

Have we not plighted each our holy Oath,
That one shou'd be the Common Good of both?
One Soul shou'd both inspire, and neither prove
His Fellow's Hindrance in pursuit of Love?
To this before the Gods we gave our Hands,
And nothing but our Death can break the Bands.
This binds thee, then, to farther my Design;
As I am bound by Vow to farther thine:
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, Traitor, on the Plain
Appeach my Honour, or thy own maintain,
Since thou art of my Council, and the Friend
Whose Faith I trust, and on whose Care depend:
And wou'dst thou court my Lady's Love, which I
Much rather than release, would chuse to die?
But thou false *Arcite* never shalt obtain
Thy bad Pretence; I told thee first my Pain:
For first my Love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my Council, and my Brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my Eldership of Right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjurd Knight.

Thus *Palamon*: But *Arcite* with Disdain
In haughty Language thus reply'd again:

Forsworn thy self: The Traitor's odious Name
I first return, and then disprove thy Claim.
If Love be Passion, and that Passion nurs'd
With strong Desires, I lov'd the Lady first.
Canst thou pretend Desire, whom Zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a Pow'r Coelestial nam'd?
Thine was Devotion to the Blest above,
I saw the Woman, and desir'd her Love;
First own'd my Passion, and to thee commend
Th' important Secret, as my chosen Friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy Desire
A Moment elder than my Rival Fire;
Can Chance of seeing first thy Title prove?
And know'st thou not, no Law is made for Love?
Law is to Things which to free Choice relate;
Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate:
Laws are but positive: Love's Pow'r, we see,
Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree.
Each Day we break the Bond of Human Laws
For Love, and vindicate the Common Cause.
Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd,
Love throws the Fences down, and makes a ge-
neral Waste:

Maids,

Maids, Widows, Wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all.

If then the Laws of Friendship I transgress,
I keep the Greater, while I break the Less; }
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess. }
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er.

Like *Esop's* Hounds contending for the Bone,
Each pleaded Right, and wou'd be Lord alone:
The fruitless Fight continu'd all the Day;
A Cur came by, and snatch'd the Prize away.
As Courtiers therefore juggle for a Grant, [Want,
And when they break their Friendship, plead their
So thou, if Fortune will thy Suit advance,
Love on; nor envy me my equal Chance:
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My Fate, or failing in th' Adventure die.

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd:
Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand;
But when they met, they made a furlly Stand;

And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that ev'ry Look might be their last.

It chanc'd at length, *Perithous* came, t' attend
This worthy *Theseus*, his familiar Friend:
Their Love in early Infancy began,
And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man.
Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,
His Fellow to redeem him went to Hell.

But to pursue my Tale; to welcome home
His Warlike Brother, is *Perithous* come:
Arcite of *Thebes* was known in Arms long since,
And honour'd by this young *Thessalian* Prince.
Theseus, to gratifie his Friend and Guest,
Who made our *Arcite*'s Freedom his Request,
Restor'd to Liberty the Captive Knight,
But on these hard Conditions I recite:
That if hereafter *Arcite* shou'd be found
Within the Compas of *Athenian* Ground,
By Day or Night, or on whate'er Pretence,
His Head shou'd pay the Forfeit of th' Offence.
To this, *Perithous* for his Friend, agreed,
And on his Promise was the Pris'ner freed.

Unpleas'd and penfive hence he takes his Way,
At his own Peril; for his Life must pay.
Who now but *Arcite* mourns his bitter Fate,
Finds his dear Purchase, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he said, in Prison pent,
If I but change my Bonds for Banishment?
And banish'd from her Sight, I suffer more
In Freedom, than I felt in Bonds before;
Forc'd from her Presence, and condemn'd to live:
Unwelcome Freedom, and unthank'd Reprieve:
Heav'n is not but where *Emily* abides,
And where she's absent, all is Hell besides.
Next to my Day of Birth, was that accurst
Which bound my Friendship to *Perithous* first:
Had I not known that Prince, I still had been
In Bondage, and had still *Emilia* seen:
For tho' I never can her Grace deserve,
'Tis Recompence enough to see and serve.
O *Palamon*, my Kinsman and my Friend,
How much more happy Fates thy Love attend!
Thine is th' Adventure; thine the Victory:
Well has thy Fortune turn'd the Dice for thee:

Thou on that Angel's Face may'st feed thy Eyes,
In Prison, no ; but blifsful Paradise!

Thou daily seeft that Sun of Beauty shine,
And lov'st at leaft in Love's extreameft Line.

I mourn in Abfence, Love's Eternal Night :

And who can tell but fince thou haft her Sight, }

And art a comely, young and valiant Knight, }

Fortune (a various Pow'r) may ceafe to frown,

And by fome Ways unknown thy Wifhes crown?

But I, the moft forlorn of Human Kind,

Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find ;

But doom'd to drag my loathfom Life in Care,

For my Reward, muft end it in Defpair.

Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of Fates

That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates,

Nor Art, nor Nature's Hand can eafe my Grief,

Nothing but Death, the Wretch's laft Relief :

Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell

With Youth and Life, and Life it felf farewell.

But why, alas ! do Mortal Men in vain

Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?

God gives us what he knows our Wants require,

And better Things than thofe which we defire :



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Some pray for Riches; Riches they obtain;
But watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are slain:
Some pray from Prison to be freed; and come
When guilty of their Vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their Life,
A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.

Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry Day,
Because we know not for what Things to pray.
Like drunken Sots about the Streets we roam;
Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain Place,
And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace.

Thus all seek Happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater Part of Men are blind.
This is my Case, who thought our utmost Good
Was in one Word of Freedom understood:
The fatal Blessing came: From Prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the Sight of *Emily*.

