

Vain are your Arms, and vainer your Defence,
Against th' eternal Doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful Maid by Heav'n design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor Mercy shall she find.
At this the former Tale again he told
With thund'ring Tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their Hearts with Horror of the Crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second Time,
But bore each other back; some knew the Face,
And all had heard the much-lamented Case,
Of him who fell for Love, and this the fatal Place.

And now th' infernal Minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due Victim, and with Fury launch'd
Her Back, and piercing through her inmost Heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending Part.
The reeking Entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre Mastiffs made a Prey:
The pale Assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd;
The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faltering Tongue.
The Fright was general; but the Female Band
(A helpless Train) in more Confusion stand;

With Horror shuddring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful Justice done;
For Conscience rung th' Alarm, and made the
Case their own.

So spread upon a Lake with upward Eye
A plump of Fowl, behold their Foe on high,
They close their trembling Troop; and all attend
On whom the fowling Eagle will descend.

But most the proud *Honoria* fear'd th' Event,
And thought to her alone the Vision sent.

Her Guilt presents to her distracted Mind
Heav'n's Justice, *Theodore's* revengeful Kind,
And the same Fate to the same Sin assign'd;
Already sees her self the Monster's Prey,
And feels her Heart and Entrails torn away.

'Twas a mute Scene of Sorrow, mix'd with Fear,
Still on the Table lay th' unfinish'd Cheer;
The Knight and hungry Mastiffs stood around,
The mangled Dame lay breathless on the Ground.

When on a sudden, re-inspired with Breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer Death;
Nor stay'd the Hell-hounds, nor the Hunter stay'd,
But follow'd, as before, the flying Maid;

Th' Avenger took from Earth th' avenging Sword,
 And mounting light as Air, his Sable Steed he spurr'd:
 The Clouds dispell'd, the Sky resum'd her Light,
 And Nature flood recover'd of her Fright.

But Fear, the last of Ills, remain'd behind,
 And Horror heavy fate on ev'ry Mind.
 Nor *Theodore* encourag'd more his Feast,
 But sternly look'd, as hatching in his Breast
 Some deep Design, which when *Honoria* view'd,
 The fresh Impulse her former Fright renew'd:
 She thought her self the trembling Dame who fled,
 And him the grisly Ghost that spurr'd th' infernal
 Steed:

The more dismay'd, for when the Guests withdrew
 Their courteous Host saluting all the Crew,
 Regardless gasp'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind
 Adieu.

That Sting infix'd within her haughty Mind,
 The downfal of her Empire she divin'd;
 And her proud Heart with secret Sorrow pin'd.
 Home as they went, the sad Discourse renew'd
 Of the relentless Dame to Death pursu'd,
 And of the Sight obscene so lately view'd.

None durst araign the righteous Doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd most yet blam'd her more:
The Parallel they needed not to name,
But in the Dead they damn'd the living Dame.

At ev'ry little Noise she look'd behind,
For still the Knight was present to her Mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the Horseman-Ghost came thundring
for his Prey.

Return'd, she took her Bed, with little Rest,
But in short Slumbers dreamt the Funeral Feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her Side, and slept again;
The same black Vapours mounted in her Brain,
And the same Dreams return'd with double Pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her Blood all Fever'd, with a furious Leap
She sprung from Bed, distracted in her Mind,
And fear'd, at ev'ry Step, a twitching Spright behind.
Darkling and desp'rate with a stagg'ring pace,
Of Death afraid, and conscious of Disgrace;
Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her Heart assail'd,
Pride put Remorse to flight, but Fear prevail'd.

Friday, the fatal Day, when next it came,
 Her Soul forethought the Fiend would change his
 Game,

And her pursue, or *Theodore* be slain, [the Plain.
 And two Ghosts join their Packs to hunt her o'er

This dreadful Image so possess'd her Mind,
 That desp'rate any Succour else to find,

She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
 To make reflection on th' unhappy Man.

Rich, Brave, and Young, who past expression lov'd,
 Proof to Disdain; and not to be remov'd:

Of all the Men respected and admir'd,
 Of all the Dames, except her self, desir'd.

Why not of her? Preferr'd above the rest
 By him with Knightly Deeds, and open Love
 profess'd?

So had another been; where he his Vows ad-
 This quell'd her Pride, yet other Doubts remain'd,
 That once disdaining she might be disdain'd.

The Fear was just, but greater Fear prevail'd,
 Fear of her Life by Hellish Hounds assail'd:
 He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell,
 What outward Hate, might inward Love conceal?

Her Sexes Arts she knew, and why not then,
Might deep Dissembling have a Place in Men?
Here Hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost Remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on Death to call,
The Precipice in sight: A Shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal Fall.

One Maid she had, belov'd above the rest,
Secure of her, the Secret she confess'd:
And now the chearful Light her Fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the Truth conceal'd,
But put the Woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With Faults confess'd commision'd her to go,
If Pity yet had place, and reconcile her Foe:
The welcome Message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas what he wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;

Fate seem'd a fair Occasion to present,
He knew the Sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of Consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her Friends (a Care
The Modesty of Maidens well might spare;)

But she with such a Zeal the Cause embrac'd,
(As Women, where they will, are all in haste)
That Father, Mother, and the Kin beside,
Were overborn by fury of the Tide :
With full Consent of all, she chang'd her State,
Resistless in her Love, as in her Hate.

By her Example warn'd, the rest beware ;
More Easie, less Imperious, were the Fair ;
And that one Hunting which the Devil design'd,
For one fair Female, lost him half the Kind.





Ceyx and Alcyone.

- Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the Son of Lucifer (*the Morning Star*) and King of Trachin in Theffaly, was married to Alcyone Daughter to Æolus God of the Winds. Both the Husband and the Wife lov'd each other with an entire Affection. Dædalion, the Elder Brother of Ceyx (whom he succeeded) having been turn'd into a Falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's Daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a Ship to sail to Claros there to consult the Oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the Anger of the Gods might be atton'd.



THESE Prodigies affect the pious
Prince,
But more perplex'd with those that
happen'd since,

He purposed to seek the *Clarian* God,
Avoiding *Delphos*, his more fam'd Abode;
Since *Phlegyan* Robbers made unsafe the Road. }
Yet could he not from her he lov'd so well
The fatal Voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;
But when she saw her Lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to her Heart:
Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to Boxen Hue,
And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new:
She thrice essay'd to speak; her Accents hung
And faltring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,
Or vanish'd into Sighs: With long Delay
Her Voice return'd; and found the wonted way.

