

Curb that impetuous Tongue, before too late

The Gods behold, and tremble at thy Fate.

Pitying, but daring not, in thy Defence,

To lift a Hand against Omnipotence. [Fear:

This heard, th' Imperious Queensate mute with
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.

Silence was in the Court at this Rebuke: [Look.
Nor cou'd the Gods abash'd, sustain their Sov'reigns

The Limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd Feast,
And hopping here, and there (himself a Jest)

Put in his Word, that neither might offend;

To *fove* obsequious, yet his Mother's Friend.

What end in Heav'n will be of civil War,

If Gods of Pleasure will for Mortals jar?

Such Discord but disturbs our Jovial Feast;

One Grain of Bad, embitters all the best.

Mother, tho' wise your self, my Counsel weigh;

'Tis much unsafe my Sire to disobey.

Not only you provoke him to your Cost,

But Mirth is marr'd, and the good Chear is lost.

Tempt not his heavy Hand; for he has Pow'r

To throw you headlong, from his Heav'nly Tow'r.

But one submissive Word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good Humour with us All.

He said no more ; but crown'd a Bowl, unbid :
The laughing Nectar overlook'd the Lid :
Then put it to her Hand ; and thus pursu'd,
This curst Quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a Wife, obedient still ;
Though griev'd, yet subject to her Husband's Will.
I wou'd not see you beaten ; yet afraid
Of *Jove's* superior Force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless Hour
When I, and all the Gods employ'd our Pow'r
To break your Bonds : Me by the Heel he drew ;
And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.
All Day I fell ; My Flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting Sun.
Pitch'd on my Head, at length the *Lemnian* Ground
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinthians* heal'd
my Wound.

At *Vulcan's* homely Mirth his Mother smil'd,
And smiling took the Cup the Clown had fill'd.

The

The Reconciler Bowl went round the Board,
Which empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd.
Loud Fits of Laughter seiz'd the Guests, to see
The limping God so dest at his new Ministry.
The Feast continu'd till declining Light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then
'twas Night.

Nor wanted tuneful Harp, nor vocal Quire;
The Muses sung; *Apollo* touch'd the Lyre.
Drunken at last, and drowsie they depart,
Each to his House; Adorn'd with labour'd Art
Of the lame Architect: The thund'ring God
Ev'n he withdrew to Rest, and had his Load.
His swimming Head to needful Sleep apply'd;
And *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side.





THE
COCK and the FOX:
OR, THE
TALE of the NUN'S PRIEST,
From CHAUCER.



HERE liv'd, as Authors tell, in
Days of Yore,
A Widow somewhat old, and very
poor:

Deep in a Cell her Cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under Covert of a Wood.

This Dowager, on whom my Tale I found,
Since last she laid her Husband in the Ground,
A simple sober Life, in Patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her Bread:
But Huswifery the little Heav'n had lent,
She duly paid a Groat for Quarter-Rent;

And pinch'd her Belly with her Daughters two,
To bring the Year about with much ado.

The Cattel in her Homestead were three Sows,
An Ewe call'd *Mally*; and three brinded Cows.
Her Parlor-Window stuck with Herbs around,
Of fav'ry Smell; and Rushes strew'd the Ground.
A Maple-Dresser in her Hall she had,
On which full many a slender Meal she made:
For no delicious Morsel pass'd her Throat;
According to her Cloth she cut her Coat:
No poynant Sawce she knew, no costly Treat,
Her Hunger gave a Relish to her Meat:
A sparing Diet did her Health assure;
Or sick, a Pepper-Poffet was her Cure.
Before the Day was done her Work she sped,
And never went by Candle-light to Bed:
With Exercise she sweat ill Humours out,
Her Dancing was not hinder'd by the Gout.
Her Poverty was glad; her Heart content,
Nor knew she what the Spleen or Vapours meant.
Of Wine she never tasted through the Year,
But White and Black was all her homely Chear;

Brown Bread, and Milk, (but first she skim'd
her Bowls)

And Rashers of findg'd Bacon, on the-Coals.
On Holy-Days, an Egg, or two at most;
But her Ambition never reach'd to Roast.

A Yard she had with Pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry Ditch without.
Within this Homestead liv'd, without a Peer
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer:
So hight her Cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass.
More certain was the crowing of a Cock
To number Hours, than is an Abbey-clock;
And sooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,
He clap'd his Wings upon his Roost, and sung:
For when Degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure Instinct he knew 'twas One at Night.
High was his Comb, and Coral-red withal,
In Dents embattel'd like a Castle-Wall;
His Bill was Raven-black, and shone like Jet,
Blue were his Legs, and Orient were his Feet:
White were his Nails, like Silver to behold,
His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.

This gentle Cock, for solace of his Life,
Six Misses had beside his lawful Wife;
Scandal that spares no King, tho' ne'er so good,
Says, they were all of his own Flesh and Blood:
His Sisters both by Sire, and Mother's side,
And sure their Likeness show'd them near ally'd.
But make the worst, the Monarch did no more,
Than all the *Ptolomey's* had done before:
When Incest is for Int'rest of a Nation,
'Tis made no Sin by Holy Dispensation.
Some Lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common Ugliness are known.

But passing this as from our Tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the Sovereign of his Heart:
Ardent in Love, outrageous in his Play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a Day:
And she that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,
Resolv'd the passive Doctrine to fulfil
Tho' loath: And let him work his wicked Will.
At Board and Bed was affable and kind,
According as their Marriage-Vow did bind,
And as the Churches Precept had enjoin'd.

}

Ev'n since she was a Sennight old, they say,
Was chaste, and humble to her dying Day,
Nor Chick nor Hen was known to disobey. }

By this her Husband's Heart she did obtain;
What cannot Beauty, join'd with Virtue, gain!
She was his only Joy, and he her Pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side;
If spurning up the Ground, he sprung a Corn,
The Tribute in his Bill to her was born.

But oh! what Joy it was to hear him sing
In Summer, when the Day began to spring,
Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his Throat,
Solus cum Sola, then was all his Note.

