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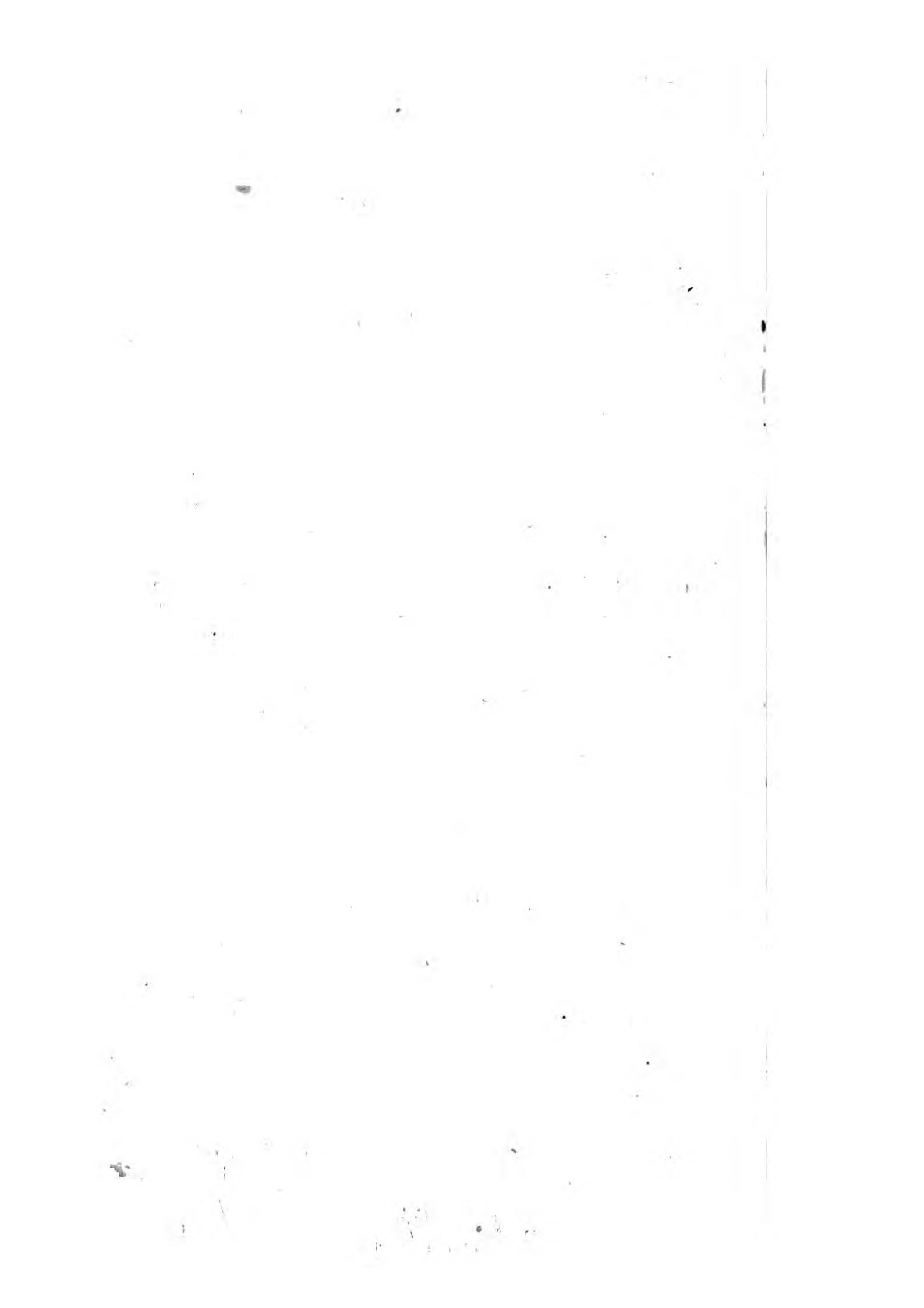
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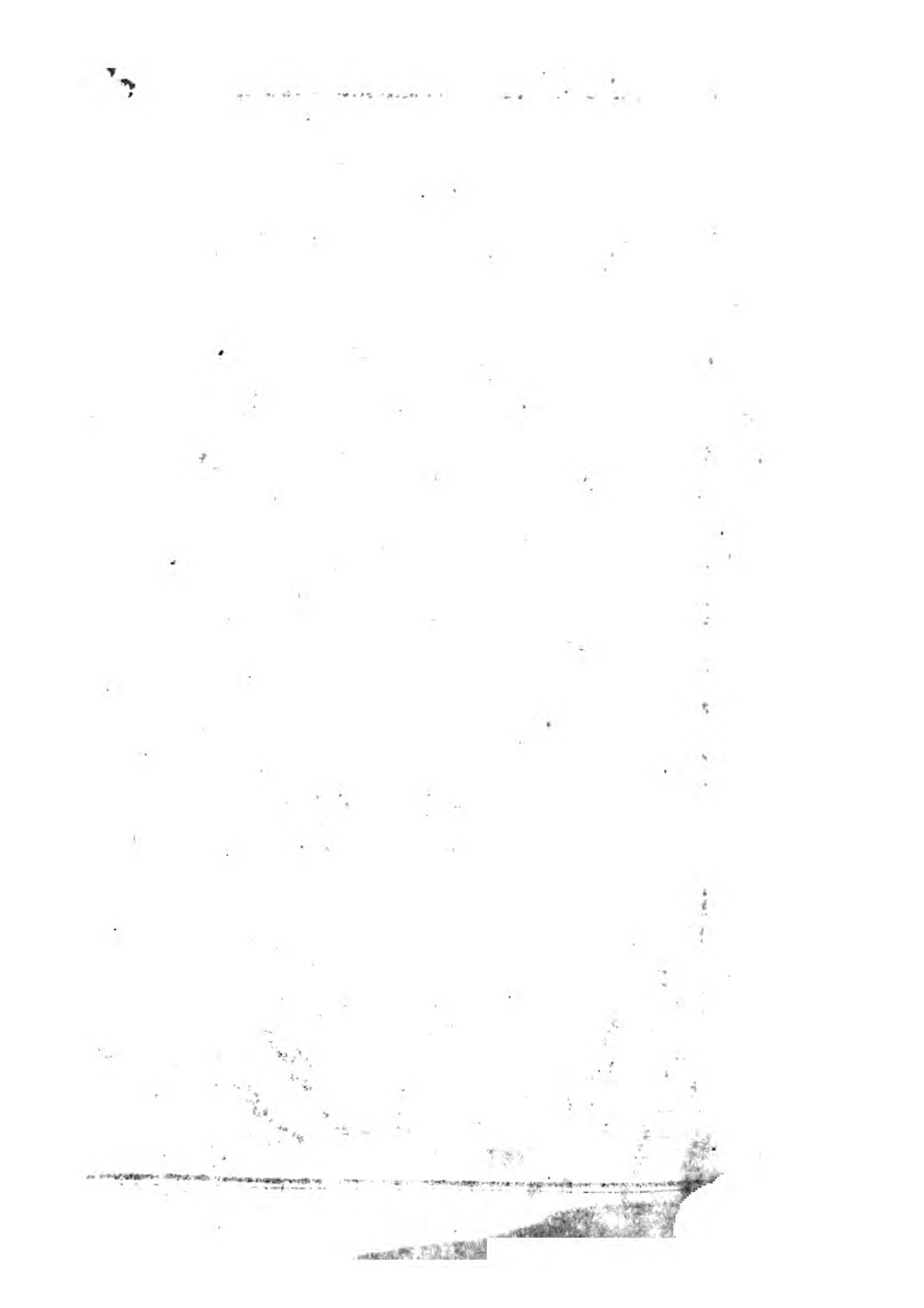
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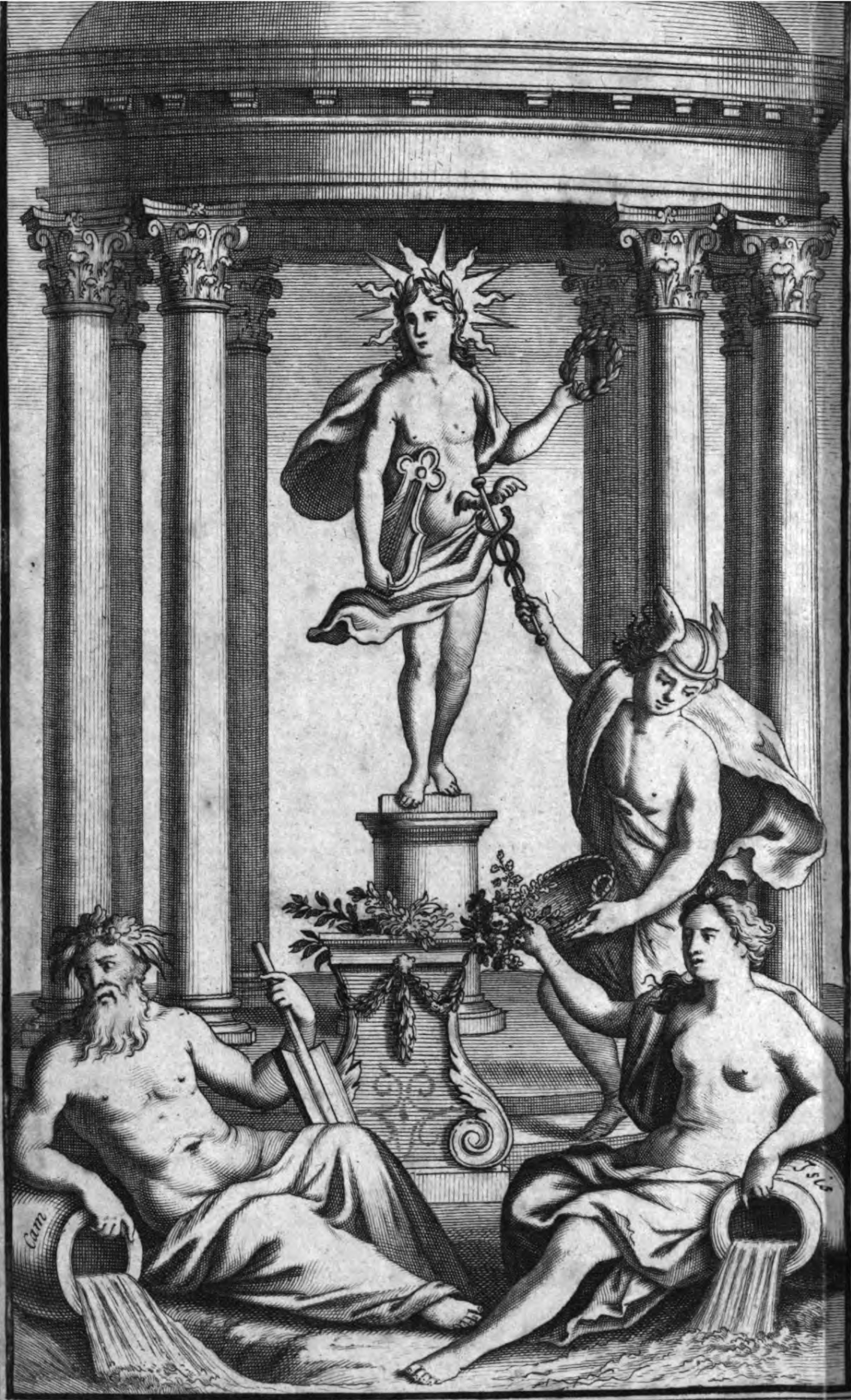
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M. V. de Gucht Sculp.

OXFORD  
AND  
CAMBRIDGE  
MISCELLANY  
POEMS.

---

*Floribus insidunt variis.*

Virg. *Æn.* 6.

---

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the *Cross-Keys*,  
between the *Two Temple-Gates*, in *Fleet-street*.

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OXFORD

AND

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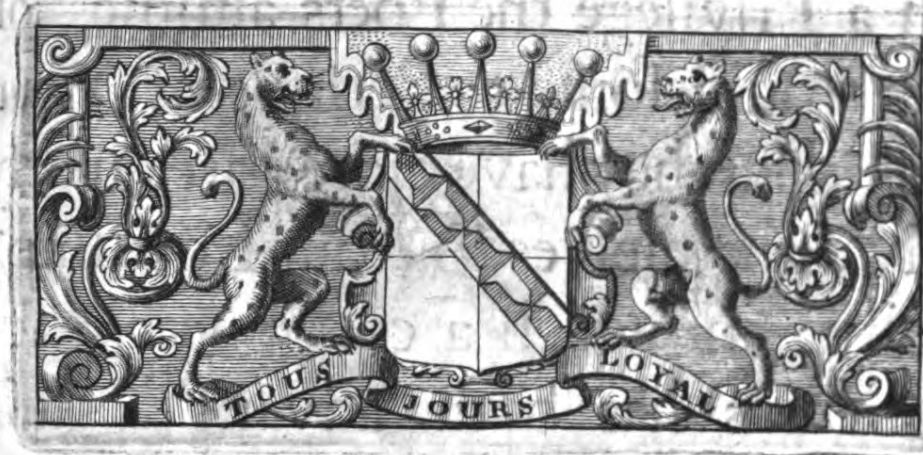
PHYSICS

There is a slight error

in the

LONDON

Printed for ERNARD LUTON. Between the Two Towers



To the Right Honourable  
*LIONEL CRANFIELD,*  
EARL of  
*Dorset and Middlesex.*

*My* LORD,



Hope on Your Return  
from having been admir'd  
in foreign Courts to adorn  
our own, You will not be surpriz'd

A 2 with

# Epistle Dedicatory.

with a Privilege the Poets assume, of being troublesome to Persons of Your Rank. But they have more particularly apply'd themselves to Your Lordship's Family; in which a continued Race of Genius has both advanc'd their Art, and encourag'd its Professors. We owe the Rise of our *English* Tragedy to one of Your Lordship's Ancestors, who fix'd us second to the *Greek* Stage before *Shakespear* wrote. And, my Lord, Your Father came the nearest of all the Moderns to *Horace*, in the Sweetness and Gallantry of his *Lyricks*, and equal'd him in *Satyr*.

Thus the Stream flows pure in its Descent, to receive a farther Increase from Your Lordship. We read of a *Scipio* and a *Mecenas*, who us'd to soften the troublesome Honours  
of



## Epistle Dedicatory.

of State by conversing with the Muses ; and cherish'd those Arts of which they themselves were Masters: Yet as single Instances of this kind are not frequent, so the Vein is very seldom found to have continued a second Generation. But in Your Lordship's Line Nature seems Industrious to preserve the Genius of Poetry, by successively uniting Delicacy of Taste, and Brightness of Wit, with the greatest Abilities for Council and Action. Thus she reconciles the Seasons in her most generous Productions, by allowing 'em to bear Fruit and Blossoms together, and both in Perfection. These shining Qualities made Your Father the Delight and Wonder of his Age ; and had he not surviv'd himself in Your Lordship, he had been the Envy of

A 3                      ours.

## Epistle Dedicatory.

ours. The Praises which he receiv'd from the most refin'd Wits of our Nation have prov'd real Prophecies of You ; and 'tis with Pleasure we foresee that Posterity to deserve the highest Characters will form themselves on the Model of Your Family, and Copy from my Lords of DORSET as the finest Originals.

But, my Lord, I'm afraid I shall forfeit all Hopes of Your Patronage by violating Your Modesty ; and therefore I only beg Leave to add, That as the Cabinet and the Field have been happily supply'd, to render Her MAJESTY's Reign, at least, a Rival to Her Virgin-Predecessor's. So to complete the Parallel, it was necessary that You, my Lord, like another *Sidney* shou'd arise, to receive the softer Arts into Your Protection ;

# Epistle Dedicatory.

to excite the young Writers of this Age to attempt those Actions in Verse, which will shine so fairly Distinguished in our *British* Story.

*My LORD,*

*I am Your Lordship's*

*Most Humble, and*

*Most Obedient Servant,*

**E. Fenton.**



---



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ERRA.



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## ERRATA.

**P**Age 91. Line 1. for *Foaming*, read *Forming*. p. 96. l. 11. f. *Wounds*, r. *Mounds*. p. 156. l. 13. f. *heals*, r. *beats*. p. 175. l. 11. r. *Roof was*. p. 292. l. 3. f. *wond'ring*, r. *wounding*. p. 351. l. 7. r. *Heroick ways*. p. 361. l. 4. f. *bears*, r. *hears*. p. 203. l. the last, f. *Face*, r. *Fane*.

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FL O R E L I O.

A

PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of the Late

Marquis of B L A N D F O R D.

---

By Mr. F E N T O N.

---

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus,  
Tam cari capitis? Horat.*

---

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# FLORELIO.

A

## PASTORAL.

Lamenting the Death of the Late

Marquis of BLANDFORD.

---

By Mr. FENTON.

---



ASK not the Cause why all the tuneful

Swains,

Who us'd to fill the Vales with tender

Strains,

In deep Despair neglect the warb'ling Reed,

And all their bleating Flocks refuse to feed.

B

Ask

Ask not why Greens and Flow'rs so late appear  
 To cloath the Glebe, and deck the springing Year;  
 Why founds the Lawn with loud Laments and Cries,  
 While swoln with Tears to Floods the Riv'lets rise:

*The Fair Florelia now has left the Plain,  
 And is the Grief, who was the Grace, of ev'ry Bri-  
 tish Swain.*

For thee, lov'd Youth, on ev'ry Vale and Lawn.  
 The Nymphs, and all thy Fellow-Shepherds moan.  
 No more the Fawns in wanton Figures trip,  
 But stretch'd on prickly Beds o' Brambles weep.  
 On the cold Ground relenting Satyrs lie,  
 And with unufual Howlings fill the Sky.

The little Birds now cease to sing and love,  
 Silent they sit, and droop in ev'ry Grove:  
 No mounting Lark now warbles on the Wing,  
 Nor Linnets chirp to chear the fullen Spring.  
 Only the melancholly Turtles coo,  
 And *Philomel* by Night repeats her Woe.

O Char-

O Charmer o' the Shades! the Tale prolong,  
 Nor let the Morning interrupt thy Song:  
 Or softly tune thy tender Notes to mine,  
 Forgetting *Tereus*, make my Sorrows thine.

*Now the dear Youth has left the lonely Plain,  
 And is the Grief, who was the Grace, of ev'ry Bri-  
 tish Swain.*

Say, all ye Shades, where late he us'd to rest;  
 If e'er your Beds with lovelier Swain were prest;  
 Say all ye Silver Streams, if e'er ye bore  
 The Image o' so fair a Face before.

Ye Shades and Streams begin with me to mourn,  
 For never must the lovely Swain return:

And, as these flowing Tears increase your Tide,  
 O murmur for the Shepherd as ye glide!

Be sure, ye Rocks, while I my Grief disclose,

Let your sad Eccho's lengthen out my Woes:

Ye sighing Breezes bear the Accents on,

And whisp'ring tell the Woods *Florelia's* gone.



*For ever gone, and left the lonely Plain,  
And is the Grief, who was the Grace, of ev'ry Bri-  
tish Swain.*

Ripe Straw-berries for thee, and Peaches grew,  
Sweet to the Taste, and tempting red to view:  
The choicest Grapes we kept on ev'ry Tree,  
All on their funny sides did blush like thee.  
For thee the Rose put sweeter Purple on,  
Preventing, by her haste, the Summer-Sun.  
But now the Flow'rs all pale and blighted lie,  
And in cold Sweats o' sickly Mildew die.  
Nor can the Bees suck from the shriv'ld Blooms  
Ætherial Sweets to store their golden Combs.  
Oft on thy Lips they wou'd their Labours leave,  
And sweeter Odours from thy Mouth receive:  
Sweet as the Breath o' *Flora*, when she lies  
In *Jesmin* Shades, and for young *Zephyr* sighs.  
But now those Lips are cold, relentless Death  
Has chill'd their Charms, and stop'd thy balmy Breath.

Those

## MISCELLANY.

5

Those Eyes, where *Cupid* tip'd his Darts with Fire,  
And kindled in the coldest Nymphs Desire,  
Rob'd o' their Beams, in everlasting Night  
Are clos'd, and give us Woe as once Delight :

*And thou, dear Youth, hast left the lonely Plain,*

*And art the Grief, who wert the Grace, of ev'ry  
British Swain.*

As in his Bow'r the dying Shepherd lay,  
The Shepherd yet so young, and once so gay !  
The Nymphs that swim the Stream, and range the Wood,  
And haunt the flow'ry Meads, around him stood.  
There Tears down each fair Cheek unbounded fell,  
And as he gasp'd, they gave a sad Farewel.  
Softly (they cry'd) as sleeping Flow'rs are clos'd  
By *Night*, be thy dear Eyes by Death compos'd:  
A gentle Fall may thy young Beauties have,  
And golden Slumbers wait thee in the Grave:  
Yearly thy Hearse with Garlands we'll adorn,  
And teach young Nightingales for thee to mourn;

Bees love the Blooms, the Flocks the bladed Grain,  
Nor less wert thou belov'd by ev'ry Swain.——  
Come, Shepherds, come, perform the Fun'ral Due,  
For he was ever good and kind to you;  
On ev'ry smoothest Beech, in ev'ry Grove,  
In weeping Characters record your Love.  
And as in Mem'ry of *Adonis* slain,  
When for the Youth the *Syrian* Maids complain,  
His River, to record the guilty Day,  
With freshly bleeding Purple stains the Sea:  
So thou, dear *Cam*, contribute to our Woe,  
And bid thy Stream in plaintive murmurs flow.  
Thy Head with thy own Willow Boughs adorn,  
And with thy Tears supply the frugal Urn.  
The Swains their Sheep, the Nymphs shall leave the  
Lawn,  
And yearly on thy Banks renew their Moan:  
His Mother, while they there lament, shall be  
The Queen o' Love, the lov'd *Adonis* he:

On her, like *Venus*, all the *Graces* wait,  
And he too like *Adonis* in his Fate!

For fresh in fragrant Youth he left the Plain,

And is the Grief, who was the Grace, of ev'ry Bri-

tish Swain.

No more the Nymphs, that o'er the Brooks preside,

Dress their gay Beauties by the Chrystal Tide;

Nor fly the Wintry Winds, nor scorching Sun,

Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.

Of they beneath their reedy Coverts sigh'd,

And look'd, and long'd, and for *Florio* dy'd.

Of him they sang, and with soft Ditties strove

To sooth the pleasing Agonies of Love.

But now they roam, distracted with Despair,

And Cypress, twin'd with mournful Willows, wear

Thus Hand in Hand around his Grave they go,

And Saffron Buds, and fading Lillies strow,

With Sprigs o' Myrtle mix'd, and scatt'ring crye

So sweet and soft the Shepherd was, and oh! so soon

did dye,



There fresh, in dear Remembrance of their Woes,  
His Name the young *Anemonies* disclose;

Nor strange they shou'd a double Grief avow,

Then *Venus* wept, and *Pastorella* now.

Breath soft, ye Winds! long let 'em paint the Plain,

Unhurt, untouch'd by ev'ry passing Swain.

And when ye Nymphs, to make the Garland gay,

With which ye crown the Mistress of the *May*,

Ye shall these Flow'rs to bind her Temples take,

O pluck 'em gently for *Florelia's* Sake!

And when thro' *Woodstock's* green Retreats ye stray,

Or *Altrop's* flow'ry Vales invite to play;

O'er which young *Pastorella's* Beauties bring

*Elysium* early, and improve the Spring:

Whilst Ev'ning Gales attentive Silence keep,

And Heav'n its balmy Dew begins to weep,

By the soft Fall of ev'ry warbling Rill,

Sigh your sad Airs, and sing the Shepherd still:

So may *Sylvanus* ever 'tend your Bow'rs,

And *Zephyr* brush the Mildew from the Flow'rs!

## MISCELLANT.

9

Bid all the Swans from *Cam* and *Isis* haste,  
In the melodious Dirge to breath their last.  
O *Colin! Colin!* Cou'd I there complain  
Like thee, when young *Phylisides* was slain.  
Thou sweet Frequenter of the *Muses* Stream!  
Why have I not thy Voice, or thou my Theme?  
Though weak my Voice, though lowly be my Lays,  
They shall be sacred to the Shepherd's Praise:  
To him my Voice, to him my Lays belong,  
And bright *Myrtilla* now must live unsung,  
E'en she whose Heav'n of Beauty blest me more,  
Than ever Swain was blest'd by Nymph before;  
While ev'ry tender Sigh to seal our Blifs,  
Brought a kind Vow, and ev'ry Vow a Kiss.  
Fair, Chast, and Kind, yet now no more can move,  
So much my Grief is stronger than my Love:

*Now the dear Youth has left the lonely Plain,*

*And is the Grief, who was the Grace of ev'ry Bri-  
tish Swain.*

As



As when some cruel Hind has born away  
 The Turtle's Nest, and made the young his Prey,  
 Sad in her Native Grove she sits alone,  
 There hangs her little Wings, and murmurs out her  
 moan.

So the bright Nymph that bore the beauteous Boy,  
 Beneath a baleful Yew does weeping lye;  
 Nor can the Fair the weighty Woe sustain,  
 But bends, like Roses crush'd with falling Rain:  
 Nor from the silent Earth her Eyes removes,  
 That weeping, languish like a dying Dove's.  
 Not such her Look (severe Reverse o' Fate!)  
 When little *Loves* in ev'ry Dimple fate,  
 And all the *Smiles* delighted to resort  
 On the calm Heav'n of her soft Cheeks to sport:  
 Soft as the Clouds mild *April*-Ev'nings wear,  
 Which drop fresh Flourets on the youthful Year.  
 The Fountain's Fall can't lull her wakeful Woes,  
 Nor Poppy-Garlands give the Nymph Repose:

\*

Thro'

Thro' prickly Brakes, and unfrequented Groves,  
 O'er Hills and Dales, and craggy Cliffs she roves,  
 And when she spies, beneath some silent Shade,  
 The Daizies prest, where late his Limbs were laid,  
 To the cold Print there close she joyns her Face,  
 And all with gushing Tears bedews the Grass.  
 There with loud Plaints she wounds the pitying Skies,  
 And oh! return, my lovely Youth, she cries;  
 Return, *Florelia*, with thy wonted Charms  
 Fill the soft Circles of my longing Arms.—  
 Cease, fair Affliction, cease! the lovely Boy  
 In Death's cold Arms doth pale and breathless lye.  
 The Fates can never change their first Decree,  
 Or sure they wou'd have chang'd this one for Thee.  
*Pan* for his *Syrinx* makes eternal moan,  
*Ceres* her Daughter lost, and thou thy Son.

*Thy Son for ever now has left the Plain,  
 And is the Grief, who was the Grace, of ev'ry Bri-  
 tish Swain.*

Adieu

Adieu, ye mossy Caves, and shady Groves,  
 Once happy Scenes of our successful Loves:  
 Ye hungry Herds, and bleating Flocks adieu,  
 Flints be your Beds, and browse the bitter Yew.  
 Two Lambs alone shall be my Charge to feed,  
 For yearly on his Grave two Lambs shall bleed.  
 This Pledge o' lasting Love, dear Shade, receive,  
 'Tis all, alas! a Shepherd's Love can give:  
 But Grief from its own Pow'r will set me free,  
 Will send me soon a willing Ghost to thee.  
 Cropt in the flow'ry Spring of Youth, I'll go  
 With hasty Joy to wait thy Shade below:  
 In ever-fragrant Meads, and Jesmin Bow'rs  
 We'll dwell, and all *Elysium* shall be ours.  
 Where Citron Groves Ætherial Odours breath,  
 And Streams o' flowing Chrystal purl beneath:  
 Where all are ever young, and heav'nly fair,  
 As here above thy Sister-Graces are.

And since the Bloom of that celestial Face,  
 For which *Diana* would have left the Chace;

That

That finish'd Shape, which wond'ring all survey'd,  
 Snatch'd by remorseless Death, in Dust is laid:  
 Thy Urn with pious Care the Muse shall keep,  
 For thee, thou best o' Swains, she'll ever weep;  
 There to her tender Lute thy Praise she'll sing,  
 While Hyacinths and Myrtles round her spring.

---

## S O N G.

I.

**O** *Livia's* lewd, but looks devout,  
 And Scripture-Proofs she throws about,  
 When first you try to win her:  
 But pull your Fob o' Guineas out,  
 Fee *Jenny* first, and never doubt  
 To make the Saint a Sinner.

2.

Prayer-Books by Day are her Delight;  
 No Chocolate must come in sight  
 Before two Morning Chapters:

But

But lest the Spleen shou'd spoil her quite,

She takes a civil Friend at Night

To raise her holy Raptures.

3.

Thus oft we see a Glow-Worm gay,

At large its fiery Tail display,

Encourag'd by the dark;

And yet the fullen thing all Day

Snug in the lonely Thicket lay,

To hide the native Spark.

*An Epigram out of MARTIAL.*

**M**ilo's from Home, and *Milo* being gone,

His Lands bore nothing, but his Wife a Son:

Why she so fruitful, and so bare the Field?

The Lands lay fallow, but the Wife was till'd.

*An*



*An Imitation of the Ninth Ode of the  
First Book of HORACE.*

Since the Hills all around us do Penance in Snow,  
And Winter's cold Blafts have benumm'd us be-  
low;

Since the Rivers chain'd up flow with the same Speed,  
As Criminals move to'ards the Pfalm they can't read:

Throw whole Oaks at a time, nay whole Groves on  
the Fire,

To keep out the Cold, and new Vigour inspire.

Ne'er waste the dull Time in impertinent thinking,  
But urge and pursue the grand Bus'ness of drinking.

Come, pierce your old Hogheads, ne'er stint us in  
Sherry,

For this is the Season to drink and be merry.

That reviv'd by good Liquor, and Billets together,  
We may brave the loud Storms, and defie the cold

Weather.

We'll



We'll have no more of Bus'ness, but Friend as you  
love us,

Leave it all to the Care of the good Folks above us.  
Whilst your Appetite's strong, and good Humour  
remains,

And active brisk Blood does enliven your Veins,  
Improve the sweet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,  
Let your Friend have the Day, and your Mistress  
the Night:

In the dark you may try whether *Phyllis* is kind,  
The Night for Intrigues was ever design'd:

Tho' she runs from your Arms, and retires to a Shade,  
Some friendly kind Sign will betray the coy Maid:  
All trembling you'll find the poor bashful Sinner,  
Such a Trespas is venial in any Beginner:

But remember this Counsel, when once you have  
met her,

Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's  
better.

*The 5th Epigram of CATULLUS  
translated.*

*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque ame-  
mus, &c.*

**L**et's live, my dear, like Lovers too,  
Nor heed what old Men say or do.  
The falling Sun will surely rise,  
And dart new Glories through the Skies.  
But when we fall, alas! our Light  
Will set in everlasting Night.

Come then, let Mirth and am'rous Play  
Be all the Business of the Day.

Give me this Kifs—and this—and this!  
A hundred thousand more. — Let's kifs  
Till we our selves cannot exprefs,  
Nor any lurking Spy confefs  
The boundless measure of our Happiness.

*Claudian's Old Man of Verona,*

*Felix qui Patris ævum transegit in  
agris, &c.*

**H**appy the Man who all his Days does pass  
In the paternal Cottage of his Race ;  
Where first his trembling Infant steps he try'd  
Which now supports his Age, and once his Youth  
employ'd.

This was the Cottage his Forefathers knew,  
It saw his Birth, shall see his Burial too ;  
Unequal Fortunes, and Ambition's Fate  
Are things Experience never taught him yet.  
Him to strange Lands no rambling Humour bore,  
Nor breath'd he ever any Air but of his native Shore.  
Free from all anxious Interests of Trade,  
No Storms at Sea have e'er disturb'd his Head:

He

He never Battel's wild Confusions saw,  
 Nor heard the worfe Confusions of the Law.  
 A Stranger to the Town, and Town Employes,  
 Their dark and crowded Streets, their Stink and  
     Noife; }  
 He a more calm and brighter Sky enjoys.  
 Nor does the Year by change of Confuls know,  
 The Year his Fruit's returning Seasons show;  
 Quarters and Months in Nature's Face he fees,  
 In Flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his Trees.  
 The whole Day's Shadows in his Homestead drawn,  
 Point out the hourly Courfes of the Sun.  
 Grown old with him, a Grove adorns his Field,  
 Whose tender fetts his Infancy beheld.  
 Of distant *India*, *Erythraean* Shores,  
*Benacus* Lake, *Verona's* neighb'ring Tow'rs,  
 (Alike unfeen) from common Fame has heard,  
 Alike believes them, and with like Regard.  
 Yet firm and strong, his Grandchildren admire  
 The Health and Vigour of their brawny Sire.

The spacious Globe let those that will survey,  
 This good old Man, content at home to stay,  
 More happy Years shall know, more Leagues and  
 Countries they.

---

Martial *Lib. 10. Epig. 47.*

*Vitam que faciunt Beatiorem,  
 Fecundissime Martialis hæc sunt, &c.*

**W**ould you, my Friend, in little room ex-  
 press

The just Description of true Happiness;

First set me down a competent Estate,

But rais'd and left me by a Parent's Sweat;

(Tis Pleasure to improve, but Toil to get:)

Not large, but always large enough to yield

A chearful Fire, and no ungrateful Field,

Averse



Averse to Law-Suits, let me Peace enjoy,  
 And rarely pester'd with a Town-Employ.  
 Smooth be my Thoughts, my Mind serene and  
 clear,

A heathful Body with such Limbs I'd bear  
 As should be graceful, well proportion'd, just,  
 And neither weak, nor boorishly robust.

Nor Fool, nor Knave, but innocently wise,  
 Some Friends indulge me, let a few suffice:

But suited to my Humour and Degree,  
 Not nice, but eas'ly pleas'd, and fit for me:  
 So let my Board and Entertainments be.

With wholesome homely Food, not serv'd in State,  
 What tastes as well in Pewter as in Plate.

Mirth and a Glas my chearful Ev'nings share,  
 At equal distance from Debauch and Care.

To Bed retiring let me find it blest

With a kind modest Spouse, and downy rest.

Pleas'd always with the Lot my Fates assign,

Let me no change desire, no change decline;



With every turn of Providence comply,  
 Not tir'd with Life, nor yet afraid to die.

---

*The third Ode of the third Book of  
 Horace.*

**A**N honest Mind, to Virtue's Precepts true,  
 Contemns the Fury of a lawless Crew:  
 Firm as a Rock he to his Purpose stands,  
 And thinks a Tyrant's Frowns as weak as his Com-  
 mands.

Him loudest Storms can't from his Centre move,  
 He braves th' Almighty Thunder ev'n of Jove.  
 If all the Heav'nly Orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,  
 Should dash in pieces, and should crush the World,  
 Undaunted he the mighty Crash would hear,  
 Nor in his Breast admit a Thought of Fear.

*Pollux* and wand'ring *Hercules* of old,  
 Were by such Acts among the Gods enroll'd.  
*Augustus* thus the shining Pow'rs possess'd,  
 By all th' immortal Deities caref'd;  
 He shares with them in their ethereal Feasts,  
 And quaffs bright *Nectar* with the Heav'nly Guests.  
 This was the Path the frisking Tygres trod,  
 Dragging the Car that bore their jolly God,  
 Who fix'd in Heav'n his Crown and his Abode.  
*Romulus* by *Mars* through this blest Path was show'd,  
 And escap'd the Woes of gloomy *Acheron*.  
 In Virtues rugged Road he took his way,  
 And gain'd the Mansions of eternal Day;  
 For him, ev'n *Juno's* self pronounc'd a Word  
 Grateful to all th' Ethereal Council-Board.

O *Ilion, Ilion!* I with transport view  
 The Fall of all thy wicked perjur'd Crew!

*Pallas* and I have born a rankling Grudge  
To that curst Shepherd, that incestuous Judge;  
Nay, ev'n *Laomedon* his Gods betray'd,  
And basely broke the solemn Oath he made.  
But now the painted Strumpet and her Guest  
No more are in their Pomp and Jewels drest;  
No more is *Hector* licens'd to destroy,  
To slay the *Greeks*, and save his perjur'd *Troy*.  
*Priam* is now become an empty Ghost,  
Doom'd with his House to tread the burning Coast.  
The God of Battel now has ceas'd to roar,  
And I, the Queen of Heav'n, pursue my Hate no  
more.

I now the *Trojan* Priestess's Son will give  
Back to his warlike Sire, and let him live  
In lucid Bow'rs, and give him leave to use  
*Ambrosia*, and the *Nectars* Heav'nly Juice;  
To be enroll'd in these serene Abodes,  
And wear the easie Order of the Gods.

In this blest State I grant him to remain,  
While *Troy* from *Rome's* divided by the Main;  
While savage Beasts insult the *Trojan* Tombs,  
And in their Caves unlade their pregnant Wombs.  
Let th' exil'd *Trojans* reign in ev'ry Land,  
And let the Capitol triumphant stand,  
And all the tributary World command. }  
Let awful *Rome*, with sev'n refulgent Heads,  
Still keep her Conquests o'er the vanquish'd *Medes*.  
With conqu'ring Terrour let her Arms extend  
Her mighty Name to Shores without an end;  
Where Mid-land Seas divide the fruitful Soil  
From *Europe* to the swelling Waves of *Nile*.  
Let 'em be greater by despising Gold,  
Than digging it from forth its native Mold,  
To be the wicked Instrument of Ill.  
Let Sword and Ruin ev'ry Country fill,  
That strives to stop the Progress of her Arms,  
Not only those that sultry *Sirius* warms;

But

But where the Fields in endless Winter lie,  
 Whose Frosts and Snows the Sun's bright Rays defie.  
 But yet on this Condition I decree  
 The Warlike *Romans* happy Destiny;  
 That when they universal Rule enjoy,  
 They not presume to raise their antient *Troy*;  
 For then all ugly Omens shall return,  
 And *Troy* be built, but once again to burn;  
 Ev'n I my self a second War will move,  
 Ev'n I, the Sister and the Wife of *Jove*.  
 If *Phæbus* Harp should thrice erect a Wall  
 And all of Brass, yet thrice the Work should fall,  
 Sack'd by my Fav'rite *Greeks*; and thrice again  
 The *Trojan* Wives should drag a Captive Chain,  
 And mourn their Children, and their Husbands slain.

But whither wouldst thou, soaring Muse, aspire  
 To tell the Counsels of the Heav'nly Choir?  
 Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,  
 To sing in humble Notes such mighty things:

No



No more the Secrets of the Gods relate,  
Thy Tongue's too feeble for a Task so great.

---

*The Rose.*

SEE, *Sylvia*, see this new-blown Rose!

The Image of thy Blush,  
Mark how it smiles upon the Bush,

And triumphs as it grows.

Oh pluck it not! we'll come anon;  
Thou say'st: Alas! 'twill then be gone.

Now its Purple Beauty's spread,

Soon it will droop and fall,

And soon it will not be at all;

No fine things draw a length of Thread.

Then tell me, seems it not to say,

Come on, and crop me whilst you may?



*An ODE.*

1.

**T**HE Man that's resolute and just,  
 Firm to his Principles and Trust,  
 Nor Hopes nor Fears can blind.  
 No Passions his Designs controul,  
 Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,  
 Can shake his steady Mind.

2.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,  
 Not threatnings of a Court enrag'd,  
 Nor Storms where Fleets despair;  
 Not Thunders pointed at his Head,  
 The shatter'd World may strike him dead,  
 Not touch his Soul with Fear.

3.

From this the *Grecian* Story rose,  
 By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes,  
 Of this their Poets sing.

These

These were the Paths the Heroes trod,  
These Arts made *Hercules* a God,  
And Great *Nassaw* a King.

4.

Firm on the rowling Deck he stood  
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,  
With black'ning Storms combine.  
Vertue, he cry'd, will Force its way,  
The Winds may for a while delay,  
Not alter our Design.

5.

The Men whom selfish Hopes inflame,  
Or Vanity allures to Fame,  
May be to Fears betray'd.  
But where a Church for Succour flies,  
Insulted Law expiring lies,  
And loudly calls for Aid;

6. Yes!



Still shall the *British* Scepter stand,  
 Shall flourish in a Female Hand,  
 And to Mankind give Law.

9.

She shall domestick Foes unite,  
 Monarchs beneath her Flag shall fight,  
 Whole Armies drag her Chain.

She shall lost *Italy* restore,  
 Shall make the Imperial Eagle soar,  
 And give a King to *Spain*.

10.

But know, these Promises are giv'n,  
 These great Rewards, impartial Heav'n  
 Does on these Terms decree ;  
 That strictly punishing Mens Faults,  
 You let their Consciences and Thoughts  
 Rest absolutely free.

11.

Let no false Politicks confine  
 In narrow bounds, your vast Design  
 To make Mankind unite;

Nor

Nor think it a sufficient Cause,

To punish Men by penal Laws

For not believing right.

12.

Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind,

Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find,

Who ne'er Compassion knew.

By noble Actions theirs condemn,

For what has been reproach'd in them,

Can ne'er be prais'd in you.