Tell me, my Lord, she said, what Fault unknown }
Thy once belov'd *Alcyone* has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy Kindness gone!
Can *Ceyx* then sustain to leave his Wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the Sweets of Life?

What can thy Mind to this long Journey move,
Or need'st thou Absence to renew thy Love?
Yet, if thou go'st by Land, tho' Grief possess
My Soul ev'n then, my Fears will be the less.
But ah! be warn'd to shun the Watry Way,
The Face is frightful of the stormy Sea.
For late I saw a-drift disjointed Planks,
And empty Tombs erected on the Banks.
Nor let false Hopes to Trust betray thy Mind,
Because my Sire in Caves constrains the Wind,
Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appease,
They fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas;
Not so, for once indulg'd, they sweep the Main;
Deaf to the Call, or hearing hear in vain;
But bent on Mischief bear the Waves before,
And not content with Seas insult the Shore,
When Ocean, Air, and Earth, at once ingage,
And rooted Forests fly before their Rage:
At once the clashing Clouds to Battel move,
And Lightnings run across the Fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude Comport,
While yet a Child, within my Father's Court:

In times of Tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the Throne:
The more I know, the more my Fears augment,
And Fears are oft prophetick of th' Event.
But if not Fears, or Reasons will prevail,
If Fate has fix'd thee obstinate to fail,
Go not without thy Wife, but let me bear
My part of Danger with an equal share,
And present, what I suffer only fear:
Then o'er the bounding Billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.

These Reasons mov'd her starlike Husband's
But still he held his Purpose to depart: [Heart,
For as he lov'd her equal to his Life,
He wou'd not to the Seas expose his Wife;
Nor cou'd be wrought his Voyage to refrain,
But fought by Arguments to sooth her Pain:
Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a Cause he won:
My Love, so short an Absence cease to fear,
For by my Father's holy Flame, I swear,

Before

Before two Moons their Orb with Light adorn,
If Heav'n allow me Life, I will return.

This Promise of so short a Stay prevails;
He soon equips the Ship, supplies the Sails,
And gives the Word to launch; the trembling views
This pomp of Death, and parting Tears renews:
Last with a Kiss, she took a long Farewel,
Sigh'd, with a sad Prefage, and swooning fell:
While *Ceyx* seeks Delays, the lusty Crew,
Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in order drew }
To their broad Breasts, the Ship with fury flew.

The Queen recover'd rears her humid Eyes,
And first her Husband on the Poop espies
Shaking his Hand at distance on the Main;
She took the Sign; and shook her Hand again.
Still as the Ground recedes, contracts her View
With sharpen'd Sight, till she no longer knew
The much-lov'd Face; that Comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the Galley feeds her Eyes;
The Galley born from view by rising Gales,
She follow'd with her Sight the flying Sails:

When ev'n the flying Sails were seen no more,
Forfaken of all Sight, she left the Shoar.

Then on her Bridal-Bed her Body throws,
And fought in Sleep her weary'd Eyes to close:
Her Husband's Pillow, and the Widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former Smart.

And now a Breeze from Shoar began to blow,
The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales:
By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
And as much rested till the rising Sun;
Both Shoars were lost to Sight, when at the close
Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose:

The Sea grew White, the rowling Waves from far,
Like Heralds, first denounce the Wat'ry War.

This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the Top-sail; let the Main-sheet fly,
And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as Danger taught
Each in his way, officiously they wrought;

Some flow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides,
Another bolder yet the Yard bestrides,
And folds the Sails; a fourth with Labour, laves
Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.

In this Confusion while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage intestine Wars; the suff'ring Seas
Are tofs'd, and mingled as their Tyrants please.
The Master wou'd command, but in despair
Of Safety, stands'amaz'd with stupid Care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows:
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill;
With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill:
The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrowds;
Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds:
At once from East to West, from Pole to Pole,
The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders
roul.

Now Waves on Waves ascending scale the Skies,
And in the Fires above, the Water fries:

When Yellow Sands are sifted from below,
The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show:
And when the fouler Bottom spews the Black,
The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take:
Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas,
And change their Colour, changing their Disease.
Like various Fits the *Trachin* Vessel finds,
And now sublime, she rides upon the Winds;
As from a lofty Summet looks from high,
And from the Clouds heholds the neather Sky;
Now from the depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
And at a distance see superior Light:
The lashing Billows make a loud report,
And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams, a Fort:
Or as a Lyon, bounding in his way
With Force augmented bears against his Prey;
Sidelong to seize; or unapal'd with Fear
Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear:
So Seas impell'd by Winds with added Pow'r
Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.

The Planks (their pitchy Cov'ring wash'd away)
Now yield; and now a yawning Breach display:

The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide
Rush through the Ruins of her gaping Side.
Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends,
And Ocean swell'd with Waters upwards tends,
One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns, and Sea
Meet at their Confines, in the middle Way:
The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with
Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main. [Rain,
No Star appears to lend his friendly Light:
Darkness and Tempest make a double Night.
But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns,
And while the Light'nings blaze, the Water burns.

Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite,
And as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight
Makes way for others, and an Host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the Town;
So while th' invading Billows come a-brest,
The Hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
And from the Walls descends upon the Prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring Shout

And mount on others Backs, in hope to share
The City, thus become the Seat of War.

An universal Cry resounds aloud,
The Sailors run in heaps, a helpless Crowd;
Art fails, and Courage falls, no Succour near;
As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief;
One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief,
But stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:
One with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,
And calls those happy whom their Fun'erals wait. }
This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods im-
And ev'n the Skies he cannot see, adores. [plores,
That other on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,
His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
The covetous Worldling in his anxious Mind
Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.

All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys:
His Wife he wishes, and wou'd still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last Looks he seeks his Native Shoar,
Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;

He fought, but in the dark tempestuous Night
He knew not whither to direct his Sight.

• So whirl the Seas, such Darknefs blinds the Sky,
That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.

The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore
Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.