For in the Days of Yore, the Birds of Parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the lib'ral
Arts.

It happ'd that perching on the Parlor-beam
Amidst his Wives he had a deadly Dream;
Just at the Dawn, and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As ev'ry Breath he drew wou'd be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his Side,
Heard all his piteous Moan, and how he cry'd

For Help from Gods and Men: And fore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
Dear Heart, said she, for Love of Heav'n declare
Your Pain, and make me Partner of your Care.
You groan, Sir, ever since the Morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble Spright.

And Madam, well I might, said Chanticleer,
Never was *Shrovetide*-Cock in such a fear.

Ev'n still I run all over in a Sweat,

• My Princely Senses not recover'd yet.

For such a Dream I had of dire Portent,

That much I fear my Body will be shent:

It bodes I shall have Wars and woful Strife,

Or in a loathsom Dungeon end my Life.

Know Dame, I dreamt within my troubled Breast,

That in our Yard I saw a murd'rous Beast,

That on my Body would have made Arrest.

With waking Eyes I ne'er beheld his Fellow,

His Colour was betwixt a Red and Yellow:

Tipp'd was his Tail, and both his pricking Ears

With black; and much unlike his other Hairs:

The rest, in shape a Beagle's Whelp throughout,

With broader Forehead, and a sharper Snout:

Deep in his Front were sunk his glowing Eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with Surprise.
Reach out your Hand, I drop with clammy Sweat,
And lay it to my Heart, and feel it beat.

Now fie for Shame, quoth she, by Heav'n above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy Lady's Love;
No Woman can endure a Recreant Knight,
He must be bold by Day, and free by Night:
Our Sex desires a Husband or a Friend,
Who can our Honour and his own defend;
Wife, Hardy, Secret, lib'ral of his Purse:
A Fool is nauseous, but a Coward worse:
No bragging Coxcomb, yet no baffled Knight.
How dar'st thou talk of Love, and dar'st not Fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy Dame thou art aser'd,
Hast thou no manly Heart, and hast a Beard?

If ought from fearful Dreams may be divin'd,
They signifie a Cock of Dunghill-kind.
All Dreams, as in old *Galen* I have read,
Are from Repletion and Complexion bred:
From rising Fumes of indigested Food,
And noxious Humours that infect the Blood:

And sure, my Lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish Fancies you have had to Night;
Are certain Symptoms (in the canting Stile)
Of boiling Choler, and abounding Bile:
This yellow Gaul that in your Stomach floats,
Ingenders all these visionary Thoughts.
When Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred
Of Flames and all the Family of Red;
Red Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we view;
For Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue.
From hence we dream of Wars and Warlike Things,
And Wasps and Hornets with their double Wings.

Choler adust congeals our Blood with Fear;
Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils tear.
In sanguine airy Dreams aloft we bound,
With Rhumes oppress'd we sink in Rivers drown'd.

More I could say, but thus conclude my Theme,
The dominating Humour makes the Dream.

Cato was in his time accounted Wise,
And he condemns them all for empty Lies.
Take my Advice, and when we fly to Ground
With Laxatives preserve your Body sound,
And purge the peccant Humours that abound.

I should be loath to lay you on a Bier;
And though there lives no 'Pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your Disease,
And save long Bills, and a damn'd Doctor's Fees.

Two Sovereign Herbs, which I by Practice know,
And both at Hand, (for in our Yard they grow;)
On peril of my Soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow Choler, and of Melancholy:
You must both Purge, and Vomit; but obey,
And for the love of Heav'n make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your Complexion join,
Beware the Sun when in a vernal Sign;
For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
If then he finds your Body in a Flame,
Replete with Choler, I dare lay a Groat,
A Tertian Ague is at least your Lot.
Perhaps a Fever (which the Gods forefend)
May bring your Youth to some untimely end.
And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live,
A Day or two before your Laxative,
Take just three Worms, nor over nor above,
Because the Gods unequal Numbers love.

These Digestives prepare you for your Purge,
Of Fumetery, Centaury, and Spurge,
And of Ground-Ivy add a Leaf, or two,
All which within our Yard or Garden grow.
Eat these, and be, my Lord, of better Cheer;
Your Father's Son was never born to fear.

Madam, quoth he, Grammercy for your Care,
But *Cato*, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'Tis true, a wise and worthy Man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no Belief to Dreams:
But other Men of more Authority,
And, by th'Immortal Pow'rs, as wise as He,
Maintain, with sounder Sense, that Dreams forbode;
For *Homer* plainly says they come from God.
Nor *Cato* said it: But some modern Fool,
Impos'd in *Cato's* Name on Boys at School.

Believe me, Madam, Morning Dreams foreshow
Th'Events of Things, and future Weal or Woe:
Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd,
But we have sure Experience for our Guide.
An ancient Author, equal with the best,
Relates this Tale of Dreams among the rest.

Two Friends, or Brothers, with devout Intent,
On some far Pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so that when the Sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a Town;
That Day had been the baiting of a Bull,
'Twas at a Feast, and ev'ry Inn so full,
That no void Room in Chamber, or on Ground,
And but one sorry Bed was to be found:
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this Hour they never lay alone.

So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind,
His Fellow sought what Lodging he could find:
At last he found a Stall where Oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther Yard without a Door,
But for his Ease, well litter'd was the Floor.

His Fellow, who the narrow Bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a Rocker slept:
Supine he snor'd; but in the dead of Night,
He dreamt his Friend appear'd before his Sight,
Who, with a ghastly Look and doleful Cry,
Said Help me Brother, or this Night I die:

Arise, and help, before all Help be vain,
Or in an Oxes Stall I shall be slain.