Thus *Arcite*; but if *Arcite* thus deplore
His Sufferings, *Palamon* yet suffers more.
For when he knew his Rival freed and gone,
He swells with Wrath; he makes outrageous Moan:

He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground ;
The hollow Tow'r with Clamours rings around :
With briny Tears he bath'd his fetter'd Feet,
And dropp'd all o'er with Agony of Sweat.
Alas! he cry'd! I Wretch in Prison pine,
Too happy Rival, while the Fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy Native Air,
Pleas'd with thy Freedom, proud of my Despair :
Thou may'st, since thou hast Youth and Courage
A sweet Behaviour, and a solid Mind, [join'd,
Assemble ours, and all the *Theban* Race,
To vindicate on *Athens* thy Disgrace.
And after (by some Treaty made) possess
Fair *Emily*, the Pledge of lasting Peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous Prize, while I
Must languish in Despair, in Prison die.
Thus all th' Advantage of the Strife is thine,
Thy Portion double Joys, and double Sorrows mine.
The Rage of Jealousie then fir'd his Soul,
And his Face kindled like a burning Coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red.

His Blood scarce Liquid, creeps within his Veins,
Like Water which the freezing Wind constrains.
Then thus he said; Eternal Deities,
Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,
And write whatever Time shall bring to pass
With Pens of Adamant, on Plates of Brass;
What is the Race of Human Kind your Care
Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to Pain,
And like the Sheep, his Brother-Beast, is slain.
Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure:
Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience fail,
When the Good suffer, and the Bad prevail?
What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate;
Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create;
We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will,
And your Commands, not our Desires, fulfil:
Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after Death at least he feels no Pain;

But Man in Life furcharg'd with Woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A Serpent shoots his Sting at unaware ;
An ambush'd Thief forelays a Traveller :
The Man lies murder'd, while the Thief and Snake,
One gains the Thickets, and one thrids the Brake.
This let Divines decide ; but well I know,
Just, or unjust, I have my Share of Woe,
Through *Saturn* seated in a luckless Place,
And *Juno's* Wrath, that persecutes my Race ;
Or *Mars* and *Venus* in a Quartil, move
My Pangs of Jealousie for *Arcite's* Love.

Let *Palamon* oppress'd in Bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd Rival we return.
By this the Sun declining from his Height,
The Day had shorten'd to prolong the Night :
The lengthen'd Night gave length of Misery
Both to the Captive Lover, and the Free.
For *Palamon* in endless Prison mourns,
And *Arcite* forfeits Life if he returns.
The Banish'd never hopes his Love to see,
Nor hopes the Captive Lord his Liberty ;

'Tis hard to say who suffers greater Pains,
One sees his Love, but cannot break his Chains:
One free, and all his Motions uncontroul'd,
Beholds whate'er he wou'd, but what he wou'd be-
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell [hold.
What Fortune to the banish'd Knight befel.
When *Arcite* was to *Thebes* return'd again,
The Loss of her he lov'd renew'd his Pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His Life, his Soul, his charming *Emily*?
He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,
He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his Hair.
Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,
For wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears:
His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
Bereft of Sleep; he loaths his Meat and Drink.
He withers at his Heart, and looks as wan
As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man:
That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives
The faded Hue of sapless Boxen Leaves:
In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone.

Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasure shares,
But sighs when Songs and Instruments he hears:
His Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a Swoond,
Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound:
Uncomb'd his Locks, and squalid his Attire,
Unlike the Trim of Love and gay Desire;
But full of museful Mopings, which presage
The Loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage.

This when he had endur'd a Year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,
It happen'd once, that slumbring as he lay,
He dreamt (his Dream began at Break of Day)
That *Hermes* o'er his Head in Air appear'd,
And with soft Words his drooping Spirits cheer'd:
His Hat, adorn'd with Wings, disclos'd the God,
And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod:
Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Command
On *Argus*' Head he laid the Snaky Wand;
Arise, he said, to conqu'ring *Athens* go,
There Fate appoints an End of all thy Woe.
The Fright awaken'd *Arcite* with a Start,
Against his Bosom bounc'd his heaving Heart;

But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd Breath,
And thither will I go, to meet my Death,
Sure to be slain; but Death is my Desire,
Since in *Emilia's* Sight I shall expire.
By chance he spy'd a Mirrour while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd Look;
Wondring, he saw his Features and his Hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew:
A sudden Thought then starting in his Mind,
Since I in *Arcite* cannot *Arcite* find,
The World may search in vain with all their Eyes,
But never penetrate through this Disguise.
Thanks to the Change which Grief and Sicknes
In low Estate I may securely live, [give,
And see unknown my Mistress Day by Day:
He said; and cloath'd himself in course Array;
A lab'ring Hind in shew: Then forth he went,
And to th' *Athenian* Tow'rs his Journey bent:
One Squire attended in the same Disguise,
Made conscious of his Master's Enterprize.
Arriv'd at *Athens*, soon he came to Court,
Unknown, unquestion'd in that thick Resort;

Proff'ring for Hire his Service at the Gate,
To drudge, draw Water, and to run or wait.

So fair befel him, that for little Gain
He serv'd at first *Emilia's* Chamberlain;
And watchful all Advantages to spy,
Was still at Hand, and in his Master's Eye;
And as his Bones were big, and Sinews strong,
Refus'd no Toil that could to Slaves belong;
But from deep Wells with Engines Water drew,
And us'd his Noble Hands the Wood to hew.
He pass'd a Year at least attending thus
On *Emily*, and call'd *Philostratus*.
But never was there Man of his Degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of Condition was he known,
That through the Court his Courtesie was blown:
All think him worthy of a greater Place,
And recommend him to the Royal Grace;
That exercis'd within a higher Sphere,
His Virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the gen'ral Voice was *Arcite* prais'd,
And by Great *Theseus* to high Favour rais'd;

Among his Menial Servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with Sums of Gold:
Besides what secretly from *Thebes* was sent,
Of his own Income, and his Annual Rent.
This well employ'd, he purchas'd Friends and
 Fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three Years he liv'd with large Increase,
In Arms of Honour, and Esteem in Peace;
To *Thefeus* Person he was ever near,
And *Thefeus* for his Virtues held him dear.

The End of the First Book.

Palamon



Palamon and Arcite :
OR, THE
KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK II.



While *Arcite* lives in Bliss, the Story
turns
Where hopeless *Palamon* in Prison
mourns.

For six long Years immur'd, the captive Knight
Had dragg'd his Chains, and scarcely seen the Light:
Lost Liberty, and Love at once he bore;
His Prison pain'd him much, his Passion more:
Nor dares he hope his Fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from Love.

