind.  
 What is it, but the love of praise, inspires,  
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,  
 Earth's happiness ? From that, the delicate, 412  
 The grand, the marvellous, of civil life,  
 Want and convenience, underworkers, lay  
 The basis, on which love of glory builds.  
 Nor is thy life, O Virtue ! less in debt  
 To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.

Were men not proud, what merit should we miss  
 Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.  
 Praise is the salt that seasons right to man, 420  
 And whets his appetite for moral good.

Thirst of applause is Virtue's second guard ;  
 Reason, her first ; but reason wants an aid ;  
 Our private reason is a flatterer ;  
 Thirst of applause calls public judgment in,  
 To poise our own, to keep an even scale,  
 And give endanger'd Virtue fairer play.

Here a fifth proof arises, stronger still :  
 Why this so nice construction of our hearts ?

These delicate moralities of sense ; 430

This constitutional reserve of aid  
 To succour virtue, when our reason fails ;  
 If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,  
 And oft, the mark of injuries on earth,  
 When labour'd to maturity (its bill  
 Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid), must die ?  
 Why freighted rich, to dash against a rock ?

Were man to perish when most fit to live, 438  
 O how misspent were all these stratagems,  
 By skill divine inwoven in our frame !

Where are Heav'n's holiness and mercy fled ?  
 Laughs Heav'n, at once, at Virtue, and at Man ?  
 If not, why that discourag'd, this destroy'd ?

Thus far Ambition. What says Avarice ?  
 This her chief maxim, which has long been thine :  
 " The wise and wealthy are the same,"—I grant it.

To store up treasure with incessant toil,  
 This is man's province, this his highest praise.  
 To this great end keen Instinct stings him on.  
 To guide that instinct, Reason ! is thy charge ; 450

'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies :  
 But, Reason failing to discharge her trust,  
 Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,  
 A blunder follows ; and blind Industry,  
 Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course  
 (The course where stakes of more than gold are won),  
 O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,  
 The jaded spirits of the present hour,  
 Provides for an eternity below.

" Thou shalt not covet," is a wise command ; 460  
 But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys :  
 Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,  
 And avarice is a virtue most divine.

Is faith a refuge for our happiness ?  
 Most sure : and is it not for reason too ?  
 Nothing this world unriddles, but the next.  
 Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain ?

From inextinguishable life in man.  
 Man, if not meant, by worth, to reach the skies,  
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt. 470  
 Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice,

Yet still their root is immortality :

472

These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,  
(Pain and reproach !) Religion can reclaim,  
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,  
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

See, the third witness laughs at bliss remote,  
And falsely promises an Eden here :

Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie,  
A common cheat, and Pleasure is her name.

480

To Pleasure never was Lorenzo deaf ;

Then hear her now, now first thy real friend.

Since Nature made us not more fond than proud  
Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy !

Makers of mirth ! artificers of smiles !),

Why should the joy most poignant sense affords,  
Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride ?—

Those heaven-born blushes tell us man descends,  
Ev'n in the zenith of his earthly bliss :

Should Reason take her infidel repose,

490

This honest instinct speaks our lineage high ;

This instinct calls on darkness to conceal

Our rapturous relation to the stalls.

Our glory covers us with noble shame,

And he that's unconfounded, is unmann'd.

The man that blushes, is not quite a brute.

Thus far with thee, Lorenzo, will I close :

Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made ;

But pleasure full of glory, as of joy ;

Pleasure, which neither blushes, nor expires.

500

The witnesses are heard ; the cause is o'er ;

Let Conscience file the sentence in her court,

Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey ;

Thus seal'd by Truth, th' authentic record runs :

“ Know all ; know, infidels,—unapt to know !



'Tis immortality your nature solves ; 506  
 'Tis immortality deciphers man,  
 And opens all the mysteries of his make.  
 Without it, half his instincts are a riddle ;  
 Without it, all his virtues are a dream.  
 His very crimes attest his dignity ;  
 His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,  
 Declares him born for blessings infinite : 518  
 What less than infinite makes unabsurd  
 Passions, which all on earth but more inflames ?  
 Fierce passions, so mismeasur'd to this scene,  
 Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,  
 Far, far beyond the worth of all below,  
 For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,  
 And evidence our title to the skies." 520

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind !  
 Whose constitution dictates to your pen,  
 Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from hell !  
 Think not our passions from Corruption sprung,  
 Though to Corruption now they lend their wings ;  
 That is their mistress, not their mother. All  
 (And justly) Reason deem divine : I see,  
 I feel a grandeur in the passions too,  
 Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end ;  
 Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire. 530  
 In Paradise itself they burn'd as strong,  
 Ere Adam fell ; though wiser in their aim.  
 Like the proud Eastern,<sup>1</sup> struck by Providence,  
 What though our passions are run mad, and stoop  
 With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze  
 On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire ?  
 Yet still, through their disgrace, no feeble ray  
 Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell :

<sup>1</sup> 'Proud Eastern : ' Nebuchadnezzar.



But these (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd), 539  
 When Reason moderates the rein aright,  
 Shall reascend, remount their former sphere,  
 Where once they soar'd illustrious ; ere seduc'd  
 By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on earth,  
 And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrensy lasts ; their phrensy fails  
 To disappoint one providential end,  
 For which Heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts :  
 Were Reason silent, boundless Passion speaks  
 A future scene of boundless objects too,  
 And brings glad tidings of eternal day. 550  
 Eternal day ! 'tis that enlightens all ;  
 And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.

Consider man as an immortal being,  
 Intelligible all ; and all is great ;  
 A crystalline transparency prevails,  
 And strikes full lustre through the human sphere :  
 Consider man as mortal, all is dark,  
 And wretched ; Reason weeps at the survey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, " And let her weep,  
 Weak, modern Reason : ancient times were wise. 560  
 Authority, that venerable guide,  
 Stands on my part ; the fam'd Athenian porch  
 (And who for wisdom so renown'd as they ?)  
 Denied this immortality to man."

I grant it ; but affirm, they prov'd it too.  
 A riddle this !—have patience ; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,  
 Glitt'ring through their romantic wisdom's page,  
 Make us at once despise them, and admire ?  
 Fable is flat to these high-season'd sires ; 570  
 They leave th' extravagance of song below.  
 " Flesh shall not feel ; or, feeling, shall enjoy

The dagger, or the rack ; to them, alike 578  
 A bed of roses, or the burning bull."

In men exploding all beyond the grave,  
 Strange doctrine, this ! As doctrine, it was strange ;  
 But not, as prophecy ; for such it prov'd,  
 And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd :  
 They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign.  
 The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame : 580  
 The Stoic saw, in double wonder lost,  
 Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,  
 To find the bold adventures of his thought  
 Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts ? those tow'ring thoughts,  
 that flew

Such monstrous heights ?—From instinct, and from pride.  
 The glorious instinct of a deathless soul,  
 Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,  
 Suggested truths they could not understand.  
 In Lust's dominion, and in Passion's storm, 590  
 Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,  
 As light in chaos, glimm'ring through the gloom :  
 Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,  
 Pleas'd Pride proclaim'd, what Reason disbeliev'd.  
 Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,  
 Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be future sense,  
 When life immortal, in full day, shall shine ;  
 And death's dark shadows fly the Gospel sun.  
 They spoke, what nothing but immortal souls  
 Could speak ; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.

Can then absurdities, as well as crimes, 601  
 Speak man immortal ? All things speak him so.  
 Much has been urg'd ; and dost thou call for more ?  
 Call ; and with endless questions be distress'd.  
 All unresolvable, if earth is all.

“ Why life, a moment ; infinite, desire ? 606  
 Our wish, eternity ? Our home, the grave ?  
 Heav’ n’s promise dormant lies in human hope ;  
 Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.  
 Why happiness pursu’ d, though never found ? 610  
 Man’s thirst of happiness declares it is,  
 (For nature never gravitates to naught) ;  
 That thirst unquench’d declares it is not here.  
 My Lucia, thy Clarissa call to thought ;  
 Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,  
 As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,  
 If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour ?  
 Is not this torment in the mask of joy ?  
 Why by reflection marr’d the joys of sense ?  
 Why past, and future, preying on our hearts, 620  
 And putting all our present joys to death ?  
 Why labours Reason ? Instinct were as well ;  
 Instinct far better ; what can choose, can err :  
 O how infallible the thoughtless brute !  
 ’Twere well his Holiness were half as sure.  
 Reason with inclination, why at war ?  
 Why sense of guilt ? why Conscience up in arms ? ”  
 Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,  
 And bosom-council to decline the blow.  
 Reason with inclination ne’er had jarr’d, 630  
 If nothing future paid forbearance here :  
 Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall’d,  
 All promise, some insure, a second scene ;  
 Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far  
 Than all things else most certain ; were it false,  
 What truth on earth so precious as the lie ?  
 This world it gives us, let what will ensue ;  
 This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope :  
 The future of the present is the soul.

How this life groans, when sever'd from the next! 640  
 Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!  
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,  
 In both parts perishes; life void of joy,  
 Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail  
 Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out  
 My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!  
 Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair,  
 Abhorr'd annihilation! blasts the soul,  
 And wide extends the bounds of human woe! 650  
 Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,  
 In this black channel would my ravings run:  
 "Grief from the future borrow'd peace, erewhile.  
 The future vanish'd! and the present pain'd!  
 Strange import of unprecedented ill!  
 Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!  
 Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!  
 From where fond Hope built her pavilion high,  
 The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once  
 To night! to nothing! darker still than night. 660  
 If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe,  
 Lorenzo! boastful of the name of friend?  
 O for delusion! O for error still!  
 Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant  
 A thinking being in a world like this,  
 Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite;  
 More curs'd than at the fall?—The sun goes out!  
 The thorns shoot up! What thorns in every thought!  
 Why sense of better? It embitters worse.  
 Why sense? why life? If but to sigh, then sink 670  
 To what I was! twice nothing! and much woe!  
 Woe, from Heav'n's bounties! woe from what was wont  
 To flatter most, high intellectual pow'rs.



Thought, virtue, knowledge!—blessings, by thy scheme,  
 All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once 675  
 My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.  
 To know myself, true wisdom?—No, to shun  
 That shocking science, parent of despair!  
 Avert thy mirror: if I see, I die.

“ Know my Creator! climb his bless'd abode  
 By painful speculation, pierce the veil,  
 Dive in his nature, read his attributes,  
 And gaze in admiration—on a foe, 683  
 Obtruding life, withholding happiness!  
 From the full rivers that surround his throne,  
 Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;  
 Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease  
 To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!  
 Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!  
 Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought, 690  
 Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!  
 Now leagu'd with furies, and with thee,<sup>1</sup> against me.

“ Know his achievements? study his renown?  
 Contemplate this amazing universe,  
 Dropp'd from his hand, with miracles replete!  
 For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,  
 To find one miracle of misery?  
 To find the being, which alone can know  
 And praise his works, a blemish on his praise?  
 Through nature's ample range, in thought, to stroll, 700  
 And start at man, the single mourner there,  
 Breathing high hope, chain'd down to pangs, and death?  
 Knowing is suffering: and shall Virtue share  
 The sigh of knowledge?—Virtue shares the sigh.  
 By straining up the steep of excellent,  
 By battles fought, and, from temptation won,

<sup>1</sup> 'Thee:' Lorenzo.



What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth, 707  
 Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark  
 With every vice, and swept to brutal dust ?  
 Merit is madness ; virtue is a crime ;  
 A crime to reason, if it costs us pain  
 Unpaid : what pain, amidst a thousand more,  
 To think the most abandon'd, after days 718  
 Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death  
 As soft a pillow, nor make fouler clay !  
 " Duty ! Religion !—these, our duty done,  
 Imply reward. Religion is mistake.  
 Duty !—there's none, but to repel the cheat.  
 Ye cheats, away ! ye daughters of my pride !  
 Who feign yourselves the favourites of the skies : 720  
 Ye tow'ring hopes ! abortive energies !  
 That toss, and struggle, in my lying breast,  
 To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,  
 As I were heir of an eternity.  
 Vain, vain ambitions ! trouble me no more.  
 Why travel far in quest of sure defeat ?  
 As bounded as my being, be my wish.  
 All is inverted ; wisdom is a fool.  
 Sense ! take the rein ; blind Passion ! drive us on ;  
 And, Ignorance ! befriend us on our way ; 730  
 Ye new, but truest patrons of our peace !  
 Yes ; give the pulse full empire ; live the brute,  
 Since, as the brute, we die. The sum of man,  
 Of godlike man ! to revel, and to rot.  
 " But not on equal terms with other brutes :  
 Their revels a more poignant relish yield,  
 And safer too ; they never poisons choose.  
 Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome meals,  
 And sends all-marring murmur far away.  
 For sensual life they best philosophize ; 740

Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain : 741  
 'Tis man alone expostulates with Heaven ;  
 His all the pow'r, and all the cause, to mourn.  
 Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears ?  
 And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts ?  
 The wide-stretch'd realm of intellectual woe,  
 Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.  
 In life so fatally distinguish'd, why  
 Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in death ?  
 " Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt ? 750  
 Why thunder'd this peculiar clause against us,  
 All-mortal, and all-wretched !—Have the skies  
 Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,  
 Nor humbly reason, when they sorely sigh ?  
 All-mortal, and all-wretched !—'Tis too much :  
 Unparallell'd in nature : 'tis too much  
 On being unrequested at thy hands,  
 Omnipotent ! for I see naught but pow'r.  
 " And why see that ? Why thought ? To toil, and eat,  
 Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought. 760  
 What superfluities are reasoning souls !  
 Oh give eternity ! or thought destroy.  
 But without thought our curse were half unfelt ;  
 Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart ;  
 And, therefore, 'tis bestow'd, I thank thee, Reason !  
 For aiding life's too small calamities,  
 And giving being to the dread of Death.  
 Such are thy bounties !—was it then too much  
 For me, to trespass on the brutal rights ?  
 Too much for Heaven to make one emmet more ? 770  
 Too much for chaos to permit my mass  
 A longer stay with essences unwrought,  
 Unfashion'd, untormented into man ?  
 Wretched preferment to this round of pains !

Wretched capacity of phrensy, thought ! 775

Wretched capacity of dying, life !

Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt !)

Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

“ Death, then, has chang’d his nature too : O Death !

Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heaven !

Best friend of man ! since man is man no more.

Why in this thorny wilderness so long,

Since there’s no promis’d land’s ambrosial bow’r, 783

To pay me with its honey for my stings ?

If needful to the selfish schemes of Heav’n

To sting us sore, why mock’d our misery ?

Why this so sumptuous insult o’er our heads ?

Why this illustrious canopy display’d ?

Why so magnificently lodg’d Despair ?

At stated periods, sure returning, roll 790

These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute

Their length of labours, and of pains ; nor lose

Their misery’s full measure ?—Smiles with flow’rs,

And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,

That man may languish in luxurious scenes,

And in an Eden mourn his wither’d joys ?

Claim earth and skies man’s admiration, due

For such delights ! Blest animals ! too wise

To wonder, and too happy to complain !

“ Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene : 800

Why not a dungeon dark, for the condemn’d ?

Why not the dragon’s subterranean den,

For man to howl in ? Why not his abode

Of the same dismal colour with his fate ?

A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense

Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,

As congruous as, for man, this lofty dome,

Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire ;

If, from her humble chamber in the dust, 809  
 While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,  
 The poor worm calls us for her inmates there ;  
 And, round us, Death's inexorable hand  
 Draws the dark curtain close ; undrawn no more.

“ Undrawn no more !—Behind the cloud of death,  
 Once I beheld a sun ; a sun which gilt  
 That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold :  
 How the grave's alter'd ! fathomless, as hell !  
 A real hell to those who dreamt of heav'n.  
 Annihilation ! how it yawns before me !  
 Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense, 820  
 The privilege of angels, and of worms,  
 An outcast from existence ! and this spirit,  
 This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,  
 This particle of energy divine,  
 Which travels nature, flies from star to star,  
 And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,  
 For ever is extinguish'd. Horror ! death !  
 Death of that death I fearless once survey'd !—  
 When horror universal shall descend,  
 And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race, 830  
 On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,  
 How just this verse ! this monumental sigh ! ”

Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,  
 Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,  
 Swept ignominious to the common mass  
 Of matter, never dignified with life,  
 Here lie proud rationals ; the sons of heav'n !  
 The lords of earth ! the property of worms !  
 Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow !  
 Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd ! 840  
 All gone to rot in chaos ; or to make



Their happy transit into blocks or brutes, 842  
 Nor longer sully their Creator's name.

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.  
 Just is this history? If such is man,  
 Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.  
 And dares Lorenzo smile!—I know thee proud;  
 For once let Pride befriend thee; Pride looks pale  
 At such a scene, and sighs for something more.  
 Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays, 850  
 And art thou then a shadow? less than shade?  
 A nothing? less than nothing? To have been,  
 And not to be, is lower than unborn.  
 Art thou ambitious? Why then make the worm  
 Thine equal? Runs thy taste of pleasure high?  
 Why patronise sure death of every joy?  
 Charm riches? Why choose beggary in the grave,  
 Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?  
 Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee  
 To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth, 860  
 They lately prov'd,<sup>1</sup> the soul's supreme desire.  
 What art thou made of? Rather, how unmade?  
 Great Nature's master-appetite destroy'd!  
 Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?  
 Or both wish'd, here, where neither can be found?  
 Such man's perverse, eternal war with Heav'n!  
 Dar'st thou persist? And is there naught on earth  
 But a long train of transitory forms,  
 Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?  
 Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up 870  
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?  
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!  
 Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?

<sup>1</sup> 'Lately proved:' in the Sixth Night.



Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to thee :  
 Oh ! spare this waste of being half divine ;  
 And vindicate th' economy of Heav'n.

874

Heav'n is all love ; all joy in giving joy :  
 It never had created, but to bless :  
 And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,  
 A being bless'd, or worthy so to be ?  
 Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.

Is that, all Nature starts at, thy desire ?  
 Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay ?  
 What is that dreadful wish ?—The dying groan  
 Of Nature, murder'd by the blackest guilt.  
 What deadly poison has thy nature drank ?  
 To Nature undebauch'd no shock so great ;  
 Nature's first wish is endless happiness ;  
 Annihilation is an after-thought,  
 A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.  
 And, oh ! what depth of horror lies enclos'd !  
 For non-existence no man ever wish'd,  
 But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

882

If so ; what words are dark enough to draw  
 Thy picture true ? The darkest are too fair.  
 Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour  
 Of desperation, by what fury's aid,  
 In what infernal posture of the soul,  
 All hell invited, and all hell in joy  
 At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,  
 Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme  
 Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,  
 And deities begun, reduc'd to dust ?

890

900

There's naught (thou say'st) but one eternal flux  
 Of feeble essences, tumultuous driv'n  
 Through Time's rough billows into Night's abyss.  
 Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,

Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought      908  
 Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,  
 And boldly think it something to be born ?  
 Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,  
 Is there no central, all-sustaining base,  
 All-realising, all-connecting pow'r,  
 Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,  
 And force Destruction to refund her spoil ?  
 Command the grave restore her taken prey ?  
 Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,  
 And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of man,  
 True to the grand deposit trusted there ?  
 Is there no potentate, whose outstretch'd arm,      920  
 When ripening time calls forth th' appointed hour,  
 Pluck'd from foul Devastation's famish'd maw,  
 Binds present, past, and future, to his throne ?  
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,  
 By germinating beings clust'ring round !  
 A garland worthy the divinity !  
 A throne, by Heav'n's omnipotence in smiles,  
 Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)  
 Amidst immense effusions of his love !  
 An ocean of communicated bliss !      930  
     An all-prolific, all-preserving God !  
 This were a God indeed.—And such is man,  
 As here presum'd : he rises from his fall.  
 Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,  
 Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd ?  
 Nothing is dead ; nay, nothing sleeps ; each soul,  
 That ever animated human clay,  
 Now wakes ; is on the wing : and where, oh ! where,  
 Will the swarm settle ?—When the trumpet's call,  
 As sounding brass, collects us, round Heav'n's throne  
 Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,      941

(Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever.

042

Had not the soul this outlet to the skies,  
In this vast vessel of the universe,  
How should we gasp, as in an empty void!  
How in the pangs of famish'd hope expire?

How bright my prospect shines! how gloomy, thine!

A trembling world! and a devouring God!

Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence!

Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres 950

Of countless millions, born to feel the pang

Of being lost. Lorenzo! can it be?

This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.

Who would be born to such a phantom world,

Where naught substantial but our misery?

Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,

So soon to perish, and revive no more?

The greater such a joy, the more it pains.

A world, so far from great, (and yet how great

It shines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;

960

Being, a shadow; consciousness, a dream!

A dream, how dreadful! universal blank

Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark

From non-existence struck by wrath divine,

Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,

'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,

His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!

Lorenzo! dost thou feel these arguments?

Or is there naught but vengeance can be felt?

How hast thou dar'd the Deity dethrone?

970

How dar'd indict Him of a world like this?

If such the world, creation was a crime;

For what is crime, but cause of misery?

Retract, blasphemers! and unriddle this,

Of endless arguments above, below,

Without us, and within, the short result— 976

“ If man’s immortal, there’s a God in heav’n.”

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste  
Of argument? One sets my soul at rest!

One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at heart.

So just the skies, Philander’s life so pain’d,

His heart so pure; that, or succeeding scenes

Have palms to give, or ne’er had he been born. 988

“ What an old tale is this!” Lorenzo cries.—

I grant this argument is old; but truth

No years impair; and had not this been true,

Thou never hadst despis’d it for its age.

Truth is immortal as thy soul; and fable

As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make

Heav’n’s highest blessing, vengeance; oh, be wise! 990

Nor make a curse of immortality.

Say, know’st thou what it is, or what thou art?

Know’st thou th’ importance of a soul immortal?

Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!

Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;

Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;

Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;

And calls th’ astonishing magnificence

Of unintelligent creation, poor.

For this, believe not me; no man believe: 1000

Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less

Than those of the Supreme; nor His, a few;

Consult them all; consulted, all proclaim

Thy soul’s importance: tremble at thyself;

For whom Omnipotence has wak’d so long:

Has wak’d, and work’d, for ages; from the birth

Of Nature to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of His vast domain

(All nature bow, while I pronounce His Name!)