Rowz'd from his Rest he waken'd in a start,
Shiv'ring with Horror, and with aking Heart ;
At length to cure himself by Reason tries ;
'Twas but a Dream, and what are Dreams but Lies ? }
So thinking chang'd his Side, and clos'd his Eyes. }
His Dream returns ; his Friend appears again, }
The Murd'ers come ; now help, or I am slain : }
'Twas but a Vision still, and Visions are but vain. }

He dreamt the third : But now his Friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierc'd with Wounds, with Blood
besmear'd :

Thrice warn'd awake, said he ; Relief is late,
The Deed is done ; but thou revenge my Fate :
Tardy of Aid, unseal thy heavy Eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning Day arise :
Take to the Western Gate thy ready way,
For by that Passage they my Corps convey :
My Corps is in a Tumbril laid ; among
The Filth, and Ordure, and enclos'd with Dung.
That Cart arrest, and raise a common Cry ;
For sacred Hunger of my Gold I die ;

Then shew'd his grisly Wounds; and last he drew
A piteous Sigh; and took a long Adieu.

The frightened Friend arose by break of Day,
And found the Stall where late his Fellow lay.
Then of his impious Host enquiring more,
Was answer'd that his Guest was gone before:
Muttering he went, said he, by Morning-light,
And much complain'd of his ill Rest by Night.
This rais'd Suspicion in the Pilgrim's Mind;
Because all Hosts are of an evil Kind,
And oft, to share the Spoil, with Robbers join'd.

His Dream confirm'd his Thought: With trou-
bled Look

Strait to the Western-Gate his Way he took.
There, as his Dream foretold, a Cart he found,
That carry'd Composts forth to dung the Ground.
This, when the Pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his Throat,
And cry'd out Murther, with a yelling Note.
My murther'd Fellow in this Cart lies dead,
Vengeance and Justice on the Villain's Head.
You, Magistrates, who sacred Laws dispense,
On you I call to punish this Offence.

The Word thus giv'n, within a little space,
The Mob came roaring out, and throng'd the Place.
All in a trice they cast the Cart to Ground,
And in the Dung the murther'd Body bound ;
Tho' breathless, warm, and reeking from the
Wound.

Good Heav'n, whose darling Attribute we find
Is boundless Grace, and Mercy to Mankind,
Abhors the Cruel ; and the Deeds of Night
By wond'rous Ways reveals in open Light :
Murther may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the Crime.
And oft a speedier Pain the Guilty feels ; [Heels,
The Hue and Cry of Heav'n pursues him at the
Fresh from the Fact ; as in the present Case ;
The Criminals are seiz'd upon the Place :
Carter and Host confronted Face to Face.
Stiff in denial, as the Law appoints,
On Engines they distend their tortur'd Joints :
So was Confession forc'd, th' Offence was known,
And publick Justice on th' Offenders done.

Here may you see that Visions are to dread ;
And in the Page that follows this ; I read

Of two young Merchants, whom the hope of Gain
Induc'd in Partnership to cross the Main:

Waiting till willing Winds their Sails supply'd,
Within a Trading-Town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a Haven's side.

One Evening it befel that looking out,
The Wind they long had wish'd was come about:
Well pleas'd they went to Rest; and if the Gale
'Till Morn continu'd, both resolv'd to Sail.

But as together in a Bed they lay,
The younger had a Dream at break of Day.
A Man, he thought, stood frowning at his side,
Who warn'd him for his Safety to provide,
Not put to Sea, but safe on Shore abide.

I come, thy Genius, to command thy Stay;
Trust not the Winds, for fatal is the Day,
And Death unhop'd attends the watry way.

The Vision said: And vanish'd from his sight,
The Dreamer waken'd in a mortal Fright:
Then pull'd his drowzy Neighbour, and declar'd
What in his Slumber he had seen, and heard.
His Friend smil'd scornful, and with proud Contempt
Rejects as idle what his Fellow dreamt.

Stay,

Stay, who will stay: For me no Fears restrain,
Who follow *Mercury* the God of Gain;
Let each Man do as to his Fancy seems,
I wait, not I, till you have better Dreams.
Dreams are but Interludes, which Fancy makes;
When Monarch-Reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes:
Compounds a Medley of disjointed Things,
A Mob of Coblers, and a Court of Kings:
Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are sad;
Both are the reasonable Soul run mad:
And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes, forgotten Things long cast behind
Rush forward in the Brain, and come to mind.
The Nurfes Legends are for Truths receiv'd,
And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.

Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,
The Night restores our Actions done by Day; }
As Hounds in Sleep will open for their Prey. }
In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a piece,
Chimera's all; and more absurd, or less:

You, who believe in Tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this Voyage, is my own.

Thus while he spoke he heard the shouting Crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The Vessel went before a merry Gale,
And for quick Passage put on ev'ry Sail:
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open Day,
The Mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a Leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overfet with Wind,
Or that some Rock below her Bottom rent;
But down at once with all her Crew she went:
Her Fellow-Ships from far her Loss descry'd;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.

By this Example you are taught again,
That Dreams and Visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are yet in doubt,
Another Tale shall make the former out.

Kenelm the Son of *Kenulph*, *Mercia's* King,
Whose holy Life the Legends loudly sing,
Warn'd, in a Dream, his Murther did foretel
From Point to Point, as after it befel:

All Circumstances to his Nurse he told,
(A Wonder, from a Child of sev'n Years old :)
The Dream with Horror heard, the good old Wife
From Treason counsell'd him to guard his Life:
But close to keep the Secret in his Mind,
For a Boy's Vision small Belief would find.
The pious Child, by Promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal Murther long delay'd :
By *Quenda* slain he fell before his time,
'Made a young Martyr by his Sister's Crime.
The Tale is told by venerable *Bede*,
Which, at your better leisure, you may read.

Macrobius too relates the Vision sent
To the great *Scipio*, with the fam'd Event.
Objections makes, but after makes Replies,
And adds, that Dreams are often Prophecies.

Of *Daniel*, you may read in Holy Writ,
Who, when the King his Vision did forget,
Cou'd Word for Word the wond'rous Dream
repeat.