13.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre

Muse, to what heights dost thou aspire,

Pretending to rehearse

The thoughts of God, and God-like Kings,

Cease, Cease to lessen lofty things

By mean ignoble Verse.

*A SIMILE.*



## A SIMILE.

**D**EAR *Thomas*, didst thou never pop  
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop?

There, *Thomas*, didst thou never see

('Tis but by way of Simile)

A Squirrel spend his little Rage,

In jumping round a rouling Cage?

The Cage, as either side turn'd up,

Striking a ring of Bells a top ———

Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with the Chimes,

The foolish Creature thinks he climbs :

But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,

He never gets two Inches higher.

So fares it with those merry Blades,

That frisk it under *Pindus* Shades,

In noble Songs and lofty Odes,

They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods :

D

Still

Still dancing in an airy Round,  
 Still pleas'd with their own Verses Sound :  
 Brought back, how fast so e'er they go,  
 Always aspiring, always low.

---

*An Apology to a Lady, who told me,  
 I cou'd not love her heartily, because  
 I had lov'd others.*

*In Imitation of Mr. Waller.*

**F**AIR *Sylvia*, cease to blame my Youth  
 For having lov'd before ;  
 So Men, e'er they have learnt the Truth,  
 Strange Deities adore.  
 My Youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,  
 Like Bees o'er gawdy Flow'rs ;  
 And many thousand Loves has chang'd,  
 Till it was fixt in yours.

But

For, *Sylvia*, when I saw those Eyes,

'Twas soon determin'd there ;

Stars might as well forsake the Skies,

And vanish into Air,

If I from this great Rule do err,

New Beauties to explore ;

May I again turn Wanderer,

And never fettle more.

---

*Against Modesty in Love.*

**F**OR many unsuccessful Years

At *Cynthia's* Feet I lay ;

And often bath'd 'em with my Tears,

Despair'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate Wretch before the Shrine

Of any Saint above,

E'er thought his Goddess more divine,

Or paid more awful Love.

Still the disdainful Dame look'd down

With an insulting Pride ;

Receiv'd my Passion with a Frown,

Or toss'd her Head aside.

When *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,

Use more prevailing Charms,

Fond, whining, modest Fool, draw near,

And clasp her in your Arms.

With eager Kisses tempt the Maid,

From *Cynthia's* Feet depart ;

The Lips he warmly must invade,

Who wou'd possess the Heart.

With that I shook off all my Fears,

My better Fortune try'd ;

And *Cynthia* gave, what she for Years

Had foolishly deny'd.

*On a young Lady's going to Town in  
the Spring.*

**O**NE Night unhappy *Celadon*,  
Beneath a friendly Myrtle's Shade,  
With folded Arms and Eyes cast down,  
Gently repos'd his Love-sick Head :  
Whilst *Thyrsis* sporting on the neighb'ring Plain,  
Thus heard the discontented Youth complain.

Ask not the Cause why sickly Flow'rs  
Faintly recline their drooping Heads ;  
As fearful of approaching Show'rs,  
They strive to hide them in their Beds,  
Grieving with *Celadon* they downward grow,  
And feel with him a Sympathy of Woe.

*Chloris* will go, the cruel Fair,  
Regardless of her dying Swain



Leaves him to languish, to despair,

And murmur out in Sighs his Pain.

The fugitive to fair *Augusta* flies,

To make new Slaves, and gain new Victories.

So restless Monarchs, tho' possess'd

Of all that we call State or Pow'r,

Fancy themselves but meanly blest,

Vainly ambitious still of more.

Round the wide World impatiently they roam,

Not satisfy'd with private Sway at home.

JANNA-

SANAZARIUS *on* VENICE  
*English'd.*

*By Mr. Ch. Hopkins.*

**A**S Neptune the Venetian Tow'rs furveys,  
Rooted in Floods, and ruling o'er the Seas,  
Boast now thy Capitol, great *Jove*, he crys,  
Boast how thy *Rome's* imperial Ramparts rise.  
Let, to my Tides, thy *Tyber* be preferr'd,  
But look, how each aspiring Pile is rear'd:  
View both alike, thou shalt the Cause resign,  
And own, that Men built yours, but Gods built  
mine.

CATO'S Character, from the second Book  
of Lucan, beginning at

---Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis  
Seçta fuit---

By the same.

SUCH *Cato* was, of such exalted kind,  
 Auftere his Manners, and unmov'd his Mind,  
 He kept a Mien, and follow'd Nature's Laws,  
 Fought, and fell bravely in his Country's Cause;  
 Nor thought himself born for himself alone,  
 But made the Welfare of the World his own.  
 Thro' Cold he cloath'd himself, thro' Hunger fed,  
 His House but fenc'd the Weather from his Head,  
 Not Luft, but Love of Offspring, made him wed.  
 No loose Defires debauch'd his noble Life,  
*Rome* was at once his Miftrefs, and his Wife.  
 Just in all Points, firm, and resolv'd he stood,  
 Despising Death, when for his Country's Good.

So

So great his Soul, his Actions so divine,  
Free from all Self-desire, or Self-design.

---

## A PASTORAL.

*Thenot, Colinet.*

*Thenot.* **W**HY do thy cloudy Looks thus melt  
in Tears

Unseemly, now all Heav'n so blithe appears?

Why in this mournful manner art thou found,

Unthankful Lad, when all things smile around?

Hark how the Lark and Linnet jointly sing,

Their Notes Soft-warbling to the gladfom Spring.

*Col.* Tho' soft their Notes, not so my wayward Fate,

Nor Lark would sing, nor Linnet in my State:

Each Creature to his proper Task is born;

As they to Mirth and Musick, I to mourn:

Waking

Waking at Midnight I my Woes renew,  
 And with my Tears increase the falling Dew.

*Then.* Can lusty Youth have Reason to complain?

Or who the Weight of Age cou'd e'er sustain,  
 If, as our waning Forces daily cease,  
 The tiresome Burthen doubles its Increase?  
 Yet, tho' with Years my Body downward tend,  
 As Trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend,  
 My Mind a chearful Temper still retains,  
 Spite of my snowy Head and icy Veins :  
 For why shou'd Man at cross Mis-haps repine,,  
 Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?  
 But speak, for much it may relieve thy Woe,  
 To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

*Col.* 'Twill idly waste thee, *Thenot*, a whole Day,  
 Shouldst thou give Ear to all my Grief can say :  
 Thy Ews will wander, and thy heedless Lambs  
 With Bleatings loud require their absent Dams.

*Then.*



*Then.* There's *Lightfoot*, he shall tend them close,  
and I

'Twixt whiles a-cross the Plain will glance mine Eye.

*Col.* Where to begin I know not, where to end,  
Scarce does one smiling Hour my Youth attend :  
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies show,  
Yet all those Days are clouded o'er with Woe :  
No Gleam of happy Sun-shine does appear  
My lowring Skie and wintry Days to chear.  
My piteous Plight in yonder naked Tree,  
That bears the Thunder-scar, too well I see ;  
Quite destitute it stands of Shelter kind,  
The Mark of Storms, and Sport of ev'ry Wind :  
Its riven Trunk feels not th'Approach of Spring,  
Nor any Birds among the Branches sing ;  
No more beneath thy Shade shall Shepherds throng  
With merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleasant Song :

Unhappy

Unhappy Tree! and more unhappy I!  
From thee, from me alike the Shepherds fly.

*Then.* Sure thou in some ill-chosen Hour wast born,  
When blighting Mildews spoil the rising Corn,  
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, fore-  
shows

Thro' sad Eclipse a various Train of Woes;  
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee still.

*Col.* And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

*Then.* Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor rot amongst our  
Sheep;  
For, from all these good Shepherd's Care may keep:  
Against ill Luck all cunning Foresight fails;  
Whether we sleep or wake it nought avails,

*Col.* Ah me, the while! ah me, the luckless Day!  
Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say:

Unhappy

Unhappy Hour, when first, in youthful Bud,  
 I left the fair *Sabrina's* silver Flood !  
 Ah filly I! more filly than my Sheep,  
 Which on thy flowry Banks I once did keep :  
 Sweet are thy Banks ! O when shall I once more  
 With longing Eyes review thy beauteous Shore ?  
 When in the Crystal of thy Waters see  
 My Face grown wan thro' Care and Misery ?  
 When shall I see my Hut, the small Abode  
 My self had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Clod ?  
 Tho' small it be, a mean and humble Cell,  
 Yet was there room for Peace and me to dwell.

*Then.* And what the Cause that drew thee first  
 away ?  
 From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to stray ?

*Col.* A lewd Desire strange Lands and Swains to  
 know ;  
 Ah God, that ever I shou'd covet Woe !

With

With wandring Feet unblest, and fond of Fame,  
I fought I know not what, besides a Name.

*Then.* Or, footh to fay, didst thou not hither roam  
In hopes of Wealth, thou could'st not find at home ?  
A rowling Stone is ever bare of Mofs ;  
And to their Cost green Years old Proverbs cros.

*Col.* Small need there was, in flatt'ring Hopes of  
Gain,  
To drive my pining Flock a-thwart the Plain  
To distant *Cam* ; fine Gain at length, I trow,  
To hoard up to my self such deal of Woe !  
My sheep quite spent through Travel and ill Fare,  
And, like their Keeper, ragged grown and bare ;  
Here on cold Earth to make my nightly Bed,  
And on a bending Willow rest my Head.  
'Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain ;  
And hard is Want to th'unexperienc'd Swain :

But

But neither Want nor pinching Cold is hard,  
 To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd :  
 Unkind as Hail it falls, whose pelting Show'rs  
 Destroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

*Then.* Slander we Shepherds count the greatest  
 Wrong ;

For, what wounds forer than an evil Tongue ?

*Col.* Untoward Lads, that Pleasance take in spite,  
 Make mock of all the Ditties I indite.

In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe so shrill

Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill ;

In vain thou seek'st the Cov'rings of the Grove,

In the cool Shade to sing the Heats of Love ;

No Passion, but rank Envy, canst thou move :

Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail,

And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my Vein,

*Menalcas* seems to like my simple Strain ;

And



And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,  
Which to *Menalcas* does of Right belong,  
Nor Night nor Day shall my rude Musick cease,  
I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

*Then. Menalcas*, Lord of all the neighb'ring Plains,  
Preserves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns:  
For him our yearly Wakes and Feasts we hold,  
And chuse the fattest Firflings from the Fold:  
He good to all, that good deserve, shall give  
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Ease to live;  
Shall curb the Malice of unbridled Tongues,  
And bounteously reward thy rural Songs.

This Night thy Cares with me forget, and fold  
Thy Flock with mine to ward th'injurious Cold.  
Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, soft Cheese and Curd,  
With some remaining Fruit of last Year's Hoard,  
Shall be our Ev'ning Fare; and for the Night,  
Sweet Herbs and Moss, that gentle Sleep invite.

And

And now behold the Sun's departing Ray  
 O'er yonder Hill, the Sign of ebbing Day :  
 With Songs the jovial Hines return from Plow,  
 And th'unyok'd Heifers, pacing homeward, low.

---

*Another* PASTORAL.

*By the same Hand.*

*Albino.* **W**HEN *Virgil* thought no Shame the  
*Dorick Reed*

To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,  
 With young *Augustus* Name he grac'd his Song :  
 And *Spencer*, when amid the rural Throng,  
 He carol'd fweet and graz'd along the Flood  
 Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry founding Wood  
 With good *Elisa's* Name to ring around ;  
*Elisa's* Name on ev'ry Tree was found.

E

Since

Since then, O *A*——— our Cattle thrive,  
 And Swains at ease through *ANNA*'s Goodness live;  
 Like them will I my slender Musick raise,  
 And cause the vocal Vallies speak her Praise :  
 While you some labour'd Poem shall design,  
 And *ANNA*'s Virtues beautifie each Line.  
 But now to you, my Friend, a lowly Lay,  
 While my Kids browze, obscure in Shades I play.

Two Country Swains, both musical, both young,  
 In Friendship's mutual Bonds united long,  
 Retir'd within a mossy Cave, to shun  
 The Crowd of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun :  
 A melancholy Thought possess'd their Mind ;  
 Revolving now the solemn Day they find  
 When young *Albino* dy'd : his Image dear  
 Bedews their Cheeks with many a trickling Tear ;  
 To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verse :  
 These *Angelot*, those *Palin* did rehearse.

*Angelot.*

*Angelot.* Thus yearly circling by-past Times return ;  
And yearly thus *Albino's* Fate we mourn :  
*Albino's* Fate was early ; short his Stay :  
How sweet the Rose ! how speedy the Decay !

Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,  
And sympathizing Rocks in Echos groan'd,  
Presaging future Woe, when for our Crimes  
We lost *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times,  
The Pride of *Britain*, and the darling Joy  
Of all the Plains and ev'ry Shepherd Boy ?  
No joyous Pipe was heard, no Flocks were seen,  
Nor Shepherds found upon the grassy Green ;  
No Cattel graz'd the Field nor drank the Flood ;  
No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.

In yonder gloomy Grove stretch'd out he lay,  
His beauteous Limbs upon the fordid Clay ;

The Roses on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,  
And o'er his Lips a livid Hue display'd.  
Bleating around him lye his pensive Sheep,  
And mourning Shepherds came in Crowds to weep ;  
The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppress'd :  
Ye conscious Trees and Fountains can attest,  
With what sad Accents and what moving Cries  
She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,  
And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,  
When in her childless Arms, devoid of Breath,  
She clasp'd her Son : Nor did the Nymph for this  
Place in her Darling's Welfare all her Blifs,  
And teach him young the Sylvan Crook to wield,  
And rule the peaceful Empire of the Field.

As milk-white Swans on silver Streams do show,  
And silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow ;  
As Corn the Vales, and Pines the Hills adorn,  
So thou to thine an Ornament wast born.

Since



Since thou, delicious Youth, didst quit the Plains,  
 Th'ungrateful Ground we till with fruitless Pains ;  
 In labour'd Furrows sow the Choice of Wheat,  
 And over empty Sheaves in Harvest sweat :  
 A thin Increase our woolly Substance yields,  
 And Thorns and Thistles overspread the Fields.

How all our Hopes are fled like Morning Dew!  
 And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.  
 Who now shall teach the pointed Spear to throw,  
 To whirl the Sling, and bend the stubborn Bow ?  
 Nor do'st thou live to bless thy Mother's Days,  
 And share the sacred Honours of her Praise ;  
 In foreign Fields to purchase endless Fame,  
 And add new Glories to the *British* Name.  
 O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit rest!  
 And flow'ry Turf lye light upon thy Breast,  
 Nor shrieking Owl nor Bat fly round thy Tomb,  
 Nor mid-night Fairies there to revel come.

*Palin.* No more, mistaken *Angelot*, complain ;  
*Albino* lives, and all our Tears are vain :  
And now the royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns  
To bless the Fields, and rule the simple Swains ;  
While from above propitious he looks down.  
For this the convex Skies no longer frown,  
The Planets shine indulgent on our Isle,  
And rural Pleasures round about us smile :  
Hills, Dales and Woods with shrilling Pipes resound,  
The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,  
And hail *Albino* blest ! the Vallies ring  
*Albino* blest ! O now, if ever, bring  
The Laurel green, the smelling Eglantine  
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,  
The dewy Cowslip, that in Meadow grows,  
The Fountain Violet and Garden Rose ;  
Your Hamlets strew and ev'ry publick Way,  
And consecrate to Mirth *Albino's Day* :

My self will lavish all my little Store,  
 And deal about the Goblet flowing o'er ;  
 Old *Moulin* there shall harp, young *Mico* sing,  
 And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidst the Ring,  
 And *Hobbinol* his antick Gambols play :  
 To thee these Honours yearly will we pay,  
 When we our shearing Feast and Harvest keep,  
 To speed the Plow, and bless our thriving Sheep.  
 While Mallow Kids and Endive Lambs pursue,  
 While Bees love Thyme, and Locusts sip the Dew,  
 While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to strain,  
 Thy Name and sweet Remembrance shall remain,

*Et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus. — Virg. Eccl. 5.*

*Another* PASTORAL.*By the same Hand.*

**A** Shepherd Boy, all in an Ev'ning fair,  
 When Western Winds had cool'd the fultry  
 Air,

When all his Sheep within their Fold were pent,  
 Lamented thus his dreery Discontent ;  
 So pityful, that all the starry Throng  
 Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.

Alas! he fung how long must I endure  
 This pining Pain? Or who shall work my Cure?  
 Fond Love no Cure will have, seeks no Repose ;  
 Delights in Grief, nor bounded Measure knows.

And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise ;  
 The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies ;  
 The Winds are hush ; the Dews distil ; and Sleep  
 With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep :

**I only**

I only with the prowling Wolf constrain'd  
 All Night to wake : with Hunger is he pain'd,  
 And I with Love: his Hunger he may tame ;  
 But who in Love can quench th'increasing Flame ?

I heretofore like this tall Poplar fair,  
 Up rais'd my heedless Head devoid of Care ;  
 'Mong rustick Routs the chief for wanton Game,  
 Nor could they merry make till *Lobbin* came.  
 Who better seen than I in Shepherds Arts,  
 To please the Lads or win the Lasses Hearts ?  
 How deftly to my Oaten Reed, so sweet,  
 Wont they upon the Green to shift their Feet ?  
 And, when the Dance was done, how would they  
 yearn,  
 Some well-invented Tale from me to learn ?  
 For many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I  
 To chase the lingring Sun a-down the Skie.  
 But ah ! since *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite  
 Within my Heart, unmindful of Delight

The



The jolly Grooms I fly, and all alone  
To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitless Moan.

Oh! quit thy wonted Scorn, relentless Fair!  
E'er lingring long I perish thro' Despair.  
Had *Rosalind* been Mistress of my Mind,  
Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.  
Unwitting Maid! O think, while yet is time,  
How flying Years impair our youthful Prime:  
Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever stay;  
And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd will decay:  
The Flow'rs anew returning Seasons bring;  
But Beauty faded has no second Spring.

My Words are Wind; she, deaf to melting Cries,  
Takes Pleasure in the Mischief of her Eyes.  
Like frisking Heifer loose in flow'ry Meads,  
She gads where'er her roving Fancy leads;  
But still from me: Ah me, the tiresome Chase!  
While wing'd with Scorn she flies my fond Embrace:

She

She flies indeed, but ever leaves behind,  
 Fly where she will, her Likeness in my Mind:  
 Ah turn thee then ! unthinking Damsel, why  
 Thus from the Youth, who loves thee, wilt thou fly?  
 No cruel Purpose in my Speed I bear ;  
 'Tis all but Love, and Love why should'st thou fear?  
 What idle Fears a maiden Breast alarm !  
 Stay, simple Girl ! a Lover cannot harm.

Two Kidlins, sportive as thy self, I rear,  
 Like tender Buds their shooting Horns appear :  
 A Lambkin too pure white I breed as tame  
 And gentle, as I wish my scornful Dame :  
 A Garland deck'd with all the Pride of *May*,  
 Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,  
 I'll weave : but why these unavailing Pains ?  
 The Gifts alike, and Giver she disdains.

Oh would my Gifts but win her stubborn Heart !  
 Or could I half the Warmth I feel impart ;

How

How would I wander ev'ry Day to find  
 The ruddy Wildings ! were but *Lucy* kind,  
 For glossy Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,  
 And of fresh Honey rob the thrifty Bee :  
 Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdess,  
 Thou *Lobbin's* Flock and *Lobbin* shalt possess :  
 And fair my Flock, nor yet unhandfome I,  
 If liquid Fountains flatter not : and why  
 Should liquid Fountains flatter us, yet show  
 The bord'ring Flow'rs less beauteous than they grow ?

O come my Love ! nor think th'Employment  
 mean,

The Dams to milk, and little Lambkins wean ;  
 To drive a-field by Morn the fat'ning Ews,  
 E'er the warm Sun drink up the cooly Dews.  
 How would the Crook beseem thy beauteous Hand !  
 How would my younglins round thee gazing stand !  
 Ah witlefs Younglins ? gaze not on her Eye,  
 Such heedless Glances are the cause I die :

Nor

Nor trow I when this bitter Blast shall end,  
Or if kind Love will ever me befriend.  
Sleep, sleep my Flock, for happy you may take  
Your Rest, tho' nightly thus your Master wake.

Now to the waning Moon the Nightingale  
In doleful Ditties told her tuneful Tale :  
The Love-sick Shepherd list'ning found Relief,  
Pleas'd with so fweet a Partner in his Grief ;  
Till by degrees her Notes and silent Night  
To Slumbers soft his sorrowing Breast invite.

*Another*

*Another* PASTORAL.

*By the same Hand.*

*Mico, Argol.*

*Mico.* **T**HIS place may seem for Shepherds Leisure made,

So lovingly these Elms unite their Shade.

Th'ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breathe  
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath !

The Ground with Grass of chearful Green bespread,  
Thro' which the springing Flow'r up-rears its Head;

Lo here the Kingcup, of a golden Hue,

Meddly'd with Daisies white and Endive blue.

Hark how the gawdy Goldfinch and the Thrush

With tuneful warblings fill that Bramble-bush!

In pleasing Comforts all the Birds combine,

And tempt us in the various Song to join.

Up *Argol* then; and to thy Lip apply

Thy mellow Pipe, or vocal Musick try:

And



And since our Ews have graz'd, no harm if they  
Lye round and listen, while their Lambkins play.

*Argol.* The Place indeed gives Pleasure to the Eye,  
And Pleasure works the Singer's Fancy high :  
The Fields breathe sweet, and now the gentle Breeze  
Moves ev'ry Leaf, and trembles thro' the Trees,  
So sweet a Scene ill-suits my rugged Lay,  
And better fits the Musick thou canst play.

*Mico.* No Skill of Musick can I, simple Swain,  
No fine Device thy Ear to entertain ;  
Tho' rude my Strains, uncouth the Melody,  
It pleases and diverts my Sheep and me.  
Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill,)  
My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,  
And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,  
And where to sink a Note, and where to swell,

*Argol.* Ah

*Argol.* Ah *Mico!* half my Flock wou'd I bestow,  
 Would *Colinet* to me his Cunning show.  
 So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee, Swain,  
 Now give us once a Sample of his Strain:  
 For Wonders of that Lad the Shepherds fay,  
 How sweet his Pipe, how ravishing his Lay:  
 The Sweetness of his Pipe and Lay rehearse,  
 And ask what Gift thou pleasest for thy Verse.

*Mico.* Since then thou list, a mournful Song I  
 chuse ;  
 A mournful Song becomes a mournful Muse :  
 Fast by the River on a Bank he fate,  
 To weep a lovely Maids untimely Fate,  
 That *Stella* high; a lovely Maid was she,  
 Whose Fate he wept ; a faithful Shepherd he.

Awake, my Pipe, in ev'ry Note exprefs  
 Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distrefs.

O woe-

O woful Day! O Day of Woe! quoth he;  
And woful I, who live this Day to see!  
That ever she could die, O most unkind!  
To go, and leave thy *Colinet* behind:  
And yet, why blame I her? full fain would she  
With dying Arms have clasp'd her self to me:  
I clasp'd her too, but Death was all too strong,  
Nor Tears, nor Vows, could fitting Life prolong.  
Teach me to grieve with bleating Moan, my Sheep;  
Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep;  
Teach me, ye fainting hollow Winds to sigh;  
And let my Sorrows teach me how to die:  
Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds can e'er relieve  
A Wretch like me; for ever born to grieve.

Awake, my Pipe; in ev'ry Note express  
Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distress.

Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,  
With down-cast Looks, and with disthevel'd Hair,  
In bitter Anguish beat your Breasts, and moan  
Her Hour untimely, as it were your own :  
Alas! the fading Glory of your Eyes  
In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize;  
For tho' your Beauty rule the silly Swain,  
And in his Heart like little Queens you reign;  
Yet Death will e'en that charming Beauty kill,  
As ruthless Winds the tender Blossoms spill.  
If either Musick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm  
Could make him mild, and stay his lifted Arm;  
My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe should save,  
Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.  
Ah fruitless Wish! cold Death's up-lifted Arm  
Nor Musick can persuade, nor Beauty charm:  
For see (O baleful sight!) see where she lies!  
The budding Flow'r, unkindly blasted, dies.

Awake,

Awake, my Pipe; in ev'ry Note express  
Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distress.

Unhappy *Colinet!* what boots thee now  
To weave fresh Garlands for the Damsel's Brow?  
Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Rose;  
One of black Yew, and Willow pale compose,  
With baneful Henbane, deadly Nightshade dress;  
A Garland that may witness thy unrest.  
My Pipe, whose soothing sound could Passion move;  
And first taught *Stella's* Virgin Heart to love,  
Untun'd shall hang upon this blasted Oak,  
Whence Owls their Dirges sing, and Ravens croak:  
Nor Lark, nor Linnet shall by Day delight,  
Nor Nightingale divert my moan by Night;  
The Night and Day shall undistinguish'd be,  
Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.



Thus sweetly did the gentle Shepherd sing,  
And heavy Woe within soft Numbers bring.  
And now that Sheep-Crook for my Song I crave.

*Argol.* Not this, but much a fairer thou shalt have,  
Of feason'd Elm, where studs of Brads appear,  
That speak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year;  
The Hook of polish'd Steel, the Handle torn'd,  
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

O *Colinet*, how sweet thy Grief to hear!  
How does thy Verse subdue the list'ning Ear?  
Not half so sweet are Midnight Winds, that move  
In drowzie murmurs o'er the waving Grove;  
Nor drooping Waters, that in Grots distill,  
And with a tinkling found their Caverns fill:  
So sing the Swans, that in soft Accents waste  
Their dying Breath, and warble to the last:

And

And next to thee, shall *Mico* bear the Bell,  
That can repeat thy peerless Verse so well.

But see, the Hills increasing Shadows cast;  
The sinking Sun is leaving us in haste:  
His weekly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,  
And blewish Mists exhale from yonder Flood.

*Mico.* Then send our Curs to gather up the Sheep,  
Good Shepherds, with their Flocks, betimes should  
sleep:

For he that late lies down, as late will rise,  
And, Sluggard-like, till Noon-day snoring lies:  
While, in their Folds, his injur'd Ews complain,  
And, after dewy Pastures, bleat in vain.

*The WRECK. A SATYR.*

By Mr. James Gardiner, B. A. Fellow of Jesus College  
in Cambridge.

*Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*

Hor. Ode. iv.

**T**HE welcome Sun, with long expected Light,  
At length arising, chas'd away the Night,  
Yet could not, with the Shades, remove my Fears,  
Dissolve my Grief, and dissipate my Cares;  
Remembrance of past Dangers fill'd my Breast  
With anxious Terrors, and deny'd me rest.  
Coy Sleep refus'd, tho' courted much, to close  
My wearied Eye-lids, so from Bed I rose;  
And having Thanks to the kind Owner paid,  
I left the Fisher's hospitable Shed,  
Whose generous Mind a needful Succour gave,  
Snatch'd me from Death, and from a wat'ry Grave.

Then

Then walk'd I pensive on the rocky Shoar,  
 The angry Waves had ceas'd their horrid roar;  
 Each Mountain-billow shrunk its tow'ring Head,  
 And peaceful slept upon its oozy Bed,  
 The Winds had spent their Breath, and to their  
     Caves were fled.

Yet as the new-calm'd Ocean grew serene,  
 On its smooth Plain appear'd a dismal Scene:  
 Distinctly now my wand'ring Eyes beheld,  
 With our late Wreck, the tragick Surface fill'd;  
 Mix'd with the Keel, in rude Confusion lies  
 The lofty Pine that threat'n'd once the Skies;  
 Prodigious Planks, the painted Vessel's Pride,  
 Torn by the Tempest from her wounded side,  
 Are borne along, the Triumph of the Tide:  
 While all her Cargo, a defenceless Prey,  
 To rav'nous Sharks and Mews unguarded lay,  
 The filken Streamers that so lately shone  
 With all their gawdy Shew and Glory's gone,

Shatter'd and fully'd, now can only be  
*Mementos* of the World's Inconstancy.

But a dead Carcass, driv'n before the Wind,  
 Afflicted most my melancholly Mind.

Long with my self I weigh'd th' uncertain State  
 Of all things human, made the Sport of Fate;

Yet by no Reason or Example won,

Men, disappointed, daily still hope on,

And from one Labour to another run.

Thousand impracticable Schemes project,

And thousand Castles in the Air erect;

Nor think of Death, altho' before their Eyes

A Neighbour often, or Relation dies.

Perhaps, thought I, this filly Wretch for Gain

Tempted the many Dangers of the Main;

No Terrors could his Avarice withhold,

He ran all Hazards in his search of Gold;

And vainly pleas'd himself with hopes to come

Laden with Wealth and foreign Treasures home.

How



How mean his Projects, and how weak his Pow'r!  
 Himself, and Wealth, at once the Seas devour;  
 When, may be now, his poor impatient Wife  
 Leads in some distant Realm her des'late Life;  
 On this once dear, now ghastly, thing employs  
 Her waking Hours, or dreams o'er former Joys;  
 With Tears each Night bedews her Widow'd Bed,  
 All real Comfort with her Husband fled,  
 Yet little fears the worst of all, he's dead:  
 Expects he's now upon his wish'd Return,  
 And hopes she may not long his Absence mourn.

Or the young Orphan, whom this Father left  
 Of every Good, but Innocence, bereft;  
 Unskill'd in all the Dangers of the Deep,  
 And now, mistrustful of no Storm, may sleep.  
 May the sweet Babe in endless Sleep ne'er know  
 What Troubles waking he must undergo:  
 Else must his growing Sense the Loss bemoan,  
 And in his Father's Shipwreck find his own.

Perhaps

Perhaps this was an only Son and Heir,  
 His Mother's Darling, and his Father's Care,  
 Whom the kind Parents sent to foreign Parts,  
 To learn new Manners, Languages, and Arts;  
 That he, whose younger Years were well employ'd,  
 In time for Business might be qualify'd.  
 But to those Hopes see Death has put an end;  
 Tho' thus our Lives the wisest of us spend;  
 The best part, if not all our Life, we give,  
 Only to purchase Means whereby to live,  
 And Treasures for old Age, to which so few arrive. }  
 The good old People, when they kindly lay'd  
 Their Hands with Blessings on their Son's dear Head,  
 Which Kindness, with a Kiss, the Youth return'd,  
 And all, with true Concern, at parting mourn'd;  
 Did little then this direful Chance preface,  
 But hop'd he'd come the Comfort of their Age,  
 To close their Eyes, their latest Breath receive,  
 And with a filial Love attend 'em to their Grave.

These

These the Concerns and Thoughts of Mortals are,  
 Who, mov'd alternately by Hope and Fear,  
 Barter true Happiness for griping Care.

How does vain Man with fond Expectance wait?  
 Yet all Events are fix'd by certain Fate,  
 In this unconstant World, by Passions drove,  
 Deceiv'd by Hope, from Wish to Wish we rove;  
 As on the Waves this Lifeless Body's tost  
 With all its grand Intrigues, its mighty Nothing's  
 lost.

Thus tender I did passionately bemoan  
 The dire Misfortune of a Wretch unknown;  
 And Pity to Mankind my Soul could move,  
 Afflicted only with a general Love,  
 But, as the floating Carcass nearer drew,  
 The not much alter'd Countenance I knew:  
 The Captain of the Ship, who swoln with Pride,  
 The Day before had all the Fates defy'd;

Loud

Loud, as the Storm, did Oaths and Fury breath,  
Blasphem'd the Gods, and careles laugh'd at Death.  
This with severe Repentment fir'd my Breast,  
Nor could my just Reproaches be suppress.

Is this the Boaster, in whose swelling Mien  
Nothing but Pride and fiery Rage was seen?  
Who vow'd Destruction every Word he spoke?  
And does his fiery Rage thus end in Smoak?  
Alas! where's all thy swelling Fury fled?  
And how contemptible the Scorner's dead.  
Where's all his Government and boundless Sway?  
Himself to Fish and Beasts expos'd a Prey;  
Those shining Treasures, and that Empire lost,  
Of which so lately he did vainly boast;  
And of his Vessel, and his shipwreck'd Store,  
Not one Plank left to bear him safe to Shore.

Go, silly Mortals, after this be proud,  
Let all your Time in Projects be bestow'd;

Vainly

Vainly presuming on long Life engage,  
In what would be the Business of an Age.  
Than this proud Lump, no Man had fairer Dreams,  
Of Happiness miscall'd, drew finer Schemes,  
Had Hopes of longer Life, or promis'd more,  
What he would do, when once he gain'd the Shore;  
Had fix'd the very time when he would come,  
Enjoy his Friends, and his Estate at home.  
But lo! how short he lyes of his Design,  
So little can we Men, Fates dark Decrees divine.

Then with these sad Reflections wearied out,  
I left the Corps, and chas'd away the Thought:  
But ah! how little did I then foreknow  
More racking Tortures I must undergo,  
And meet a Sight to cause me sharper Woe.  
One only Friend I had, whose constant Mind  
Was to my Soul by sacred Friendship joyn'd;  
Our Hearts united were so much the same,  
They seem'd enliven'd by one common Flame:



In mutual Acts of Love was our delight,  
 Which selfish Men, as notional may slight;  
 And how should Friendship hope a better Fate?  
 When ev'ry other Vertue's out of Date.  
 Our true Affections early first began,  
 Before Self-Int'rest does debauch the Man:  
 Our Tempers made us to each other dear,  
 Alike our Studies and Diversions were;  
 While Reason fix'd what Inclination chose,  
 And frequent Tryals knit the Band more close;  
 Nothing could force us from each other's Sight,  
 In Conversation was our chief Delight:  
 In the same Vessel both embark'd to bear  
 In Danger, or Success, an equal Share.  
 When shipwreck'd, we embrac'd, resolv'd to lie  
 In closest Folds, and thus united die,  
 Had not the Sea dissolv'd our loving Tye.  
 Soon as on Shore my wand'ring Sense return'd,  
 I miss'd my *Damon*, and his Absence mourn'd;

My *Damon's* Safety was my earliest Care,  
Dear *Damon's* Safety was my fervent Pray'r.  
No Consolation could assuage my Grief,  
'Till I was flatter'd with my *Damon's* Life;  
Assur'd he was escap'd, and gone before,  
With several of our Crew, who swam to Shore.  
But now, alas! my too unerring View  
Confirms that all, I fear before, is true:  
Breathless and pale the bloated Carcass lies  
To unrelenting Death a Sacrifice;  
While thou, my darling *Castor*, thus must die,  
Thy *Pollux* justly hates his Immortality.

When we were first most happily made Friends,  
Whose Humours were the same, the same our Ends.  
Entirely of each other's Heart possess'd,  
With mutual striving which should love the best;  
What Satisfaction might I not propose,  
In the Possession of what's so well chose?

For Friendship sure, of all terrestrial Blifs,  
Suits best with Man's divinest Faculties.

But see, a fatal Accident destroys  
Those Schemes of Blifs, and blasts the blooming  
Joys.

Thus in this Sea of Life poor Mortals fare,  
And on a thousand Rocks we shipwreck'd are;  
On Heav'n alone we wholly can depend,  
For Joys unmix'd with Grief, and Pleasures with-  
out end.

---

*An Elegy on the Death of* HENRY  
*Lord* HASTINGS. *By* Sir JOHN  
 DENHAM.

*Written in the Year 1650, and never printed  
 with his other Poems.*

**R** eader, preserve thy Peace, those busie Eyes  
 Will weep at their own sad Discoveries;  
 When ev'ry Line they add improves thy Loss,  
 'Till having view'd the whole, they sum a Cross;  
 Such as derides thy Passions best Relief,  
 And scorns the Succours of thy easie Grief.  
 Yet, lest thy Ignorance betray thy Name  
 Of Man and Pious, read and mourn: The Shame  
 Of an Exemption, from just Sense, doth show  
 Irrational, beyond Excess of Woe.  
 Since Reason then can privilege a Tear,  
 Manhood uncensur'd, pay that Tribute here

G

Upon

Upon this noble Urn. Here, here remains  
Dust far more precious than in *India's* Veins:  
Within these cold Embraces ravish'd lies,  
That which compleats the Ages Tyrannies:  
Who weak to such another Ill appear,  
For what destroys our Hope, secures our Fear.  
What Sin unexpiated in this Land  
Of Groans, hath guided so severe a Hand?  
The late great Victim that your Altars knew,  
You angry Gods, might have excus'd this new  
Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty Light  
Of Virtue, to inform our Steps aright:  
By whose Example good, condemned we  
Might have run on to kinder Destiny.  
But as the Leader of the Herd fell first  
A Sacrifice, to quench the raging Thirst  
Of inflam'd Vengeance for past Crimes; so none  
But this white fatted Youngling could atone;  
By his untimely Fate, that impious Smoak  
That sullied Earth, and did Heav'ns Pity choak.

Let



Let it suffice for us, that we have lost  
In him, more than the widow'd World can boast,  
In any Lump of her remaining Clay.  
Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn he was; the Day,  
Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts  
No hast like that of his increasing Parts;  
Like the Meridian Beam, his Virtues light  
Was seen, as full of Comfort, and as bright.  
Had his Noon been as fix'd, as clear, but he  
That only wanted Immortality  
To make him perfect, now submits to Night,  
In the black Bosom of whose fable Spight,  
He leaves a Cloud of Flesh behind, and flies,  
Refin'd all Ray and Glory, to the Skies.

Great Saint, shine there in an eternal Sphere,  
And tell those Pow'rs to whom thou now draw'st  
near,

That by our tremb'ing Sense, in *Hastings* dead,  
Their Anger and our ugly Faults are read:

The short Lines of whose Life did to our Eyes  
 Their Love and Majesty epitomize.  
 Tell them, whose stern Decrees impose our Laws,  
 The feasted Grave may close her hollow Jaws.  
 Tho' Sin search Nature, to provide her here  
 A second Entertainment half so dear,  
 She'll never meet a Plenty like this Herse,  
 Till Time present her with the Universe.

---

*An ODE on the Marriage of Her  
 present Majesty.*

*Writ at that Time by Charles Lord Halifax.*

I.

**W**hilst black Designs (that direful Work of  
 Fate)  
 Distract the lab'ring State.

Whilst

Whilst (like the Sea) around loud Discords roar,  
 Breaking their Fury on the frighted Shoar ;  
 And *England* does like brave *Vienna* stand,  
 Besieg'd by Infidels on either Hand ;  
 What means this peaceful Train ? this pompous Sight ?

What means this Royal beauteous Pair ?  
 This Troop of Youths, and Virgins heav'nly fair ?  
 That does at once astonish and delight.  
 Great *Charles* and his Illustrious Brother here,  
 No bold Affassinate need fear,  
 Here is no harmful Weapon found,  
 Nothing but *Cupid's* Darts, and Beauty here can  
 wound.

2.

How grateful does this Scene appear  
 To us, who might too justly fear  
 We never should have seen again  
 Ought bright, but Armour on the Plain ?  
 Ne'er in their chearful Garb t'have seen the Fair,  
 While all with melting Eyes, and wild dishevel'd Hair,

Had mourn'd their Brother's, Sons, and Husbands  
flain.

These dusky Shadows make this Scene more bright,  
The Horror adds to the Delight.

This glorious Pomp our Spirits cheers; from hence  
We lucky Omens take, new Happiness commence.

3.

Thus when the gathering Clouds a Storm prepare,  
And their black Force *Associate* in the Air;

(Endeavouring to eclipse the bounteous Light,

Who with kind Warmth and powerful Rays,

Them to that envy'd Height,

From their mean native Earth did raise.)

A thoughtful Sadness fits on all,

Expecting where the full charg'd Clouds will fall:

But if the Heav'nly Bow

Deck'd like a gawdy Bride appears,

And all her various Robes displays,

Painted by th' conqu'ring Sun's triumphant Rays,

It Mortals drooping Spirits cheers,  
 Fresh Joy, new Light, each Visage wears:  
 Again the Seaman trusts the Main,  
 The jocound Swains their Coverts leave again:  
 Again, in pleasant warb'ling Notes,  
 The chearful Poets of the Wood extend their tune-  
 ful Throats.

4.

Then, then, my Muse, raise with the Lyre thy  
 Voice,

And with thy Lays make Fields and Woods rejoyce;

For lo! the heav'nly Pledge appears,

And in bright Characters the Promise bears.

The factious Deluge shall prevail no more,

In vain they foam, in vain they rage,

Buffet in vain the unmov'd Shore,

Her Charms, and *Charles* his Power, their Fury shall  
 assuage.

See, see how decently the bashful Bride

Does bear her Conquests, with how little Pride



She views that Prince, the Captive of her Charms,  
 Who made the North with fear to quake,  
 And did that powerful Empire shake ;  
 Before whose Arms, when great *Gustavus* led,  
 The frighted *Roman* Eagles fled.