What has God done, and not for this sole end, 1010  
 To rescue souls from death? The soul's high price  
 Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.  
 The soul's high price is the creation's key,  
 Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays  
 The genuine cause of every deed divine :  
 That is the chain of ages, which maintains  
 Their obvious correspondence, and unites  
 Most distant periods in one bless'd design :  
 That is the mighty hinge, on which have turn'd  
 All revolutions, whether we regard 1020  
 The natural, civil, or religious, world ;  
 The former two but servants to the third :  
 To that their duty done, they both expire,  
 Their mass new-cast, forgot their deeds renown'd ;  
 And angels ask, " Where once they shone so fair ?"  
 To lift us from this abject, to sublime ;  
 This flux, to permanent ; this dark, to day ;  
 This foul, to pure ; this turbid, to serene ;  
 This mean, to mighty!—for this glorious end  
 Th' Almighty, rising, his long Sabbath broke ! 1030  
 The world was made ; was ruin'd ; was restor'd ;  
 Laws from the skies were publish'd ; were repeal'd ;  
 On earth, kings, kingdoms, rose ; kings, kingdoms, fell ;  
 Fam'd sages lighted up the Pagan world ;  
 Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance  
 Through distant age ; saints travell'd ; martyrs bled ;  
 By wonders sacred nature stood controll'd ;  
 The living were translated ; dead were rais'd ;  
 Angels, and more than angels, came from heav'n ;  
 And, oh ! for this, descended lower still ; 1040  
 Guilt was hell's gloom ; astonish'd at his guest,  
 For one short moment Lucifer ador'd :  
 Lorenzo ! and wilt thou do less?—For this,



That hallow'd page, fools scoff at, was inspir'd, 1044  
 Of all these truths thrice venerable code!  
 Deists! perform your quarantine; and then  
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent infernal pow'rs  
 To mar, than those of light, this end to gain.  
 Oh, what a scene is here!—Lorenzo, wake!  
 Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul  
 To take the vast idea: it denies 1052

All else the name of great. Two warring worlds!  
 Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds!  
 Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!  
 On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,  
 High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife!  
 This sublunary ball—but strife, for what?  
 In their own cause conflicting? No; in thine,  
 In Man's. His single interest blows the flame; 1060  
 His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,  
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!  
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!  
 Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,  
 And tempest nature's universal sphere.

Such opposites eternal, steadfast, stern,  
 Such foes implacable, are Good, and Ill;  
 Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.

Think not this fiction, "There was war in heav'n."  
 From heav'n's high crystal mountain, where it hung,  
 Th' Almighty's outstretch'd arm took down his bow, 1071  
 And shot his indignation at the deep:  
 Re-thunder'd hell, and darted all her fires.—  
 And seems the stake of little moment still?  
 And slumbers man, who singly caus'd the storm?  
 He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at mysteries?  
 The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,

What ardour, care, and counsel, mortals cause      1078  
In breasts divine! how little in their own!

Where'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon me!  
How happily this wondrous view supports  
My former argument! How strongly strikes  
Immortal life's full demonstration, here!

Why this exertion? Why this strange regard  
From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—  
Because, in man, the glorious dreadful pow'r,  
Extremely to be pain'd, or bless'd, for ever.  
Duration gives importance; swells the price.

An angel, if a creature of a day,  
What would he be? a trifle of no weight;      1090  
Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.  
Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd  
This strange regard of deities to dust.

Hence, Heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes;  
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight:  
Hence, every soul has partisans above,  
And every thought a critic in the skies:  
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,  
And every guard a passion for his charge:  
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine      1100  
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid,  
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,  
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:  
In various modes of emphasis and awe,  
He spoke his will, and trembling Nature heard;  
He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.  
Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,  
And shaken basis, own'd the present God:  
Witness, ye billows! whose returning tide,      1110  
Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,

Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell : 1112  
 Witness, ye flames ! th' Assyrian tyrant blew  
 To sevenfold rage, as impotent, as strong :  
 And thou, earth ! witness, whose expanding jaws  
 Clos'd o'er Presumption's sacrilegious sons :<sup>1</sup>  
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd  
 The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wise ?  
 Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove  
 To strike this truth, through adamantine man ? 1120  
 If not all-adamant, Lorenzo ! hear ;  
 All is delusion ; Nature is wrapt up,  
 In tenfold night, from Reason's keenest eye ;  
 There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,  
 In all beneath the sun, in all above  
 (As far as man can penetrate), or heav'n  
 Is an immense, inestimable prize ;  
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—  
 And shall each toy be still a match for Heav'n,  
 And full equivalent for groans below ? 1130  
 Who would not give a trifle to prevent  
 What he would give a thousand worlds to cure ?  
 Lorenzo ! thou hast seen (if thine to see)  
 All nature, and her God (by nature's course,  
 And nature's course controll'd), declare for me :  
 The skies above proclaim, " Immortal man !"  
 And, " Man immortal !" all below resounds.  
 The world's a system of theology,  
 Read by the greatest strangers to the schools :  
 If honest, learn'd ; and sages o'er a plough. 1140  
 Is not, Lorenzo, then, impos'd on thee  
 This hard alternative ; or, to renounce  
 Thy reason, or thy sense ; or, to believe ?  
 What then is unbelief ? 'Tis an exploit ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Presumption's sacrilegious sons : ' Korah, &c.

A strenuous enterprize : to gain it, man 1145  
 Must burst through every bar of common sense,  
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong :  
 And what rewards the sturdy combatant ?  
 His prize, repentance ; infamy, his crown.

But wherefore infamy ?—For want of faith,  
 Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides ;  
 There's nothing to support him in the right. 1152

Faith in the future wanting, is, at least  
 In embryo, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt ;  
 And strong temptation ripens it to birth.  
 If this life's gain invites him to the deed,  
 Why not his country sold, his father slain ?  
 'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme ;  
 And his supreme, his only good, is here.

Ambition, avarice, by the wise disdain'd, 1160  
 Is perfect wisdom, while mankind are fools,  
 And think a turf, or tombstone, covers all :  
 These find employment, and provide for Sense  
 A richer pasture, and a larger range ;  
 And Sense by right divine ascends the throne,  
 When Virtue's prize and prospect are no more ;  
 Virtue no more we think the will of Heav'n.  
 Would Heav'n quite beggar Virtue, if belov'd ?

“ Has Virtue charms ? ”—I grant her heav'nly fair ;  
 But if unportion'd, all will Interest wed ; 1170  
 Though that our admiration, this our choice.

The virtues grow on immortality ;  
 That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.  
 A Deity believ'd, will naught avail ;  
 Rewards and punishments make God ador'd ;  
 And hopes and fears give Conscience all her pow'r.

As in the dying parent dies the child,  
 Virtue, with immortality, expires.



Who tells me he denies his soul immortal, 1179  
 Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave.  
 His duty 'tis, to love himself alone ;  
 Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.  
 Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,  
 Is dead already ; naught but brute survives.

And are there such ?—Such candidates there are  
 For more than death ; for utter loss of being,  
 Being, the basis of the Deity !

Ask you the cause ?—The cause they will not tell :  
 Nor need they : oh the sorceries of Sense !

They work this transformation on the soul ; 1190  
 Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,  
 Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd  
 Erewhile ethereal heights), and throw her down,  
 To lick the dust, and crawl in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you ? O ye fall'n !  
 Fall'n from the wings of Reason, and of Hope !  
 Erect in stature, prone in appetite !  
 Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain !  
 Lovers of argument, averse to sense !  
 Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains ! 1200  
 Lords of the wide creation, and the shame !  
 More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn !  
 More base than those you rule ! than those you pity,  
 Far more undone ! O ye most infamous  
 Of beings, from superior dignity !

Deepest in woe, from means of boundless bliss !  
 Ye curs'd by blessings infinite ! because  
 Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost !  
 Ye motley mass of contradiction strong !  
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off 1210  
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,  
 From the full flood of evidence against you ?



In the coarse drudgeries, and sinks of Sense, 1218  
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of Heav'n,  
 By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own :  
 But though you can deform, you can't destroy ;  
 To curse, not uncreate, is all your pow'r.

Lorenzo ! this black brotherhood renounce ;  
 Renounce St Evremont, and read St Paul.  
 Ere rapt by miracle, by Reason wing'd, 1220  
 His mounting mind made long abode in heav'n.  
 This is freethinking, unconfin'd to parts,  
 To send the soul, on curious travel bent,  
 Through all the provinces of human thought ;  
 To dart her flight, through the whole sphere of man ;  
 Of this vast universe to make the tour ;  
 In each recess of space, and time, at home ;  
 Familiar with their wonders ; diving deep ;  
 And, like a prince of boundless interests there,  
 Still most ambitious of the most remote ; 1230  
 To look on truth unbroken, and entire ;  
 Truth in the system, the full orb ; where truths  
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford  
 An arch-like, strong foundation, to support  
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete  
 Conviction ; here, the more we press, we stand  
 More firm ; who most examine, most believe.  
 Parts, like half sentences, confound ; the whole  
 Conveys the sense, and God is understood ;  
 Who not in fragments writes to human race : 1240  
 Read his whole volume, sceptic ! then reply.

This, this, is thinking free, a thought that grasps  
 Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.  
 Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene ;  
 What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,  
 Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range ?

And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike man ? 1247  
 Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,  
 And ask more space in heav'n, can roll at large  
 In man's capacious thought, and still leave room  
 For ampler orbs, for new creations, there.

Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe  
 A point of no dimension, of no weight ? 1253  
 It can ; it does : the world is such a point ;  
 And, of that point, how small a part enslaves !

How small a part—of nothing, shall I say ?  
 Why not ?—Friends, our chief treasure ! how they drop !  
 Lucia,<sup>1</sup> Narcissa fair, Philander, gone !

The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd  
 A triple mouth ; and, in an awful voice, 1260  
 Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.  
 How the world falls to pieces round about us,  
 And leaves us in a ruin of our joy !

What says this transportation of my friends ?  
 It bids me love the place where now they dwell,  
 And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.  
 Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee ;  
 There, there, Lorenzo ! thy Clarissa sails.  
 Give thy mind sea-room ; keep it wide of earth,  
 That rock of souls immortal ; cut thy cord ; 1270  
 Weigh anchor ; spread thy sails ; call every wind ;  
 Eye thy great Pole-star ; make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,  
 And two of death ; the last far more severe.  
 Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun ;  
 Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.  
 Life rational subsists on higher food.  
 Triumphant in His beams, who made the day.  
 When we leave that sun, and are left by this

<sup>1</sup> ' Lucia : ' probably his wife.

(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt), 1280  
 'Tis utter darkness ; strictly double death.  
 We sink by no judicial stroke of Heav'n,  
 But nature's course ; as sure as plummets fall.  
 Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet  
 (Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere),  
 'Tis manifest, Lorenzo ! who must change.

If, then, that double death should prove thy lot,  
 Blame not the bowels of the Deity ;  
 Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.  
 Not man alone, all rationals, Heav'n arms 1290  
 With an illustrious, but tremendous, pow'r  
 To counteract its own most gracious ends ;  
 And this, of strict necessity, not choice ;  
 That pow'r denied, men, angels, were no more  
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.  
 A nature rational implies the pow'r  
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please ;  
 Else idle Reason would have naught to do ;  
 And he that would be barr'd capacity  
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss. 1300  
 Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom ;  
 Invites us ardently, but not compels.  
 Heav'n but persuades, almighty man decrees ;  
 Man is the maker of immortal fates.  
 Man falls by man, if finally he falls ;  
 And fall he must, who learns from Death alone.  
 The dreadful secret,—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee ?—thee yet, perhaps, in doubt  
 Of second life ? But wherefore doubtful still ?  
 Eternal life is nature's ardent wish : 1310  
 What ardently we wish, we soon believe :  
 Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd :  
 What has destroy'd it ?—Shall I tell thee what ?

When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish'd ; 1814  
 And, when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve.  
 " Thus infidelity our guilt betrays."

Nor that the sole detection ! blush, Lorenzo !  
 Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.  
 The future fear'd ?—an infidel, and fear ?  
 Fear what ? a dream ? a fable ?—How thy dread,  
 Unwilling evidence, and therefore strong,  
 Affords my cause an undesign'd support ! 1822  
 How disbelief affirms, what it denies !

" It, unawares, asserts immortal life."—  
 Surprising ! infidelity turns out  
 A creed, and a confession of our sins :  
 Apostates, thus, are orthodox divines.

Lorenzo ! with Lorenzo clash no more ;  
 Nor longer a transparent visor wear.  
 Think'st thou, Religion only has her mask ? 1830  
 Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,  
 Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, fail.  
 When visited by thought (thought will intrude),  
 Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.  
 Is there hypocrisy so foul as this ?  
 So fatal to the welfare of the world ?

What detestation, what contempt, their due !  
 And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape  
 That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn.  
 If not for that asylum, they might find 1840  
 A hell on earth ; nor 'scape a worse below.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,  
 Instead of racking fancy, to refute,  
 Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—  
 But shall I dare confess the dire result ?  
 Can thy proud reason brook so black a brand ?  
 From purer manners, to sublimer faith,

Is nature's unavoidable ascent ; 1348  
 An honest deist, where the Gospel shines,  
 Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends.  
 When that bless'd change arrives, ev'n cast aside  
 This song superfluous ; life immortal strikes  
 Conviction, in a flood of light divine.  
 A Christian dwells, like Uriel,<sup>1</sup> in the sun ;  
 Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight ;  
 And ardent Hope anticipates the skies.  
 Of that bright sun, Lorenzo ! scale the sphere ;  
 'Tis easy ! it invites thee ; it descends  
 From heav'n to woo, and waft thee whence it came :  
 Read and revere the sacred page ; a page 1360  
 Where triumphs immortality ; a page  
 Which not the whole creation could produce ;  
 Which not the conflagration shall destroy ;  
 'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,  
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost.

In proud disdain of what ev'n gods adore,  
 Dost smile ?—Poor wretch ! thy guardian angel weeps.  
 Angels, and men, assent to what I sing ;  
 Wits smile, and thank me for my midnight dream.  
 How vicious hearts fume phrensy to the brain ! 1370  
 Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame ;  
 Pert infidelity is Wit's cockade,  
 To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,  
 By loss of being, dreadfully secure.  
 Lorenzo ! if thy doctrine wins the day,  
 And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field ,  
 If this is all, if earth a final scene,  
 Take heed ; stand fast ; be sure to be a knave ;  
 A knave in grain ! ne'er deviate to the right :  
 Should'st thou be good—how infinite thy loss ! 1380

<sup>1</sup> 'Uriel : ' see Milton.



Guilt only makes annihilation gain. 1381

Bless'd scheme ! which life deprives of comfort, death  
Of hope ; and which Vice only recommends.  
If so, where, infidels ! your bait thrown out  
To catch weak converts ? where your lofty boast  
Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man ?  
Annihilation ! I confess, in these.

What can reclaim you ? Dare I hope profound  
Philosophers the converts of a song ?

Yet know, its title<sup>1</sup> flatters you, not me ; 1390

Yours be the praise to make my title good ;  
Mine, to bless Heaven, and triumph in your praise.

But since so pestilential your disease,  
Though sov' reign is the medicine I prescribe,  
As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair :  
But hope, ere long, my midnight dream will wake  
Your hearts, and teach your wisdom—to be wise :  
For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,  
E'er wish (and wish in vain !) that souls could die ?

What ne'er can die, oh ! grant to live ; and crown 1400

The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies ;  
Increase, and enter on the joys of heav'n :

Thus shall my title pass a sacred seal,  
Receive an imprimatur from above,  
While angels shout—An Infidel Reclaimed !

To close, Lorenzo ! spite of all my pains,  
Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live for ever ?  
Is it less strange, that thou should'st live at all ?  
This is a miracle ; and that no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end. 1410

Deny thou art : then, doubt if thou shalt be.

A miracle with miracles enclos'd,  
Is man ; and starts his faith at what is strange ?

<sup>1</sup> ' Title : ' The Infidel Reclaimed.

What less than wonders, from the Wonderful ; 1414  
 What less than miracles, from God, can flow ?  
 Admit a God—that mystery supreme !  
 That Cause uncaus'd ! all other wonders cease ;  
 Nothing is marvellous for Him to do :  
 Deny Him—all is mystery besides ;  
 Millions of mysteries ! each darker far,  
 Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.  
 If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side ? 1422  
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous ;  
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.  
 So weak our reason, and so great our God,  
 What most surprises in the sacred page,  
 Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.  
 Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

To faith, and virtue, why so backward, man ?  
 From hence :—the present strongly strikes us all ; 1430  
 The future, faintly : can we, then, be men ?  
 If men, Lorenzo ! the reverse is right.  
 Reason is man's peculiar : Sense, the brute's.  
 The present is the scanty realm of Sense ;  
 The future, Reason's empire unconfin'd :  
 On that expending all her godlike pow'r,  
 She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there ,  
 There, builds her blessings ; there, expects her praise ;  
 And nothing asks of Fortune, or of men.  
 And what is Reason ? Be she thus defin'd ; 1440  
 Reason is upright stature in the soul.  
 Oh ! be a man ;—and strive to be a god.

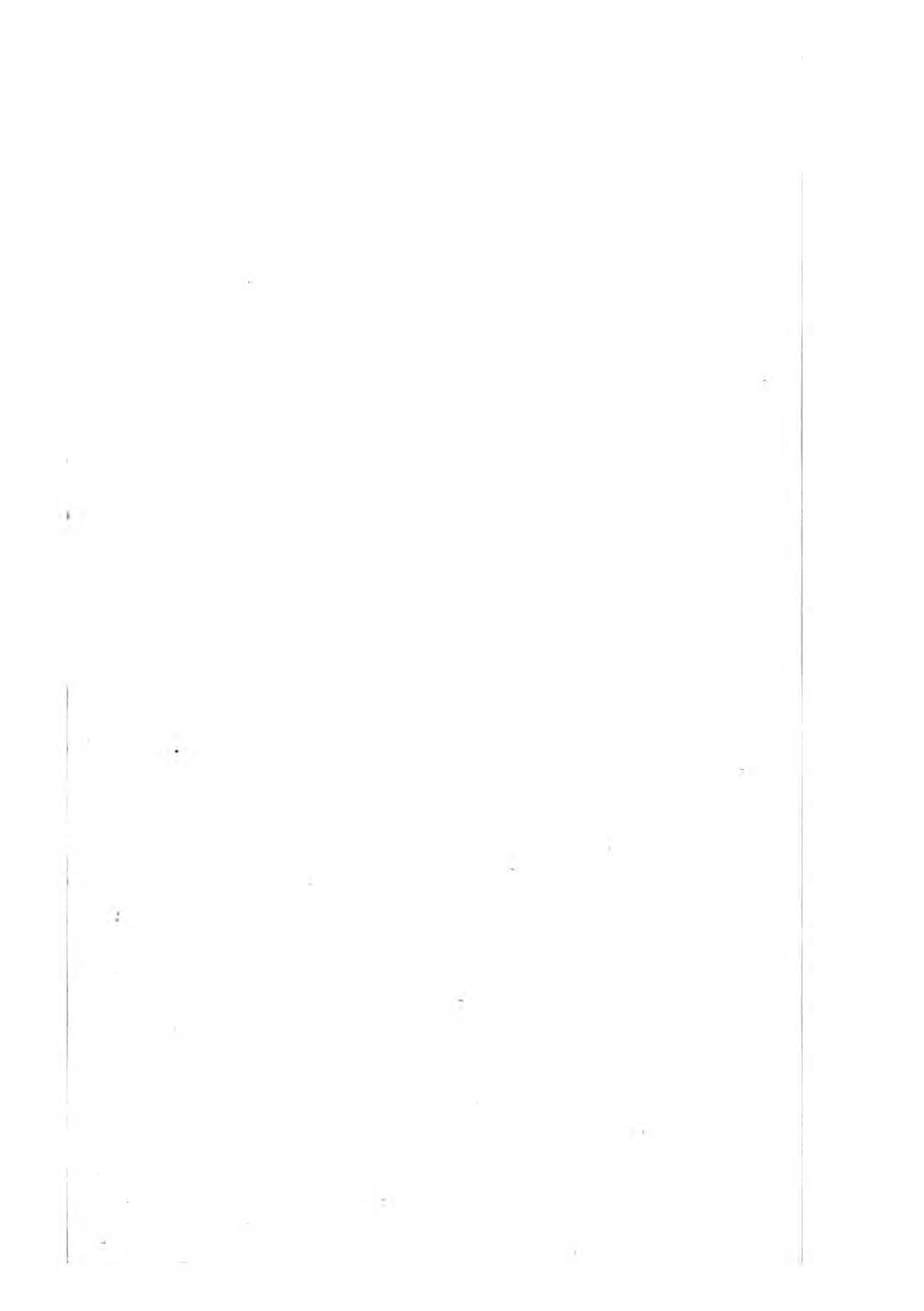
“ For what ? (thou say'st)—to damp the joys of life ? ”  
 No ; to give heart and substance to thy joys.  
 That tyrant, Hope ; mark how she domineers ;  
 She bids us quit realities, for dreams ;  
 Safety and peace, for hazard and alarm ;

That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul, 1448  
 She bids Ambition quit its taken prize,  
 Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits,  
 Though bearing crowns, to spring at distant game ;  
 And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.  
 If hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd,  
 Of little moment, and as little stay,  
 Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys ;  
 What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,  
 Our leave unask'd ? rich hope of boundless bliss !  
 Bliss, past Man's pow'r to paint it ; Time's, to close !

This hope is earth's most estimable prize :  
 This is man's portion, while no more than man : 1460  
 Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here ;  
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.  
 Joy has her tears ; and Transport has her death ;  
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,  
 Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenes ;  
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys ;  
 'Tis all our present state can safely bear,  
 Health to the frame ! and vigour to the mind !  
 A joy attemper'd ! a chastis'd delight !  
 Like the fair summer evening, mild, and sweet ! 1470  
 'Tis man's full cup ; his paradise below !

A blest hereafter, then, or hop'd, or gain'd,  
 Is all ;—our whole of happiness : full proof,  
 I chose no trivial or inglorious theme.  
 And know, ye foes to song ! (well-meaning men,  
 Though quite forgotten half your Bible's<sup>1</sup> praise !)  
 Important truths, in spite of verse, may please :  
 Grave minds you praise ; nor can you praise too much :  
 If there is weight in an eternity,  
 Let the grave listen ;—and be graver still. 1480

<sup>1</sup> ' Bible : ' the poetical parts of it.