Nor less of Patriarch *Joseph* understand,
Who by a Dream inflav'd th' *Egyptian* Land,

The Years of Plenty and of Dearth foretold,
When, for their Bread, their Liberty they fold.
Nor must th' exalted Buttlér be forgot,
Nor hé whose Dream prefag'd his hanging Lot.

And did not *Cræsus* the same Death foresee,
Rais'd in his Vision on a lofty Tree?

The Wife of *Hector*, in his utmost Pride,
Dreamt of his Death the Night before he dy'd:
Well was he warn'd from Battel to refrain,
But Men to Death decreed are warn'd in vain: }
He dar'd the Dream, and by his fatal Foe was slain.

Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy Day begins to break:
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My Dream was bad, and bodes Adversity:
But neither Pills nor Laxatives I like,
They only serve to make a well-man sick:
Of these his Gain the sharp Physician makes,
And often gives a Purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poyson all the Blood,
And ne'er did any but the Doctors good.
Their Tribe, Trade, Trinkets, I defy them all,
With ev'ry Work of 'Pothecary's Hall.

These melancholy Matters I forbear:
But let me tell Thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the Beauties of thy Face,
I fear not Death, nor Dangers, nor Disgrace:
So may my Soul have Blifs, as when I spy
The Scarlet Red about thy Partridge Eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true Knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy Delight,
All Sorrows at thy Prefence take their flight.

For true it is, as *in Principio*,

Mulier est hominis confusio.

Madam, the Meaning of this Latin is,
That Woman is to Man his Sovereign Blifs.
For when by Night I feel your tender Side,
Though for the narrow Perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have such a Solace in my Mind,
That all my boding Cares are cast behind;
And ev'n already I forget my Dream:
He said, and downward flew from off the Beam.
For Day-light now began apace to spring,
The Thrush to whistle, and the Lark to sing.
Then crowing clap'd his Wings, th'appointed Call
To chuck his Wives together in the Hall.

By this the Widow had unbarr'd the Door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With Royal Courage, and with Heart so light,
As shew'd he scorn'd the Visions of the Night.
Now roaming in the Yard he spurn'd the Ground,
And gave to Partlet the first Grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton Play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of Day;
And took by turns and gave so much Delight,
Her Sisters pin'd with Envy at the sight.

He chuck'd again, when other Corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a Foot to Ground.
But swagger'd like a Lord about his Hall,
And his sev'n Wives came running at his Call.

'Twas now the Month in which the World began,
(If *March* beheld the first created Man:)
And since the vernal Equinox, the Sun,
In *Aries* twelve Degrees, or more had run,
When casting up his Eyes against the Light,
Both Month, and Day, and Hour he measur'd right;
And told more truly, than th' Ephemeris,
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

Thus numb'ring Times, and Seasons in his Breast,
His second Crowing the third Hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my Dear,
How lavish Nature has adorn'd the Year;
How the pale Primrose, and blue Violet spring,
And Birds essay their Throats diffus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with Pleasure see
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping me!
An unfledg'd Creature, of a lumpish Frame,
• Indew'd with fewer Particles of Flame:
Our Dame sits couring o'er a Kitchen-fire,
I draw fresh Air, and Nature's Works admire:
And ev'n this Day, in more delight abound,
Than since I was an Egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall with
His Words unsaid, and hate his boasted Bliss:

The crested Bird shall by Experience know,
Jove made not him his Master-piece below; }
And learn the latter end of Joy is Woe.

The Vessel of his Bliss to Dregs is run,
And Heav'n will have him taste his other Tun.

Ye Wife draw near, and harken to my Tale,
Which proves that oft the Proud by Flatt'ry fall:

The Legend is as true I undertake
As *Tristram* is, and *Launcelot* of the Lake:
Which all our Ladies in such rev'rence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.

A Fox full fraught with seeming Sanctity,
That fear'd an Oath, but, like the Devil, would lie,
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy Leer,
And durst not sin before he say'd his Pray'r:
This pious Cheat that never suck'd the Blood,
Nor chaw'd the Flesh of Lambs but when he cou'd;
Had pass'd three Summers in the neighb'ring Wood:
And musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked Fancy bent:
And in his high Imagination cast,
By Stratagem to gratifie his Taste.

The Plot contriv'd, before the break of Day,
Saint *Reynard* thro' the Hedge had made his way;
The Pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the Fence of the forbidden Ground:
Yet fearing to be seen, within a Bed
Of Coleworts he conceal'd his wily Head;
There sculk'd till Afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As Murd'ers use) to perpetrate his Crime,

O Hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O Traitor, worse than *Sinon* was to *Troy*;
O vile Subverter of the *Gallick* Reign,
More false than *Gano* was to *Charlemaign*!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy Hour
Didst thou forsake the Safety of thy Bow'r:
Better for Thee thou hadst believ'd thy *Dream*,
And not that Day descended from the Beam!

But here the Doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold Predestination absolute:
Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first foresees,
And in the Virtue of Foresight decrees.
If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will,
And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill:
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal Prescience may be vain:
As bad for us as Prescience had not bin:
For first, or last, he's Author of the Sin.
And who says that, let the Blaspheming Man
Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can.
For how can that Eternal Pow'r be just
To punish Man, who sins because he must?

Or, how can He reward a virtuous Deed,
Which is not done by us; but first decreed?

I cannot bould this Matter to the Bran,
As *Bradwardin* and holy *Austin* can:
If Prescience can determine Actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow.
Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
Not forc'd to Sin by strict Necessity:

This strict Necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.

The first so binds the Will, that Things foreknown
By Spontaneity, not Choice, are done:

Thus Galley-Slaves tug willing, at their Oar,
Consent to work, in prospect of the Shore;
But wou'd not work at all, if not constrain'd before.

That other does not Liberty constrain,
But Man may either act, or may refrain.

Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the Will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human Race,
And Prescience only held the second place.