## 5.

Whatever then 'twas his Desire,  
 His Cannons did command in Fire:  
 Now he himself for Pity prays,  
 His Love in tim'rous Sighs he breaths,  
 While all his Spoils, and glorious Wreaths  
 Of Lawrel, at her Feet the vanquish'd Warriour lays.  
 Great Prince! by that Submission you'll gain more  
 Than e'er your haughty Courage won before ;  
 Here on your Knees a greater Trophy gain,  
 Than that you brought from *Lunsden's* famous Plain ;  
 Where, when your Brother fired with Success,  
 Too daringly upon the Foe did press,  
 And was a Captive made ; then you alone  
 Did with your single Arm support the Throne.

Your

Your generous Breast with Fury boyling o'er,  
Like Light'ning thro' their scatter'd Troops you flew,  
And from th' amazed Foe the Royal Prize in Triumph  
bore.

6.

You have your Ancestors in this one Act outdone,  
Tho' their successful Arms did this whole Isle  
o'er-run.

They, to revenge a ravish'd Lady, came,  
You to enjoy one spotless as your Fame.

Before them, as they march'd; the Country fled,  
And back behind them threw

Their Curfes as they flew:

On the bleak Shore, expecting you, they stand,  
And with glad Shouts conduct to Land.

Thro' gaping Crowds you're forc'd to press your  
way,

While Virgins sigh, the young Men shout, and old  
ones pray.

And

And with this beauteous Lady you may gain  
 (This Lady that alone  
 Of greater Value is than any Throne)  
 Without that Rapine, Guilt, and Hate,  
 By a calm and even Fate,  
 That Empire, which they did so short a while  
 maintain.

---

*Lord, what is Man?*

*An ODE.*

By Mr. Fenton.

I.

**W**HAT art thou, Life, whose stay we court?  
 What is thy Rival Death we fear?  
 Since we're but fickle Fortune's Sport,  
 Why should we wish t'inhabit here,  
 And think the Race, we find so rough, too short?

2. While

2.

While in the Womb we foaming lye,  
While yet the Lamp o' Life displays  
A doubtful Dawn, with feeble Rays,  
Just issuing from Non-Entity.

The Shell o' Flesh pollutes with Sin  
Its Gem, the Soul, just enter'd in;  
And, by transmitted Vice defil'd,  
The Fiend commences with the Child.

3.

In this dark Region future Fates are bred,  
And Mines of secret Ruin laid:  
Hot Fevers here, long kindling lie,  
Prepar'd with flaming Whips to rage,  
And lash on ling'ring Destiny,

When'er Excess has fir'd our riper Age.

Here brood in Infancy the Gout and Stone,  
Fruits of our Father's Follies, not our own.

Ev'n with our Nourishment we Death receive,  
 For here our guiltless Mothers give  
 Poison for Food, when first we live.

\* Hence noisom Humours sweat thro' ev'ry Pore,  
 And blot us with an undistinguish'd Sore:

Nor mov'd with Beauty, will the dire Disease  
 Forbear on faultless Forms to seize;  
 But vindicates the Good, the Gay,  
 The Wife, the Young, its common Prey;  
 Had all conjoyn'd in one, had Power to save,  
 The Muses had not wept o'er BLANDFORD'S Grave.

4.

The Spark of pure Ætherial Light,  
 Which actuates this fleeting Frame,  
 Darts thro' the Cloud o' Flesh a sickly Flame,  
 And seems a Glow-Worm in a Winter Night.  
 But Man would yet look wond'rous wise,  
 And equal Chains of Thought devise;

---

\* The Small Pox.



Intends his Mind on mighty Schemes,  
 Refutes, Defines, Confirms, Declaims;  
 And Diagrams he draws t'explain  
 The learn'd Chimera's of his Brain;  
 And with imaginary Wisdom proud,  
 Thinks on the Goddess while he clips the Cloud.

5.

Thro' Error's mazy Grove, with fruitless Toil,  
 Perplex'd with puzz'ling Doubts we roam;  
 False Images our Sight beguile,  
 But still we stumble thro' the Gloom,  
 And Science seek, which still deludes the Mind.  
 Yet more inamour'd with the Race,  
 With disproportion'd Speed we urge the Chase:  
 In vain—the various Prey no Bounds restrain,  
 Fleeting, it only leaves, t'increase our Pain,  
 A cold unsatisfying Scent behind.

6.

Yet, gracious God, presumptuous Man  
 With Random-Guesses makes Pretence

To

To found thy searchless Providence,  
From which he first began.

Like hooded Hawks we blindly tow'r,

And circumscribe, with fancied Laws, thy Pow'r.

Thy Will the rolling Orbs obey,

The Moon presiding o'er the Sea,

Governs the Waves with equal Sway.

But Man perverse, and lawless still,

Boldly runs Counter to thy Will;

Thy patient Thunder he defies:

Lays down false Principles, and moves,

By what his vitious Choice approves,

And when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise.

7.

Return, return, too long misled!

With filial Fear adore thy God:

E'er the vast Deep of Heav'n was spread,

Or Body first in Space abode,

Glories ineffable adorn'd his Head.

Un-number'd Seraphs round the burning Throne,  
Sang to th' incomprehensible THREE-ONE:

Yet then his Clemency did please  
With lower Forms t'augment his Train;  
And made thee, wretched Creature, Man,  
Probationer of Happiness.

## 8.

On the vast Ocean of his Wonders here,  
We momentary Bubbles ride;  
But crush'd by the tempestuous Tide,  
Sunk in the Parent Flood, we disappear:  
We, who so gawdy on the Waters shone,  
Proud, like the show'ry Bow, with Beauties not our  
own.

## 9.

But at the Signal giv'n, this Earth and Sea  
Shall set their sleeping Vassals free;  
And the belov'd of God,  
The Faithful, and the Just,  
Like *Aaron's* chosen Rod,  
Tho' dry, shall blossom in the Dust:

\*

And

And gladly bounding from their dark Restraints,  
The Skeletons shall brighten into Saints;  
And, from Mortality refin'd, shall rise  
To meet their Saviour coming in the Skies:  
Instructed then by Intuition, We  
Shall the vain Efforts of our Wisdom see;  
    Shall then impartially confess  
    Our Demonstration was but guess;  
That Knowledge which from humane Reason flows,  
    Unless Relig'on guide its Course,  
    And Faith her steady Wounds oppose,  
Is Ignorance at best, and often worse.

---

## A Pindarick ODE.

By *Dr. SPRAT, now Bishop of Rochester, when he presented COWLEY's Poems to Wadham College in Oxford.*

D.

**L**ET all the common Rout of Books stand by,  
 The Vulgar of our Library;  
 Let 'em make way for *COWLEY's* Leaves to come,  
 And hang within this sacred Room:  
 Let no profane Hands break the Chain,  
 Or give 'em unwish'd Liberty again.  
 But let the holy Relicks guarded here  
 With the same religious Care,

H

Be



Be now, as once the Shield was kept,  
 When down from Heav'n it leapt ;  
 For such another is this Book,  
 From Hands divine its Origine it took,  
 And brings as much to those who on it look.

But here they differ ; That could be,  
 Eley'n times liken'd by a mortal Hand,  
 But This which here does stand,  
 Will never any Likeness see,

But must still want such Company :  
 For ev'n in this learn'd Age which Time <sup>(behind,</sup> has left  
 No Monument of Wit can equal *COWLET's* Mind.

2.

*COWLET!* All Heav'n fure fill'd thy Breast,  
 And made thy Pen indite,  
 (For God's a Poet too ;  
 He can create and so can you,)  
 Or else at least,  
 Some Angel taught thee first to write,

He sat upon thy Pen and mov'd thy Hand ;  
 As proud of his Command,  
 As when he makes the dancing Orbs to reel,  
 And spins out Poetry from the Celestial Wheel :  
 Thy Verses like a better Sphere,  
 More ravishing Musick give, and made for Men to  
 For like the Sun they prove, (hear :  
 Shedding his genial Influence from above ;  
 Gold they produce of nobler Kind,  
 Of greater Price, and more refin'd :  
 Yet never shine on Objects mean and base,  
 Or Metals form of a degen'rate Race.

3.

What holy Vestal Hearth  
 Gave such poetick Flame a Birth ?  
 A pure, immix'd, immortal Flame,  
 Such as *Prometheus's* which from Heav'n came :  
 Along he brought the sparkling Coal,  
 From some Celestial Chimney stole,

Quickly the plunder'd Stars he left,

And as he hasted down,

With glowing Heat his Fingers shone,

And hizz'd, as burning with the sacred Theft.

Such, *COWLEY*, such are thy poetick Rays,

Immortal and immix'd as his :

As his, they mount and high'r ;

But thou could'st never stoop to steal thy Fire.

4.

Like thine was fam'd *Arion's* Verse,

Which to the list'ning Fish he did rehearse ;

The list'ning Fish, that heard his Lute,

Curst Nature which had made 'em mute.

The very Waves,

Became his Slaves ;

They laid aside their boist'rous Noise,

And danc'd to his harmonious Voice.

The *Sirens* lend an Ear,

And from his sweeter Tunes some mischief fear ;

The friendly Dolphin briskly fails, as proud  
 That he the Favour was allow'd,  
 Like *Atlas*, Porter of the Skies, to take  
 A Heav'n of Musick on his Back.

With such a Grace thy Numbers flow,  
 And with the same majestick Sweetness goe,  
 His Verse was only carry'd o'er the Seas,  
 But there's a Sea of Wit in these,  
 As salt and boundless as the other Ocean is.

5.

Like thine, was great *Amphion's* Song,  
 Which drag'd the wondring Stones along:  
 The wond'ring Stones skip'd from their Mother  
 And left their Father frozen at his Birth: (Earth,  
 They rose, not knowing by what magick Force they  
 Such were his Words, so plac'd his Sounds, (hung  
 Which call'd the Marbles from their Grounds;  
 And cut and carv'd, and made 'em shine;  
 A Work outdone by none but thine.

The Poet saw the Buildings rise,  
 And knew not how to trust his Eyes :  
 The willing Mortar ready temper'd came,  
 And many a Tree advanc'd into a Beam.  
 He saw the Streets appear,  
 Streets ! that must needs be tuneful there :  
 He saw the Walls dance round his Pipe,  
 The glorious Temple shews its Head,  
 The Infant City's to Perfection ripe,  
 And all things like the first Creation by a word are  
 Such is thy Verse, tho' 'twill not raise <sup>(bred.</sup>  
 A Marble Statue to thy Praise ;  
 But 'tis no matter, that will fall  
 By the great Glutton, Time, who eats up all.  
 Yet shall thy Verse secure thy Fame,  
 Beyond the reach of Time or Flame ;  
 That shall their Malice and their Rage defie,  
 As round and full as the great Circle of Eternity.

6.

To thee the *English* Language owes,  
 That now it needs not seek  
 For Elegancy from the round-mouth'd Greek.  
 The *Roman* Poets now may hide  
 In their own *Latium* their Head;  
 For our enlarg'd Expression shews  
 Out of the Ashes of the *Roman* Urn  
 Far more than the three *Western* Daughters born:  
 Daughters! which could yield to admit  
 Th' Adulterate Seeds of many Tongues with it;  
 More than the smooth *Italian*; where we see  
 A Genius form'd for Poetry:  
 And Nature, that she might the better fit her to't,  
 Made the very Land a *Foot*.  
 The *Spanish* is a blended Mass  
 Of *Moorish*, *Gothish*, *Jewish*; and small Treasure has,  
 For like the Kingdom is the Tongue,  
 A wild, disorder'd, Foreign Throng:



The Courtly *French* is like the Race,  
 Nimble and active in their Pace ;  
 Nothing they boast elaborately writ,  
 Content to slide, and shew their oily Wit.

## 7.

COWLEY had gone thro' all the Muses Tracks,  
 Where never Poets Feet were seen before ;  
 He pass'd those Lands where others left their Wracks,  
 And sail'd an Ocean, where appear'd no Shoar.  
 His Spirit thro' the Poet's World did fly,  
 And found no Tropick in that happy Skie ;  
     He brought to hand  
     *Apollo's* holy Land ;  
 He sail'd the Muses Globe,  
 Not like the other *Drake* and *Cavendish*, to rob ;  
 But he secur'd the Treasure too,  
 Which yet no *Spaniard* calls his due.  
 He search'd thro' ev'ry Creek,  
 From the *East-Indies*, of the Poet's World, the *Greek* ;

To the *America* of Wit ;  
Which was last known, and has most Gold in it,  
The Mother Tongue, our Natives speak,  
This World his greater Spirit has run thro'  
And saw, and conquer'd too.  
A World as round and large as th' other is,  
And yet here's no *Antipodes*,  
For none will ever go, as opposite to this,

8.

Verfes were counted Fiction and a Lie,  
The very Nature of good Poetry ;  
A Poet durst not dare to speak the Truth,  
Sober and grave Men scorn'd the Name,  
Which once was thought the greatest Word of Fame ;  
Poets had nought of *Phæbus*, but his Youth ;  
Few spake in Rhyme, but that their Feet  
The Trencher of some lib'ral Man must meet,  
Or else they would a rotten Mistress paint,  
Call her their Goddess or their Saint ;

(Tho'

(Tho' contrary they to their Master run ;  
 For the great God of Wit, the Sun,  
 When e'er he shews his Mistrefs, the full Moon,  
 He always shews her with her Patches on.)  
 Till now the Sisters were too old, and therefore grew  
 Extremely fab'lous too.

Till *COWLEY* came, they were despis'd,  
 They were all Heathens yet,  
 Nor e'er into the Church could get ;  
 For tho' they'd Fonts so long, they never were baptiz'd.  
 He rais'd the Price of Wit,  
 By adding to it's Store,  
 And Poetry the Queen of Arts may fit,  
 Without dissembling more ;  
 He shew'd a Poet need not be so bad ;  
*Apollo's* Priest's not necessar'ly mad.  
 Till now, Wit was accursed, like *Lot's* Wife,  
 'Twas to be turn'd to Salt,  
 Because it made us lead a Life,  
 Like one continu'd Fault :

He

He first the Muses to be *Christians* brought,  
 And them the holy Language taught.  
 In him Divinity and Poetry do meet,  
 The first known Bird of Paradise with Feet.

## 9.

Your Miscellanies, *COWLEY*, do appear,  
 Another glorious indigested Heap, (ded were,  
 Like the first Mass, where Worlds and Stars all blen-  
 Before they to their Place could leap ;  
 Before th' Almighty Cenfor had bestow'd,  
 Them into sever'al Tribes abroad :  
 Whilst yet the Sun and Moon  
 Were in perpetual Conjunction,  
 Whilst all the Stars were but one milky way,  
 And in a shining Ruine lay :  
 The Lamps of Heav'n had scarce escap'd the Night,  
 For this was not their own, nor that another's Light.  
 So glorious, *COWLEY*, such a Lamp is thine,  
 Which Chymistry may sep'rate, not refine.

So pure, unmix'd, united does it shine,  
A Chain of Sand, of which each Link's divine.

10.

Thy *Mistress* shews that *Cupid* is not always blind,  
Where we a chaste, exalted Love may find,  
As may become an Heav'nly Mind.  
Such Songs sing Angels when they love,  
And Courtship make t'a Sister Mind above :  
(For Angels need not scorn such soft Desires,  
When thy Heart's kindled with such Fires,)  
So when they cloath 'emfelves with Flesh,  
And their light Forms in humane Likeness dress,  
So when they stoop to like some mortal Fair,  
And wear a Shape of thicken'd Air,  
Such Words, such Odes, as thine they use,  
With such soft Strains their Love infuse :  
A Love, like thine, above Mortality,  
Clean, and from Corruption free.  
Such as Affections in Eternity,

Which

Which shall remain unspotted there,  
 Only to shew what once we were.  
 Thy *Cupid's* Shafts all golden are,  
 Thy *Venus* too is salt, not frothy like the Sea.

## II.

Thy high *Pindaricks* soar,  
 Where never any Wing till now could get,  
 And yet thy Wit  
 Still seems as great to those who travel low'r;  
 Thou stand'st on *Pindar's* Back,  
 And so the higher Flight do'st make :  
 Thou art the Eagle, he the Wren ;  
 Thou brought'st him from the Dust,  
 And mad'st him live again ;  
*Pindar* has left his *Greeks*, and thinks it just,  
 To follow thee to th' *English* Shore,  
 An Honour to him ; *Alexander* did no more :  
 When with a word he did assuage  
 A warlike Army's furious Rage ;

Thou



Thou hast given a brighter Flame,  
 Which will preserve his Name ;  
 He only left some Walls, where *Pindar's* Name might <sup>(stay,</sup>  
 Which Age and Time will certainly decay ;  
 But you have rais'd him up from Death,  
 And made his Person live and breath ;  
 A greater Soul is now infus'd by you,  
 Than e'er in happy *Thebes* or *Greece* he knew:

12:

Thy *Daideis* too !

But hold thy headlong Pace, my Muse,  
 None but the Priest himself should use,  
 Into the holy Place to go.  
 Check thy young *Pindarick* Heat,  
 Which makes thy Pen too much to sweat ;  
 Thou'rt but an Infant yet  
 Just taken from the Teat ;  
 By *COWLEY's* matchless Pattern nurs'd,  
 Thou must not dare to speak too much at first.

There<sup>d</sup>

Therefore no more for shame,  
 Let not thy Verse, like *COWLET*'s worth be infinite.  
 It is enough that thou hast learn'd and spoke thy  
 Father's Name.

For whosoe'er would *COWLET* justly praise,  
 Had need of Lungs and Forehead both of Brass.

---

*Epigram on a Pigmy's Death.*

**B** Estrid an Ant, a Pigmy great and tall,  
 Was thrown alas ! and got a deadly Fall :  
 Under th' unruly Beast's proud Feet he lies,  
 All torn ; but yet with generous Ardour Cries ;  
 Behold, base, envious World, now, now laugh on :  
 For thus I fall, and thus fell *Phaeton*.

*An Essay upon Death by Dr. W— of  
All Souls Oxon.*

I.

**T**ELL me, some kind Spirit, tell  
How came Death so terrible!

Thou who 'rt already fled in Triumph, say,  
Why th' embody'd Soul is so in love with Clay?

By what strange Magnetism woo'd,  
She so adheres to Flesh and Blood,

That Fate must force her from her dark Abode.

Or she wou'd groveling lie

Th' eternal Tenant of Mortality.

The Wretch, whom a malignant Fever fires,

Who at each Pore in liquid Flames expires,

Cold Death's refreshing Hands to shun,

Does to th' unkind Doctor run,

For Juleps, Blisters and Phlebotomy,

The Fever's vanquish'd, and the Man is free:

Yet

Yet all this Torment only gains,  
 The Privilege of being rack'd again with these,  
 Or the severer Pains  
 Of some more merciless Disease.

Had not the Patient better sought a silent Tomb,  
 Th' Assistance which Distempers give, but where  
 they never come.

2.

1015P

Old Age, which one wou'd guess,  
 Shou'd with a kind of Lust  
 Lie down and sleep in Dust,  
 Does yet the grand Fatigue of Life carefs ;  
 And gapes for its last Dregs with inextinguishable  
 Thirst:

When the gay Fire of the dull Eye is lost  
 Like cooling Metals fix'd by Winter's Frost,  
 When the bald Head depopulate and bare,  
 Looks smooth as a white Globe of Ice,  
 Depriv'd of its once flourishing Spring the Hair ;  
 All that remains will not suffice

The mighty Sum to count,  
 To which the numerous Years that have gone o'er  
 Yet ev'n this feeble Piece, (amount,  
 (Now but the Monument of what he was)  
 Do's with his Cordials and Elixirs treat,  
 To make his weary Pulses beat,  
 With momentary Heat :  
 Still he abhors the dismal Thought of Death,  
 Still on his Guard he stands,  
 Would fain defend his fault'ring Breath,  
 Against the Conqu'ror's stroke with Crutches in his  
 Hands.

3.

Strange Riddle of a mystical Desire !  
 That Man should wish his vital Fire,  
 Might vestal prove, and ne'er expire ;  
 That he should hope that his eclipsed Beams  
 Like *Arethusa* under Ground might stray,  
 And never disemboque their shining Streams,  
 Into the glorious Ocean of inexhausted Day !

Is this the Cause we so much boast,  
 Our Reason as a sure unerring Guide,  
 (No less our Safety than our Pride)  
 And would it have us in a Tempest ride,  
 In which we are for ever lost ?

When one kind Shipwrack would convey us safe,  
 Back to our native Coast ;

A Coast where we may Pleasures taste,  
 High with the Gust of Perils past :

Where a perpetual Spring of Blifs,  
 Blooming in all the rich Luxuriances  
 Of never-fading Extasies,

Satiates but doe's not cloy  
 The ravish'd Mind ;

Where no Tears fall but those of Joy.

Which *Nilus*-like, when they o'er-flow, are kind.

4.

But tho' with all this Pomp of Words we prate,  
 And paint our happy future State ;



Yet sure we think 'em Pageantries of a distemper'd  
 Which Fancy's Pencil did delineate ; (Head,

The broken Visions of the Living when they dream  
 That we're so loath to die, (they're dead.

Proceeds from Infidelity :

For whatso'ever the sturdy Men of Sense,

Those Sculs of Axiom and Philosophy,

By Reason's Telescope pretend t'evince ;

Beyond this World there can no other be,

Worse than this Life, when it appears

In all its Hurricanes of Hopes and Fears.

So some bauk'd Gamester that has only one poor Stake,

And knows not when he shall get more to keep in play,

Do's his last Chance with Trembling take,

And would the fatal Throw delay ;

The Box once cast, to him for ever's cast away.

5.

Or if we're truly satisfy'd,

The Soul is to Divinity ally'd ;

That its impenetrable Hypostasis

Is of a lasting and substantial Make,  
 Which Death's Arrest can never shake;  
 But sprinkled Ashes shall arise,  
 Kindled with an exalted Energy :  
 If this our firm Persuasion be,  
 Doubtless 'tis Guilt which makes us groan,  
 When Fate sends forth the black Decree

Of Dissolution :

As a debauch'd Gallant,  
 Who's just embarking for a Foreign Land,  
 Amidst a Rout of Creditors does trembling stand,  
 Who for quick Payment with wild Fury rant :  
 Th' unhappy Wretch can't find a Bail,  
 And thus his Journey's finish'd in a Jail.

So Conscience rallies up  
 Of Crimes, the worst of Debts, ten thousand Bills,  
 Embitters with new Poyson Death's ungrateful Cup,  
 And the departing Soul with Horror fills.

Thus wretched Mortals lie,

Under a bad Necessity

Of strong Desire to live, and stronger Fear to die.

Which way foe'er they turn,  
 A forcible Dilemma's Horn  
 Wounds 'em in each Hypothesis:  
 The Atheist would for ever live in this,  
 If there's no other World, the Theist, if there is.

---

*A SONG made for a Wedding.*

1.

**L**ET *Hymen* on this happy Day,  
 The Brightest which e'er grac'd the Year,  
 Transport in e'ery Face display,  
 Since Heav'n and Marriage come so near.

2.

A matchless Pair before him bows,  
 To ask his Seals which ever bind;  
 He cannot but approve the Vows,  
 Of two so beauteous, two so kind.

3.

The Godhead smiles : Then, then we know  
 What the Effects of Marriage prove;  
 That Joys in endless Rounds shall flow,  
 And Life be one long Scene of Love.

---

*To Captain S. on his POETRY,*  
*by T. B. M. A.*

**T**ILL now I own my partial Kindness sway'd,  
 And rashly to a gross Mistake betray'd :  
 I thought our calm Retreat, and peaceful Shade,  
 To Verse alone could lawful Title plead.  
 I much admir'd to find a Muse in Arms,  
 Begot in Camps, and bred amidst Alarms ;  
 I judg'd her like the Hectors of the Age,  
 Whose Wit is Impudence, and Oaths their Rage,  
 The Poets might their Fav'rite God allow,  
 In Peace his tuneful Lyre, in War his Bow ;

But sure those jarring Instruments to join,  
 Requires superiour Force, and Power Divine.  
 I freely own my Error, since in you,  
 I find the Hero, and the Poet too:  
 By double Title you the Lawrel claim,  
 And wing your daring Flight to endless Fame.

---

*To his Mistress.*

**P**ITY, fair Charmer of my Soul, those Cares  
 Your faithful Slave in his curst Absence bears.  
 Regard the racking Tortures of my Mind,  
 And let my Sufferings your Compassion find.  
 Not greater are the Agonies of Death,  
 When with Reluctance we resign our Breath,  
 Scarce could my Eyes sustain their latest View,  
 And my Tongue falter'd when I spoke *Adieu*,  
 A shiv'ring Coldness seiz'd on ev'ry Part,  
 The vital Stream was frozen round my Heart.

A stu;

A stupid Dulness did each Sense invade,  
 As tho' when you were gone my Soul it self were fled,  
 Then soon the feav'rish Heat again returns,  
 And ev'ry Limb with utmost Anguish burns;  
 Thus some poor banish'd Wretch condemn'd to roam,  
 In Countries barbarous, and realms unknown,  
 With longing Eyes looks on his Native Home,  
 His sad Remembrance grieves for Pleasures past,  
 And mourns the Joys which he no more must taste,

*To a Lady, who in the late Storm just  
 left her Chamber before a Chimney  
 fell on the Bed where she lay.*

**P**ardon, fair Maid, that to congratulate  
 Your happy Fortune, I dare tempt your Hate,  
 Permit me in the publick Joy to share,  
 Tho' silenc'd Love no larger Part must bear;

Let



Let me have leave among the rest to come,  
That with officious Gladness croud your Room.

Blest Innocence, to whom indulgent Heav'n,  
So sure an Instance of its Love has giv'n,  
Whose guardian Genius did so gently warn,  
To fly from Death, and shun approaching Harm,  
The standing Pile could not so well declare  
How Virgin Sweetness is th' Almighty's Care;  
But the innoxious Ruin does evince  
The steady Guard of watchful Providence.  
Luxurious Death grew proud to pierce the Heart,  
Where blooming *Cupid* n'er cou'd fix a Dart;  
But 'twas deny'd his Sacrilegious Hand,  
Shou'd with the Blood of such a Prize be stain'd.  
May still new Mercies on your Dangers wait,  
And fresh Deliv'rance stay th' Approach of Fate;  
With grateful Zeal may all your Praises flow,  
And pay your great Preserver what you owe,

*On an ensuing Storm;**By the same Hand.*

**O** Thou Supream, whose univerfal Sway  
To all extends, whom Nature does obey,  
The sacred Dictates of whose pow'rful Will,  
Each Element does in its Courfe fulfil,  
At whose Command the stormy Tempefts rage,  
To deal thy Vengeance on an impious Age.  
Let that bright Hoft, who wait in the Defence  
Of Virtue, Piety, and Innocence.  
Watch round the Mansion of my charming Fair,  
And make her Safety their peculiar Care:  
Or if you call her to a hafty Tomb,  
Let the fame Sentence feal my worthlefs Doom;  
Unneceffary Wifh, when ſhe is gone,  
In whom I liv'd, for whom I liv'd alone;  
On Death I need not for Affiftance call  
A fingle Dart compleats a double Fall.

*On reading Mr. G's Apology for  
Self-murder.*

**A**WAY, deluding Fiend, thy Counfels cease,  
 Nor lull my Fancy to a Dream of Peace;  
 Blest Heav'n! what Images do'st thou present?  
 What poy'snous Med'cines to restore Content?  
 Thou bid'st me shun the weight of Misery,  
 And talk'st how brave a thing it is to dye;  
 That Cowards only fear to tempt their Fate,  
 And will compound for Life at any rate;  
 While true heroic Valour scorns to live,  
 Or Woman-like too sigh, to whine and grieve,  
 But urg'd by manly Rage, and fierce Despair,  
 Resolves by one bold Stroke to end its Care,  
 And pass the *Stygian* Lake devoid of Fear.

Know, curst Deceiver, all thy Arts I see,  
 Thy hidden Malice, and black Treachery,

Tho'

Tho' baulk'd of all the Joys on Earth I prize,  
Thou shalt not rob me of eternal Blifs.  
Know that I tremble not to lose my Breath,  
But dare the most affrighting Sence of Death,  
And should with Swiftnefs act th' Advice you gave,  
Were there no prospect left beyond the Grave :  
But 'tis the Doom that waits the Murtherer,  
The dreadful Flames reserv'd, create my Fear.  
The Road of Death can't my firm Soul dismay,  
But when it ends in Hell I quit the way.

Whene'er my Glafs its latest Sand shall run,  
(Let my sad Woes prevail it mayn't be long)  
Softly may I sigh out my Soul in Air,  
Stand thou my pitying Guardian Angel, there  
Guide, and conduct her through the milky Way,  
To the bright Region of eternal Day.  
There will her Sorrows find a sure Release,  
Unfullied Joys begin, and everlasting Peace.

## S O N G.

WHEN Wit and charming Beauty meet,  
To form an Excellence divine.

I own the Conquest is compleat,  
And with a willing Joy my Heart resign:  
What Fool so mad to hope for Liberty,  
When Chains like yours can make us more than free?

2.

'Tis true, *Eugenia*, your fair Eyes,  
Had gain'd the Conquest long before,  
They made my Heart your Beauty's Prize,  
But now your Tongue has added something more.  
My self your Slave by double Force I find  
You first attack'd my Passions, now my Mind.

*The*

*The Cure.*

**A**T last th' uneasie Chain is broke,  
 Thanks to my Stars I now am free.  
 Destructive Love no longer I obey,  
 Nor to his Laws my Homage pay ;  
 With Courage I despise his Yoke,  
 And range at Liberty.

How could my flatt'ring Fancy hope to find  
 A beauteous she without Deceit,  
 The Sex in general is a Cheat,  
 And why should I expect to meet  
 Constant and fair in Woman joyn'd.

2.

Fool that I was to be deceiv'd,  
 And yet with so much Art the Train was laid,  
 In such a pleasing Draught the Poyson was convey'd,  
 I with implicit Faith believ'd.  
 How charming was each treach'rous Smile!

What



What Softness did in ev'ry look appear !  
 A credulous Heart she might with ease beguile,  
 Where swelling Hopes had left no room for Fear.  
 Oft on my am'rous Breast reclin'd  
 Her bending Head *Miranda* laid ;  
 And while I strove t'unfold my lab'ring Mind,  
 She kindly listned to each Word I said,  
 While eternal Love I vow'd  
 Her Looks approving Pleasure show'd,  
 When from her Lips I snatch'd a balmy Kiss,  
 Her Sighs confess she felt a Share of Bliss ;  
 Love's kind Disguise she with such Art put on,  
 Had she been true she could no more have done.

3.

Here stop my Muse, and prudently forbear,  
 The captivating Charms no more repeat  
 Lest they again ensnare :  
 Those Pow'rs thou lately didst adore,  
 Become victorious as before,  
 And all thy Reason's Force defeat.

No,

No, let her Falshood urge thy keenest Spite  
 With bitt'rest Gall, and pointed Malice write;  
 Tell how the *Siren* practic'd to betray,  
     With wily Arts and Treachery  
     With deep Deceit and Forgery,  
 Made thy fond unsuspecting Heart her Prey.  
     The hiding Veil thrown off, we see  
     The Monster's loath'd Deformity;  
     No more the gawdy Charms can please,  
 No more the painted Beauty strikes our Eyes;  
 The Musick once dissolv'd, the Serpent stings lies.

## 4.

Curst is the Wretch who e'er he be,  
 Whose doting Sense by Love betray'd  
 To Beauty is a Captive made,  
 And suffers under Female Tyranny;  
     Woman, whose malicious Will  
 Designs his Ruin, whose each Smile can kill.  
     If with Woman you compare  
 The fleeting Wind, the faithless Sea,

Less fantastick these appear,  
 And but faint Emblems of Inconstancy.  
 Tho' some doting Poet feign  
 A Virgin fair, whose flowing Wit,  
 And equal Judgment in Proportion meet,  
 In whom a thousand graceful Virtues shine,  
 Like *Minerva*, all Divine,  
 She too must be the Offspring of the Brain.

---

*On CLOE's Patches.*

**S**O looks the smiling Face of Day  
 In Heaven's gloomy black Array  
 Of inoffensive Clouds, that flie  
 O'er the bright Surface of the Skie;  
 From whence appears the purer Light,  
 More splendid by the Foil of Night.  
 As *Cloe* in her Patches deckt,  
 That more divine her Charms reflect.

More

More lovely thus her Looks appear,  
With sweeter Grace, and softet Air;  
So Beauty reconciles Extreams,  
And Brightness shines in jetty Beams.

---

*On Her Mask.*

AH! Happy Mask, that often lies  
A Veil o'er Love's blest Paradise,  
There keeps each blooming Sweet that grows,  
The snowy Lilly, purple Rose:  
Preserve 'em ever safe to shew  
How pure by Nature first they grew.  
The sacred Store with Care maintain,  
Which let no vulgar Eyes prophane;  
But when poor *Damón* shall appear,  
To charm his Mind, and ease his Care,  
Then steal, kind Mask, with haste away,  
And all the blisful Scene display.

## O D E.

*To St. CECILIA, Patroness of Musick.*

## I.

**C***ecilia*, charming Saint! we raise,  
 Our Souls to thee in Songs of Praise;  
 Fill with Seraphick Strains our Thoughts,  
 With Heav'nly Musick tune our Notes:  
 For none dare speak or sing of thee,  
 Unless inspir'd by thy sacred Harmony.

## 2.

A tuneful Confort then be made,  
 Bring in the Lute and Viol to our Aid;  
 The joyful Train of Instruments command,  
 Taught by *Cecilia's* pow'rful Hand.  
 See how the trembling Strings, all at *Cecilia's* Name,  
 In grateful Notes give back their Musick whence  
 it came:

Behold.

Behold how they rejoyce to move!

And celebrate once her Abode below, as now her  
Reign above.

3.

The melancholly Flute forgets to mourn,

Forfaken *Damon's* sad Despair;

And all the rising Notes return,

*Cecilia!* in a brisk and more exalted Air.

Tir'd with the rough Alarms of War,

The martial Trumpet hither does repair,

Joys with a milder Blast to swell,

And on *Cecilia's* Praifes dwell;

Joys here a peaceful Saint to yield

Those Sounds, due to the fighting Hero, and the  
noisy Field.

4.

And the majestick Organ known,

*Cecilia's* Care, and Art alone

That warms us with divine Desires,

And kindles in our Souls seraphick Fires.

The founding Organ does aspire



With its Monopoly,  
 Of tuneful Sounds to pierce the Sky;  
 And joyn with its own Saint in Consort in the Hea-  
 venly Quire.

5.

*Cecilia's* sacred Memory

Whilst Musick lives, shall never die;  
 Musick, the charming Magnet of the whole,  
 Of Heav'n and Earth the mighty Soul.  
 Musick that sweetens all our Mirth,  
 And gives new blooming Joys their Birth,  
 That drives pale Sorrow from our Breast,  
 And lulls our waking Cares to rest,  
 Our willing Soul resigns to thee,  
 Thou tun'st its Passions to thy Harmony:  
 By thee 'tis led at ev'ry Turn,  
 And even joys with thee to mourn;  
 Quick as its Thoughts at ev'ry Sound flies out,  
 And hovers o'er the trembling Accent of each dying  
 Note.

*Grand*

*Grand Chorus.*

To Musick and *Cecilia's* Name  
 Let ev'ry Year return the same;  
 Whilst we the Praise of both rehearse  
 In sounding Accents, grateful Verse;  
 And in those Praises that we give,  
 We our selves shall joyful live.

---

*Love's Conquest. By J. J. M. A.*

I.

**O**FT have I laugh'd at *Love's* fond Pain,  
 From little *Cupid's* fiery Dart;  
 And ever thought those Torments vain,  
 And he no Power to wound a Heart.

2.

'Till lovely *Cloe* I beheld,  
 Bright Youth sat blooming on her Face,

Her Frame with Beauty's Glory fill'd,  
 And deck'd in ev'ry charming Grace.

3.

Strait to my Soul, through ev'ry Vein  
 The subtle Charms like Lightning run,  
 I languish with a pleasing Pain,  
 And willing yield to be undone.

4.

Whilst then I gaze upon her Eyes,  
 Where little armed *Loves* advance,  
 Wing'd at each Look, an Arrow flies,  
 And pointed Darts in ev'ry glance.

5.

With Grief her Absence kills me too!  
 I droop, I pine when she's away;  
 As tender Plants in Winter do,  
 That want the Sun's reviving Ray.

6.

Ah Cruel *Love!* at last I wear  
 Thy Chains, thus taken by surprize;

Whilst

Whilst to *Fair Cloe* you repair,  
To reign and triumph in her Eyes,

---

*The contrary Agreement.*

*By the same Hand.*

I.

When I tell *Cloe* how I love her,  
She turns all to Ridicule:  
When with my Sighs I try to move her,  
I'm a whining canting Fool.

2.

Well *Cloe*, if it thus must be,  
I'll own my self as great an Afs,  
As fam'd in Love's Knight Errantry  
As the great *Don* of *Mancha* was.

3.

I've sigh'd, and vow'd, and all in jest,  
(For once my Tongue my Heart belies)  
And in *Romantick* Tales confest  
The fancy'd Conquests of your Eyes.

4. Sc

4.

So, *Dearest*, then we're both agreed,  
Alike detest, alike approve;  
And the grand Point's at last decreed,  
We both agree, that is, *We Love*.

---

*Under a Lady's Picture.*

*By the same Hand.*

**B**Ehold this bright and lovely Piece!  
Such was the charming Queen of *Greece*,  
Whose Flame *Troy's* Palaces consum'd;  
As many Hearts to Hers are doom'd.

*A Poetical*

*A Poetical ESSAY on CARTE-  
SIUS's First Principle of Philosophy;*

I think, therefore I am.

*By the same Hand.*

I.

**C**ome, Self-reflecting *Thought!*

With deep and silent Meditation fraught;

Confin'd unto my pensive Soul,

Eternal circling Eddies roul,

Damm up the *Avenues* of Sense,

Let me no more receive from thence

Th' uncertain *Objects* the deluding World does now  
dispencc.

Ah! Let me then be nought

But pure *abstracted Thought,*

Whilst the *Idea of my self* I frame,

For first *I think,* and thence conclude *I am.*

2. What



## 2.

What then's this gawdy *Scene* I seem to see ?

Above, a Convex Canopy ;

Below, a specious painted Ball,

And ev'ry where a moving Animal.

Those various Objects that appear

T' affect my *Touch*, my *Taste*, my *Smell*, my *Ear*.

*Chimeras* all,—nor do I know

Where any such *exist* or no,

Or can as yet a just *Criterion* show.

## 3.

For if I've once deluded been,

Why may I not be so agen ?

What if in *Error's Mould* my *Mind* was cast

At first, and still the same *Impressions* last ?

Or some malignant *Demon* me deludes,

And all these *Fairy Images* obtrudes ?

But then, what *real Substance* can I find ?

(I'll *Think*—— And something 'tis that *thinks*——

And must *Exist*.) my *Mind*.

4. But

4.

But can't I be abstracted too from *Thought*?

No,—'Tis a Self-discovering Note

To the *Existence*, whilst I will not, does convey

That very *Will*, my *Being* does display

Like Fire, that its own Flames betray.

Since then I'm fure of *Thought*, and know thereby

I am,

But all *External Objects* may be *Empty Name*,

On *That* I'll all my Age employ, and look on *These*

But as *suppos'd deceitful Substances*.

*From J. S. to C. S.*

HORACE *Epist.* 10. *Book* I.

**H**Health to my Friend, who loves the Town so  
well,

Health from his Friend, who loves his Country

Cell;

In

In all but this, we're like Twin-Brother Doves,  
 What one dislikes the other disapproves,  
 And *Covent Garden* Cooing but divides our Loves. }  
 Thou keep'st the billing Nest, I range the Fields,  
 And taste what uncorrupted Nature yields;  
 Riot in Flow'rs, and wanton in the Woods,  
 Bask on the mossy Banks, and skim the Floods.  
 In short, I live and reign, and joy to see  
 My self from thy mistaken Blessings free;  
 And as the Slave the *Flamen's* Surfeits fled,  
 Nauseate the Honey Cakes, and feast on Bread.  
 If Happiness of Life be worth our Care,  
 And he who builds, should nicely choose his Air;  
 Tell me a Place which with the Country vies,  
 In easie Blessings, and in native Joys :  
 Where cheerful Hearths deceive the Cold so well,  
 Or gentle Gales the raging Heat repell :  
 When both the Lyon and the Dog conspire,  
 With furious Rays to set the Day on Fire.

Or where, ah where ! But here can Sleep maintain  
(That Slave in Courts) her soft imperial Reign?  
Is *Parian* Marble prefs'd beneath thy Feet,  
More beautiful than Flow'rs, or half so sweet?  
Or Water roaring thro' the bursting Lead,  
So pure as gliding in its easie Bed?  
Who builds in Cities yet the Fields approves,  
And hedges in with Pillars awkward Groves?  
Strives for the country View that farthest runs,  
And tweers aloof at Beauties which he shuns.  
In driving Nature out our Force is vain,  
Still the recoiling Goddess comes again;  
And creeps in silent Triumph to deride  
The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.  
An ignorant and uncomparing Fop  
Is cheated less in any Mercer's Shop,  
Than he who cannot with a wary Eye,  
Distinguish Happiness from Vanity,  
Who prosperous Chance too eagerly embrace,  
Feel double Pangs in her averted Face.