But when the sixth revolving Year was run,
And *May* within the *Twins* receiv'd the Sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,
Which forms in Causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a Friend one Moonless Night,
This *Palamon* from Prison took his Flight:
A pleasant Beverage he prepar'd before
Of Wine and Honey mix'd, with added Store
Of *Opium*; to his Keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy Draught,
And snor'd secure till Morn, his Senses bound
In Slumber, and in long Oblivion drown'd.
Short was the Night, and careful *Palamon*
Sought the next Covert ere the Rising Sun.
A thick spread Forest near the City lay,
To this with lengthen'd Strides he took his way,
(For far he cou'd not fly, and fear'd the Day:)
Safe from Pursuit, he meant to shun the Light,
Till the brown Shadows of the friendly Night
To *Thebes* might favour his intended Flight.
When to his Country come, his next Design
Was all the *Theban* Race in Arms to join,

And war on *Theseus*, till he lost his Life,
Or won the Beauteous *Emily* to Wife.
Thus while his Thoughts the lingring Day beguile,
To gentle *Arcite* let us turn our Style;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to Care,
Till treach'rous Fortune caught him in the Snare.
The Morning-Lark, the Messenger of Day,
Saluted in her Song the Morning gray;
And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,
That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight;
He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews,
And licks the drooping Leaves, and dries the Dews;
When *Arcite* left his Bed, resolv'd to pay
Obersvance to the Month of merry *May*:
Forth on his fiery Steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the Turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and prancing o'er the Plains,
Turn'd only to the Grove his Horses Reins,
The Grove I nam'd before; and lighted there,
A Woodbind Garland sought to crown his Hair;
Then turn'd his Face against the rising Day,
And rais'd his Voice to welcome in the *May*.

For

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries
If not the first, the fairest of the Year: [wear;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs:
When thy short Reign is past, the Fev'rish Sun
The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender Blossoms fear no Blite,
Nor Goats with venom'd Teeth thy Tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandring Feet to find
The fragrant Greens I seek, my Brows to bind.

His Vows address'd, within the Grove he
stray'd,
Till Fate, or Fortune, near the Place convey'd
His Steps where secret *Palamon* was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle Knight,
Who flying Death had there conceal'd his Flight,
In Brakes and Brambles hid, and shunning Mor-
tal Sight.

And less he knew him for his hated Foe,
But fear'd him as a Man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient Years,
That Fields are full of Eyes, and Woods have Ears;

For this the Wife are ever on their Guard,
For, Unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious *Arcite* thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected *Palamon*, [Grove,
Who listning heard him, while he search'd the
And loudly sung his Roundelay of Love.
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
(As Lovers often muse, and change their Mood;)
Now high as Heav'n, and then as low as Hell;
Now up, now down, as Buckets in a Well:
For *Venus*, like her Day, will change her Cheer,
And seldom shall we see a *Friday* clear.
Thus *Arcite* having sung, with alter'd Hue
Sunk on the Ground, and from his Bosom drew
A desp'rate Sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate,
And angry *Juno's* unrelenting Hate.
Curs'd be the Day when first I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the Calendar,
Lest it pollute the Month, and poison all the Year.
Still will the jealous Queen pursue our Race?
Cadmus is dead, the *Theban* City was:
Yet ceases not her Hate: For all who come
From *Cadmus* are involv'd in *Cadmus'* Doom.

I suffer for my Blood: Unjust Decree!
That punishes another's Crime on me.
In mean Estate I serve my mortal Foe,
The Man who caus'd my Country's Overthrow.
This is not all; for *Juno*, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former Name;
Arcite I was, *Philoftratus* I am.

That Side of Heav'n is all my Enemy:
Mars ruin'd *Thebes*; his Mother ruin'd me.
Of all the Royal Race remains but one
Beside my self, th' unhappy *Palamon*,
Whom *Thefeus* holds in Bonds, and will not free;
Without a Crime, except his Kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest I cou'd endure;
But *Love*'s a Malady without a Cure:
Fierce *Love* has pierc'd me with his fiery Dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my Heart.
Your Eyes, fair *Emily*, my Fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a Goddess no Time leaves Record,
Who burn'd the Temple where she was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my Suff'rings, if you knew my Pain.

At this a sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,
His Ears ring inward, and his Senses fail'd.
No Word miss'd *Palamon* of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly Pale he chang'd his Look:
He trembled ev'ry Limb, and felt a Smart,
As if cold Steel had glided through his Heart;
Nor longer staid, but starting from his Place,
Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile Face:
False Traitor *Arcite*, Traitor to thy Blood,
Bound by thy sacred Oath to seek my Good,
Now art thou found forsworn, for *Emily*;
And dar'st attempt her Love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated *Theseus* with a Wile,
Against thy Vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd Name: As false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy Claim in *Emily*:
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by Chance)
Am here without my Sword, or pointed Lance;
Hope not, base Man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am *Palamon* thy mortal Foe.

Arcite, who heard his Tale, and knew the Man,
His Sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
Now by the Gods, who govern Heav'n above,
Wert thou not weak with Hunger, mad with Love,
That Word had been thy last, or in this Grove
This Hand should force thee to renounce thy Love.
The Surety which I gave thee, I defie;
Fool, not to know that Love endures no Tie,
And *Jove* but laughs at Lovers Perjury. }
Know I will serve the Fair in thy despight;
But since thou art my Kinsman, and a Knight,
Here, have my Faith, to morrow in this Grove
Our Arms shall plead the Titles of our Love:
And Heav'n so help my Right, as I alone [known;
~~Will come,~~ and keep the Cause and Quarrel both un-
With Arms of Proof both for my self and thee;
Chuse thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that at better Ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and Cloaths I will this Night provide,
And needful Sustenance, that thou may'st be
A Conquest better won, and worthy me.
His Promise *Palamon* accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the first he made.