If he could make such Agents wholly free,
I not dispute; the Point's too high for me;

For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man can
Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound? [found,
He made us to his Image, all agree;
That Image is the Soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's Image, or be free. }

But whether it were better Man had been
By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,
I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock.
The Tale I tell is only of a Cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his Life,
Had he believ'd his Dream, and not his Wife:
For Women, with a Mischief to their Kind,
Prevert, with bad Advice, our better Mind.
A Woman's Counfel brought us first to Woe,
And made her Man his Paradise forego,
Whereat Heart's ease he liv'd; and might have been
As free from Sorrow as he was from Sin.
For what the Devil had their Sex to do,
That, born to Folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the Serpent in the Grass?
But I my self presume, and let it pass.
Silence in times of Suff'ring is the best,
'Tis dang'rous to disturb a Hornet's Nest.

In other Authors you may find enough,
But all they say of Dames is idle Stuff.
Legends of lying Wits together bound,
The Wife of *Bath* would throw 'em to the Ground :
These are the Words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour Dames, and think their Sex divine.

Now to continue what my Tale begun.

Lay Madam Partlet basking in the Sun,
Breast-high in Sand : Her Sisters in a row,
Enjoy'd the Beams above, the Warmth below.
The Cock that of his Flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the Mermaid in the Sea :
And so befel, that as he cast his Eye,
Among the Colworts on a Butterfly,
He saw false *Reynard* where he lay full low,
I need not swear he had no list to Crow :
But cry'd Cock, Cock, and gave a sudden start,
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his Heart.
For Birds and Beasts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their Foe.
So, Chanticleer, who never saw a Fox,
Yet shun'd him as a Sailor shuns the Rocks.

But the false Loon, who cou'd not work his Will
By open Force, employ'd his flatt'ring Skill;
I hope, my Lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your Friend?
I were a Beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:
Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false Alarm,
For on my Soul I never meant you harm.
I come no Spy, nor as a Traitor press,
To learn the Secrets of your soft Recess:
Far be from *Reynard* so prophane a Thought,
But by the sweetness of your Voice was brought:
For, as I bid my Beads, by chance I heard,
The Song as of an Angel in the Yard:
A Song that wou'd have charm'd th' infernal Gods,
And banish'd Horror from the dark Abodes:
Had *Orpheus* sung it in the neather Sphere,
So much the Hymn had pleas'd the Tyrant's Ear,
The Wife had been detain'd, to keep the Husband there. }
My Lord, your Sire familiarly I knew,
A Peer deserving such a Son, as you:

He, with your Lady-Mother (whom Heav'n rest)
Has often grac'd my House, and been my Guest:
To view his living Features does me good,
For I am your poor Neighbour in the Wood;
And in my Cottage shou'd be proud to see
The worthy Heir of my Friend's Family.

But since I speak of Singing, let me say,
As with an upright Heart I safely may,
That, save your self, there breaths not on the
Onelike your Father for a Silver sound. [Ground,
So sweetly wou'd he wake the Winter-day,
That Matrons to the Church mistook their way, }
And thought they heard the merry Organ play. }
And he to raise his Voice with artful Care,
(What will not Beaux attempt to please the Fair?)
On Tiptoe stood to sing with greater Strength,
And stretch'd his comely Neck at all the length:
And while he pain'd his Voice to pierce the Skies,
As Saints in Raptures use, would shut his Eyes,
That the Sound striving thro' the narrow Throat;
His winking might avail, to mend the Note.
By this, in Song, he never had his Peer,
From sweet *Cecilia* down to Chanticleer;

Not *Maro's* Muse who sung the mighty Man,
Nor *Pindar's* heav'nly Lyre, nor *Horace* when a Swan.
Your Ancestors proceed from Race divine,
From *Brennus* and *Belinus* is your Line:
Who gave to sov'reign *Rome* such loud Alarms,
That ev'n the Priests were not excus'd from Arms.

Besides, a famous Monk of modern times,
Has left of Cocks recorded in his Rhimes,
That of a Parish-Priest the Son and Heir,
(When Sons of Priests were from the Proverb clear)
Affronted once a Cock of noble Kind,
And either lam'd his Legs, or struck him blind;
For which the Clerk his Father was disgrac'd,
And in his Benefice another plac'd.

Now sing, my Lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
Make Hills, and Dales, and Earth and Heav'n re-
And emulate your Father's Angel-voice. [joice,

The Cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar People are:
Nor cou'd the Treason from the Truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this Flattery:

So much the more as from a little Elf,
He had a high Opinion of himself:
Tho' sickly, slender, and not large of Limb,
Concluding all the World was made for him.

Ye Princes rais'd by Poets to the Gods,
And *Alexander'd* up in lying Odes,
Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring Knave's Report,
There's many a *Reynard* lurking in the Court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And listen'd to, than modest Truth is heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the Story sings,
Stood high upon his Toes, and clap'd his Wings;
Then stretch'd his Neck, and wink'd with both
his Eyes;

Ambitious, as he fought th' Olympick Prize.
But while he pain'd himself to raise his Note,
False *Reynard* rush'd, and caught him by the Throat.
Then on his Back he laid the precious Load,
And fought his wonted Shelter of the Wood;
Swiftly he made his Way, the Mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.

Alas,

Alas, what stay is there in human State,
Or who can shun inevitable Fate?
The Doom was written, the Decree was past,
Ere the Foundations of the World were cast!
In *Aries* though the Sun exalted stood,
His Patron-Planet to procure his good;
Yet *Saturn* was his mortal Foe, and he
In *Libra* rais'd, oppos'd the same Degree:
The Rays both good and bad, of equal Pow'r,
Each thwarting other made a mingled Hour.

On *Friday*-morn he dreamt this direful Dream,
Cross to the worthy Native, in his Scheme!
Ah blissful *Venus*, Goddess of Delight,
How cou'dst thou suffer thy devoted Knight,
On thy own Day to fall by Foe oppress'd,
The Wight of all the World who serv'd thee best?
Who true to Love, was all for Recreation,
And minded not the Work of Propagation.
Gaufride, who cou'dst so well in Rhime complain,
The Death of *Richard*, with an Arrow slain,
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my Heart,
To sing this heavy Dirge with equal Art!