You

You once must leave whatever you admire,  
 Ah, wisely now and willingly retire;  
 Forsake the gawdy Tinsel of the Great,  
 The peaceful Cottage beckens a Retreat;  
 Where true Content, so true a Greatness brings,  
 As flights their Fav'rites, and as pities Kings.  
 The Stag and Horse in common Pasture fed,  
 'Till Jars enfu'd, and Heels oppos'd to Head;  
 But Horns are lucky things and Palfry fled,  
 Foaming for Spite, (And Passion is a Wit,)  
 He fought for Man, and kindly took the Bit;  
 But when he fully had reveng'd the Cause,  
 The Spurs still gawl'd his Sides, the Curb his Jaws.  
 Just so the Man who had his Freedom fold,  
 (The nobler Riches) for insulting Gold;  
 His Back beneath a jaunting Rider lays,  
 Hackney'd and spurr'd thro' all his slavish Days;  
 Whose Fortune is not fitted to his Will,  
 Too great or little, he's uneasie still.



Our Shoes and Fortune surely are ally'd,  
 We limp in Strait, and stumble in the Wide  
 Then wisely take what Chance and Fate afford,  
 Nor wish for more, I know thou wilt not hoard;  
 And when I labour for the fordid Gains,  
 Or heap the Trash, upbraid me for my Pains:  
 It serves, or rules, wherever Gold you find;  
 But still the Varlet is a Slave by kind.  
 Receive this from thy Friend——  
 Who laughs in *Kent*, from Care and Business free,  
 And wanting nothing in the World but thee.

*A PROLOGUE.* By Jo. Haynes.

**W**Hen the hot Sun with scorching Beams does  
 shine,

With Ice we calm the raging Heat of Wine.

Our Author, in like Circumstance, is cast,

He cools his Fancy to oblige your Taste;

He under-writes to please, and frames his Wit

Exactly to the Level of the Pit.

L

Knowiug



Knowing what Stuff will pass, 'tis his Intention,  
Never to soar above your Apprehension.

Therefore he writes to you, the mod'rate Wits,  
True Country 'Squires, conceited Fops and Cits,  
Pimps, Pandars, Parasites, Prigs, Beaux, and Bullies,  
And Whores, with all their Equipage of Cullies:

I think I see one there, just so attended;  
Sir: the Vacation, *Lord!* how things are mended.

I told her Fortune then, which I remember  
Was, she should get new Rigging in *December*:

Now I *Jo. Haynes* protest upon my Honour,  
She's there, with all my Prophecy upon her.

In me a strange prophetick Spirit reigns,  
Which I impute to an Excess of Brains,  
That does my Business upon each Occasion,  
For none, I hope, will think 'tis Inspiration.

A Poet came to me the other Day,  
To learn the Destiny of his new Play;  
Urg'd by good Nature, I in Pity show'd him  
How to prevent a Shame the Devil ow'd him;

But

But he would on to meet the Critick's Shot;  
 So volunteering Poet went to Pot.  
 Our Author brings you here his Virgin Muse;  
 A Virgin you should gently, gently use:  
 And if she's aukward now, at the Beginning,  
 Consider this is her first time of Sinning:  
 Like your kept Misses, more experienc'd grown,  
 She hopes to give Content to all the Town.  
 Ladies, I'm sure you will be pleas'd to Day,  
 For h'as two constant Women in his Play:  
 And, if he's not deceiv'd, a pretty Tale,  
 But yet he has this Refuge, if that fail:  
 When Poets Plots in Plays are damn'd for Spight,  
 They Criticks turn, and damn the rest that write:  
 So the state Plotter on the like Pretence,  
 Missing his Aim, becomes an Evidence.

*Paraphrase on the cxxxvii<sup>th</sup> Psalm.*

**U**Pon the Banks which fam'd *Euphrates* laves  
 Pensive we fate and swell'd with Tears the  
 Waves; L 2 When

When the Remembrance of our native Seat,  
 And *Sion's* lov'd Idea did create  
 Fresh Melancholly, and improv'd our Fate.

On the green Branches of the Trees which stood,  
 Rang'd on the Margin of the rolling Flood;  
 To whist'ling Winds our tuneless Harps we hung;  
 Our Souls were Discord, and our Lyres unstrung:  
 Then with keen Scoffs th' insulting Victors cry'd,

“ Why is your *Jewish* Musick lay'd aside?

“ Come sing some *Hebrew* Song, and let us hear

“ How *Sion's* Harmony will please the Ear.

How shall we sing, at your absurd Command,

*Jehovah's* Song in this unhallow'd Land?

Our Notes shall ne'er in unblest'd Vales rebound,

Nor barb'rous Air prophane the sacred Sound.

*Jerusalem*, thou solace of our Woe,

If I, thy dear Remembrance, e'er foregoe;

If thou e'er cease to be my darling Theme,

My Thought when waking, and in Sleep my Dream;

Then

Then may my skilful Hand forget the Lyre,  
Forget to tune the Strings, and strike the founding Wire.  
May ev'n my Tongue, when I this Subject leave,  
Struck Speechless to my clammy Palate cleave:  
By plaintive Songs no more afford Relief,  
But lose the wretched Privilege of Grief.  
Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* hostile Race  
Urg'd on the Foes, our Glory to deface:  
How in *Jerusalem's* last Day they cry'd,  
Raze her Foundations, crush her tow'ring Pride;  
Lay wast her Buildings with devouring Fires,  
And level with the Ground her glittering Spires.  
And thou who hast our shining Pomp consum'd,  
Curs'd *Babylon* to sure Destruction doom'd;  
Blest shall he be, who shall espouse our Cause,  
And take due Vengeance on her cruel Foes.  
Blest shall he be that splits thy Children's Bones,  
And strikes their sprawling Limbs against the Stones;  
Who all thy Streets with Slaughter covers o'er,  
And daubs the rugged Flints with clotted Brains and

Gore.

L 3

A

## A PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford.

*Spoke at the last Act by Mr. Betterton, 1703.*

**O**Nce more our *London* Muses pleas'd, repair  
To this bless'd Seat, and breath their Native  
Air;

Here seek Protection from their Kindred Gown,

Glad to retire from that degen'rate Town:

Where spurious Criticks in false Judgment sit,

Debauch'd with Farce, and negligent of Wit.

Our Indignation equally they raise,

Whether they frown or smile upon our Plays,

And damn us with the Scandal of their Praise. }

Now, to our Wish, we have an Audience found,

Which will be pleas'd with Sense as well as Sound:

You only can reform th' unthinking Age,

Redeem our Credit lost, and dignifie the Stage.

Wit



Wit is your growth, and now ('tis all we crave)

Retrieve that Honour which before you gave :

Poetry yet will thrive, if rais'd by You,

As Plants their fading Vigor will renew

From that kind Soil in which at first they grew. }

Your learned Censures will instruct the Town,

And teach them when to smile, and when to frown, }

And by Your Judgment to improve their own. }

You, as Wits higher Powers our doom reveal,

From whose decisive Court there's no Appeal.

Then rise, *Athenians!* in the just defence

Of Poetry oppress'd, and long neglected Sense ;

The Reputation of our Art advance,

Suppress the Exorbitance of Song and Dance, }

And in one pow'rful Party conquer *France* ; }

Nor have we vicious Entertainment brought,

You safely may approve, and smile without a Fault.

With Shame we must confess our City Guests

Have been regal'd with such unwholsome Feasts,



With Greediness the fulsom Bait they seize,  
 And drest in Vice, even Sense itself will please.

But now w'have nought t'offend the chastest Ear,  
 You from imputed Crimes our Stage shall clear,  
 For none will blush to own, what You vouchsafe  
 to hear,

*To a Lady, on her drawing him for  
 her Valentine.*

**M**Adam, permit me here to own  
 A Favour you your self have shown;  
 For he who dar'd but to admire  
 Before, now hopes he may aspire;  
 By this emboldn'd to improve  
 His Admiration into Love,  
 Blest be the Man, whose happy Thought  
 From the gay Birds this Custom brought!

By

By which with lucky Chance we gain  
What long had made our Wishes vain,  
Only 'twixt us this difference lies  
And those Musicians of the Skies,  
They for themselves their Lovers choose,  
But Fortune and the Gods for us,  
But above all, a Blessing's due  
To that kind Chance which gave me you:  
You, who with such an Air, and Mien,  
And Face, not safely to be seen,  
With so much Beauty, Wit, and Truth,  
Might well deserve a nobler Youth;  
A Youth, if such a one there is,  
Who answers all good Qualities:  
But since none can be equal to  
So fine, so bright a Nymph as you;  
And 'twas before decreed above,  
That you must bless whom e'er you love;  
Be pleas'd t'accept of him, on whom  
Fortune has such a Favour thrown;

Who

Who vows he'll do his best to please,  
 And to deserve the Happiness;  
 Or by his Constancy will prove  
 Such Charms can always challenge Love,  
 So sweet Confinement who wou'd leave  
 For all the Freedom Worlds can give?  
 So fetter'd in your Arms to be,  
 Ye Gods, 'twere glorious Slavery!  
 From which I never would be free.

---

*On the Death of a Lady, Sept. 6. 1703.*

**S**peak, Grief, for long the mournful strains have  
 hung  
 Upon my drooping Soul, and fix'd my Tongue:  
 Pay the just Tribute of a Fun'ral Verse,  
 And let her Virtues Praise attend her Hearse:  
 The Task is great, for who can e'er descry  
 Each shining Star which forms the Galaxy?

Who

Who can describe the Graces of her Mind?  
 Where all that's great, and good, and beauteous shin'd;  
 Who can each single Vertue justly shew?  
 Or marshal all the glorious Train in view?  
 No, the Attempt would a rash Zeal appear,  
 And but blaspheme the mighty Character:  
 How well she acted all the parts of Life,  
 Th' obedient Child, and most indulgent Wife;  
 The tend'rest Mother, and the best of Friends,  
 Faithful, sincere, and gen'rous without ends!  
 To such, whom Nature had to her ally'd,  
 She, by a stricter Bond of Love was ty'd:  
 But the intensive Goodness of her Mind,  
 Was to no less, than the whole World confin'd.  
 No sneaking Passions harbour'd in her Breast,  
 Which might disturb her own, or others rest:  
 But all that knew her would in Justice own,  
 That she help'd many, but she injur'd none.

L \* \*

Such

Such Virtues might have been more useful here,  
 Had Fortune plac'd her in a higher Sphere,  
 And might have shone as good, and shone as clear.  
 But most in her lov'd Privacy she spent  
 Her Hours which to her Maker's Praise she lent;  
 Her Maker now her Praises will repay  
 With everlasting Blifs, and endless Day.

---

*S O N G.* By Mr. PRIOR.

I.

**W**Hilst I am scorch'd with hot Desire,  
 In vain, cold Friendship, you return;  
 Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,  
 Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

2.

Ah! would you have the Flame suppress'd  
 That kills the Heart it heals too fast,  
 Take half my Passion to your Breast,  
 The rest in mine shall ever last.

*A S O N G. By Mr. MOTTEUX.*

**A**H! who can the Joys discover  
Of a happy, tender Lover?  
When the Nymph no more refuses,  
When at once he wins and loses;  
Secret be their mutual Pleasure,  
Secret as a fairy Treasure:  
Silence adds to the possessing,  
Silence best secures the Blessing:  
To her Arms he headlong rushes,  
Stifles all her Frowns and Blushes:  
Still new Beauties does discover,  
And almost enjoys all over.  
Humid Eyes, Sighs, Kisses, Glances,  
Close Embraces, melting Trances;  
Panting, grasping, trembling, firing,  
Then, ah then! ah then! expiring.



*The Indifferent. A SONG, to the  
Tune of Lalerida.*

*By my Lord ORRERY.*

1.

**H**E that in Love would still prevail,  
Or not be troubled if he fail,

Let him my way be a Lover ;  
At first I seem to dye for Love,  
If that her Pity will not move,  
Without it I recover !

2.

But if the Lady's kind and true,  
I always strive to be so too,  
Thus to Pity I invite her ;  
But if a Tyrant she will prove,  
And deny that for which I love,  
I Tyrant turn and flight her.

3. Thus

3.

Thus when I do a Beauty see,  
I like her just as she likes me,  
Who vexes if I don't take her :  
But yet the Consequence is bad ;  
For if she's fair, must I be mad ?  
I'll rather straight forsake her.

4.

The best Rule which in Love I find,  
Is to think none fair but the Kind :  
Women thus are pretty Trifles ;  
Tho' Water thrown upon a Fire,  
Or Ice on Love, makes some burn higher ;  
Yet mine it forthwith stifles.

5.

Who begs a Lady's Heart, must still  
Be pleas'd with whatsoever she will ;  
The Beggar must not be chooser :  
But I so wisely things design,  
That always in Amours of mine,  
I'm a Winner, or no Looser.

6. For

6.

For when a coy Nymph Love inspires,  
 In Wine I quench my hopeless Fires ;  
 Thus one Heat expels the other ;  
 Women I therefore will decline,  
 All my Affections are on Wine,  
 When they kill, this will recover.

---

*The Story of Orpheus Burlesqu'd.*

**O** *Orpheus* a One-ey'd limping *Thracian*,  
 Top-Crowder of the barbarous Nation,  
 Was Ballad-Singer by Vocation.  
 Who up and down the Country stroling,  
 And with his strains the Mob cajoling,  
 Charm'd them as much, as each Man knows  
 Our Modern Farces do our Beaus ;  
 To hear whose Voice they left their Houses,  
 Their Food, their Handicrafts, and Spoufes.

Whilst

Whilft by the Merc'ry of his Song,  
 He threw the staring gaping Throng,  
 A thing deferving Admiration,  
 Into a copious Salivation.

From hence came all thofe monftrous Stories,  
 That to his Lays wild Beafts danc'd Borees,  
 That after him, where e'er he rambled  
 The Lyon ramp'd, and the Bear gambol'd,  
 And Rocks and Caves (their Houfes) ambled. }  
 For fure the Monfter Mob includes  
 All Beafts, Stones, Stocks, in Solitudes.

He had a Spoufe ycleped *Dice*,  
 As tight a Lafs as e'er your Eye fee,  
 Who being carefs'd one Day by *Morpheus*,  
 In abfence of her Husband *Orpheus*.  
 As in the God's Embrace fhe lay,  
 Dy'd not by Metaphior they fay,  
 But th' ungrateful literal way. }

For, as a Modern's pleas'd to say by't,  
From Sleep to Death there's but a way-bit.

*Orpheus*, at first, t'Appearance grieving,  
For one he 'ad oft wish'd damn'd whil'st living,  
That he might play her, her Farewell,  
Resolv'd to take a turn to Hell;  
(For Spouse, he gues'd was gone to the Devil)  
There was a Husband damnably civil!  
Playing a merry Strain that Day  
Upon th' infernal King's High-way,  
He caper'd on, as who should say,  
Since Spouse has pass'd the *Stygian* Ferry,  
Since Spouse is damn'd, I will be merry,  
And Wights who travel that way daily,  
Jog on by his Example gayly.  
Thus scraping, he to Hell advanc'd,  
When he came there, the Devil danc'd.  
All Hell was with the Frolick taken,  
And with a huge Huzza was shaken;

All Hell broke loose, and they who were  
 One Moment past plung'd in Despair,  
 Sung, hang Sorrow, cast away Care.  
 But *Pluto*, with a spiteful Prank,  
 Ungrateful Devil! did *Orpheus* thank.

*Orpheus*, said he, I like thy Strain  
 So well, that here's thy Wife again;  
 But on these Terms receive the Blessing,  
 'Till thou'rt on Earth forbear possessing.  
 He who has play'd like thee in Hell,  
 Might e'en do r'other thing as well;  
 And shades of our eternal Night,  
 Were not design'd for such Delight.  
 Therefore if such in Hell thou usest,  
 Thy Spouse immediately thou losest.  
 Quoth *Orpheus*, I am maul'd I see,  
 You and your Gift be damn'd, thought he,  
 And shall be if my Skill don't fail me,  
 And if the Devil do's not ail me.



Now *Orpheus* saw Importance free,  
By which once more a Slave was he.  
The Damn'd chang'd presently their Notes,  
And stretch'd with hideous Howl their Throats ;  
And two and two together link'd,  
Their Chains with horrid Musick clink'd,  
And in the Confort yell and Fetlock  
Expres'd the Harmony of Wedlock.  
He by Command then lugg'd his Dowdey  
To *Acheron* with many a how-d'ye.  
But as the Boat was tow'rds them steering,  
The Rogue with wicked Ogle leering,  
Darted at her fiery Glances,  
Which kindled in her furious Fancies.  
Her Heart did thick as any Drum beat,  
Alarming Amazons to combat.  
He soon perceives it, and too wise is  
Not to lay hold on such a Crisis.  
His Moyety on the Bank he threw  
Whil'st thousand Devils look'd askew.

Thus

Thus Spoufe who knew what long Repentance  
Was to enfue by *Pluto's* Sentence,  
Could not forbear her Recreation  
One poor Half-day t'avoid Damnation.  
Her from his Arms the Furies wrung,  
And into Hell again they flung.  
He finging thus, repafs'd the Ferry,  
Since Spoufe is damn'd, I will be merry.

---

*The Story of Acteon Burlesqu'd, or  
the Original of Horn-Fair.*

**S**OME time about the Month of *July*,  
Or else our ancient Authors do lye,  
*Diana*, whom Poetic Noddies  
Would have us think to be some Goddess,  
(Tho' in plain truth a Witch she was,  
Who sold Grey-Peas at *Ratcliff-cross*)

Went to the upfitting of a Neighbour,  
 Having before been at her Labour.  
 The Gossips had of Punch a Bowl-full,  
 Which made them all sing oh be joyful.  
 A Frolick took them in the Noddle,  
 Their over-heated Bums to coddle:  
 So they at *Limehouse* took a Sculler,  
 And cram'd it fo, no Egg was fuller.  
 With Tide of Ebb, they got to *Eriff*,  
 Where *Punchinello* once was Sheriff.  
 Our jovial Crew there made an halt,  
 To drink some Nants at what d'ye call't,  
 And thence if any car'd a F—— for't,  
 Went to a Stream that comes from *Dartford*,  
 Where all unrigg'd in good Decorum,  
 As naked as their Mothers bore 'em,  
 And soon their Tatling did outdo  
 An *Irish* Howl, or Hubaboo.  
 O Law! (cryes one to joke the aptest)  
 Methinks I'm grown an Anabaptist.

If

If to be dipt to Grace prefers,  
I'm grac'd and fowc'd o'er Head and Ears.  
Whilst thus she talk'd, all on a sudden,  
They grew as mute as Halty-Pudding.  
Daunted by th'unexpected Sounds  
Of hollowing Men, and yelping Hounds,  
Who soon came up and stood at Bay,  
At those who wish'd themselves away.  
But to encrease their sad Disaster,  
After the Currs appear'd their Master  
*Aeteon* nam'd, a Country Gent.  
Who hard by liv'd somewhere in *Kent*;  
And hunting lov'd more than his Victuals,  
And cry of Hounds 'bove Sounds of Fiddles.  
He saw his Dogs neglect their Sport,  
Having sprung Game of better Sort,  
Which put him in a Fit of Laughter,  
Not dreaming what was to come after.  
Bless me! how the young Letcher star'd,  
How pleasingly the Spark was scar'd;

With hidden Charms his Eyes he fed,  
 And to our Females thus he said ;  
 Hye, Jingo, what a Deel's the matter ?  
 Do Mermaids swim in *Dartford* Water ?  
 The Poets tell us they have Skill in  
 That sweet melodious Art of Singing.  
 If to that Tribe you do belong,  
 Faith, Ladies, Come let's have a Song.  
 What silent ? ne'er a word to spare me ?  
 Nay, frown not, for you cannot scare me ?  
 Hah ! now I see you are meer Females,  
 Made to delight and pleasure we Males.  
 Faith, Ladies, do not think me lavish,  
 If five or six of you I ravish,  
 I gad, I must — this did so frighten,  
 The Gossips they seem'd Thunder-smitten.  
 At last *Diana* takes upon her,  
 To vindicate their injur'd Honour,  
 And by some Necromantic Spells,  
 Strong Charms, Witchcraft, or something else,



In twinkling of the Shell of Oyster,  
Transmogrify'd the rampant Royfter  
Into a thing some call a No-man,  
Unfit to love, or please a Woman.  
The Poets who love to deceive you,  
(For once believe them, who'll believe you?)  
Say, that to quench his leach'rous Fire,  
Into a Stag she chang'd the Squire,  
Which made him fly o'er Hedges skipping,  
Till his own Hounds had spoilt his Tripping :  
But I who am less given to lying,  
Than jolly Rakes to think of dying,  
Do truly tell you here between us,  
She only spoilt the Spark for *Venus*;  
Which soon his Blood so much did alter,  
He car'd for Love less than for Halter.  
No more the Sight of naked Beauty  
Could prompt his Vigour to its Duty ;  
And in this Case you may believe  
He hardly stay'd to take his Leave.



He had a Wife, and she poor Woman  
Soon found in him something uncommon.  
In vain she strove, young, fair and plump,  
To rouse to joy the senseless Lump.  
She from a Drone, alas! sought Honey,  
And from an empty Pocket, Money.  
Thus us'd, she for her ease contrives  
That sweet Revenge of flighted Wives,  
And soon of Horns a pair most florid,  
Were by her grafted on his Forehead.  
At sight of which his Shame and Anger,  
Made him first curse, then soundly bang her,  
And then his Rage which overpower'd him,  
Made Poets say his Dogs devour'd him.  
At *Cuckolds-point* he dy'd with Sadness,  
Few in his Case now shew such Madness!  
Whilst Gossips pleas'd at his sad Case,  
Strait fixt his Horns just on the Place,  
Left th' Memory on't should be forgotten  
When they, poor Souls, were dead and rotten.

And

And then from Queen *Dick* got a Patent  
On *Charlton* Green to set up a Tent,  
Where once a Year with Friends from *Wapping*,  
They told how they were taken napping.  
The following Age improv'd the Matter,  
And made two Dishes of a Platter.  
The Tent where they us'd to repair,  
Is now become a jolly Fair,  
Where every eighteenth of *October*  
Comes Citizen demure and sober,  
With Basket, Shovel, Pickax staking,  
To make a way for's Wife to walk in:  
Where having laid out single Money,  
In buying Horns for dearest Honey,  
O'er Furmity, Pork, Pig, and Ale,  
They cheer their Souls, and tell this Tale.

*An Ode on the Death of Mr. Purcell.*  
*By Mr. Dryden.*

*Set to Musick by Dr. Blow.*

I.

**M**ark how the Lark and Linnet sing,  
 With rival Notes

They strain their warb'ling Throats,  
 To welcome in the Spring.

But in the Close of Night,  
 When *Philomel* begins her heav'nly Lay,  
 They cease their mutual Spight,  
 Drink in her Musick with Delight,  
 And list'ning, and silent obey.

2.

So ceas'd the Rival Crew, when *Purcell* came  
 They sung no more, or only sung his Fame.  
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd the Godlike Man.

The Godlike Man,  
 Alas! too soon retir'd,  
 As he too late began.

We

We beg not Hell, our *Orpheus* to restore,

Had he been there

Their Sov'reign's Fear

Had sent him back before.

The Power of Harmony too well they knew,

He, long e're this, had tun'd their jarring Sphere,

And left no Hell below.

3.

The heav'nly Quire, who heard his Notes from high,

Let down the Scale of Musick from the Sky:

They handed him along,

And all the way He taught, and all the way they sung.

Ye Brethren of the Lyre, and tuneful Voice,

Lament his Lot; but at your own rejoyce.

Now live secure, and linger out your Days,

The Gods are pleas'd alone with *Purcell's* Lays,

Nor know to mend their Choice.

*The DREAM: Imitated from Propertius,  
Book iii. Elegy iii.*

*By Mr. Fenton.*

**T**WO green Retreats, that shade the Muses Stream,  
My Fancy lately bore me in a Dream;  
Fir'd with ambitious Zeal, my Harp I strung,  
And *Blenheim's* Field, and fam'd *Ramillia* sung:  
Fast by that Spring, where *Spencer* sat of old,  
And great Exploits in lofty Numbers told.  
*Phæbus* in his *Castalian* Grotto laid,  
O'er which a Lawrel cast her filken Shade,  
Spy'd me, and hastily when first he spy'd,  
Thus, leaning on his golden Lyre, he cry'd:

What strange Ambition has misplac'd thee there?  
Forbear to sing of Arms, alas forbear!  
Form'd in a gentler Mould, henceforth employ  
Thy Pen to paint the softer Scenes o' Joy.  
Thy Works may thus the Myrtle Garland wear,  
Prefer'd to Grace the Toilets o' the Fair:

When

When their lov'd Youths at Night too long delay,  
 In reading thee they'll pass the Hours away :  
 And, when they'd make their melting Wishes known,  
 Repeat thy Passion to reveal their own.  
 Then hast, the safer Shallows to regain,  
 Nor dare the stormy Dangers o' the Main.

Ceasing with this Reproof, the friendly God,  
 A mossy Path, but lightly beaten, show'd :  
 A Cave there was, which Nature's Hand alone  
 Had arch'd, with Greens o' various Kinds o'ergrown ;  
 With Tymbrels all the vaulted Roofs were grac'd,  
 And Earthen Gods on either side were plac'd.  
*Silenus*, and the Muses Virgin-Train,  
 Stood here, with *Pan* the Poet o' the Plain :  
 Elsewhere the Doves o' *Cytherea's* Team,  
 Were seen to sip the sweet *Castalian* Stream.

Nine lovely Nymphs a sev'ral Task pursu'd,  
 For Ivy one was sent to search the Wood ;



This to soft Numbers joyn'd harmonious Airs,  
And fragrant Rosy Wreaths a third prepares.  
Me thus the bright *Calliope* address'd,  
(Her Name the Brightness of her Form confess'd.)  
The Silver Swans o' *Venus* wait to bear  
Thee safe, in Pomp along the liquid Air.  
Pleas'd with thy peaceful Province, straight recal  
Thy rash Design to sing the wounded *Gaul*:  
Harsh sounds the Trumpet in the Muses Grove,  
But sweet the Lute, the Lute is fit for Love.  
No more rehearse the *Danube's* Purple Stream,  
Let Love for ever be the tender Theme:  
And in thy Verse reveal the moving Art,  
To melt an haughty Nymph's relentless Heart.

The Goddess ceasing to confirm me more,  
My Face with hallowed Drops she sprinkled o'er;  
Fetch'd from the Fountain, by whose flow'ry side,  
Soft *Waller* sung of *Sacharissa's* Pride.

*On the Reprinting Mr. MILTON'S  
Prose-Works, with his Poems writ-  
ten in his Paradise lost.*

*By Mr. Yalden.*

**T**Hese sacred Lines with Wonder we peruse,  
And praise the Flights of a seraphick Muse:  
Till thy seditious Prose provokes our Rage,  
And foils the Beauties of thy brightest Page.  
Thus here we see transporting Scenes arise,  
Heav'ns radiant Host, and opening Paradise;  
Then trembling view the dread Abyss beneath,  
Hell's horrid Mansions, and the Realms of Death.

Whilst here thy bold majestick Numbers rise,  
And range th' embattl'd Legions of the Skies,  
With Armies fill the azure Plains of Light,  
And paint the lively Terrors of the Fight,

We own the Poet worthy to rehearse  
 Heav'n's lasting Triumphs in immortal Verse:  
 But when thy impious mercenary Pen  
 Insults the best of Princes, best of Men;  
 Our Admiration turns to just Disdain,  
 And we revoke the fond Applause again.

Like the fall'n Angels in their happy State,  
 Thou shar'dst their Nature, Insolence, and Fate:  
 To Harps divine, immortal Hymns they sung,  
 As sweet thy Voice, as sweet thy Lyre was strung.  
 As they did Rebels to th' Almighty grow,  
 So thou prophan'st his Image here below.  
 Apostate Bard! may not thy guilty Ghost,  
 Discover to its own eternal Cost,  
 That as they Heav'n, thou Paradise hast lost.

*To the Memory of a fair young Lady,*  
Anno Dom. 1697.

WHEN black with Shades this mourning  
Vault appears,  
And the relenting Marble flows with Tears;  
Think then what Griefs a Parent's Bosom wound,  
Whose fatal Loss enrich'd this hallow'd Ground.

Strow Lillies here, and Myrtle Wreaths prepare,  
To crown the fading Triumphs of the Fair:  
Here blooming Youth, and charming Beauties lie,  
Till Earth resigns them to their Native Skie;  
Like *China* laid for Ages to refine,  
And make her Body like the Soul divine.

Unmingled may the fragrant Dust remain,  
No common Earth the sacred Sweets prophane;

But let her Urn preserve its Virgin Store,  
Chast and unfully'd as she liv'd before.

---

*To MYRA.*

*Written in her Cleopatra.*

**H**ERE, lovely *Myra*, you behold  
The Wonders Beauty wrought of old:  
In ev'ry mournful Page appears  
The Nymph's Disdain, and Lovers Tears.  
Whilst these feign'd tragick Tales you view,  
Fondly you weep, and think them true;  
Lament the Hero's flighted Flame,  
Yet praise the fair ungrateful Dame.

For Youths unknown no longer grieve,  
But rather heal the Wounds you give;  
The Slaves your Eyes have ruin'd mourn,  
And pity Flames with which your Lovers burn.

Oh!

Oh! hadst thou liv'd in former Days,  
 Thus Fame had sung lov'd *Myra's* Praise:  
 The Triumphs of thy haughty Reign,  
 Thy matchless Form, and cold Disdain:  
 Thy Beauties had remain'd as long  
 The Theme of ev'ry Poet's Song:  
 Then *Myra's* Conquests had been wrote,  
 And *Cleopatra* dy'd forgot.

---

*An Epistle from Mr. W-----n to  
 Dr. C----- of Queen's College,  
 Oxon. when he had the Gout.*

SIR,

'TIS no hard Matter to divine  
 How I, who love a Whore and Wine,  
 And all the studied Luxuries  
 That *Lamb* or *Locket* can devise,



Shou'd have the Gout, and Penance do,  
 With Foot on Chair in Velvet Shoe.  
 But how a Man predicamental-  
 -ly fober, and near transcendental;  
 That ne'er was known to be a Glutton,  
 Beyond a Penny Chop o' Mutton,  
 And can't tell what fixth Sense, or Whore is,  
 And *Goody* is his only *Cloris*:  
 How such a one shou'd have intestine,  
 Saline, and acid so infesting,  
 Is strange to me, and as obscure  
 A Riddle, almost as the Cure,

The learned *Sydenham* does not doubt  
 But profound Thought will bring the Gout;  
 And that with Bum on Couch we lye,  
 Because our Reason's soar'd too high;  
 As Canons when they mount vast pitches,  
 Are tumbld back upon their Breeches.

Indeed

Indeed I'm apt to think in you  
 Th' *Hypothesis* is very true:  
 For your investigating Skull  
 So  $\delta\tau\iota$  and  $\delta\iota\delta\eta\iota$  full,  
 That hunting things thro' common Places,  
 Y' are lost in *Entelechian* Mazes.  
 And as when to an House we come  
 To know if any one's at home,  
 We knock: So one must kick your Shin,  
 E'er he can find your Soul's within.  
 Your Brains (if any) sure wou'd work well  
 Upon the Quadrature o'th' Circle:  
 But if you'll have your Foot no more in  
 Flannel, you must leave off your poring.  
 Be blithe, and merry still, as a Grig,  
 Mirth is the best *Antipodagrigrig*;  
 The Gout's inrag'd by Care and Sadness,  
 The best Cure for't is th' Oyl o' Gladness.

*On the Marriage of the Lady MARY  
with the Prince of ORANGE.*

*By Dr. Chetwood.*

**L**ET fond Geographers now seek no more  
Their happy Isles near the scorch'd *Lybian*  
Shore;

Nor in th' *Atlantick* fix those blisful Plains,  
Where too much Sun, and *Spanish* Av'rice reigns:

These are the Climates favoured by Fate,

The happy Soils, the Islands Fortunate;

Their Sea from *Europe's* Tumults them divides,

And joyns 'em to't in ev'ry thing besides.

*Peace*, with her Train, hath here her Palace chose,

*Riches* and *Pleasure*, *Learning* and *Repose*:

Here *Charles*, like *Jove* on his *Olympus*, stands,

Balancing Empires in his mighty Hands;

**And**

And over Kings by peaceful Arts does find  
The best Command, the Empire of the Mind.  
Here Gallant *Orange*, tir'd with Warlike Sweat,  
Lays down his Helmet, and seeks soft Retreat:  
Rides o'er the peaceful Plains, views rural Toil,  
Sees no *slain* Plowman here *manure* the Soil.  
For noisy Camps he hears soft Musick's Charms,  
His doubtful Sleep not broke by short Alarms:  
The Heroe thus secure, *Love* does surprize,  
Lying in Ambush in the *Princess's* Eyes.  
Love! the frail Part, in Souls the most divine,  
Whom cautious Nature when she does design,  
Impregnable on ev'ry part beside,  
Like Engineers, leaves this unfortify'd;  
On his free Soul it does so fast advance,  
That it's more dreadful than the Pow'r o' *France*:  
Yet t'his new Enemy he scorns to yield,  
Like *Diomedè* wou'd meet him in the Field.

But

But fight not, *Prince*, against the Pow'rs divine,  
 Nor at the Golden happy Shafts repine,  
 For ten Days Siege, a Maiden *Helen's* thine. }  
 For *Charles* the good, and the illustrious *James*  
 Observe their Souls burning with mutual Flames;  
 Souls which a real Sympathy do prove,  
 Souls Unison! answ'ring each others Love.  
 Then to him thus they spake—

Brave Prince! whose *Virtues* leave thy *Tears* behind,  
 And merits *Fortune*, greater yet design'd  
 By Heav'n; whose Youth such high Exploits did  
 grace,  
 As prov'd thee of triumphant *Nassaw's* Race,  
 Nor sham'st *our* Royal Blood that's in thy Veins;  
 Reap here the Harvest of your glorious Pains:  
 As your Reward, we to you do resign  
 Our eldest Comfort, to be henceforth thine.  
 And know that Great *Elizabeth*, when she  
 From *Spanish* Yoke, did set your Country free,

Gave

Gave you not half so much——

Now, painful *Hollanders*, you who extend  
 Your Voyages unto the Ocean's End,  
 Whose inexhausted Treasuries do hold  
 The *Eastern* Spices, and the *Western* Gold:  
 Speak, if you ever such a Cargo brought,  
 Ever receiv'd a Fleet so richly fraught,  
 As this, which brings your *Princess* to your Shoar?  
 Confess your Bank, compar'd with this, is poor.  
 Ev'n we (so rich) shou'd so much Beauty fear  
 T' export, but that she leaves her Sister here.  
 Make a continual Day, with joyous Flames,  
 Joyn with your Fleets your *Texel* to our *Thames*;  
 With more Pomp to receive this Gift of Fate,  
 The fair *Palladium* of your tott'ring State.  
 And you, Great *Princess*, fear not the rough Main,  
 He knows his Duty to his Sovereign,  
 His Nereids will all be of your Train.



So *Venus*, when she does to *Paphos* ride  
In her smooth Shell, she cuts the gentle Tide,  
Her Nymphs make a long row of goodly Pride. }  
Now *Flanders*, more belov'd by *Mars* than *Thrace*,  
Shall at your Sight resume her ancient Face :  
The restor'd Shepherds shall Pipe forth your Praise,  
Call you their *Pales* in their rural Lays ;  
The fearless Plowmen shall you loudly sing,  
And, as to *Ceres*, their Fruit Offerings bring.  
The peaceful Seas shall break their Diguees no more,  
With humble Rev'ence, but salute the Shore :  
When you (as *Halcyons* ) breed, all Storms shall cease,  
*Europe* enjoy an universal Peace.

---

*An Epistle from Mr. W-----n to  
Dr. C----- upon his refusing to  
take the Oaths.*

*Most Profound,*

**S**INCE at a Tavern I can't meet you,  
In Paper Embassy I greet you ;  
T'advise you not to be so wary,  
Touching King *William* and Queen *Mary* ;  
That, spight of Fellowship and Pupils,  
You'll weigh your Conscience out in Scruples.

If (as ye *Queen's* Men must believe)  
Two *Negs* make one Affirmative ;  
Why i'th' Name o'th' Predicaments,  
And all your analytick Sense,  
Will you deny two Affirmations  
In their Turn too to make Negations?

This

This *Postulatum* any Pate  
 Will grant that's unprejudicate;  
 Nay th' Argument, I will assure ye,  
 To some appears *à fortiori*.

*Hoc dato & concessio*, thus I  
 In *Baralypton* blunderbufs ye:  
 He that to two Kings takes an Oath,  
 Is by the last absolv'd from both;  
 For each Oath being an Affirmation,  
 Both (as was own'd) make a Negation.  
 Thus scientifically, you see,  
 The more you're bound, the more you're free;  
 As Juglers when they knit one more,  
 Undo the Knot they ty'd before.

I admire that your *Smiglecian* Under-  
 -standing should make so strange a Blunder,  
 As roundly to aver Subjection,  
 Were n't Couzen-German to Protection:

Nay

Nay more they're Relatives, (unless ye  
Mistake *Tom Hobbs*) *secundum esse*—  
But I'm in hope you've silyly taken  
The Oath elsewhere, to save your Bacon:  
As Spark, by Country Clap half undone,  
Takes Coach, and steals a Cure at *London*.

---

TO CELIA.

**F**IE, *Celia*, 'tis silyly to figh thus in vain,  
'Tis silyly to pity a Lover you've slain:  
If still you continue your Slaves to deride,  
The Pity you feign will be taken for Pride.  
And Sorrow for Sin can never be true,  
In one who loves daily to act it anew:  
For if, whilst your fair, you resolve to be coy,  
You may hourly repent, and hourly destroy.  
Yet none will believe you, protest what you will,  
That you grieve for the Dead, if the Living you kill.  
Where then are our Hopes, when we zealously woo,  
If you vow to abhor what you constantly do?  
Then,

Then, *Celia*, be kinder, and tell me my Fate,  
 For the worst I can suffer's to die by your Hate:  
 If this you design, ne'er fancy in vain  
 By your Sighs and your Tears to recal me again;  
 Nor weep at my Grave, for I swear if you do,  
 As you now laugh at me, I'll then laugh at you.

---

## A SONG.

### I.

**D**Espairing as I sat alone,  
 In a shady mirtle Grove:  
 When to each gentle Sigh and Moan,  
 Some neighb'ring Echo gave a Groan,  
     Came by the Man I love.  
 Oh! how I strove my Grief to hide!  
 I panted, blush'd, and almost dy'd,  
 And did the tatling Echo chide;  
 For fear some Breath, or moving Air  
 Shou'd to his Ears my Sorrow bear.

2. And

2.

And oh! ye Pow'rs! I die to gain

But one poor parting Kifs ;

And yet I lie on Racks of Pain,

That e'er I shou'd a Wish retain,

Which Honour thinks amifs.

Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,

By Love and Nature both abus'd,

Our tender Hearts all is refus'd ;

And when we burn with secret Flame,

Must bear our Grief, or die with Shame.

---

*A SONG. Set by Mr. WELDON.*

*Done from Anacreon by Mr. Boyle.*

**A**S *Cupid* roguishly one Day  
 Had all alone stole out to play,  
 The Muses caught the little Knave,  
 And Captive Love to Beauty gave.

O

The



The laughing Dame soon mis'd her Son,  
 And here and there distracted run:  
 And still his Liberty to gain,  
 Offer'd his Ransom but in vain;  
 The willing Pris'ner hugs his Chain,  
 And vows he'll ne'er be free again.

---

*A SONG. Set by Mr. DEAN.*

I.

**E**Nchanted by your Voice and Face,  
 In pleasing Dreams I fainting lie:  
 I bleed, fair Nymph, I bleed apace,  
 And oh! I languish! Oh! I die!

2.

Sing, fair Nymph, and let your Eyes  
 Upon your prostrate Slave be shed,  
 An Angel's Face, and Angel's Voice,  
 Whene'er they please can raise the Dead.