## NIGHT EIGHTH.

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### VIRTUE'S APOLOGY :

OR,

### THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE ; THE AMBITION AND PLEASURE, WITH  
THE WIT AND WISDOM, OF THE WORLD.

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AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part ?  
Have I brib'd heaven, and earth, to plead against thee ?  
And is thy soul immortal ?—What remains ?  
All, all, Lorenzo !—Make immortal blest.  
Unblest immortals !—What can shock us more ?  
And yet Lorenzo still affects the world ;  
There stows his treasure ; thence his title draws,  
Man of the world (for such would'st thou be call'd),  
And art thou proud of that inglorious style ?  
Proud of reproach ? for a reproach it was, 10  
In ancient days ; and Christian,—in an age,  
When men were men, and not asham'd of heaven,  
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.  
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,  
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer  
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal, and inflam'd,  
Point out my path, and dictate to my song :  
To thee, the world how fair ! how strongly strikes  
Ambition ! and gay pleasure stronger still ! 20



Thy triple bane ! the triple bolt that lays 21  
 Thy virtue dead ! Be these my triple theme ;  
 Nor shall thy wit, or wisdom, be forgot.

Common the theme ; not so the song ; if she  
 My song invokes, Urania deigns to smile.  
 The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,  
 If she dissolves, the man of earth, at once,  
 Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes ;  
 Scenes, where these sparks of night, these stars shall shine  
 Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they are, 30  
 The blest behold) ; and, in one glory, pour  
 Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight ;  
 A blaze—the least illustrious object there.

Lorenzo ! since eternal is at hand,  
 To swallow Time's ambitions ; as the vast  
 Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride  
 High on the foaming billow ; what avail  
 High titles, high descent, attainments high,  
 If unattain'd our highest ? O Lorenzo !  
 What lofty thoughts, these elements above, 40  
 What tow'ring hopes, what sallies from the sun,  
 What grand surveys of destiny divine,  
 And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,  
 Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,  
 Bound for eternity ! in bosoms read  
 By Him, who foibles in archangels sees !  
 On human hearts He bends a jealous eye,  
 And marks, and in heav'n's register enrols,  
 The rise, and progress, of each option there ;  
 Sacred to doomsday ! That the page unfolds, 50  
 And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo, thine !  
 This world ! and this, unrivall'd by the skies !  
 A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold.

Three demons that divide its realms between them, 55  
 With strokes alternate buffet to and fro  
 Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball ;  
 Till, with the giddy circle sick, and tir'd,  
 It pants for peace, and drops into despair.  
 Such is the world Lorenzo sets above 60  
 That glorious promise angels were esteem'd  
 Too mean to bring ; a promise, their Ador'd  
 Descended to communicate, and press,  
 By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.  
 Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woos,  
 And on its thorny pillow seeks repose ;  
 A pillow, which, like opiates ill prepar'd,  
 Intoxicates, but not composes ; fills  
 The visionary mind with gay chimeras,  
 All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest ; 70  
 What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy !  
 How frail, men, things ! how momentary, both !  
 Fantastic chase of shadows hunting shades !  
 The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike ;  
 Equal in wisdom, differently wise !  
 Through flow'ry meadows, and through dreary wastes,  
 One bustling, and one dancing, into death.  
 There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,  
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach  
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more. 80  
 The scenes of business tell us—" What are men ;  
 The scenes of pleasure—" What is all beside ;"  
 There, others we despise ; and here, ourselves :  
 Amid disgust eternal, dwells delight ?  
 'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.  
 What wondrous prize has kindled this career,  
 Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,  
 On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave ?

The proud run up and down in quest of eyes ;           89  
 The sensual, in pursuit of something worse ;  
 The grave, of gold ; the politic, of pow' r ;  
 And all, of other butterflies, as vain !  
 As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,  
 How is man's heart by vanity drawn in ;  
 On the swift circle of returning toys,  
 Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then engulf'd,  
 Where gay delusion darkens to despair !

“ This is a beaten track.”—Is this a track  
 Should not be beaten ? Never beat enough,  
 Till enough learn'd the truths it would inspire.           100  
 Shall Truth be silent, because Folly frowns ?  
 Turn the world's history ; what find we there,  
 But Fortune's sports, or Nature's cruel claims,  
 Or Woman's artifice, or Man's revenge,  
 And endless inhumanities on man ?  
 Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,  
 It brings bad tidings : how it hourly blows  
 Man's misadventures round the list'ning world !  
 Man is the tale of narrative old time ;  
 Sad tale ; which high as Paradise begins ;           110  
 As if, the toil of travel to delude,  
 From stage to stage, in his eternal round,  
 The Days, his daughters, as they spin our hours  
 On Fortune's wheel, where accident unthought  
 Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,  
 Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,  
 With, now and then, a wretched farce between ;  
 And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us ;  
 Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind :           120  
 While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,  
 They flatter our fond hopes, and promise much

Of amiable ; but hold him not o'er-wise, 123  
 Who dares to trust them ; and laugh round the year  
 At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,  
 Confiding, though confounded ; hoping on,  
 Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,  
 And ever looking for the never seen.  
 Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies ;  
 Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires. 130

Its little joys go out by one and one,  
 And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night ;  
 Night darker, than what, now, involves the pole.  
 O Thou, who dost permit these ills to fall,  
 For gracious ends, and would'st that man should mourn !  
 O Thou, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,  
 Who know'st it best, and would'st that man should know !  
 What is this sublunary world ? A vapour ;  
 A vapour all it holds ; itself, a vapour ;  
 From the damp bed of chaos, by Thy beam 140  
 Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour  
 In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.  
 Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom ;  
 As mortal, though less transient, than her sons ;  
 Yet they doat on her, as the world and they  
 Were both eternal, solid ; Thou, a dream.

They doat !—on what ? Immortal views apart,  
 A region of outsides ! a land of shadows !  
 A fruitful field of flow'ry promises !  
 A wilderness of joys ! perplex'd with doubts, 150  
 And sharp with thorns ! a troubled ocean, spread  
 With bold adventurers, their all on board !  
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns ;  
 Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,  
 Of ensigns various ; all alike in this,  
 All restless, anxious ; toss'd with hopes, and fears,



In calmest skies ; obnoxious all to storm ; 157  
 And stormy the most general blast of life :  
 All bound for happiness ; yet few provide  
 The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies ;  
 Or Virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd :  
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,  
 Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd, 163  
 And farther from their wishes than before :  
 All, more or less, against each other dash,  
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driv'n,  
 And suff'ring more from folly, than from fate.

Ocean ! thou dreadful and tumultuous home  
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man !  
 Death's capital, where most he domineers, 170  
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,  
 (Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost,)<sup>1</sup>  
 Wide-op'ning, and loud roaring still for more !  
 Too faithful mirror ! how dost thou reflect  
 The melancholy face of human life !  
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still :  
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck  
 By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,  
 Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope, 180  
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,  
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,  
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;  
 All, in some darling enterprise embark'd :  
 But where is he can fathom its extent ?  
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,  
 Ruin's sure perquisite ! her lawful prize !  
 Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard,  
 And puffs them wide of hope : with hearts of proof,

<sup>1</sup> ' Albion's cost : ' Admiral Balchen, &c.



Full against wind and tide, some win their way ; 190  
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,  
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !  
 Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate  
 They strike ; and, while they triumph, they expire.  
 In stress of weather, most ; some sink outright ;  
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;  
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.  
 Others a short memorial leave behind,  
 Like a flag floating,<sup>1</sup> when the bark's engulf'd ;  
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more : 200  
 One Cæsar lives ; a thousand are forgot.  
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born  
 (Darlings of Providence ! fond Fate's elect !),  
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,  
 With all their wishes freighted ! Yet even these,  
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain ;  
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,  
 They still are men ; and when is man secure ?  
 As fatal time, as storm ! the rush of years  
 Beats down their strength ; their numberless escapes 210  
 In ruin end : and, now, their proud success  
 But plants new terrors on the victor's brow :  
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,  
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high !  
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be  
 From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,  
 The gay, rich, great, triumphant, and august !  
 What are they ?—The most happy (strange to say ! )  
 Convince me most of human misery ; 220

<sup>1</sup> ' Like a flag floating,' &c. : hence Wilson's line in his ' Address to a Wild-Deer : '—

' Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.'

What are they ? Smiling wretches of to-morrow ! 221  
 More wretched, then, than e'er their slave can be ;  
 Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,  
 Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting :  
 Then, what provoking indigence in wealth !  
 What aggravated impotence in pow'r !  
 High titles, then, what insult of their pain !  
 If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,  
 Immortal Hope ! defies not the rude storm,  
 Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage, 230  
 And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a sketch of what thy soul admires ?  
 " But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life  
 Are huddled in a group. A more distinct  
 Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."  
 Look on life's stages : they speak plainer still ;  
 The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.  
 Look on thy lovely boy ; in him behold  
 The best that can befall the best on earth ;  
 The boy has virtue by his mother's side : 240  
 Yes, on Florello look : a father's heart  
 Is tender, though the man's is made of stone ;  
 The truth, through such a medium seen, may make  
 Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

Florello lately cast on this rude coast  
 A helpless infant ; now a heedless child ;  
 To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds ;  
 Care full of love, and yet severe as hate !  
 O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns !  
 Needful austerities his will restrain ; 250  
 As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.  
 As yet, his reason cannot go alone ;  
 But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.  
 His little heart is often terrified ;

The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale ; 255  
 Its pearly dewdrop trembles in his eye ;  
 His harmless eye ! and drowns an angel there.  
 Ah ! what avails his innocence ? The task  
 Enjoin'd must discipline his early pow'rs ;  
 He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin ;  
 Guiltless, and sad ! a wretch before the fall !  
 How cruel this ! more cruel to forbear. 262

Our nature such, with necessary pains,  
 We purchase prospects of precarious peace :  
 Though not a father, this might steal a sigh.  
 Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,  
 'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still) ;  
 Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,  
 He leaps enclosure, bounds into the world !  
 The world is taken, after ten years' toil, 270  
 Like ancient Troy ; and all its joys his own.  
 Alas ! the world's a tutor more severe ;  
 Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains ;  
 Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,  
 Or books (fair Virtue's advocates !) inspir'd.

For who receives him into public life ?  
 Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,  
 Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere  
 (Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight),  
 And, in their hospitable arms, enclose : 280  
 Men, who think naught so strong of the romance,  
 So rank knight-errant, as a real friend :  
 Men, that act up to Reason's golden rule,  
 All weakness of affection quite subdu'd :  
 Men, that would blush at being thought sincere,  
 And feign, for glory, the few faults they want ;  
 That love a lie, where truth would pay as well ;  
 As if to them, Vice shone her own reward.

Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight? 289  
 Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear :  
 See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,  
 Train'd to the world, in barnish'd falsehood bright ;  
 Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace ;  
 All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off ;  
 All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd ;  
 His friends eternal—during interest ;  
 His foes implacable—when worth their while ;  
 At war with every welfare, but their own ;  
 As wise as Lucifer ; and half as good ;  
 And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain— 300  
 Naked, through these (so common fate ordains),  
 Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,  
 Stung out of all, most amiable in life,  
 Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd ;  
 Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd ;  
 Noble presumptions to mankind's renown ;  
 Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.  
 These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)  
 Will cost him many a sigh ; till time, and pains,  
 From the slow mistress of this school, Experience, 310  
 And her assistant, pausing, pale, Distrust,  
 Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth  
 Through serpentine obliquities of life,  
 And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.  
 And happy ! if the clue shall come so cheap :  
 For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,  
 Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,  
 If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.  
 Thus, a strange kind of curs'd necessity  
 Brings down the sterling temper of his soul, 320  
 By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,  
 Below call'd wisdom ; sinks him into safety ;



And brands him into credit with the world ; 323  
 Where specious titles dignify disgrace,  
 And nature's injuries are arts of life ;  
 Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes ;  
 And heavenly talents make infernal hearts ;  
 That unsurmountable extreme of guilt !

Poor Machiavel ! who labour'd hard his plan,  
 Forgot, that genius need not go to school ;  
 Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,  
 His plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ. 332  
 The world's all title-page ; there's no contents ;  
 The world's all face ; the man who shows his heart,  
 Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.

A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile ;  
 And well it fed him ; he look'd plump and fair ;  
 While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.  
 Lorenzo ! what I tell thee, take not ill !  
 Living, he fawn'd on every fool alive ; 340  
 And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd.  
 To such proficients thou art half a saint.

In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)  
 How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,  
 Studios their nests to feather in a trice,  
 With all the necromantics of their art,  
 Playing the game of faces on each other,  
 Making court sweetmeats of their latent gall,  
 In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust ;  
 Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd ; 350  
 And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone !  
 Their parts we doubt not ; but be that their shame ;  
 Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,  
 Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool ;  
 And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve ?  
 For who can thank the man, he cannot see ?



Why so much cover ? It defeats itself. 357  
 Ye, that know all things ! know ye not, men's hearts  
 Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd ?  
 For why conceal'd ?—The cause they need not tell.  
 I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie ;  
 Whose feeble nature Truth keeps still in awe ;  
 His incapacity is his renown. 363  
 'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise ;  
 It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.  
 Thou say'st, 'tis needful : is it therefore right ?  
 Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,  
 To strain at an excuse : And would'st thou then  
 Escape that cruel need ? Thou may'st, with ease ;  
 Think no post needful that demands a knave. 370  
 When late our civil helm was shifting hands,  
 So Pulteney thought : think better, if you can.  
 But this, how rare ! the public path of life  
 Is dirty ;—yet, allow that dirt its due,  
 It makes the noble mind more noble still :  
 The world's no neuter ; it will wound, or save ;  
 Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.  
 You say, the world, well known, will make a man :  
 The world, well known, will give our hearts to Heav' n,  
 Or make us demons, long before we die. 380  
 To show how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,  
 Take either part, sure ills attend the choice ;  
 Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.  
 Not Virtue's self is deified on earth ;  
 Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes ;  
 Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.  
 Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.  
 True friends to virtue, last, and least, complain ;  
 But if they sigh, can others hope to smile ?  
 If Wisdom has her miseries to mourn, 390

How can poor Folly lead a happy life ? 391  
 And if both suffer, what has earth to boast,  
 Where he most happy, who the least laments ?  
 Where much, much patience, the most envied state,  
 And some forgiveness, needs, the best of friends ?  
 For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,  
 Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,  
 Lorenzo smartly, with a smile, replies :  
 " Thus far thy song is right ; and all must own, 400  
 Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.—  
 And joys peculiar who to Vice denies ?  
 If vice it is, with nature to comply :  
 If Pride, and Sense, are so predominant,  
 To check, not overcome, them, makes a saint.  
 Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim  
 Pleasure, and glory, the chief good of man ?"

Can Pride, and Sensuality, rejoice ?  
 From purity of thought, all pleasure springs ;  
 And, from an humble spirit, all our peace. 410  
 Ambition, pleasure ! let us talk of these :  
 Of these, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd ;  
 Of these, each following age had much to say :  
 Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.  
 Who talks of these, to mankind all at once  
 He talks ; for where the saint from either free ?  
 Are these thy refuge ?—No : these rush upon thee ;  
 Thy vitals seize, and, vulture-like, devour ;  
 I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,  
 Prometheus ! from this barren ball of earth ; 420  
 If Reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy Caucasus, Ambition, calls ;  
 Mountain of torments ! eminence of woes !  
 Of courted woes ! and courted through mistake !

'Tis not ambition charms thee ; 'tis a cheat 425

Will make thee start, as H—— at his moor.

Dost grasp at greatness ? First, know what it is :

Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies ?

Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,

By Fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng,

Is glory lodg'd : 'tis lodg'd in the reverse ;

In that which joins, in that which equals, all, 432

The monarch and his slave ;—" A deathless soul,

Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,

A Father God, and brothers in the skies ;"

Elder, indeed, in time ; but less remote

In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man ;

Why greater what can fall, than what can rise ?

If still delirious, now, Lorenzo ! go ;

And with thy full-blown brothers of the world, 440

Throw scorn around thee ; cast it on thy slaves ;

Thy slaves, and equals : how scorn cast on them

Rebounds on thee ! If man is mean, as man,

Art thou a god ? If Fortune makes him so,

Beware the consequence : a maxim that,

Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,

Where, in the drapery, the man is lost ;

Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.

Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,

Boast that aloud, in which thy servants share. 450

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy :

Judge we, in their caparisons, of men ?

It naught avails thee, where, but what, thou art ;

All the distinctions of this little life

Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,

When, through death's straits, earth's subtle serpents creep

Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.

As crooked Satan the forbidden tree, 458  
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,  
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft  
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.  
 Of fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive ;  
 Strip them of body, too ; nay, closer still,  
 Away with all, but moral, in their minds ;  
 And let what then remains, impose their name,  
 Pronounce them weak, or worthy ; great, or mean.  
 How mean that snuff of glory Fortune lights,  
 And Death puts out ! Dost thou demand a test,  
 A test, at once, infallible, and short,  
 Of real greatness ? That man greatly lives, 470  
 Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies ;  
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.  
 If this a true criterion, many courts,  
 Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys  
 Naught greater, than an honest, humble heart ;  
 An humble heart, His residence ! pronounc'd  
 His second seat ; and rival to the skies.  
 The private path, the secret acts of men,  
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives ! 480  
 How far above Lorenzo's glory sits  
 Th' illustrious master of a name unknown ;  
 Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves  
 Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men ;  
 And Peace, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles !  
 As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy great soul this skulking glory scorns.  
 Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen ;  
 And, when he shrugs at public business, lies.  
 Denied the public eye, the public voice, 490  
 As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.



Fain would he make the world his pedestal ; 492  
 Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, he.  
 Knows he, that mankind praise against their will  
 And mix as much detraction as they can ?  
 Knows he, that faithless Fame her whisper has.  
 As well as trumpet ? that his vanity  
 Is so much tickled from not hearing all ?  
 Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,  
 Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines, 500  
 Taking his country by five hundred ears,  
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,  
 With modest laughter lining loud applause,  
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame ?  
 His fame, which (like the mighty Cæsar), crown'd  
 With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,  
 By seeming friends, that honour, and destroy.  
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride :  
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins :  
 And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake, 510  
 The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud ;  
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.  
 An eminence, though fancied, turns the brain :  
 All vice wants hellebore ; but of all vice,  
 Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl ;  
 Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,  
 In fact, the point, in fancy most pursu'd.  
 Who court applause, oblige the world in this ;  
 They gratify man's passion to refuse.  
 Superior honour, when assum'd, is lost ; 520  
 Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,  
 Like Kouli-Khan, in plunder of the proud.  
 Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still  
 To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,  
 Lorenzo cries—" Be, then, Ambition cast ;



Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd, 526  
 Gay Pleasure ! proud Ambition is her slave ;  
 For her, he soars at great, and hazards ill ;  
 For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes ;  
 And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her smile :  
 Who can resist her charms ?"—or, should ? Lorenzo !  
 What mortal shall resist, where angels yield ?  
 Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs ; 533  
 For her contend the rival gods above ;  
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below ;  
 And well it was for man, that Pleasure charms :  
 How would all stagnate, but for Pleasure's ray !  
 How would the frozen stream of action cease !  
 What is the pulse of this so busy world ?  
 The love of pleasure : that, through every vein, 540  
 Throws motion, warmth ; and shuts out death from life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,  
 Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains :  
 Some most affect the black ; and some, the fair ;  
 Some honest pleasure court ; and some, obscene.  
 Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng  
 Of passions, that can err in human hearts ;  
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.  
 Think you there's but one whoredom ? Whoredom, all,  
 But when our reason licenses delight. 550  
 Dost doubt, Lorenzo ? thou shalt doubt no more.  
 Thy father chides thy gallantries ; yet hugs  
 An ugly, common harlot, in the dark ;  
 A rank adulterer with others' gold !  
 And that hag, Vengeance, in a corner, charms.  
 Hatred her brothel has, as well as Love,  
 Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.  
 Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark :  
 For her, the black assassin draws his sword ;

For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp, 560  
 To which no single sacrifice may fall ;  
 For her, the saint abstains ; the miser starves ;  
 The Stoic proud, for Pleasure, pleasure scorn'd ;  
 For her, Affliction's daughters grief indulge,  
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ;  
 For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy ;  
 And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.  
 Thus universal her despotic pow'r !

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.  
 Patron of pleasure ! doater on delight ! 570  
 I am thy rival ; pleasure I profess ;  
 Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.  
 Pleasure is naught but virtue's gayer name ,  
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low ;  
 Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r ;  
 And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence ;  
 If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name.  
 How knits Austerity her cloudy brow,  
 And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the praise 580  
 Of Pleasure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear !  
 Ye modern Stoics ! hear my soft reply ;  
 'Their senses men will trust : we can't impose ;  
 Or, if we could, is imposition right ?  
 Own honey sweet ; but, owning, add this sting ;  
 " When mix'd with poison, it is deadly too."  
 Truth never was indebted to a lie.  
 Is naught but virtue to be prais'd, as good ?  
 Why then is health preferr'd before disease ?  
 What nature loves is good, without our leave. 590  
 And where no future drawback cries, " Beware !"  
 Pleasure, though not from virtue, should prevail.  
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heav'n ;

How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd ! 594  
 The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,  
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb ;  
 Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,  
 Was meant to minister, and not to mar,  
 Imperial Pleasure, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo ! thou, her majesty's renown'd,  
 Though uncoift, counsel, learned in the world !  
 Who think'st thyself a Murray,<sup>1</sup> with disdain 602  
 May'st look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes !  
 Canst thou plead Pleasure's cause as well as I ?  
 Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage ?  
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all ;  
 And know thyself ; and know thyself to be  
 (Strange truth !) the most abstemious man alive.  
 Tell not Calista ; she will laugh thee dead ;  
 Or send thee to her hermitage with L——. 610  
 Absurd presumption ! Thou who never knew'st  
 A serious thought ! shalt thou dare dream of joy ?  
 No man e'er found a happy life by chance ;  
 Or yawn'd it into being with a wish ;  
 Or, with the snout of grovelling appetite,  
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.  
 An art it is, and must be learn'd ; and learn'd  
 With unremitting effort, or be lost ;  
 And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.  
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates ; 620  
 Wealth may seek us ; but Wisdom must be sought ;  
 Sought before all ; but (how unlike all else  
 We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, Pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur, see.  
 Brought forth by Wisdom, nurs'd by Discipline,  
 By Patience taught, by Perseverance crown'd,

<sup>1</sup> 'Murray : ' Lord Mansfield.

