

THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
*BRITISH POETS.*

WITH  
PREFACES,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

*BY ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.*

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*VOLUME FIFTH;*

Containing

MILTON,  
COWLEY,  
WALLER,

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BUTLER,  
AND  
DENHAM,

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN & ARTHUR ARCH; AND FOR BELL & BRADFUTE,  
AND J. MUNDELL & CO. EDINBURGH.

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A  
Complete Edition  
of the  
*POETS*  
of  
*GREAT BRITAIN.*

Volume the Fifth.

Containing

Milton, Cowley, Waller, Butler & Denham.



LONDON:

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College of St. William

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN MILTON.

Containing

PARADISE LOST  
PARADISE REGAINED,  
SAMSON AGONISTIS,  
COMUS,  
L'ALLEGRO,  
IL PENSEROSO,  
ARCADES,

LYCEDAS,  
POEMS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,  
SONNETS,  
PSALMS,  
ELEGIES,  
ODES, &c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

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Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpass;  
The next in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go:  
To make a third, the join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.

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EDINBURGH:

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Anno 1792.



# XXIII.A. 11

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## THE LIFE OF MILTON.

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THE Family of Milton was descended from the Proprietors of Milton near Thame in Oxfordshire, one of whom forfeited his estate in the times of York and Lancaster.

The Grandfather of the Poet, a zealous Papist, disinherited his son John for having renounced the Religion of his Ancestors; who, in consequence, had recourse for his support to the profession of a Scrivener, in which he was so successful, that he was enabled to retire from business on a competent estate. He married a Lady of the name of Caston, of Welsh descent, by whom he had issue, John the Poet, Christopher bred to the law, (afterwards knighted and made a Judge by James II.), and Anne, married to Edward Phillips, who enjoyed a lucrative post in the Crown Office.

John Milton was born in London at his father's house in Bread Street, December 9th 1608. He was first instructed by private tuition, under the care of Thomas Young a Clergyman, whose attention and capacity were celebrated by his pupil in an elegant Latin Elegy, written in his 12th year.

He was then sent to St. Paul's School, from whence, in his 16th year, he was removed to Christ's College, Cambridge.

During his residence in the University, he composed most of his Latin Poems, in a style exquisitely imitative of the best models of antiquity. Milton is said to be the first Englishman who wrote Latin verse with classical elegance.

On leaving the University, after having taken out his degree of Master of Arts, in 1632, he returned to his father, then residing at Horton in Buckinghamshire, where he pursued his studies with unparalleled assiduity and success. They did not however so entirely absorb his attention as not to afford him time to produce the Masque of Comus, a Work adorned with all the ornaments of diction; where allusions, images, and beautiful epithets, embellish every period with lavish decoration: For though it is a Drama, too much in the Epic style to please on the stage, yet, in whatever light it is viewed, whether as a series of Lines, a Masque, or a Poem, it can be considered as inferior only to Paradise Lost.

His next production was Lycidas; a Poem no less beautiful of its kind than the last, being a Monody on the death of his friend Edward King, son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland, who was lost in his passage to that country.

Milton having now remained with his father for about five years, on the death of his mother, obtained the liberty which he so ardently desired, to travel. He left England in 1638, went first to Paris, where he visited the celebrated Grotius, and from thence hastened into Italy, whose language and literature he had studied with uncommon diligence. There he was received with marked attention by the learned and the great; for, notwithstanding the undissimulated openness of his political and religious opinions, he was introduced to a musical entertainment by Cardinal Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban the VIII.) in person, who waited for him at the door, and led him by the hand into the Assembly. From Rome he went to Naples, where he was received with no less respect by Manso, Marquis of Villa, who had been before the Patron of Tasso; after which, he visited the rest of Italy, caressed and honoured by every one conspicuous for high rank or distinguished abilities. Among the last was the great Galilæo whom he did not omit to visit, although at that time a prisoner in the Inquisition, for having taught the annual and diurnal motions of the earth.

After having spent two years in his travels, which were designed to be extended to Sicily and Greece, on hearing of the troubles in his native country, he hastened home, judging it criminal to remain indifferent, or to indulge in amusements, while his countrymen were contending for their liberties.

## THE LIFE OF MILTON.

On his return, he took a house in Alderfgate Street, where he superintended the education of his nephew by his sister, and also received other young gentlemen to be boarded and instructed.

In his 35th year, he married Mary the daughter of Richard Powel, Esq; but a separation, or rather desertion on the wife's part, took place in a month after the ceremony. On her refusing to return, in defiance of repeated requisitions, Milton was so provoked, that he was induced to publish several Treatises on the doctrine of Divorce; and also to pay his addresses to a young lady of great wit and beauty. A reconciliation was the consequence; for his wife, in an unexpected interview, throwing herself at his feet, implored and obtained forgiveness. Impressed with this event, he is said to have conceived the pathetic scene in Paradise Lost, in which Eve addresseth herself to Adam for pardon and peace.

From this period to the restoration, our Author was so deeply engaged in the controversies of the times, that he found no leisure for polite learning. The Allegro and Penseroso however appeared in a collection of Latin and English Poems published in 1645. These delightful pieces are undoubtedly the two best descriptive poems that ever were written. Had he left no other monuments but *Comus*, *Lycidas*, and this matchless pair, yet would they alone be sufficient to render his name immortal. They were however little noticed on their publication, and remained for near a century disregarded, or at least scarcely known, while his Polemical Tracts, now only in their titles remembered, made their Author's fortune, and spread his fame over Europe. Of these, the most celebrated is his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, in answer to Salmasius, Professor of Polite Learning at Leyden, who was employed by Charles II. when in exile, to write the *Defensio Regis*. Milton's piece was so severe, and so much admired, that it is said to have killed his antagonist with vexation. For this Tract, he was rewarded with a thousand pounds, a sum twenty times greater than he made by all his poetical works put together; and was also promoted to be Latin Secretary to the Protector. But for his intellectual acquisitions he paid dear; a *gutta serena* for some time affected his sight, and he now became totally blind. At this period too, he lost his wife in child-bed, who left him three daughters. He soon, however, married again, Catharine daughter of a Captain Woodcock; but she also died in child-bed, within a year after they were married.

On the Restoration, he was obliged to quit his house, together with his employment, and to secrete himself in an obscure abode in Bartholomew Close. His friends had some difficulty to prevent him from being excepted in the act of oblivion; to lull research, and to gain time, they used the expedient of a mock funeral. By the act of oblivion he was at length freed from danger; his Polemical writings only were burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

From Bartholomew Close he removed to Jewrio Street, and married a third wife, Elizabeth Minstur, of a gentleman's family in Cheshire.

He was now in his 52d year, blind, infirm, and poor; for he lost his paternal property by the civil wars, and his acquired by the Restoration. But neither his infirmities, nor the vicissitudes of Fortune, could depress the vigour of his mind, or prevent him from executing a design he had long conceived, of writing an Heroic Poem.

The great work of Paradise Lost was finished in 1665, at Chalfont in Bucks, where the Author had taken refuge from the plague, and published in 1667, when he returned to London. He sold the copy to Samuel Simmons for Five Pounds in hand, Five Pounds more when 1300 should be sold, and the same sum on the publication of the second and third Editions, for each edition. Of this agreement Milton received in all Fifteen Pounds; and his widow afterwards sold her claims for Eight.

Such was the first reception of a Work that constitutes the glory and boast of English Literature;— a Work that, notwithstanding the severity of criticism, may be ranked among the noblest efforts of human genius; for though in variety of character and choice of subject, it may yield to some, yet in grandeur and sublimity it is confessedly superior to all. The measure of this Divine Poem is blank verse; between which and rhyme there are endless disputes for pre-eminence: but surely the essential qualities of Poetry can no more depend on either, than those of a man on the fashion of his clothes.

Doctor Johnson, who could not endure blank verse, yet confesses, that "He could not prevail on himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymers."

Paradise Lost, however, is not without faults; perfection in this life is unattainable. The attempt of the Author to give language and sentiments to the Deity, is where he seems to have most

## THE LIFE OF MILTON.

failed in the execution : But in such an attempt, what mortal could have succeeded ? Other exceptions it has also endured in passing the fiery ordeal of Dr. Johnson's criticism, who seems to have extended his absurd dislike of the man to his writings. Yet every reader capable of relishing true Poetry will agree with him in concluding, " That this Work is not the greatest of Heroic Poems, only because it is not the first."

Three years after the publication of Paradise Lost, the author published Sampson Agonistes, a Tragedy, the purest stile of the Greek Drama, and Paradise Regained, which he is said to have preferred to his great work, but in which preference he remains alone.

Paradise Regained hath suffered much in the comparison ; it is obscured by the splendour of Paradise Lost, as the lustre of the morning star is absorbed in the meridian blaze ; but had any other than Milton been the author, it would have claimed and received universal praise.

Our great author, now quite worn out with the gout, paid the debt of nature on the 10th of November 1674, in his 66th year, at his house in Bunhill-Fields, and was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate ; his funeral was splendid, and numerously attended. He left 1500 l. to his family ; a proof, notwithstanding his great losses, that he never was in indigence.

A small monument, with his bust, has been erected, not long since, to his memory, in Westminster Abbey.

Milton, in stature, did not exceed the middle size, but was formed with perfect symmetry, and was, moreover, in his youth, eminently beautiful ; of which many portraits yet to be seen, as well as the following epigram of the Marquis of Villa, are incontestible proofs :

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si Pietas sic ;  
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse fores.

Which (omitting the exception of his religion) may be thus rendered :

So perfect thou, in mind, in form and face ;  
'Thou'rt not of English, but Angelic race.

Of his habits—he was abstemious in his diet, and naturally disliked all strong liquors : In his youth he studied late, but afterwards reversed his hours. His amusements consisted in the conversation of his friends, and in music, in which he was a proficient. After he became blind, he was assisted in his studies by his daughters, whom he taught to read Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, without their understanding any of them ; and for transcribing, he employed any casual acquaintance.

His literature was great ; he was a perfect master of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish ; of the English Poets, he preferred Spencer, Shakespeare and Cowley. His political principles were republican, and his theological opinions tended to Arminianism. His deportment was erect, open, affable ; his conversation easy, cheerful, and instructive ; his wit, on all occasions, at command, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject required ; his judgment just and penetrating ; his apprehension quick ; his memory tenacious of what he read ; his reading only not so extensive as his genius, for that was universal. With so many accomplishments, not to have faults and misfortunes to be laid in the balance, with the fame and felicity of writing Paradise Lost, would have been too great a portion for humanity.



## PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETÆ

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

Qui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni  
 Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?  
 Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,  
 Et fata, et fines continet iste liber.  
 Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,  
 Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:  
 Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,  
 Sulphureumque Erebi, flammæque specus:  
 Quæque colunt terras, potumque et Tartara cæca,  
 Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli:  
 Et quodcumque ullis conclusum est sinibus usquam,  
 Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus:  
 Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,  
 In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.  
 Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futura?  
 Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.  
 O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!  
 Quæ canit, et quanta prælia dira tuba!  
 Cœlestes acies! atque in certamine cœlura  
 Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!  
 Quantus in æthereis tollit se Lucifer armis!  
 Atque ipso graditur vix Michael minor!