One Billow mounts; and with a scornful Brow,
Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves
Nor lighter falls, than if some Giant tore [below;

• *Pyndus* and *Athos*, with the Freight they bore,
And tofs'd on Seas; prefs'd with the pondrous Blow
Down sinks the Ship within th' Abyfs below:

Down with the Vessel sink into the Main

The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks with fruitless Care
Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he who late a Scepter did command
Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand,
And while he struggles on the stormy Main,

• Invokes his Father, and his Wife's, in vain
But yet his Comfort is his greatest Care;

Alcyone he names amidst his Pray'r,

Names as a Charm against the Waves, and Wind;
Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind:
Tir'd with his Toil, all hopes of Safety past,
From Pray'rs to Wishes he descends at last:
That his dead Body wafted to the Sands,
Might have its Burial from her Friendly Hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of Air,
And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair,
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves:
At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright *Lucifer* unlike himself appears
That Night, his heav'nly Form obscur'd with Tears,
And since he was forbid to leave the Skies,
He muffled with a Cloud his mournful Eyes.

Mean time *Alcyone* (his Fate unknown)
Computes how many Nights he had been gone,
Observes the waning Moon with hourly view,
Numbers her Age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd Time provides with Care,
And hastens in the Woof the Robes he was to wear:

And for her Self employs another Loom,
New-dress'd to meet her Lord returning home,
Flatt'ring her Heart with Joys that never were to
come:

She fum'd the Temples with an od'rous Flame,
And oft before the sacred Altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty Name.
All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest
To *Juno* she her pious Vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd Lord from Perils to protect
And safe o'er Seas his Voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that she might still possess his Heart,
And no pretending Rival share a Part;
This last Petition heard of all her Pray'r,
The rest dispers'd by Winds were lost in Air.

But she, the Goddess of the Nuptial-Bed,
Tir'd with her vain Devotions for the Dead,
Resolv'd the tainted Hand should be repell'd,
Which Incense offer'd, and her Altar held:
Then *Iris* thus bespoke; Thou faithful Maid,
By whom thy Queen's Commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the House of Sleep, and bid the God
Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod,

Prepare a Dream, in Figure and in Form
Resembling him who perish'd in the Storm;
This Form before *Alcyone* present,
To make her certain of the sad Event.

Indu'd with Robes of various Hue she flies,
And flying draws an Arch, (a Segment of the Skies:)
Then leaves her bending Bow, and from the steep
Descends to search the silent House of Sleep.

Near the *Cymmerians*, in his dark Abode
Deep in a Cavern, dwells the drowzy God;
Whose gloomy Mansion nor the rising Sun
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome Noon:
But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky;
No crowing Cock does there his Wings display,
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day:
Nor watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,
Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace:
Nor Beast of Nature, nor the Tame are nigh,
Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human Cry,
But safe Repose without an air of Breath
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.

An Arm of *Lethe*, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the Rock below,
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps :
Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow ;
Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent Plains :
No Door there was th'unguarded House to keep,
On creaking Hinges turn'd, to break his Sleep.

But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon-bed :
Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God
And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad :
About his Head fantastick Visions fly,
Which various Images of Things supply, [more,
And mock their Forms ; the Leaves on Trees not
Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the
Shore.

The Virgin entring bright indulg'd the Day
To the brown Cave, and brush'd the Dreams away :
The God disturb'd with this new glare of Light,
Cast sudden on his Face, unseal'd his Sight,

And rais'd his tardy Head, which sunk again,
 And sinking on his Bosom knock'd his Chin;
 At length shook off himself; and ask'd the Dame,
 (And asking yawn'd) for what Intent she came?

To whom the Goddess thus: O sacred Rest,
 Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the Pow'rs the best!
 O Peace of Mind, Repairer of Decay, [Day,
 Whose Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the }
 Care shuns thy soft Approach, and fullen flies away! }
 Adorn a Dream, expressing human Form,
 The Shape of him who suffer'd in the Storm,
 And send it flitting to the *Trachin* Court,
 The Wreck of wretched *Ceyx* to report:
 Before his Queen bid the pale Spectre stand,
 Who begs a vain Relief at *Juno's* Hand.
 She said, and scarce awake her Eyes cou'd keep,
 Unable to support the Fumes of Sleep:
 But fled returning by the way she went,
 And swerv'd along her Bow with swift Ascent.

The God, uneasie till he slept again,
 Resolv'd at once to rid himself of Pain;
 And tho' against his Custom, call'd aloud,
 Exciting *Morpheus* from the sleepy Crowd:

Morpheus of all his numerous Train express'd
The Shape of Man, and imitated best;
The Walk, the Words, the Gesture cou'd supply,
The Habit mimick, and the Mien bely;
Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human Kind.
Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons apes,
And dreadful Images, and Monster shapes:
This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'ns high Hall
The Gods have nam'd; but Men *Phobetor* call:
A third is *Phantasus*, whose Actions roul
On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul;
Earth, Fruits and Flow'rs, he represents in Dreams,
And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams:
These three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes display,
The rest before th' ignoble Commons play: [play,
Of these the chosen *Morpheus* is dispatch'd,
Which done, the lazy Monarch overwatch'd
Down from his propping Elbow drops his Head,
Dissolv'd in Sleep, and shrinks within his Bed.

Darkling the Demon glides for Flight prepar'd,
So soft that scarce his fanning Wings are heard.

To *Trachin*, swift as Thought, the flitting Shade
Through Air his momentary Journey made:
Then lays aside the steerage of his Wings,
Forfakes his proper Form, assumes the King's;
And pale as Death, despoil'd of his Array,
Into the Queen's Apartment takes his way,
And stands before the Bed at dawn of Day:
Unmov'd his Eyes, and wet his Beard appears;
And shedding vain, but seeming real Tears;
The briny Water dropping from his Hairs;
Then staring on her with a ghastly Look
And hollow Voice, he thus the Queen bespoke.

Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy Wife?
Or are my Features perish'd with my Life?
Look once again, and for thy Husband lost,
Lo all that's left of him, thy Husband's Ghost!
Thy Vows for my Return were all in vain;
The stormy South o'ertook us in the Main;
And never shalt thou see thy living Lord again.
Bear witness Heav'n I call'd on Thee in Death,
And while I call'd, a Billow stopp'd my Breath:
Think not that flying Fame reports my Fate;
I present, I appear, and my own Wreck relate.