She rears her head majestic ; round her throne, 627  
Erected in the bosom of the just,

Each virtue, listed, forms her manly guard.

For what are virtues ? (formidable name !)

What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy ?

Why, then, commanded ? Need mankind commands,

At once to merit, and to make, their bliss ?—

Great Legislator ! scarce so great, as kind ! 634

If men are rational, and love delight,

Thy gracious law but flatters human choice ;

In the transgression lies the penalty ;

And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of Pleasure, next, the final cause explore ;

Its mighty purpose, its important end. 640

Not to turn human brutal, but to build

Divine on human, Pleasure came from heav'n.

In aid to Reason was the goddess sent ;

To call up all its strength by such a charm.

Pleasure, first, succours Virtue ; in return,

Virtue gives Pleasure an eternal reign.

What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,

Supports life natural, civil, and divine ?

'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live ;

'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please ; 650

'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray

(All prayer would cease, if unbelieved the prize) :

It serves ourselves, our species, and our God ;

And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.

Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream !

Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,

And fosters every growth of happy life ;

Makes a new Eden where it flows ;—but such

As must be lost, Lorenzo ! by thy fall.

“ What mean I by thy fall ? ”—Thou'lt shortly see,



While Pleasure's nature is at large display'd ; 631  
 Already sung her origin, and ends.

Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,  
 When Pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,  
 A vengeance too ; it hastens into pain.  
 From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy ;  
 From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death ;  
 Heav'n's justice this proclaims, and that her love.

What greater evil can I wish my foe,  
 Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask 670  
 Unbroach'd by just authority, ungaug'd  
 By temperance, by reason unrefin'd ?

A thousand demons lurk within the lee.  
 Heav'n, others, and ourselves ! uninjur'd these,  
 Drink deep ; the deeper, then, the more divine ;  
 Angels are angels, from indulgence there ;  
 'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys ?  
 A victim rather ! shortly sure to bleed.  
 The wrong must mourn : can Heav'n's appointments fail ?  
 Can man outwit Omnipotence ? strike out 681

A self-wrought happiness unmeant by Him  
 Who made us, and the world we would enjoy ?  
 Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence  
 Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.  
 Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire !  
 Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul  
 With unprecarious flows of vital joy ;  
 And, without breathing, man as well might hope  
 For life, as, without piety, for peace. 690

“ Is virtue, then, and piety the same ? ”—  
 No ; piety is more ; 'tis virtue's source ;  
 Mother of every worth, as that of joy.  
 Men of the world this doctrine ill digest ;



They smile at piety ; yet boast aloud 695  
 Good will to men ; nor know they strive to part  
 What Nature joins ; and thus confute themselves.  
 With piety begins all good on earth ;  
 'Tis the first-born of rationality.

Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies ;  
 Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good ;  
 A feign'd affection bounds her utmost pow'r. 702  
 Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's sake ;  
 A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man ;  
 Some sinister intent taints all he does ;  
 And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built ;  
 And, on humanity, much happiness ;  
 And yet still more on piety itself.  
 A soul in commerce with her God, is heav'n ; 710  
 Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;  
 'The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.

A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;  
 A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;  
 A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.  
 Each branch of piety delight inspires ;  
 Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,  
 O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides ;  
 Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,  
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ; 720  
 Prayer ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream  
 Of glory on the consecrated hour  
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.

Who worships the great God, that instant joins  
 The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

Lorenzo ! when wast thou at church before ?  
 Thou think'st the service long : but is it just ?  
 Though just, unwelcome : thou hadst rather tread

Unhallow'd ground ; the Muse, to win thine ear,      729  
 Must take an air less solemn. She complies.  
 Good conscience ! at the sound the world retires ;  
 Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles :  
 Yet has she her seraglio full of charms ;  
 And such as age shall heighten, not impair.  
 Art thou dejected ? Is thy mind o'ercast ?  
 Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose,  
 To chase thy gloom.—“ Go, fix some weighty truth ;  
 Chain down some passion ; do some generous good ;  
 Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile ;  
 Correct thy friend ; befriend thy greatest foe ;      740  
 Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,  
 Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made thee.”  
 Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow ;  
 Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.  
     Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,  
 Loud mirth, mad laughter ? Wretched comforters !  
 Physicians ! more than half of thy disease.  
 Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin  
 (Pardon a thought that only seems severe),  
 Is half immoral : Is it much indulg'd ?      750  
 By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,  
 It shows a scorner, or it makes a fool ;  
 And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.  
 'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw,  
 That tickles little minds to mirth effuse ;  
 Of grief approaching, the portentous sign !  
 The house of laughter makes a house of woe.  
 A man triumphant is a monstrous sight ;  
 A man dejected is a sight as mean.  
 What cause for triumph, where such ills abound ?      760  
 What for dejection, where presides a Pow'r,  
 Who call'd us into being to be bless'd ?

So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy ; 763  
 So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.  
 Most true, a wise man never will be sad ;  
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,  
 A shallow stream of happiness betray :  
 Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet would'st thou laugh (but at thy own expense),  
 This counsel strange should I presume to give— 770  
 “Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay.”

There truths abound of sov' reign aid to peace ;  
 Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,  
 As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.  
 If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,  
 Time's treasure, and the wonder of the wise !  
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy soul alone at stake ;  
 Alas!—should men mistake thee for a fool ;—  
 What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,  
 Though tender of thy fame, could interpose ? 780  
 Believe me, sense here acts a double part,  
 And the true critic is a Christian too.

But these, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—  
 True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first ;  
 They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please ;  
 And travel only gives us sound repose.  
 Heav'n sells all pleasure ; effort is the price ;  
 The joys of conquest, are the joys of man ;  
 And glory the victorious laurel spreads  
 O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream. 790

There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,  
 Or joy, by mistim'd fondness, is undone.  
 A man of pleasure, is a man of pains.  
 Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.  
 False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought ;  
 From thoughts full bent, and energy, the true ;

And that demands a mind in equal poise, 797  
 Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.  
 Much joy not only speaks small happiness,  
 But happiness that shortly must expire.  
 Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand ?  
 And, in a tempest, can reflection live ?  
 Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour ?  
 Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd ? 804  
 Or ope the door to honest poverty ?  
 Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale ?  
 In such a world, and such a nature, these  
 Are needful fundamentals of delight :  
 These fundamentals give delight indeed ;  
 Delight, pure, delicate, and durable ; 810  
 Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine ;  
 A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.  
 Is joy the daughter of severity ?  
 It is :—yet far my doctrine from severe.  
 “ Rejoice for ever : ” it becomes a man ;  
 Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.  
 “ Rejoice for ever ! ” Nature cries, “ Rejoice ! ”  
 And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,  
 Mix'd up of delicates for every sense ;  
 To the great Founder of the bounteous feast, 820  
 Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise ;  
 And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.  
 Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,  
 Is the whole science of felicity :  
 Yet sparing pledge : her bowl is not the best  
 Mankind can boast.—“ A rational repast ;  
 Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,  
 A military discipline of thought,  
 To foil temptation in the doubtful field ;  
 And ever-waking ardour for the right.” 830



'Tis these, first give, then guard, a cheerful heart. 831  
 Naught that is right, think little ; well aware,  
 What reason bids, God bids ; by His command  
 How aggrandiz'd, the smallest thing we do !  
 Thus, nothing is insipid to the wise ;  
 To thee, insipid all, but what is mad ;  
 Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.  
 " Mad ! (thou reply'st, with indignation fir'd) ;  
 Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,  
 I follow Nature."—Follow Nature still, 840  
 But look it be thine own : is Conscience, then,  
 No part of nature ? Is she not supreme ?  
 Thou regicide ! Oh, raise her from the dead !  
 Then, follow Nature ; and resemble God.

When, spite of Conscience, pleasure is pursu'd,  
 Man's nature is unnaturally pleas'd :  
 And what's unnatural, is painful too  
 At intervals, and must disgust even thee !  
 The fact thou know'st ; but not, perhaps, the cause.  
 Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid ; 850  
 Heav'n mix'd her with our make, and twisted close  
 Her sacred interests with the strings of life.  
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,  
 His better self : and is it greater pain,  
 Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine ?  
 And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.

If one must suffer, which should least be spar'd ?  
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense :  
 Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.  
 The joys of sense to mental joys are mean : 860  
 Sense on the present only feeds ; the soul  
 On past, and future, forages for joy.  
 'Tis hers, by retrospect, through time to range ;  
 And forward time's great sequel to survey.



Could human courts take vengeance on the mind, 865  
 Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall :  
 Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

Lorenzo ! wilt thou never be a man ?

The man is dead, who for the body lives,  
 Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list  
 With every lust, that wars against his peace ;  
 And sets him quite at variance with himself. 872

Thyself, first, know ; then love : a self there is  
 Of Virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.

A self there is, as fond of every vice,  
 While every virtue wounds it to the heart :  
 Humility degrades it, Justice robs,  
 Bless'd Bounty beggars it, fair Truth betrays,  
 And godlike Magnanimity destroys.

This self, when rival to the former, scorn ; 880  
 When not in competition, kindly treat,  
 Defend it, feed it :—but when Virtue bids,  
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.

And why ? 'Tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed ;  
 Comply, or own self-love extinct, or blind.

For what is vice ? self-love in a mistake :  
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.  
 And virtue, what ? 'tis self-love in her wits,  
 Quite skilful in the market of delight.

Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Pow'r, 890  
 From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.

Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate ;  
 More mortal than the malice of our foes ;  
 A self-hate, now, scarce felt ; then felt full sore,  
 When being, curs'd ; extinction, loud implor'd ;  
 And every thing prefer'd to what we are.

Yet this self-love Lorenzo makes his choice ;  
 And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.

How is his want of happiness betray'd, 899  
 By disaffection to the present hour!  
 Imagination wanders far afield:  
 The future pleases: why? the present pains.—  
 "But that's a secret." Yes, which all men know;  
 And know from thee, discover'd unawares.  
 Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll  
 From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;  
 What is it?—'tis the cradle of the soul,  
 From Instinct sent, to rock her in disease,  
 Which her physician, Reason, will not cure.  
 A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while 910  
 It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.  
 Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!  
 The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.  
 Superior wisdom is superior bliss.  
 And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?  
 Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;  
 Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.  
 Sick of herself, is Folly's character,  
 As Wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.  
 A change of evils is thy good supreme; 920  
 Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.  
 Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.  
 The first sure symptom of a mind in health,  
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.  
 False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;  
 Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.  
 The true is fix'd, and solid as a rock;  
 Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave.  
 This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;  
 That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,<sup>1</sup> 930  
 Home-contemplation her supreme delight;

<sup>1</sup> 'Fabled boy: ' Narcissus.

She dreads an interruption from without, 932  
 Smit with her own condition ; and the more  
 Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth  
 There breathes not a more happy than himself :  
 Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;  
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.  
 Such angels, all, entitled to repose  
 On Him who governs fate. Though tempest frowns, 940  
 Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n !  
 To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean !  
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,  
 They stand, collecting every beam of thought,  
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight :  
 For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old  
 In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n.  
 Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes ;  
 While noise, and dissipation, comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease, 950  
 That opiate for inquietude within.

Lorenzo ! never man was truly blest,  
 But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,  
 As folly might mistake for want of joy.  
 A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud ;  
 A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.  
 O for a joy from thy Philander's spring !  
 A spring perennial, rising in the breast,  
 And permanent, as pure ! no turbid stream  
 Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high ; 960  
 Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,  
 Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.  
 What does the man, who transient joy prefers ?  
 What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream ?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight ;

Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy. 956  
 Joy's a fix'd state ; a tenure, not a start.  
 Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss :  
 That is the gem : sell all, and purchase that.  
 Why go a-begging to contingencies,  
 Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd ?  
 At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause ;  
 Suspect it ; what thou canst insure, enjoy ; 973  
 And naught but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.  
 Reason perpetuates joy that Reason gives,  
 And makes it as immortal as herself :  
 To mortals, naught immortal, but their worth.  
 Worth, conscious worth ! should absolutely reign ;  
 And other joys ask leave for their approach ;  
 Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain. 980  
 Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys  
 Wage war, and perish in intestine broils ;  
 Not the least promise of internal peace !  
 No bosom-comfort, or unborrow'd bliss !  
 Thy thoughts are vagabonds ; all outward-bound,  
 'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure ;  
 If gain'd, dear-bought ; and better miss'd than gain'd.  
 Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.  
 Fancy, and Sense, from an infected shore,  
 Thy cargo bring ; and pestilence the prize. 990  
 Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst !  
 By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more !),  
 Fancy still cruises, when poor Sense is tir'd.  
 Imagination is the Paphian shop,  
 Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,  
 Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,  
 And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),  
 With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,  
 Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.



Would'st thou receive them, other thoughts there are,  
 On angel-wing, descending from above, 1001  
 Which these, with art divine, would counterwork,  
 And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen Imagination's guilt ;  
 But who can count her follies ? She betrays thee,  
 To think in grandeur there is something great.  
 For works of curious art, and ancient fame,  
 Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd ;  
 And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.  
 Hence, what disaster !—Though the price was paid, 1010  
 That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,  
 Whose foot (ye gods !) though cloven, must be kiss'd,  
 Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore ;  
 (Such is the fate of honest Protestants !)  
 And poor Magnificence is starv'd to death.  
 Hence just resentment, indignation, ire !—  
 Be pacified : if outward things are great,  
 'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn ;  
 Pompous expenses, and parades august,  
 And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace. 1020  
 True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye ;  
 True happiness resides in things unseen.  
 No smiles of Fortune ever bless'd the bad,  
 Nor can her frowns rob Innocence of joys ;  
 That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor :  
 So tell his Holiness, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good ;  
 Our only contest, what deserves the name.  
 Give Pleasure's name to naught, but what has pass'd  
 Th' authentic seal of Reason (which like Yorke,<sup>1</sup> 1030  
 Demurs on what it passes), and defies  
 The tooth of time ; when past, a pleasure still ;

<sup>1</sup> 'Yorke:' Lord Chancellor Hardwick.



Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age, 1033  
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes  
 Our future, while it forms our present, joy.  
 Some joys the future overcast ; and some  
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.  
 Some joys endear eternity ; some give  
 Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms.

Are rival joys contending for thy choice ? 1040  
 Consult thy whole existence, and be safe ;  
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight.  
 Short is the lesson, though my lecture long ;  
 Be good—and let Heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant  
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,  
 The good man has his clouds that intervene ;  
 Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,  
 But never conquer : even the best must own,  
 Patience, and resignation, are the pillars 1050  
 Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these :  
 But those of Seth not more remote from thee,  
 Till this heroic lesson thou hast learn'd ;  
 To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.  
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,  
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun, as yet  
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world ;  
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,  
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

“ This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue : 1060  
 But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream ;  
 Or stem the tide Heav'n pushes through our veins,  
 Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,  
 And lays his labour level with the world ? ”

Themselves men make their comment on mankind ;  
 And think naught is, but what they find at home :

Thus, weakness to chimera turns the truth. 1067  
 Nothing romantic has the Muse prescrib'd.  
 Above,<sup>1</sup> Lorenzo saw the man of earth,  
 The mortal man ; and wretched was the sight.  
 To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,  
 Now see the man immortal : him, I mean,  
 Who lives as such ; whose heart, full bent on heav'n,  
 Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.  
 The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise  
 His lustre more ; though bright, without a foil :  
 Observe his awful portrait, and admire ;  
 Nor stop at wonder ; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,  
 What nothing less than angel can exceed ! 1080  
 A man on earth devoted to the skies ;  
 Like ships in sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,  
 Behold him seated on a mount serene,  
 Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;  
 All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,  
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,  
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.  
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptr'd, and the slave,  
 A mingled mob ! a wand'ring herd ! he sees, 1090  
 Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !  
 His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?  
 What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all their care ; the future, his.  
 When public welfare calls, or private want,  
 They give to fame ; his bounty he conceals.  
 Their virtues varnish nature ; his exalt.  
 Mankind's esteem they court ; and he, his own.  
 Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Above : ' in a former Night.

His, the compos'd possession of the true. 1100  
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace,  
 All of one colour, and an even thread ;  
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,  
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them  
 A madman's robe ; each puff of Fortune blows  
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs : where they  
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity ;  
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.  
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees ; 1110

An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.  
 They things terrestrial worship, as divine :  
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,  
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,  
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.  
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)  
 He lays aside to find his dignity ;  
 No dignity they find in aught besides.  
 They triumph in externals (which conceal  
 Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse. 1120

Himself too much he prizes to be proud,  
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.  
 Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect  
 Another's welfare, or his right invade ;  
 Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.  
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong :  
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,  
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;  
 Naught, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.  
 A cover'd heart their character defends ; 1130  
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.  
 With nakedness his innocence agrees ;  
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall :

Their no joys end, where his full feast begins ; 1134  
 His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.  
 To triumph in existence, his alone ;  
 And his alone, triumphantly to think  
 His true existence is not yet begun.  
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;  
 Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,  
 Undaunted breast—and whose is that high praise? 1142  
 They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,  
 And show no fortitude, but in the field ;  
 If there they show it, 'tis for glory shown ;  
 Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.  
 A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail ;  
 By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,  
 He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.  
 All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls ; 1150  
 And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.  
 From magnanimity, all fear above ;  
 From nobler recompense, above applause ;  
 Which owes to man's short outlook all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,  
 Lorenzo cries,—“ Where shines this miracle ?  
 From what root rises this immortal man ?”  
 A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground ;  
 The root dissect, nor wonder at the flow'r.  
 He follows nature (not like thee) and shows us 1160  
 An uninverted system of a man.  
 His appetite wears Reason's golden chain,  
 And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.  
 His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,  
 Is taught to fly at naught, but infinite.  
 Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,  
 His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief



The gods ordain) a stranger to despair. 1168  
 And why?—because affection, more than meet,  
 His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heav'n.  
 Those secondary goods that smile on earth,  
 He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.  
 They most the world enjoy, who least admire.  
 His understanding 'scapes the common cloud  
 Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.  
 His head is clear, because his heart is cool,  
 By worldly competitions uninflam'd.  
 The moderate movements of his soul admit  
 Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,  
 An eye impartial, and an even scale ; 1180  
 Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.  
 Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise ;  
 On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.  
 What, then, the world ? It must be doubly weak ;  
 Strange truth ! as soon would they believe their creed.  
 Yet thus it is ; nor otherwise can be ;  
 So far from aught romantic, what I sing.  
 Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,  
 But from the prospect of immortal life.  
 Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same) 1190  
 Who care no farther, must prize what it yields ;  
 Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.  
 Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire ;  
 He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,  
 Because that hate would prove his greater foe.  
 'Tis hard for them (yet who so loudly boast  
 Good-will to men ?) to love their dearest friend ;  
 For may not he invade their good supreme,  
 Where the least jealousy turns love to gall ?  
 All shines to them, that for a season shines. 1200  
 Each act, each thought, he questions, " What its weight,



Its colour what, a thousand ages hence ?"— 1202  
 And what it there appears, he deems it now.  
 Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.  
 The godlike man has nothing to conceal.  
 His virtue, constitutionally deep,  
 Has habit's firmness, and affection's flame ;  
 Angels, allied, descend to feed the fire ;  
 And Death, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, Lorenzo ! bigot of this world ! 1210  
 Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by Heaven !  
 Stand by thy scorn, and be reduc'd to naught :  
 For what art thou ?—Thou boaster ! while thy glare,  
 Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,  
 Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most ;  
 And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand ;  
 His merit, like a mountain, on approach,  
 Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,  
 By promise now, and, by possession, soon,  
 (Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own. 1220

From this thy just annihilation rise,  
 Lorenzo ! rise to something, by reply.  
 The world, thy client, listens, and expects ;  
 And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.  
 Canst thou be silent ? No ; for Wit is thine ;  
 And Wit talks most, when least she has to say,  
 And Reason interrupts not her career.  
 She'll say—that mists above the mountains rise ;  
 And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse ;  
 She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust, 1230  
 And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste !  
 'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense ;  
 But, as its substitute, a dire disease.  
 Pernicious talent ! flatter'd by the world,

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 If man slee  
 Can he pro  
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 His own in  
 Who reads  
 Or, Nature  
 Has writte

Why Di  
 Incurable  
 Resolve me  
 He, whom  
 Who steals

<sup>1</sup> 'Already :  
 Proctus to Job  
 execution after

A joy, in which our reason bears no part, 1270  
 Is but a sorrow, tickling, ere it stings.  
 Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;  
 Which of her lovers ever found her true ?  
 Happy ! of this bad world who little know ?—  
 And yet, we much must know her, to be safe ;  
 To know the world, not love her, is thy point ;  
 She gives but little, nor that little, long.  
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse ;  
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,  
 Our thoughtless agitation's idle child, 1280  
 That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,  
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before.  
 An animal ovation ! such as holds  
 No commerce with our reason, but subsists  
 On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes, well strain'd ;  
 A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;  
 And when it jars—thy syrens sing no more,  
 Thy dance is done ; the demi-god is thrown  
 (Short apotheosis !) beneath the man,  
 In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair. 1290  
 Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,  
 And startle at destruction ? If thou art,  
 Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;  
 (A field of battle is this mortal life !)  
 When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ;  
 A single sentence, proof against the world :  
 " Soul, body, fortune !—every good pertains  
 To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;  
 The goods of fortune to thy body's health,  
 Body to soul, and soul submit to God." 1300  
 Would'st thou build lasting happiness ? do this ;  
 Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.  
 Is this truth doubtful ? It outshines the sun ;

By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare. 1236  
 Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo ! wit abounds ;  
 Passion can give it ; sometimes wine inspires  
 The lucky flash ; and madness rarely fails.  
 Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,  
 Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.  
 For thy renown, 'twere well was this the worst ;  
 Chance often hits it ; and, to pique thee more, 1243  
 See Dulness, blund'ring on vivacities,  
 Shakes her sage head at the calamity,  
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.  
 But Wisdom, awful Wisdom ! which inspects,  
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,  
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last ;  
 How rare ! In senates, synods, sought in vain ; 1250  
 Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few ;  
 While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,  
 Frequent, as fatal, Wit : in civil life,  
 Wit makes an enterpriser ; Sense, a man.  
 Wit hates authority ; commotion loves,  
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.  
 In states, 'tis dangerous ; in religion, death :  
 Shall Wit turn Christian, when the dull believe ?  
 Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume ;  
 The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves. 1260  
 Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;  
 When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam ;  
 Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.  
 Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than naught ;  
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock.  
 Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool ;  
 Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.  
 How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,  
 Where syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate !

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 Is this truth doubtful ? It outshines the sun ;



Nay, the sun shines not, but to show us this, 1304  
 The single lesson of mankind on earth.  
 And yet—yet, what? No news! Mankind is mad;  
 Such mighty numbers list against the right,  
 (And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve!)  
 They talk themselves to something like belief,  
 That all earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool  
 Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.

They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?  
 Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie; 1313  
 To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.  
 Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,  
 That others, if abandon'd, are undone:  
 Then, for themselves, the moment Reason wakes  
 (And Providence denies it long repose),  
 O how laborious is their gaiety!  
 They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen, 1320  
 Scarce muster patience to support the farce,  
 And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.  
 Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;  
 Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw  
 And show us what their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!  
 Its impious fury still alive in death!  
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But Heav'n denies  
 A cover to such guilt; and so should man.  
 Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade, 1330  
 Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;  
 The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;  
 The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays  
 From raging riot (slower suicides!)  
 And pride in these, more execrable still!  
 How horrid all to thought!—but horrors, these,  
 That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song,

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be blest : 1338  
 Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour :  
 When an immortal being aims at bliss,  
 Duration is essential to the name.  
 O for a joy from reason ! joy from that,  
 Which makes man Man ; and, exercis'd aright,  
 Will make him more : a bounteous joy ! that gives  
 And promises ; that weaves, with art divine,  
 The richest prospect into present peace :  
 A joy ambitious ! joy in common held  
 With thrones ethereal, and their greater far ;  
 A joy high privileg'd from chance, time, death !  
 A joy, which death shall double, judgment crown ! 1350  
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,  
 Through bless'd eternity's long day ; yet still,  
 Not more remote from sorrow, than from Him,  
 Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours  
 So much of Deity on guilty dust.  
 There, O my Lucia ! may I meet thee there,  
 Where not thy presence can improve my bliss !  
 Affects not this the sages of the world ?  
 Can naught affect them, but what fools them too ?  
 Eternity, depending on an hour, 1360  
 Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and praise,  
 Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs  
 May shun the light) at your designs on heav'n :  
 Sole point ! where over-bashful is your blame.  
 Are you not wise ?—You know you are : yet hear  
 One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,  
 Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen ;  
 " Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,  
 Is the sole difference between wise and fool."  
 All worthy men will weigh you in this scale ; 1370

What wonder then, if they pronounce you light ? 1371

Is their esteem alone not worth your care ?

Accept my simple scheme of common sense :

Thus, save your fame, and make two worlds your own.

The world replies not ;—but the world persists ;

And puts the cause off to the longest day,

Planning evasions for the day of doom.

So far, at that re-hearing, from redress,

They then turn witnesses against themselves ;

Hear that, Lorenzo ! nor be wise to-morrow. 1380

Haste, haste ! a man, by nature, is in haste ;

For who shall answer for another hour ?

'Tis highly prudent, to make one sure friend ;

And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth ! (nor willing to be more !)

Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat free,

Thus, in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths

(Truths, which, at church, you might have heard in prose)

Has ventur'd into light ; well pleas'd the verse

Should be forgot, if you the truths retain ; 1390

And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.

But praise she need not fear : I see my fate ;

And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.

Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,

Must die ; and die unwept ; O thou minute

Devoted page ! go forth among thy foes ;

Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,

And die a double death : mankind incens'd,

Denies thee long to live : nor shalt thou rest,

When thou art dead ; in Stygian shades arraign'd 1400

By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne ;

And bold blasphemer of his friend,—the World ;

The World, whose legions cost him slender pay,

And volunteers around his banner swarm ; 1404  
 Prudent, as Prussia,<sup>1</sup> in her zeal for Gaul.

“ Are all, then, fools ?” Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all,  
 But such as hold this doctrine (new to thee) ;  
 “ The mother of true wisdom is the will ;”  
 The noblest intellect, a fool without it.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do, 1410  
 In arts and sciences, in wars, and peace :  
 But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,  
 And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the most indulgence can afford ;—  
 “ Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.”  
 Nor think this censure is severe on thee ;  
 Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce. 1417

<sup>1</sup> ‘ Prussia : ’ under Frederick the Great.





## NIGHT NINTH.

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### THE CONSOLATION :

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A MORAL SURVEY OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS.

II. A NIGHT ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

---

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, ONE OF HIS  
MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

---

*Fatis contraria fata repondens.*—VIRG.

---

As when a traveller, a long day past  
In painful search of what he cannot find,  
At night's approach, content with the next cot,  
There ruminates, a while, his labour lost ;  
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,  
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,  
Till the due season calls him to repose :  
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,  
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,  
Where Disappointment smiles at Hope's career ;      10  
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,  
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed ;  
Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,  
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,  
I chase the moments with a serious song.  
Song soothes our pains ; and age has pains to soothe.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,  
Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark shade,  
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire ;  
Canst thou, O Night ! indulge one labour more ?      20

One labour more indulge ! then sleep, my strain !      21  
 Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,  
 Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow, cease ;  
 To bear a part in everlasting lays ;  
 Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,  
 Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

Has not the Muse asserted pleasures pure,  
 Like those above ; exploding other joys ?  
 Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo ! fairly weigh ;  
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ?      30  
 I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.  
 But if, beneath the favour of mistake,  
 Thy smile's sincere ; not more sincere can be  
 Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.  
 The sick in body call for aid ; the sick  
 In mind are covetous of more disease ;  
 And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.  
 To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.  
 When Nature's blush by Custom is wip'd off,  
 And Conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,      40  
 Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes ;  
 The curse of curses is, our curse to love ;  
 To triumph in the blackness of our guilt  
 (As Indians glory in the deepest jet),  
 And throw aside our senses with our peace.

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy ;  
 Grant joy and glory quite unsullied shone ;  
 Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.  
 No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,  
 But, through the thin partition of an hour,      50  
 I see its sables wove by destiny ;  
 And that in sorrow buried ; this, in shame ;  
 While howling furies wring the doleful knell ;

And Conscience, now so soft thou scarce canst hear 54  
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where, the prime actors of the last year's scene ;  
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?  
How many sleep, who kept the world awake  
With lustre, and with noise ! has Death proclaim'd  
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high ?  
'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the present year  
Be more tenacious of her human leaf, 62  
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought ;  
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality ;  
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,  
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.  
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths  
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,  
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ? 70  
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.  
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

" Profess'd diversions ! cannot these escape ? "  
Far from it : these present us with a shroud ;  
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.  
As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,  
We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust  
Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread  
The scene for our amusement : how like gods  
We sit ; and, wrapt in immortality, 80  
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die ;  
Their fate deploring, to forget our own !

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,  
But legacies in blossom ? Our lean soil,  
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,  
From friends interr'd beneath ; a rich manure !  
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead ;

Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know 88  
 Our present frailties, or approaching fate ?

Lorenzo ! such the glories of the world !  
 What is the world itself ? thy world—a grave.  
 Where is the dust that has not been alive ?  
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;  
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.  
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,  
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.  
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;  
 Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.  
 The moist of human frame the sun exhales ;  
 Winds scatter through the mighty void the dry ; 100  
 Earth repossesses part of what she gave,  
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire ;  
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils ;  
 As nature, wide, our ruins spread : man's death  
 Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires,  
 His tomb is mortal ; empires die : where, now,  
 The Roman ? Greek ? They stalk, an empty name !  
 Yet few regard them in this useful light ;  
 Though half our learning is their epitaph. 110

When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,  
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,  
 O Death ! I stretch my view : what visions rise !  
 What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !  
 In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !  
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high  
 With human agitation, roll along  
 In unsubstantial images of air !  
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,  
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause, 120  
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,

All point at earth, and hiss at human pride, 122  
The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O Lorenzo ! far the rest above,  
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,  
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,  
And shakes my frame. Of one departed world<sup>1</sup>  
I see the mighty shadow : oozy wreath  
And dismal seaweed crown her ; o'er her urn  
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms, 130  
And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophecies  
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.

But, like Cassandra, prophecies in vain ;  
In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou loath to know,  
The great decree, the counsel of the skies ?  
Deluge and conflagration, dreadful pow'rs !  
Prime ministers of vengeance ! chain'd in caves  
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar ;  
Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin, 140  
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage  
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.

But not for this, ordain'd their boundless rage ;  
When Heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,  
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak  
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,  
These are let loose, alternate : down they rush,  
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,  
With irresistible commission arm'd,  
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy, 150  
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo ! what depends on man ?  
The fate of Nature ; as for man, her birth.  
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,

<sup>1</sup> ' One departed world : ' the world before the flood.



And make creation groan with human guilt. 155  
 How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,  
 But not of waters ! At the destin'd hour,  
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,  
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,  
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play  
 Their various engines ; all at once disgorge  
 Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm, 162  
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height  
 Outburns Vesuvius ; rocks eternal pour  
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd ;  
 Stars rush ; and final Ruin fiercely drives  
 Her ploughshare o'er creation !—while aloft,  
 More than astonishment ! if more can be !  
 Far other firmament than e'er was seen, 170  
 Than e'er was thought by man ! far other stars !  
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;  
 Far other sun !—A sun, O how unlike  
 The Babe at Bethlehem ! how unlike the Man,  
 That groan'd on Calvary !—Yet He it is ;  
 That Man of Sorrows ! O how chang'd ! what pomp !  
 In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends !  
 And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.  
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,  
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace 180  
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.  
 And now, all dross remov'd, heaven's own pure day,  
 Full on the confines of our ether, flames :  
 While (dreadful contrast !) far, how far beneath !  
 Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,  
 And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws  
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo ! welcome to this scene ; the last

In nature's course ; the first in wisdom's thought. 189  
 This strikes, if aught can strike thee ; this awakes  
 The most supine ; this snatches man from death.  
 Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,  
 Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,  
 Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.  
 I find my inspiration in my theme :  
 The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,  
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams ;  
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,  
 At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst 200  
 From tenfold darkness ; sudden as the spark  
 From smitten steel ; from nitrous grain, the blaze.  
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more !  
 The day is broke, which never more shall close !  
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all !  
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes !  
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire !  
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death !  
 Dost thou not hear her ? Dost thou not deplore  
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan ? 210  
 Where are we now ? Ah me ! the ground is gone,  
 On which we stood ; Lorenzo ! while thou may'st,  
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever !  
 Where ? how ? from whence ? Vain hope ! it is too late !  
 Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,  
 When consternation turns the good man pale ?

Great day ! for which all other days were made ;  
 For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth ;  
 And an eternity, the date of gods,  
 Descended on poor earth-created man ! 220  
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair !  
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish

Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world ; 223  
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.  
 At thought of thee !—And art thou absent then ?  
 Lorenzo ! no ; 'tis here ; it is begun ;—  
 Already is begun the grand assize,  
 In thee, in all : deputed Conscience scales  
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;  
 Forestalls ; and, by forestalling, proves it sure. 230  
 Why on himself should man void judgment pass ?  
 Is idle Nature laughing at her sons ?  
 Who Conscience sent, her sentence will support,  
 And God above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they that enter now the court  
 Heav'n opens in their bosoms ! but, how rare,  
 Ah me ! that magnanimity, how rare !  
 What hero, like the man who stands himself ;  
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone ;  
 Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings, 240  
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there ?  
 The coward flies ; and, flying, is undone.  
 (Art thou a coward ? No.) The coward flies ;  
 Thinks, but thinks slightly ; asks, but fears to know ;  
 Asks, " What is truth ?" with Pilate ; and retires ;  
 Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng ;  
 Asylum sad ! from reason, hope, and heav'n !

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,  
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for man ?  
 O day of consummation ! mark supreme 250  
 (If men are wise) of human thought ! nor least,  
 Or in the sight of angels, or their King !  
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,  
 Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,  
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,  
 Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.

Angels look out for thee ; for thee, their Lord, 257  
 To vindicate his glory ; and for thee,  
 Creation universal calls aloud,  
 To disinvolve the moral world, and give  
 To Nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,  
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?  
 I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !  
 All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round !  
 All deities, like summer's swarms, on wing !  
 All basking in the full meridian blaze !  
 I see the Judge enthron'd ! the flaming guard !  
 The volume open'd ! open'd every heart !  
 A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought ! 270  
 No patron ! intercessor none ! now past  
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !  
 For guilt no plea ! to pain, no pause ! no bound !  
 Inexorable, all ! and all, extreme !

Nor man alone ; the Foe of God and man,  
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,  
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd :  
 Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.  
 All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace :  
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll 280  
 His baleful eyes ! he curses whom he dreads ;  
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.  
 'Tis present to my thought !—and yet where is it ?  
 Angels can't tell me ; angels cannot guess  
 The period ; from created beings lock'd  
 In darkness. But the process, and the place,  
 Are less obscure ; for these may man inquire.  
 Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears !  
 Great key of hearts ! great finisher of fates !  
 Great end ! and great beginning ! say, Where art thou ?



Art thou in time, or in eternity ?

291

Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.

These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,  
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)

As in debate, how best their pow'rs allied,  
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,  
Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd  
With him to fall), now bursting o'er his head ;

His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath 300

The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons  
From their long slumber ; from earth's heaving womb,  
To second birth ! contemporary throng !

Rous'd at one call, upstarted from one bed,

Press'd in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,

He turns them o'er, Eternity ! to thee.

Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)

He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls alone :

His greatest foe falls with him ; Time, and he

Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire. 310

Time was ! Eternity now reigns alone :

Awful eternity ! offended queen !

And her resentment to mankind, how just !

With kind intent, soliciting access,

How often has she knock'd at human hearts !

Rich to repay their hospitality ;

How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !

Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !

A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome there !

A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her smile. 320

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,

As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,

With banners streaming as the comet's blaze,

And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,



Sonorous as immortal breath can blow, 325  
 Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,  
 Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,  
 Wide, as creation ! populous, as wide !  
 A neutral region ! there to mark th' event  
 Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes  
 Detain'd them close spectators, through a length  
 Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result ; 332  
 Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;  
 Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates  
 The rights of Virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,  
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,  
 Sulphureous, or ambrosial. What ensues ?  
 The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !  
 Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n. 840  
 The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns  
 Her adamantine key's enormous size  
 Through destiny's inextricable wards,  
 Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.  
 Then, from the crystal battlements of heav'n,  
 Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,  
 Ten thousand thousand fathom ; there to rust,  
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.  
 The deep resounds ; and hell, through all her glooms,  
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar. 350

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !  
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake  
 The whole ethereal ! how the concave rings !  
 Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;  
 And louder far, than when creation rose,  
 To see creation's godlike aim, and end,  
 So well accomplish'd ! so divinely clos'd !  
 To see the mighty dramatist's last act,

(As meet), in glory rising o'er the rest. 359  
 No fancied god, a God indeed, descends,  
 To solve all knots ; to strike the moral home ;  
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of time ;  
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.  
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,  
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ;  
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.  
 What then am I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,  
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,  
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string, 370  
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains ?  
 Censure on thee, Lorenzo ! I suspend,  
 And turn it on myself ; how greatly due !  
 All, all is right ; by God ordain'd or done ;  
 And who, but God, resum'd the friends He gave ?  
 And have I been complaining, then, so long ?  
 Complaining of his favours ; pain, and death ?  
 Who, without Pain's advice, would e'er be good ?  
 Who, without Death, but would be good in vain ?  
 Pain is to save from pain ; all punishment, 380  
 To make for peace ; and death, to save from Death ;  
 And second death, to guard immortal life ;  
 To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,  
 And turn the tide of souls another way ;  
 By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,  
 That planted Eden, and high bloom'd for man,  
 A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene ;  
 Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.  
 All evils natural are moral goods ; 390  
 All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.  
 None are unhappy : all have cause to smile,

But such as to themselves that cause deny. 393

Our faults are at the bottom of our pains ;  
Error, in act, or judgment, is the source  
Of endless sighs : we sin, or we mistake ;  
And Nature tax, when false opinion stings.  
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd ;  
But chiefly then, when Grief puts in her claim.

Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays, 400  
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.

Joy, amidst ills, corroborates, exalts ;  
'Tis joy and conquest ; joy, and virtue too.  
A noble fortitude in ills, delights  
Heav'n, earth, ourselves ; 'tis duty, glory, peace.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene ;  
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;  
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,  
And virtue in calamities, admire. 410

The crown of manhood is a winter-joy ;  
An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,  
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know  
How much unhappiness must prove our lot ;  
A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,  
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,  
Nor think it misery to be a man ;  
Who thinks it is, shall never be a god.

Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live. 420

What spoke proud Passion ?—" Wish my being lost ?"<sup>1</sup>  
Presumptuous ! blasphemous ! absurd ! and false !  
The triumph of my soul is,—that I am ;  
And therefore that I may be—what ? Lorenzo !  
Look inward, and look deep ; and deeper still ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Being lost : ' referring to the First Night

Unfathomably deep our treasure runs 436  
 In golden veins, through all eternity !  
 Ages, and ages, and succeeding still  
 New ages, where the phantom of an hour,  
 Which courts each night, dull slumber, for repair,  
 Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,  
 And fly through infinite, and all unlock ;  
 And (if deserv'd) by Heav'n's redundant love, 433  
 Made half adorable itself, adore ;  
 And find, in adoration, endless joy !  
 Where thou, not master of a moment here,  
 Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,  
 May'st boast a whole eternity, enrich'd  
 With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.  
 Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd, 440  
 Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,  
 How kind is God, how great (if good) is Man.  
 No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,  
 If what is hop'd he labours to secure.  
 Ills ?—there are none : All-gracious ! none from thee ;  
 From man full many ! numerous is the race  
 Of blackest ill, and those immortal too,  
 Begot by Madness, on fair Liberty ;  
 Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd ! her hand alone  
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men, 450  
 First barr'd by thine : high-wall'd with adamant,  
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,  
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law ;  
 Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions, guides,  
 Assisting, not restraining, Reason's choice ;  
 Whose sanctions, unavoidable results  
 From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd ;  
 If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.  
 Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,

“Do this ; fly that”—nor always tells the cause ; 460  
 Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,  
 A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders ! (if, thy love survey'd,  
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains),  
 What rocks are these, on which to build our trust !  
 Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;  
 Or this alone—“That none is to be found.”  
 Not one, to soften Censure's hardy crime ;  
 Not one, to palliate peevish Grief's Complaint,  
 Who, like a demon, murm'ring from the dust, 470  
 Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme !  
 For all I bless thee ; most, for the severe ;  
 Her<sup>1</sup> death—my own at hand—the fiery gulf,  
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent !  
 It thunders ;—but it thunders to preserve ;  
 It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread  
 Averts the dreaded pain ; its hideous groans  
 Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,  
 Great Source of good alone ! how kind in all !  
 In vengeance kind ! Pain, Death, Gehenna, save. 480

Thus, in thy world material, Mighty Mind !  
 Not that alone which solaces, and shines,  
 The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.  
 The winter is as needful as the spring ;  
 The thunder, as the sun ; a stagnate mass  
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air :  
 Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze  
 To nature's health, than purifying storms ;  
 The dread volcano ministers to good.  
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world. 490  
 Loud Etnas fulminate in love to man ;

<sup>1</sup> Her : Lucia.



Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd ; 492  
 And, in their use, eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills receiv'd ;  
 Those we call wretched are a chosen band,  
 Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.  
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,  
 Stands this the foremost, "That my heart has bled."  
 'Tis Heav'n's last effort of good-will to man ;  
 When Pain can't bless, Heav'n quits us in despair. 500  
 Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,  
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;  
 Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart ;  
 Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.  
 May Heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,  
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well,  
 By previous pain ; and made it safe to smile !  
 Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain ;  
 Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.

My change of heart a change of style demands ; 510  
 The Consolation cancels the Complaint,  
 And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,  
 A panting traveller, some rising ground,  
 Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,  
 And measures with his eye the various vales,  
 The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has pass'd ;  
 And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,  
 Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil ;  
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent 520  
 The Muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod ;  
 Various, extensive, beaten but by view ;  
 And, conscious of her prudence in repose,  
 Pause ; and with pleasure meditate an end,  
 Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme.

Through many a field of moral, and divine, 526  
 The Muse has stray'd ; and much of sorrow seen  
 In human ways ; and much of false and vain ;  
 Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.  
 O'er friends deceas'd full heartily she wept ;  
 Of love divine the wonders she display'd ;  
 Prov'd man immortal ; show'd the source of joy ;  
 The grand tribunal rais'd ; assign'd the bounds  
 Of human grief : in few, to close the whole,  
 The moral Muse has shadow'd out a sketch,  
 Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke,  
 Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,  
 In this our land of travel, and of hope,  
 For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies. 539

What then remains ? much ! much ! a mighty debt  
 To be discharg'd : these thoughts, O Night ! are thine ;  
 From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,  
 While others slept. So, Cynthia (poets feign),  
 In shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her sphere,  
 Her shepherd cheer'd ; of her enamour'd less,  
 Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,  
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing ?  
 Immortal silence ! where shall I begin ?  
 Where end ? or how steal music from the spheres,  
 To soothe their goddess ? 550

O majestic Night !  
 Nature's great ancestor ! Day's elder-born !  
 And fated to survive the transient sun !  
 By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe !  
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,  
 An azure zone thy waist ; clouds, in heav'n's loom  
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,  
 In ample folds of drapery divine,  
 Thy flowing mantle form ; and, heav'n throughout,

Voluminously pour thy pompous train. 560  
 Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august,  
 Inspiring aspect !) claim a grateful verse ;  
 And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,  
 Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man ! so worthy to be sung ?  
 What more prepares us for the songs of heav'n ?  
 Creation, of archangels is the theme !  
 What, to be sung, so needful ? What so well  
 Celestial joys prepare us to sustain ?  
 The soul of man, His face design'd to see, 570  
 Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,  
 Has here a previous scene of objects great,  
 On which to dwell ; to stretch to that expanse  
 Of thought, to rise to that exalted height  
 Of admiration, to contract that awe,  
 And give her whole capacities that strength,  
 Which best may qualify for final joy.  
 The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth,  
 The deeper draught shall they receive of heav'n.