Thus fair they parted till the Morrow's Dawn,
For each had laid his plighted Faith to pawn.
Oh Love! Thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign,
Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain. }
This was in *Arcite* prov'd, and *Palamon*,
Both in Despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in Honour ty'd,
His Foe with Bedding, and with Food supply'd;
Then, ere the Day, two Suits of Armour fought,
Which born before him on his Steed he brought:
Both were of shining Steel, and wrought so pure,
As might the Strokes of two such Arms endure.
Now, at the Time, and in th' appointed Place,
The Challenger, and challeng'd, Face to Face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.
So stands the *Thracian* Herdsman with his Spear,
Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear,
And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees
His Course at Distance by the bending Trees;
And thinks, Here comes my mortal Enemy,
And either he must fall in Fight, or I;

This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart;
A gen'rous Chilnefs seizes ev'ry Part; [Heart. }
The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortifie the

Thus pale they meet; their Eyes with Fury burn;
None greets; for none the Greeting will return:
But in dumb Surlinefs, each arm'd with Care
His Foe profest, as Brother of the War:

Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their Corslets, and the thinnest Parts explore.

Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; 'till both were bath'd in
And not a Foot of Ground had either got, [Blood;
As if the World depended on the Spot.

Fell *Arcite* like an angry Tyger far'd,
And like a Lion *Palamon* appear'd:

Or as two Boars whom Love to Battel draws,
With rising Bristles, and with froathy Jaws,
Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they
wound;

With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around.

So fought the Knights, and fighting must abide,
Till Fate an Umpire sends their Difference to decide.
The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees, [side.
And executes on Earth what Heav'n foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway, [Way.
Comes with resistless Force, and finds or makes her
Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r
One Moment can retard th' appointed Hour.
And some one Day, some wondrous Chance appears,
Which happen'd not in Centuries of Years:
For sure, whate'er we Mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above;
They move our Appetites to Good or Ill,
And by Foresight necessitate the Will.
In *Theseus* this appears; whose youthful Joy
Was Beasts of Chase in Forests to destroy;
This gentle Knight, inspir'd by jolly *May*,
Forsook his easie Couch at early Day,
And to the Wood and Wilds pursu'd his Way. }
Beside him rode *Hippolita* the Queen,
And *Emily* attir'd in lively Green:
With Horns, and Hounds, and all the tunefull Cry,
To hunt a Royal Hart within the Covert nigh;

And as he follow'd *Mars* before, so now
He serves the Goddess of the Silver Bow.
The Way that *Theseus* took was to the Wood
Where the two Knights in cruel Battel stood:
The Laund on which they fought, th' appointed
Place

In which th' uncoupled Hounds began the Chace.
Thither forth-right he rode to rowse the Prey,
That shaded by the Fern in Harbour lay;
And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the Wood,
For open Fields, and cross the Crystal Flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,
He saw proud *Arcite*, and fierce *Palamon*,
In mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow,
Like Lightning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful Gleam; so strong they strook,
There seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an Oak:
He gaz'd with Wonder on their equal Might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either Knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery Steed
With goring Rowels, to provoke his Speed.
The Minute ended that began the Race,
So soon he was berwixt 'em on the Place;

And with his Sword unsheath'd, on Pain of Life
Commands both Combatants to cease their Strife:
Then with imperious Tone pursues his Threat;
What are you? Why in Arms together met?
How dares your Pride presume against my Laws,
As in a lifted Field to fight your Cause?
Unask'd the Royal Grant; no Marshal by,
As Knightly Rites require; nor Judge to try?
Then *Palamon*, with scarce recover'd Breath,
Thus hasty spoke; We both deserve the Death,
And both wou'd die; for look the World around,
A Pair so wretched is not to be found.
Our Life's a Load; encumber'd with the Charge,
We long to set th' imprison'd Soul at large.
Now as thou art a Sovereign Judge, decree
The rightful Doom of Death to him and me, }
Let neither find thy Grace; for Grace is Cruelty.
Me first, O kill me first; and cure my Woe:
Then sheath the Sword of Justice on my Foe:
Or kill him first; for when his Name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due Reward.
Arcite of *Thebes* is he; thy mortal Foe,
On whom thy Grace did Liberty bestow,

But first contracted, that if ever found
By Day or Night upon th' *Athenian* Ground,
His Head should pay the Forfeit: See return'd
The perjur'd Knight, his Oath and Honour scorn'd.
For this is he, who with a borrow'd Name
And profer'd Service, to thy Palace came,
Now call'd *Philoftratus*: Retain'd by thee,
A Traitor trusted, and in high Degree,
Aspiring to the Bed of beauteous *Emily*.
My Part remains: From *Thebes* my Birth I own,
And call my self th' unhappy *Palamon*.
Think me not like that Man; since no Disgrace
Can force me to renounce the Honour of my Race.
Know me for what I am: I broke thy Chain,
Nor promis'd I thy Pris'ner to retain:
The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n,
And Life it self th' inferior Gift of Heav'n.
Thus without Crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this *Arcite* am thy mortal Foe:
Then give me Death, since I thy Life pursue,
For Safeguard of thy self, Death is my Due.
More wou'dst thou know? I love bright *Emily*,
And for her Sake and in her Sight will die:

But kill my Rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous Doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess. }

To this reply'd the stern *Athenian* Prince,
And sow'rly smil'd, In owning your Offence
You judge your self; and I but keep Record
In place of Law, while you pronounce the Word.
Take your Desert, the Death you have decreed;
I seal your Doom, and ratifie the Deed.
By *Mars*, the Patron of my Arms, you die.

He said; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the Standers by.
The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,
(The Pattern form'd of perfect Womanhood)
For tender Pity wept: When she began,
Through the bright Quire th' infectious Virtue ran.
All dropp'd their Tears, ev'n the contended Maid;
And thus among themselves they softly said:
What Eyes can suffer this unworthy Sight!
Two Youths of Royal Blood, renown'd in Fight,
The Mastership of Heav'n in Face and Mind,
And Lovers, far beyond their faithless Kind;
See their wide streaming Wounds; they neither
From Pride of Empire, nor Desire of Fame: [came

Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applause ;
But Love for Love alone ; that crowns the Lover's
Cause.

This Thought, which ever bribes the beauteous
Such Pity wrought in ev'ry Lady's Mind, [Kind,
They left their Steeds, and prostrate on the Place,
From the fierce King, implor'd th' Offenders Grace.