Rise wretched Widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my Ghost to pass the *Stygian* Ford:
But rise, prepar'd in Black, to mourn thy pe-
rish'd Lord.

Thus said the Player-God; and adding Art
Of Voice and Gesture, so perform'd his Part,
She thought (so like her Love the Shade appears)
That *Ceyx* spake the Words, and *Ceyx* shed the Tears;
She groan'd, her inward Soul with Grief oppress'd,
She sigh'd, she wept; and sleeping beat her Breast:
Then stretch'd her Arms t' embrace his Body bare,
Her clasping Arms inclose but empty Air:
At this not yet awake she cry'd, O stay,
One is our Fate, and common is our Way!
So dreadful was the Dream, so loud she spoke,
That starting sudden up, the Slumber broke:
Then cast her Eyes around in hope to view
Her vanish'd Lord, and find the Vision true:
For now the Maids, who waited her Commands,
Ran in with lighted Tapers in their Hands.
Tir'd with the Search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel Blows she pounds her blubber'd Cheeks:

Then from her beaten Breast the Linnen tare,
And cut the golden Caul that bound her Hair.
Her Nurse demands the Cause with louder Cries,
She prosecutes her Grievs, and thus replies.

No more *Alcyone*; she suffer'd Death
With her lov'd Lord, when *Ceyx* lost his Breath:
No Flatt'ry, no false Comfort, give me none,
My Shipwreck'd *Ceyx* is for ever gone:
I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His Voice, his Figure, and his Gestures knew:
His Lustre lost, and ev'ry living Grace,
Yet I retain'd the Features of his Face; [Hair,
Tho' with pale Cheeks, wet Beard, and dropping
None but my *Ceyx* cou'd appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict Embrace,
But through my Arms he slipp'd, and vanish'd
from the Place:

There, ev'n just there he stood; and as she spoke,
Where last the Spectre was, she cast her Look:
Fain wou'd she hope, and gaz'd upon the Ground
If any printed Footsteps might be found.

Then

Then sigh'd and said ; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetick Fear presag'd too true :
'Twas what I beg'd, when with a bleeding Heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd Thee to part ;
Or I to go along, or Thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way !
Happier for me, that all our Hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd ; ev'n not in Death disjoin'd !
So had my *Ceyx* still been living here,
Or with my *Ceyx* I had perish'd there :
Now I die absent, in the vast Profound ;
And Me without my Self the Seas have drown'd :
The Storms were not so cruel ; should I strive
To lengthen Life, and such a Grief survive ;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched Thee
In Death forsake, but keep thee Company.
If not one common Sepulcher contains
Our Bodies, or one Urn our last Remains,
Yet *Ceyx* and *Alcyone* shall join,
Their Names remember'd in one common Line.

No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords,
For Sighs come rushing in betwixt her Words,

And stopp'd her Tongue; but what her Tongue
deny'd,

[ply'd.
Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints sup-

'Twas Morning; to the Port she takes her way,
And stands upon the Margin of the Sea:

That Place, that very Spot of Ground she sought,
Or thither by her Destiny was brought,

Where last he stood: And while she sadly said }
'Twas here he left me, lingring here delay'd }
His parting Kifs; and there his Anchors weigh'd. }

Thus speaking, while her Thoughts past Actions
And call to mind admonish'd by the Place, [trace,

Sharp at her utmost Ken she cast her Eyes,

And somewhat floating from afar descries:

It seem'd a Corps adrift, to distant Sight,

But at a Distance who could judge aright?

It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew

That what before she but surmis'd, was true:

A Corps it was, but whose it was, unknown,

Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the Case her own:

Took the bad Omen of a Shipwreck'd Man,

As for a Stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor Wretch, on stormy Seas to lose thy Life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd Wife!
At this she paus'd; for now the flowing Tide
Had brought the Body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her Fears increase,
At nearer Sight; and she's her self the less:
Now driv'n ashore, and at her Feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees:
Her Husband's Corps; at this she loudly shrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her Cheeks,
Her Hair, her Vest, and stooping to the Sands
About his Neck she cast her trembling Hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my Life,
Thus, thus return'st Thou to thy longing Wife!
She said, and to the neighb'ring Mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break th' Incursions of the Flood;)

Headlong from hence to plunge her self she
But shoots along supported on her Wings, [springs,
A Bird new-made about the Banks she plies,
• Not far from Shore; and short Excursions tries;
Nor seeks in Air her humble Flight to raise,
Content to skim the Surface of the Seas:

Her Bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking Noise,
And imitates a lamentable Voice:
Now lighting where the bloodless Body lies,
She with a Fun'ral Note renews her Cries.
At all her stretch her little Wings she spread,
And with her feather'd Armseembrac'd the Dead:
Then flick'ring to his palid Lips, she strove
To print a Kiss, the last Essay of Love:
Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead,
Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head
To meet the Kiss, the Vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present Miracle was shown.
The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former Fate.
Their conjugal Affection still is ty'd,
And still the mournful Race is multiply'd:
They bill, they tread; *Alcyone* compress'd
Sev'n Days sits brooding on her floating Nest:
A wintry Queen: Her Sire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry Storm; and hushes ev'ry Wind;
Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Ease,
And for his hatching Nephews smooths the Seas.





THE
Flower and the Leaf:
OR, THE
LADY *in the* ARBOUR,
A VISION.



OW turning from the wintry Signs,
the Sun
His Course exalted through the *Ram*
had run
And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
Thro' *Taurus*, and the lightsome Realms of Love;
Where *Venus* from her Orb descends in Show'rs
To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with
Flow'rs:
When first the tender Blades of Grass appear,
And Buds that yet the Blast of *Eurus* fear,
Stand at the door of Life; and doubt to cloath
the Year;

342 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains,
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins:
Then, at their Call, embolden'd out they come,
And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room;
Broader and broader yet, their Blooms display,
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.
Then from their breathing Souls the Sweets repair
To scent the Skies, and purge th'unwholsome Air:
Joy spreads the Heart, and with a general Song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along.