Heav'n's King ! whose face unveil'd consummates bliss ;  
 Redundant bliss ! which fills that mighty void, 581  
 The whole creation leaves in human hearts !  
 Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,  
 Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,  
 And set his harp in concert with the spheres ;  
 While of thy works material the supreme  
 I dare attempt, assist my daring song.  
 Loose me from earth's enclosure, from the sun's  
 Contracted circle set my heart at large ;  
 Eliminate my spirit, give it range 590  
 Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd ;  
 Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,  
 Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee.

Teach me with Art great Nature to control, 594  
 And spread a lustre o'er the shades of Night.  
 Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the sun  
 Be seen at midnight, rising in my song?

Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whose heart,  
 Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook  
 Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.

Another ocean calls, a nobler port;  
 I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale. 602

Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;  
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;  
 And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth;  
 And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.  
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?  
 Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begin;  
 Thy tour through Nature's universal orb.

Nature delineates her whole chart at large, 610  
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;  
 And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!  
 Who circles spacious earth, then travels here,  
 Shall own, he never was from home before!  
 Come, my Prometheus,<sup>1</sup> from thy pointed rock  
 Of false ambition; if unchain'd, we'll mount;  
 We'll, innocently, steal celestial fire,  
 And kindle our devotion at the stars;  
 A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars, 620  
 Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;  
 Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,  
 The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge  
 That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves  
 Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,  
 And tune their tender voices to that roar,

<sup>1</sup> 'Prometheus:' Night Eighth.



Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world ; 627  
 Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,  
 Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze ;  
 Elance thy thought, and think of more than man.  
 Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,  
 Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,  
 Will blossom here ; spread all her faculties  
 To these bright ardours ; every pow'r unfold,  
 And rise into sublimities of thought.

Stars teach, as well as shine. At Nature's birth,  
 Thus their commission ran—"Be kind to Man."  
 Where art thou, poor benighted traveller ?  
 The stars will light thee, though the moon should fail.  
 Where art thou, more benighted ! more astray ! 640  
 In ways immoral ? The stars call thee back ;  
 And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it ?—Weigh'd aright,  
 'Tis Nature's system of divinity,  
 And every student of the Night inspires.  
 'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand :  
 Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by man.  
 Lorenzo ! with my radius (the rich gift  
 Of thought nocturnal !) I'll point out to thee  
 Its various lessons ; some that may surprise 650  
 An un-adept in mysteries of Night ;  
 Little, perhaps, expected in her school,  
 Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.  
 Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign ;  
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here  
 Exists indeed ;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here ?—Th' existence of a God ?  
 Yes ; and of other beings, man above ;  
 Natives of ether ! sons of higher climes !  
 And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more, 660



Eternity is written in the skies. 661

And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! thine;  
Mankind's eternity. Nor Faith alone,  
Virtue grows here; here springs the sovereign cure  
Of almost every vice; but chiefly thine;  
Wrath, Pride, Ambition, and impure Desire.

Lorenzo! thou canst wake at midnight too,  
Though not on morals bent: Ambition, Pleasure!  
Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought,<sup>1</sup>  
Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest. 670

Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,  
And the sun's noontide blaze, prime dawn of day;  
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,  
Commencing one of our antipodes!

In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,  
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;  
And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,  
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heaven)  
To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,  
Than to light revellers from shame to shame, 680  
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,  
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,  
Which set the living firmament on fire,  
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm  
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,  
Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride;  
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Pow'r,  
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;  
To draw up man's ambition to Himself, 690  
And bind our chaste affections to His throne.  
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,  
And welcom'd on heaven's coast with most applause,

<sup>1</sup> 'Lately fought:' Night Eighth.

A humble, pure, and heavenly-minded heart, 694  
 Are here inspir'd :—and canst thou gaze too long ?

Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,  
 Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.

The planets of each system represent  
 Kind neighbours ; mutual amity prevails ;  
 Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd ;  
 Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd ! all, at once,

Attracting, and attracted ! Patriot like, 702

None sins against the welfare of the whole ;  
 But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,

Affords an emblem of millennial love.

Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,

Was e'er created solely for itself :

Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this  
 Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race, 710

Thou most inflammable ! thou wasp of men !

Man's angry heart, inspected, would be found

As rightly set, as are the starry spheres ;

'Tis Nature's structure, broke by stubborn will,

Breeds all that uncelestial discord there.

Wilt thou not feel the bias Nature gave ?

Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,

And seize thy brother's throat ?—For what—a clod,

An inch of earth ? The planets cry, “ Forbear ! ”

They chase our double darkness ; Nature's gloom, 720

And (kinder still !) our intellectual night.

And see, Day's amiable sister sends

Her invitation, in the softest rays

Of mitigated lustre ; courts thy sight,

Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.

Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,

Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eyes ;

With gain, and joy, she bribes thee to be wise. 728  
 Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,  
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,  
 And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart ;  
 While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy ;  
 And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.  
 Nor is the profit greater than the joy,  
 If human hearts at glorious objects glow,  
 And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel ?  
 With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck  
 (Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise !):  
 Then into transport starting from her trance, 740  
 With love, and admiration, how she glows !  
 This gorgeous apparatus ! this display !  
 This ostentation of creative pow'r !  
 This theatre !—what eye can take it in ?  
 By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,  
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch  
 In endless speculation, and adore ?  
 One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine ;  
 And light us deep into the Deity ;  
 How boundless in magnificence and might ! 750  
 O what a confluence of ethereal fires,  
 Form urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heav'n,  
 Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !  
 Nor tarries there ; I feel it at my heart.  
 My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts ;  
 Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.  
 Who sees it unexalted ? or unaw'd ?  
 Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen ?  
 Material offspring of Omnipotence !  
 Inanimate, all-animating birth ! 760  
 Work worthy Him who made it ! worthy praise !

All praise! praise more than human! nor denied 762  
 Thy praise divine!—But though man, drown'd in sleep,  
 Withholds his homage, not alone I wake;  
 Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard  
 By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,  
 In this His universal temple hung  
 With lustres, with innumerable lights,  
 That shed religion on the soul; at once,  
 The temple, and the preacher! O how loud 770  
 It calls devotion! genuine growth of Night!

Devotion! daughter of Astronomy!

An undevout astronomer is mad.

True; all things speak a God; but in the small,  
 Men trace out Him; in great, He seizes man;  
 Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills  
 With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.

Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all  
 Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! what is it?  
 What are these sons of wonder? say, proud arch 780  
 (Within those azure palaces they dwell),  
 Built with divine ambition! in disdain  
 Of limit built! built in the taste of heav'n!  
 Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd  
 A meet apartment for the Deity?—

Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,  
 Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,  
 And straitens thy diffusive; dwarfs the whole,  
 And makes a universe an orrery.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man, 790  
 Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,  
 O Nature! wide flies off th' expanding round.  
 As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,  
 The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;  
 The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds;



Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies ; 796  
 Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,  
 And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,  
 Might teem with new creation ; reinflam'd  
 Thy luminaries triumph, and assume  
 Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,  
 Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,  
 Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods, 803  
 From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in sense ;  
 For, sure, to sense, they truly are divine,  
 And half absolv'd idolatry from guilt ;  
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was  
 In those, who put forth all they had of man  
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher ;  
 But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd ; and thought 810  
 What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount ?  
 And are there, then, Lorenzo ! those, to whom  
 Unseen, and unexistent, are the same ?  
 And if incomprehensible is join'd,  
 Who dare pronounce it madness, to believe ?  
 Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside  
 All measure in His work ; stretch'd out His line  
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole ?  
 Then (as he took delight in wide extremes), 820  
 Deep in the bosom of His universe,  
 Dropp'd down that reas'ning mite, that insect, Man,  
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene ?—  
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement  
 For disbelief of wonders in himself.  
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what  
 His hand has form'd ? Shall mysteries descend  
 From unmysterious ? things more elevate,  
 Be more familiar ? uncreated lie



More obvious than created, to the grasp 830  
 Of human thought ? The more of wonderful  
 Is heard in Him, the more we should assent.  
 Could we conceive Him, God He could not be ;  
 Or He not God, or we could not be men.

A God alone can comprehend a God ;  
 Man's distance how immense ! On such a theme,  
 Know this, Lorenzo ! (seem it ne'er so strange)  
 Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds ;  
 Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.

The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing, 840  
 And every star sheds light upon thy creed.  
 These stars, this furniture, this cost of heav'n,  
 If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believ'd ;  
 But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.  
 The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,  
 In Reason's court, to silence Unbelief.

How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes  
 The moral emanations of the skies,  
 While naught, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires !  
 Has the Great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds 850  
 To tell us, He resides above them all,  
 In glory's unapproachable recess ?  
 And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny  
 The sumptuous, the magnific embassy  
 A moment's audience ? Turn we, nor will hear  
 From whom they come, or what they would impart  
 For man's emolument ; sole cause that stoops  
 Their grandeur to man's eye ? Lorenzo ! rouse ;  
 Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,  
 And glance from east to west, from pole to pole. 860  
 Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd ?  
 Renounces reason, or a God adores ?  
 Mankind was sent into the world to see :

Sight gives the science needful to their peace ; 864  
 That obvious science asks small learning's aid.  
 Would'st thou on metaphysic pinions soar ?  
 Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns ?  
 Or travel history's enormous round ?  
 Nature no such hard task enjoins : she gave  
 A make to man directive of his thought ;  
 A make set upright, pointing to the stars,  
 As who shall say, " Read thy chief lesson there." 872  
 Too late to read this manuscript of heav'n,  
 When, like a parchment scroll, shrunk up by flames,  
 It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various ! Not the God alone,  
 I see His ministers ; I see, diffus'd  
 In radiant orders, essences sublime,  
 Of various offices, of various plume,  
 In heav'nly liveries, distinctly clad, 880  
 Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,  
 Or all commix'd ; they stand, with wings outspread,  
 List'ning to catch the Master's least command,  
 And fly through nature, ere the moment ends ;  
 Numbers innumerable !—well conceiv'd  
 By Pagan, and by Christian ! O'er each sphere  
 Presides an angel, to direct its course,  
 And feed, or fan, its flames ; or to discharge  
 Other high trusts unknown. For who can see  
 Such pomp of matter, and imagine, Mind, 890  
 For which alone Inanimate was made,  
 More sparingly dispens'd ? that nobler son,  
 Far liker the great Sire !—'Tis thus the skies  
 Inform us of superiors numberless,  
 As much, in excellence, above mankind,  
 As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.  
 These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us ;

In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds ; 898  
 Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend  
 On every beam we see, to walk with men.  
 Awful reflection ! Strong restraint from ill !  
 Yet, here, our virtue finds still stronger aid  
 From these ethereal glories sense surveys.  
 Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault ;  
 With just attention is it view'd ? We feel  
 A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought ;  
 Nature herself does half the work of Man.  
 Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,  
 The promontory's height, the depth profound  
 Of subterranean, excavated grots, 910  
 Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide  
 From Nature's structure, or the scoop of Time ;  
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,  
 Ev'n these an aggrandizing impulse give ;  
 Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights  
 Even these infuse.—But what of vast in these ?  
 Nothing ;—or we must own the skies forgot.  
 Much less in art.—Vain art ! Thou pigmy pow'r !  
 How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,  
 To show thy littleness ! What childish toys, 920  
 Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds !  
 Thy basin'd rivers, and imprison'd seas !  
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men !  
 Thy hundred-gated capitals ! or those  
 Where three days' travel left us much to ride ;  
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,  
 Arches triumphal, theatres immense,  
 Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air !  
 Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way !  
 Yet these affect us in no common kind. 930  
 What then the force of such superior scenes ?

Enter a temple, it will strike an awe : 932  
 What awe from this the Deity has built !  
 A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives :  
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise :  
 In a bright mirror His own hands have made,  
 Here we see something like the face of God.  
 Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo !  
 To man abandon'd, " Hast thou seen the skies ?"  
 And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design 940  
 By daring man, he makes her sacred awe  
 (That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation  
 To more than common guilt, and quite inverts  
 Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars  
 See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom  
 With front erect, that hide their head by day,  
 And making night still darker by their deeds.  
 Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,  
 Rapine and Murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.  
 The miser earths his treasure ; and the thief, 950  
 Watching the mole, half beggars him ere morn.  
 Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake ;  
 And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,  
 Havoc and devastation they prepare,  
 And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.  
 Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.  
 What shall I do ?—suppress it ? or proclaim ?—  
 Why sleeps the thunder ? Now, Lorenzo ! now,  
 His best friend's couch the rank adulterer  
 Ascends secure ; and laughs at gods and men. 960  
 Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,  
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of Heav'n ;  
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.  
 Were moon, and stars, for villains only made ?  
 To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrious light ?



No ; they were made to fashion the sublime 966  
 Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.  
 Those ends were answer'd once ; when mortals liv'd  
 Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent  
 In theory sublime. O how unlike  
 Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,  
 Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed ! 972  
 Those ancient sages, human stars ! They met  
 Their brothers of the skies, at midnight hour ;  
 Their counsel ask'd ; and, what they ask'd, obey'd.  
 The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank<sup>1</sup>  
 The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,<sup>2</sup>  
 With him of Corduba,<sup>3</sup> (immortal names !)  
 In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,  
 An area fit for gods, and godlike men, 980  
 They took their nightly round, through radiant paths  
 By seraphs trod ; instructed, chiefly, thus,  
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below ;  
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.  
 There they contracted their contempt of earth ;  
 Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire ;  
 There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew  
 (Great visitants !) more intimate with God,  
 More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.  
 Through various virtues, they, with ardour, ran 990  
 The zodiac of their learn'd, illustrious lives.  
 In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal !  
 A needful, but opprobrious prayer ! As much  
 Our ardour less, as greater is our light.  
 How monstrous this in morals ! Scarce more strange  
 Would this phenomenon in nature strike,  
 A sun, that froze her, or a star, that warm'd.

<sup>1</sup> 'He who drank : ' Socrates. — <sup>2</sup> 'He of Tusculum : ' Cicero. — <sup>3</sup> 'Him of Corduba : ' Seneca.



What taught these heroes of the moral world ? 998  
 To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too.  
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee ;  
 And Pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught,  
 That, narrow views betray to misery :  
 That, wise it is to comprehend the whole :  
 That, virtue, rose from nature, ponder'd well,  
 The single base of virtue built to heav'n :  
 That God, and nature, our attention claim :  
 That nature is the glass reflecting God,  
 As, by the sea, reflected is the sun,  
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere :  
 That, mind immortal loves immortal aims : 1010  
 That, boundless mind affects a boundless space :  
 That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,  
 The soul assimilate, and make her great :  
 That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund  
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.  
 Such are their doctrines ; such the Night inspir'd.

And what more true ? what truth of greater weight ?  
 The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;  
 Delightful outlet of her prison here !  
 There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties 1020  
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large ;  
 There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,  
 In full proportion let loose all her pow'rs ;  
 And, undeluded, grasp at something great.  
 Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there ;  
 But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays ;  
 Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own ;  
 Dives deep in their economy divine,  
 Sits high in judgment on their various laws,  
 And, like a master, judges not amiss. 1030  
 Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul

Grows conscious of her birth celestial ; breathes 1032  
 More life, more vigour, in her native air ;  
 And feels herself at home amongst the stars ;  
 And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo ?—  
 As earth the body, since the skies sustain  
 The soul with food, that gives immortal life,  
 Call it, the noble pasture of the mind ;  
 Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults, 1040  
 And riots through the luxuries of thought.  
 Call it, the garden of the Deity,  
 Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth  
 Of fruit ambrosial ; moral fruit to man.  
 Call it, the breastplate of the true High Priest,  
 Ardent with gems oracular, that give,  
 In points of highest moment, right response ;  
 And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a true astrology ;  
 Thus, have we found a new, and noble sense, 1050  
 In which alone stars govern human fates.  
 O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall  
 Bloodshed, and havoc, on embattled realms,  
 And rescu'd monarchs from so black a guilt !  
 Bourbon ! this wish how generous in a foe !  
 Would'st thou be great, would'st thou become a god,  
 And stick thy deathless name among the stars,  
 For mighty conquests on a needle's point ?  
 Instead of forging chains for foreigners,  
 Bastile thy tutor : grandeur all thy aim ? 1060  
 As yet thou know'st not what it is : how great,  
 How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,  
 When in it all the stars, and planets, roll !  
 And what it seems, it is : great objects make

Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge ; 1065  
 Those still more godlike, as these more divine.

And more divine than these, thou canst not see.  
 Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught  
 Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel  
 From thought to thought, inebriate, without end !  
 An Eden, this ! a Paradise unlost !

I meet the Deity in every view, 1072  
 And tremble at my nakedness before him !  
 O that I could but reach the tree of life !  
 For here it grows, unguarded from our taste ;  
 No flaming sword denies our entrance here ;  
 Would man but gather, he might live for ever.

Lorenzo ! much of moral hast thou seen.  
 Of curious arts art thou more fond ? Then mark  
 The mathematic glories of the skies, 1080  
 In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.  
 Lorenzo's boasted builders, Chance, and Fate,  
 Are left to finish his aërial tow'rs ;  
 Wisdom and choice, their well-known characters  
 Here deep impress ; and claim it for their own.  
 Though splendid all, no splendour void of use ;  
 Use rivals beauty ; art contends with pow'r ;  
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expense ;  
 The great Economist adjusting all  
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise. 1090

How rich the prospect ! and for ever new !  
 And newest to the man that views it most ;  
 For newer still in infinite succeeds.  
 Then, these aërial racers, O how swift !  
 How the shaft loiters from the strongest string !  
 Spirit alone can distance the career.  
 Orb above orb ascending without end !  
 Circle in circle, without end, enclos'd !

Wheel, within wheel ; Ezekiel ! like to thine ! 1099  
 Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream ;  
 Though seen, we labour to believe it true !  
 What involution ! what extent ! what swarms  
 Of worlds, that laugh at earth ! immensely great !  
 Immensely distant from each other's spheres !  
 What, then, the wondrous space through which they roll ?  
 At once it quite engulfs all human thought ;  
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here ;  
 Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,  
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign. 1110  
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,  
 Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.  
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere ;  
 What knots are tied ! how soon are they dissolv'd,  
 And set the seeming married planets free !  
 They rove for ever, without error rove ;  
 Confusion unconfus'd ! nor less admire  
 This tumult untumultuous ; all on wing !  
 In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !  
 What fervid action, yet no noise ! as aw'd 1120  
 To silence, by the presence of their Lord ;  
 Or hush'd by His command, in love to man,  
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,  
 Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,  
 In exultation to their God, and thine,  
 They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,  
 Eternal celebration of His praise.

But, since their song arrives not at our ear,  
 Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight  
 Fair hieroglyphic of His peerless pow'r. 1130  
 Mark how the labyrinthian turns they take,  
 The circles intricate, and mystic maze,



Weave the grand cipher of Omnipotence ; 1133  
 To gods, how great ! how legible to man !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ?  
 Where are the pillars that support the skies ?  
 What more than Atlantean shoulder props  
 Th' incumbent load ? What magic, what strange art,  
 In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains ?  
 Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?— 1140  
 And so they are ; in the high will of heav'n,  
 Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,  
 Or air of adamant ; makes all of naught,  
 Or naught of all ; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn  
 The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad  
 And tow'ring Alps, all toss'd into the sea ;  
 And, light as down, or volatile as air,  
 Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,  
 In time, and measure, exquisite ; while all 1150  
 The winds, in emulation of the spheres,  
 Tune their sonorous instruments aloft ;  
 The concert swell, and animate the ball.  
 Would this appear amazing ? What, then, worlds,  
 In a far thinner element sustain'd,  
 And acting the same part, with greater skill,  
 More rapid movement, and for noblest ends ?

More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars  
 The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,  
 On which angelic delegates of heav'n, 1160  
 At certain periods, as the Sov'reign nods,  
 Discharge high trusts of vengeance, or of love ;  
 To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,  
 And acts most solemn still more solemnize ?  
 Ye citizens of air ! what ardent thanks,  
 What full effusion of the grateful heart,



Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight ! 1167  
 A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !  
 It drops new truths at every new survey !  
 Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,  
 That sweeps away all period ? As these spheres  
 Measure duration, they no less inspire  
 The godlike hope of ages without end.  
 The boundless space, through which these rovers take  
 Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought  
 Of boundless time. Thus, by kind Nature's skill,  
 To man unlabour'd, that important guest,  
 Eternity, finds entrance at the sight :  
 And an eternity, for man ordain'd,  
 Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors, 1180  
 The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.  
 Nature informs, but ne'er insults, her sons.  
 Could she then kindle the most ardent wish  
 To disappoint it ?—That is blasphemy.  
 Thus, of thy creed a second article,  
 Momentous, as th' existence of a God,  
 Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought ;  
 And thou may'st read thy soul immortal, here.  
 Here, then, Lorenzo ! on these glories dwell ;  
 Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof, 1180  
 That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.  
 Assemblies ?—This is one divinely bright ;  
 Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,  
 Range through the fairest, and the Sultan scorn ;  
 He, wise as thou, no crescent holds so fair,  
 As that, which on his turban awes a world ;  
 And thinks the moon is proud to copy him.  
 Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,  
 A mind superior to the charms of pow'r.  
 Thou muffled in delusions of this life ! 1200

Can yonder moon turn ocean in his bed, 1201  
 From side to side, in constant ebb, and flow,  
 And purify from stench his wat'ry realms?  
 And fails her moral influence? wants she pow'r  
 To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought  
 From stagnating on earth's infected shore,  
 And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?  
 Fails her attraction when it draws to heav'n?  
 Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, earth's joy?  
 Minds elevate, and panting for unseen, 1210  
 And defecate from sense, alone obtain  
 Full relish of existence undeflower'd,  
 The life of life, the zest of worldly bliss:  
 All else on earth amounts—to what? to this:  
 "Bad to be suffer'd; blessings to be left:"  
 Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.  
 Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.  
 O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.  
 O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd here;  
 In midway flight imagination tires; 1220  
 Yet soon reprunes her wing to soar anew,  
 Her point unable to forbear, or gain;  
 So great the pleasure, so profound the plan!  
 A banquet, this, where men, and angels, meet,  
 Eat the same manna, mingle earth and heav'n.  
 How distant some of these nocturnal suns!  
 So distant (says the sage), 'twere not absurd  
 To doubt, if beams, set out at Nature's birth,  
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;  
 Though nothing half so rapid as their flight. 1230  
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,  
 And roll for ever: who can satiate sight  
 In such a scene? in such an ocean wide  
 Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,

Are lost in their extremes ; and where to count 1235  
 The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,  
 Perhaps a seraph's computation fails.  
 Now, go, Ambition ! boast thy boundless might  
 In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,  
 To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.  
 Why call for less than is already thine ? 1242

Thou art no novice in theology ;  
 What is a miracle ?—'Tis a reproach,  
 'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind ;  
 And while it satisfies, it censures too.  
 To common sense, great Nature's course proclaims  
 A Deity : when mankind falls asleep,  
 A miracle is sent, as an alarm ;

To wake the world, and prove Him o'er again, 1250  
 By recent argument, but not more strong.