He paus'd a while, stood silent in his Mood,
(For yet, his Rage was boiling in his Blood)
But soon his tender Mind th' Impression felt,
(As softest Metals are not slow to melt,
And Pity soonest runs in softest Minds :)
Then reasons with himself ; and first he finds
His Passion cast a Mist before his Sense,
And either made, or magnify'd th' Offence.
Offence ! of what ? to whom ? Who judg'd the Cause ?
The Pris'ner freed himself by Nature's Laws :
Born free, he fought his Right : The Man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his Love excus'd the Deed :
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his Eyes,
And saw the Womens Tears, and heard their Cries ;
Which mov'd Compassion more : he shook his
And softly sighing to himself he said, [Head,

Curse on th' unpar'd'ning Prince, whom Tears
can draw

To no Remorse ; who rules by Lions Law ;
And deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,
Rends all alike ; the Penitent, and Proud :
At this, with Look serene, he rais'd his Head,
Reason resum'd her Place, and Passion fled :
Then thus aloud he spoke : The Pow'r of Love,
In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful Nod ;
By daily Miracles declar'd a God :
He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the Blind ;
And moulds and stamps anew the Lover's Mind.
Behold that *Arcite*, and this *Palamon*,
Freed from my Fetters, and in Safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native Soil
At Ease to reap the Harvest of their Toil ?
But Love, their Lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought 'em in their own despite again,
To suffer Death deserv'd ; for well they know,
'Tis in my Pow'r, and I their deadly Foe ;
The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

See how the Madmen bleed: Behold the Gains
With which their Master, Love, rewards their
For sev'n long Years, on Duty ev'ry Day, [Pains:
Lo their Obedience, and their Monarch's Pay:
Yet, as in Duty bound, they serve him on,
And ask the Fools, they think it wisely done:
Nor Ease, nor Wealth, nor Life it self regard,
For 'tis their Maxim, Love is Love's Reward.
This is not all; the Fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their Love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the Fight from far,
Her Beauty was th' Occasion of the War.
But sure a gen'ral Doom on Man is past,
And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last:
This both by others and my self I know,
For I have serv'd their Sovereign, long ago.
Oft have been caught within the winding Train }
Of Female Snares, and felt the Lovers Pain, }
And learn'd how far the God can Human Hearts }
constrain. }

To this Remembrance, and the Pray'rs of those
Who for th' offending Warriors interpose,

I give their forfeit Lives; on this accord,
To do me Homage as their Sov'reign Lord;
And as my Vassals, to their utmost Might,
Assist my Person, and assert my Right.
This, freely sworn, the Knights their Grace obtain'd;
Then thus the King his secret Thoughts explain'd:
If Wealth, or Honour, or a Royal Race,
Or each, or all, may win a Lady's Grace,
Then either of you Knights may well deserve
A Princess born; and such is she you serve:
For *Emily* is Sister to the Crown,
And but too well to both her Beauty known:
But shou'd you combat till you both were dead,
Two Lovers cannot share a single Bed;
As therefore both are equal in Degree,
The Lot of both be left to Destiny.
Now hear th' Award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her Love.
Depart from hence in Peace, and free as Air,
Search the wide World, and where you please
repair;

But

But on the Day when this returning Sun
 To the same Point through ev'ry Sign has run,
 Then each of you his Hundred Knights shall bring,
 In Royal Lists, to fight before the King;
 And then, the Knight whom Fate or happy Chance
 Shall with his Friends to Victory advance,
 And grace his Arms so far in equal Fight,
 From out the Bars to force his Opposite,
 Or kill, or make him Recreant on the Plain,
 The Prize of Valour and of Love shall gain;
 The vanquish'd Party shall their Claim release,
 And the long Jars conclude in lasting Peace.
 The Charge be mine t' adorn the chosen Ground,
 The Theatre of War, for Champions so renown'd;
 And take the Patrons Place of either Knight,
 With Eyes impartial to behold the Fight;
 And Heav'n of me so judge, as I shall judge aright. }
 If both are satisfy'd with this Accord,
 Swear by the Laws of Knighthood on my Sword.
 Who now but *Palamon* exults with Joy?
 And ravish'd *Arcite* seems to touch the Sky:

The whole assembled Troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol'd th' Award, and on their Knees they fell
To bless the gracious King. The Knights with
Leave

Departing from the Place, his last Commands re-
On *Emily* with equal Ardour look, [ceive;
And from her Eyes their Inspiration took.
From thence to *Thebes*' old Walls pursue their Way,
Each to provide his Champions for the Day.

It might be deem'd on our Historian's Part,
Or too much Negligence, or want of Art,
If he forgot the vast Magnificence
Of Royal *Theseus*, and his large Expence.
He first enclos'd for Lists a level Ground,
The whole Circumference a Mile around:
The Form was Circular; and all without
A Trench was sunk, to Moat the Place about.
Within; an Amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in Degrees; to sixty Paces rear'd:
That when a Man was plac'd in one Degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a Gate of Marble white;
The like adorn'd the Western opposite.

A nobler Object than this Fabrick was,
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a Space.
 For, rich with Spoils of many a conquer'd Land,
 All Arts and Artists *Theseus* could command;
 Who sold for Hire, or wrought for better Fame:
 The Master-Painters, and the Carvers came.
 So rose within the Compass of the Year
 An Age's Work, a glorious Theatre.
 Then o'er its Eastern Gate was rais'd above
 A Temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;
 An Altar stood below: On either Hand [Wand.
 A Priest with Roses Crown'd, who held a Myrtle
 The Dome of *Mars* was on the Gate oppos'd,
 And on the North a Turret was enclos'd,
 Within the Wall, of Alabaster white,
 And crimson Coral, for the Queen of Night, }
 Who takes in Sylvan Sports her chaste Delight. }

Within these Oratories might you see
 Rich Carvings, Pourtraitures, and Imagery:
 Where ev'ry Figure to the Life express'd
 The Godhead's Pow'r to whom it was address'd.
 In *Venus*' Temple, on the Sides were seen
 The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men:

Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call,
And issuing Sighs that smoak'd along the Wall.
Complaints, and hot Desires, the Lover's Hell,
And scalding Tears, that wore a Channel where
they fell:

And all around were Nuptial Bonds, the Ties }
Of Loves Assurance, and a Train of Lies, }
That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries. }
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And spritely Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And Sorceries to raise th' Infernal Pow'rs,
And Sigils fram'd in Planetary Hours:
Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark Despair:
Suspensions, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousie suffus'd, with Jaundice in her Eyes;
Discolouring all she view'd, in Tawney drefs'd;
Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.
Oppos'd to her, on t' other Side, advance
The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance,
Minstrels, and Musick, Poetry, and Play,
And Balls by Night, and Turnaments by Day.