Quantis, et quam funestis concurratur iris,  
 Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!  
 Dum vulfos montes seu tela reciproca torquent,  
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:  
 Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,  
 Et metuit pugnae non superesse suæ.  
 At simul in cœlis Messia insignia fulgent,  
 Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,  
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum  
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
 Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitura rauco  
 Admissis flammis insonuere polo:  
 Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,  
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;  
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus asylum,  
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.  
 Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii,  
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit annus.  
 Hæc quicumque leget tantum cecinisse putabit  
 Maonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW. M. D.

## ON PARADISE LOST.

When I beheld the poet blind, yet bold,  
 In slender book his vast design unfold,  
 Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,  
 Rebell'ing angels, the forbidden tree,  
 Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument  
 Held me a while misdoubting his intent,  
 That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
 The sacred truths to fable and old song;  
 (So Sampson grip'd the temple's posts in spite)  
 The world o'erwhelming to revenge his fight.  
 Yet as I read, still growing less severe,  
 I lik'd his project, the success'ful fear,  
 Through that wide field how 'twas his way should  
 find,  
 O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;  
 Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
 And what was easy he should render vain.  
 Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,  
 Jealous I was, that some less skilful hand  
 (Such as disquiet always what is well,  
 And by ill imitating would excel)  
 Might hence presume the whole creation's day  
 To change in scenes, and shew it in a play.  
 Pardon me, mighty poet! nor despise  
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
 Within thy labours to pretend a share.  
 Who hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit  
 And all that was improper dost omit;

So that no room is here for writers left,  
 But to detect their ignorance or theft.  
 That majesty which through thy work doth reign,  
 Draws the devout, deterring the profane:  
 And things divine thou treat'st of in such state  
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
 At once delight and horror on us seize,  
 Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;  
 And above human flight does soar aloft;  
 With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft;  
 The bird nam'd from that paradise you sing  
 So never flags, but always keeps on wing.  
 Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?  
 Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?  
 Just heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,  
 Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.  
 Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure  
 With tinkling rhyme, of thy own sense secure;  
 While the Town-Bays writes all the while and  
 spells,  
 And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:  
 There fancies, like our bushy points, appear,  
 The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
 I too, transported by the mode, commend,  
 And while I meant to praise thee, must offend.  
 Thy verse, created, like thy theme, sublime,  
 In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL,

## THE VERSE.

**THE** measure is English heroic verse without rhyme, as that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin; rhyme being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint, to express many things otherwise, and for the most part, worse than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause, therefore, some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected rhyme both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial, and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect, then, of rhyme, so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK I.

### *The Argument.*

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed : then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent or rather Satan in the serpent ; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action pass'd over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into hell, describ'd here, not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet-accurs'd), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd Chaos : here Satan, with his angels lying on the burning lake, under-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space, recover as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him ; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded : they rise ; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them, lastly, of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven ; for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built, out of the deep : the infernal peers there sit in council.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning, how the heav'ns and earth  
Rose out of chaos : or if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God ; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,

Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant : what in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will,  
For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?  
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt ?  
Th' infernal serpent ; he it was, whose guile,  
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host  
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,

If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim,  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God  
 Rais'd impious war in heav'n and battle proud,  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamant chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night  
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf  
 Confounded, though immortal: but his doom  
 Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
 At once, as far as angels' ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild;  
 A dungeon horrible on all sides round  
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible,  
 Serv'd only to discover fights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all; but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:  
 Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd  
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set  
 As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n  
 As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.  
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns, and wett'ring by his side  
 One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd  
 Beelzebub. To whom th' arch-enemy,  
 And thence in heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:  
 If thou see'st he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd  
 From him, who, in the happy realms of light,  
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outline  
 Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd  
 In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest  
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
 The force of those dire arms? yet not for those,  
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
 Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,  
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd  
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heav'n,  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?

All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else, not to be overcome?  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed;  
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath  
 This downfall; since by fate the strength of gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event,  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heav'n.  
 So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,  
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair;  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer:  
 O Prince! O Chief of many throned powers,  
 That led th' imbattl'd seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,  
 Too soon I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with so sad overthrow and foul defeat  
 Hath lost us heav'n, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as gods and heav'nly essences  
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our glory's extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now  
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o'erpow'r'd such force as ours)  
 Have left us thus our spirit and strength entire  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains;  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,  
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;  
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?  
 Whereto with speedy words th' arch-fiend reply'd:  
 Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,  
 Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,  
 To do ought good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
 As being the contrary to his high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.  
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit

Back to the gates of heav'n : the sulph'rous hail  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
 The fiery ferge, that from the precipice  
 Of heav'n receiv'd us falling ; and the thunder,  
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
 Let's not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful ? thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
 And re-assembling our afflicted powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,  
 If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on ~~the~~ <sup>sea,</sup>  
 Briareus or Typhon, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream :  
 Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam  
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,  
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :  
 So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence  
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
 On Man by him seduc'd ; but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames  
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and  
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale. [roll'd  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,

And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd  
 With stench and smoke : such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate,  
 Both glorying to have scap'd the Stygian flood  
 As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,  
 Not by the suff'rance of supernal Power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
 Said then the left Arch-angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful  
 For that celestial light ? Be it so, since he [gloom  
 Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right : farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made su-  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields [preme  
 Where joy forever dwells : Hail Horrors, hail  
 Infernal World, and thou profoundest Hell  
 Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater ? Here at least  
 We shall be free ; th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :  
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :  
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heav'n.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more,  
 With rallied arms, to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in heav'n, or what more lost in hell ?

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub  
 Thus answer'd : Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage, and revive ; though now they lie  
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we e'er while, astounded and amaz'd,  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior Fiend  
 Was moving tow'rd the shore ; his pond'rous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
 Behind him cast ; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesole,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
 He walk'd with to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire ;  
 Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd

His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Valambrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
 High over-arch'd embow'r; or scatter'd sedge  
 Aflote, when with fierce winds Orient arm'd  
 Hath vex'd the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'er-  
 Buziris and his Memphian chivalry, [threw  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
 From the safe shore their floating carcases  
 And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown  
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded. Princes, Potentates, [lost,  
 Warriors, th' flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits; or have you chosen this place,  
 After the toil of battle, to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heav'n?  
 Or in this abject posture have you sworn  
 To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds  
 Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern  
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen! [sprung  
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves e'er well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd,  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
 So numberless were those bad angels seen,  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
 Till, at a signal giv'n, th' uplifted spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;  
 A multitude, like which the populous North  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous sons  
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.  
 Forthwith from every squadron and each band  
 The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood  
 Their great Commander; godlike shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, princely dignities,  
 And powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones;  
 Though of their names in heav'nly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
 By their rebellion from the books of Life.  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
 Got them new names, till wandring o'er the earth,

Through God's high suff'rance for the trial of man,  
 By fallities and lies the greatest part  
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and th' invisible  
 Glory of him that made them to transform  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
 And devils to adore for deities:  
 Then were they known to men by various names;  
 And various idols through the heathen world.  
 Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who  
 last,  
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
 At their great Emp'ror's call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.  
 The chief were those who from the pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
 Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd  
 Among the nations round, and durst abide  
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd  
 Between the cherubim; yea often plac'd  
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,  
 And with their dark'ness durst affront his light.  
 First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parent's tears,  
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
 Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite [fire  
 Worship'd in Rabba and her watry plain,  
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His temple right against the temple of God  
 On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnon, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.  
 Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flow'ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines,  
 And Eleale to th' Asphaltic pool.  
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd  
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd  
 Ev'n to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
 Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;  
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who from the bord'ring  
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts [flood  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Baalim and Ashtaroth, those male,  
 These feminine. For spirits, when they please,  
 Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
 Not ty'd or manac'd with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumb'rous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,

Can execute their airy purposes,  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living strength, and unrequited left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low  
 Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear  
 Of desp'able foes. With these in troop  
 Came Ashtorath, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
 Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent horns;  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,  
 Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell  
 To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day;  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded; the love-tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led  
 His eye survey'd the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourned in earnest, when the captiv' ark  
 Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:  
 Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
 And downward fish: yet had his temple high  
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful feat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.  
 He also against the house of God was bold:  
 A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,  
 Ahaz his sottish conqu'ror, whom he drew  
 God's altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offerings, and adore the Gods  
 Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
 A crew, who, under names of old renown,  
 Osiris, Isis, Orus and their train,  
 With monstr'ous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek  
 Their wand'ring gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape  
 Th' infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd  
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,  
 Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd  
 From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.  
 Belial came last, than whom a sp'rit more lewd  
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood  
 Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest

Turns Atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God?  
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
 And injury and outrage: and when Night  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape.  
 These were the prime in order and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
 Th' Ionian gods of Javan's issue held  
 Gods, yet confessed later than Heav'n and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents: Titan, Heav'n's first-born,  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd  
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove  
 His own and Rhea's son like measure sound;  
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,  
 Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
 Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,  
 And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to 'ave found their  
 chief

Not in despair, to 'ave found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself; which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
 Then strait commands, that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd  
 His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
 Th' imperial ensign, which full high advanc'd  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
 At which the universal host sent  
 A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
 With orient colours waving: with them rose  
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
 Appear'd, and ferr'd shields in thick array  
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move  
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
 Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd  
 To height of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle; and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd  
 With dread of death to flight or soul retreat;  
 Nor wanting pow'r to mitigate and swage  
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,

From mortal or immortal winds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force, with fixed thought  
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now  
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a lugrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
Had to impose; he through the armed files  
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion, views their order due,  
Their visages and stature, as of gods;  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
Glories: for never since created man  
Met such embodied force, as nam'd with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegon with th' heroic race were join'd  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son,  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric's shore,  
When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell  
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Their dread Commander: he above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost  
All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun new risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon  
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all th' Arch-angel; but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and Care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under-brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain,  
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd  
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung  
For his revolt, yet faithful, how they stood,  
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
With all his peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn,  
Tears such as angels weep, burst forth: at last  
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

O myriads of immortal Sp'rits! O Powers  
Matchless! but with th' Almighty, and that strife

Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse  
I or who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend,  
Self-raised, and reposses their native seat?  
For me be witness, all the host of heaven,  
If counsels different, or danger shung'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute  
Consent or custom, and his regal state  
Put forth at full; but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own.  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war, provok'd; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not; that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, but half his foe.  
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise  
There went a fame in Heav'n, that he e'er long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n:  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial sp'rits in bondage, nor th' abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd,  
For who can think submission? War then, war,  
Open or understood, must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumina'd Hell: highly they rag'd  
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war  
Hurling defiance tow'rd the vault of heav'n.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy surf, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands  
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-axe arm'd,  
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on,  
Mammon, the least erected sp'rit that fell  
From Heav'n, for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and  
thoughts

Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than ought divine, or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific: by him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth

For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,  
 And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best  
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
 Of ~~Nobel~~, and the works of Memphian kings,  
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
 And strength, and art, are easily out-done  
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
 What in an age they with incessant toil,  
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.  
 Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
 Sev'ring each kind, and scum'd the bullion dross;  
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells,  
 By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook,  
 As in an organ from one blast of wind  
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.  
 Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave; nor did there want  
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures gray;  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon  
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fix'd her stately height, and strait the doors  
 Opening their brazen folds, discover wide  
 Within her ample spaces o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the arched roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With Naptha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,  
 And some the Architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a towered structure high,  
 Where scepter'd angels held their residence,  
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme king,  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or undor'd  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell  
 From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun

Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,  
 On Lemnos th' Ægean isle: thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now  
 T' have built in Heav'n high tow'rs; nor did he  
 'scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent,  
 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command  
 Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony  
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons call'd  
 From every band and squared regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came  
 Attended: all access was throng'd, the gates,  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a cover'd field, where champions  
 bold

Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair  
 Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry  
 To mortal combat, or career with lance)  
 Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air  
 Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees  
 In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
 New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
 Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd  
 Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given,  
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd  
 In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
 Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
 Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race  
 Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,  
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
 Or fountain some belated peasant sees,  
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon  
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
 Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and  
 Intent with jocund music charm his ear; [dance  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
 Thus incorporeal sp'rits to smallest forms  
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large,  
 Though without number still amidst the hall  
 Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great seraphic lords and cherubim  
 In close recess and secret conclave, sat  
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
 And summons read, the great consult began.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK II.

### *The Argument.*

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferr'd, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created: their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations led them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormos and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with heav'n, and, by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations thus display'd,  
Pow'rs and dominions, deities of Heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulph can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n  
I give not heav'n for lost. From this descent  
Celestial virtues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n  
Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,  
Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss,  
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
Establish'd in a safe and unenvied throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the thund'rer's aim,  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share

Of endless pain? where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell  
Precedence; none whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in Heaven, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
Whether of open war or covert guile,  
We now debate; who can advise may speak.  
He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:  
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse  
He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.  
My sentence is for open war: of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here  
Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,

The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
 By our delay? No, let us rather choose,  
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once  
 O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
 Against the tort'rer; when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 Among his angels, and his throne itself  
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invent'd torments. But, perhaps,  
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
 With upright wing against a higher foe.  
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
 That in our proper motion we ascend  
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,  
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborious flight  
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy then;  
 Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction; if there be in hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: ~~what can be worse~~  
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe; [damn'd  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us, without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour  
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,  
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential, happier far  
 Than miserable to have eternal being:  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we sell,  
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his heav'n,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;  
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than gods. On th' other side up rose  
 Beſal, in act more graceful and humane;  
 A fairer person lost not heav'n; he seem'd  
 For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low,  
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,  
 And with persuasive accent thus began:

I should be much for open war, O Peers,  
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:

When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,  
 And utter dissolution, as the scope  
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
 First, what revenge? the towers of heav'n are fill'd  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep  
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way  
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise  
 With blackest insurrection, to confound  
 Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy,  
 All incorruptible, would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious. Thus repul'd, our final hope  
 Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
 Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,  
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,  
 To be no more; sad cure! for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can,  
 Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.  
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
 To give his enemies their wish, and end  
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
 Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,  
 Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;  
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
 What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
 What, when we fled amain, and pursu'd and struck  
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.  
 What, if the breath that kindled those grim fires,  
 Awak'd, should blow them into seven-fold rage,  
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above,  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us? what, if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall  
 One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps;  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd  
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of wracking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,  
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.  
 War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile

With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's  
All these our motions vain sees and derides; [height  
Not more almighty to resist our might,  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven,  
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains and these torments? better these than worse  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust  
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our supreme foe in time may much remit  
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd,  
Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd  
With what is punish'd; whence these ranging fires  
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
Our purer essence then will overcome  
Their noxious vapour, or, inur'd, not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight [change  
Of future days may bring, what chance, what  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
If we procure not to ourselves more woe. [garb,

Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,  
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:

Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven  
We war, if war be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost: him to unthroned we then  
May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield  
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife:  
The former vain to hope, argues as vain  
The latter: for what place can be for us  
Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord su-  
We overpower? Suppose he should relent, [preme  
And publish grace to all, on promise made  
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict laws impos'd to celebrate his throne  
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
For'd hallelujahs; while he lordly sits  
Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers, /  
Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
In heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek

Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosp'rous of adverse  
We can create, in what place so'er  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, [fire  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,  
Must'ring their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?  
As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?  
Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our elements; these piercing fires  
As soft as now severe; our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how ~~in safety~~ best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain  
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long  
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
Sea-faring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance  
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay  
After the tempest: such applause was heard  
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace: for such another field  
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear  
Of thunder and the sword of Michael  
Wrought still within them: and no less desire  
To found this nether empire, which might rise  
By policy, and long process of time,  
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.  
Which, when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,  
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone  
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake:  
Thrones and imperial pow'rs, offspring of  
Ethereal virtues; or these titles now [Heav'n,  
Must we renounce, and, changing stile, be call'd  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
A growing empire; doubtless, while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath  
doom'd

Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league  
 Banded against his throne, but to remain  
 In strictest bondage, tho' thus far remov'd,  
 Under th' inevitable curb reserv'd  
 His captive multitude: for he, be sure,  
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
 By our revolt, but over hell extend  
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
 Us here, as with his golden throne in heav'n.  
 What! fit we then projecting peace and war?  
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
 Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given  
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return  
 But to our power hostility and hate,  
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need,  
 With dangerous expedition, to invade  
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
 Or ambush from the deep. What, if we find  
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place,  
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n  
 Err not) another world, the happy seat  
 Of some new race call'd MAN, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though less  
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
 Of him who rules above; so was his will  
 Pronounc'd among the gods, and, by an oath,  
 That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what their power,  
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,  
 By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,  
 And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure  
 In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,  
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
 To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
 Some advantageous act may be achiev'd  
 By sudden onset, either with hell-fire  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
 The purty habitants; or if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our party, that their God  
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
 Hurl'd head-long to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
 Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebul  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd  
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
 But from the author of all ill, could spring

So deep a malice, to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent  
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:  
 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
 Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
 Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view [arms  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighb'ring  
 And opportune excursion, we may chance  
 Re-enter heav'n; or else in some mild zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of heav'n's fair light  
 Secure, and at the brightening orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,  
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires, [send  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we  
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet,  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
 Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive  
 The happy isle; what strength, what art can then  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict sentinels and stations thick  
 Of angels watching round? Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in their suffrage; for on whom we send,  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His looks suspense, awaiting who appear'd,  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,  
 Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts; and  
 In others count'nance read his own dismay, [each  
 Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime  
 Of those heav'n-warring champions, could be  
 So hardy as to proffer or accept [found  
 Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with monarchial pride  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd, thus spake:

O progeny of heav'n! empyreal thrones!  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Scis'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way,  
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light;  
 Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,  
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round,  
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant  
 Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.  
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound  
 Of unessential Night receives him next  
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
 If thence he 'scape, into whatever world,  
 Or unknown region, what remains him less  
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers!  
 And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd

With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought pro-  
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape [pos'd  
 Of difficulty or danger could deter  
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
 Refusing to accept as great a share  
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
 High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty powers,  
 Terror of Heav'n, tho' fall'n; intend at home,  
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
 The present misery, and render Hell  
 More tolerable; if there be cure or charm  
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
 Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch  
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction, seek  
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprise  
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying, rose  
 The monarch, and prevented all reply,  
 Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd,  
 Others among the chief might offer now  
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;  
 And so refus'd, might in opinion stand  
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute [they  
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But  
 Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
 Their rising all at once was as the sound  
 Of thunder heard remote. Tow'rd's him they  
 With awful reverence prone; and as a god [bend  
 Extol him equal to the High'st in Heav'n:  
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,  
 That for the general safety he despis'd  
 His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd  
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
 Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal.  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:  
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heav'n's cheerful face, the lowering element  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
 O shame to men, devil with devil damn'd  
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree  
 Of creatures rational, tho' under hope  
 Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
 That day and night for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal peers:  
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd  
 Alone the antagonist of Heav'n, nor less  
 Than Hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,  
 And godlike imitated state; him round

A globe of fiery seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result:  
 Tow'rd's the four winds four speedy cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy  
 By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyfs  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell  
 With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim.  
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat  
 rais'd

By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
 Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him, perplex'd where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields.  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form,  
 As when to warn proud cities war appears  
 Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds, before each van  
 Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their  
 spears

Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhoean rage more fell,  
 Rand up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
 In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.  
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw  
 Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp,  
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle; and complain that Fate  
 Free virtue should inthrall to force or chance.  
 Their song was partial, but the harmony  
 (What could it less when sp'rits immortal sing?)  
 Suspended Heli, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)  
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,  
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argu'd, then  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:  
 Yet with a pleasing forcery could charm  
 Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdur'd breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march along the banks

Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;  
 Abhorr'd Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;  
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud,  
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damietta and Mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
 Burns frere, and cold performs th' effect of fire.  
 Thither, by harpy-footed furies hal'd,  
 At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
 Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Leathean sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror, guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands,  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of  
 death,  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.  
 Mean while the adversary of God and man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of high design,  
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell  
 Explores his solitary flight; sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descri'd  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles

Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape  
 Ply stemming nightly tow'rd the pole. So seem'd  
 Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear  
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,  
 And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were  
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock, [brass,  
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable shape;  
 The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold  
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
 With mortal sting: about her middle round  
 A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark  
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous pale; yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd  
 Within, unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these,  
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts  
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,  
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head,  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving, onward came as fast  
 With horrid strides: Hell trembled as he strode.  
 Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;  
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his son except  
 Created thing nought valued he or shunn'd;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began:  
 Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with sp'rits of heav'n.  
 To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:  
 Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he  
 Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons  
 Conjur'd against the high'st, for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with sp'rits of heav'n,  
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn,  
 Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,  
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart  
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threat'ning, grew ten-fold  
 More dreadful and deform: on th' other side,  
 Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood  
 Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Opiuchus huge  
 In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
 Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
 No second stroke, intent, and such a frown  
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,  
 With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front  
 How'ring a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air;  
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood;  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
 Had not the snaky forcerers that sat  
 East by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,  
 Riv'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father, what intends thy hand, the cry'd  
 Against thy only son? What fury, O son!  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart?  
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;  
 For him who sits above and laughs the while  
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
 What'er his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids;  
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and her words the hellish pest  
 Forbore. Then these to her Satan return'd.