THE

---

THE  
LOVES  
OF  
*HERO and LEANDER.*

---

*Translated from the Greek of MUSÆUS,*

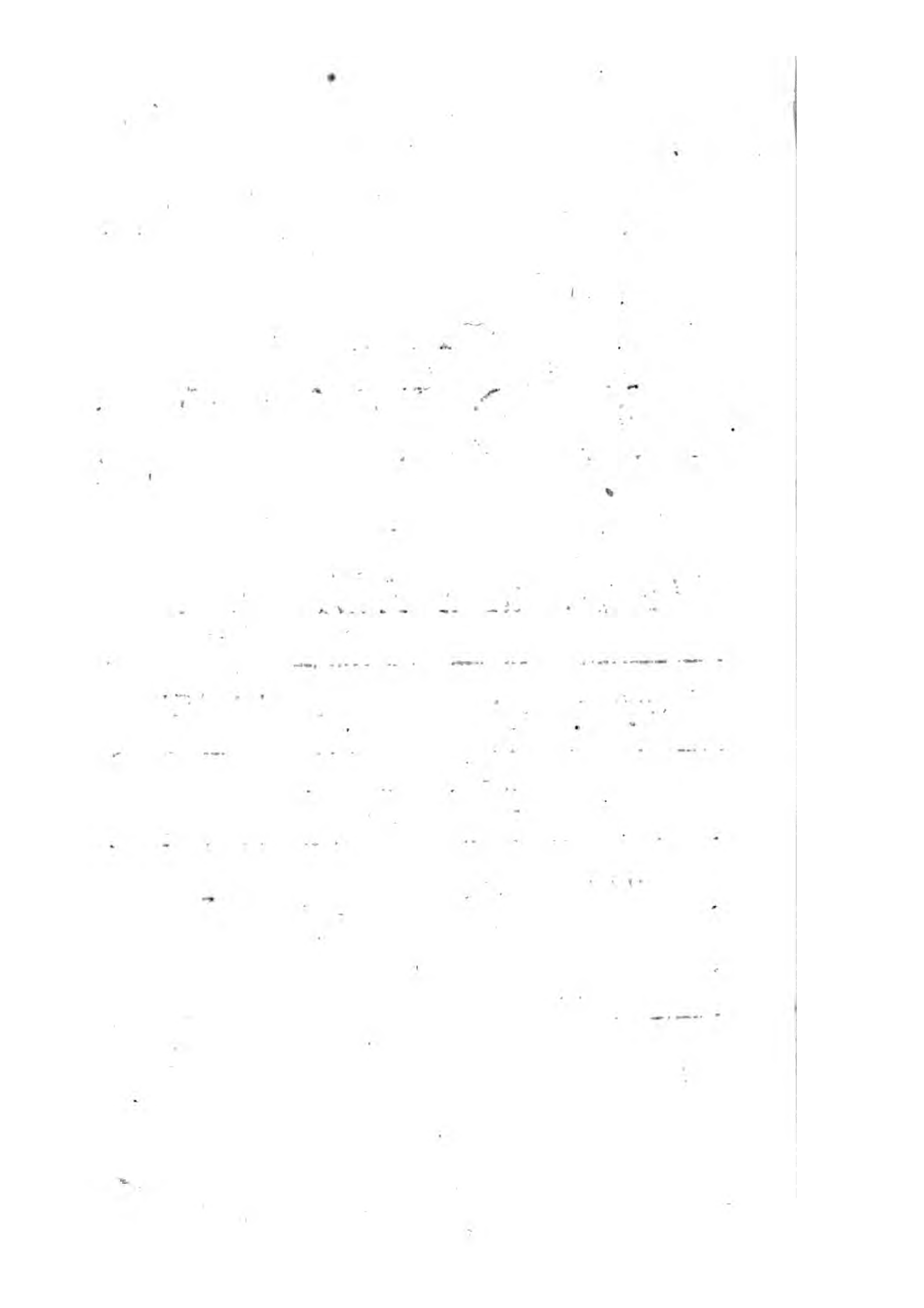
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By Mr. RUSSEL.

---

Inscrib'd to HUMPHREY FOWLE Esq;

---





THE  
**LOVES**  
 OF  
*HERO and LEANDER.*

**T**HE Torch, the Witness of a secret Flame,  
 The nightly Swimmer, and the beau-  
 teous Dame,

Nuptials in Night's obscurest Shades conceal'd,  
 Which ne'er the Goddess of the Morn beheld:  
*Abydus* Town, and *Sestus* lofty Tow'rs  
 Where kindest Lovers past their gentlest Hours:  
 O heav'nly *Muse!* in softest Verse proclaim,  
 Soft as their Joys, and faultless as their Flame.

Begin, my Muse,—What Sound is't strikes my Ear?  
 Sure I *Leander* on the Billows hear.

Hark! How the Sea's tempestuous Rage he braves,  
 Dashes the Surges, and insults the Waves:

See!—Where the Torch extends its sparkling Light,  
 Chafes the Shades, and gilds the gloomy Night.

Emblem of Love! which *Jove* should thence translate  
 To Starry Regions, and Celestial State.

There to our Flames 'twill still auspicious prove  
 The Bride-adorning Star of Nuptial Love.

For here below it grac'd the sleepless Hours,  
 And call'd the Lovers to divine Amours:

To aid their Flames did all its own employ,  
 Handmaid of Love, and Harbinger of Joy.

'Till blown by envious Blasts of adverse Wind,  
 True to their Joys, and to their Pleasures kind.

But ah! my *Muse*, the Fate of both resound,  
 And let my Verse with one sad Close be crown'd,  
 The Torch extinguish'd, and *Leander* drown'd.

On neighb'ring Shores, near *Hellepontus* Flood,  
 Two Cities *Sestus* and *Abydus* stood:  
 To both these Towns *Love* sent a single Dart,  
 And fir'd a gallant Youth's and beauteous Virgin's  
 Heart.

The brave *Leander* from *Abydus* came;  
 But she that kindled in his Breast a Flame  
 At *Sestus* liv'd, and *Hero* was her Name. }  
 These both excell'd the fairest of their Kind,  
 And in each Town like Constellations shin'd.

But Thou, whoe're thou art, that passest o'er  
 The rapid Channel to the *Thracian* Shore,  
 Find out the Tow'r where *Sestian Hero* stood  
 To guide *Leander* thro' the swelling Flood.  
 View well *Abydus* Hoarse-resounding streights,  
 That still lament their Loves, and mourn their Fates,



And Thou, O Goddess, grant thy heav'nly Aid,  
 Tell how *Leander* was to Love betray'd,  
 And how with mutual Flames he fir'd the *Sestian*  
 Maid.

*Hero*, descended of an ancient Line,  
 Was *Venus* Priestess at her *Sestian* Shrine:  
 A lonely Tow'r confin'd the sacred Maid,  
 Whose rising Height the Subject Seas survey'd.  
 Her self a *Venus*! Such Cœlestial Grace  
 Shone in her Eyes, and sparkled in her Face.  
 To Masques, and publick Balls she'd ne'er repair,  
 Nor come amidst the Circle of the Fair;  
 Her Sex's Envy thinking to decline,  
 (For at Superior Charms the Women still repine.)  
 But she, with Incense and Libations strove  
 To please the *Cyprian* Queen, and God of Love:  
 She made their Fane with daily Off'rings flow,  
 Dreading the Shafts, and trembling at the Bow,  
 But yet those flaming Shafts she 'scap'd not so.

The

The *Sestians* now a Day of solemn State  
 To *Venus* and *Adonis* celebrate.  
 In mighty Crowds against the sacred Day,  
 From all the Isles around they haste away;  
 These from *Hæmonia*, those from *Cyprus* come,  
 Forfake their Cities, and desert their Home:  
 No Fair in all *Cythera's* Towns is found,  
 Nor Damsel dancing on the spicy Ground  
 Of balmy *Libanus*, with Odours crown'd.  
 All of each Age and Sex to *Sestus* run,  
 From *Phrygian* Cities, and *Abydus* Town:  
 Nor was there one brisk Youth remain'd behind,  
 Whose Soul to Beauty and to Love inclin'd;  
 For they still follow where the Fame is heard  
 Of consecrated Days, and Feasts prepar'd;  
 Not with design t' adore the Pow'rs divine,  
 Or offer Incense at the *Sestian* Shrine,  
 But to behold the Maids that in the Temple shine.

Now

Now the fair Priestess pass'd amidst the Throng,  
 With graceful Steps she slowly mov'd along;  
 Her blooming Charms adorn'd the sacred Place,  
 Darting a grateful Splendor from her Face:  
 Clad in such Beams the Silver Queen of Night  
 Shoots from her rising Orb propitious Light.  
 Her Snowy Cheeks two ruddy Circles close;  
 Two Colours thus adorn the blooming Rose:  
 Had you but seen, you'd swore the charming Maid  
 A Rosy Meadow from her Limbs display'd;  
 For as she walk'd upon the polish'd Stone,  
 Beneath her Feet reflected Roses shone.  
 The Bards of old, three *Graces* only feign'd,  
 But *Hero's* Face a thousand Charms contain'd,  
 And in each wanton Eye a hundred *Graces* reign'd.

O Priestess! worthy of the *Cyprian* Queen!  
 Such charming Beauties, and attractive Mien

So far excell'd the fairest Dames, that you  
Seem'd both the *Priestess* and the *Goddeſs* too.

The beauteous Maid, to all the Youth imparts  
A ſecret Wound, and ſteals into their Hearts,  
Not one, but was ambitious to be ty'd  
In *Hymen's* Fetters to ſo fair a Bride:  
Where e'er amidſt the lofty Dome ſhe ſhew'd  
Her Charms, their Eyes, their Thoughts, their  
Souls purſu'd;  
When one above the reſt admir'd the Maid,  
And as his Love inspir'd him, thus he ſaid,

“ *Sparta* I've ſeen renown'd for radiant Eyes,  
“ Where brighteſt Maids contend for Beauty's Prize,  
“ But ſuch a Maid did ne'er at *Sparta* ſhine,  
“ So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy, ſo divine;  
“ Thy *Priestess*, *Venus*, is not mortal-born,  
“ One of the *Graces* does thy Face adorn:

I've

“ I’ve tir’d my Eyes with gazing on the Sight,  
 “ Yet am unfated with the vast Delight.  
 “ Ah! lovely Maid! could I enjoy thy Charms,  
 “ And prefs thee naked in my circling Arms,  
 “ Th’ impending Stroke of Fate I would not fly,  
 “ But for that Moment’s Joy contented dye.  
 “ Ah! lovely Maid! would’st thou my Flames  
     “ approve,  
 “ And condescend to crown my raging Love,  
 “ I’d envy not the Gods, nor all their Joys above.  
 “ O *Cytherea!* since it is deny’d,  
 “ Thy heav’nly Priestess should become my Bride;  
 “ Grant, that if e’er it prove my Fate to wed,  
 “ A charming Fair, like her, may blefs my Bed.

Thus spake th’ enamour’d Youth——

Mean while another burnt with secret Fire,  
 Conceal’d his Wound, and rag’d with fierce Desire.

But,



But you, *Leander*, when you saw the Fair,  
Would not consume your Mind with hidden Care;  
Resolv'd you stood to tell the Nymph your Pain,  
Nor fear'd her Anger, or her fierce Disdain;  
Resolv'd the utmost of your Fate to try,  
And win the beauteous Maid, or in th'Encounter dye.

The Torch of Love first shone in *Hero's* Eyes,  
From these fair Stars the pointed Light'ning flies:  
Thence to *Leander's* Soul the Passion came,  
The fatal Wound, and unextinguish'd Flame,  
For the bright Charms of an unspotted Maid,  
Swifter than feather'd Shafts our Souls invade.  
Her sparkling Eyes discharge unerring Darts,  
Our Eyes they pierce, and strike upon our Hearts.

Amazement, Fear, Shame, Confidence possess  
*Leander's* Soul, and struggled in his Breast:  
He wonder'd at a Form so heav'nly bright,  
View'd it with Joy, but trembled at the Sight:

Then



Then Shame restrain'd him, and his Speech delay'd,  
 At length, assuming Boldness to his Aid,  
 He softly walk'd along, and stood before the Maid. }

Then first obliquely casting round his Eyes,  
 The Force of Glances, and soft Looks he tries;  
 Looks, which, tho' silent, told his inward Smart,  
 And Flame, her Eyes had kindled in his Heart:  
 These to her Soul an easie Passage found,  
 Retort the Lightning, and return the Wound.

With Joy the blushing Maid beheld her Prize,  
 Proud of the Triumphs of her conqu'ring Eyes;  
 Oft her fair Hand her lovely Face conceal'd,  
 Hid by Degrees, and by Degrees reveal'd;  
 Whilst secret Glances from her Eyes declare  
 She lik'd his Passion, and approv'd his Care:  
 Transports of Joy *Leander's* Soul did move,  
 To find the Maid perceiv'd, and not disdain his Love.

Now

Now whilst th' enamour'd Youth contriv'd to gain  
 A secret Hour to tell the Nymph his Pain,  
 The setting Sun led on the Evening Close,  
 And 'midst deep Shades bright *Hesperus* arose:  
 Soon as *Leander* thro' the Fane descries,  
 Nocturnal Clouds in fable Mantles rise,  
 The charming Priestess he with Sighs address,  
 Drawn from the bottom of his anxious Breast,  
 Then seiz'd her Hand, and Rosy-Fingers prest. }  
 With forc'd Resentment, and disdainful Shew,  
 Her lovely Hand the silent Maid withdrew.

But when the Youth her wand'ring Glances spies,  
 Her real Passion, and her feign'd Disguise;  
 Her Purple Garment wrought with various Art  
 He seiz'd, and led her to the secret'st part  
 Of all the Dome. The Maid with tardy Pace  
 Her Lover follow'd thro the sacred Place;  
 But seem'd unwilling, and did Coyness feign,  
 And chid his Rudeness in this Female Strain.

“ Stranger!

- “ Stranger! What Madness does thy Soul invade?  
 “ Why dost thou rudely drag a harmless Maid?  
 “ Let go my Gown, or I’ll cry out;—Be gone:  
 “ The just Resentments of my Parents shun.  
 “ How dar’st thou thus confess th’ ambitious Flame  
 “ To me, the Priestess of the *Cyprian* Dame?  
 “ To me, descended of a Race sublime,  
 “ ’Tis hard, ’tis very hard my lofty Bed to climb.

Thus the coy Maid express’d her false Disdain,  
 In Threats peculiar to the Virgin Train:  
 But furious Threats, *Leander* knew, display’d  
 The certain Signs of a consenting Maid.  
 (For when with Threats the Maids their Lovers blame,  
 Those very Threats betray their mutual Flame.)  
 Mad with Desire, her Neck divinely white,  
 Sweet to the Smell, and grateful to the Sight;  
 He kiss, and thus he spoke,—

“ O Ve-

“ O *Venus!* next to *Venus*, heav’nly Fair!  
“ And next to *Pallas*, you a *Pallas* are!  
“ For sure, of mortal Dames, the fairest she  
“ Does not deserve to be compar’d with thee;  
“ None but immortal Goddesses above,  
“ The radiant Daughters of *Saturnian Jove*.  
“ Ah! Charming Virgin! Hear my tender Prayers,  
“ Pity my Pains, and soften at my Cares:  
“ As *Venus*, Priestess, her Delights pursue,  
“ And be the Priestess of her Pleasures too.  
“ Come, lovely Maid, the flying Hours employ  
“ In Love’s mysterious Rights, and Nuptial Joy.  
“ Ablooming Maid, adorn’d with Charms like thine,  
“ Should not officiate at the Goddess Shrine:  
“ *Venus* delights not in obdurate Maids,  
“ Disdains their Service, and their Vows upbraids.  
“ If you intend the *Paphian* Queen to please,  
“ To learn her Orgies, and her soft Decrees,  
“ Her sacred Laws, and her mysterious Rites,  
“ They’re downy Beds, and amorous Delights;

“ If her you reverence, let your Thoughts incline  
 “ To Love’s sweet Transports, and to Joys divine.  
 “ Accept a Slave whose Soul your Eyes enflame,  
 “ Or else exalt him to a happier Name:  
 “ Whom cruel *Love* has with his Arms pursu’d,  
 “ His Arrows wounded, and his Bow subdu’d.  
 “ Swift-footed *Hermes* heretofore betray’d  
 “ The great *Alcides* to the *Lydian* Maid:  
 “ But *Hermes* sent me not to wear your Chains,  
 “ But the bright Goddess of th’ *Idalian* Plains.  
 “ Fair *Atalanta* of *Arcadia* fled  
 “ *Milanion*’s Passion, and despis’d his Bed:  
 “ But *Cytherea* did her Scorn controul,  
 “ And made the Youth the Darling of her Soul.  
 “ Beware, bright Nymph, submit to *Cupid*’s Yoke,  
 “ Lest proud Disdain the *Cyprian* Dame provoke.

Thus did the Youth with softest Words persuade,  
 And sooth the Soul of the reluctant Maid;

His



His earnest Vows , and Protestations charm'd,  
Kindled Affection, and her Pride disarm'd:  
The shame-fac'd Virgin, conscious of her Wound,  
Silently fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground,  
Whilst from the gazing Youth she strove to hide,  
Her Cheeks with Blushes of Vermilion dy'd:  
All Signs of soft Consent: For silent Shame  
Is the Fore-runner of a kindling Flame:  
Silence, Confusion, Blushes, down-cast Eyes,  
The sure Prefages are of amorous Joys.

Th' enamour'd Maid now felt within her Veins  
Love's raging Pleasures, and delightful Pains;  
*Leander's* Charms inflam'd with strange Desire  
Her Heart, that glow'd with fierce, but pleasing Fire;  
Whilst on the Ground she fix'd her beauteous Eyes  
Wandering with Shame, and trembling with Surprise.  
The ravish'd Youth beheld a heav'nly Sight,  
Furious with Love, and trembling with Delight:



Her soft and snowy Neck his Eyes employ'd,  
 Nor were they ever with beholding cloy'd:  
 At length her Voice did these soft Accents yield,  
 Whilst humid Blushes from her Face distill'd.

“ Stranger! the Magick of thy Voice alone  
 “ Would move th'obdurate Rocks, and melt a Stone:  
 “ Who taught thee such beguiling Words, t' express  
 “ The softest Passion with the best Address?  
 “ Alas! Who sent thee here? What Pow'r unkind?  
 “ To wound my Soul, and discompose my Mind?  
 “ Charm'd with thy Voice, I've heard the pleasing  
     “ Strain,  
 “ Yet all that thou hast spoke is spoke in vain:  
 “ How can a faithless Stranger, us'd to rove,  
 “ Hope to ingage my Heart, and gain my Love?

“ 'Tis plain, no solemn Rites and nuptial Bands  
 “ Can consecrate our Joys, and joyn our Hands:

“ Ne’er will my Friends (were our Desires the same)  
 “ Give their Permission, and indulge our Flame:  
 “ If you design, in some obscure Disguise,  
 “ T’elude the prying search of curious Eyes,  
 “ Such Thoughts are vain; no Care, no Art can shroud  
 “ Your dark Amours, and hide them from the Croud:  
 “ Mens Tongues, to Scandal prone, will Stories raise; }  
 “ The secret’st Actions Fame abroad displays; }  
 “ And oft the Spark himself th’ Intrigue betrays. }  
 “ Yet, e’er we part, thou charming Youth unknown,  
 “ Tell me thy Name, thy Country, and thy Town.

“ There stands a Tow’r sublime, on Mountains steep,  
 “ Which threatens the Skies, and triumphs o’er the Deep  
 “ Where raging Seas a horrid Prospect give:  
 “ This is the Place where I am doom’d to live,  
 “ One Maid attends my solitary State,  
 “ Friend to my Cares, and Partner of my Fate;  
 “ No Youths and Virgins joyn in Dances there,  
 “ Nor soft harmonious Strains delight my Ear:

“ Nor Day nor Night can sweet Repose be found,  
 “ Eternal Tempests roar, and murm’ring Waves  
 “ refound.

She spoke: and with her Veil her Cheeks conceal’d,  
 Whose Crimson Blushes far the Rose excell’d:  
 Her Words confess’d her Love, but native Shame  
 Her hafty Words condemn’d, and check’d her for-  
 ward Flame.

*Leander*, pierc’d with Shafts of keen Desire,  
 To fight Love’s Prize contriv’d, and quench his Fire.  
 With Darts resistless Love subdues Mankind,  
 He gives the Poyson first, then cures the Mind;  
 Cœlestial Counsel lends to ev’ry Slave,  
 Which heals the burning Wounds his Arrows gave.  
 He to *Leander*’s Wounds a Cure apply’d,  
 Who fix’d on bold Designs profoundly figh’d,  
 And to the trembling Maid in artful Words reply’d }

“ T’enjoy thy Charms divine, O heav’nly Dame,  
 “ I’d swim thro’ Surges of tempestuous Flame:

“ To

“ To gain the Sweets of thy delicious Bed,  
“ Nor Seas profound, nor thund’ring Storms I dread.  
“ Each Night, with madid Arms, untir’d I’ll stem  
“ The rolling Waves of *Hellespontus* Stream:  
“ From fair *Abydus* Town, my native Place,  
“ I’ll ride in Triumph to thy soft Embrace.  
“ Only, my *Dear*, on your high Tow’r display  
“ A flaming Taper, whose refulgent Ray  
“ My watry Course may guide. Thus I from far  
“ The Ship of Love shall seem, your Torch my Star.  
“ Beholding which, I’ll scorn the numerous Train  
“ Of Stars, *whose fiery Orbs shall shine in vain:*  
“ In vain the frozen *Carr* shall guild the Skies,  
“ *Bootes* fall, and fierce *Orion* rise.

“ Mean while, my *Dear*, let this thy Care engage,  
“ Watch the rude Winds, and intercept their Rage,  
“ Lest they destroy the radiant Torch that guides  
“ To secret Joys, and o’er my Life presides.

“ And since you fain would know your Lover’s Name,  
 “ *Leander* is the Slave your Eyes inflame.

In hidden Nuptials thus th’ enamour’d Pair  
 Conspir’d to quench their Flames, and ease their Care,  
 Th’ advent’rous Youth resolves to swim the Tide,  
 The blushing Maid consents t’ extend the flaming Guide,

Thus having form’d the Scheme of soft Delights,  
 Connubial Joys design’d, and sleeplefs Nights;  
 They dar’d not stay, but with reluctant Heart,  
 Forc’d from each other’s Arms they both depart:  
 She to her Tow’r, but he walk’d round t’ explore  
 The secret Avenues, and the crooked Shoar;  
 Then sail’d t’ *Abydus* lofty Town, that stands  
 On deep Foundations, and the Streights commands.

The Lovers now with Expectation fir’d,  
 Nocturnal Joys and amorous Fights desir’d;  
 They blam’d the tardy Hours, and loath’d the Light,  
 And greatly long’d to prove the Bed-adorning Night.

Now



Now fable-vested Night, on dusky Wings,  
 Soft Sleep to all, except *Leander*, brings.  
 He on the founding Shoar expecting stay'd  
 To see the Signal of his Joys display'd:  
 Nor stay'd he long; for soon, by *Hero* rear'd,  
 The radiant Torch, Love's Harbinger, appear'd.  
 Soon as that new-born Comet strikes his Eyes,  
 His glowing Breast with Heat redoubled fries,  
 Burns with the flaming Torch, and all its Flames  
 outvies.

Close by the Seas he stood, whilst all around,  
 The raging Waves, and beating Rocks resound:  
 Trembl'd at first, but soon new Courage took,  
 And rais'd his sinking Soul, whilst thus he spoke,

“ Grievous is *Love*, implacable the *Seas*;  
 “ *Love* none can fly, and *Tempests* none appease.  
 “ In stormy *Seas* th' impetuous *Waters* roul,  
 “ But *Love*'s intestine *Flames* consume my Soul.  
 “ Take *Fire*, my Heart, nor dread the watry Main;  
 “ Assist my *Flames*, and *Love* shall crown thy Pain.

For



“ For Love’s bright *Queen*, that sprung from foam-  
 “ ing Tides,  
 “ O’er raging Seas, and amorous Pains presides.

He spoke:—And from his lovely Limbs with speed  
 His Garment strip’d, and bound it on his Head:  
 Scorn’d the rough Winds, and with a furious Leap  
 Sprung from the Shoar, and plung’d into the Deep:  
 Then tow’rds the radiant Torch, and blest Abode,  
 Amidst th’ exalted Waves triumphant rode:  
 With plyant Arms he forc’d his Passage thro’,  
 Himself the Pilot and the Vessel too,

Mean while, fair *Hero* on the lofty Tow’r,  
 Held the bright Torch, and skreen’d it from the Pow’r  
 Of Winds, pernicious Blasts that loudly roar,  
 Till brave *Leander* reach’d the *Sestian* Shoar;  
 Then down she hastned, and with silent Joy  
 Embracing in her Arms the panting Boy;  
 Transported, led him to her inmost Room,  
 His Hair still dropping with the briny foam:

There

There bath'd with od'rous Oyls, and Sweets perfum'd,  
 The Youth his Vigour and his Strength resum'd:  
 Inflam'd with Love they mount the *Genial* Bed,  
 With *Persian* Silks adorn'd, and Tissue spread;  
 Where, twining round the Youth, these tender  
     things she said.

“ My Dear, thou’st suffer’d much, thou’st suffer’d  
 “ more

“ Than ever Bridegroom for his Bride before:  
 “ Stench’d with ungrateful Smells enough thou’st try’d  
 “ The briny Waves, and harsh-resounding Tide.  
 “ Come here, thy Toyls forget, and on my Breast  
 “ Thy wearied Limbs repose, and take thy Rest.

Thus spoke the Maid.--But he with murm’ring Sighs  
 And ardent Kisses mix’d, her *Zone* unties.  
 Then both with equal Rage and Fury warm’d,  
 Kind *Cytherea*’s Mysteries perform’d.

This was a Marriage, but without the Noise  
 Of Hymns by Virgins sung, and wanton Boys:

No Bard was there, in sweet harmonious Lays  
 To celebrate the Match, and *Juno* praise;  
 No Torch's Blaze adorn'd the Bridal Bed,  
 Nor Youth with active Leaps gay Dances led,  
 With no soft Strains the Wedding Chamber rung,  
 Nor Sire and smiling Dame th' *Hymenaean* sung.  
 The silent Night all Nuptial Rites supply'd,  
 Silence the Curtain drew, and Darkness deckt the Bride.

This Match was free from ceremonious Toys,  
 The conscious Night alone prepar'd their Joys:  
 The Rosy-finger'd Morn, with Purple spread,  
 Ne'er saw *Leander* in the Nuptial Bed:  
 E'er Light's approach he swam t' *Abydus* Shoar,  
 With *Hymen's* Joys uncloy'd, and wishing still for more.  
 Mean while the Fair continued undescry'd,  
 A Daily Virgin, and a Nightly Bride,  
 The Lovers thus enjoy'd sublime Delights,  
 Clandestine Pleasures crown'd the darksome Nights.  
 But here short time they liv'd; for envious Fate  
 To end their Joys conspir'd, and loose their nuptial State.

Now

Now frozen Winter came, when Storms arise  
 On raging Seas, and Tempests in the Skies;  
 Impetuous Whirlwinds, and descending Rain,  
 With ceaseless Fury beat the lab'ring Main:  
 The circling Waves with adverse Blasts engag'd,  
 In dreadful Eddies turn'd, and Whirlpools rag'd.  
 Against the Seas the Winds their Force unite,  
 Th' unstable Bottom raise, and moistned Sands excite.  
 The Merchant frighted at the dire Uproar,  
 (His well-fraught Vessel shipwreck'd near the Shoar)  
 The wintry Tempests curs'd, and faithless Seas  
 forswore.

But thee, brave Youth, nor Winds, nor Waves dif-  
 may'd,

Or damp thy Courage firm, or Heat allay'd.  
 For now the Torch (whose once auspicious Fires  
 Thy Joys advanc'd, and bless'd thy fierce Desires)  
 Perfidious, gave the usual Sign on high,  
 And thee too careless urg'd the raging Flood to try.

Th' un-

Th' unhappy Fair, now stormy Winter came,  
 Should spare her Lover, and restrain her Flame:  
 No more the short-liv'd Nuptial Star employ,  
 But grant some Pause and Respite to her Joy.  
 But *Love* and *Fate* compell'd; for rear'd above  
 The Torch of *Fate* appear'd, no more the Torch of *Love*.

'Twas Night, when fighting Winds with hideous roar  
 Rush on the Billows, and insult the Shoar:  
 Th' audacious Youth amidst the sounding Flood,  
 O'er swelling Waves, and liquid Mountains rode;  
 With threat'ning Blasts assail'd on ev'ry side,  
 He cleaves with equal Stroaks th' Indignant Tide.

Now Waves roll'd over Waves aspiring rise,  
 Invade the Stars, and mingle with the Skies:  
*Eurus* and *Zephyrus* at once engage,  
 The *South* assaults the *North* with wild outrage.  
 Unusual Wars the Elements confound,  
 Old *Ocean* trembles, and the Rocks resound.

*Leander*



*Leander* now, unable to sustain  
 The Tempest's Rage, and Tumult of the Main:  
 Oft to Love's Goddess Sea-born *Venus* pray'd,  
 Oft he implor'd imperial *Neptune's* Aid;  
 And stubborn *Boreas* Fury strove to tame,  
 With the sweet Sound of *Orithya's* Name:  
 But none would hear; nor could his Pray'rs appease  
 The Storms, nor *Love* control the *Fate's* Decrees.

The hopeless Lover thus distress'd, forlorn,  
 Driv'n by the Winds, and on the Surges born,  
 No longer cou'd resist th' impetuous Tide;  
 His nimble Legs their wonted Aid deny'd,  
 Nor could his active Arms the Waves divide.  
 The lavish Seas their fatal Drink bestow'd,  
 Whilst down his Throat the briny Liquor flow'd.  
 At length a furious Blast, by Fate employ'd,  
 The *Torch*, the *Lover*, and the *Loves* destroy'd.

Th'



Th' impatient Fair, oppress'd with anxious Cares,  
 The Winds with Sighs encreas'd, the Waves with Tears.  
 All the long Night upon the Tow'r she stood,  
 And watch'd with sleepless Eyes the restless Flood:  
 The Morn in Clouds involv'd (sad Sign) appear'd;  
 Her Spouse she could not see, and much she fear'd.

But when the foaming Waves again she view'd,  
 And o'er the ruffled Streams her Search renew'd;  
 A dismal Object soon invades her Sight,  
 And fills her Soul with Horrour and Affright:  
*Leander's* Body dead her Eyes explore,  
 Torn by the Rocks, and cast upon the Shoar;  
 Distracted at the Sight, she tears her Gown,  
 And from the lofty Tow'r leaps headlong down.

Thus, with her faithful Lover, *Hero* dy'd:  
 In Shades below the Youth enjoy'd his Bride:  
 Nor Death could end their Loves, nor Fate their  
 Souls divide.

PARA-



# PARAPHRASE

## Upon the civ<sup>th</sup>. Psalm.

**B**Egin, my Lyre, the great Creator's Praise,  
 Who crown'd with Glory and immortal  
 Rays

Majestick shines; unutterably bright,  
 With dazzling Robes of uncreated Light.

Who spacious Sheets of Æther spreads on high,  
 And like a Curtain smooth'd unfolds the Sky:

Vapours condens'd, and fleecy Mists support  
 The ample Floor of his aerial Court;

Who born in Triumph o'er the heav'nly Plains,  
 Rides on the Clouds, and holds a Storm in Reins;

Q

Flies

Flies on the Wings of the sonorous Wind,  
While Light'ning glares before, and Thunder roars  
behind.

That no incumb'ring Flesh may clog the Flight  
Of his Fleet-Messengers, or quell their Might;  
Them pure, unbody'd Essences he frames,  
Swift of Dispatch, more active than the Flames:  
He fix'd the steady Basis of the Earth,  
And with a frightful Word gave Nature Birth.  
Then circling Waters o'er the Globe he spread,  
And the dull Mass with pregnant Moisture fed:  
Above the Rocks th' aspiring Surges swell'd,  
And Floods the tallest Mountain-tops conceal'd;  
But when th' Almighty's Voice rebuk'd the Tide,  
And in loud Thunder bid the Waves subside;  
The ebbing Deluge did its Troops recal,  
Drew off its Forces, and disclos'd the Ball.  
They at th' Eternal's Signal march'd away,  
To fill th' unfathom'd Chanel of the Sea;  
Where roaring they in endless Wars engage,  
And beat against those Shores that bound their Rage.

Hence

Hence fragling Waters unperceiv'd get loose,  
 And genial Moisture thro' the Globe diffuse,  
 Purling thro' porous Earth, where Way there lies,  
 They run, and on high Hills in Fountains rise:  
 Or bubling out in Springs they gently slide  
 Down by the craggy Mountain's sloping side,  
 And o'er the verdant Turf along the Valleys glide. }  
 'Till tir'd with various Errors back they come  
 To their appointed universal Home;  
 Which God has destin'd for the Must'ring-place,  
 And gen'ral rendezvous of all the watry Race.

For tho' th' Almighty checks the Ocean's Pride,  
 And in due Bounds confines the raging Tide;  
 That it may ne'er again with License roll  
 O'er all the Universe, and drown the Ball:  
 Yet nought restrains its kinder Influence,  
 Nor stops the Blessings which its Streams dispense.  
 By subterraneous Sluices he conveys  
 The Rivers out, which in an endless Maze

Thro' oazy Channels draw a winding Train,  
And roll back large Additions to the Main;  
Or branching into Brooks, and murm'ring Rills  
Creep thro' the Vales, and shine between the Hills:  
Whither the Savage Beasts which roam abroad,  
Owning no Master, and no fix'd Abode;  
And those which under galling Harnes bow,  
Inur'd to Pains, and Patient of the Plough;  
Repair, when scorchi'd with Summer's scalding Beams,  
To slake their Thirst, and drink the cooling Streams.  
Near which the Poplar and green Willows grow,  
Adorn the Banks, and shade the Brooks below:  
Pearch'd on their Boughs the Birds their Voices raise,  
And in soft Musick sing their Maker's Praise.

Who from his airy Chamber Rain distills,  
And with new Verdure cloaths th' unfightly Hills;  
The thirsty Glebe refresh'd with soft'ning Drops,  
Rewards the painful Hind with plenteous Crops.



The teeming Earth luxuriant Herbage breeds,  
 And Flocks and Herds with grassy Fodder feeds:  
 At his Command the Spring for humane Use,  
 The Birth of Herbs, and healing Plants renews.  
 Then rip'ning Fruits, and waving Ears of Corn,  
 In Summer's Heat the fertil Fields adorn:  
 Succeeding Autumn from the clustring Vine:  
 Gives luscious Juice, and glads the World with Wine;  
 Which with its brisk reviving Flavour cheers  
 The drooping Spirit, and dispells its Cares.  
 Then the fat Olive in a richer Soil  
 Yields the Year's Product, and resigns its Oyl;  
 Which adds a Lustre, and a smoother Grace  
 To wrinkled Skin, and fleeks the shining Face.

With circulating Sap the Trees are fed,  
 Refresh'd with which, the Cedar rears his Head,  
 And lofty Firs their thriving Branches spread:  
 Which, moysten'd with invigorating Juice,  
 A fragrant Scent thro' *Lebanon* diffuse.



These to the Birds convenient Mansions yield,  
Which in th' intangling Boughs their tow'ring Houses  
build.

The stately Stork here plants her Nest on high,  
Disdains the lower Air, and seeks the Sky.  
The shaggy Goats a hilly Refuge love,  
Clamber the Cliffs, and o'er bleak Mountains rove.  
O'er stony Rocks the sportive Conies play,  
And on the ragged Flints their tender Offspring lay.

Appointed by his providential Care  
The changing Moon divides the circling Year ;  
Distinguishes the Seasons, rules the Night,  
And fills her dusky Orb with borrow'd Light.  
The Sun with Glory, fearless of Decay,  
Rolls regular, and gives alternate Day:  
By turns he entering guilds the rising East,  
By turns with setting Rays he paints the West ;  
Then gloomy Night involves the Hemisphere,  
And spreads dark Horrors o'er the dewy Air.

Then

Then the wild Tenants of the desert Woods  
Begin to move, and quit their warm Abodes:  
For Prey the yawning Bears forsake their Holds,  
And prouling Wolves explore th' unguarded Folds:  
With raging Hunger pinch'd, the Lyons roar,  
Expand their Jaws, and range the Forest o'er;  
Dreadfully suppliant, for their Meat they pray  
To Heav'n, and Savage Adoration pay.  
But soon as streaks of Light the East adorn,  
And flying Mists confess the dawning Morn,  
Back to their Dens the rav'nous Hunters speed,  
With their raw Booty, and at leisure feed.  
But when the Lyon to his rest repairs,  
Laborious Mortals wake, and rise from theirs;  
To Care and Bus'ness they themselves address,  
Begin with Morning, and with Ev'ning cease.

How various, Lord, are all thy Works, which raise  
Our Admiration, and transcend our Praise!

Wifely the World's great Fabrick was design'd,  
And boundless Wisdom ev'ry Atom joyn'd.  
With thy rich Bounty fill'd, the Earth appears,  
Which Food and Physick on its Surface bears;  
And in its Bowels hides a wealthier Store,  
Bright Veins of Gold, and Cakes of Silver Ore.

Profuse of Blessings, with a lavish Hand,  
Thou pour'st thy Gifts on Sea, as well as Land.  
The vast unmeasur'd Kingdoms of the Main,  
Copious Materials for thy Praise contain:  
There scaly Monsters, of enormous size,  
Flounce in the Waves, and dash with Foam the Skies;  
While Shoals innumerable, and the Fry  
Of smaller Fish glide unregarded by:  
Others, enchas'd in shelly Armour, creep  
Upon the Rocks, or seek the slimy Deep.  
Here big with War, or Traffick, Vessels ride,  
Driv'n by the Wind, and bound along the Tide:

There

There huge Leviathan of cumb'rous Form,  
 Embroils the Sea in Sport, and breaths a Storm:  
 He fucks the briny Ocean at his Gills,  
 And his vast Maw with finny Nations fills;  
 Then laves the Clouds with Salt-ascending Rain,  
 And with his spouting Trunk refunds the Main.

These, all dependent on his Bounty, live,  
 And from his Providence their Meat receive.  
 His open'd Hand profusely scatters Food,  
 Which pleas'd they gather, and are fill'd with Good.  
 But when his Hand is shut, the Creatures mourn,  
 'Till his withdrawn Beneficence return.  
 When his Command puts out their vital Flame,  
 They moulder to the Dust from whence they came.  
 Then to repair the Loss sustain'd by Death,  
 He gives new Life, with his inspiring Breath  
 To Forms, which from the vast material Mass  
 Are still wrought off, and so renews the Race.

Thus

Thus a successive Offspring he supplies,  
 And th' undecaying Species never dies.

No Bounds th' Almighty's Glory can restrain,  
 Nor Time's Dimensions terminate his Reign.  
 From his bright Regions of celestial Day,  
 He with Complaisance shall his Works survey.  
 At his Reproof convulsive Nature shakes,  
 And shuddring Earth from its Foundation quakes:  
 His awful Touch the quiv'ring Mountains rends,  
 And curling Smoak in spicy Clouds ascends.  
 For me, while unextinguish'd Life maintains  
 Heat in my Blood, and Pulses in my Veins;  
 His wond'rous Works shall be my copious Theme,  
 And ev'ry String shall learn th' Eternal Name:  
 While secret Sinners by Degrees decay,  
 And swift Destruction sweeps the Proud away;  
 His Praise shall my transported Soul inspire,  
 And hallow'd Raptures sanctifie the Lyre.



*A Hymn to Hymen. Set to Musick by  
Mr. DAVIS.*

**H**EAR, *Hymen*, hear our Prayer,  
And bless this happy Pair;  
Great God, to thy propitious Pow'r,  
Our every Bliss we owe;  
With Joy we waste each lonely Hour,  
And live like thee below.  
Vouchsafe a while to want thy native Skies,  
Thy grateful Influence to shed  
On *Henrietta's* nuptial Bed,  
And light thy Torch at *Henrietta's* Eyes.  
I see the blooming Bride advance,  
To bless her Lord's Embrace;  
Ten thousand Beauties round her dance,  
And revel in her Face.  
Bright Omens about her all happily crowd,  
See! *Cupid* descends in a Cloud!  
With his Bow, and his Quiver, and sneezes aloud.



In tuneful Order march the Spheres along,  
 And Heav'n it self stands reveal'd in a Song.

Then, *Hymen*, blefs this beauteous Pair,

And make 'em happy, as they're fair:

Let no curst Care about 'em rove,

But all be Ecstasie and Love;

Domestick Strife be far away,

Let both command, and both obey.

*On the Death of John Selden, Esq;*

**T**HUS sets th' *Olympian* Regent of the Day,

After a glorious Race, and full survey

Of Nature's inmost Secrets, to return

With brighter Lustre from his watry Urn.

Thus leans the lofty Cedar to the Rage

Of wintry Tempests, and excessive Age;

Which, while it reign'd, and firmly rooted stood,

Was th' only Pride and Glory of the Wood:

But yields it self to be transplanted thence,

Into the nobler Palace of his Prince.