That I like thee on *Friday* might complain;
For on that Day was *Ceur de Lion* slain.

Not louder Cries when *Ilium* was in Flames,
Were sent to Heav'n by woful *Trojan* Dames,
When *Pyrrhus* toss'd on high his burnish'd Blade,
And offer'd *Priam* to his Father's Shade,
Than for the Cock the widow'd Poultry made. }
Fair Partlet first, when he was born from fight,
With sovereign Shrieks bewail'd her Captive
Farlowder than the *Carthaginian* Wife, [Knight.
When *Afdrubal* her Husband lost his Life,
When she beheld the smouldring Flames ascend,
And all the *Punick* Glories at an end:
Willing into the Fires, she plung'd her Head,
With greater Ease than others seek their Bed.
Not more aghast the Matrons of Renown,
When Tyrant *Nero* burn'd th' Imperial Town,
Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful Cry,
For which their guiltless Lovers were doom'd to die.

Now to my Story I return again:
The trembling Widow, and her Daughters twin,
This woful cackling Cry with Horror heard,
Of those distracted Damsels in the Yard;

And starting up beheld the heavy Sight,
How *Reynard* to the Forest took his Flight,
And cross his Back, as in triumphant Scorn,
The Hope and Pillar of the House was born.

The Fox, the wicked Fox, was all the Cry;
Out from his House ran ev'ry Neighbour nigh:
The Vicar first, and after him the Crew,
With Forks and Staves the Fellow to pursue.
Ran *Coll* our Dog, and *Talbot* with the Band,
And *Malkin*, with' her Distaff in her Hand:
Ran Cow and Calf, and Family of Hogs,
In Panique Horror of pursuing Dogs,
With many a deadly Grunt and doleful Squeak,
Poor Swine, as if their pretty Hearts would break.
The Shouts of Men, the Women in dismay,
With Shrieks augment the Terror of the Day.
The Ducks that heard the Proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a Persecution might betide,
Full twenty Mile from Town their Voyage take,
Obscure in Rushes of the liquid Lake.
The Geese fly o'er the Barn; the Bees in Arms,
Dive headlong from their Waxen Cells in Swarms.

Jack Straw at *London-stone*, with all his Rout,
 Struck not the City with so loud a Shout;
 Not when with *English* Hate they did pursue
 A *French* Man, or an unbelieving Jew:
 Not when the Welkin rung with one and all;
 And Echoes bounded back from *Fox's* Hall; [fall.
 Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heav'n above to }
 With Might and Main they chas'd the murd'rous
 Fox,

With Brazen Trumpets, and inflated Box,
 To kindle *Mars* with military Sounds,
 Nor wanted Horns t'inspire sagacious Hounds.

But see how Fortune can confound the Wife,
 And when they least expect it, turn the Dice.
 The Captive Cock, who scarce cou'd draw his
 And lay within the very Jaws of Death; [Breath,
 Yet in this Agony his Fancy wrought,
 And Fear supply'd him with this happy Thought:
 Yours is the Prize, victorious Prince, said he,
 The Vicar my Defeat, and all the Village see
 Enjoy your friendly Fortune while you may,
 And bid the Churls, that envy you the Prey,

Call back their mungril Curs, and cease their Cry,
See Fools, the Shelter of the Wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despiht shall die. }
He shall be pluck'd, and eaten to the Bone.

'Tis well advis'd, in Faith it shall be done;
This *Reynard* said: But as the Word he spoke,
The Pris'ner with a Spring from Prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd Fans with all his might,
And to the neighb'ring Maple wing'd his flight.

Whom when the Traitor safe on Tree beheld,
He curs'd the Gods, with Shame and Sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his Folly; Sorrow out of time,
For Plotting an unprofitable Crime:
Yet mast'ring both, th' Artificer of Lies
Renews th' Assault, and his last Batt'ry tries.

Though I, said he, did ne'er in Thought offend,
How justly may my Lord suspect his Friend?
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in Distress:
You, if your Godness does not plead my Cause,
May think I broke all hospitable Laws,
To bear you from your Palace-yard by Might,
And put your noble Person in a Fright:

This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
 Though, Heav'n can witness, with no bad Intent;
 I practis'd it, to make you taste your Cheer
 With double Pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
 So loyal Subjects often seize their Prince,
 Forc'd (for his Good) to seeming Violence,
 Yet mean his sacred Person not the least Offence.
 Descend; so help me *Jove* as you shall find
 That *Reynard* comes of no dissembling Kind.

Nay, quoth the Cock; but I beshrew us both
 If I believe a Saint upon his Oath:

An honest Man may take a Knave's Advice,
 But Idiots only will be cozen'd twice:
 Once warn'd is well bewar'd: Not flatt'ring Lies
 Shall sooth me more to Eng with winking Eyes,
 And open Mouth, for fear of catching Flies.
 Who blindfold walks upon a River's Brim
 When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
 Better, Sir Cock, let all Contention cease,
 Come down, said *Reynard*, let us treat of Peace.
 A Peace with all my Soul, said Chanticleer;
 But, with your Favour, I will treat it here:

And least the Truce with Treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the Tree betwixt.

The M O R A L.

In this plain Fable you th' Effect may see
Of Negligence, and fond Credulity:
And learn besides of Flatt'ers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The Cock and Fox, the Fool and Knave imply;
The Truth is moral, though the Tale a Lie.
Who spoke in Parables, I dare not say;
But sure, he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound Sense, by plain Example, to convey.
And in a Heathen Author we may find,
That Pleasure with Instruction should be join'd }
So take the Corn, and leave the Chaff behind, }





Theodore and Honoria.

F R O M

B O C C A C E.



F all the Cities in *Romanian* Lands,
The chief, and most renown'd *Ra-*
~~ven~~ stands :

Adorn'd in ancient Times with Arms and Arts,
And rich Inhabitants, with generous Hearts.