So strange the outcry, and thy words so strange  
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
 In this infernal, first met, thou call'st  
 Me Father, and that phantasm call'st my Son;  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 Sight more detestable than him and thee.

To whom thus the portress of Hell gate reply'd:  
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
 Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair  
 In heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight  
 Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd  
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swim  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,  
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd  
 Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd  
 All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid  
 At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign  
 Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
 The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,  
 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
 A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,

And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein re-  
 main'd

(For what could else?) to our almighty Foe  
 Clear victory, to our part loss and rout  
 Through all the empyrean, down they fell,  
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heav'n down  
 Into this deep, and in the general fall  
 I also; at which time this powerful key  
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
 Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart  
 Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death;  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
 From all her caves, and back resounded Death.  
 I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems,  
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,  
 Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd,  
 And in embraces forcible and foul  
 Ingendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them, they return and howl, and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth  
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me his parent would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.  
 But thou, O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd; and the subtle Fiend his lore  
 Soon learn'd, now milder; and thus answer'd  
 smooth:

Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire  
 change

Befall'n as unforeseen, unthought of; know,  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host  
 Of spirits that in our just pretences arm'd,  
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread [mense  
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void im-

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er now  
Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
In the pourlieus of Heaven, and therein plac'd  
A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
Left Heav'n; furcharg'd with potent multitude,  
Might hap to move new broils: be this or ought  
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd  
With odors; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Innucifurably; all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd; for both seem'd highly pleas'd,  
and Death

Grin'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire:

The key of this infernal pit by due,  
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King,  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantine gates: against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.  
But what owe I to his commands above,  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly born,  
Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
Thou art my father, thou my author; thou  
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And tow'rs the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,  
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers  
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
Of massy ir'n or solid rock, with ease  
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a banner'd host  
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through,  
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
Illimitable ocean without bound; [height,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and

And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestor of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions  
fierce,

Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring  
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag  
Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrenae's torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray  
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter  
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more worlds:  
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,  
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms  
With all her battering engines, bent to raze  
Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements  
In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity: all unawares,  
Fluttering his pinions vain, plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,  
Quench'd in a boggy fyrty, neither sea,  
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd, on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a gryphon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd  
The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense,  
or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:  
At length an universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,  
Undaunted, to meet there whatever power  
Or spirit of the neathermost abyss

Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
 Bord'ring on light; when strait behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthron'd  
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
 Orcus and Aides, and the dreaded name  
 Of Damogorgo: Rumour next, and Chance,  
 And tumult and Confusion, all embroil'd,  
 And Discord, with a thousand various mouths.  
 T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye powers  
 And Spirits of this nethermost abyfs,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint  
 Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alope, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy  
 bounds

Confine with Heav'n; or if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive

I travel this profound; direct my course;  
 Directed no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway,  
 (Which is my present journey) and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night;  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With fault'ring speech and visage incompos'd,  
 Answer'd. I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,  
 That mighty leading angel, who of late (thrown  
 Made head against Heaven's King, though over-  
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frighted Deep  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n gates  
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
 pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve  
 That little which is left so to defend,  
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils  
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night; first Hell  
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;  
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,  
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain

To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:  
 If that way be your walk, you have not far:  
 So much the nearer danger; go and speed;  
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan stay'd not to reply;  
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd,  
 Springs upward like a pyramid of fire  
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
 Environ'd wins his way; harder beset  
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd  
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the jutting rocks:  
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd  
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer.  
 So he with difficulty and labour hard  
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he;  
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,  
 Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way  
 Over the dark abyfs, whose boiling gulf  
 Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,  
 From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb  
 Of this frail world; by which the sp'rits perverse  
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
 God and good angels guard by special grace.

But now, at last, the sacred influence  
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n  
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim night  
 A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins  
 Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
 As from her utmost works a broken foe  
 With tumult less and with less hostile din,  
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease  
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
 And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;  
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
 Far off th' empyreal Heav'n extended wide  
 In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,  
 With opal tow'rs and battlements adorn'd  
 Of living saphir, once his native seat;  
 And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
 This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon,  
 Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
 Accurs'd, and in a curst hour he lies.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK III.

### *The Argument.*

God sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created : shews him to the Son, who sat at his right hand ; foretells the success of Satan in perverting Mankind ; clears his own Justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter ; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man ; but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine Justice ; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny devoted to death, ~~must die~~, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man : The Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth ; commands all the angels to adore him ; they obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan allights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb ; where, wandering, he first finds a place, since call'd the Limbo of Vanity ; what persons and things fly up thither ; thence comes to the gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it : his passage thence to the orb of the sun ! he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel ; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God hath plac'd here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed ; allights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,  
May I express thee' unblam'd ? Since God is light,  
And never but in unapproach'd light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,  
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down

The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp ; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,  
So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of Knowledge fair  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and rais'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the Mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had th' almighty Father from above,  
From the pure empyrean where he sits  
High-thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view:  
About him all the sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only son; on earth he first beheld  
Our two first Parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,  
In blissful solitude he then survey'd  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side. Night  
In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land embosom'd, without firmament,  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air,  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
Thus to his only son foreseeing spake:

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
Not far off Heav'n, in the precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created world.  
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert,  
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his disobedience: so will fall,  
He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?  
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, tho' free to fall.  
Such I created all th' ethereal powers [fall'd];  
And sp'rits, both them who stood, and them who  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere

Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,  
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,  
Not what they would? what praise could they  
receive?

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When will and reason (reason also's choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,  
Made passive both, had serv'd Necessity,  
Not me? They, therefore, as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will dispos'd by absolute decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judg'd, and what they choose;  
for so

I form'd them free, and free they must remain  
Till they intrall themselves; I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd  
By th' other first: Man, therefore, shall find grace,  
The other none: in mercy and in justice both,  
Through Heav'n and earth, so shall my glory  
excel.

But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus, while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heav'n, and in the blessed sp'rits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his father shone  
Substantially express'd; and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace,  
Which uttering, thus he to his father spake:

O Father! gracious was that word which clos'd  
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find grace;  
For which both Heav'n and earth shall high extol  
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
Incompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
For should Man finally be lost, should Man,  
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell  
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both

Be question'd and blasphem'd, without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.  
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed :  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely vouchsaf'd ; once more I will renew  
 His laps'd powers, though forfeit and intrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires ;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fallen condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliverance ; and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Elect above the rest ; so is my will :  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace  
 Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To pray'r repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My umpire conscience, whom if they will hear,  
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste ;  
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on and deeper fall ;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not done ; Man disobeying,  
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
 Affecting God-head, and so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He with his whole posterity must die,  
 Die he or justice must ; unless for him  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
 Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love ?  
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save ;  
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ?

He ask'd ; but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,  
 And silence was in Heav'n : on Man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace ;  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way  
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all

Comes unprevented, unimplo'd, unsought  
 Happy for Man, so coming ; he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;  
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring ;  
 Behold me then ; me for him, life for life  
 I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;  
 Account me Man ; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
 Well pleas'd ; on me let death wreck all his rage ;  
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish'd ; thou hast given me to possess  
 Life in myself for ever ; by thee I live,  
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due.  
 All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell ;  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil ;  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd. [swoop  
 I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and shew  
 The pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,  
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave ;  
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd  
 Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd  
 And reconciliation ; wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience ; as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will

Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd [tend,  
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither  
 Wond'ring ; but soon the Almighty thus reply'd.

O thou in Heav'n and Earth, the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou  
 My sole complacence ! well thou knowest how  
 dear

To me are all my works, nor Man the least,  
 Though last created ; that for him I spare  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.  
 Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join ;  
 And be thyself Man among men on earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd  
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,

Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,  
 And dying rise, and rising, with him raise,  
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
 Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By merit more than birthright, Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
 Far more than great or high; because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed universal king; all power  
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits; under thee as head supreme  
 Thrones, Princedoms, Pow'rs, Dominions I reduce;  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
 In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.  
 When thou attended gloriously from Heaven  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds  
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages, to the general doom  
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
 Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And after all their tribulations long  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triumphing and fair truth.  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shall lay by,  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need;  
 God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies;  
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all  
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
 With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd  
 Th' eternal regions: lowly reverend  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;  
 Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence  
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flow'rs aloft, shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss through midst of  
 Heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream:  
 With these that never fade the Spirits elect  
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with  
 beams,  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Purpled with celestial roses smil'd.  
 Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
 Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony, they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.  
 Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King; the Author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
 Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
 Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold; on thee  
 Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory abides,  
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
 He Heav'n of Heav'ns, and all the Pow'rs therein  
 By thee created, and by thee drew down  
 Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels that shook  
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.  
 Back from pursuit thy Pow'rs with loud acclaim  
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
 Not so on Man: Him through their malice fall'n,  
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline:  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,  
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the blest wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For Man's offence. O unexampled love,  
 Love no where to be found less than Divine  
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth; and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.  
 Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while, upon the firm opacious globe  
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd  
 From Chaos and th' inroad of darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks: a globe far off

It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms  
 Of Chaos blust'ring round, inclement sky;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,  
 Tho' distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:  
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field,  
 As when a vulture, on Imaus bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yearning kids  
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'rd's the  
     springs  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light:  
 So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend  
 Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;  
 Alone, for other creature in this place  
 Living or lifeless to be found was none;  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew  
 Of all things transitory' and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men;  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory, or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or th' other life;  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;  
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here,  
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd;  
 'Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
 'Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.  
 Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born  
 First from the ancient world those giants came  
 With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd:  
 'The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:  
 Others came single; he who, to be deem'd  
 A god, leapt fondly into Ætna flames,  
 Empedocles; and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leapt into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus; and many more too long,  
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friers  
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;  
 And they who, to be sure of Paradise,  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;  
 They pass the planets sev'n, and pass the fix'd,  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;  
 And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo

A violent cross wind from either coast  
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry  
 Into the devious air; then might ye see  
 Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers tost,  
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques, beads,  
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
 The sport of winds: all these upwhirl'd aloft  
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
 Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd  
 The Paradise of Fools; to few unknown  
 Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.  
 All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
 And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
 Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste  
 His travel'd steps: far distant he descries  
 Ascending by degrees magnificent  
 Up to the wall of Heav'n a structure high;  
 At top whereof, but far more rich, appear'd  
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,  
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
 Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems  
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
 By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
 The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
 Angels ascending and descending, bands  
 Of guardians bright when he from Esau fled  
 To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
 And waking cry'd, 'This is the gate of Heaven.  
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
 There always, but drawn up to heav'n sometimes  
 Viewless, and underneath a bright sea flow'd  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, sailing arriv'd,  
 Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
 The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by easy' ascent, or aggravate  
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after times  
 Over mount Sion, and, tho' that were large,  
 Over the Promis'd Land, to God so dear,  
 By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
 On high behests his angels to and fro  
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
 From Paneos, the fount of Jordan's flood  
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian shore;  
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were  
 To darkness such as bound the ocean wave. [set  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower stair  
 That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven gate  
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
 Of all this world at once. As when a scout  
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye discovers unaware  
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
 First seen, or some renown'd metropolis  
 With glist'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd,  
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:

Such wonder seiz'd, tho' after Heaven seen,  
 The Sp'rit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,  
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
 Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling canopy  
 Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point  
 Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
 Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Downright into the world's first region throws  
 His sight precipitant, and winds with ease  
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds:  
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,  
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there  
 He stay'd not to inquire: above them all  
 The golden sun in splendor likest Heaven  
 Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,  
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
 Or longitude,) where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far; they, as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
 Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering  
 lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
 Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep;  
 So wondrously was set his station bright.  
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone,  
 Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glowing ir'n with fire;  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;  
 If stone, carbuncle most or crysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides  
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that, which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
 Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd through a limbec to his naked form.  
 What wonder then if fields, and regions, here  
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 Th' arch-chimic sun, so far from us remote,  
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mix'd,  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met  
 Undazzled: far and wide his eye commands,  
 For sight no obstacle found here, or shade,

But all sun-shine; as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from th' Æquator; as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' air  
 (No where so clear) sharpen'd his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:  
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid:  
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
 Circl'd his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders, sledge with wings,  
 Lay waving round: on some great charge em-  
 ploy'd  
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope  
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight  
 To paradise, the happy seat of man,  
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
 Which else might work him danger, or delay:  
 And now a stripping Cherub he appears,  
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
 Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb  
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.  
 Under a coronet his flowing hair  
 In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore  
 Of many a colour'd plume, sprinkl'd with gold:  
 His habit fit for speed succinct; and held  
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
 He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,  
 E'er he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
 Admonish'd by his ear; and strait was known  
 Th' arch-angel Uriel, one of the sev'n  
 Who in God's presence nearest to his throne,  
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
 That run through all the heav'ns, or down to the  
 earth  
 Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,  
 O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts,  
 Uriel! for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand  
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
 The first art wont His great authentic will  
 Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,  
 Where all his sons thy embassy attend:  
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
 Like honour to obtain; and as his eye,  
 To visit oft this new creation round,  
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
 His chief delight and favour; him, for whom  
 All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,  
 Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim  
 Alone this wand'ring: brightest Seraph! tell,  
 In which of all these shining orbs hath man  
 His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;  
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
 Or open admiration, him behold  
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
 World, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd:  
 That both in him, and all things, as is meet,  
 The universal maker we may praise;  
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
 To deepest Hell; and, to repair that loss,

Created this new happy race of men,  
 To serve him better : wise are all his ways !  
 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd ;  
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
 Invisible, except to God alone,  
 By his permissive will, through heaven and earth :  
 And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
 At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
 Where no ill seems) which now for once beguil'd  
 Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
 The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heav'n :  
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd.  
 Fair Angel ! thy desire which tends to know  
 The works of God, thereby to glorify  
 The great work-master, leads to no excess  
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
 From thy impyreal mansion thus alone,  
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,  
 Contented with report, hear only in Heav'n :  
 For wonderful indeed are all His works !  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in remembrance always with delight.  
 But, what created mind can comprehend  
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?  
 I saw when at His word the formless mass,  
 This world's material mould, came to a heap ;  
 Confusion heard His voice, and wild uproar  
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd :

Till at His second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.  
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire,  
 And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars,  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course ;  
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
 Look downward on that globe whose hither side  
 With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines :  
 That place is earth, the seat of Man ; that light  
 His day, which else, as th' other hemisphere,  
 Night would invade ; but there the neighbouring  
 moon  
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing through mid heav'n,  
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform  
 Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r ;  
 Thy way thou can'st not miss, me mine requires.  
 Thus said, he turn'd ; and Satan bowing low  
 (As to superior spirits is wont in heav'n,  
 Where honour due, and reverence none neglects)  
 Took leave, and tow'rd the coast of earth beneath,  
 Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
 Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel ;  
 Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK IV.

### *The Argument.*

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair: but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of Life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; thence gathers that the tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know farther of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sun beam warns Gabriel (who had in charge the gate of Paradise) that some evil spirit had escaped the Deep, and past at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount: Gabriel promises to find him e'er morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his hands of night watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but, hinder'd by a sign from heav'n, flies out of Paradise.

**O** for that warning voice, which he who saw  
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Wo to th' inhabitants on earth!* that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,  
Happily, so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now  
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
The tempter e'er th' accuser of mankind,  
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, tho' bold,  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
And like a devilish engine back recoils  
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
The Hell within him; for within him Hell

He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step no more than from himself can fly  
By change of place: now conscience wakes de-  
spair  
That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be,  
Worse; of worse deeds, worse suffering must ensue.  
Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;  
Sometime tow'rds Heaven and the full-blazing  
Which now sat high in his meridian tower: [sun,  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began:  
O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;

Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless  
King;

Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
I scorn'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me high'st, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?  
O had his pow'ful destiny ordain'd

Me some inferior Angel, I had flood  
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
Ambition. Yet, why not? some other Power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me, tho' mean,  
Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?  
Thou hadst; whom hast thou then, or what, t' ac-  
cuse,

But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?  
Be then his love accur'd, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.

O then at last relent: is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
None left but by submission; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the Sp'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts

To submit, boasting I could subdue  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.  
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery; such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain  
By act of grace my former state; how soon  
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unpay  
What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconciliation grow,  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep;  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear

This knows my punisher; therefore as far  
From granting he, as I from begging peace:  
All hope excluded thus, behold instead  
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this world.  
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;  
Evil be thou my good; by thee at least  
Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
As Man e'er long, and this new world, shall know.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his  
face

Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and despair;  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.

For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
Each perturbation, smooth'd with outward calm,  
Artificer of fraud, and was the first

That practis'd falsehood under faintly shew  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive  
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down  
The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champion head

Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,

Access deny'd; and over head up grew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend

Shade above shade, a woody theatre

Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up sprung:

Which to our general sight gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.

And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,

Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:

On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,

When God hath show'd the earth; so lovely seem'd  
That landskip: And of pure, now purer air

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive

All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense

Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balm'ny spoils. As when to them who sail

Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow

Sabeian odours from the spicy shore

Of Araby the blest; with such delay [league,  
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a

Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles:

Who came their bane, though with them better  
Than *Afmodeus* with the fishy fume [pleas'd  
That drove him, tho' enamour'd, from the spouse  
Of *Tobit's* son, and with a vengeance sent  
From *Media* post to *Egypt*, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill  
Satan had journey'd on, pensivè and slow;  
But further way found none, so thick intwin'd,  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way:  
One gate there only was, and that look'd east,  
On th' other side: which, when th' arch-felon  
law,

Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,  
At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
In hurdled cots amid the fields secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
Or as a thief, bent to unhard' the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
So sate into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
The middle tree, and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
Therèby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd  
For prospect, what, well us'd, had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he views,  
To all delight of human sense expos'd  
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heav'n on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
Of *God's* the garden was, by him in th' east  
Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretch'd her line  
From *Auran* eastward to the royal towers  
Of Great *Seleucia*, built by Grecian kings,  
Or where the sons of *Eden* long before  
Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soil  
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;  
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste;  
And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,  
Our death, the tree of knowledge grew fast by,  
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through *Eden* went a river large,  
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy  
hill

Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown  
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill

Water'd the garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm  
And country, whereof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold  
With mazy error under pendent shades,  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade  
Inbrow'd the noon-tide bow'rs: Thus was this  
A happy rural seat of various view; [place  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and  
balm;

Others, whose fruit burnished with golden rind  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.  
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd:  
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store:  
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose.  
Another side, embracing grots, and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant: mean while murmur'ing waters fall  
Down the slope hills, dispers'd or in a lake,  
(That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
Her crystal mirror holds) unite their streams.  
The birds their choir apply: airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces, and the Hours, in dance  
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpine* gathering flow'rs,  
Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy *Dis*  
Was gather'd; which cost *Ceres* all that pain  
To seek her through the world: nor that sweet  
grove

Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of *Eden* strive: nor that *Nylian* isle  
Girt with the river *Triton*, where old *Cham*,  
(Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call, and *Libyan Jove*)  
Hid *Amalthea*, and her florid son  
Young *Bacchus*, from his stepdame *Rhea's* eye:  
Nor where *Abassin* Kings their issue guard,  
Mount *Amara* (though this by some suppos'd  
True Paradise) under the *Æthiop* Line  
By *Nilus* head, inclos'd with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high; but wide remote  
From this *Assyrian* garden: where the fiend  
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
Godlike erect! with native honour clad  
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all:  
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shon,

Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;  
 Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,  
 Whence true authority in men: though both  
 Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:  
 For contemplation he, and valour form'd;  
 For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;  
 He, for God only; she for God in him.  
 His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd  
 Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks  
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
 She as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore,  
 Dishevel'd; but in wanton ringlets wav'd,  
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway;  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd:  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;  
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
 Of nature's works: honour dishonourable!  
 Sin-bred! how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
 With shews instead, mere shews of seeming pure,  
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity, and spotless innocence?  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shun'd the sight  
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill.  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met;  
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
 His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
 Under a tuft of shade, that on a green  
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
 They sat them down; and after no more toil  
 Of their sweet gard'ning labour then suffic'd  
 To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to their support fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers;  
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as befits  
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,  
~~As~~ as they. About them frisking play'd  
 All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant  
 To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and  
 wreath'd  
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture, gazing fat,  
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun  
 Declin'd was hastening now with prone career  
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale  
 Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:  
 When Satan, still in gaze, as first he stood,

Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.  
 O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold  
 Into our room of blifs thus high advanc'd  
 Creatures of other mould; earth-born perhaps,  
 Not spirits; yet to heav'nly spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that form'd 'em on their shape hath  
 pour'd.  
 Ah gentle pair! ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches; when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:  
 Happy! but for so happy ill secur'd  
 Long to continue; and this high seat your heav'n,  
 Ill-fenc'd for heav'n, to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair paradise, your sense; yet such  
 Accept, your maker's work; he gave it me,  
 Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings: there will be room,  
 (Not like these narrow limits,) to receive  
 Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd,  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, (as I do) yet public reason just,  
 Honour, and empire, with revenge enlarg'd,  
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now  
 To do, what else (though damn'd) I should abhor.  
 So spake the fiend; and with necessity,  
 (The tyrant's plea) excus'd his devilish deeds:  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree,  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four footed kinds; himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and un-esp'y'd,  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn,  
 By word, or action mark'd: about them round,  
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
 Then, as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd,  
 In some purlieu, two gentle sawns at play,  
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
 Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,  
 Grip'd in each paw: when Adam, first of men,  
 To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow,  
 Sole partner, and sole part all these joys!  
 Dearer thyself than all! needs must the pow'r  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of His good  
 As liberal and free, as infinite,  
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at His hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Ought whereof he hath need: He! who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep

This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that only tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;  
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,  
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou  
know'st,

God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule  
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given  
Over all other creatures that possess  
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
Unlimited of manifold delights:  
But let us ever praise him, and extol  
His bounty, following our delightful task,  
To prune these growing plants, and tend these  
flowers,

Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom  
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my guide  
And head, what thou hast said is just and right:  
For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd  
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
And what I was; whence thither brought, and how:  
Not distant far from thence a murr'ring sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answer'ing looks  
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me; What thou see'st,  
What there thou see'st, fair Creature, is thyself;  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thyself, and thence he call'd  
Mother of human race. What could I do,  
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd;  
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve;  
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou  
art,

His flesh, his bone; to give thee being, I lent  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half; with that thy gentle hand  
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair,

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unrepov'd,  
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
On our first father; half her swelling breast  
Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter  
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron  
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd [lip  
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign  
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,  
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,  
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
Among our other torments not the least,  
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.  
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
From their own mouths: all is not theirs it seems;  
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,  
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?  
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
Envy them that? can it be sin to know?  
Can it be death? and do they only stand  
By ignorance? is that their happy state,  
The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
O fair foundation led whereon to build  
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with design  
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt  
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
But first with narrow search I must walk round  
This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;  
A chance, but chance may lead where I may meet  
Some wand'ring Spirit of Heav'n by fountain side,  
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
What further would be learn'd. Live while you  
may,

Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
But with sly circumspection, and began  
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale,  
his roam.

Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heav'n  
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun  
Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock  
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,  
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent

Accessible from earth, one entrance high ;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night ;  
 About him exercis'd heroic games  
 Th' unarm'd youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even  
 On a sun beam, swift as a shooting star  
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
 Impress the air, and shews the mariner  
 From what point of his compass to beware  
 Impetuous winds : he thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
 No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere  
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know,  
 More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,  
 God's latest image : I describ'd his way  
 Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gate ;  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks  
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :  
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him : one of the banish'd crew,  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
 New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.  
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitst,  
 See far and wide : in at this gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come  
 Well known from Heav'n ; and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence : if Spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have o'er-leap'd this earthly bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou knowest it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.  
 But if within the circuit of these walks,  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he ; and Uriel to his charge  
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now  
 rais'd

Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n  
 Beneath th' Azores ; whether the prime orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
 Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,  
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there  
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
 Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were flunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;  
 Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the firmament  
 With living saphirs ; Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Consort, the  
 hour

Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep  
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
 Our eye-lids : other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest ;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways,  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow e'er fresh morning streak the east  
 With fresh approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour to reform  
 Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
 That lie bestrown unlightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
 Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd  
 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargued I obey ; to God ordains ;  
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise,  
 With thee conversing, I forget all time ;  
 All seasons and their change, all pleasures alike  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,  
 Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train :  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these ? for  
 whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?  
 To whom our general ancestor reply'd.  
 Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,  
 These have their course to finish round the earth,  
 By morrow evening, and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise ;  
 Lest total darkness should by night regain  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires  
 Not only inlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive

Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were  
none,

[praise:  
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night: how often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to others note,  
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd  
On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place  
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and  
Mosaic; underfoot the violet, [wrought  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Border'd the ground, more colour'd than with  
Of costliest emblem: other creature here, [stone  
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;  
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower  
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,  
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess  
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs  
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,  
And heav'nly quires the hymenean sung,  
What day the genial Angel to our fire  
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,  
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods  
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like  
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son  
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.  
Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and  
heaven,

Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker omnipotent; and thou the day,  
Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place,  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race  
To fill the earth; who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
As when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure,  
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
Strait side by side were laid; nor turn'd I ween  
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:  
Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity, and place, and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
Our maker bids increase; who bids abstain  
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?  
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men  
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,  
Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,  
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,  
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.  
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,  
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,  
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
Or serenate, which the starved lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
These lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,  
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof  
Show'd roses which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,  
Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek  
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measur'd with her shadowy conc  
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
And for their ivory port the Cherubine  
Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood arm'd  
To their night watches in warlike parade,  
When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake:

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,  
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.  
From these, two strong and subtile Spirits he  
call'd

charge:  
That near him stood, and gave them thus in  
Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no  
nook;

But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.  
This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,  
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen  
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd  
The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt;  
Such where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct

In search of whom they sought: him there they found

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 'The organs of her fancy', and with them forge  
 Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams,  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least disemper'd, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel, with his spear,  
 Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness; up he starts,  
 Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store,  
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,  
 With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:  
 So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair Angels, half amaz'd,  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
 Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Sp'rits adjudg'd to Hell  
 Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,  
 Why satst thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once, no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,  
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
 Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answ'ring scorn with scorn.

Think not, revolted Sp'rit, thy shape the same,  
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,  
 As when thou stood'st in heav'n, upright and pure;  
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now  
 Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foul.  
 But come; for thou, be sure, shall give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,  
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
 Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw and pin'd  
 His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd  
 His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd  
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
 Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,  
 Or all at once, more glory will be won,  
 Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,  
 Will save us trial what the least can do  
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;  
 But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
 Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly  
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd  
 His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh

The western point, where those half-rounding  
 guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
 Awaiting next command. To whom their chief  
 Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud:

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 Hastening this way, and now, by glimpse, discern  
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
 And with them comes a third of regal port,  
 But faded splendor wan; who, by his gate  
 And fierce demeanour, seems the prince of Hell,  
 Not likely to part hence without contest;  
 Stand firm; for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,  
 And brief related whom they brought, where  
 found

How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.

To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel  
 spake:

Why halt thou, Satan, broke the bounds pre-  
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
 Of others, who approve not to transgress  
 By thy example, but have pow'r and right  
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
 Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:  
 Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wif,  
 And such I held thee; but this question ask'd,  
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
 Tho' thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no  
 And boldly venture to whatever place [doubt,  
 Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to  
 change

Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
 But evil hast not try'd: and wilt object  
 His will who bound us? let him surer bar  
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
 In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd,  
 The rest is true; they found me where they say;  
 But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
 Disdainfully, half smiling, thus reply'd.  
 O loss of one in Heav'n, to judge of wif,  
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
 And now returns him, from his prison 'scap'd,  
 Gravely in doubt, whether to hold them wif  
 Or not who ask what boldness brought him  
 hither,

Unlicenc'd, from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;  
 So wif he judges it to fly from pain,  
 However, and to 'scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
 Which thou incur'st by flying, meet thy flight  
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endure? courageous Chief,  
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleg'd

To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive. [stern.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd, frowning  
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel; well thou know'st, I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
From hard assays and ill successes past  
A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:  
I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
This new created world, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;  
Tho' for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his  
throne,

And practic'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warrior angel soon reply'd.  
To say, and strait unsay, pretending first  
Wife to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,  
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.  
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power Supreme?  
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and fervily ador'd  
Heav'n's awful monarch? wherefore but in hope  
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
But mark what I arreer thee now. Avant;  
Ely thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour  
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,  
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.  
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats  
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.  
Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains,

Proud liminary Cherub; but e'er then  
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
From my prevailing arm, tho' Heaven's King  
Ride on thy wings, and thou, with thy compeers,  
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
In progress through the road of Heav'n star-  
pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' angelic Squadron bright  
Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in moen'd horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With pointed spears, as thick as when a field  
Of Ceres'ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands,  
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves  
Prove chaff. On t'other side, Satan alarm'd,  
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:  
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp  
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dread-  
ful deeds

Might have ensu'd, nor only Paradise  
In this commotion, but the starry cope  
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements  
At least had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn  
With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
Betwixt Altrea and the Scorpion sign,  
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;  
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st  
mine;  
Neither our own, but giv'n; what folly then  
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled  
now,

To trample thee as mire: for proof, look up,  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, [weak,  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how  
If thou resist. The Fiend lock'd up, and knew  
His mounted scale aloft; nor more; but fled  
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK V.

### *The Argument.*

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her; They come forth to their day labours: Their morning hymn at the door of their bower: God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him; then forsakes him.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep  
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only  
found

Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough; so much the more  
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve,  
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning, half-rai'd, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,  
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O soul, in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night  
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design —  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night: Methought  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,  
Why sleep'st thou; Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns  
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
To find thee I directed then my walk;  
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood [ven  
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Hea-

By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd  
 Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;  
 And, O fair plant! said he, with fruit furcharg'd,  
 Designs none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
 Nor God, nor Man? is knowledge so despis'd?  
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
 Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?  
 Thus said, he paus'd not, but, with vent'rous arm,  
 He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd  
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold:  
 But he thus, overjoy'd; O fruit divine!  
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,  
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:  
 And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
 Communicated, more abundant grows,  
 The Author not impair'd, but honour'd more?  
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,  
 Partake thou also, happy tho' thou art,  
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods,  
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we sometimes  
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part,  
 Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell  
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various: wond'ring at my sight and change  
 To this high exaltation; suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd,  
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night  
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
 Reason as chief: among these fancy next  
 Her office holds; of all external things  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,  
 Which reason joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes  
 To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild works produces oft, and most in dreams,  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,  
 But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
 Evil into the mind of God or Man  
 May come and go, so unprov'd, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope

Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise  
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,  
 Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.  
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal sluice, he, e'er they fell,  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.  
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first, from under shady arb'rous roof,  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,  
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landskip all the east  
 Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
 In various stile; for neither various stile  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung  
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,  
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
 To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
 Almighty; thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sitst above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne, rejoicing; ye in Heaven,  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn, [now  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the rising  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou  
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light,  
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change

Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the world's great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye  
Pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye Birds,  
That, singing, up to Heaven gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, morn, or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail! universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us only good; and if the night  
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm.  
On to their morning's rural work they haste  
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row  
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far  
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine  
To wed her elm: she spous'd about him twines  
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd  
Raphael, the sociable Sp'rit, that deign'd  
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
His marriage with the sev'n times wedded maid.

Raphael, said he, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
Satan from Hell 'scap'd through the darksome gulf  
Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
This night the human pair, how he designs  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day, as friend with friend,  
Converse with Adam in what bow'r or shade  
Thou findest him, from the heat of noon retir'd,  
To respite his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on  
As may advise him of his happy state,  
Happiness in his pow'r left free to will,  
Left to his own free will, his will tho' free,  
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware  
He swerve not too secure: tell him withal  
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of bliss;  
By violence? no; for that shall be withstood;  
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,  
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend  
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd  
All justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint  
After his charge receiv'd: but from among

Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood [lights  
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing  
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic  
quires,

On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide,  
On golden hinges turning, as by work  
Divine, the Sovereign architect had fram'd.  
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Star interpos'd, however small he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining globes,  
Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars  
crown'd

Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon;  
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,  
Delos or Samos, first appearing, kens  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady  
wing.

Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom air; till within soar  
Of tow'ring eagles, to' all the fowls he seems  
A Phoenix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,  
When to inhume his reliques in the sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies,  
At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A Seraph wing'd; six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his  
With regal ornament; the middle pair  
Girt like a starry zone his waste, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,  
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance  
fill'd

The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the bands  
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
And to his message high in honour rise;  
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.  
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
And flow'ring odours, cassia, nard, and balm;  
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will  
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss.  
Him through the spicy forest onward come  
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted sun  
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm [needs:  
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam  
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd  
For dinner favoury fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst. [stream,  
Of nect'rous draughts between, from milky  
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape

Comes this way moving; seems another morn  
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Hea-  
ven

To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
And what thy stores contain, bring forth, and  
Abundance, fit to honour and receive [pour  
Our heav'nly stranger: well we may afford  
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies  
Her fertile growth, and by disburd'ning grows  
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd  
mould,

Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
All seasons, ripe for use, hangs on the stalk;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, superfluous moist consumes:  
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
To entertain our Angel guest, as he  
Beholding shall confess, that here on earth  
God hath dispos'd his bounties as in Heaven.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change;  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,  
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape  
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd  
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strows the ground  
With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd.

Meanwhile our primitive great fire, to meet  
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more  
train

Accompanied than with his own complete  
Perfections; in himself was all his state,  
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
On princes, when their rich retinue long  
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,  
Dazzles the crowd, and sets then all agape.  
Nearer his presence Adam, tho' not aw'd,  
Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
As to' a superior nature, bowing low,  
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place  
None can than Heav'n such glorious shape con-  
tain;

Since by descending from the thrones above,  
Thou happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us  
Two' only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess  
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.  
Adam; I therefore came; nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, tho' Sp'rits of Heaven,  
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower  
O'er shades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise,  
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge  
They came, that like Pomona's arbour smil'd  
With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells; but  
Eve

Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair  
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,  
Stood to' entertain her guest from heav'n; no veil  
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm  
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the Angel Hail  
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.

Hail Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb  
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had sound,  
And on her ample square from side to side  
All autumn pil'd, tho' spring and autumn here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they  
hold:

No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began  
Our author. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
The earth to yield; unfavoury food perhaps  
To spiritual natures; only this I know,  
That one celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives  
(Whose praise is ever sung) to Man in part  
Spiritual, may of purest Sp'rits be found  
No' ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require,  
As doth your rational; and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty [taste  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.

For know, whatever was created, needs  
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements  
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,  
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those Fires  
Ethercal, and as lowest first the moon;  
Whence in her visage round those spots unpurg'd  
Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd.  
Nor doth the moon no nourishments exhale  
From her moist continent to higher orbs:  
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimential recompense  
In humid exhalations, and at even  
Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees  
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
Yield nectar; through from off the boughs each  
morn

We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here  
Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste

Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
 And to their viands fell; nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
 The Theologians; but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires  
 Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire  
 Of footy coal th' empiric alchemist  
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn;  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold  
 As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve  
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been  
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell.  
 Thus when with meats and drinks they had  
 suffic'd,  
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Giv'n him by this great conference, to know  
 Of things above his world, and of their being  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw  
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high pow'r so far  
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech  
 Thus to th' impyreal minister he fram'd.  
 Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to Man,  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet, what  
 compare?  
 To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.  
 O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
 All things proceed, and up to him return,  
 If not deprav'd from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Indued with various forms, various degrees  
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
 As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,  
 Each in their several active spheres assign'd,  
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
 Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the  
 leaves  
 More airy, last the bright consummate flower  
 Spirits odorous breathes: flow'rs and their fruit,  
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,  
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
 To intellectual; give both life and sense,  
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul  
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
 Discursive, or intuitive; discourse  
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
 To proper substance: time may come, when Men  
 With Angels may participate, and find

No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;  
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improv'd by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
 Here or in heav'nly Paradises dwell;  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire,  
 Whose progeny you are. Mean while enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more.

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.  
 O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
 From centre to circumference, whereon  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found  
 Obedient? can we want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert,  
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth  
 Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;  
 That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
 And good he made thee, but to persevere  
 He left it in thy pow'r; ordain'd thy will  
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity:  
 Our voluntary service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated; such with him  
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how  
 Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other choose?  
 Myself and all th' angelic host, that stand  
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state  
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
 On other surety none; freely we serve,  
 Because we freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not; in this we stand or fall:  
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills  
 Aereal music send: nor knew I not  
 To be both will and deed created free;  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love  
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou  
 tell'st  
 Hath pass'd in Heav'n, some doubt within me  
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent, [move,  
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;  
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun

Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins  
His other half in the great zone of Heav'n.

Thus Adam made request; and Raphael  
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime of men,  
Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate

To human sense th' invisible exploits

Of warring Spirits? how without remorse

The ruin of so many glorious once

And perfect while they stood? how last unfold

The secrets of another world, perhaps

Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good

This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach

Of human sense, I shall delineate so,

By likening spiritual to corporal forms,

As may express them best; though what if Earth

Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein

Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild

Reign'd where these Heav'ns now roll, where

Earth now rests

Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day

(For time, though in eternity, apply'd

To motion, measures all things durable

By present, past, and future) on such day

As Heav'n's great year brings forth, the empyreal

Of Angels by imperial summons call'd, [host

Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne

Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd

Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:

Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,

Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear

Stream in the air, and for distinction serve

Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;

Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd

Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love

Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs

Of circuit inexpressible they stood,

Orb within orb, the Father infinite,

By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,

Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top

Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,

Powers,

Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.

This day I have begot whom I declare

My only Son, and on this holy hill

Him have anointed, whom ye now behold

At my right hand; your head I him appoint;

And by myself have sworn to him shall bow

All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord;

Under his great vice-gerent reign abide

United as one individual soul

For ever happy: Him who disobeys,

Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,

Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls

Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place

Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words

All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not

That day, as other solemn days, they spent [all.

In song and dance about the sacred hill;

Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere

Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels

Resembles nearest, mates intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular

Then most, when most irregular they seem;

And in their motions harmony divine

So smooths, her charming tones, that God's own  
ear

Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd

(For we have also our evening and our morn,

We ours for change delectable, not need)

Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn

Desirous; all in circles as they stood,

Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd

With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows

In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,

Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets  
crown'd,

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet

Quaff immortality and joy, secure

Of surfeit where full measure only bounds

Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who show'r'd

With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.

Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd

From that high mount of God, whence light and  
shade

Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had  
chang'd

To grateful twilight (for night comes not there

In darker veil) and roseat dews dispos'd

All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;

Wide over all the plain, and wider far,

Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,

(Such are the courts of God) th' angelic throng

Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend

By living streams among the trees of life,

Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,

Celestial tabernacles, where they slept

Fann'd with cool winds; save those who in their  
course

Melodious hymns about the sovran throne

Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd

Satan; so call him now, his former name

Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,

If not the first Arch-Angel, great in power,

In favour and præminence, yet fraught

With envy against the son of God, that day

Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd

Messiah King anointed, could not bear

Through pride that sight, and thought himself im-  
pair'd.

Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,

Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour

Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd

With all his legions to dislodge, and leave

Unworshipt, unobey'd, the throne supreme

Contemptuous, and his next subordinate

Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, Companion dear, what sleep can  
close

Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree

Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips

Of Heav'n's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts

Was wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;

Both walking we were one; how then can now

Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou see'st impos'd;

New laws from him who reigns, new minds may  
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate [raise  
 What doubtful may ensue: more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
 Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
 Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim night  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave  
 Homeward with flying march where we possess  
 The quarters of the north; there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our king  
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and insus'd  
 Bad influence into th' unwary breast  
 Of his associate: he together calls,  
 Or several one by one, the regent Powers,  
 Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,  
 That the most High commanding, now e'er night,  
 Now e'er dim night had disincumber'd Heaven,  
 The great hierarchal standard was to move;  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
 Or faint integrity: but all obey'd  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice  
 Of their great potentate; for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his degree in Heaven;  
 His count'nance, as the morning star that guides  
 The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host.  
 Mean while th' eternal eye, whose sight discerns  
 Abstruse thoughts, from forth his holy mount  
 And from within the golden lamps that burn  
 Nightly before him, saw without their light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread  
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high decree;  
 And smiling to his only Son, thus said.

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of deity or empire; such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends to erect his throne  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north;  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battle, what our pow'r is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ  
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,  
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,  
 Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
 Justly hast in derision, and secure  
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
 Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event  
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.

So spake the Son; but Satan with his powers  
 Was advanc'd on winged speed, an host

Innumerable as the stars of night,  
 Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun  
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
 Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies  
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
 In their triple degrees; regions to which  
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
 And all the sea, from one entire globose  
 Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd  
 At length into the limits of the north  
 They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
 Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers  
 From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;  
 The palace of great Lucifer, (so call  
 That structure in the dialect of men  
 Interpreted) which not long after, he,  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that mount whereon  
 Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven,  
 The Mountain of the congregation call'd;  
 For thither he assembled all his train,  
 Pretending, so commanded, to consult  
 About the great reception of their king,  
 Thither to come, and with calumnious art  
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,  
 If these magnificent titles yet remain [Powers,  
 Not merely titular, since by decree  
 Another now hath to himself ingross'd  
 All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name  
 Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
 This only to consult, how we may best  
 With what may be devis'd of honours new  
 Receive him coming to receive from us  
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
 Too much to one, but double how indur'd  
 To one and to his image now proclaim'd?  
 But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?  
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and sons of Heav'n possess'd before  
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free; for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist,  
 Who can in reason then, or right assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals; if in pow'r and splendor less,  
 In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration to th' abuse  
 Of those imperial titles, which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.

Thus far his bold discourse without controul  
 Had audience, when among the Seraphim  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd  
 The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
 The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!

Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n  
 Expected, least of all from thee, Ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,  
 That to his only Son by right indued  
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heav'n  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful king? unjust, thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign,  
 One over all with unsucceeded power.  
 Shalt thou give law to God, shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the Pow'rs of  
 Heaven

Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?  
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,  
 And of our good and of our dignity  
 How provident he is, how far from thought  
 To make us less; bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state under one head more near  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarchs reign:  
 Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,  
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son? by whom  
 As by his word the mighty Father made  
 All things, ev'n thee; and all the Spirits of  
 Heaven

By him created in their bright degrees,  
 Crown'd them, with glory, and to their glory  
 nam'd  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,  
 Powers,  
 Essential Pow'rs; nor by his reign obscur'd,  
 But more illustrious made; since he the head  
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;  
 His laws our laws; all honour to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease  
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,  
 While pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
 Or singular and rash; whereat rejoic'd  
 Th' Apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd:  
 That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd [work  
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd:  
 who saw

When this creation was? remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee be  
 We know no time when we were not as now  
 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rai'd  
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal cc  
 Had circl'd his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.  
 Our puissance is our own; our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt th' Almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging: This report,  
 These tidings carry to th' anointed King;  
 And fly, e'er evil intercept thy flight.