Say, which imports more plenitude of pow'r,  
 Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal ?

To make a sun, or stop his mid career ?  
 To countermand his orders, and send back  
 The flaming courier to the frightened east,  
 Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray ?

Or bid the moon, as with her journey tired,  
 In Ajalon's soft, flow'ry vale repose ?

Great things are these ; still greater, to create. 1260  
 From Adam's bow'r look down through the whole train  
 Of miracles ;—resistless is their pow'r ?

They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,  
 Than this, call'd unmiraculous survey,

If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen,  
 If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,  
 Sees naught but spangles here ; the fool, no more.

Let thou, " The course of nature governs all ?"

The course of Nature is the art of God. 1269  
 The miracles thou call'st for, this attest ;  
 For say, could Nature Nature's course control ?  
 But, miracles apart, who sees Him not,  
 Nature's controller, author, guide, and end ?  
 Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight face,  
 But must inquire—" What hand behind the scene,  
 What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes  
 In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?  
 Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs ?  
 Who bowl'd them flaming through the dark profound,  
 Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew, 1280  
 Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,  
 And set the bosom of old Night on fire ?  
 Peopled her desert, and made horror smile ?"  
 Or, if the military style delights thee  
 (For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man),  
 " Who marshals this bright host ? enrols their names ?  
 Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,  
 Punctual, at stated periods ? who disbands  
 These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,  
 If e'er disbanded ?"—He, whose potent word, 1290  
 Like the loud trumpet, levied first their pow'rs  
 In Night's inglorious empire, where they slept  
 In beds of darkness : arm'd them with fierce flames,  
 Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold ;  
 And call'd them out of chaos to the field,  
 Where now they war with vice and unbelief.  
 O let us join this army ! joining these,  
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,  
 When brighter flames shall cut a darker night ;  
 When these strong demonstrations of a God 1300  
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,  
 And one eternal curtain cover all !



Struck at that thought, as new awak'd, I lift      1308  
 A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars  
 To man still more propitious ; and their aid  
 (Though guiltless of idolatry) implore ;  
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.  
 O ye dividers of my time ! ye bright  
 Accountants of my days, and months, and years,  
 In your fair calendar distinctly mark'd !      1310  
 Since that authentic, radiant register,  
 Though man inspects it not, stands good against him ;  
 Since you, and years, roll on, though man stands still ;  
 Teach me my days to number, and apply  
 My trembling heart to wisdom ; now beyond  
 All shadow of excuse for fooling on.  
 Age smooths our path to prudence ; sweeps aside  
 The snares, keen appetite and passion spread  
 To catch stray souls ; and woe to that grey head,  
 Whose folly would undo, what age has done !      1320  
 Aid then, aid, all ye stars !—Much rather, Thou,  
 Great Artist ! Thou, whose finger set aright  
 This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,  
 Though intervolv'd, exact ; and pointing out  
 Life's rapid, and irrevocable flight,  
 With such an index fair, as none can miss,  
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.  
 Open mine eye, dread Deity ! to read  
 The tacit doctrine of thy works ; to see  
 Things as they are, unalter'd through the glass      1330  
 Of worldly wishes. Time, eternity !  
 ('Tis these, mismeasur'd, ruin all mankind)  
 Set them before me ; let me lay them both  
 In equal scale, and learn their various weight.  
 Let time appear a moment, as it is ;  
 And let eternity's full orb, at once,



Turn on my soul, and strike it into heav'n. 1337  
 When shall I see far more than charms me now ?  
 Gaze on creation's model in thy breast  
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more ?  
 When this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all  
 That travel earth's deep vale, shall I shake off ?  
 When shall my soul her incarnation quit,  
 And, readopted to thy bless'd embrace,  
 Obtain her apotheosis in Thee ?

Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wand'ring wide ?  
 No, 'tis directly striking at the mark ;  
 To wake thy dead devotion was my point ;  
 And how I bless Night's consecrating shades,  
 Which to a temple turn an universe ; 1350  
 Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,  
 And antidote the pestilential earth !  
 In every storm, that either frowns, or falls,  
 What an asylum has the soul in prayer !  
 And what a fane is this, in which to pray !  
 And what a God must dwell in such a fane !  
 Oh, what a genius must inform the skies !  
 And is Lorenzo's salamander heart  
 Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires ?  
 O ye nocturnal sparks ! ye glowing embers, 1360  
 On heav'n's broad hearth ! who burn, or burn no more,  
 Who blaze, or die, as Great Jehovah's breath  
 Or blows you, or forbears ; assist my song ;  
 Pour your whole influence ; exorcise his heart,  
 So long possess'd ; and bring him back to man.

And is Lorenzo a demurrer still ?  
 Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest  
 Truths, which, contested, put thy parts to shame.  
 Nor shame they more Lorenzo's head than heart,  
 A faithless heart, how despicably small ! 1370

Too strait, aught great or generous to receive ! 1371  
 Fill'd with an atom ! fill'd, and foul'd, with self !  
 And self mistaken ! self, that lasts an hour !  
 Instincts and passions, of the nobler kind,  
 Lie suffocated there ; or they alone,  
 Reason apart, would wake high hope ; and open,  
 To ravish'd thought, that intellectual sphere,  
 Where order, wisdom, goodness, providence,  
 Their endless miracles of love display,  
 And promise all the truly great desire. 1380  
 The mind that would be happy, must be great ;  
 Great, in its wishes ; great, in its surveys.  
 Extended views a narrow mind extend ;  
 Push out its corrugate, expansive make,  
 Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.  
 A man of compass makes a man of worth ;  
 Divine contemplate, and become divine.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,  
 All littleness is in approach to woe ;  
 Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide, 1390  
 And let in manhood ; let in happiness ;  
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought  
 From nothing, up to God ; which makes a man  
 Take God from nature, nothing great is left ;  
 Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees ;  
 Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.  
 Emerge from thy profound ; erect thine eye ;  
 See thy distress ! how close art thou besieg'd !  
 Besieg'd by Nature, the proud sceptic's foe !  
 Enclos'd by these innumerable worlds, 1400  
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,  
 As in a golden net of Providence,  
 How art thou caught, sure captive of belief !  
 From this thy bless'd captivity, what art,

What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free ! 1405  
 This scene is heav'n's indulgent violence :  
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory ?  
 What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,  
 But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man ?  
 Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate cause,  
 Spite of these numerous, awful, witnesses,  
 And doubt the deposition of the skies ? 1412  
 O how laborious is thy way to ruin !  
 Laborious ! 'tis impracticable quite ;  
 To sink beyond a doubt, in this debate,  
 With all his weight of wisdom and of will,  
 And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.  
 Some wish they did ; but no man disbelieves.  
 God is a spirit ; spirit cannot strike  
 These gross, material organs ; God by man 1420  
 As much is seen, as man a God can see,  
 In these astonishing exploits of pow'r.  
 What order, beauty, motion, distance, size !  
 Concertion of design, how exquisite !  
 How complicate, in their divine police !  
 Apt means ! great ends ! consent to general good !—  
 Each attribute of these material gods,  
 So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,  
 A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought ;  
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man. 1430  
 Lorenzo ! this may seem harangue to thee ;  
 Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.  
 And dost thou, then, demand a simple proof  
 Of this great master moral of the skies,  
 Unskill'd, or disinclin'd, to read it there ?  
 Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,  
 Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.  
 Such proof insists on an attentive ear ;

'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts, 1439  
 And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.  
 Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—  
 Imagination's airy wing repress;—  
 Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—  
 Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone;—  
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth  
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,  
 As I have done; and shall inquire no more.  
 In nature's channel, thus the questions run :  
     " What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,  
 But that I am; and, since I am, conclude 1450  
 Something eternal: had there e'er been naught,  
 Naught still had been: eternal there must be.—  
 But what eternal?—Why not human race?  
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?—  
 That's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link  
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail  
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?  
 Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;  
 I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.  
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?  
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs 1461  
 Would want some other father;—much design  
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;  
 Design implies intelligence, and art;  
 That can't be from themselves—or man; that art  
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?  
 And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—  
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,  
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?  
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume 1470  
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
 Has matter innate motion? then each atom,



Asserting its indisputable right 1473  
 To dance, would form a universe of dust :  
 Has matter none ? Then whence these glorious forms  
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd ?  
 Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,  
 Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learn'd  
 In mathematics ? Has it fram'd such laws,  
 Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?— 1480  
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,  
 Who think a clod inferior to a man !  
 If art, to form ; and counsel, to conduct ;  
 And that with greater far than human skill ;  
 Resides not in each block ;—a Godhead reigns.—  
 Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind ;  
 That granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting that,  
 Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud ?  
 Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive ?  
 A being without origin, or end !— 1490  
 Hail, human liberty ! There is no God—  
 Yet, why ? On either scheme that knot subsists ;  
 Subsist it must, in God, or human race ;  
 If in the last, how many knots beside,  
 Indissoluble all ?—Why choose it there,  
 Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more ?  
 Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest  
 Dispers'd, leave reason's whole horizon clear ?  
 This is not reason's dictate ; Reason says,  
 Close with the side where one grain turns the scale ;— 1500  
 What vast preponderance is here ! can reason  
 With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God ?  
 And reason heard, is the sole mark of man.  
 What things impossible must man think true,  
 On any other system ! and how strange  
 To disbelieve, through mere credulity !”



If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw, 1507  
 Let it for ever bind him to belief.  
 And where the link, in which a flaw he finds ?  
 And, if a God there is, that God how great !  
 How great that Pow'r, whose providential care  
 Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray !  
 Of nature universal threads the whole !  
 And hangs creation, like a precious gem,  
 Though little, on the footstool of his throne !  
 That little gem, how large ! A weight let fall  
 From a fix'd star, in ages can it reach  
 This distant earth ! Say, then, Lorenzo ! where,  
 Where, ends this mighty building ? where, begin  
 The suburbs of creation ? where, the wall 1520  
 Whose battlements look o'er into the vale  
 Of non-existence ! Nothing's strange abode !  
 Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd  
 His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by ;  
 Weigh'd worlds, and measur'd infinite, no more ?  
 Where, rears His terminating pillar high  
 Its extra-mundane head ? and says, to gods,  
 In characters illustrious as the sun,—

“ I stand, the plan's proud period ; I pronounce  
 The work accomplish'd ; the creation clos'd : 1530  
 Shout, all ye gods ! nor shout ye gods alone ;  
 Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,  
 That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, resound !  
 Resound ! resound ! ye depths, and heights, resound ! ”

Hard are those questions !—answer harder still.  
 Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,  
 The solitary son of pow'r divine ?  
 Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,

Impregnated the womb of distant space ? 1539  
 Has He not bid, in various provinces,  
 Brother-creations the dark bowels burst  
 Of night primeval ; barren, now, no more ?  
 And He the central sun, transpiercing all  
 Those giant generations, which disport  
 And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray ;  
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,  
 In that abyss of horror, whence they sprung ;  
 While Chaos triumphs, repossess'd of all  
 Rival Creation ravish'd from his throne ?  
 Chaos ! of Nature both the womb, and grave ! 1550  
 Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too wide ?  
 Is this extravagant ?—No ; this is just ;  
 Just, in conjecture, though 'twere false in fact.  
 If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung  
 From noble root, high thought of the Most High.  
 But wherefore error ? who can prove it such ?—  
 He that can set Omnipotence a bound.  
 Can man conceive beyond what God can do ?  
 Nothing, but quite impossible is hard.  
 He summons into being, with like ease, 1560  
 A whole creation, and a single grain.  
 Speaks he the word ? a thousand worlds are born !  
 A thousand worlds ? there's space for millions more :  
 And in what space can his great fiat fail ?  
 Condemn me not, cold critic ! but indulge  
 The warm imagination : why condemn ?  
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts  
 With fuller admiration of that Pow'r,  
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell ?  
 Why not indulge in His augmented praise ? 1570  
 Darts not His glory a still brighter ray,  
 The less is left to Chaos, and the realms

Of hideous Night, where Fancy strays aghast ; 1578  
 And, though most talkative, makes no report ?

Still seems my thought enormous ? Think again ;—  
 Experience' self shall aid thy lame belief.

Glasses (that revelation to the sight !)

Have they not led us in the deep disclose

Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small,

And, though demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd ? 1580

If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount

In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,

To keep the balance, and creation poise ?

Defect alone can err on such a theme ;

What is too great, if we the cause survey ?

Stupendous Architect ! Thou, Thou art all !

My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,

And finds herself but at the centre still !

I AM, thy name ! Existence, all thine own !

Creation's nothing ; flatter'd much, if styl'd 1590

“ The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.”

O for the voice—of what ? of whom ?—What voice

Can answer to my wants, in such ascent,

As dares to deem one universe too small ?

Tell me, Lorenzo ! (for now fancy glows ;

Fir'd in the vortex of almighty power)

Is not this home creation, in the map

Of universal nature, as a speck,

Like fair Britannia in our little ball ;

Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size, 1600

But, elsewhere, far outmeasur'd, far outshone ?

In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)

Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost

Too small for notice, in the vast of being ;

Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuilt space

From other realms ; from ample continents

Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell ; 1607  
 Less northern, less remote from Deity,  
 Glowing beneath the line of the Supreme ;  
 Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth  
 Luxuriant growths ; nor the late autumn wait  
 Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods ?

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these ?  
 Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess  
 The bounds of man ; nor blame them, as too small.  
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen ?  
 Full ample the dominions of the sun !  
 Full glorious to behold ! How far, how wide,  
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne, 1619  
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,  
 Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,  
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires !  
 This Heliopolis,<sup>1</sup> by greater far,  
 Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built ;  
 And He alone, who built it, can destroy.  
 Beyond this city, why strays human thought ?  
 One wonderful, enough for man to know !  
 One infinite ! enough for man to range !  
 One firmament, enough for man to read !  
 O what voluminous instruction here ! 1630  
 What page of wisdom is denied him ? None ;  
 If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.  
 Nor is instruction, here, our only gain ;  
 There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,  
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.  
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole !  
 With what authority it gives its charge,  
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,  
 Though silent, loud ! heard earth around ; above

<sup>1</sup> 'Heliopolis : ' meaning the *City of the Sun*.

The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell ; 1640  
 Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.  
 Is earth, then, more infernal ? Has she those,  
 Who neither praise (Lorenzo !) nor admire ?  
 Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,  
 Ne'er ask'd the moon one question ; never held  
 Least correspondence with a single star ;  
 Ne'er rear'd an altar to the Queen of Heav'n  
 Walking in brightness ; or her train ador'd.  
 Their sublunary rivals have long since  
 Engross'd his whole devotion ; stars malign, 1650  
 Which made the fond astronomer run mad ;  
 Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart ;  
 Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace  
 To momentary madness, call'd delight.  
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd  
 The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out  
 The blood to Jove !—O Thou, to whom belongs  
 All sacrifice ! O Thou Great Jove unfeign'd !  
 Divine Instructor ! Thy first volume, this,  
 For man's perusal ; all in capitals ! 1660  
 In moon, and stars (heav'n's golden alphabet !)  
 Emblaz'd to seize the sight ; who runs, may read ;  
 Who reads, can understand. 'Tis unconfi'd  
 To Christian land, or Jewry ; fairly writ,  
 In language universal, to mankind :  
 A language, lofty to the learn'd : yet plain  
 To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,  
 Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.  
 A language, worthy the Great Mind, that speaks !  
 Preface, and comment, to the sacred page ! 1670  
 Which oft refers its reader to the skies,  
 As presupposing his first lesson there,  
 And Scripture self a fragment, that unread.



Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise! 1674

Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.

By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!

Yet more I wish; but how shall I prevail?

Say, gentle Night! whose modest, maiden beams

Give us a new creation, and present

The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;

Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,

Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key 1682

Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view

Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day

Behind the proud and envious star of noon!

Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and show

The mighty Potentate, to whom belong

These rich regalia pompously display'd

To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,<sup>1</sup>

I gaze around; I search on every side— 169

O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!

As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,

Pants for the living stream; for Him who made her,

So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank

Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?

Where blazes His bright court? where burns His throne?

Thou know'st; for thou art near Him; by thee, round

His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports

The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none

Of thy fair daughter train, so swift of wing, 1700

Who travel far, discover where He dwells?

A star His dwelling pointed out below.

Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!

And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!

Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,

<sup>1</sup> 'Him of Uz:' referring to Job's language, 'Oh that I knew where I might find him!' &c.

And bring them out of tempest into port ! 1706  
 On which hand must I bend my course to find Him ?  
 These courtiers keep the secret of their King ;  
 I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake ; and, waking, climb Night's radiant scale,  
 From sphere to sphere ; the steps by nature set  
 For man's ascent ; at once to tempt and aid ;  
 To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought ; 1713  
 Till it arrives at the great goal of all.

In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,  
 From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.  
 How swift I mount ! Diminish'd earth recedes ;  
 I pass the moon ; and, from her farther side,  
 Pierce heav'n's blue curtain ; strike into remote ;  
 Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage 1720  
 His artificial, airy journey takes,  
 And to celestial lengthens human sight.  
 I pause at every planet on my road,  
 And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll,  
 Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,  
 In which, of earths an army might be lost,  
 With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,  
 Amid those sov'reign glories of the skies,  
 Of independent, native lustre, proud ;  
 The souls of systems ! and the lords of life, 1730  
 Through their wide empires !—What behold I now ?  
 A wilderness of wonder burning round ;  
 Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres ;  
 Perhaps the villas of descending gods ;  
 Nor halt I here ; my toil is but begun ;  
 'Tis but the threshold of the Deity ;  
 Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.  
 Nor is it strange ; I built on a mistake ;  
 The grandeur of his works, whence folly sought

For aid, to reason sets his glory higher ; 1740  
 Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to Him),  
 Oh, where, Lorenzo ! must the Builder dwell ?  
 Pause, then ; and, for a moment, here respire—  
 If human thought can keep its station here.  
 Where am I ?—Where is earth ?—Nay, where art thou,  
 O sun ?—Is the sun turn'd recluse ?—and are  
 His boasted expeditions short to mine ?—  
 To mine, how short ! On nature's Alps I stand,  
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath !  
 A thousand systems ! as a thousand grains ! 1750  
 So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd,  
 How can man's curious spirit not inquire,  
 What are the natives of this world sublime,  
 Of this so foreign, unterrestrial sphere,  
 Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd ?  
 " O ye, as distant from my little home,  
 As swiftest sunbeams in an age can fly !  
 Far from my native element I roam,  
 In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.  
 What province this, of His immense domain, 1760  
 Whom all obeys ? Or mortals here, or gods ?  
 Ye bord'ers on the coasts of bliss ! what are you ?  
 A colony from heav'n ? or, only rais'd,  
 By frequent visit from heav'n's neighbouring realms,  
 To secondary gods, and half divine ?—  
 Whate'er your nature, this is past dispute,  
 Far other life you live, far other tongue  
 You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,  
 Than man. How various are the works of God !  
 But say, what thought ? Is Reason here enthron'd, 1770  
 And absolute ? or Sense in arms against her ?  
 Have you two lights ? Or need you no reveal'd ?  
 Enjoy your happy realms their golden age ?

And had your Eden an abstemious Eve ? 1774  
 Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,  
 And ask their Adams—' Who would not be wise ?'  
 Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd ?  
 And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer scorn'd ?  
 Is this your final residence ? If not,  
 Change you your scene, translated ? or by death ?  
 And if by death ; what death ?—Know you disease ?  
 Or horrid war ?—With war, this fatal hour, 1792  
 Europa groans (so call we a small field,  
 Where kings run mad). In our world, Death deposes  
 Intemperance to do the work of Age ;  
 And hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,  
 As slow of execution, for despatch  
 Sends forth imperial butchers ; bids them slay  
 Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before),  
 And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.  
 Sit all your executioners on thrones ?  
 With you, can rage for plunder make a god ?  
 And bloodshed wash out every other stain ?—  
 But you, perhaps, can't bleed : from matter gross  
 Your spirits clean, are delicately clad  
 In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,  
 Unloaded, uninfected ; how unlike  
 The lot of man ! how few of human race  
 By their own mud unmurder'd ! how we wage  
 Self-war eternal !—Is your painful day 1800  
 Of hardy conflict o'er ? or, are you still  
 Raw candidates at school ? and have you those  
 Who disaffect reversions, as with us ?—  
 But what are we ? You never heard of man ;  
 Or earth, the bedlam of the universe !  
 Where Reason (undiseas'd with you) runs mad,  
 And nurses Folly's children as her own ;



Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount 1808  
 Of holiness, where Reason is pronounc'd  
 Infallible ; and thunders, like a god ;  
 Even there, by saints, the demons are outdone ;  
 What these think wrong, our saints refine to right ;  
 And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts ;  
 Satan, instructed, o'er their morals smiles.—  
 But this, how strange to you, who know not man !  
 Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd ?  
 Call'd here Elijah in his flaming car ?  
 Pass'd by you the good Enoch, on his road  
 To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd ;  
 Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent, 1820  
 Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall  
 A short eclipse from his portentous shade ?  
 O that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb  
 Athwart his way ; nor reach'd his present home,  
 Then blacken'd earth with footsteps foul'd in hell,  
 Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he pass'd  
 To Britain's isle ; too, too, conspicuous there !”  
 But this is all digression : where is He,  
 That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd  
 To groans, and chains, and darkness ? Where is He, 1830  
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale ?  
 He, whom, while man is man, he can't but seek ;  
 And if he finds, commences more than man ?  
 O for a telescope His throne to reach !  
 Tell me, ye learn'd on earth ! or blest above !  
 Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels ! tell,  
 Where, your Great Master's orb ? His planets, where ?  
 Those conscious satellites, those morning stars,  
 First-born of Deity ! from central love,  
 By veneration most profound, thrown off ; 1840  
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn ;



Aw'd, and yet raptur'd ; raptur'd, yet serene ; 1842  
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams ;  
 In still approaching circles, still remote,  
 Revolving round the sun's eternal Sire ?  
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies  
 To nations—in what latitude ?—Beyond  
 Terrestrial thought's horizon !—And on what  
 High errands sent ?—Here human effort ends ;  
 And leaves me still a stranger to His throne. 1850

Full well it might ! I quite mistook my road.  
 Born in an age more curious than devout ;  
 More fond to fix the place of heav'n, or hell,  
 Than studious this to shun, or that secure.  
 'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,  
 That leads me to my point : Lorenzo ! know,  
 Without or star, or angel, for their guide,  
 Who worship God, shall find him. Humble Love,  
 And not proud Reason, keeps the door of heav'n ;  
 Love finds admission, where proud Science fails. 1860  
 Man's science is the culture of his heart ;  
 And not to lose his plummet in the depths  
 Of nature, or the more profound of God.  
 Either to know, is an attempt that sets  
 The wisest on a level with the fool.  
 To fathom nature (ill attempted here !)  
 Past doubt is deep philosophy above ;  
 Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,  
 As deeper learn'd ; the deepest, learning still.  
 For, what a thunder of omnipotence 1870  
 (So might I dare to speak) is seen in all !  
 In man ! in earth ! in more amazing skies !  
 Teaching this lesson, Pride is loath to learn—  
 “ Not deeply to discern, not much to know,  
 Mankind was born to wonder, and adore.”