In that sweet Season, as in Bed I lay,
And sought in Sleep to pass the Night away,
I turn'd my weary Side, but still in vain,
Tho' full of youthful Health, and void of Pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my Rest,
For Love had never enter'd in my Breast;
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did the Slumber till that Hour deny:
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much Joy had dry'd away the balmy Dew:
Seas wou'd be Pools, without the brushing Air,
To curl the Waves; and sure some little Care }
Shou'd weary Nature so, to make her want Repair. }

When Chanticleer the second Watch had sung,
Scorning the Scorners Sleep from Bed I sprung.
And dressing, by the Moon, in loose Array,
Pass'd out in open Air, preventing Day,
And fought a goodly Grove, as Fancy led my way. }
Straits as a Line in beauteous Order stood
Of Oaks unshorn a venerable Wood ;
Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry Tree
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching Arms in Air with equal space
Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace:
And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were seen,
Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring,
Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to sing ;
Both Eyes and Ears receiv'd a like Delight,
Enchanting Musick, and a charming Sight.
On *Philomel* I fix'd my whole Desire ;
And listen'd for the Queen of all the Quire ;
Fain would I hear her heav'nly Voice to sing ;
And wanted yet an Omen to the Spring.
Attending long in vain ; I took the Way,
Which through a Path, but scarcely printed, lay.

In narrow Mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd, as lightly prefs'd by Fairy Feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange End so strange a Path was wrought:
At last it led me where an Arbour stood,
The sacred Receptacle of the Wood:
This Place unmark'd tho' oft I walk'd the Green,
In all my Progress I had never seen:
And seiz'd at once with Wonder and Delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting Sight.
'Twas bench'd with Turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young Grass arose in fresher Green:
The Mound was newly made, no Sight could pass
Betwixt the nice Partitions of the Grass;
The well-united Sods so closely lay;
And all around the Shades defended it from Day.
For Sycamours with Eglantine were spread,
A Hedge about the Sides, a Covering over Head.
And so the fragrant Brier was wove between,
The Sycamour and Flow'rs were mix'd with Green,
That Nature seem'd to vary the Delight;
And satisfy'd at once the Smell and Sight.

The Master Workman of the Bow'r was known
Through Fairy-Lands, and built for *Oberon*;
Who twining Leaves with such Proportion drew,
They rose by Measure, and by Rule they grew:
No mortal Tongue can half the Beauty tell;
For none but Hands divine could work so well.
Both Roof and Sides were like a Parlour made,
A soft Recess, and a cool Summer shade;
The Hedge was set so thick, no foreign Eye
The Persons plac'd within it could espy:
But all that pass'd without with Ease was seen,
As if nor Fence nor Tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a Field; and some was plain
With Grass; and some was sow'd with rising Grain.
That (now the Dew with Spangles deck'd the
Ground:)

A sweeter spot of Earth was never found.
I look'd, and look'd, and still with new Delight;
Such Joy my Soul, such Pleasures fill'd my Sight:
And the fresh Eglantine exhal'd a Breath;
Whose Odours were of Pow'r to raise from Death:
Nor sullen Discontent, nor anxious Care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there:

But thence they fled as from their mortal Foe;
For this sweet Place cou'd only Pleasure know.

Thus, as I mus'd, I cast aside my Eye,
And saw a Medlar-Tree was planted nigh;
The spreading Branches made a goodly Show,
And full of opening Blooms was ev'ry Bough:
A Goldfinch there I saw with gawdy Pride
Of painted Plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r, and suck'd the Dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her Throat,
And tun'd her Voice to many a merry Note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my Soul, and pleas'd my Ear.

Her short Performance was no sooner try'd,
When she I sought, the Nightingale, reply'd:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the Grove eccho'd, and the Valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly Note
I stood intranc'd, and had no room for Thought.
But all o'er-pouer'd with Extasie of Bliss,
Was in a pleasing Dream of Paradise;

At length I wak'd; and looking round the Bow'r
Search'd ev'ry Tree, and pry'd on ev'ry Flow'r,
If any where by chance I might espy
The rural Poet of the Melody:
For still methought she sung not far away;
At last I found her on a Laurel Spray,
Close by my Side she sat, and fair in Sight,
Full in a Line, against her opposite;
Where stood with Eglantine the Laurel twin'd:
And both their native Sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green Bank I sat, and listen'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the Song!)
Nor till her Lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the Grove.
Only methought the Time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry Note I fear'd wou'd be the last.
My Sight, and Smell, and Hearing were employ'd,
And all three Senses in full Gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet Possession of the Fairy Place;
Single, and conscious to my Self alone,
Of Pleasures to th' excluded World unknown.

348 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all *Elysium* in a spot of Ground.

Thus while I fate intent to see and hear,
And drew Perfumes of more than vital Air,
All suddenly I heard th'approaching sound
Of vocal Musick, on th'enchanted Ground:
An Host of Saints it seem'd, so full the Quire;
As if the Bless'd above did all conspire,
To join their Voices, and neglect the Lyre. }
At length there issu'd from the Grove behind
A fair Assembly of the Female Kind:
A Train less fair, as ancient Fathers tell,
Seduc'd the Sons of Heaven to rebel.
I pass their Form, and ev'ry charming Grace,
Less than an Angel wou'd their Worth debase:
But their Attire like Liveries of a kind,
All rich and rare is fresh within my Mind.
In Velvet white as Snow the Troop was gown'd,
The Seams with sparkling Emeralds set around:
Their Hoods and Sleeves the same; and purfl'd o'er
With Diamonds, Pearls, and all the shining store
Of Eastern Pomp: Their long descending Train
With Rubies edg'd, and Sapphires, swept the Plain:

High on their Heads, with Jewels richly set
 Each Lady wore a radiant Coronet.
 Beneath the Circles, all the Quire was grac'd
 With Chaplets green on their fair Foreheads plac'd.
 Of Lawrel some, of Woodbine many more;
 And Wreaths of *Agnus castus*, others bore:
 These last who with those Virgin Crowns were
 Appear'd in higher Honour than the rest. [dress'd,
 They danc'd around, but in the midst was seen
 A Lady of a more majestic Mien; [Queen. }
 By Stature, and by Beauty mark'd their Sov'reign }
 She in the midst began with sober Grace;
 Her Servants Eyes were fix'd upon her Face:
 And as she mov'd or turn'd her Motions view'd,
 Her Measures kept, and Step by Step pursu'd.
 Methought she trod the Ground with greater Grace,
 With more of Godhead shining in her Face;
 And as in Beauty she surpass'd the Quire,
 So, nobler than the rest, was her Attire.
 A Crown of ruddy Gold inclos'd her Brow,
 Plain without Pomp, and rich without a Show:
 A Branch of *Agnus castus* in her Hand
 She bore aloft (her Scepter of Command;)

Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling Crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her Face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a Roundelay she sung,
In honour of the Lawrel, ever young:

She rais'd her Voice on high, and sung so clear,
The Fawns came scudding from the Groves to }
And all the bending Forest lent an Ear. [hear:] }

At ev'ry Close she made, th' attending Throng
Reply'd, and bore the Burden of the Song:

So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note,
It seem'd the Musick melted in the Throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the Mead advanc'd:
Till round my Arbour a new Ring they made,
And footed it about the secret Shade:

O'erjoy'd to see the jolly Troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd I shook with holy Fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in Song, or Dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden Symphony of War;
The neighing Courfers, and the Soldiers cry,
And sounding Trumps that seem'd to tear the Sky:

I saw soon after this, behind the Grove
From whence the Ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in Arms a Warrior-Train,
That like a Deluge pour'd upon the Plain:
On barbed Steeds they rode in proud Array,
Thick as the College of the Bees in *May*,
When swarming o'er the dusky Fields they fly,
New to the Flow'rs, and intercept the Sky.
So fierce they drove, their Coursers were so fleet,
That the Turf trembled underneath their Feet.

To tell their costly Furniture were long,
The Summer's Day wou'd end before the Song:
To purchase but the Tenth of all their Store,
Would make the mighty *Persian* Monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The Trumpets issu'd in white Mantles dress'd:
A numerous Troop, and all their Heads around
With Chaplets green of Cerrial-Oak were
crown'd,
• And at each Trumpet was a Banner bound;
Which waving in the Wind display'd at large
Their Master's Coat of Arms, and Knightly Charge.

Broad were the Banners, and of snowy Hue,
A purer Web the Silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their Necks the Scutcheons wore,
With Orient Pearls and Jewels poulder'd o'er:
Broad were their Collars too, and ev'ry one
Was fet about with many a costly Stone.
Next these of Kings at Arms a goodly Train,
In proud Array came prancing o'er the Plain:
Their Cloaks were Cloth of Silver mix'd with Gold,
And Garlands green around their Temples roll'd:
Rich Crowns were on their royal Scutcheons plac'd,
With Saphires, Diamonds, and with Rubies grac'd.
And as the Trumpets their appearance made,
So these in Habits were alike array'd;
But with a Pace more sober, and more slow:
And twenty, Rank in Rank, they rode a-row.
The Pursevants came next, in number more;
And like the Heralds each his Scutcheon bore:
Clad in white Velvet all their Troop they led,
With each an Oaken Chaplet on his Head.

Nine Royal Knights in equal Rank succeed,
Each Warrior mounted on a fiery Steed:

In

In golden Armour glorious to behold;
The Rivets of their Arms were nail'd with Gold.
Their Surcoats of white Ermin-Fur were made;
With Cloth of Gold between, that cast a glitt'ring
Shade.

The Trappings of their Steeds were of the same;
The golden Fringe ev'n set the Ground on flame;
And drew a precious Trail: A Crown divine
Of Lawrel did about their Temples twine.

Three Henchmen were for ev'ry Knight assign'd,
All in rich Livery clad, and of a kind:
White Velvet, but unshorn, for Cloaks they wore,
And each within his Hand a Truncheon bore:
The foremost held a Helm of rare Device;
A Prince's Ransom wou'd not pay the Price.
The second bore the Buckler of his Knight,
The third of Cornel-Wood a Spear upright,
Headed with piercing Steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their Lords their Equipage was seen,
And all their Foreheads crown'd with Garlands
green.

And after these came arm'd with Spear and Shield
An Host so great, as cover'd all the Field:

354 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

And all their Foreheads, like the Knights before,
 With Lawrels ever green were shaded o'er,
 Or Oak, or other Leaves of lasting kind,
 Tenacious of the Stem, and firm against the Wind.
 Some in their Hands, besides the Lance and Shield,
 The Boughs of Woodbind or of Hawthorn held,
 Or Branches for their mystique Emblems took,
 Of Palm, of Lawrel, or of Cerial Oak.

Thus marching to the Trumpets lofty sound,
 Drawn in two Lines adverse they wheel'd around,
 And in the middle Meadow took their Ground. }

Among themselves the Turney they divide,
 In equal Squadrons, rang'd on either side.

Then turn'd their Horses Heads, and Man to Man,
 And Steed to Steed oppos'd, the Jufts began.

They lightly set their Lances in the Rest,
 And, at the Sign, against each other press'd:

They met, I sitting at my Ease beheld
 The mix'd Events, and Fortunes of the Field.

Some broke their Spears, some tumbled Horse and
 Man,

And round the Fields the lighten'd Coursers ran.

An Hour and more, like Tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the Day:
At length the Nine (who still together held)
Their fainting Foes to shameful Fight compell'd,
And with resistless Force o'er-ran the Field.
Thus, to their Fame, when finish'd was the Fight,
The Victors from their lofty Steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the Warlike Train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the Plain:
Till to the fair Assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret Arbour sung and danc'd.

The Ladies left their Measures at the Sight,
To meet the Chiefs returning from the Fight,
And each with open Arms embrac'd her chosen
Knight.

Amid the Plain a spreading Lawrel stood,
The Grace and Ornament of all the Wood:
That pleasing Shade they sought, a soft Retreat,
From sudden *April* Show'rs, a Shelter from the
Heat.

Her leasie Arms with such extent were spread,
So near the Clouds was her aspiring Head,

That Hofts of Birds, that wing the liquid Air,
 Perch'd in the Boughs, had nightly Lodging there:
 And Flocks of Sheep beneath the Shade from far
 Might hear the ratling Hail, and wintry War;
 From Heav'n's Inclemency here found retreat,
 Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching Heat:
 A hundred Knights might there at Ease abide;
 And ev'ry Knight a Lady by his fide:
 The Trunk it felf fuch Odours did bequeath,
 That a Moluccan Breeze to thefe was common
 Breath.