Thus

Thus droops the World after a smiling *May*,  
(For ev'ry Beauty sinks into Decay;)  
When hoary Winter marches in the Rear,  
To foil it brighter for th' ensuing Year.  
Thus *Selden* upwards steer'd his sudden Flight,  
To reign triumphant in a Sphere of Light:  
And looks with Scorn, invidious World, on thee,  
As a despis'd, ungrateful Enemy.  
For mention now no more thy Acts of old,  
Of which such mighty Miracles are told;  
In him are lost thy Titles and thy Name,  
Who kept the ancient Registry of Fame.  
When Age had all things in Oblivion hurl'd,  
He stood the great Recorder of the World;  
Collected in himself, and dar'd to pry  
Into the Ruins of Antiquity.

All others into crumbling Ashes fall,  
Ashes, the common Element of all,  
But, *Selden*, like a Vatican on high,  
Dissolv'd into a deathless Library.

He

He that would praise him well in all his Parts,  
 Must ransack all his Languages and Arts;  
 Drain Nature into Scruples, and descry  
 How far he went in her Anatomy,  
 Travel from Orb to Orb, from Star to Star,  
 And cull th' Elixir of each glitt'ring Sphere:  
 To raise a Comet, great as *Selden's* Name,  
 As a devoted Taper to his Fame.

When a rich Man, of common Honour, dies,  
 One or two Neighbours mourn his Obsequies:  
 But if the great Supporters of the State  
 Break, and fall down, all sympathize their Fate:  
 Like Clocks, without our ballast Weights, we stand,  
 And Floods of Woe burst out and drown the Land:  
 Likeness of Grief in ev'ry Face appears,  
 And ev'ry Eye bestows a Hecatomb of Tears.  
 Such was the publick universal Wound,  
 Which ev'ry Class of Arts and Learning found,  
 That all lie crush'd beneath the fatal Fall,  
 Not *Selden's*, but the Kingdom's Funerak.

For when the Soul departs which gives the Breath,  
The Remnant's but a loath'd Machine of Death.  
When *Pompey* thus was found on *Ægypt's* Sand,  
*Rome* strait pronounc'd her Glories at a stand:  
So when the Wind a spacious Oak removes,  
'Tis not a neighb'ring Tree's Loss, but the Grove's.  
When Air and Water once are useles grown,  
One by long Drought, one by Infection,  
Not private Men alone bewail the Cross,  
But 'tis each City's, and each Kingdom's Loss.  
O that *Pythag'ras* could his Plea maintain!  
That Souls might live in Bodies o'er again!  
Then would the World less Sense of Sorrow have,  
And *Selden* too would triumph o'er the Grave.  
This we can't hope, for 'tis alone his Praise,  
And *Solomon's*; none such in all their Days.  
Thus great *Maimonides* secur'd his Fame,  
And none since *Moses* like to *Moses* came:  
Thus the young *Scaliger* had glitter'd more,  
Had not his Father *Julius* shone before.

Such Wisdom flows from *Selden's* learned Pen,  
 As gives us Reason, and then makes us Men.  
 All Nations in their sev'ral Idioms bring  
 The Commonwealth of Knowledge to their King.  
 But that's not all, for various Speech affords  
 Nought without Conduct but a Mass of Words:  
 Which, like a Bunch of Keys, but serve to let  
 Into the Riches of the Cabinet.  
 For Magazines of Voices but agree  
 To buoy up Fools, and pamper Pedantry.  
 But *Selden* learn'd each Language to dispense  
 Largeness of Thoughts, and Energy of Sense.

I name not now his many Rarities,  
 His *Hebrew* Priest, and his *Britanick* Seas;  
*Arundel's* Marbles, and the *Jewish* Wife,  
 The triple *Sanhedrim*, and *Edmer's* Life;  
 Left I expose 'em to the envious Test  
 Of those who judge but by their Interest:  
 Such, who beneath a Wit-bound Malice groan,  
 And stab, with Censure, all things but their own.



Such, who their shackled suburb Judgments bind,  
To search no farther than the outward Rind ;  
When 'twas his Custom to pursue the Chace  
To the last point, and ransack ev'ry Place :  
As *Hercules* still thought his Work unsped,  
Long as the *Hydra* had the Tail or Head:  
His *Mare Clausum* shall a Praise maintain,  
Till Merchants cease to plow the Waves for Gain :  
Each rowling Ship shall thro' the Compass reel,  
And drag its glad Discov'ries at her Keel:  
But let the Seamen now who dar'd the Deep,  
Content with the Reserves of Reason sleep ;  
Since the great Pole-star of the Northern Sky  
Has suffer'd Shipwrack on Mortality:  
Of *Selden* it is said, and none beside,  
That he was stamp'd Authentick e'er he dy'd :  
For 'tis the Voice of Truth ; whilst he stood by  
Himself was quoted for Authority:  
The sturdiest Doubts which could in Bus'ness rise,  
Were clear and naked to his piercing Eyes:



All foreign Laws he made so much his own,  
They were not better to the Natives known.

The Sun could scarcely be allow'd to see  
More Kingdoms or more Secrefies than he :  
Joint Tenants of the World, for both have run  
An annual Circle, *Selden* and the Sun.

Nature has cloath'd him in so fair a Drefs,  
To praise him more would be to make him less.

Thus Blots in all our Actions are confes'd,  
Which taint the good, and damnifie the best :

Our Praifes most improv'd are at a Stay,  
Like the faint Twilight to the perfect Day.

Great Star, then by thy native Lustre shine,  
Since all our Light is but a Beam from thine :

As *Phæbus* rays blaze brighter in their Sphere,  
Than when projected thro' the dusky Air :

So there are Glasses which first Shades present  
With greater Force than to the next is lent :

Thus Pictures from their proper Beauties fall,  
Still farther off from their Original.

A SONG.

## A S O N G.

1.

**A** Way with the Causes of Riches and Cares,  
That eat up our Spirits, and shorten our Years,  
No Pleasure can be  
In State or Degree,  
But 'tis mingled with Troubles and Fears :  
Then perish all Fops by Sobriety dull'd,  
Whilst he that is merry reigns Prince of the World.

2.

The Quirks and the Zealots of Beauty and Wit,  
Tho' supported by Power at last must submit :  
For he that is sad,  
Grows wretched or mad,  
Whilst Mirth like a Monarch does sit ;  
It cherishes Life in the old and the young,  
And makes every Day to be happy and long.

*The Character of a Friend.**By J. D. Esq;*

**G**RANT me, propitious Pow'rs, this one Request,  
And then at an uncommon Rate I'm blest'd ;

One faithful Friend, a second self, I'd have ;

In Converse pleasant, in advising grave ;

Constant without insulting ; without boasting

brave :

Well-bred, without the trifling Forms of State ;

Learn'd, but no Pedant ; gen'rous ; truly great ;

With a large Share of unaffected Wit ;

Dumb to my Secrets, deaf to all ill Fame,

With which th'injurious World would blast my

Name :

Free from base Ends, for 'tis the good Design

In Friendship's first Advances makes it shine :

But chiefly may he own by just Pretence

Well-ripen'd Virtue, and well-polish'd Sense ;

**His**

His Friendship and Religion both sincere,  
 Serene and calm, yet piously severe ;  
 One be our Souls, and blazing with one Flame,  
 Hopes, Fears, Desires, Aversions, all the same.  
 Thus shall our happy Hours the rest outweigh,  
 Love so well rooted never can decay,  
 Shall dread no Autumn, and no Winter fear,  
 But thrive, be green, and prosper all the Year.

---

*Precepts of Friendship and Conversation,*  
 from Hor. lib. i. Epist. 18.

*Si bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,  
 Scurrantis speciem præbere professus Ami-  
 cum, &c.*

**W**Here *Lollius* do's a gen'rous Friendship  
 own,  
 If well Experience has his Temper shown,  
 He dares not play the bant'ring pert Buffoon :

No Matron's chaste Careffes differ more,  
 From fulfom Lewdnefs of a Suburb Whore ;  
 Than the falfe Kindnefs Men of Plot pretend,  
 From the true genuine Freedoms of a Friend.  
 In fome a diff'rent worfe Extream we fee,  
 A ruftick, rude, ill-natur'd Gravity,  
 That stalks along commended to your Senfe,  
 With Teeth all furr'd thro' nafty Negligence,  
 And Beard, as from another World he came ;  
 Affecting Dulnefs, Virtue bears the Blame.  
 By Moderation's Line calm Virtue flies,  
 Strait is her Courfe, and all her Motions nice,  
 Above, below, we rife, or fink to Vice.  
 Here, at the bottom of the Table plac'd,  
 A fawning grinning Parasitic Guest,  
 Sits to ftart Jests, himfelf the greateft Jelt.  
 So clofe obferves he, and with fo much Care,  
 His wealthy Patron's Action and his Air ;  
 His Thoughts and Words, imperfett as they fall,  
 The Knave fo catches, fo repeats them all ;



As School-boys their neglected Lessons say,  
 When Clause by Clause gruff *Busby* leads the Way;  
 Or raw young Actors practice o'er their part,  
 When *Powell* shews to laugh and cry with Art:  
 There a four Hero, his direct Reverse,  
 Contends for Trifles, positive and fierce;  
 His Sense imposes with Dogmatick Pride,  
 Commands Assent, and will not be deny'd,  
 And what's the Question? How the Fencers play'd?  
 Which better fought? or understands his Trade?  
 Of Roads? or who by Dice and Whores undone?  
 Or whose fine Cloaths have his Estate out-run?  
 Who from pure Prudence hides the shining Oar?  
 Who from a Miser's greedy Thirst of more?  
 Be never with that curious Itch possess'd,  
 Of racking Secrets from a thoughtful Breast;  
 But when imparting Friendship makes them thine,  
 Revere and guard them as a sacred Shrine,  
 By Frowns not frighted, nor betray'd by Wine.



Delights, to which your private Fancy bends,  
Esteem with due Submission to your Friends ;  
Nor when they call to hunt the Sport refuse,  
For dull Retirement and a Cynic Muse ;  
This *Zethus* and *Amphion's* Friendship shook,  
Till the soft Student rose and clos'd his Book,  
Assum'd the Nets, and laid his Harp aside,  
And with his Brother's rustick Soul comply'd.  
Be easie, free, and chearful in your Mien,  
A modest Silence will be counted Spleen ;  
Yet cautious what you speak, and use your Care,  
Well to distinguish a retentive Ear :  
Avoid th'Inquisitive, be this your Rule,  
A prying Coxcomb makes a tatling Fool.  
Commend not till the Man is throughly known,  
A Rascal prais'd you make his Faults your own.  
Conscious of Guilt, attempt not to defend,  
Reserve that Favour for an injur'd Friend,  
Whom Malice or Mistake unjustly blame ;  
You are the proper Guardian of his Fame :

And

And this good Office may a grateful Mind  
In times to come reward you for in kind,  
Since Scandal and Ill-nature take their Rounds,  
And Falshood triumphs in uncertain Bounds.  
Friendships with Men of Wealth and State and  
Pow'r,  
Can none but unexperienc'd Minds allure ;  
Those who the Favours of the great have try'd,  
Dread their inconstant Smiles, and hate their Pride.  
Beware, my *Lollius*, lest the flatt'ring Gale  
That sooths your Passage now should quit your Sail ;  
Lest adverse Winds should rise, disturb the Main,  
And drive the Vessel to her Port again.

*A Thought upon Horace's Integer  
vitæ, &c.*

**B**less'd is the Man whose virtuous Care  
Has left him no ill Accidents to fear ;  
Free from the Dust ignoble Vices raise,  
His Conscience shines serenely bright,  
And by its Innocence's Light  
Reflects the Image of well-order'd Days.  
Arm'd with what he cannot lose,  
Despises his ill-natur'd Foes,  
Bears boldly up against his adverse Fate,  
And, spite of all the World, is truly great.

*Written*

*Written in St. EUREMONT's Essays,  
Presented to a Lady.*

**T**Hro' various Climes of Censure and Applause,  
 In this wide World of Criticks and their Laws,  
 (The common Fate by Authors undergone)  
 The great, the wise *St. Euremont* has run.  
 But now secure, he can Respect command,  
 Where'er the Muses stretch their Silver Wand,  
 Where Sense is valu'd, and where Learning shines,  
 And sparkling Wit can charm in polish'd Lines;  
 Where'er true Eloquence and Taste prevail,  
 And Authors have their Praise for thinking well.  
 Vain would he be, and uninstructed yet,  
 In the just Worth of what himself had writ,  
 Should he disdain for your Applause to sue,  
 Or scruple to submit his Works to you.  
 Fair Critick, in his Name I humbly bend,  
 Admit the suppliant Author by his Friend;

And

And as you find him merit your Esteem,  
Excuse his Agent, and encourage him,

---

*To one that would have him humour  
the Age for the Reputation of a  
Poet.*

## I.

**M**AY I in some kind rural Seat,  
Unknown and undistinguish'd lie,  
The dull Fatigue of being great  
Despise for peaceful Honesty.  
*Apollo's* Crown, the verdant Bays,  
Let each contending Scribler claim,  
Who, thro' a servile Thirst of Praise,  
Submits to all the Slavery of Fame.

## 2.

I hate Applause so meanly fought,  
And smile at the perplexing Cares,

And

And all the Crowds of pensive Thought,  
That go to pay off Pride's Arrears :  
If *Cleon's* Pen can ought impart,  
To make his Hours less tedious glide,  
Or a few special Friends divert,  
He heeds not all the babling World beside.

3.

Cheap is the Price to buy Content,  
If Men would their Advantage take,  
All that's beyond b'ing innocent,  
Will much too dear a Purchase make.  
May I with two or three be bound  
In Friendship's Adamantine Chain ;  
May their Delight my Glories bound  
Their friendly Approbation all my Gain.

LYSANDER



LYSANDER *and* SYLVIA, a S O N G.

I.

*Lys.* **M**Y *Sylvia*, Love demands his Due,  
 And will no longer be delay'd;  
 That you be just, as I am true,  
 In all I've sigh'd, in all I've said.  
 The little Archer takes it ill,  
 You guard your Heart against me still,  
 And that so long you let *Lysander* burn,  
 Without the Justice of one kind Return.

2.

*Sylv.* *Lysander*, I confess your Eyes  
 Long since disclos'd the hidden Fire ;  
 For Love admits of no Disguise,  
 I saw them sparkle with Desire :  
 Distraction in your Looks I saw,  
 And could from thence Conclusions draw,  
 But when your Tongue proceeds to tell me so,  
 I vow you make me blush, indeed you do.

3. *Lys.*

3.

*Lys.* When Blushes in your Face appear  
Like Flame diffus'd thro' ev'ry part,  
The glowing red that sparkles there  
Suits ill with such an icy Heart.  
It strikes me with a wild Amaze,  
When on those charming Signs I gaze,  
Which falsely an intestine Flame declare,  
And with vain Hopes trepan me to Despair.

4.

*Sylv.* Ah! hold, too rashly you accuse;  
Can you my secret Thoughts discover?  
Some Cheats a modest Maid may use,  
To try the Passion of her Lover.  
But since you so my Looks improve,  
To plead the Int'rest of your Love,  
Know then your *Sylvia* loves no less than you,  
And *Sylvia* will be kind if you'll be true.

Horace, Lib. 2. Ode 10.

*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum  
Semper urgendo, &c.*

i.

**L** *Icinius*, would you learn from me  
The Arts of living safe and free,  
Trust not too far the faithless Sea,  
Nor treach'rous Winds explore ;  
Nor yet solicitous t'avoid  
Th'impetuous Ocean's threatning Pride,  
Your Bark as much too closely guide  
Along the rocky Shore.

2.

Him, who the golden Mean do's praise,  
A fordid Cottage do's not please,  
Nor asks he marble Palaces,  
Th'invidious Scenes of State.  
Lightning on Hills, and raging Winds  
Fall fiercest on the lofty Pines ;

And

And when a mighty Tow'r declines,  
More dreadful is its Fate.

3.

The true Philosophers, who dare  
Thro' both Presumption and Despair,  
In cloudy Fortune hope, in fair  
Expect a changing Sky ;  
The same Almighty Sov'reign Pow'rs,  
That storm to Day in frightful Show'rs,  
To morrow are more kindly ours,  
And lay their Thunder by.

4.

Fair Weather Time and Patience brings,  
Sometimes the great *Apollo* sings,  
And strikes his golden founding Strings,  
Nor always plys his Bow.  
Be brave when boist'rous Fate prevails ;  
And in her kindest prosp'rous Gales,  
By furling your too bloated Sails,  
The prudent Pilot show.

S

Upon

*Upon Marriage, by Dr. K.*

**M**Arriage! thou Blifs of Love, thou Prop of  
Life,

That firft dethron'ft a Mifs to raife a Wife :  
Love's pleasing Julep, thou allay'ft the Rage,  
Which nothing fafely can, but thou and Age :  
Who other Methods try, receive a Curfe,  
They one Difcufe remove, but caufe a worfe,  
A rotten Carcafs, and an empty Purfe.

Love's too mercurial and would fly away :  
Wives like the grand Elixir make it ftay :  
They teach the fickle Parts to keep their Hold,  
And turn the loofer Mafs to folid Gold.

Of all the headlong things on Earth or Sea,  
Man, Man alone's the greateft Run-away :  
He's ftill in full Career, ftill pushes on,  
And ev'ry Step, you'd think, he is undone :

Nay

Nay were he not drawn back by force of Wife,  
Down he must fall the Precipice of Life.

Let no Man that a tiresome Luggage call,  
Without whose Weight our Vessels would not fail;  
We all are tofs'd on Life's tempestuous Sea,  
Wives are our decent Ballast and our Stay,  
And Man without 'em must be cast away. }  
'Tis true, they will our roving Hours confine,  
But such a Jayl's a sweet and charming Mine :  
Our Bounds are *Eden*, and true Gold's our Chain, }  
And who can justly of Restraint complain,  
Where Links are Ornaments, and Slaves may reign? }  
Whene'er you grieve, the Wife partakes your Care,  
And Grief grows less, when others feel a Share.  
But if you're pleas'd, she shines with Pleasure gay,  
And swells your Bliss, and multiplies your Joy :  
Joy grows like Fire by plenteous Fuel bright,  
The more it kindles on, the more's the Light :



Thus *Hymen* makes the Nuptial Flames encrease,  
And catching Sparks augment the cheerful Blaze.

But whatfo'er a Mistress may pretend,  
She's sure to make a Jilt, but ne'er a Friend :  
Wives are the Friends in whom we place our Trust,  
Wives may be false, but Misses ever must,  
Rul'd by th'unfailing Laws of potent Lust. }  
A Miss is perfect Trick, a meer Grimace,  
And ev'ry Passion's painted as her Face:  
Feign'd are her Joys, her Looks, her dying Eyes,  
And Counterfeit her very Extasies.  
Her Words and Movements are but empty shows,  
And damn'd *Olivia* lurks in all she does.  
Fair as the Moon your glitt'ring Miss may seem,  
But false like her, and flatt'ring as her Frame :  
Your naked Sight sees here and there a Spot,  
But Eyes assist'd view her all one Blot.  
But Marriage has its Parts so just and clear,  
Ev'n Microscopes will show the Picture fair :

Whores

Whores should like Scenes to please at distance stand,  
Wives may like curious Paint be view'd at hand.

Suppose a jealous Qualm disturbs your Bed,  
The mutual Flame by Jealousie is fed,  
And Love without it wou'd be stark-stone-dead.

Lest then a Lethargy th'espous'd should seize,  
Wife Jealousie claps on th'awak'ning flies,  
And so the Blisters and the Lovers rise.

Should Love be stuff'd with constant Sweets of Joy,  
'Twould be too luscious, and be sure to cloy,  
But poinant Jealousie puts in th'Alloy ;  
Tempers the Mixture, throws the Hogo on,  
Strikes the pall'd Tasse, and makes the Meal go down.

Nor should kind noisy Wives your Ears displease,  
Whene'er they're clam'rous, 'tis to cause your Peace,  
And who'd refuse the Pain t'enjoy the Ease ?  
Thus *Halcyons* the tempestuous Waves endure,  
And love the Storms which future Calms ensure ;

When with their chirping Brood they shall be blest,  
And nursing Waves to rock their dancing Nest.

The self-same Track, you say, we Men pursue,  
But charming Ways still make the Journey new :  
The Rover, who each leering Face admires,  
Will find himself led on by walking Fires :  
A hamp'ring Brake or loathsome Bog's his Fate,  
And he'll the glaring Pinket curse too late :  
One glorious Track the beauteous Sun do's tread,  
His Course is still the same, the same his Bed.  
A dirty Way's too dang'rous to be good,  
'Tis Ease and Safety which commend a Road.  
Who would not still on beauteous *Tempe* stand ?  
*Tempe* you'd trace, and wish no other Land.  
On *Tempe* still you'd gaze, on *Tempe* move,  
And never surfeit, where you'd ever love.

Let each Man take just what he understands,  
And leave the rest upon the Poet's Hands.

*The Power of Money.*

**W**Hat Action so brave, or what Wonder so  
great,

But almighty Money has Power to compleat ?

By Money Kings, reign, and strong Castles are won,

For Money the Father will war with the Son :

A wither'd old Damsel be call'd young and fair,

And an ugly warp'd Changeling a witty brisk Heir :

For Money the Lady's fine Linen is rent,

Or else taken up with her Parent's Consent.

The Sisters for this with united Accord

Their Brethren will hug in the Fear of the Lord.

Our Faith it directs the right way of believing,

And makes younger Brothers oft dangle for Thieving,

It rules all Affairs whether sacred or civil,

Relieves many Souls, but sends more to the Devil.

*A SONG, by Coll. HENNINGHAM.*

## I.

**S**ince *Spartan* Heroes were so dull,  
They felt not Beauty's Pow'r ;  
Thrice happy we, whose Joys are full,  
Whilst Love grows ev'ry Hour.

'Tis pity in a noble Mind  
Nature shou'd bear no part,  
How can the brave be truly kind,  
And Love not touch the Heart ?

## 2.

Tho' *Mars* his Empire rule by Day,  
And boast his mighty Spoils,  
Yet Love at Night shall still repay  
The Hazard of his Toils :  
Whilst Courage do's with Vigour move,  
Our Conquest to compleat,

The

The Fair an easie Victim prove,  
 The Brave by Force submit.

---

*An EPILOGUE spoken before  
 the Duke of York 1682.*

*Written by Mr. Otway.*

**W**HEN too much Plenty, Luxury and Ease  
 Had surfeited our Isle to a Disease ;  
 When noisom Blains did its best Parts o'erspread,  
 And on the rest the Dire Infection shed ;  
 Our great Phyfician, who the Nature knew  
 Of the Distemper, and from whence it grew,  
 Fix'd for three Kingdom's Quiet, Sir, on you. }  
 He cast his searching Eyes o'er all the Frame;  
 And finding whence before one Sicknefs came ;  
 How once already Mischiefs foster'd were,  
 Knew well your Virtue, and apply'd you there :

Where,



Where, fo your Goodness and your Justice sway'd,  
 You but appear'd, and the wild Plague was stay'd.  
 When from the filthy Dunghil Faction bred,  
 New-form'd Rebellion rais'd her daring Head,  
 Answer me all, who struck the Monster dead?  
 See, see the injur'd Prince, and bless his Name,  
 Think on the Martyr from whose Loytis he came :  
 Think on the Blood he shed for you before,  
 And curse the Parricides who thirst for more.  
 His Foes are yours; then of their Wiles beware;  
 Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there;  
 There let his Wrongs your loyal Zeal improve,  
 He wears a Sword to justifie your Love :  
 His Blood he's ready for your good to spend,  
 And has a Heart that ne'er forgot his Friend.  
 His duteous Loyalty before you lay,  
 And learn of him, unmutm'ring to obey :  
 Think what he bears your Quiet to restore,  
 Repent your Madness, and rebel no more.

No more let *Bout'feus* hope to lead Petitions,  
Scriv'ners be Treasurers, Pedlars Politicians ;  
Nor ev'ry Fool, whose Wife has trip'd at Court,  
Pluck up a Spirit, and turn Rebel for't.

In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours,  
What Prince can be too jealous of his Pow'rs ?  
Can he too often think himself alarm'd,

When Malecontents do ev'ry where go arm'd ?

And when the Horned Beasts together get,

Nothing portends a Common-wealth like that.

Cast then your Idols off, your Gods of Wood,

E'er the *Philistines* fatten with your Blood :

Renounce your Priests of *Baal*, with Amen Faces,

Your *Wapping* Feasts, and you *Mile-end* high Places :

Nail all your Medals on the Gallows Post,

In Recompence that the Original is lost.

And here illustrious Repentance pay,

In his kind Hands your humble Off'rings lay :

Let Royal Pardon be by him implor'd,

Th'attoning Brother of your injur'd Lord.

He

He only brings a Med'cine to affuage,  
 A People's Folly, and a Monarch's Rage.  
 An Infant Prince now lab'ring in the Womb,  
 Fated with wondrous Happiness to come,  
 He goes to fetch the mighty Blessing home.  
 Send all your Wishees with him, let the Air,  
 With gentle Breezes waft him safely there,  
 The Seas like what they carry, fresh and fair.  
 And let the beauteous Mother touch the Land  
 Mildly, as may her glorious Son command :  
 Whilst our glad Monarch welcomes her ashore,  
 With kind Assurance, she shall part no more.  
 Be the Majestick Babe then smiling born,  
 And all good Signs of Fate his Birth adorn :  
 So live and grow, a constant Pledge to stand,  
 Of *Cæsar's* Love to an obedient Land.

*An EPILOGUE*, by JO. HAYNES.

*Spoke by Mr. Bowman, mimicking a Beau.*

**L**oaded with Muff, and Nose adorn'd with Snuff,  
Eclips'd in Wig like Owl in Ivy-Bush.

With dangling Shoulder-knot o'er Arm a kimbo,

In fine embroyder'd Coat just out of Limbo.

With all the Rhet'rick of *Doux Yeux* I come,

To mitigate our trembling Author's Doom ;

Who bid me beg your Smiles (the Poet's Alms)

In words as moving as the singing Psalms.

Not doubting my Success, because he knows,

The fair Sex must b'obliging to the Beaux ;

For while those Gallants, who had Brains to spare,

For Honour ran campaigning ev'ry Year,

Love ! Love ! the nobler Province of the two,

Kept peaceful Beau at home to die for you :

Not that he fear'd the Wars, but some chance Blow,

Might beat out his fine Teeth, and then you know

Tho' he, the Man were sav'd, that kills the Beau,

Whose

Whose Courage might, no doubt, successful prove,  
 In Bed of Honour, as in Bed of Love;  
 But whether think you has the greater Charms,  
 Don *Mars* the Bully's, or Don *Cupid's* Arms?  
 Who in this glorious Field makes his Campaign,  
 So fam'd for killing Eyes, and Lovers slain.  
 Like *Cæsar* here the Beaux may Conquest boast,  
 They come, they ogle, and the Heart is lost.  
 No wonder then they're in such Veneration,  
 But I remember Monkeys once in Fashion,  
 Till these new Favourites obtain'd their Station. }  
 But Monkey, Squirrel, and lov'd Parakeeto,  
 (The prettier Creatures much, methinks, to see to)  
 Lap-dog, nay darling Black, must all vail now,  
 To the prevailing Charms of Rival Beau.  
 But tell me, pray, how wou'd this Peacock show,  
 If he were treated like old *Æsop's* Crow?  
 If those who club'd to his Beauship flock'd together,  
 And ev'ry Bird laid hold of his own Feather,



Unrigg'd of Cloaths, of Wig, and unpaid Linnen,  
 Sword, Feather, Muff, and no Charms left to fin in.  
 What a Figure he'd make, you easily may gues,  
 Stripp'd of his borrow'd Plumes in that undress;  
 The naked Truth, I fear, would oft discover  
 The Gyant Beau to be a Pigmy Lover.  
 Sure nought but the Green Sicknefs of the Mind  
 Can relish this sad Trash of Human-kind.

Howe'er—

Since beauteous Plenty here begins to dress,  
 With her bright Ornaments, the Face of Peace,  
 'Tis fit that our Dramatick Wars shou'd cease: }  
 Therefore to you, sweet Beaus, in meer Compassion,  
 These Terms we offer of Capitulation.

First then—

When you shall leave off t'adore new Faces,  
 And paying only broken Heads for Places, }  
 As now your Foibles, then we'll shew your Graces.

And next—



Let not our Womens tyring-Rooms be haunted,  
 Boast not of Favours which they never granted.  
 Tick not with Orange-wench, or Side-box Misses,  
 (Alas! they live by Love, and feed on Kisses)  
 Grant this, and if they make not just Requitals,  
 You've our Consents *Gratis* to stop their Vitals.  
 (Demme)———*Exit like a Beau.*

---

*The CHOICE: On the Sight of a Poem  
 call'd The Choice, wherein were  
 these Words, [But no Wife]*

**I** Wou'd be *what I am*, nor fondly crave  
 Beyond what *wiser Heav'n* in Kindness gave;  
 Or if in any thing to *Change* inclin'd,  
 It is not in my *Fortunes*, but my *Mind*.  
*Content* I ask not, 'tis already giv'n,  
*Content!* the dearest Gift of bounteous Heav'n!  
 From *Envy*, *Hatred*, and *Ambition* free,  
 Thus far advanc'd in true *Felicity*.

Cou'd

Cou'd I my *other Passions* rule as well,  
My *Conquests, Cæsar!* thine would far excel.  
Cou'd I the sudden Rage of *Anger* tame,  
And *boiling Blood* within its Banks reclaim :  
Yet, still to *One*, I wou'd indulgent prove;  
A *Passion* is it, or a *Virtue?*—*Love:*  
That *Salt* of Nature, and that *Soul* of Life,  
Center'd in that dear charming Name, a WIFE:  
Chast, Prudent, Pious, Generous, Constant, Kind,  
Charming and Bright her *Eyes*, but more her *Mind*,  
Let her be such, I ask no greater *Bliss*,  
And, thanks indulgent Heav'n, such she is.  
Not that she has no *Moles*, tho' such they are,  
As tho' they own her *Mortal*, leave her *Fair*.  
She can't dissemble, flatter, frown, nor chide,  
And some she has, but 'tis a decent *Pride* :  
*Beauty* she has, or has as at left to me,  
And *Wit*, with but a little *Vanity*,  
*Learning* and *Sense*, which surly *Blockheads* fear,  
Because they want 'em, thank my Stars, are here.

I'th' World's great *Book* she has some Pages read,  
And (by our Isle's good leave) she is well-bred.  
Nor want those Blessings which our Lives prolong  
To the next Age, and makes us ever young;  
Sweet *Children*, neatly, tho' not *finely* dress'd,  
With *Mother-Wit*, and *English Faces* bless'd.

Who rather *Lewdness* than this Life would chuse,  
And those false Joys the *vitious World* amuse;  
Let 'em have that, and *Rottenness* for me,  
Who am content with *Health* and *Chastity*,

Had *Orpheus* happy been in such a *Bride*,  
Whose Lofs he mourn'd by *Thracian Hebrus* side;  
So soft had been his *Lyre*, so sweet his *Song*,  
The *Men*, as well as *Trees*, had danc'd along:  
Soon had he made those *Savages* relent,  
And list'ning *Hebrus* flow as smooth as *Trent*.

*On the lamented Death of his Royal  
Highness WILLIAM Duke of GLO-  
CESTER.*

I.

**S**Hall all the Muses Darlings mourn,  
 Like *Israel* for their \* *Moses* thirty Days,  
 And strow their Cypress over all the Ways,  
 When in the Mount of God he found his Urn,  
 And with old Age his Lamp had ceas'd to burn?  
 Shall Tides of raging Sorrow swell so high,  
 As ev'n to brave the Gods who destin'd him to die?  
 Shall they heap Volumes to his Memory?  
 And yet all silent sit,  
 To let the Duke obscurely lie,  
 Without a Verse  
 To grace his Hearse,

---

\* Dryden.

Who nurs'd the helpless Orphans of their Wit,  
 And fav'd 'em for Posterity?  
 The Duke! the very Name extorts a Tear,  
 And cramps the Muse, and chills her into Fear :  
 With pious Honour to that heav'nly Name,  
 Lest she should say too little in his Praise,  
 As yet not strong enough to raise  
 A Monument immortal as his Fame.  
 For Praises worthy him should be such Strains  
 As *Phœbus* self did once infuse  
 Into *Alexis* mourning Muse,  
 When she gave Passion to the pitying Plains :  
 The Plains sigh'd Echo's to th'enchanting Sound,  
 And sympathiz'd the bleeding Nation's Wound.

2.

Scarce had the Toils of War begun to cease,  
 Scarce had we lull'd each murm'ring Thought to Ease,  
 In the soft Transports of a righteous Peace ;  
 But envious Fate hurl'd a black Cloud between,  
 And chang'd the blooming Scene :

Left



Left we should be too happy in a peaceful Reign,  
She plung'd us in our former Miseries again.

Still to one seeming Good she do's oppose  
A thousand real Woes.

Thus flighted Lovers, whom fond Dreams delude,  
Fancy they grasp their Mistres in their Arms;  
Crop all her Sweets, and rife all her Charms,  
And think they're never cloy'd with the forbidden  
Food.

They lose the Tortures of their old Despair,  
How lately they were rack'd with Hope and Fear;  
And only now pursue their am'rous Theam,  
Rapt with the Transports of their blissful Dream:  
Till some rude, spiteful Noise shifts the fantastick  
Scene;

Awaken'd with Regret they feel their former Pain,  
They languish, pine, and grow stark-mad again.

3.

So healthfully the Streams of Blood  
Purl'd thro' the Channels of each swelling Vein,



We thought the mighty Omen good,  
 And cherish'd Hopes of a long future Reign.  
 But oh ! how injudicious is a mortal Eye ?  
 'Twas but a dark Symptom of speedy Destiny :  
     When least we fear'd  
     The dreadful Storm appear'd,  
     And seiz'd us out of Guard.

Losses foreseen are some Relief,  
 And give a short Parenthesis to Grief :  
 But unprovided for a sudden Woe,  
     We sink beneath the mighty Load,  
     Unless some kind propitious God  
     Avert the falling Blow.

Could Birth or Learning, Wit or Virtue save  
 A growing Hero from the common Grave ;  
     These Graces, *Glo'ster*, shone in thee,  
     But these, alas ! could not avail to free  
 From th'universal Doom of frail Mortality.

4.

So prodigally Vows were made,  
That the dear Soul might be repriev'd ;  
They shook the fatal Temple's Walls,  
The Statues kneel'd upon their Pedestalls ;  
Nay, what was more, the very Atheist pray'd,  
As if old Terror brib'd with Vows might haply be  
deceiv'd.  
The good and great (forgive the partial Thought)  
Are moulded up of finer Clay,  
With more Deliberation wrought,  
Than vulgar Creatures are ;  
Unmix'd with any dull Allay,  
And form'd by Heav'n's peculiar Care:  
Therefore unapt for any other Place,  
Than Heav'n, from which they trace  
The great Succession of their godlike Race.  
An impious Wretch, who is not fit to live,  
Can gain a long Reprieve ;

And still live on in Noise and Strife,  
 Amidst the lazy Drudgeries of Life :  
 As if he liv'd in spite of Destiny,  
 Till he himself should condescend to die.  
 For such no Grief we have,  
 Unless for what he feels beyond the Grave :  
 But if the mighty Prop of State  
 Break down, we sink beneath the Weight.  
 Like a rude *Chaos* all confus'd we're hurl'd,  
 Without superior Pow'rs to form us to a World.  
 Our Light, auspicious Youth, we lost in thee,  
 And wilder now again in blind Obscurity.

## 5.

Religious Enemies we'll trust —  
 Religious Enemies (tho' still the worst)  
 Will yet be faithful to thy sacred Dust ;  
 And with their hateful Notions strive  
 To love thee dead, they slighted when alive.  
 Thus dying Sinners when they feel the Smart  
 Of Heav'ns avenging Dart ;

When

When their past Sins crowd in upon their Sense,  
 Back'd with the Girds of checking Conscience ;  
 Curse the unhappy time they wildly stray'd,  
 When pow'rful Grace in their behalf essay'd,  
 And Heav'n was offer'd, and they disobey'd.

Their flatt'ring Hopes are all now crost,  
 For nothing now remains

But curst Despair, and endless Pains,  
 And an eternal Knowledge of the Blifs they've lost.

6.

The pious Princess had no sooner heard,  
 The Mother once of such a Child,  
 On whom all blooming Nature smil'd,  
 The luckless News, her Son was dead ;

But her great pensive Soul retir'd,

To ransom his before it fled ;

Nay, swooning thrice essay'd

To grasp the fleeting Shade,

As loath to leave the thing it lov'd ;

Nay with it had for ever stay'd,

Had not our Ruin her Compassion mov'd.

To

To prevent that she condescended to repair  
Back to the Troubles of this nether Air,  
And make her Nation happy by her Care.  
For whilst she lives we cannot fear.

How many Sons yet live in her !

Thus tho' the Royal *Phœnix* dies,  
One from his spicy Ruins may arise,  
To rule the Empire of his Parent Skies.  
A Life so justly and so greatly spent,  
Shall be in all our Hearts an exemplary Monument :  
For tho' by Death he lost a Crown,  
'Twas but to gain an everlasting one :  
Where Time, nor Place shall shift his Happiness,  
Or discompose th'eternal Round of Blifs.

A SONG,

*A SONG, set by Mr. DEAN.*

I.

**W**IT and Beauty once contended  
Which should reign in *Celia's* Arms ;  
Both an equal Claim pretended  
To be sole Monarch of her Charms

2.

Till at last they both agreed  
To maintain alternate Sway ;  
One by Night to bless her Bed,  
And one to win her Heart by Day,

*A CATCH.*



## A C A T C H.

**F**ULL Bags, a fresh Bottle, and a beautiful Face,  
 Are the three greatest Blessings poor Mortals  
 embrace :

But alas! we grow Muck-worms if Bags do but fill,  
 And a bonny gay Dame often ends in a Pill ;

Then heigh for brisk Claret, whose Pleasures ne'er  
 waste,

By a Bumper we're rich, and by two we are chaste.

---

## A S O N G.

I.

**W**AS it a Dream, or did I hear,  
 The Goddess at whose Feet I lie,  
 With most transporting Words declare,  
 She would not have her Lover die.

2. If

2.

If a kind Thought my Life to save,  
Can gain Admittance to your Breast,  
Improve it for your faithful Slave,  
And make me more than Angels blest.

3.

You cannot think, nor can I speak,  
What Agonies in Doubt arise ;  
Unless you mean my Heart to break,  
Show me more Favour in your Eyes.

4.

Under Suspence I cannot live,  
In Pity let me know my Fate :  
If Love for Love you will not give,  
Be kind and kill me with your Hate.

A SONG.

## A S O N G,

**C**Ease to pursue the scornful Fair,  
 Let not her vain deluding Air  
 One Thought of thine engage ;  
 Leave her to stale Virginity,  
 Let Pride in Youth her Torment be,  
 And Envy in old Age.

---

*An E X T E M P O R E upon a  
 Faggot, by MILTON.*

**H**Ave you not in a Chimney seen  
 A Faggot which is moist and green ;  
 How coyly it receives the Heat,  
 And at both ends do's weep and sweat?

So

So fares it with a tender Maid,  
 When first upon her Back she's laid;  
 But like dry Wood th' experienc'd Dame  
 Cracks and rejoices in the Flame.

---

*The Description of the Prodigies which  
 attended the Death of Julius Cæsar,  
 translated into blank Verse, from the  
 latter end of the first Book of Virgil's  
 Georgicks. By Mr. TRAPP.*

The Poet describing the various Signs by which  
 the Sun foretells all sorts of Weather, takes  
 Occasion from thence to make the follow-  
 ing Digression.

*Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam, &c.*

**H**E too, at Cæsar's Murther pitying Rome,  
 With dusky Scurf obscur'd his beaming Head;  
 And impious Mortals fear'd eternal Night:  
 Tho' at that time, Earth too, and spacious Seas,  
 And Dogs obscene, and ill presaging Birds  
 Gave dire Portents. How oft have we beheld  
 O'erboiling *Ætna* with *Volcanos* burst,           Thunder

Thunder and Rage into *Cyclopean* Fields,  
Rolling vast Globes of Flame, and molten Stones?  
*Germany* heard Arms clatt'ring in the Sky,  
The *Alps* with unexampl'd shudd'ring quak'd;  
And frequently, among the silent Groves,  
Voices were heard, and Spectres wond'rous pale  
Seen in the Dusk of Ev'ning; Cattle spoke,  
(Horrid to tell!) Earth yawn'd, and Streams stood still.  
In Temples mourning Iv'ry wept, and Brass  
Sweated: *Eridanus*, the King of Floods,  
With roaring Inundation o'er the Fields,  
Swept Woods away, and Cattle with their Folds.  
Nor did, mean while, th' ill-boding Fibres cease  
To menace Fate, nor Blood to rise in Wells;  
Nor Cities loudly to resound with Wolves  
Howling by Night. Ne'er from unclouded Sky  
Did Light'ning with more nimble Flashes glare,  
Nor e'r so thick did baleful Comets blaze.  
For this, *Philippi* saw the *Roman* Troops  
Twice in like Arms engage, and Heav'n thought fit,  
That

That twice *Æmathia*, and the spacious Plains  
 Of *Hæmus* should be fruitful with our Blood.  
 Nay, and the time shall come, when in those Coasts  
 The lab'ring Hind, as with the crooked Share  
 He turns the Glebe, shall plough up Piles consum'd  
 With rugged Rust; or with the pond'rous Rakes  
 Clash against empty Helmets, and admire  
 Big, manly Bones dig'd from their open'd Graves.  
 Ye tutelary Gods! Thou *Romulus*,  
 And Mother *Vesta*, who preserv'ft with Care  
*Etrurian Tiber*, and the *Roman Tow'rs*;  
 Permit at least this wond'rous Youth to prop  
 The tott'ring World: Already, by our Blood,  
 Enough we've ru'd the Perjuries of *Troy*.  
 Long since, O *Cæsar*, the Cœlestial Court  
 Has envy'd us thy Presence, and repines  
 Thou shouldst on mortal Triumphs be employ'd.  
 Where Right and Wrong are blended thro' the World,  
 So many Wars, such various Shapes of Vice:  
 Tillage has lost its due Regard; the Hinds



Prefs'd into Soldiers, Fields lye waste and wild,  
 And crooked Scythes are hammer'd into Swords.  
*Euphrates* here, there *Germany* makes War;  
 The neighb'ring Cities break all Leagues and fly  
 To Arms; *Mars* rages impious o'er the World:  
 As when the Racers from their Barriers start,  
 Oft whirling round the Goal; the Charioteer  
 Holding in vain the Bridles, by the Steeds  
 Is drag'd; nor will their Mouths obey the Rein.

---

*A Paraphrase on the xlii<sup>d</sup>. Psalm.*

*By Mr. T. Bate.*

I.

**C**Hac'd by the Hounds which thirst for Blood,  
 And scorch'd beneath Heav'n's fiery Rays,  
 The gentle Hind pants for the Flood,  
 Whose cooling Streams her Grief might ease:

She

She listens for the Fountain's fall,  
 And list'ning thinks the murm'ring Fountains call ;  
 'Till tir'd with fruitless Hope, and faint,  
 She wounds the sultry Skies with just Complaint.

## 2.

Such my Desires of thee, O God,  
 Eternal Source o' Joys divine!  
 Compell'd to quit the blest Abode,  
 Where the Cœlestial Glories shine:  
 An Exile thence, in deep Despair  
 I cry, Will God, my God, no longer hear ?  
 Must I before his Altars bow ?  
 No more! no more will he accept my Vow!

## 3.

While down my Cheeks salt Rivers ran,  
 My Foes in cruel Triumph cry'd,  
 Where's now thy God? vain banish'd Man!  
 Thy Rock, thy Fortrefs, and thy Pride?  
 When dewy Shades to Sleep invite,  
 My ever-wakeful Eyes out-weep the Night,

All Food by Day my Soul forbears,  
But feeds on mournful Thoughts, and drinks my Tears'

## 4.

I thought (it was a wond'ring Thought!)  
How on high Days I oft had come,  
In royal Pomp, and with me brought  
His Servants to his sacred Dome.——  
But why, my Soul, this Storm o' Woe?  
Tho' big the Waves, and loud the Tempests blow,  
Be still, my Soul! and hope to see  
The rising Beams of Mercy dart on thee.

## 5.

My God, my Soul is sore distressed,  
And wounded deep with Anguish dire;  
I'll think on thee, to calm my Breast,  
And make th' insulting Waves retire.  
Beyond the Stream o' *Jordan* chac'd,  
Past Mercies shall before my Eyes be plac'd:  
My tremb'ling Feet o'er *Hermon* fly,  
But *Zion*, and her God, my Soul employ.

## 6. Afflictions

## 6.

Afflictions, eager to engage,  
Summon their Troops, and me furround ;  
Those from above descend with Rage,  
These from beneath as fiercely wound :  
Like Cataracts those downward pour,  
Like Waters bursting from th' Abyfs these roar :  
Thy Waves and Storms on me have driv'n,  
O'erwhelm'd with all th' Artillery of Heav'n.

## 7.

But yet th' Almighty will be kind,  
And gild with happy Beams my Days ;  
The Night serene, as then my Mind,  
Shall be refresh'd with Songs o' Praise.  
To thee, my Rock, my Life I'll pray ;  
For, whilst thy saving Pow'r thou dost delay,  
In bitterness of Soul I mourn,  
Beneath oppressive Rage, and hostile Scorn.

## 8.

Sheath'd in my Breast the sharpest Sword  
 Can't like their vile Reproaches pain:  
 " Where's he thy Zeal so long ador'd?  
 " Deaf to thy Cries, thy Vows are vain.  
 But why, my Soul, this Storm o' Woe?  
 Tho' big the Waves, and loud the Tempests blow;  
 Be still, my Soul, and hope to see  
 The rising Beams of Mercy dart on thee.

---

*O D E* to my Lord D. of B-----.  
 An. Dom. 1704.

## I.

**F***iction*, be gone! we need not thee  
 With all thy pleasing Train of *Lies*,  
 Thy *Demons* and thy *Deities*,  
 Those old false *Lights* in *Poesie*!

Let

Let sacred *Truth* appear

The *Graces* on her Tongue!

Already see her shining Form is here!

A *Vertue* ever fair, and ever young.

The brightest Mind among the Bless'd,

For in her Looks th' *Eternal Sire* confess'd

Who his own Image saw, and lov'd her best.

Smiling he sent her from his *Throne*,

In his own radiant *Light* array'd:

She lives on Earth, she lives unknown:

How few, alas! who *court* the Heav'nly *Maid*;

True *Worth* and *Vertue* from the Grave,

And dull *Oblivion's* lazy Lake,

Where all things else their Period take;

Her *Business* 'tis, and her *Delight* to save.

'Tis she, O *B——m!* 'tis she

Ev'n living, that embalms thy Name,

And consecrates thy Works to Fame,

Within the spacious *Temple* of *Eternity*.



## 2.

Why shou'd the World of *Time* complain,  
 And mourn the *Ravages* he makes,  
 Since equal is our *Loss* and *Gain*,  
 And, like the *Sea*, he *gives* as well as *takes* ?  
 Behold yon *Venerable Pile*,  
 By thee, fair *Thamisis*, erect its Head:  
 Behold from thence *imperial Orders* spread  
 On suppliant Knees, receiv'd around the *subject Isle*.  
 Look once again before 'tis pass'd ;  
 Look once again, that *Look* must be the last.  
 See th' *ambitious Flames* arise,  
 And rival, and surmount the *Skies* :  
 By whose horrid *gloomy Light*  
 Which intercepts the dubious *Night*.  
 See the stately *Turrets* bend,  
 And hissing to the *Deep* descend.  
 Hark! the *Shreeks*, and crack'ling *Flames*,  
 Peers and Princes, *vulgar Names* :  
 The friendly *Thames* in vain is nigh,

In vain strong Arms may *Engines* ply,  
For *Holbein's* noble Work it self must die.

3.

So when the *Fates* have run their spacious *round*,  
And *Time's* great *Clock* shall cease to found ;  
This *Palace* built by th' *Architect* divine  
In its vast *Funeral Pile* shall burn,  
While *Nature* sinks into its *Urn*,  
The *sooty Waves* of *Chaos* shall with horrid *Lustre*  
shine.

Yet here his *Art* will the great *Chymist* shew,  
Who, when the *purging Flames* are o're,  
Will raise it *brighter* than before,  
And *Paradise* renew.

Hail, ye sweet *new-born Groves!* how blest'd, how fair  
Th' immortal *Forms* that wander there!  
How rich the *Fruit* your bending *Branches* bring!  
Beneath th' imperious *Shade*  
By *fragrant Arbors* made

To

To some *Cælestial Poets Lyre*  
Some *Laureat* of th' Angelick Quire,  
What happy *Lovers* sing.

How far their Blifs our *miscall'd Life* transcends,  
A world of *Peace*, a world of *Friends!*  
Who bravely for their Country fought;  
Who *Arts* or *Laws* invented or refin'd,  
Who Heav'n-born *Vertue* liv'd and taught,  
And humaniz'd Mankind,  
Here undisturb'd and blifsful *Mansions* gain;  
And now they bathe in *Nectar* Streams,  
Nor need the Sun's officious Beams.

Now to the glitt'ring Palaces resort,  
Which form th' *Etherial Monarchs* splendid Court,  
Where *Peace* and *Honour*, and fair *Vertue* reign:  
Around the stately *Rooms* they walk,  
View the guilded *Roofs* on high,  
Outshining feeble Nature's *Sky*;  
Th' Enammell'd *Pavements* view below,  
Where flow'ry *Constellations* grow,

And

And things *unutterable* look and talk.  
 Fathom the Depths of *Providence* and *Fate*,  
 Why *Vice* has oft been great and fortunàte,  
 While *Vertue* starving and neglected lies,  
     Which all *commend*, yet all *despise*;  
 A Knot which *Fools* to *Atheists* turns, and puzzles  
     e'en the *Wife*.

## 4.

To *B——m* again the *Song* entice!  
     Nor are we far from thence ;  
 Behold some *Tracks* of his *Magnificence*,  
 Which rais'd a *Palace* in a *Paradise* !  
 For *vulgar Princes* it suffic'd before,  
     Nor was perhaps amiss design'd ;  
     *Nature* and *Art* could do no more,  
 'Till he a *nobler Model* form'd in his capacious Mind.  
 He struck the golden *Lyre*, the *Stones* arose,  
 The willing *Stones* harmonious *Walls* compose.  
     The *Trees* with num'rous Feet advance ;  
     They leave their ancient *Beds*,

They

They bend their rev'rend *Heads*,  
 And to *Pindarick* Measures lead the *mystick Dance*.

But where, O where!

Is th' *lov'd lamented Fair*?

She's gone, for ever gon: No more those *Eyes*

Shall *Love* and *Jays* inspire,

Whose Heart still shone with *vestal Fire*:

Each *Word* a *Prayer*, each *Act* a *Sacrifice*.

Not ev'n his *Verse* can her recal,

Then how, alas! shou'd mine?

Not the vain *Deluge* of those *Tears* that fall,

And make a new *Canal*,

Or finge the old with *Brine*.

Thus when *MARIA* wing'd to rest,

And *robb'd* the World t' *enrich* the *Bless'd*,

As to the *Dome* her mournful *Pomp* convey'd,

All of the *Queen*, but her immortal *Mind*,

In *Groans* her Fun'ral Rites *Britannia* pay'd;

And long, long since had been with weeping *blind*,

Had God-like *ANNA* not been left behind.

Fortune

5.

*Fortune!* we fondly blame thy *various Wheel,*

And envy thee the Liberty to range :

So much of *mortal Miseries* we feel,

The kindest thing that thou canst do,

The kindest and the wisest too,

Is oft to *change.*

Vicissitude of *Pain* our *Grief* alloys,

'Tis easier to be born than one dull *round* of *Joy*s.

Thus we our own *Inconstancy* excuse,

And thus those Ills we cannot cure amuse.

Not so the truly *Great,*

Who, *poiz'd* on their own *Weight,*

Can sit serene and smile ;

Whilst at their *Oars* inferior Mortals toil ;

Toss'd with ev'ry Storm of Fate,

They know the *Pilot* who the Vessel steers

By his uncontroll'd Decree,

Not infringing Liberty ;

They know the Good is *his,* but Error *theirs.*

Wisely



Wifely revolving what is pass'd,  
 The future they preface;  
 See from far the gathering *Blast*,  
 Nor fear to meet its Rage:  
 And tho' the treach'rous *Waves*, are fair,  
 They know them, and for *Storms* prepare.

## 6.

Let *France* her *Louves* and *Escurial's* boast;  
 For *Spain* and *France* are yet the *same*,  
 We *Monsters* these, not *Wonders* name,  
 The *Palace* in the *Town* is lost.  
 'Tis like their *Monarchy*, so far 't has gone,  
 Until almost the *World*, and ev'n it self o'er-run.  
 Our *Buildings* more compact and neat,  
 Tho' *narrow*, like our *Isle*, yet without *Pride* are  
*Great*.  
 Their Nation's *Genius* in each *Front* we see,  
 Tho' *Rags* and *Lumber* cram'd within,  
 Rich *Tapestries* are at the *Windows* seen,  
 'Tis *Tissue* all, and all *Embroidery*.

Still

Still let 'em boast their fabled golden *Show'rs*,  
 If *sterling* Valour, Wealth, and Sense are ours.  
 Long let their *restless* Nation War renew,  
 More *Blenheim's*, and more *Schylenbergs* adorn,  
 And future *Tyrants* warn,  
 'Till they for *Peace*, in earnest sue ;  
 While *Anna* guards all injur'd *Europe's* Rights,  
 While *B——m* consults, and *Marlbro'* fights.

7.

Let *Art* and *Cost* do what they can,  
 Let lofty *Roofs* th' amaz'd Spectator strike,  
 The *Walls* be hid by *Raphael* and *Vandike*,  
 The noblest Furniture's a Man :  
 'Tis he deserves that Name who *Kings* and *Courts* has  
 read ;  
 Who from *Experience*, and from *Nature's* Store,  
 Has much, nor from the *sacred Ancients* more,  
 Tho well acquainted with the *mighty Dead*.  
 From both he learns what makes a Nation blest'd,  
 When *civil Storms* grew loud ;

What

What *Arts* will charm the discontented *Crowd*,  
Who either *are*, or *think* themselves *oppress'd*.  
Whence spring the *Seeds* of *Discord* and *Debate*,  
Which raise their hateful *Heads*  
From *Pride's* or *Faction's* *Beds* ;  
What *knitts* or *cuts* the *Nerves* of *State*.  
Yet from *severer Thoughts* he not disdains  
Sometimes to loose the *Reins* ;  
Nor courtly *Horace* will refuse,  
Nor *Maro!* thy *diviner Muse*,  
The rest he *pardons* and *regards*,  
If there be *Honesty* and *Sense*,  
If they but *aim* at *Excellence* ;  
Nor want his *Smiles*, nor want *unask'd Rewards*.  
To that *exuberant Soil* his *Favour* shows,  
Which *Fruit* at once, and *Flow'rs* bestows ;  
Scorn'd by th' *ungrateful Earth*, which never bears  
But both of *Flow'rs* and *Fruits* despairs.

## P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. *Duke*.

**L**ONG has the Tribe of Poets, on the Stage,  
 Groan'd under persecuting Critick's Rage:  
 But with the sound of Railing, and of Rhime,  
 (Like Bees united by the tinkling Chime)  
 The little stinging Insects swarm the more,  
 And Buz is greater than it was before.  
 But O! Ye leading Voters of the Pit,  
 That infect others with your too much Wit;  
 That well-effectèd Members do seduce,  
 And with your Malice poyson half the House;  
 Know, your ill-manag'd arbitrary sway  
 Shall be no more indur'd, but ends this Day.  
 Rulers of abler Conduct we will choose,  
 And more indulgent to a trembling Muse:  
 Women for Ends of Government more fit,  
 Women shall rule the Boxes and the Pit,  
 Give Laws to Love, and Influence to Wit.

Find me one Man of Sense in all your Roll,  
Whom some one Woman has not made a Fool.  
Ev'n Business, that intollerable Load,  
Under which Man does groan, and yet is proud;  
Much better they can manage, wou'd they please,  
'Tis not their want of Wit, but love of Ease:  
For, spite of Art, more Wit in them appears,  
Tho' we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs.  
Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,  
Set shallow in a hot and barren Soil;  
But when transplanted to a richer Ground,  
Has in their *Eden* its Perfection found.  
And 'tis but just they shou'd our Wit invade,  
Whilst we set up their painting, patching Trade.  
As for our Courage, to our Shame 'tis known,  
As they can raise it, they can pull it down:  
At their own Weapons they our Bullies awe;  
'Faith let 'em make an *Anti-Salick* Law;  
Prescribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,  
And wear the Breeches, as they wear the Bays.

*Love in Fetters.*

TO PANTHEA.

I.

**L**OVE weary'd with his roving Flight,  
 Descending at th' approach of Night,  
 Down to *Panthea's* Bosom fled,  
 And made that Seat of Joy his Bed.

2.

Gently her heaving Bosom rose,  
 And seem'd to court him to repose:  
 Nest'ling he folds his Wings to creep  
 Between her Breasts for sweeter Sleep.

3.

Pleas'd and transported with the Joy,  
 She laugh'd at the deluded Boy:  
 And did a Stratagem prepare,  
 To keep the wanton Pris'ner there.

4.

She took a various colour'd Braid,  
 Of Purple, Gold, and Scarlet made;



Now, Youngster, said the cruel Fair,  
You shall *Panthea's* Fetters wear.

5.

But when surpriz'd he waking found  
His shack'led Limbs, and Pinions bound,  
Sighing he wept, and beg'd she'd please  
To give her Captive a Release.

6.

Sly Youth, says she, wou'd you so soon  
Quit your Apartments, and be gone:  
No, my dear Rover, first discharge  
Your Quarters, e'er you're set at large.

7.

Then for a Bribe, said he, to go,  
My Quiver take, and take my Bow;  
Nor can I greater Triumphs boast,  
Than that my Arms to you were lost.

8.

And now those Shafts are his no more,  
His Bow and Ensigns of his Pow'r;  
*Panthea* now commands *Love's* Darts,  
All Eyes she charms, and wounds all Hearts.

A Let-

*A Letter to a Friend, translated from  
the Latin, being the Character of a  
Town Life.*

**A**T last the grateful Muse presumes to send  
A Present to her Patron and her Friend:  
And that the Present might be sure to please,  
She sends it cloath'd in a poetick Dress:  
Satyr inspires, and she attempts to soar,  
As dauntless as old *Dryden* did before.  
For who can sit to see a modern Scene,  
Or if he sits, not almost burst with Spleen?  
How can he bear the Novices of Rhime,  
Who murder Sense in vile ungodly Chime?  
That once has tasted what the Antients wrote,  
How vast their Genius, how sublime their Thought,  
Where perfect Beauty charms in ev'ry Line,  
Where ev'ry single Letter sounds divine.

Tell me, if when you read great *Dryden* o'er,  
 Or search the Riches of *Roscommon's* Store,  
 Do you not feel such Transport in your Mind,  
 As if all human Cares were cast behind ?  
 Have not those Charms on your Disease prevail'd,  
 When all their *Alkils* and their *Acids* fail'd ?  
 O that like them I could presume to fly,  
 Full of their tuneful, godlike Energy :  
 That I like them might with my Verses heal,  
 Who but repeat 'em, and the Patient's well.  
 But oh ! my sluggish Blood that Task denies,  
 And backward to my Heart confus'dly flies :  
 The sickly Muse no longer dares to soar,  
 Since spiteful *Phæbus* has refus'd the Pow'r,  
 But left by this I wholly seem to want  
 Sense to pursue, what I'm oblig'd to grant ;  
 I send you this, in hopes that you'll approve  
 What comes not from my Wit, but from my Love.

You

You ask to know, since you have left the Town,  
 What Courſe I take to drive my Minutes on.  
 At fix I riſe, and ſtudiouſly withdraw  
 T'explore ſome Quirks and Quiddits of the Law,  
 Till twelve (no very pleaſing Taſk you'll ſay)  
 I turn o'er *Coke* and *Hobart* for a Plea,  
 With ſev'ral more as pert and dull as they :  
 Names which were never known to Muſe before,  
 But yet by learning ſuch a thriving Lore,  
 I may at laſt ſome wealthy Honour get,  
 As a Reward for all my Toil and Sweat.  
 Whilſt Poets, as the Vermin beſt deſerve,  
 Muſt be content to be admir'd and ſtarve.  
 At twelve I lay aſide my Books, and dine,  
 And if my Pockets lib'rally incline,  
 I toaſt your Health in many a Glaſs of Wine.  
 But if my Mind's contracted in it ſelf,  
 Which always ſympathizes with my Pelf ;

My Bus'ness done ; when Shades obscure the Hills,  
 And Poets great and small repair to *Will's* ;  
 Which is the best Inspirer of a Theam,  
 For when a Rhymer will vouchsafe to dream,  
 It yields as learned Liquor as *Parnassus* Stream. }  
 I make up one to crack a bawdy Jest,  
 And am as dull and spiteful as the rest :  
 Or else my thoughtful Gravity to show,  
 I ponder a Gazette, earnest to know }  
 How Matters are at *Mantua* or *Cracow*. }  
 Whilst the fow'r Criticks who have never writ,  
 At once combin'd in damning Judgment sit, }  
 On *Shakespear's* Tragick, and *Ben's* Comick Wit ; }  
 That nothing can their rigid Censures please,  
 But *Sophocles* or *Aristophanes*,  
 Their Taunts great *Dryden* almost dies to hear,  
 Which wound his Soul, and fire his patient Ear :  
 Ev'n his own Works must bear their grand Inquest,  
 Tho' claiming equal Honour with the best :

At last he puts on a resenting Frown,  
 Which saves their Fame, and vindicates his own.  
 Here *Dons* of Wit with one another jar,  
 Eager to triumph in the learned War :  
 The tiny Bards and Criticks flock around,  
 To glean their Scraps, and echo what they found :  
*Tom. D——y* shows his Phiz among the rest,  
 Fam'd for a thousand Songs, and many a hopeful Jest :  
 Had he but Sense to keep his Asses safe,  
 The Man might now and then provoke a Laugh ;  
 For if he can but stifle the Buffoon,  
 He'll thread a Proverb nicely, nay and pun.

But if these tedious Brawls displease my Ear,  
 I travel to the neighb'ring Theatre :  
 And if some noted Monster's to be shown,  
 I enter, take my place, and sit me down,  
 To fill the Circle of that various Crown.  
 On my right Hand the *Bena Robas* sit,  
 Who hide their Faces to betray their Wit :

For



For unseen Blushes make their Clappers bold,  
 To repartee, or scandalize, or scold :  
 On my left Hand a gay, spruce Crowd appears,  
 Shaking a huge immod'rate length of Hairs :  
 Such Clouds of Odour from their Heads distill,  
 We're bury'd in Perfumes which all the Circle fill :  
 After three wretched Tunes the Curtain's drawn,  
 The mimick Crew begins to play the Town, }  
 Where a Compendium of the World is shown. }  
 Here an old Father by a Slave is fool'd,  
 Back'd by a Lover Son to steal his Gold :  
 There a fat low'ring, rev'rend Coxcomb stares,  
 Of Voice severe, and prodigal of Ears :  
 His Worship says as little as he can,  
 Because he writes himself an Alderman.  
 Here stands *Narcissus* with a careless Air,  
 In Face and Drefs compos'd to wound the Fair :  
 With so much Grace his Words and Actions move,  
 If he but speak or walk, some *Phyllis* dies for Love.

There

There in his Pride a purple Emp'ror stands,  
 And with a Nod imagin'd Worlds commands :  
 The Badge of Empire on his Forehead reigns,  
 He seems to feel the Burthen which he feigns.  
 There stalks a Hero reeking from the Wars,  
 Boasting his Lawrels and dishonest Scars ;  
 Tells how his Courage stem'd the raging Flood,  
 And gain'd the Shore, and drown'd the Fields in  
 Blood.

The Females too are mingled in the Scene,  
 One daub'd with Tinsel, of a lofty Mien ;  
 Affects to stride in State, and struts a Queen. }  
 One innocent as a young Virgin shows,  
 Another's a Coquet, and bites the Beaus.  
 One takes a Freedom not to be excus'd,  
 And one shows how hard Mothers should be us'd,

The Plot now thickens, where at once I view,  
 In Miniature whatever Mortals do :

Their

Their Councils, Manners, Plotting, and Affairs,  
 Their Follies, Vices, Affectations, Wars :  
 But if the Play grows dull, and not yet dark,  
 I seek my Female Friends, and squire 'em to the Park.  
 Where with some wanton Chat, or am'rous Play,  
 We help to shift the lazy Hours away.  
 Sometime we talk of Love, and what's its Cause,  
 How wild it wanders, unrestrain'd by Laws ;  
 How strange its Motions leap about the Heart,  
 And please us most, when most they make us smart ;  
 How it must act to propagate Desire,  
 And burn our Vitals with a secret Fire,  
 Hence to the Ladies Lodgings we retreat,  
 And take a Game at Cribidge or Picquet ;  
 Or bring some Reputation to the Test,  
 Or gaul our Neighbours with some glancing Jest ;  
 Tea in the midst we drink and repartee :  
 (For Scandal always goes along with Tea.)  
 Thus we beguile the Hours in full Delight,  
 Till Day turns up the genial Time of Night :

Then

Then tir'd with what I can no more enjoy,  
 For Pleasure's luscious, and will quickly cloy:  
 I seek my Home, and to relieve my Pain,  
 Swop into Bed, and snore till fix again.

Whilst you, my Friend, the dearest in my Love,  
 Suck in the Health of some sweet Country Grove.  
 And far from Town, remote from Noise and Care,  
 Refresh your Lungs with truly vital Air:  
 O! may the Gods release you from your Pain,  
 And give you to my widdow'd Arms again,  
 Thus mourn'd *Achilles* for *Patroclus* slain.  
 Grant that the Town may yet enjoy your Sight,  
 As once you were, all healthful, vig'rous, bright,  
 To pass with pleasing Chat the tedious Winter Night.  
 O! grant me many such without an end,  
 As that, in which dear you and one more Friend,  
 Drunk like the famous Bards of yore in Wine,  
 Health and Prosperity to all the nine:

And

And gave the Bards themselves a Praise so true,  
As could not come from any, but from you.

---

*A Song upon Fancy.*

*By Nath. Lee.*

**A**LL other Blessings are but Toys,  
To his, who in his sleep enjoys:  
His wanton Fancy can possess  
The Object of his Happiness;  
The Pleasure's purer, for he spares  
The Pains, Expences, and the Cares.  
Thus when *Adonis* got the Stone,  
To *Love* the Boy still made his moan;  
*Venus*, the Queen of Fancy, came,  
And as he slept, she cool'd his Flame:  
The Fancy charm'd him as he lay,  
And quickly brought the Stone away.



*An Immitation of HORACE's 6th Ode,  
apply'd to the Duke of Marlborough.*

*By Captain R. S.*

**S**Hou'd *Addison's* immortal Verse,  
Thy Fame in Arms, great Prince, rehearse,  
With *Anna's* Lightning you'd appear,  
And glitter o'er again in War:  
Repeat the proud *Bavarian's* Fall,  
And in the *Danube* plunge the *Gaul*.  
'Tis not for me thy worth to show,  
Or lead *Achilles* to the Foe;  
Describe stern *Diomedes* in fight,  
And put the wounded Gods to flight:  
I dare not, with unequal rage,  
On such a mighty Theam engage;  
Nor fully in a Verse like mine,  
Illustrious *Anna's* Praise, and thine.

Let



Let the laborious *Epic* strain,  
In lofty numbers sing the Man,  
That bears to distant Worlds his Arms,  
And frights the *German* with Alarms:  
His Courage and his Conduct tell,  
And on his various Virtues dwell,  
In trifling Cares my humble Muse  
A less ambitious Tract pursues,  
Instead of Troops in Battel mixt,  
And *Gauls* with *British* Spears transfixt:  
She paints the soft Distress and Mien,  
Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.  
From the gay Noise, affected Air,  
And little Follies of the Fair,  
A slender stock of Fame I raise,  
And draw from others Faults, my Praise.

*A Bacchanalion Song.**By Mr. Phillips.*

1.

**C**ome, fill me a Glafs, fill it high,  
 A Bumper, a Bumper I'll have:  
 He's a Fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an Inch,  
 Tho' I drink my felf into my Grave.

2.

Here's a Health to all thofe jolly Souls,  
 Who like me will never give o'er,  
 Whom no Danger controuls, but will take off their  
 Bowls,  
 And merrily ftickle for more.

3.

Drown Reafon and all fuch weak Foes,  
 I fcorn to obey her Command;  
 Cou'd fhe ever fuppose I'd be led by the Nofe,  
 And let my Glafs idly ftand?

Y

4. Reputa-

4.

Reputation's a Bugbear to Fools,  
 A Foe to the Joys of dear drinking,  
 Made use of by Tools, who'd fet us new Rules,  
 And bring us to politick thinking.

5.

Fill 'em all, I'll have fix in a Hand,  
 For I've triff'd an Age away;  
 'Tis in vain to command the fleeting Sand  
 Rowls on, and cannot stay.

6.

Come, my Lads, move the Glafs, drink about,  
 We'll drink the Univerfe dry;  
 We'll fet Foot to Foot, and drink it all out,  
 If once we grow sober we die.

Clarín-

*Clarinda's Complaint this War Time;  
or, Advice to the Officers, to get  
Soldiers without beat of Drum.*

I.

**W**ith fighting and wishing, and Green Sick-  
ness Diet,

With nothing of Pleasure, and little of Quiet,

With a Grannum's Inspection, and Doctor's Direction,

But not the Specifick that suits my Complexion,

The Flower of my Age is full blown in my Face,

Yet no Man considers my comfortless Case.

2.

Young Women were valued as I have been told,

In the late times of Peace above Mountains of Gold;

But now there is fighting, we have nothing but  
fighting,

Few Gallants in Conjugal Matters delighting;

Y 2

'Tis

'Tis a Shame that Mankind shou'd love killing and  
flaying,  
And mind not supplying the Stock that's decaying.

## 3.

Unlucky *Clarinda*, to live in a Season,  
When *Mars* has forgotten to do *Venus* Reason!  
Had I any Hand in Rule and Command,  
I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land,  
That Killers of Men, to replenish the Store,  
Be bound to the Wedlock, and made to get more.

## 4.

Enacted moreover, for better dispatch,  
That where a good Captain meets with an O'er-match,  
His honest Lieutenant with Soldier-like Grace,  
Shall relieve him on Duty, and serve in his Place;  
Thus Killers and Slayers of able good Men,  
Without beat of Drum may recruit 'em again.

*A Ballad on the Jubilee.*

*By Mr. Hall of Hereford.*

I.

**C**ome Beaus, Virtuofos, rich Heirs and Mu-  
fitians,

Away, and in Troops to the Jubilee jog,  
Leave Discord and Death to the College Physicians,  
Let the vig'rous whore on, and the impotent flog:  
Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,  
And of every Transgression her Lord will forgive ye.

2.

Indulgences, Pardons, and fuch holy Lumber,  
As cheap are there now as our Cabbages grown;  
Whilst mufty old Relicks of Saints without Number,  
For barely the looking upon fhall be fhown:  
Thefe, were you an Atheift would needs overcome ye,  
That firft were made Martyrs, and afterwards  
Mummy.

Y 3

3. They'll



## 3.

They'll shew you the River, so sung by the Poet,  
 With the Rock from whence Mortals were knock'd  
 on the Head :

They'll show you the Place too, as some will avow it,  
 Where once a She-Pope was brought fairly to Bed,  
 For which ever since to prevent interloping,  
 In a Chair her Successors still suffer a groping.

## 4.

What a sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accoutr'd  
 With Mitre and Cope, and two Keys by his side?  
 Be his inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward  
 Shows *Servus Servorum* no Hater of Pride.

These Keys into Heaven will as surely admit ye,  
 As the Clerks of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

## 5.

What a sight 'tis to see the old Man in Procession,  
 'Thro' *Rome* in such Pomp as her *Cæsars* did ride?  
 Here scatt'ring of Pardons, there crossing and blessing,  
 With all his shav'd, spiritual Train-band by his side :

As

As Confessors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacons,  
From Rev'rend Archbishops to Rosie Archdeacons.

6.

Then for your Diversion, the more to regale ye,  
Fine Musick you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll see,  
Men who much shall out-warble your am'rous *Fideli*,  
And make you meer Fools of *Balloon* and *l'Abbee*:  
And to shew you how fond they're to kifs *vostras manus*;  
Each *Padre* turns Pimp, and all Nuns *Courtezanas*.

7.

And when you've some Months at old *Babylon* been a,  
And on Panders and Punks all your Rhino is spent;  
And when you have seen all that's there to be seen a,  
You'll return not so rich, tho' as wise as you went.  
And 'twill be but small Comfort, after so much Ex-  
pence a,  
That your Heirs will do so just a hundred Years  
hence a.

*To the King, in the Year 168<sup>4</sup>/<sub>5</sub>. By  
Mr. Stepney. On the Death of  
K. CHARLES II.*

**A**S Victors lose the Troubles they sustain,  
In greater Trophies which the Triumphs gain ;  
And Martyrs, when the joyful Crown is giv'n,  
Forget the Pain by which they purchas'd Heav'n :  
So when the *Phœnix* of our Empire dy'd,  
And with a greater Heir the Throne supply'd :  
Your Glory dissipates our mournful Dew,  
And turns our Grief for *Charles* to Joy for you.  
Mysterious Fate! whose one Decree could prove  
The high Extream of Cruelty and Love.

May then no Flight of a blaspheming Muse  
Those wise Resolves of Providence accuse,  
Which eas'd our *Atlas* of his glorious Weight ;  
Since stronger *Hercules* supports the State.

*England*

*England* no more shall penfive Thoughts employ,  
On him she's lost, but him she has enjoy.  
So *Ariadne*, when her Lover fled,  
And *Bacchus* honour'd the deserted Bed,  
Ceas'd with her Tears to raise the swelling Flood,  
Forgot her *Theseus*, and embrac'd the God.

---

To Mr. EDMUND SMITH.

**M**<sup>UN</sup>, rarely credit common *Fame*,  
Unheeded let her praise or blame;  
As Whimfies guide the Gossip Tattles,  
Of Wits, of Beauties, and of Battles;  
To Day the Warriour's Brow she crowns,  
For Naval Spoils, and taken Towns:  
To Morrow all her Spite she rallies,  
And votes the Victor to the Gallies.

Nor in her Visits can she spare  
The Reputation of the Fair:  
For Instance,——*Cloe's* Bloom did boast  
A while to be the reigning Toast:  
Lean Hectick Sparks abandon'd Bohee,  
And in Beer-Glasses pledg'd to *Cloe*.  
What Fops of Figure did she bring  
To the Front-Boxes and the Ring?  
While Nymphs o' Quality look'd fullen,  
As breeding Wives, or moulting Pullen,  
Bless'd Charmer She, 'till prying *Fame*  
*Incog.* to Miss's Toilet came;  
Where in the Gally-Pots she spy'd  
Lillies, and Roses that defy'd  
The Frost of Age; with certain Pickles,  
They call ——*Cosmeticks* for the Freckles;  
Away she flew with what she wanted,  
And told at Court that *Cloe* painted.

“ Then

“ Then who'd on common *Fame* rely?  
 “ Who's chief Employment's to decry;  
 “ A cogging, fickle, jilting Female,  
 “ As ever ply'd at fix in the *Mall*;  
 “ The Father of all Fibs begat her  
 “ On some old News-Man's Fusty Daughter.  
 O CAPTAIN! *Taisez vous*———'Twere hard  
 Her Novels ne'er should have regard:  
 One Proof I'll in her Favour give,  
 Which none but you will disbelieve.

When *Phæbus* sent her to recite  
 The Praises of the most Polite,  
 Whose Scenes have been, in ev'ry Age,  
 The Glories of the *British* Stage;  
 Then she, to rigid Truth confin'd,  
 Your Name with lofty *Shakespear* joyn'd;  
 And speaking, as the God directed,  
 The Praise she gave was unsuspected.



## The Spell.

By the same Hand.

**W**Hene'er I Wive, young Strephon cry'd,  
 Ye Pow'rs that o'er the Noose preside!  
 Wit, Beauty, Wealth, and Humour give,  
 Or let me still a Rover live:  
 But if all these no Nymph can spare,  
 And I'm predestin'd to the Snare,  
 Let mine, ye Pow'rs! be doubly Fair.

Thus pray'd the Swain in Heat o' Blood,  
 Whilst Cupid at his Elbow stood;  
 And twitching him, said Youth be wise,  
 Ask not Impossibilities:  
 A faultless Make, a manag'd Wit,  
 Humour and Fortune never met:  
 But if a Beauty you'd obtain,  
 Court some bright *Phillis* o' the Brain;

The dear *Idea* long enjoy,  
Clean is the Blifs, and will not cloy.  
But trust me, Youth, for I'm sincere,  
And know the Ladies to a Hair;  
Howe'er small Poets whine upon it,  
In Madrigal, and Song, and Sonnet;  
Their Beauty's but a SPELL to bring  
A Lover to th' enchanted Ring.  
E'er the Sack Poffet is digested,  
Or half of *Hymen's* Taper wasted,  
The winning Air, the wanton Trip,  
The radiant Eye, the Velvet Lip,  
From which you flagrant Kiffes stole,  
And seem'd to suck her springing Soul. —  
These, and the rest, you doated on,  
Are nauseous or insipid grown;  
The SPELL dissolves, the Cloud is gone,  
And *Sacharissa* turns to *Joan*.

*The VII<sup>th</sup>. ODE of the III<sup>d</sup>. Book of  
HORACE Imitated.*

*By the same Hand.*

I.

**D**EAR *Molly*, why so oft in Tears?  
 Why all these Jealousies and Fears,  
 For thy bold Son o' Thunder?  
 Have Patience, 'till we've conquer'd *France*,  
 Thy Closet shall be stor'd with *Nants*;  
 Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

2.

Before *Toulon* thy Yoke-Mate lyes,  
 Where all the live-long Night he fights  
 For thee, in lowlie Cabin:  
 And tho' the Captain's *Cloe* cries,  
 'Tis I, — Dear Bully! Prithee rise —  
 He will not let the Drab in.

3. But

3.

But she, the cunning'st Jade alive,

Says 'tis the ready way to thrive,

By sharing Female Bounties;

And if He'll but be kind one Night,

She vows he shall be dubb'd a Knight,

When she is made a Countess,

4.

Then tells of smooth young Pages whip'd,

Casher'd, and of their Liv'ries strip'd,

Who late to Peers belonging;

Are nightly now compell'd to trudge

With Links, because they would not drudge

To save their Ladies longing,

5.

But *Vol* the Eunuch cannot be

A colder Cavalier than he,

In all such Love-Adventures;

Then pray do you, dear *Molly*, take

Some Christian Care, and do not break

Your conjugal Indentures,

6. *Bellair!*

6.

*Bellair!* who does not *Bellair* know?  
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau  
Gives out he loves you dearly:  
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,  
And soft Impertinence, and Noise,  
Full oft has beat a Parley.

7.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Blade  
Shall come with am'rous Serenade,  
Soon from your Window rate him:  
But if Reproof will not prevail,  
And he, perchance, attempt to scale,  
Discharge the *Jordan* at him.

*Verses*

*Verses imitated from the French of  
Monsieur MAYNARD to Cardi-  
nal RICHELIEU.*

*By the same Hand.*

I.

**W**HEN Money, and my Blood run high,  
My Muse was reckon'd wond'rons pretty;  
The *Sports* and *Smiles* did round her fly,  
Enamour'd with her smart *Concetti*.

2.

Now (who'd have thought it once?) with Pain  
She strings her Harp, whilst freezing Age  
But feebly runs thro' ev'ry Vein,  
And chills my brisk Poetick Rage.

3.

I properly have ceas'd to live,  
To Wine and Women dead in Law;

Z

And



And soon from Fate I shall receive

A Summons, to the Shades to go.

4.

The Warriour Ghosts will round me come,

To hear o' fam'd *Ramillia's* Fight;

Whilst the vex'd *Bourbons*, thro' the Gloom,

Retire to th' utmost Realms o' Night.

5.

Then I, my Lord, will tell how you

With Pensions ev'ry Muse inspire,

Who *Marlb'rough's* Conquests did pursue,

And to his Trumpets tun'd the Lyre.

6.

But shou'd some drolling Sprite demand,

*Well, Sir, what Place had you, I pray?*

How like a Coxcomb should I stand!

What wou'd your Lordship have me say?

To the EVENING-STAR.

*English'd, from a Greek Idyllium, by the same Hand.*

**B** Right Star! by *Venus* fix'd above,  
 To rule the happy Realms o' Love;  
 Who in the dewy rear of Day,  
 Advancing thy distinguish'd Ray,  
 Dost other Lights as far out-shine,  
 As *Cynthia's* Silver Glories thine;  
 Known by superiour Beauty there,  
 As much as *Pastorella* here.

Exert, bright Star, thy friendly Light,  
 And guide me thro' the dusky Night;  
 Defrauded of her Beams, the Moon  
 Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.  
 I wou'd not rob the Shepherd's Fold,  
 I seek no Miser's hoarded Gold;  
 To find a Nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,  
 Who lately stole my Heart away.

To CELIA, who having caught a Bee  
that had stung her Lip, was about  
to kill it.

**S**TAY, *Celia*, that revenging Hand,  
Whose Force no Creature can withstand,  
The little harmless Bee forgive,  
And grant your Pris'ner a Reprieve.