But *Theodore* the Brave, above the rest,

With Gifts of Fortune and of Nature blest'd,
The foremost Place for Wealth and Honour held,
And all in Feats of Chivalry excell'd.

This noble Youth to Madness lov'd a Dame,
Of high Degree, *Honoria* was her Name:

Fair as the Fairest, but of haughty Mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a Kind;
Proud of her Birth; (for Equal she had none;)
The rest she scorn'd; but hated him alone.
His Gifts, his constant Courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd:
He liv'd with all the Pomp he cou'd devise,
At Tilts and Turnaments obtain'd the Prize,
But found no Favour in his Lady's Eyes:
Relentless as a Rock, the lofty Maid
Turn'd all to Poyson that he did, or said:
Nor Pray'rs, nor Tears, nor offer'd Vows
could move;
The Work went backward; and the more he strove
T' advance his Sute, the farther from her Love.
Weary'd at length, and wanting Remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But Pride stood ready to prevent the Blow,
For who would die to gratifie a Foe?
His gen'rous Mind disdain'd so mean a Fate;
That pass'd, his next Endeavour was to Hate.

But ^tvainer that Relief than all the rest,
 The less he hop'd with more Desire possess'd;
 Love stood the Siege, and would not yield his
 Breast.

Change was the next, but Change deceiv'd his care;
 He sought a Fairer, but found none so Fair.
 He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
 As Men by fasting starve th' untam'd Disease:
 But present Love requir'd a present Ease.
 Looking he feeds alone his famish'd Eyes,
 Feeds lingring Death, but looking not he dies.
 Yet still he chose the longest way to Fate,
 Wasting at once his Life, and his Estate.

His Friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
 For what Advice can ease a Lover's Pain!
 Absence, the best Expedient they could find
 Might save the Fortune, if not cure the Mind:
 This Means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
 Yet after much Pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard, you may think it was, to give Consent,
 But, struggling with his own Desires, he went:

With large Expence, and with a pompous Train,
Provided, as to visit *France* or *Spain*,
Or for some distant Voyage o'er the Main. }

But Love had clipp'd his Wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the Purlieus of his Court:

Three Miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His Travels ended at his Country-Seat:

To *Chaffis* pleasing Plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his Tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The Spring was in the Prime; the neighb'ring
Grove

Supply'd with Birds, the Choristers of Love:

Musick unbought, that minister'd Delight

To Morning-walks, and lull'd his Cares by Night:

There he discharg'd his Friends; but not th'Expence
Of frequent Treats, and proud Magnificence.

He liv'd as Kings retire, tho' more at large,

From publick Business, yet with equal Charge;

With House, and Heart still open to receive;

As well content, as Love would give him leave:

He would have liv'd more free; but many a Guest,

Who could forsake the Friend, pursu'd the Feast.

It happ'd one Morning, as his Fancy led,
Before his usual Hour, he left his Bed;
To walk within a lonely Lawn, that stood
On ev'ry side, surrounded by the Wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive Mind,
And sought the deepest Solitude to find:
'Twas in a Grove of spreading Pines he stray'd;
The Winds within the quiv'ring Branches plaid,
And Dancing-Trees a mournful Musick made.
The Place it self was suiting to his Care,
Uncouth, and Savage, as the cruel Fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the Wood, and all on Love intent:
The Day already half his Race had run,
And summon'd him to due Repast at Noon,
But Love could feel no Hunger but his own.

While list'ning to the murm'ring Leaves he stood,
More than a Mile immers'd within the Wood,
At once the Wind was laid; the whisp'ring Sound
Was dumb; a rising Earthquake rock'd the Ground:
With deeper Brown the Grove was overspread:
A sudden Horror seiz'd his giddy Head,
And his Ears tinckled, and his Colour fled.

Nature was in alarm; some Danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal Eye:
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his Soul,
And flood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: For soon a Whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming Sound,
As of a Dame distress'd, who cry'd for Aid,
And fill'd with loud Laments the secret Shade.

A Thicket close beside the Grove there stood,
With Briers and Brambles choak'd, and dwar-
fish Wood:

[near,
From thence the Noise: Which now approaching
With more distinguish'd Notes invades his Ear:
He rais'd his Head, and saw a beauteous Maid,
With Hair dishevell'd, issuing through the Shade;
Stripp'd of her Cloaths, and e'en those Parts reveal'd,
Which modest Nature keeps from Sight conceal'd.
Her Face, her Hands, her naked Limbs were torn,
With passing thro' the Brakes, and prickly Thorn:
Two Mastiffs gaunt and grim her Flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd Fangs in Blood embu'd:
Oft they came up and pinch'd her tender Side,
Mercy, O Mercy, Heav'n, she ran, and cry'd;

When Heav'n was nam'd they loos'd their Hold
again,

Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a Knight of swarthy Face,
High on a Cole-black Steed pursu'd the Chace;
With flashing Flames his ardent Eyes were fill'd,
And in his Hands a naked Sword he held:
He chear'd the Dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd Revenge on her devoted Head.

As *Theodore* was born of noble Kind,
The brutal Action rowz'd his manly Mind:
Mov'd with unworthy Usage of the Maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her Aid.
A Saplin Pine he wrench'd from out the Ground,
The readiest Weapon that his Fury found.
Thus furnish'd for Offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless Villain, and his Prey.

The Knight came thund'ring on, but from afar,
Thus in imperious Tone forbad the War:
Cease, *Theodore*, to proffer vain Relief,
Nor stop the Vengeance of so just a Grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd Prey,
And let eternal Justice take the way:

I but revenge my Fate; disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering Death for this ungrateful Maid.

Hesay'd; at once dismounting from the Steed;
For now the Hell-hounds with superior Speed
Had reach'd the Dame, and fast'ning on her Side,
The Ground with issuing Streams of Purple dy'd.
Stood *Theodore* surpriz'd in deadly Fright,
With chatt'ring Teeth and bristling Hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn Worth, Whate'er, said he,
'Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful Cause, or be defy'd:
The Spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd.