The Lords and Ladies here approaching, paid
 Their Homage, with a low Obeifance made:
 And feem'd to venerate the facred Shade. }
 Thefe Rites perform'd, their Pleasures they purfue,
 With Songs of Love, and mix with Measures new;
 Around the holy Tree their Dance they frame,
 And ev'ry Champion leads his chosen Dame.

I caft my Sight upon the farther Field,
 And a fresh Object of Delight beheld:
 For from the Region of the Weft I heard
 New Mufick found, and a new Troop appear'd;

Of Knights, and Ladies mix'd a jolly Band,
But all on Foot they march'd, and Hand in Hand

The Ladies dress'd in rich Symars were seen
Of Florence Satten, flow'r'd with White and Green,
And for a Shade betwixt the bloomy Gridelin.

The Borders of their Petticoats below
Were guarded thick with Rubies on a row;
And ev'ry Damsel wore upon her Head
Of Flow'rs a Garland blended White and Red.
Attir'd in Mantles all the Knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with chearful Green:

Their Chaplets of their Ladies Colours were [Hair,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining
Before the merry Troop the Minstrels play'd,
All in their Master's Liv'ries were array'd:

And clad in Green, and on their Temples wore,
The Chaplets White and Red their Ladies bore,
Their Instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the Bow, and some for breathing Wind:

The Sawtry, Pipe, and Hautboys noisie band,
And the soft Lute trembling beneath the touching
A Tuft of Daisies on a flow'ry Lay [Hand.

They saw, and thitherward they bent their way;

To this both Knights and Dames their Homage made,
And due Obeisance to the Daify paid.

And then the Band of Flutes began to play,
To which a Lady fung a Virelay;
And still at ev'ry close she wou'd repeat
The Burden of the Song, *The Daify is so sweet.*
The Daify is so sweet, when she begun,
The Troop of Knights and Dames continu'd on.
The Confort and the Voice so charm'd my Ear,
And sooth'd my Soul, that it was Heav'n to hear.

But soon their Pleasure pass'd : At Noon of Day,
The Sun with sultry Beams began to play :
Not *Syrus* shoots a fiercer Flame from high,
When with his pois'nous Breath he blasts the Sky :
Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs (their Beauty
fled)

And clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung the Head ;
And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed ;
The Ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire ;
The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire ;
The fainty Knights were scorch'd ; and knew not
where

To run for Shelter, for no Shade was near.

And after this the gath'ring Clouds amain,
Pour'd down a Storm of rattling Hail and Rain.
And Lightning flash'd betwixt : the Field, and
Flow'rs,

Burnt up before, were bury'd in the Show'rs.
The Ladies and the Knights, no Shelter nigh,
Bare to the Weather and the wintry Sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan,
And through their thin Array receiv'd the Rain.

While those in White protected by the Tree
Saw past the vain Assault, and stood from Danger free.
But as Compassion mov'd their gentle Minds,
When ceas'd the Storm, and silent were the Winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suff'ring, they had seen,
They went to cheer the Faction of the Green:
The Queen in white Array before her Band,
Saluting, took her Rival by the Hand;
So did the Knights and Dames, with courtly Grace,
And with Behaviour sweet their Foes embrace.

• Then thus the Queen with Lawrel on her Brow,
Fair Sister I have suffer'd in your Woe:
Nor shall be wanting ought within my Pow'r
For your Relief in my refreshing Bow'r.

360 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

That other answer'd with a lowly Look,
And soon the gracious Invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her Train
The scorching Sun had born, and beating Rain.
Like Courtesie was us'd by all in White, [Knight.
Each Dame a Dame receiv'd, and ev'ry Knight a
The Lawrel-Champions with their Swords invade
The neighb'ring Forests, where the Jufts were made,
And Serewood from the rotten Hedges took,
And Seeds of latent Fire from Flints provoke:
A cheerful Blaze arose, and by the Fire [wet Attire.
They warm'd their frozen Feet, and dry'd their
Refresh'd with Heat, the Ladies sought around
For virtuous Herbs, which gather'd from the
Ground [made,
They squeez'd the Juice; and cooling Ointment
Which on their Sun-burnt Cheeks, and their chapt
Skins they laid:
Then sought green Salads which they bad'em eat,
A Sovereign Remedy for inward Heat.
The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a Feast,
And made the Lady of the Flow'r her Guest:

When lo, a Bow'r ascended on the Plain, [Train.
With sudden Seats adorn'd, and large for either
This Bow'r was near my pleasant Arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:

The Ladies fate, with each a Knight between,
Distinguish'd by their Colours, White and Green:
The vanquish'd Party with the Victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet Discourse, the Banquet of the
Mind.

Mean time the Minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their Art, and for the Mast'ry vy'd:
The sweet Contention lasted for an Hour,
And reach'd my secret Arbour from the Bow'r.

The Sun was set; and *Vesper*, to supply
His absent Beams, had lighted up the Sky:
When *Philomel*, officious all the Day
To sing the Service of th' ensuing *May*,
Fled from her Lawrel Shade, and wing'd her Flight
Directly to the Queen array'd in white:

• And hopping fate familiar on her Hand,
A new Musician, and increas'd the Band.

The Goldfinch, who to shun the scalding Heat,
Had chang'd the Medlar for a safer Seat,

362 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

And hid in Bushes scap'd the bitter Show'r,
Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flow'r;
And either Songster holding out their Throats,
And folding up their Wings, renew'd their Notes:
As if all Day, preluding to the Fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by Night.
The Banquet ended, and the Battel done,
They danc'd by Star-light and the friendly Moon:
And when they were to part, the Laureat Queen
Supply'd with Steeds the Lady of the Green.
Her and her Train conducting on the way,
The Moon to follow, and avoid the Day.

 This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret Moral of the Mystique Show,
I started from my Shade, in hopes to find
Some Nymph to satisfy my longing Mind:
And as my fair Adventure fell, I found
A Lady all in White with Lawrel crown'd
Who clos'd the Rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to her self the former Song.
With due respect my Body I inclin'd,
As to some Being of Superior Kind,

And made my Court, according to the Day,
Wishing her Queen and Her a happy *May*.
Great Thanks my Daughter, with a gracious Bow,
She said; and I, who much desir'd to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My Mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak.
Madam, Might I presume and not offend,
So may the Stars and shining Moon attend
Your Nightly Sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
• What Nymphs they were who mortal Forms excel,
And what the Knights who fought in list'd
Fields so well.