All these were painted on the Wall, and more;
 With Acts, and Monuments of Times before:
 And others added by Prophetick Doom,
 And Lovers yet unborn, and Loves to come:
 For there, th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Citheron*,
 The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn:
 Before the Palace-gate, in careless Dress,
 And loose Array, sat Portress Idleness:
 There, by the Fount, *Narcissus* pin'd alone;
 There *Sampson* was; with wiser *Solomon*,
 And all the mighty Names by Love undone;
Medea's Charms were there, *Circean* Feasts,
 With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youth to Beasts.
 Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
 And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit:
 The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid;
 And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
 The Goddess self, some noble Hand had wrought;
 Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing Thought;
 From Ocean as she first began to rise,
 And smooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies;
 She trode the Brine all bare below the Breast,
 And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest;

A Lute she held; and on her Head was seen
A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green:
Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above;
And, by his Mother, stood an Infant-Love:
With Wings unfledg'd; his Eyes were banded
o'er;

His Hands a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore, [Store.
Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly

But in the Dome of mighty *Mars* the Red,
With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were spread:
This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace
Was imitative of the first in *Thrace*:

For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
And Sov'reign Mansion of the Warrior-God.
The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare;
Where neither Beast, nor Human Kind repair;
The Fowl, that scent afar, the Borders fly,
And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.
A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
And prickly Stubs, instead of Trees are found;
Or Woods with Knots and Knares deform'd and
Headless the most, and hideous to behold: [old;

A ratling Tempest through the Branches went,
That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heav'n froze above, severe, the Clouds congeal,
And thro' the Crystal Vault appear'd the standing
Hail.

Such was the Face without, a Mountain flood
Threatning from high, and overlook'd the Wood:
Beneath the lowring Brow, and on a Bent,
The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent:
The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air.
A streight, long Entry, to the Temple led,
Blind with high Walls; and Horror over Head:
'Thence issu'd such a Blast, and hollow Rore,
As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door;
In, through that Door, a Northern Light there shone;
'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
The Gate was Adamant; Eternal Frame!
Which hew'd by *Mars* himself, from *Indian*
Quarries came,
The Labour of a God; and all along
Tough Iron Plates were clench'd to make it strong.

A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there ;
 A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear.
 There saw I how the secret Fellow wrought,
 And Treason lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought ;
 And Midwife Time the ripen'd Plot to Murder
 brought.

There, the Red Anger dar'd the Pallid Fear ;
 Next stood Hypocrisie, with holy Lear :
 Soft, smiling, and demurely looking down,
 But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown :
 Th' assassinating Wife, the Household Fiend ;
 And far the blackest there, the Traitor-Friend.
 On t' other Side there stood Destruction bare ;
 Unpunish'd Rapine, and a Waste of War.
 Contest, with sharpen'd Knives, in Cloysters drawn,
 And all with Blood bespread the holy Lawn.
 Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
 And bawling Infamy, in Language base ; [Place.
 Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the
 The Slayer of Himself yet saw I there,
 The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair :
 With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
 And grim, as when he breath'd his fullen Soul away.

In midst of all the Dome, Misfortune fate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate:
And Madnefs laughing in his ireful Mood;
And arm'd Complaint on Theft; and Cries of Blood.
There was the murder'd Corps, in Covert laid,
And Violent Death in thousand Shapes display'd:
The City to the Soldier's Rage resign'd:
Successless Wars, and Poverty behind:
Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on Rocky Shores,
And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars:
The new-born Babe by Nurses overlaid; [made.
And the Cook caught within the Raging Fire he
All Ills of *Mars* his Nature, Flame and Steel:
The gasping Charioteer, beneath the Wheel
Of his own Car; the ruin'd House that falls
And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls:
The whole Division that to *Mars* pertains,
All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for Gains,
Were there: The Butcher, Armourer, and Smith,
Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions, or the Scythe.
The scarlet Conquest on a Tow'r was plac'd,
With Shouts, and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd:

A pointed Sword hung threatening o'er his Head,
Sustain'd but by a slender Twine of Thread.

There saw I *Mars* his *Ides*, the *Capitol*,

The Seer in vain foretelling *Caesar's* Fall,

The last *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,

And *Antony*, who lost the World for Love.

These, and a thousand more, the Fane adorn;

Their Fates were painted ere the Men were born,

All copied from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force

Of the Red Star, in his revolving Course.

The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot stood,

All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God:

Two Geomantick Figures were display'd

Above his Head, a * Warrior and a Maid,

One when Direct, and one when Retrograde.

Tir'd with Deformities of Death, I haste

To the third Temple of *Diana* chaste;

A Sylvan Scene with various Greens was drawn,

Shades on the Sides, and on the midst a Lawn:

The Silver *Cynthia*, with her Nymphs around,

Pursu'd the flying Deer, the Woods with Horns

resound:

* Rubeus, and Puella.

Calisto there stood manifest of Shame,
 And turn'd a Bear, the Northern Star became:
 Her Son was next, and by peculiar Grace
 In the cold Circle held the second Place:
 The Stag *Acteon* in the Stream had spy'd
 The naked Huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd:
 His Hounds, unknowing of his Change, pursue
 The Chace, and their mistaken Master flew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see
Apollo's Love before, and now his Tree:
 Th' adjoining Fane th' assembled *Greeks* express'd,
 And hunting of the *Caledonian* Beast.
Oenides' Valour, and his envy'd Prize;
 The fatal Pow'r of *Atalanta's* Eyes;
Diana's Vengeance on the Victor shown,
 The Murdres Mother, and consuming Son.
 The *Volscian* Queen extended on the Plain;
 The Treason punish'd, and the Traitor slain.
 The rest were various Huntings, well design'd,
 And Salvage Beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry Kind:
 The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green;
 About her Feet were little Beagles seen, [Queen.
 That watch'd with upward Eyes the Motions of their }

Her Legs were Buskin'd, and the Left before,
In act to shoot, a Silver Bow she bore,
And at her Back a painted Quiver wore. }
She trod a waxing Moon, that soon wou'd wane,
And drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again:
With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway.
Before her stood a Woman in her Throws,
And call'd *Lucina's* Aid, her Burden to disclose.
All these the Painter drew with such Command,
That Nature snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,
Asham'd and angry that his Art could feign
And mend the Tortures of a Mother's Pain.
Theseus beheld the Fanes of ev'ry God,
And thought his mighty Cost was well bestow'd:
So Princes now their Poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The Theatre thus rais'd, the Lifts enclos'd,
And all with vast Magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the Monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The Knights to Combate; and their Arms to sing.