Know, *Theodore*, thy Ancestry I claim,
And *Guido Cavalcanti* was my Name.
One common Sire our Fathers did beget,
My Name and Story some remember yet:
Thee, then a Boy, within my Arms I laid,
When for my Sins I lov'd this haughty Maid;
Not less ador'd in Life, nor serv'd by Me,
Than proud *Honoria* now is lov'd by Thee.
What did I not her stubborn Heart to gain?
But all my Vows were answer'd with Disdain;
She scorn'd my Sorrows, and despis'd my Pain.

Long time I dragg'd my Days in fruitless Care;
Then loathing Life, and plung'd in deep Despair,
To finish my unhappy Life, I fell
On this sharp Sword, and now am damn'd in Hell.

Short was her Joy; for soon th'insulting Maid
By Heav'n's Decree in the cold Grave was laid,
And as in unrepenting Sin she dy'd, [Pride;
Doom'd to the same bad Place, is punish'd for her
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a Merit of her Cruelty.

There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable Sentence pass'd;
That she whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my Hands a lingring Pain:
Renew'd to Life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a Lover but a mortal Foe,
I seek her Life (for Love is none below:)
As often as my Dogs with better speed
Arrest her Flight, is she to Death decreed.
Then with this fatal Sword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open'd Back or tender Side,

And

And tear that harden'd Heart from out her Breast,
Which, with her Entrails, makes my hungry
Hounds a Feast.

Nor lies she long, but as her Fates ordain,
Springs up to Life, and fresh to second Pain,
Is fav'd to Day, to Morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in Death, th' infernal Knight relates,
And then for Proof fulfill'd their common Fates;
Her Heart and Bowels through her Back he drew,
And fed the Hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the Fiend, as frustrate of his Will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the Soul expiring through the Wound,
Had left the Body breathless on the Ground,
When thus the grisly Spectre spoke again:
Behold the Fruit of ill-rewarded Pain:
As many Months as I sustain'd her Hate,
So many Years is she condemn'd by Fate
To daily Death; and ev'ry several Place,
Conscious of her Disdain, and my Disgrace,
Must witness her just Punishment; and be
A Scene of Triumph and Revenge to me.

As in this Grove I took my last Farewel,
 As on this very spot of Earth I fell,
 As *Friday* saw me die, so she my Prey
 Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving Day.

Thus while he spoke, the Virgin from the Ground
 Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the Wound,
 And unconcern'd for all she felt before
 Precipitates her Flight along the Shore: [Blood
 The Hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with Flesh and
 Pursue their Prey, and seek their wonted Food:
 The Fiend remounts his Courser; mends his Pace,
 And all the Vision vanish'd from the Place.

Long stood the noble Youth oppress'd with Awe,
 And stupid at the wond'rous Things he saw
 Surpassing common Faith; transgressing Nature's
 Law.

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
 But Dreams, he knew, no long Impression make,
 Though strong at first: If Vision, to what end,
 But such as must his future State portend?
 His Love the Damsel, and himself the Fiend.
 But yet reflecting that it could not be
 From Heav'n, which cannot impious Acts decree,

Resolv'd within himself to shun the Snare
Which Hell for his Destruction did prepare ;
And as his better Genius should direct,
From an ill Cause to draw a good Effect.

Inspir'd from Heav'n he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new Design with long delay:
But of his Train a trusty Servant sent ;
To call his Friends together at his Tent.
They came, and usual Salutations paid,
•With Words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain Pursuit of unregarded Love ;
By Thrift my sinking Fortune to repair,
'Tho' late, yet is at last become my Care :
My Heart shall be my own ; my vast Expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely Providence:
This only I require ; invite for me
Honoria, with her Father's Family,
Her Friends, and mine ; the Cause I shall display,
•On *Friday* next, for that's th' appointed Day.

Well pleas'd were all his Friends, the Task
was light ;

The Father, Mother, Daughter they invite ;

Hardly the Dame was drawn to this Repast;
 But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
 The Day was come; the Guests invited came,
 And, with the rest, th' inexorable Dame:
 A Feast prepar'd with riotous Expence,
 Much Cost, more Care, and most Magnificence.
 The Place ordain'd was in that haunted Grove,
 Where the revenging Ghost pursu'd his Love:
 The Tables in a proud Pavilion spread,
 With Flow'rs below, and Tissue over-head:
 The rest in rank; *Honoria* chief in place,
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her Face
 To front the Thicket, and behold the Chace. }
 The Feast was serv'd; the time so well forecast,
 That just when the Dessert, and Fruits were
 plac'd,
 The Fiend's Alarm began; the hollow sound
 Sung in the Leaves, the Forest shook around, }
 Air blacken'd; rowl'd the Thunder; groan'd }
 the Ground.

Nor long before the loud Laments arise,
 Of one distress'd, and Mastiffs mingled Cries;

And first the Dame came rushing through the }
 Wood, [Food }
 And next the famish'd Hounds that fought their }
 And grip'd her Flanks, and oft essay'd their }
 Jaws in Blood. }

Last came the Fellow on the Sable Steed, [to speed :
 Arm'd with his naked Sword, and urg'd his Dogs
 She ran, and cry'd ; her Flight directly bent,
 (A Guest unbidden) to the fatal Tent, [ment. }
 The Scene of Death, and Place ordain'd for Punish- }
 Loud was the Noise, aghast was every Guest,
 The Women shriek'd, the Men forsook the Feast ;
 The Hounds at nearer distance hoarsly bay'd ; }
 The Hunter clos'd pursu'd the visionary Maid, }
 She rent the Heav'n with loud Laments, imploring }
 Aid. }

The Gallants, to protect the Lady's Right, }
 Their Fauchions brandish'd at the grisly Spright ; }
 High on his Stirrups, he provok'd the Fight. }
 Then on the Crowd he cast a furious Look,
 And wither'd all their Strength before he strook :
 Back, on your Lives ; let be, said he, my Prey,
 And let my Vengeance take the destin'd way.