To this the Dame reply'd, Fair Daughter know
That what you saw was all a Fairy Show:
And all those airy Shapes you now behold
Were human Bodies once, and cloath'd with earth-
ly Mold:

Our Souls, not yet prepar'd for upper Light,
Till Doomsday wander in the Shades of Night;
This only Holiday of all the Year,
We privileg'd in Sun-shine may appear:
With Songs and Dance we celebrate the Day,
And with due Honours usher in the *May*.

464 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

At other Times we reign by Night alone,
And passing through the Skies pursue the Moon:
But when the Morn arises, none are found;
For cruel *Demogorgon* walks the round,
And if he finds a Fairy lag in Light,
He drives the Wretch before; and lashes into Night.

All Courteous are by Kind; and ever proud
With friendly Offices to help the Good.
In every Land we have a larger Space
Than what is known to you of mortal Race:
Where we with Green adorn our Fairy Bow'rs,
And ev'n this Grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; Ev'ry Lady cloth'd in White,
And, crown'd with Oak and Lawrel ev'ry Knight,
Are Servants to the Leaf, by Liveries known
Of Innocence; and I my self am one.
Saw you not Her so graceful to behold
In white Attire, and crown'd with radiant Gold?
The Sovereign Lady of our Land is She,
Diana call'd, the Queen of Chastity:
And, for the spotless Name of Maid she bears,
That *Agnus castus* in her Hand appears:

And all her Train with leafie Chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd Virginity renown'd:

But those the chief and highest in Command
Who bear those holy Branches in their Hand:

The Knight's adorn'd with Lawrel-Crowns, are
they,

Whom Death nor Danger ever cou'd dismay,
Victorious Names, who made the World obey:

Who while they liv'd, in Deeds of Arms excell'd,
And after Death for Deities were held.

But those who wear the Woodbine on their Brow
Were Knights of Love, who never broke their Vow:

Firm to their plighted Faith, and ever free
From Fears and fickle Chance, and Jealousie.

The Lords, and Ladies, who the Woodbine bear,
As true as *Tristram* and *Isotta* were.

But what are those, said I, th' unconquer'd Nine,
Who crown'd with Lawrel-Wreaths in golden
Armour shine?

And who the Knights in Green, and what the Train
Of Ladies dress'd with Daisies on the Plain?

Why both the Bands in Worship disagree,

And some adore the Flow'r, and some the Tree?

Just is your Suit, fair Daughter, said the Dame,
 Those lawrell'd Chiefs were Men of mighty Fame;
 Nine Worthies were they call'd of diff'rent Rites,
 Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian
 Knights.

These, as you see, ride foremost in the Field,
 As they the foremost Rank of Honour held,
 And all in Deeds of Chivalry excell'd. }

Their Temples wreath'd with Leaves, that still re-
 For deathless Lawrel is the Victor's due: [new;
 Who bear the Bows were Knights in *Arthur's* Reign,
 Twelve they, and twelve the Peers of *Charlemain*:
 For Bows the Strength of brawny Arms imply,
 Emblems of Valour, and of Victory.

Behold an Order yet of newer Date,
 Doubling their Number, equal in their State;
 Our *England's* Ornament, the Crown's Defence,
 In Battel brave, Protectors of their Prince.

Unchang'd by Fortune, to their Sovereign true,
 For which their manly Legs are bound with Blue.

These, of the Garter call'd, of Faith unstain'd,
 In fighting Fields the Lawrel have obtain'd,
 And well repaid those Honours which they gain'd. }

The Lawrel-Wreaths were first by *Cæsar* worn,
And still they *Cæsar's* Successors adorn:
One Leaf of this is Immortality,
And more of Worth, than all the World can buy.

One Doubt remains, said I, the Dames in Green,
What were their Qualities, and who their Queen?
Flora commands, said she, those Nymphs and Knights,
Who liv'd in slothful Ease, and loose Delights:
Who never Acts of Honour durst pursue,
The Men inglorious Knights, the Ladies all untrue:
Who nurs'd in Idleness, and train'd in Courts,
Pass'd all their precious Hours in Plays, and Sports,
Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the Storm) the freshness of
their Green.

These, and their Mates, enjoy the present Hour,
And therefore pay their Homage to the Flow'r.
But Knights in Knightly Deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue, and proceed in Honour's fair Career.
No room for Cowardise, or dull Delay;
From Good to Better they should urge their way.

368 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

For this with golden Spurs the Chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed Rowels arm'd to mend their haste;
For this with lasting Leaves their Brows are bound;
For Lawrel is the Sign of Labour crown'd;
Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken falls to
Ground:

From Winter-Winds it suffers no decay;
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry Month is *May*.
Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow;
The Life is in the Leaf, and still between
The Fits of falling Snows, appears the streaky Green.
Not so the Flow'r, which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace;
This way and that the feeble Stem is driv'n,
Weak to sustain the Storms, and Injuries of Heav'n.
Propp'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head,
But of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed;
In Summer living, and in Winter dead.
For Things of tender Kind, for Pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift Increase, and sudden are
decay'd.

With

With humble Words, the wisest I could frame,
And proffer'd Service, I repaid the Dame:
That, of her Grace, she gave her Maid to know
The secret Meaning of this moral Show.
And she, to prove what Profit I had made,
Of mystique Truth, in Fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning *May*,
Whether the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey?
I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober Chear,
And wish'd me fair Adventure for the Year,
And gave me Charms and Sigils, for Defence
Against ill Tongues that scandal Innocence:
But I, said she, my Fellows must pursue,
Already past the Plain, and out of view.

We parted thus; I homeward sped my Way,
Bewilder'd in the Wood till Dawn of Day: *[May.]*
And met the merry Crew who danc'd about the
Then late refresh'd with Sleep, I rose to write
The visionary Vigils of the Night:

- Blush, as thou may'st, my little Book, for Shame,
Nor hope with homely Verse to purchase Fame;
For such thy Maker chose; and so design'd
Thy simple Stile to sute thy lowly Kind.