The End of the Second Book.



Palamon and Arcite :
OR, THE
KNIGHT's TALE.

BOOK III.



HE Day approach'd when Fortune
shou'd decide

Th' important Enterprize, and give
the Bride;

For now, the Rivals round the World had sought,
And each his Number, well appointed, brought.
The Nations far and near, contend in Choice,
And send the Flow'r of War by Publick Voice;
That after, 'or before, were never known
Such Chiefs; as each an Army seem'd alone:

Befide the Champions; all of high Degree,
 Who Knighthood lov'd, and Deeds of Chivalry,
 Throng'd to the Lifts, and envy'd to behold
 The Names of others, not their own enroll'd.

Nor seems it strange; for ev'ry Noble Knight,
 Who loves the Fair, and is endu'd with Might,
 In such a Quarrel wou'd be proud to fight.

There breaths not scarce a Man on *British* Ground
 (An Isle for Love, and Arms of old renown'd)
 But would have sold his Life to purchase Fame,
 To *Palamon* or *Arcite* sent his Name:

And had the Land selected of the best, [the rest.
 Half had come hence, and let the World provide
 A hundred Knights with *Palamon* there came,
 Approv'd in Fight, and Men of mighty Name;
 Their Arms were sev'ral, as their Nations were,
 But furnish'd all alike with Sword and Spear.

Some wore Coat-armour, imitating Scale;
 And next their Skins were stubborn Shirts of Mail.
 Some wore a Breastplate and a light Jupon,
 Their Horses cloth'd with rich Caparison:
 Some for Defence would Leathern Bucklers use,
 Of folded Hides; and others Shields of Puce.

One hung a Poleax at his Saddle-bow,
And one a heavy Mace, to stun the Foe:
One for his Legs and Knees provided well,
With *Jambeux* arm'd, and double Plates of Steel:
This on his Helmet wore a Lady's Glove,
And that a Sleeve embroider'd by his Love.

With *Palamon*, above the rest in Place,
Lycurgus came, the surly King of *Thrace* ;
Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face: }
The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head,
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red :
He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Stare,
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long.
Four Milk-white Bulls (the *Thracian* Use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his Car of burnish'd Gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and over-look'd the Field.
His Surcoat was a Bear-skin on his Back ;
His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven-black.
His ample Forehead bore a Coronet
With sparkling Diamonds, and with Rubies set:

His Nose was Aquiline, his Eyes were blue,
 Ruddy his Lips, and fresh and fair his Hue:
 Some sprinkled Freckles on his Face were seen,
 Whose Dusk set off the Whiteness of the Skin:
 His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize,
 Nor durst the rash Spectator meet his Eyes,
 Eyes that confess'd him born for Kingly Sway,
 So fierce, they flash'd intolerable Day.

His Age in Nature's youthful Prime appear'd,
 And just began to bloom his yellow Beard.

Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around,
 Loud as a Trumpet, with a Silver Sound.

A Laurel wreath'd his Temples, fresh, and green;
 And Myrtle-sprigs, the Marks of Love, were mix'd
 Upon his Fift he bore, for his Delight, [between.
 An Eagle well reclaim'd, and Lilly-white.

His hundred Knights attend him to the War,
 All arm'd for Battel; save their Heads were bare.
 Words and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,
 And pleasing was the Terrour of the Field.
 For Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you might see,
 Like sparkling Stars, though diff'rent in Degree,
 All for th' Increase of Arms, and Love of Chivalry.

Before the King, tame Leopards led the way,
And Troops of Lions innocently play.

So *Bacchus* through the conquer'd *Indies* rode,
And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their honest
In this Array the War of either Side [God.

Through *Athens* pass'd with Military Pride.

At Prime, they enter'd on the *Sunday* Morn;

Rich Tap'stry spread the Streets, and Flow'rs the
The Town was all a Jubilee of Feasts; [Pots adorn.

So *Theseus* will'd, in Honour of his Guests:

Himself with open Arms the Kings embrac'd,

Then all the rest in their Degrees were grac'd.

No Harbinger was needful for the Night,

For ev'ry House was proud to lodge a Knight.

I pass the Royal Treat, nor must relate

The Gifts bestow'd, nor how the Champions fate;

Who first, who last, or how the Knights address'd

Their Vows, or who was fairest at the Feast;

Whose Voice, whose graceful Dance did most sur-

Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes. [prise,

The Rivals call my Muse another way,

To sing their Vigils for th' ensuing Day.

'Twas ebbing Darknes, past the Noon of Night;
And *Phosphor* on the Confines of the Light,
Promis'd the Sun, ere Day began to spring
The tuneful Lark already stretch'd her Wing,
And flick'ring on her Nest, made short Essays to
sing.

When wakeful *Palamon*, preventing Day,
Took, to the Royal Lists, his early way,
To *Venus* at her Fane, in her own House to pray.
There, falling on his Knees before her Shrine,
He thus implor'd with Pray'rs her Pow'r Divine.
Creator *Venus*, Genial Pow'r of Love,
The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above,
Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy Race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy Place.
For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts forbear,
Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the
Year.

Thee, Goddess, thee the Storms of Winter fly,
Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing; laughs the
Sky,
[apply.]
And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes

For thee the Lion loaths the Taste of Blood,
 And roaring hunts his Female through the Wood :
 For thee the Bulls rebellow through the Groves,
 And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent Loves.