To those, who by Mistake have err'd,  
Pardon should never be deferr'd.

It was but going to devour  
(Your Lip mistaking for a Flower)  
The fragrant Dew, which there lay waste,  
Sweeter than Honey to the Taste;  
And thought with Thighs well laden home  
To fly, and to enrich its Comb:  
And having found so choice a Store,  
Thought ne'er elsewhere to seek for more.

*In Imitation of the XVI<sup>th</sup> ODE of  
ANACREON.*

**W**HILE you of mighty Armies slain  
By *Marlb'rough* on *Ramillia's* Plain,

And others sing reliev'd *Turin*,

And tell of *Savooy* and *Eugene*,

Of my own Wars and Battels I

(E'en tho' I lost the Victory)

Will sing, and how the Day was won

Will tell, and how I was undone.

'Twas not the Numbers of the Foe,

A surer Aim, or stronger Blow;

'Twas not the Cunning, nor the Force,

No *Marlb'rough*, nor *Danish* Horse:

But what with all, all these may vie,

A Glance that came from *Celin's* Eye.

## A PINDARICK ODE.

To the happy Memory of the most re-  
nown'd DU VAL.

I.

**T**IS true, to complement the Dead,  
Is as impertinent and vain,  
As 'twas of old to call 'em back again.  
Or, like the *Tartars*, give 'em Wives,  
With Settlements for After-lives.  
For all that can be done or said,  
Tho' ne'er so noble, great, and good,  
By them is neither heard nor understood.  
All our fine Sights, and Tricks of Art,  
First to create, and then adore Desert;  
And those Romances which we frame,  
To raise our selves, not them a Name,

In vain are stuf't with ranting Flatteries,  
 And such, as if they knew, they would despise ;  
 For as those times, the Golden Age they call,  
     In which there was no Gold at all ;  
 So we plant Glory and Renown,  
     Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known.  
 But to worse purpose many times,  
 To varnish o'er nefarious Crimes,  
 And cheat the World that never seems to mind,  
 How good or bad Men dy, but what they leave  
     behind.

2.

And yet the brave *du Val*, whose Name,  
 Can never be worn out by Fame,  
 That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind  
 A great Example to Mankind :  
 That fell a publick Sacrifice,  
 From Ruin to prevent those few  
 Who, tho' born false, may be made true ;  
 And teach the World to be more just and wise,



Ought not, like vulgar Ashes, rest  
 Unmention'd in the silent Chest,  
 Not for his own, but publick Interest.  
 He, like a pious Man, some Years before  
 Th'Arrival of his fatal Hour,  
 Made ev'ry Day he had to live,  
 To his last Minute, a Preparative.  
 Taught the wild *Arabs* on the Road  
 To act in a more genteel Mode,  
 Take Prizes more obligingly than those  
 Who never had been bred *Filous*,  
 And how to hang in a more graceful Fashion,  
 Than e'er was known before to the dull *English*  
 Nation.

3.

In *France*, the Staple of new Modes,  
 Where Garbs and Courts are currant Goods,  
 That serves the ruder Northern Nations  
 With Methods of Address and Treat,  
 Prescribes new Garnitures and Fashions,

And

And how to drink, and how to eat  
No out-of-fashion Wine or Meat.  
To understand Crevats and Plumes,  
And the most modish from the old Perfumes,  
To know the Age and Pedigrees,  
Of Points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,  
Cast their Nativity, and to a Day  
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when decay,  
T'affect the purest Negligences,  
In Gestures, Gaits, and Miens,  
And speak by Repartee Routines,  
Out of the most authentick of Romances ;  
And to demonstrate with substantial Reason,  
What Ribbands all the Year are in or out of Season.

4.

To this great Academy of Mankind  
He ow'd his Birth and Education,  
Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,  
They understand by Imitation ;

Are

Are taught, improve before they are aware,  
As if they suck'd their Breeding from the Air,  
That naturally does dispense  
To all a deep and solid Confidence,  
A Virtue of that precious use,  
That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues  
But with a mod'rate Shew of it,  
Can want no Worth, Abilities, nor Wit,  
In all the deep *Hermetick* Arts,  
(For so of late the learned call  
All Tricks, if strange and mystical)  
He had improv'd his nat'ral Parts,  
And with his Magick Rod could found,  
Where hidden Treasure might be found.  
He, like a Lord o'th' Mannor, seiz'd upon  
Whatever happen'd in his Way,  
As lawful Waif and Stray,  
And after, by the Custom, kept it as his own.

## 5.

From these first Rudiments he grew  
To nobler Feats, and try'd his Force  
Upon whole Troops of Foot and Horfe;  
Whom he as bravely did fubdue:  
Declar'd all Caravans, that go  
Upon the King's High-way, his Foe,  
Made many desperate Attacks,  
Upon itinerant Brigades  
Of all Professions, Ranks and Trades,  
On Carriers Loads, and Pedlars Packs,  
Made them lay down their Arms and yield,  
And, to the smallest Piece, reftore  
All that by cheating they had got before.  
And after plunder'd all the Baggage of the Field;  
In ev'ry bold Affair of War  
He had the chief Command, and led them on:  
For no Man is judg'd fit to have the Care  
Of other's Lives, until he's made it known,  
How much he does despife, and fcorn his own.

Whole Provinces 'twixt Sun and Sun,  
Have by his conqu'ring Sword been won ;  
And mighty Sums of Money laid  
For Ransom upon ev'ry Man,  
And Hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.  
Th'Excise, and Chimny-Publican,  
The Jew-Forestaller and Inhanfer,  
To him for their Crimes did answer.  
He vanquish'd the most fierce, and fell  
Of all his Foes, the Constable,  
That oft had beat his Quarters up,  
And routed him, and all his Troop.  
He took the dreadful Lawyers Fees,  
That in his own allow'd High-way,  
Does Feats of Arms as great as his,  
And when th'encounter in it, wins the Day ;  
Safe in his Garrison, the Court,  
Where meaner Criminals are sentenc'd for't,  
To the stern Foe he oft gave Quarter,  
But as the *Scotchman* did to *Tartar*,                   That

That he in time to come  
Might in return from him receive his Doom.

## 7.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,  
And brought his haughty Spirit down ;  
Have cut it off from all Relief:  
And like a wise and valiant Chief,  
    Made many a fierce Assault,  
Upon all Ammunition-Carts,  
And those that bring up Cheese and Malt,  
Or Bacon from remoter Parts.  
No Convoy e'er so strong with Food  
Durst venture on the desp'rate Road ;  
He made th'undaunted Waggoner obey,  
And the fierce Higler Contribution pay ;  
    The savage Butcher, and stout Drover  
Durst not to him their feeble Troops discover ;  
    And if he had but kept the Field,  
In time he'd made the City yield,



For great Towns, like the Crocodiles, are found  
 'Tth' Belly aptest to receive a mortal Wound.

## 8.

But when the fatal Hour arriv'd,  
 In which his Stars began to frown,  
 And had in close Cabal contriv'd  
 To pull him from his height of Glory down,  
 When he, by num'rous Foes oppress'd,  
 Was in th'enchantèd Dungeon cast,  
 Secur'd with mighty Guards,  
 Left he by Force or Stratagem,  
 Might prove too cunning for their Chains and them,  
 And break thro' all their Locks, and Bolts, and  
 Wards,  
 He'd both his Legs by Charms committed  
 To one another's Charge,  
 That neither might be set at large,  
 And all their Fury and Revenge out-witted.  
 As Jewels of high Value are  
 Kept under Locks with greater Charge

Than

Than those of meaner Rates ;  
So he was in Stone Walls, and pondrous Chains, and  
Iron Grates.

9.

Thither came Ladies from all Parts,  
To offer up close Pris'ners, Hearts,  
Which he receiv'd as Tribute due,  
And made 'em yield up Love and Honour too,  
But in more brave Heroicks

Than e'er were practis'd yet in Plays :  
For those two spiteful Foes who never meet  
But full of hot Contest and Pikes,  
About Punctilio's and meer Tricks,  
Did all their Quarrels to his Doom submit,  
And far more generous and free,  
With only looking on him did agree,  
Both fully satisfy'd ; the one  
With the fresh Lawrels he had won,  
And all the brave renowned Feats

He had perform'd in Arms ;

The

The other with his Person and his Charms :  
 For just as Larks are catch'd in Nets,  
 By gazing on a piece of Glafs ;  
 So while the Ladies view his brighter Eyes,  
 And smother polish'd Face,  
 Their gentle Hearts, alas ! were taken by Surprize.

## 10.

Never did bold Knight to relieve  
 Distressed Dames such dreadful Feats atchieve,  
 As feeble Damfels for his fake  
 Would have been proud to undertake,  
 And bravely ambitious to redeem  
 The Worlds Loss and their own,  
 Strove who should have the Honour to lay down  
 And change a Life with him :  
 But finding all their Hopes in vain,  
 To move his fixt determin'd Fate,  
 They Life it self began to hate,  
 And all the World beside disdain :  
 Made loud Appeals and Moans

To

To less hard-hearted Grates and Stones,  
 Came swell'd with Sighs, and drown'd in Tears,  
 To yield themselves his Fellow-Sufferers:  
 And follow'd him like Prisoners of War,  
 Chain'd to the lofty Wheels of his triumphant Car.

---

*On the Death of Old BENNET the  
 News-Cryer.*

ONE Evening, when the Sun was just gone down,  
 As I was walking thro' the noisy Town,  
 A sudden Silence thro' each Street was spread,  
 As if the Soul of *London* had been fled.  
 Much I enquir'd the Cause, but could not hear,  
 'Till Fame, so frighten'd that she did not dare  
 To raise her Voice, thus whisper'd in my Ear:  
*Bennet*, the Prince of Hawkers, is no more,  
*Bennet*, my Herald on the *British* Shore;  
*Bennet*, by whom I own my self out-done,  
 Tho' I an hundred Mouths, he had but one.  
 He, when the list'ning Town he would amuse,  
 Made Echo tremble with his bloody News,

No more shall Echo now his Voice return,  
Echo for ever must in Silence mourn.

Lament, ye Heroes, who frequent the Wars,  
The great Proclaimer of your dreadful Scars.

Thus wept the Conqueror that the World o'ercame,

*Homer* was wanting to enlarge his Fame:

*Homer*, the first of Hawkers that is known,

Great News from *Troy* cry'd up and down the Town.

None like him has there been for Ages past,

'Till our Stentorian *Bennet* came at last:

*Homer* and *Bennet* were in this agreed,

*Homer* was blind, and *Bennet* could not read.

### *An Ode for St. CECILIA'S Day. 1693.*

*By Mr. Theo. Parsons.*

I.

**C***ecilia*, look, look down and see  
A Tribute paid to Harmony,  
A Tribute paid to Heav'n and thee:  
And while we Musick's Praise rehearse,  
In lower Notes, and fainter Verse,

Warm



Warm you, great Saint, your willing Choire,  
 With your own celestial Fire.  
 May you move on ev'ry String,  
 Warble Sweets in ev'ry Voice,  
 In ev'ry Note your grateful Influence sing,  
 And by your Aid confirm our happy Choice.

2.

Eldest of Arts, and universal Spring  
 Of ev'ry thing.  
 When Beings in a dark Confusion lay,  
 Thy Voice the fullen Gloom did chase,  
 Matter did its Form embrace,  
 And *Chaos* fled before the new-born Day.  
 Heav'n look'd, and all good things did see,  
 And all that Good arose from Harmony.

3.

Parent of all! thou still dost sway,  
 And o'er this lower World preside,  
 Man and his Passions thee obey  
 As meaner Waters the commanding Tide,



Or that, the Moon's imperious Ray.

Beauty may wound th'unguarded Eyes,  
And slowly creep into the Heart ;

But Musick quick as Lightning flies,  
The Pleasure dances with the Smart,  
And melts and trills thro' ev'ry part.  
Without the Magick of the Fair, ~

We love, we sigh, and we despair,  
We catch at Sounds, and grasp the fleeting Air.

## 4.

Hark! hark! the Trumpet calls to Arm ;  
What Vein so drowsy feels not the Alarm,  
And wakes not at th'inspiring Charm ?

The warlike Horse already paws,  
And neighs aloud his warm Applause.

In vain is now the soft'ning Flute,

In vain the warbling of the Lute,

Or the gay Violin's persuading Airs :

The Philtre glides successless thro' our Ears.

Ev'n *Celia's* Voice no more can tame  
 The forward Hero's Lust of Fame.  
 A Charm might vanquish, if apply'd,  
 A Madman's Frenzy, or a Woman's Pride :  
 Temper with Hope the Lovers Fears,  
 (*An April-shine* to gild his Tears)  
 The Weather of our Happiness abate,  
 Softer than Love, yet absolute as Fate.

## 5.

But oh ! more subtle Virtue flows  
 Such jarring Passions to compose.  
 Still, still the Work, O sacred Harmony, is thine :  
 We hear, and strait the ruffled Soul  
 Is still ; the Billows cease to rowl,  
 The swelling Streams decline,  
 And ev'ry wounded Faculty is whole.  
 Thus at the Shepherd's tuneful Cry,  
 Divided flocks together fly :  
 The Rivulets their murmurs cease ;

Without a Breath of Wind the Trees,  
And smiling Nature's all around at Peace.

Grand CHORUS.

Tune all your Instruments aloud,  
Glad Voices mingling with the cheerful Crowd ;  
Sacred be your tuneful Lays,  
Sacred to *Cecilia's* Praise.  
Thus we'll grateful Off'rings bring,  
Yearly thus her Praises sing :  
Till join'd in Chorus with our Saint above,  
We take a nobler Theme, to prove  
By endless Harmony immortal Love.

*The two Friends. Imitated from Monsieur de la Fontaine.*

**F**reeman and Wild, two hot young Gallants,  
 Fam'd thro' the Town for swinging Talents,  
 At making, or at acting Love,  
 And *Beaux* too, over and above:  
 Like Friends, had a fine buxom Woman,  
 (Like Friends indeed, you'll say) in common,  
 Now one of these two Sparks attack'd her  
 So furiously, so like a *Hector*,  
 He got a Girl, who to a Tittle  
 Her Mother's Picture was in little,  
 When both *Jack Freeman* and *Ned Wild*  
 Would own the fair and chopping Child;  
 Both own the Babe! (and who would not?)  
 Sweet as the Sin, by which 'twas got!  
*Ned*, that he's fure he got her, cries,  
 She has his Dimples, and his Eyes.

That she was his, *Jack Freeman* swore,

That she resembled him all o'er——

The Dev'l was not more like a *Moor*.

But when, at length, the Girl began

To grow capacious of a Man,

Changing their Minds, each Spark chose rather

To be the Sinner than the Father.

Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, *Jack*, this Lafs

Is thy own Flesh and Blood, she has

The very Leer of lewd *Jack Freeman*.——

'Adz—— that Sham won't pass on me, Man,

(Cries *Freeman* to his Brother *Wild*)

Mine is the Lafs, and thine the Child.——

Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, Thou'lt be damn'd——

Ay, ay, *Ned*,——but I won't be shamn'd.

*To the Dutcheſs of B—— on her ſtay-  
ing all the Winter in the Country.*

By Dr. G——th.

**C**Eaſe, rural Conqueſts, and ſet free your Swains,  
To Dryads leave the Groves, to Nymphs the  
Plains.

In penſive Dales alone let Echo dwell,  
And each ſad Sigh ſhe bears with Sorrow tell.  
Haſte, let your Eyes at \* *Kent's* Pavilion ſhine,  
It wants but Stars, and then the Work's divine.  
Of late, Fame only tells of yielding Towns,  
Of captive Gen'ral's, and protected Crowns:  
Of purchas'd Lawrels, and of Battels won,  
Lines forc'd, States vanquiſh'd, Provinces o'er-run,  
And all *Alcides* Labour ſumm'd in one.

---

\* A Gallery the Earl of *Kent* has built at *St. James's*.



The Brave must to the Fair now yield the Prize,  
 And *English* Arms submit to *English* Eyes;  
 In which bright List among the first you stand;  
 Tho' each a Goddess, or a *Sunderland*.

---

*Against the Fear of Death. By Mr. S.*

I.

**W**Hat has this Life to make it worth our Care?  
 What mighty Charms can wretched we  
 descry?

Which can so great a Plague so much endear,  
 Or so ignobly make us fear to die?

2.

If we by various Passions are distress'd,  
 And daily toss'd in Life's tempestuous Seas,  
 Why should we thus the friendly Dart detest,  
 And fly the Blessing which affords us Ease?

3. Fierce

3.

Fierce Anger, sordid Fear, and deep Despair,  
With all the Passions which degrade the Man,  
All these we can with servile Patience bear,  
And tho' compleatly wretched, still live on.

4.

Or else perhaps we love ; the charming Pain  
Detains us Slaves to what will plague us most ;  
Oh! how we fondly hug th'ignoble Chain,  
Till Reason is in Folly's Mazes lost.

5.

Ev'n Freedom, we survive the Loss of thee,  
Thou greatest Blessing which Mankind can know ;  
When, if we will our selves, we may be free,  
And soar above the Skies, and see the Earth below.

6.

The Gout, the Stone, like Martyrs we endure,  
Those Torments which our dear-bought Pleasures  
give ;

With all the Cruelty attends their Cure,

We freely bear, and all in hopes to live.

7. But

7.

But how unjustly we, alas, are serv'd!

The wish'd-for Blessing proves our greatest Curse.

Our transient Ease will shew we were preserv'd,

From smaller Evils, but to suffer worse.

8.

And tho' unshaken Reason does proclaim,

That there's eternal Ease among the dead;

We quake, we sicken at the Bugbear Name,

And Fear almost performs the Work we dread.

9.

Tell me, deluded Mortals, tell me this,

Why we who are expos'd to Fortune's Hate,

Who see no Prospect of advancing Bliss,

Should drag a Life, and love th'oppressive Weight?

10.

Come then, my Friend, with equal Cares distress'd,

Thou too kind Partner of resistless Grief,

Let's on to Death, the surest way to Rest;

And court the fancy'd Tyrant for Relief.

*The*

*The Grove.*

**H**Ail, kindest Refuge for my Love distress'd,  
Hail, Grove, which Nymphs and Graces  
Prefence blest'd !

Where I with Pleasure can indulge Despair,  
Augment my Love, and feed the darling Care.  
My Love, which through thy whole Extent appears,  
While thy each Tree the mystick Cipher bears.  
My Love, which all the list'ning Birds around  
Have learnt to mourn, and know the frequent  
Sound.

When mournful Sighs from my swoln Breast did rise,  
The murm'ring Trees reply'd in sympathetick Sighs.  
And when my raging Grief for Tears did call,  
Fast as my Tears their pitying Leaves would fall.

But sure thy silent Shades were made to prove  
The kinder Scenes of more successful Love.

Hence

Hence, my Despair, and for a while retreat ;  
 In Thoughts at least I'll triumph o'er my Fate.

See, where she comes, with all her Charms display'd,  
 By kind Appointment to a lonely Shade.  
 Her Looks serene, her Coyness laid aside,  
 As soft and yielding as a longing Bride.  
 No awful Frowns declare her Discontent,  
 But charming Smiles her ev'ry Grace augment :  
 Loose and undress'd, and only fit for Play,  
 While Sparkling Eyes her soft Desires betray,  
 And warm my Soul, impatient of Delay. }  
 Then bold in Thought her Image I embrace,  
 Gaze on her Charms, and kiss her visionary Face.  
 But nobler Joys my willing Soul employ,  
 Intranc'd in fancy'd Blifs, which does it self destroy.

Thus Lovers pleasingly themselves delude,  
 And feed their Fancies with imagin'd Food :

But undeceiv'd, the Wretches sadly know,  
They only dreamt of Joys, but feel substantial Woe.

---

*Upon a Lady singing.*

*By Mr. Burnaby.*

**W**hen charming *Teraminta* sings,  
Each new Air new Passion brings:  
Now I resolve, and now I fear,  
Now I triumph, now despair;  
Frolick now, now faint I grow,  
Now I freeze, and now I glow.  
Her Face at last does all remove,  
And my whole Breast consents to love.  
Her Face unites my various Grief,  
And I'm more Slave by my Relief.  
The panting Zephyrs round her play,  
And trembling on her Lips would stay;

Trembling



Trembling with divided Bliss,  
 Now would listen, now would kiss;  
 'Till by her Breath repuls'd they fly,  
 And, in low pleasing Murmurs die.  
 Nor do I ask that she would give,  
 By some new Note, the Pow'r to live;  
 I would, expiring with the Sound,  
 Die on the Lips that gave the Wound.

---

*On St. STEPHEN'S Day.*

*By Dr. Warmstrey.*

**D**Refs'd in the scarlet Garments of his Blood,  
 Which from his Wounds in gushing Riv'lets  
 flow'd.

Thy Martyr, gracious Lord, presumes to shine,  
 And shews a Patience second but to thine:  
 Whilst the bright Flames which in his Bosom burn,  
 The wounding Pebbles into Jewels turn:

And

And the rough Rocks, which at his Head are thrown,  
 Like Di'monds shine, and melt into a Crown.  
 Such Wonders Saints effect before they die,  
 And such is the Cœlestial Alchimy.  
 Thy Grace, O dearest Saviour, 'twas which made  
 This blooming Rose too durable to fade;  
 Amidst those Storms his Foes design'd to raise,  
 Against that mighty Bulwark of thy Praise:  
 That so the bloody Honours of his Fame  
 Might eternize the Glory of his Name.  
 His Enemies but vain Tormentors prov'd,  
 For as they ston'd him more, the more he lov'd:  
 His Love, so fervent, made him always pray  
 For their Return into the rightful Way.  
 Still praying, 'till he lay'd himself to rest  
 Within the downy Transports of thy Breast.  
 O grant we all may love, and learn of Thee  
 The Practice of such charming Constancy.

To CELIA. *By a Person of Honour.*

1.

**T**ell me no more of *Cupid's* Bow,  
His Shafts and Quiver I despise:

The wanton Boy no hurt could do,  
Unless he borrow'd *Celia's* Eyes.

2.

A Wrong to *Celia's* Beauty 'tis,  
To say that *Cupid* wounds the Heart:  
The God can't see, and so would miss,  
Did not the Goddess aim the Dart.

3.

Let's not of him an Idol make,  
But own Love's Pow'r where it is due;  
The sov'reign Stamp none can mistake,  
Here is the Gold and Image too.

4. Else

4.

Else we like frantick Atheists live,  
And justly may like them be curst,  
Who all to second Causes give,  
And vainly dare deny the First.

---

*To Sleep.*

**S**Oft Charmer of our Cares, whose kind Relief  
Gives us each Night a Respite from our Grief,  
Thou bring'st the poor Man Wealth, the tortur'd Rest,  
And mak'st the Wretched equal with the Blest.  
By thee far-distant Friends are brought to view,  
And Loves, by Absence long impair'd, renew.

Since banish'd from my dear *Lucinda's* Sight,  
I live condemn'd to see the hateful Light,  
Pity my Woes; and when thy next Surprise  
Stops th' impetuous Torrents of my Eyes,

In her bright Form, to ease my Mind, appear,  
The noblest Figure thou canst chuse to wear.  
Stamp seeming Marks of Sorrow on her Face,  
Just not enough to wrong its native Grace :  
Let the cold Earth appear her only Bed,  
Her Arm the sole Supporter of her Head :  
Let a sad Show'r from her fair Eyes descend,  
While Sighs for Vent in her swol'n Breast contend :  
Then let her in a mournful Accent say,  
To thee, *Menalcas*, I this Tribute pay,  
But let no real Grief disturb her Rest,  
While with the pleasing Vision I am blest :  
And lest the Joy should be too quickly past,  
Renew the Dream each Night, or make this Sleep  
my last.



*On the first Fit of the Gout.*

**W**elcome thou Friendly earnest of Fourscore  
 Promise of Wealth, that hast alone the  
 Pow'r

T'attend the Rich unenvy'd by the Poor.

Thou that dost *Esculapius* deride,

And o'er his Gally Pots in Triumph ride;

Thou that art us'd t'attend the Royal Throne,

And under-prop the Head that bears the Crown;

Thou that dost oft in privy Council wait,

And guard from drowzy sleep the Eyes of State;

Thou that upon the Bench art mounted high,

And warn'st the Judges how they tread awry;

Thou that dost oft from pamper'd Prelates Toe,

Emphatically urge the Pains below;

Thou that art ever half the City's Grace,

And add'st to solemn Noddles solemn Pace;



Thou that art us'd to sit on Ladies Knee,  
 To feed on Jellys, and to drink cold Tea;  
 Thou that art ne'er from Velvet Slipper free;  
 Whence comes this unfought Honour unto me?  
 Whence does this mighty Condescension flow?  
 To visit my poor Tabernacle, O——!

As *Jove* vouchsaf'd on *Idas* top, 'tis said,  
 At poor *Philemon's* Cot to take a Bed;  
 Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable Feast,  
*Jove* bad him ask, and granted his Request;  
 So do thou grant (for thou'rt of Race Divine,  
 Begot on *Venus*, by the God of Wine.)  
 My humble Suit.—And either give me Store  
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

*A Poem*

*A Poem written at BERN in SWITZERLAND, on the Queen's Birthday 1706. And presented to our Envoy.*

**A**uspicious Day! to which we owe  
 All we cou'd wish, or Fate bestow:  
 Whose dawning Light disclos'd on Earth  
 The brightest Blessing, greatest Birth  
 That Heaven to Mortals e'er display'd,  
 Since *Chaos* into Form was made.

On thy Appearance Fate design'd  
 The future Freedom of Mankind,  
 When Lust of universal Sway  
 Should force whole Nations to obey  
 The Will of one whose boundless Mind  
 To Oaths and Treaties unconfi'd,

Should prompt him to renounce his Fame,  
To gain a great but impious Name.

Thy Influence has this Wonder wrought,  
Which Time has to Perfection brought:  
For see a mighty Queen arise,  
Unshaken, Powerful, Just and Wise,  
Pride of her Sex, her Isles delight,  
The Rule and Patroness of Right,  
The World's great Ballance and Support,  
And gasping Liberty's resort.

A Queen thus finish'd for a Throne,  
Whom Nations court, and wish their own;  
A Queen by Birth and Merit great,  
The Care and Instrument of Fate,  
No sooner takes the Purple Robe  
But strait to dignify her Globe,  
Resolves her Brothers steps to tread,  
And ev'n out-vie the mighty dead.

'Tis

'Tis done, the mighty *William's* Name  
Was ne'er attended with such Fame,  
'Tis true, the well-laid Scheme he wrought,  
Bent to the War his inmost Thought;  
But e're he could in Arms appear,  
Death stop'd the Heroe's fierce Career,  
Plung'd deep in Grief the *British* Isle,  
And left to *Anne* the glorious Toil.

*Anne* takes th' Occasion mark'd by Fate,  
She knew her Cause was just and great,  
Confirms his Measures void of Fear,  
And gives a generous loose to War:  
Her matchless Triumphs on the Main,  
And glorious Conquest on the Plain,  
To which th' imperial Eagle owes  
His Thunder wrested from his Foes,  
And *Spain* her Liberty restor'd,  
Her Commerce and her lawful Lord:

Let more exalted Spirits raise  
 In solemn Numbers lofty Praise.  
 —For me whose unperforming Skill  
 Is disproportion'd to my Will:  
 Wisely at length I quit my Lyre,  
 To rough *Helvetian* Climes retire,  
 And to more solid strains aspire.

---

*A Country Scuffle.*

**A** World of Stories find we writ  
 In Story with a World of Wit;  
 Some beaten off, some keep the Pit

most bravely.

Here much of Truth I shall relate,  
 Though served up in Small-bear Plate,  
 To shew 'tis not quite out of Date;

I'll wave Lye.

O Drink

O Drink, the *Circe* of the Brain,  
 Who can forbear? to spit I mean,  
 That thou the best to Beast unclean

do'st alter.

For these two Blades who met to Day,  
 Did think no more to meet in Fray,  
 Than of their dying, (I dare say)

in Halter.

But oft such Matter comes about,  
 That falling in proves falling out,  
 When with the Sack or valiant Grout

we mellow.

Which makes the bowzing God to laugh,  
 Cause he that now is made a scoff,  
 Ne'r came to wear the Title of

Good Fellow.

And that's the Captain, for that Word  
 Doth best besit this Counfel-board,  
 Who at each Motion draws his Sword

to show it.

A Name



A Name as common grown as Print,  
 Or Hat trim'd up with Ribbon in't,  
 Nay some their Christendom do stint

unto it.

The other too is us'd as rife  
 As it, as frequent for its Life  
 Like Urinal, or many a Wife

unwary.

For, if an old dissembling Trot  
 May pass for Doctor, pray why not  
 A Quack, a Pedant, an Apot-

tecary?

These things are us'd ev'n as to wear  
 A Periwig for lack of Hair,  
 Wit oft as bald as Forhead bare

affording.

Thus hitherto (good Friends) you see  
 Their Names do like good Friends agree,  
 How e'er their Natures hap to be

discording.

Now

Now whence this Quarrel did begin,  
 The Learned differ much herein,  
 Some say it was by others In-

stigation.

And these like Statesmen whisper plain,  
 Some *Mazarine* provok'd these Twain  
 Like him who still moves *France* and *Spain*  
 to Passion.

No doubt, well vers'd in Politicks  
 Are such as here their Judgments fix;  
 The World is full of jugling Tricks  
 and antick.

Nor by Relation of the Wife,  
 Who saw these things with their own Eyes,  
 They never thought to play a Prize  
 so frantick.

Alas these two were Hand and Glove,  
 Codlings and Cream, all Silk and Love,  
 No two could meet with a more Dove-  
 like billing.

*Orestes*

*Orestes* and his *Pilades*

Were but a slender Type of these,  
Both Sword and Syringe to displease

unwilling.

But hark'e, Doctor, pray a Word,  
I wonder at you, by the Lord-  
*Harry*, you can such Love afford

the Captain.

Why, I have heard him flout and jeer,  
And use odd Language, I know where,  
'Tis said the Doctor thus was mere-

ly trap'd in.

And like enough (i' Faith) for when  
Half mov'd, he took his Seat agen,  
Some Passages confirm'd what then

was spoken.

Which did the gordian Knot untie,  
Of former Love, the true Cause why  
Our Doctor spit, of Choller high

sure Token.

But

But by your leave, he did not spit  
In Face as yet, he had more Wit,  
Nor any Member did it hit

about him.

All's one for that it seems by this,  
For fierce as he would draw to Pifs,  
The Captain look'd: 'twas done amifs,

to flout him.

Authors about th' Original  
Some difficult nice Points let fall,  
But finally it is by all

concluded.

That guided by some angry Star  
Over the Doctor's Shoulder far  
Advance to spit (O Man of War!)

'twas you did.

And here a subtle kind of Men,  
About the Shoulder clash again,  
Until the Herald calls it bend

finifter.

Who

Who judge aright of Wrong best can,  
 Say that i'th' Captain's Face (all wan  
 With Rage) spit this incensed Man

of Glister.

This could not choose but much provoke  
 The Captain, who soon lent a stroke,  
 As big as could be got in Cloak

so muffled.

The Doctor also like a try'd  
 Old-beaten Soldier strook not wide;  
 Thus doughtily with Sword by side

they scuffled.

Now fill me Usquebagh apace,  
 Pull Fiddle too out of the Case  
 Jews-trump, what Instrument sounds base;

strike up here.

See bravely to't the Champions go  
 Full Knuckle deep at ev'ry Blow;  
 Boy! fill my Dorick Muse the to-

ther Cup here.

But

But oh! what Tongue or Pen hath Force  
 To tell the Blows without Remorse,  
 One loads the other as Mill-Horse

with Grift is!

Until like Dough the *Tartar-Crim*  
 With Knee and Elbow kneaded him,  
 Which made poor *Gallen* look most grim-

ly *tristis*.

Like *Sampson* having left his Hair,  
 Or a *Cornelian* Knight so bare  
 Look'd he, when off his Head was tare

the Border.

And then his Strength began to fail,  
 But 'twas not so when he did trail  
 The Great *Gustavus* Coats of Mail

in Order.

Nor when with *Pappenbem* he brand-  
 ish'd martial Weapon Hand to Hand,  
 For oh! figh'd he, I then could stand

in Battle.



And shall this Shrimp o'ercome that Man?

But still the Captain kneaded on,

Till Doctor's Bones like Drum began

to rattle.

Time was when he would martial Troops,

Though to this single Fate he stoops

He shall not long (for all he droops)

persevere.

Had Captain *Jones* but seen thee bow

(Whose Legend's out in Print) Faith thou

Ne'er needed hadst to call, Oh now

or never!

Help, *Harry*, help! with fainting cries,

Who quick, I come, I come, replies;

And now beware the Captain's Eyes:

for heark here.

The Stickler, as some Stories go,

So laid about with parting Blow,

You wear (good Sir) e'er since you know

this Mark here.

But

But Fame's a blab, and oft doth swell  
 Her Bladder with false News or ill,  
 As Poet good is pleas'd to tell

most sweetly.

Why, he has been at *Calais* Sands,  
 And needs must be a Man of's Hands;  
 The Doctor manag'd all Commands

discreetly.

And for my part, I do believe  
 That one black Eye he did him give,  
 Ask Standers by, or ask the Sheriff

who share did

This fight, though Authors all assent  
 His Wife the other to him lent,  
 When home the Captain to his Tent

repair did.

But some that love to keep ado  
 Will ask, perhaps, What's that to you  
 Which of his Wives, for he has two,

'tis proved.

The worthy Knight that at the Font  
 Nam'd him, it seems, depos'd upon't,  
 He paid her well, whose first affront  
 he moved.

I answer, that concerns not me,  
 'Tis out o'th' verge of my Story,  
 Though some report how here she'll be  
 too quickly.

I to the Field return again,  
 Where neither Combatant was slain,  
 But certainly the Captain's Brain  
 grew sickly.

And who can blame him if it did,  
 For half the conflict yet is hid,  
 And take the Veil off, *Mars* forbid  
 I should not.

After this first and fatal shock,  
 He was advis'd t'th' other knock,  
 By a smart Youth, but still the Doc-  
 tor would not.

Damn

Damn you, quoth he, and then he swore,

I'll not adventure one Blow more;

Harry, thou see'st how I am hoar-

ry headed,

My Years are many Hours past Noon,

I spit in's Face, what more was done,

I kick'd the Rogue. He had no soon-

er said it

But on the Captain flew amain,

And then their Blows fell thick like Rain,

Till like the Moon they 'gan to wain

with puffing.

Their Wind was gone, so were there Swords,

If not, we might have took their Words;

Their unstain'd Chivalry affords

but cuffing,

Here, Gentlemen, pray give me leave

To speak my Mind what I conceive;

Methinks this Doctorship most grave

advances.

Comes cleanly off for all this stir,

The Captain not (as all aver)

And as we gather by the Cir-

cumstances.

Who being drunk as any Rat,

Sure thought to play the Civet Cat,

The scent was left, but none of that

came from it.

Indeed the Doctor prov'd his Scourge,

And did too far the matter urge,

At the same time to give both Purge

and Vomit.

For that was nos'd and this was view'd,

As he before their Faces spew'd,

And in great snuff the Candle shew'd

to take it.

So out it went, so did his Blade,

Which stood to nothing that he said,

They say no Lady of the Trade

can make it.

For

For he had heard how some did fay  
 He courfly weapon'd was this Way,  
 So needs he shew it would in a

bravado.

But when his Pike he should advance,  
 'Twas better than a Morris Dance,  
 To see how like it was to Lance-

pefado.

And this may serve for to excuse  
 'Those Actions vile which he doth chuse,  
 I of his Doctrine make this use

the rather.

Cause he that cares not to untrufs  
 His Nakedness, his own Shame thus,  
 D'ye think he'll any spare of us,

or's Father?

But this same *Bummough* ne'er did fail  
 The Captain or in Tongue or Tail,  
 As witnesses can the Place we call

*Bunratty.*



Where when that he should charge before,  
 He still discharg'd behind, they swore,  
 His Breech made Bullets which did roar  
 have-at-ye.

And worthy Observation this  
 In my conceit most richly is,  
 The very time was not amiss,  
 nor Place here.

Amongst his Friends, and chief of those  
 Whom he enforc'd to be his Foes,  
 Thirsting for theirs, his own he shows  
 Disgrace here.

And they that his Commission sat  
 It seems were so asham'd thereat,  
 They hid their Heads, that it fell part  
 as could be.

'Tis true good Store of Witness came  
 To prove, but what I pray? his Shame:  
 If I could wish a Plague, the same  
 it should be.

One

One † *Parnus* once (but God knows when)

About his Boat kept woful din,

So troublesome he was, so sten-

der pated,

He summon'd all he met by chance,

Hither, I think, his Brains advance,

And in the Captain's Head are transf-

migrated.

Nay worse, another Boat he'll row,

And if he can obtain it too

At such an easie Purchase, who

can blame him?

But Lawyers, and the prouder Clerks,

That Nest of Rooks, those mere Land-sharks;

(Though some I know are noble Sparks)

will tame him.

† Here came the Proverb, *Disceptare ob Parni scapulum*, To make a noise about nothing.

But,

But Faith, dear Captain, tell me why

You fancy so Astrology?

The Stars, I fear, have put a Lye

upon you.

Wise Men in their true optick Glafs

Discover *Lilly* for an Afs;

If so, for what then will you pass?

or can you ?

You may build Castles in the Air,

Or in the starry Region there,

But this on Earth you must not share

(my Life on't)

And is it not a wise Man's part

To study such a cunning Art

As will not leave you worth a ———

in Strife on't.

To rake into your Father's Dust,

With sacrilegious Nails unjust,

And kill whole Housholds at a thrust,

O Monster!

When

When after-Ages this shall hear,  
 They'll not believe such things e'er were,  
 But for Romance the Truth I fear

will confer.

If my Astrology not fail,  
 This Captain on the *Scorpion's* Tail  
 First Hobby-hors'd his sadly frail

Nativity.

To ev'ry thing that is compleat  
 In Mischief, and in sly Deceit,  
 He has by Nature such a great

proclivity.

Besides the Child then born is sign'd  
 With fickleness to Woman-kind,  
 And in Religion loofely blind

and waving.

Irreverent to Parents grave,  
 Peeping into it like a Slave,  
 So he his own base Ends may have

in craving.

There's

There's many other Marks exprest  
 Of such a vile ungracious Beast,  
 Which I, in Modesty at least,

abscond here.

But if ye do desire to see  
 All these united in one Tree,  
 With far more Branches than here be,

look yonder,

Ask all the Doctors of both Laws,  
 But him that faces out his Cause;  
 Ask who you please, they without pause

abhor him,

The very Witnesses he brought,  
 Take what construction can be fought,  
 Make all against, not one 'tis Thought

make for him,

So that the Man is routed clean,  
 And such a Gender *Epicæne*,  
 'Tis he and she his Wife doth mean

to guard him.

For

For she has took her Oath to be  
 Not from him in the least Degree,  
 On Work who sets him, he'll, you see,  
 reward him.

St. *Patrick's* Isle will not be clear,  
 Of venom'd Beast, whilst he stays here,  
 With Bag and Baggage let him steer  
 to *London*.

'Tis his last shift, where if one Host  
 Fail him, or some old Knight o'th Post,  
 He ne'er returns upon our Coast  
 but's undone.

But I grow weary with this Sport,  
 And now of all the nobler sort,  
 My Saphick Muse a Pardon for't  
 beseeches.

And for the rest who Mirth forbid,  
 She cares no more for to be chid,  
 Than what it seems the Captain did  
 in's Breeches.

But



But first, my Man of Dose, for thee  
 May all thy Gallypots still be  
 Most fought for of the whole Country  
 to share well.

And for the Captain, though he's way'd  
 For *England*, and hath nothing said,  
 I take it, though the Captain's paid,  
 his farewell.

### *The Retreat.*

1.

**W**onder not, Friend, that I so soon  
 Forsake this great tumultuous Town,  
 And on the sudden hasten down.

2.

That I Preferment court no more,  
 But all my Hopes and Cares give o'er,  
 While I am Young, and whilst I'm Poor.

3. My

3.

My self no longer I'll deprive  
Of those kind Minutes Heav'n does give :  
No Man makes haste enough to live.

4.

Let them stay longer, who desire  
Above their Father's Wealth t'aspire,  
And raise their Names and Fortunes high'r.

5.

Who are content to cringe and bow,  
To flatter, bribe, and wait, for so  
Preferment is obtain'd we know.

6.

Give me Nature's solid Goods,  
Open Fields and secret Woods,  
Healthful Hills, and Crystal Floods.

7.

A small, but neatly furnish'd House,  
A Garden for Delight and Use,  
A learned Friend and gentle Muse.

8. Nights

8.

Nights full of Sleep, Days void of Strife,  
And to compleat our Heav'nly Life,  
An humble chearful Country Wife.

9.

Oh! thus let me obscurely lie,  
Thus let my well-spent Hours glide by:  
Thus let me live, thus let me die.

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**F I N I S.**

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