And is there cause for higher wonder still, 1876  
 Than that which struck us from our past surveys ?  
 Yes ; and for deeper adoration too.  
 From my late airy travel unconfin'd,  
 Have I learn'd nothing ?—Yes, Lorenzo ! this :  
 Each of these stars is a religious house ;  
 I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise ;  
 And heard hosannas ring through every sphere, 1883  
 A seminary fraught with future gods.  
 Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,  
 Teeming with growths immortal, and divine.  
 The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand  
 Leaves nothing waste ; but sows these fiery fields  
 With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise  
 Beneath His genial ray ; and, if escap'd 1890  
 The pestilential blasts of stubborn will,  
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.  
 And is devotion thought too much on earth,  
 When beings, so superior, homage boast,  
 And triumph in prostrations to the Throne ?  
 But wherefore more of planets, or of stars ?  
 Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,  
 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,  
 All nature sending incense to the Throne,  
 Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere ? 1900  
 Opening the solemn sources of my soul,  
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,<sup>1</sup>  
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,  
 Nor see, of fancy, or of fact, what more  
 Invites the Muse.—Here turn we, and review  
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide :—then say,  
 Say, then, Lorenzo ! with what burst of heart,  
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,

<sup>1</sup> ' Eridanus,' or Phaeton : famous for his fall from the chariot of the sun.

Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast ? 1900  
 "Oh, what a root! Oh, what a branch, is here!  
 Oh, what a Father! what a family!  
 Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,  
 In one agglomerated cluster, hung,  
 Great Vine!<sup>1</sup> on Thee, on Thee the cluster hangs;  
 The filial cluster! infinitely spread  
 In glowing globes, with various being fraught;  
 And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.  
 Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)  
 A constellation of ten thousand gems,  
 (And, oh! of what dimension! of what weight!) 1920  
 Set in one signet, flames on the right hand  
 Of Majesty Divine! The blazing seal,  
 That deeply stamps, on all created mind,  
 Indelible, His sov'reign attributes,  
 Omnipotence, and love! that, passing bound:  
 And this, surpassing that. Nor stop we here,  
 For want of power in God, but thought in man.  
 Even this acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt:  
 If greater aught, that greater all is Thine,  
 Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of Thee; 1930  
 And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,  
 In which archangels might have fail'd unblam'd."  
 How such ideas of th' Almighty's pow'r,  
 And such ideas of th' Almighty's plan  
 (Ideas not absurd), distend the thought  
 Of feeble mortals! Nor of them alone!  
 The fulness of the Deity breaks forth  
 In inconceivables to men, and gods.  
 Think, then, oh, think; nor ever drop the thought;  
 How low must man descend, when gods adore! 1940  
 Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?

<sup>1</sup> 'Great Vine:' John xv. 1.

Did I not tell thee, " We would mount, Lorenzo ! 1942  
 And kindle our devotion at the stars " ?

And have I fail'd ? and did I flatter thee ?  
 And art all adamant ? and dost confute  
 All urg'd, with one irrefragable smile ?  
 Lorenzo ! mirth how miserable here !  
 Swear by the stars, by Him who made them, swear,  
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as they :  
 Then thou, like them, shalt shine ; like them, shalt rise  
 From low to lofty ; from obscure to bright ; 1951  
 By due gradation, Nature's sacred law.

The stars, from whence ?—Ask Chaos—he can tell.  
 These bright temptations to idolatry,  
 From darkness, and confusion, took their birth ;  
 Sons of deformity ! from fluid dregs  
 Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude ;  
 And then, to spheres opaque ; then dimly shone ;  
 Then brighten'd ; then blaz'd out in perfect day.  
 Nature delights in progress ; in advance 1960  
 From worse to better : but, when minds ascend,  
 Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.  
 Heav'n aids exertion ; greater makes the great ;  
 The voluntary little lessens more.

Oh, be a man ! and thou shalt be a god !  
 And half self-made !—Ambition how divine !  
 O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone !  
 Still undevout ? unkindled ?—Though high-taught,  
 School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars ;  
 Rank coward to the fashionable world ! 1970

Art thou asham'd to bend thy knee to heaven ?  
 Curs'd fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell !  
 Pride in religion is man's highest praise.  
 Bent on destruction ! and in love with death !  
 Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,



Were half so sad, as one benighted mind, 1976  
 Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.  
 How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,  
 Amid her glimm'ring tapers, silent sits!  
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps  
 Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!  
 A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul,  
 All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive. 1983

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye :  
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest ?  
 Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,  
 To tell the rational, who gazes on it—  
 " Though that immensely great, still greater He,  
 Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,  
 Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme ; 1990  
 Can grasp creation with a single thought ;  
 Creation grasp ; and not exclude its Sire"—  
 To tell him farther—" It behoves him much  
 To guard th' important, yet depending, fate  
 Of being, brighter than a thousand suns :  
 One single ray of thought outshines them all."—  
 And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar  
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing,  
 His purple wing bedropp'd with eyes of gold,  
 Rising, where thought is now denied to rise, 2000  
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist ?—No mortal ever liv'd  
 But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are true)  
 The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain ;  
 Vain, and far worse !—Think thou, with dying men ;  
 Oh, condescend to think as angels think !  
 Oh, tolerate a chance for happiness !  
 Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate ;  
 And hell had been, though there had been no God.



Dost thou not know, my new astronomer ! 2010

Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man ?

Man, turning from his God, brings endless night ;

Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend,

Amend no manners, and expect no peace.

How deep the darkness ! and the groan, how loud !

And far, how far, from lambent are the flames !—

Such is Lorenzo's purchase ! such his praise !

The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise !

Though in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,

I've half read o'er the volume of the skies. 2020

For think not thou hast heard all this from me ;

My song but echoes what great Nature speaks.

What has she spoken ? Thus the goddess spoke,

Thus speaks for ever :—“ Place, at nature's head,

A sov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,

Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,

But, above all, diffuses endless good ;

To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly ;

The vile, for mercy ; and the pain'd, for peace ;

By whom, the various tenants of these spheres, 2030

Diversified in fortunes, place, and pow'rs,

Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,

Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)

At that bless'd fountain-head, from which they stream ;

Where conflict past redoubles present joy ;

And present joy looks forward on increase ;

And that, on more ; no period ! every step

A double boon ! a promise, and a bliss.”

How easy sits this scheme on human hearts !

It suits their make ; it soothes their vast desires ; 2040

Passion is pleas'd ; and Reason asks no more ;

'Tis rational ! 'tis great !—But what is thine ?

It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !

Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,      2044  
 Sinking from bad to worse ; few years, the sport  
 Of Fortune ; then the morsel of Despair.

Say, then, Lorenzo ! (for thou know'st it well)  
 What's vice ?—Mere want of compass in our thought.  
 Religion, what ?—The proof of common sense.  
 How art thou hooted, where the least prevails !  
 Is it my fault, if these truths call thee fool ?  
 And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.      2052

Can neither shame, nor terror, stand thy friend ;  
 And art thou still an insect in the mire ?  
 How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown ;  
 Snatch'd thee from earth ; escorted thee through all  
 Th' ethereal armies ; walk'd thee, like a god,  
 Through splendours of first magnitude, arrang'd  
 On either hand ; clouds thrown beneath thy feet ;  
 Close cruis'd on the bright paradise of God ;      2060  
 And almost introduc'd thee to the Throne !

And art thou still carousing, for delight,  
 Rank poison ; first, fermenting to mere froth,  
 And then subsiding into final gall ?  
 To beings of sublime, immortal make,  
 How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure !  
 Such joy, more shocking still, the more it charms !  
 And dost thou choose what ends ere well begun ;  
 And infamous, as short ? And dost thou choose  
 (Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet)      2070

To wade into perdition, through contempt,  
 Not of poor bigots only, but thy own ?  
 For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,  
 And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow ;  
 For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,  
 Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.

O thou most awful being, and most vain !

Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy pow'r! 2078  
 Though dread eternity has sown her seeds  
 Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;  
 Though heav'n, and hell, depend upon thy choice:  
 A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.  
 Is this the picture of a rational?  
 This horrid image, shall it be most just?  
 Lorenzo! no: it cannot,—shall not, be,  
 If there is force in reason; or, in sounds  
 Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,  
 A magic, at this planetary hour,  
 When slumber locks the general lip, and dreams  
 Through senseless mazes hunt souls uninspir'd. 2090  
 Attend—the sacred mysteries begin—  
 My solemn night-born adjuration hear;  
 Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust;  
 While the stars gaze on this enchantment new;  
 Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!  
 “By silence, Death's peculiar attribute;  
 By darkness, Guilt's inevitable doom;  
 By Darkness, and by Silence, sisters dread!  
 That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,  
 And raise ideas, solemn as the scene! 2100  
 By Night, and all of awful, Night presents  
 To thought, or sense (of awful much, to both,  
 The goddess brings)! By these her trembling fires,  
 Like Vesta's, ever burning; and, like hers,  
 Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!  
 By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,  
 And press thee to revere, the Deity;  
 Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,  
 To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,  
 Through which, at different periods, she shall pass, 2110  
 Refining gradual, for her final height,

And purging off some dross at every sphere ! 2112  
 By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world !  
 By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,  
 From short ambition's zenith set for ever ;  
 Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom !  
 By the long list of swift mortality,  
 From Adam downward to this evening knell,  
 Which midnight waves in Fancy's startled eye ;  
 And shocks her with an hundred centuries, 2120  
 Round Death's black banner throng'd, in human thought !  
 By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,  
 And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear !  
 By tombs o'er tombs arising ; human earth  
 Ejected, to make room for—human earth ;  
 The monarch's terror ! and the sexton's trade !  
 By pompous obsequies that shun the day,  
 The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,  
 Which makes poor man's humiliation proud ;  
 Boast of our ruin ! triumph of our dust ! 2130  
 By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones ;  
 And the pale lamp that shows the ghastly dead,  
 More ghastly, through the thick incumbent gloom !  
 By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,  
 The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grave !  
 By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan  
 For the grave's shelter ! By desponding men,  
 Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !  
 By guilt's last audit ! By yon moon in blood,  
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars, 2140  
 And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell !  
 By second chaos ; and eternal night"—  
 Be wise—nor let Philander blame my charm ;  
 But own not ill discharg'd my double debt,  
 Love to the living ; duty to the dead.



For know I'm but executor ; he left 2146  
 This moral legacy ; I make it o'er  
 By his command ; Philander hear in me ;  
 And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to these, oh ! hear  
 Florello's tender voice ; his weal depends  
 On thy resolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;  
 For his sake—love thyself. Example strikes  
 All human hearts ; a bad example more ; 2153  
 More still a father's ; that ensures his ruin.  
 As parent of his being, would'st thou prove  
 Th' unnatural parent of his miseries,  
 And make him curse the being which thou gav'st ?  
 Is this the blessing of so fond a father ?  
 If careless of Lorenzo ! spare, oh ! spare  
 Florello's father, and Philander's friend ! 2160  
 Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him ;  
 And from Philander's friend the world expects  
 A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.  
 Let passion do, what nobler motive should ;  
 Let love, and emulation, rise in aid  
 To reason ; and persuade thee to be—blest.  
 This seems not a request to be denied ;  
 Yet (such th' infatuation of mankind !)  
 'Tis the most hopeless, man can make to man.  
 Shall I then rise, in argument, and warmth ? 2170  
 And urge Philander's posthumous advice,  
 From topics yet unbroach'd ?——  
 But, oh ! I faint ! my spirits fail !—Nor strange !  
 So long on wing, and in no middle clime !  
 To which my great Creator's glory call'd :  
 And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand  
 Has strok'd my drooping lips, and promises  
 My long arrear of rest ; the downy god  
 (Wont to return with our returning peace)



Will pay, ere long, and bless me with repose. 2180  
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger ! from the peasant's cot,  
 The shipboy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,  
 Whence sorrow never chas'd thee ; with thee bring,  
 Not hideous visions, as of late ; but draughts  
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest ;  
 Man's rich restorative ; his balmy bath,  
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play  
 The various movements of this nice machine,  
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.  
 When tir'd with vain rotations of the day, 2190  
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn ;  
 Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,  
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.  
 When will it end with me ?

——“ Thou only know'st,  
 Thou, whose broad eye the future, and the past,  
 Joins to the present ; making one of three  
 To moral thought ! Thou know'st, and Thou alone,  
 All-knowing !—all unknown !—and yet well known !  
 Near, though remote ! and, though unfathom'd, felt ! 2200  
 And, though invisible, for ever seen !  
 And seen in all ! the great and the minute :  
 Each globe above, with its gigantic race,  
 Each flow'r, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,  
 (Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence !)  
 To the first thought, that asks, ' From whence ? ' declare  
 Their common source. Thou Fountain, running o'er  
 In rivers of communicated joy !  
 Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes !  
 Say, by what name shall I presume to call 2210  
 Him I see burning in these countless suns,  
 As Moses, in the bush ? Illustrious Mind !  
 The whole creation, less, far less, to Thee,

Than that to the creation's ample round. 2214

How shall I name Thee?—How my labouring soul  
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

“ Great System of perfections! Mighty Cause  
Of causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! sole Root  
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God!

First Father of effects! that progeny  
Of endless series; where the golden chain's  
Last link admits a period, who can tell? 2222

Father of all that is or heard, or hears!

Father of all that is or seen, or sees!

Father of all that is, or shall arise!

Father of this immeasurable mass

Of matter multiform; or dense, or rare;

Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;

Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme

Of like amaze, and mystery, to man. 2280

Father of these bright millions of the night!

Of which the least full godhead had proclaim'd,

And thrown the gazer on his knee—or, say,

Is appellation higher still, Thy choice?

Father of matter's temporary lords!

Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks

Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd

With various measures, and with various modes

Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams

More pale, or bright from day divine, to break 2240

The dark of matter organiz'd (the ware

Of all created spirit); beams, that rise

Each over other in superior light,

Till the last ripens into lustre strong,

Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond

(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)

Of intellectual beings! beings bless'd

With pow'rs to please Thee ; not of passive ply 2248  
 To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in seats  
 Of well-adapted joys, in different domes  
 Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;  
 Of this proud, populous, well policied,  
 Though boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee :  
 Whose several clans their several climates suit ;  
 And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.  
 Or, oh ! indulge, immortal King, indulge  
 A title, less august indeed, but more  
 Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !  
 Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts !  
 Father of immortality to man ! 2260

A theme that lately<sup>1</sup> set my soul on fire.—  
 And Thou the next ! yet equal ! Thou, by whom  
 That blessing was convey'd ; far more ! was bought ;  
 Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds  
 Were made ; and one redeem'd ! illustrious Light  
 From Light illustrious ! Thou, whose regal pow'r,  
 Finite in time, but infinite in space,  
 On more than adamantine basis fix'd,  
 O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,  
 Inviolably reigns ; the dread of gods ! 2270

And oh ! the friend of man ! beneath whose foot,  
 And by the mandate of whose awful nod,  
 All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,  
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll  
 Through the short channels of expiring time,  
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,  
 Calm, or tempestuous (as thy Spirit breathes),  
 In absolute subjection !—And, O Thou  
 The glorious Third ! distinct, not separate !  
 Beaming from both ! with both incorporate ; 2280

<sup>1</sup> ' Lately : ' Nights Sixth and Seventh.

And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust! 2281  
 By condescension, as Thy glory, great,  
 Enshrin'd in man! Of human hearts, if pure,  
 Divine inhabitant! The tie divine  
 Of heav'n with distant earth! by whom, I trust  
 (If not inspir'd), uncensur'd this address  
 To Thee, to Them—to whom?—Mysterious Pow'r!  
 Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light;  
 Number in unity! our joy! our dread!  
 The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin! 2296  
 That animates all right, the triple sun!  
 Sun of the soul! her never-setting sun!  
 Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,  
 Absconding, yet demonstrable, Great God!  
 Greater than greatest! better than the best!  
 Kinder than kindest! with soft pity's eye,  
 Or (stronger still to speak it) with Thine own,  
 From Thy bright home, from that high firmament,  
 Where Thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;  
 Beyond archangels' unassisted ken; 2300  
 From far above what mortals highest call;  
 From elevation's pinnacle; look down,  
 Through—what? Confounding interval! through all  
 And more than labouring Fancy can conceive;  
 Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;  
 Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd  
 Round various banners of Omnipotence,  
 With endless change of rapt'rous duties fir'd;  
 Through wondrous being's interposing swarms,  
 All clust'ring at the call, to dwell in Thee; 2310  
 Through this wide waste of worlds! this vista vast,  
 All sanded o'er with suns; suns turn'd to night  
 Before thy feeblest beam—Look down—down—down,  
 On a poor breathing particle in dust,



Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes. 2315  
 His crimes forgive ! forgive his virtues, too !  
 Those smaller faults, half converts to the right.  
 Nor let me close these eyes, which never more  
 May see the sun (though night's descending scale  
 Now weighs up morn), unpitied, and unblest !  
 In Thy displeasure dwells eternal pain ;  
 Pain, our aversion ; pain, which strikes me now ;  
 And, since all pain is terrible to man, 2323  
 Though transient, terrible ; at Thy good hour,  
 Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,  
 My clay-cold bed ! by nature, now, so near ;  
 By nature, near ; still nearer by disease !  
 Till then, be this an emblem of my grave :  
 Let it out-preach the preacher ; every night  
 Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear ;<sup>1</sup> 2330  
 That tongue of death ! that herald of the tomb !  
 And when (the shelter of Thy wing implor'd)  
 My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,  
 Oh, sink this truth still deeper in my soul,  
 Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by fate,  
 First, in Fate's volume, at the page of man—  
 Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,  
 From side to side, can rest on naught but Thee :  
 Here, in full trust, hereafter, in full joy ;  
 On Thee, the promis'd, sure, eternal down 2340  
 Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.  
 Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond ;  
 For—Love almighty ! Love almighty ! (sing,  
 Exult, creation !) Love almighty, reigns !  
 That death of Death ! that cordial of despair !  
 And loud Eternity's triumphant song !

“ Of whom, no more :—For, O thou Patron-God !

<sup>1</sup> ‘ Philip's ear : ’ ‘ Remember, Philip, thou art mortal. ’



Thou God and mortal! thence more God to man! 2318  
 Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!  
 Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise.  
 Uninjur'd from our praise can He escape,  
 Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows  
 The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth!  
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!  
 Against the cross, Death's iron sceptre breaks!  
 From famish'd Ruin plucks her human prey!  
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!  
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,  
 Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!  
 And, if deep human guilt in payment fails; 2360  
 As deeper guilt prohibits our despair!  
 Enjoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!  
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,  
 Takes his delights among the sons of men."<sup>1</sup>

What words are these—and did they come from heav'n?  
 And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?  
 What are all mysteries to love like this?  
 The songs of angels, all the melodies  
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;  
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart; 2370  
 Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night:  
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy!  
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral Muse,  
 How justly titled!<sup>2</sup> Nor for me alone:  
 For all that read; what spirit of support,  
 What heights of Consolation, crown my song!

Then, farewell Night! of darkness, now, no more:  
 Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day.  
 Shall that which rises out of naught complain 2380

<sup>1</sup> Prov. viii. 31. — <sup>2</sup> 'Titled:' The Consolation.

Of a few evils, paid with endless joys ? 2381  
 My soul ! henceforth, in sweetest union join  
 The two supports of human happiness,  
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet ;  
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death !  
 The thought of death, sole victor of its dread !  
 Hope, be thy joy ; and probity thy skill ;  
 Thy patron He, whose diadem has dropp'd  
 Yon gems of heav'n ; eternity, thy prize :  
 And leave the racers of the world their own, 2390  
 Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils :  
 They part with all for that which is not bread ;  
 They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, pow'r ;  
 And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.  
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,—  
 Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,—  
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,  
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,  
 Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves !  
 And when our present privilege is past, 2400  
 To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,  
 The same astonishment will seize us all.  
 What then must pain us, would preserve us now.  
 Lorenzo ! 'tis not yet too late ; Lorenzo !  
 Seize Wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise ;  
 That is, seize Wisdom, ere she seizes thee.  
 For what, my small philosopher ! is hell ?  
 'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth,  
 When Truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe ;  
 And calls Eternity to do her right. 2410

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,  
 And sacred silence whisp'ring truths divine,  
 And truths divine converting pain to peace,  
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,

And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes, 2415  
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,  
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight  
 Of fancy, when our hearts remain below ?  
 Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes ;  
 'Tis pride, to praise her ; penance, to perform.  
 To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,  
 Lorenzo ! rise, at this auspicious hour ;  
 An hour, when Heav'n's most intimate with man ;  
 When, like a fallen star, the ray divine  
 Glides swift into the bosom of the just ; 2425  
 And just are all, determin'd to reclaim ;  
 Which sets that title high within thy reach.  
 Awake, then ; thy Philander calls : awake !  
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps ;  
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire ;  
 When Time, like him of Gaza<sup>1</sup> in his wrath,  
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,  
 In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd ;  
 And Midnight, universal Midnight ! reigns. 2434

<sup>1</sup> ' Him of Gaza : ' Samsen.

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