'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair :
 All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care ;
 Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World repair. }

Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,
 Increase of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun ;
 If e'er *Adonis* touch'd thy tender Heart,
 Have Pity, Goddess, for thou know'st the Smart :
 Alas ! I have not Words to tell my Grief ;
 To vent my Sorrow wou'd be some Relief :
 Light Suff'rings give us leisure to complain ;
 We groan, but cannot speak, in greater Pain.
 O Goddess, tell thy self what I would say,
 Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
 So grant my Suit, as I enforce my Might,
 In Love to be thy Champion, and thy Knight ;
 A Servant to thy Sex, a Slave to thee,
 A Foe profess'd to barren Chastity.
 Nor ask I Fame or Honour of the Field,
 Nor chuse I more to vanquish, than to yield :

In my Divine *Emilia* make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the Manner, and the Means prepare;
Possession, more than Conquest, is my Care.

Mars is the Warrior's God; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the Prize;
With smiling Aspect you serenely move
In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love.
The Fates but only spin the courser Clue,
The finest of the Wooll is left for you.
Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,
And let the Sisters cut below your Line:
The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap.
But if you this ambitious Pray'r deny,
(A Wish, I grant, beyond Mortality)

Then let me sink beneath proud *Arcite's* Arms,
And I once dead, let him possess her Charms.

Thus ended he; then, with Observance due,
The sacred Incence on her Altar threw:
The curling Smoke mounts heavy from the Fires;
At length it catches Flame, and in a Blaze expires;

At once the gracious Goddess gave the Sign,
Her Statue shook, and trembled all the Shrine:
Pleas'd *Palamon* the tardy *Omen* took:
For, since the Flames pursu'd the trailing Smoke,
He knew his Boon was granted; but the Day
To distance driv'n, and Joy adjourn'd with long
Delay.

Now Morn with Rosie Light had streak'd the Sky,
Up rose the Sun, and up rose *Emily*;
Address'd her early Steps to *Cynthia's* Fane,
In State attended by her Maiden Train,
Who bore the Vests that Holy Rites require,
Incence, and od'rous Gums, and cover'd Fire.
The plenteous Horns with pleasant Mead they
Crown,
Nor wanted ought besides in honour of the Moon.
Now while the Temple smoak'd with hallow'd
They wash the Virgin in a living Stream; [Steam,
The secret Ceremonies I conceal:
Uncouth; perhaps unlawful to reveal:
But such they were as Pagan Use requir'd,
Perform'd by Women when the Men retir'd,

Whose Eyes profane, their chaste mysterious Rites
Might turn to Scandal, or obscene Delights.

Well-meaners think no Harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and Silence is the best.
Her shining Hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A Crown of Mastless Oak adorn'd her Head:

When to the Shrine approach'd, the spotless Maid
Had kindling Fires on either Altar laid:

(The Rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By *Statius* in his *Theban* Story told.)

Then kneeling with her Hands across her Breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste Request.

O Goddess, Haunter of the Woodland Green,
To whom both Heav'n and Earth and Seas are seen;
Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year
Thy Silver Beams descend, and light the gloomy
Sphere;

Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts,
So keep me from the Vengeance of thy Darts,

Which *Niobe's* devoted Issue felt, [were dealt:
When hissing thro' the Skies the feather'd Deaths
As I desire to live a Virgin-life,

Nor know the Name of Mother or of Wife,

Thy Votress from my tender Years I am,
And love, like thee, the Woods and Sylvan Game.
Like Death, thou know'st, I loath the Nuptial State,
And Man, the Tyrant of our Sex, I hate,
A lowly Servant, but a lofty Mate.

Where Love is Duty, on the Female Side: [Pride.
On theirs meer sensual Gust, and fought with fury
Now by thy triple Shape, as thou art seen
In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen,
Grant this my first Desire; let Discord cease,
And make betwixt the Rivals lasting Peace:
Quench their hot Fire, or far from me remove
The Flame, and turn it on some other Love.

Or if my frowning Stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my Lord within whose faithful Breast
Is fix'd my Image, and who loves me best.

But, oh! ev'n that avert! I chuse it not,
But take it as the least unhappy Lot,

A Maid I am, and of thy Virgin-Train;

Oh, let me still that spotless Name retain!

Frequent the Forests, thy chaste Will obey,

And only make the Beasts of Chace my Prey!

The Flames ascend on either Altar clear,
While thus the blameless Maid address'd her Pray'r.
When lo! the burning Fire that shone so bright,
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd Light,
And left one Altar dark, a little space;
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the Blaze:
That other Victor-Flame a Moment flood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th'extinguish'd Wood;
For ever lost, th'irrevocable Light
Forsook the blackning Coals, and sunk to Night:
At either End it whistled as it flew, [Dew;
And as the Brands were green, so dropp'd the }
Infected as it fell with Sweat of Sanguin Hue. }

The Maid from that ill *Omen* turn'd her Eyes,
And, with loud Shrieks and Clamour's rent the Skies,
Nor knew what signify'd the boding Sign,
But found the Pow'r's displeas'd, and fear'd the
Wrath Divine.

Then shook the Sacred Shrine, and sudden Light
Sprung through the vaulted Roof, and made the
Temple bright.

The Pow'r, behold! the Pow'r in Glory shone,
By her bent Bow, and her keen Arrows known:

The rest, a Huntress issuing from the Wood,
Reclining on her Cornel Spear she stood.

Then gracious thus began; Dismiss thy Fear,
And Heav'n's unchang'd Decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful Godshave torn thee from my Side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a Bride:

The two contending Knights are weigh'd above;
One *Mars* protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the Man, is in the Thund'rer's Breast,
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.

The Fire that once extinct, reviv'd again,
Foresews the Love allotted to remain.

Farewell, she said, and vanish'd from the Place;
The Sheaf of Arrows shook, and rattled in the Case.

Agast at this, the Royal Virgin stood,
Disclaim'd, and now no more a Sister of the Wood:

But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd;
Propitious still be present to my Aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd Maid. }

Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
With Hopes, and Fears, and Joys with Sorrows mixt.

The next returning Planetary Hour
Of *Mars*, who shar'd the Heptarchy of Pow'r,