He said; and, as the found of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause  
 Through the infinite host; nor less for that  
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
 Incompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O Spirit accurs'd,  
 Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall  
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread  
 Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recall;  
 That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,  
 Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
 Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
 These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
 Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he;  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 Unshaken, uneduc'd, untir'd,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;  
 And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
 On those proud tow'rs, to swift destruction doom'd

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK VI.

### *The Argument.*

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight describ'd: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents devilish engines, which in the second day's fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder: but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelm'd both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that victory: he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadful angel unpursued  
Through Heav'n's wide champain held his way,  
till Morn,  
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a cave  
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through  
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night; [Heav'n  
Light issues forth, and at the other door  
Obsequious Darknes enters, till her hour  
So well the Heaven, though darkness there might  
well  
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the  
Morn  
Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold  
Empyrean; from before her vanish'd Night,  
Shot through with orient beams; when all the  
plain  
Cover'd with thick imbattl'd squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming arms, and fiery steeds  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:  
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found  
Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd  
Among those friendly powers, who him receiv'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
That of so many myriad's fall'n, yet one  
Return'd not lost: on to the Sacred Hill

They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice  
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard:  
Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for this was all thy care,  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
Right reason for their law, and for their King  
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
And thou in military prowess next,  
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons  
Invincible, lead forth my armed saints  
By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight  
Equal in number to that godless crew,  
Rebellious; them with fire and hostile arms  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss  
Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
Of Tartarus which ready opens wide

His fiery chaos to receive their fall.

So spake the Sov'reign Voice, and clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:  
At which command the powers militant,  
That stood for Heav'n in mighty quadrate join'd  
Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence their bright legions, to the found  
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd  
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds  
Under their god-like leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides  
Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind  
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summon'd over Eden to receive  
Their names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province  
wide

Tell'd the length of this terrene: at last  
In th' horizon to the North appear'd  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd  
In battalious aspect, and nearer view  
Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields  
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
The banded powers of Satan hastening on  
With furious expedition; for they ween'd  
That self-same day by fight, or by surprise,  
To win the mount of God, and on his throne  
To set the Envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
In the mid-way: though strange to us it seem'd  
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who went to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
Hymning th' eternal father: but the shout  
Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst, exalted as a god,  
Th' Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,  
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd  
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful interval, and front to front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,  
On the rough edge of battle e'er it join'd,  
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd  
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;  
Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he stood  
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds;  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heaven! that such resemblance of the  
Highest  
Should yet remain, where faith and realty  
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and  
might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable?  
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,  
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd  
Unfound and false; nor is it ought but just,  
That he who in debate of truth hath won  
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,  
When Reason hath to deal with Force, yet so  
Most reason is that Reason overcomes.

So pondering, and from his armed peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have  
reach'd

The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power  
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain  
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;  
Who out of smallest things could without end  
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitary hand  
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,  
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
Thy legions under darkness: but thou see'st  
All are not of thy train; there be who faith  
Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone  
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
From all: my sect thou see'st; now learn, too late,  
How few sometimes may know, when thousands  
err.

Whom the grand Foe, with scornful eye askance,  
Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour  
Of my revenge, first fought, for thou return'st  
From fight, seditious angel, to receive  
Thy merited reward, the first essay  
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue  
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
A third part of the gods, in synod met  
Their deities to assert, who, while they feel  
Vigour divine within them, can allow  
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
From me some plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest: this pause between  
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;  
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n  
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Minist'ring Spirits, train'd up in feast and song;  
Such hast thou arm'd, the ministrally of Heav'n,  
Servility with Freedom to contend,  
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd:  
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of Truth remote:  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
Or nature: God and nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd

Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
Thyself not free, but to thyself intrall'd;  
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.  
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve  
In Heav'n, God ever blest, and his divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;  
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while  
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So say'ing, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
On the proud crest of Satan, that no fight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee  
His massy spear upstray'd; as if on earth  
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat  
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd  
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see  
Thus foil'd their mightiest: our joy fill'd, and  
Presage of victory, and fierce desire [shout,  
Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound  
Th' arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of  
Heav'n

It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hofannah to the High'st: nor stood at gaze  
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
The horrid shock: now storming fury rose  
And clamours such as heard in Heav'n till now  
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And flying vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n  
Refounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when  
Millions of fire-encount'ring angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions: how much more of power  
Army against army numberless to raise,  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;  
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd,  
And limited their might; though number'd such  
As each divided legion might have seem'd  
A numerous host, in strength each arm'd hand  
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim War: no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear; each on himself rely'd,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory; deeds of eternal fame  
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
That war, and various, sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing

Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then  
Conflicting fire; long time in even scale  
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway  
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand  
He halted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference: at his approach  
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil  
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end  
Latestine war in Heav'n, th' Arch-foe subdu'd  
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown  
And visage all inflam'd first thus began:

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself  
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
Misery, uncreated till the crime.  
Of thy rebellion? how hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
And faithful, now prov'd false? but think not here  
To trouble holy rest? Heav'n casts thee out  
From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,  
Brooks not the works of Violence and War.  
Hence then, and evil go with thee  
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,  
E'er this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,  
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
The adversary. Nor think thou with wind  
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise [these  
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me  
That thou shoud'st hope, imperious, and with  
threats

To chase me hence? err not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st Evil, but we stile  
The Strife of Glory; which we mean to win,  
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell.  
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
Unspeaking; for who, though with the tongue  
Of angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such height  
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,  
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
Fit to decide the empire of great Heav'n.  
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields  
Blaz'd opposite, while Expectation stood  
In horror; from each hand with speed sent,

Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion; such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if Nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound,  
 Together both with next to almighty arm  
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword  
 Of Michael, from the armoury of God,  
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stray'd,  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shar'd  
 All his right side: then Satan first new pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance  
 Not long divisible; and from the gash <sup>[clos'd,</sup>  
 A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd  
 Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stain'd e'er while so bright:  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run  
 By angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of war; there they him laid,  
 Gnashing, for anguish, and despite and shame,  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in power.  
 Yet soon he heal'd; for sp'its that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die;  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air:  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,  
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.  
 Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
 Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,  
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound  
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n  
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous: but anon  
 Down clov'n to the waste, with shatter'd arms  
 And uncouth pain sped bellowing. On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
 Vanquish'd Adramelech and Asmadia,  
 Two potent thron'd, that to be less than gods  
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their  
 flight,  
 Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate an  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy <sup>[ma...</sup>  
 The ancient crew, but with redoubled blow  
 Ariel and Arioch, and the violence

Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.  
 I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect  
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,  
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,  
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,  
 Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred Memory,  
 Nameless in dark Oblivion let them dwell.  
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,  
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires  
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom.  
 And now their mightiest quell'd, the battle  
 swerv'd,  
 With many an inroad gor'd; deformed Rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood recoil'd  
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale Fear surpris'd,  
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of pain  
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable saints  
 In cubic phalanx firm advanc'd entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,  
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, though from their place by violence  
 mov'd.  
 Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious din of War:  
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,  
 Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field  
 Michael and his angels prevalent  
 Incamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires. on th' other part  
 Satan, with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 Far in the dark dislodg'd: and void of rest,  
 His Potentates to council call'd by night;  
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began:  
 O now in danger try'd, now known in arms  
 Not to be overpower'd, Companions dear,  
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,  
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
 Honour, dominion, glory and renown;  
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight  
 (And if one day, why not eternal days?)  
 What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send  
 Against us from about his throne, and judg'd  
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
 But proves not so; then fallible, it seems,  
 Of future we may deem him, though till now  
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,  
 All now not known, but known, as soon con-  
 temn'd;  
 Since now we find this our empyreal form

Incapable of mortal injury,  
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,  
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
Of evil then so small as easy think  
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
Or equal what between us made the odds,  
In nature none: if other hidden cause  
Left them superior, while we can preserve  
Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,  
Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
Nifroch, of principalities the prime;  
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,  
Sore teil, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
And cloudy in aspect thus answer'ing spake.  
Deliverer from new lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard  
For gods, and too unequal work we find,  
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with  
pain

Which all subdues, and makes remis the hands  
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
But live content, which is the calmest life:  
But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
All patience. He who therefore can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less than for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto, with look compos'd, Satan reply'd.  
Not unvented that, which thou aright  
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
With plant, fruit, flow'r, ambrosial gems and  
Whose eye so superficially surveys [gold;  
These things, as not to mind from whence they  
grow

Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
With Heav'n's ray, and temper'd, they shoot  
So beautiful, opening to the ambient light? [forth  
These, in their dark nativity, the deep  
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;  
Which into hollow engines long and round  
Thick ram'd at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
From far with thund'ring noise among our foes  
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd  
The thund'rer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labour; yet e'er dawn,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd  
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.  
He ended; and his words their drooping cheer

Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.  
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
To be th' inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd  
Once found, which yet unfound, most would have  
Impossible: yet haply of thy race [thought  
In future days, if malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
With devilish machination, might devise  
Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from council to the work they flew  
None arguing stood: innumerable hands  
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath  
Th' originals of Nature, in their crude  
Conceptions; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled; and, with subtle art,  
Concocted and adust, they reduc'd  
The blackest grain, and into store convey'd:  
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth  
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
So all e'er day-spring, under conscious Night,  
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection, unespied.

Now, when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,  
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, resplendent host,  
Soon banded; others from the lawning hills  
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-arm  
scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe.  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt: him soon they met,  
Under spread ensigns, moving nigh, in flow,  
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of Cherubin the swiftest wing,  
Came fly'ng, and, in mid air, aloud thus cry'd:  
Arm, Warriors, arm for fight; the foe at  
hand,

Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit.  
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see  
Sad resolution, and secure: let each  
His adamantine coat girt well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,  
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,  
And onward mov'd embattel'd; when, behold  
Not distant far, with heavy pace, the foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube,  
Training his devilish engine'ry, impal'd  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while; but suddenly at head appear'd  
Satan; and thus was heard commanding loud:  
Vanguard, to right and left, the front unfold;  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek

Peace and composure, and, with open breast,  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
But that I doubt; however, witness Heav'n,  
Heav'n, witness thou anon, while we discharge  
Freely our part; ye who appointed, stand,  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud, that all may hear.

So scoffing, in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended; when, to right and left, the front  
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:  
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,  
With branches lapt in wood or mountain fell'd)  
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths,  
With hideous orifice, gap'd on us wide,

Portending hollow truce: at each behind  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving, tip with fire; while we suspense  
Collected stood, within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long; for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd,  
With secret touch, Immediate in a flame,  
By soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,  
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose  
roar

Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air;  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish gut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail  
Of iron globes; which on the victor host  
Level'd with such impetuous fury smote,  
That whom they hit, none on their feet might  
stand,

Tho' standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, angel on arch-angel roll'd;  
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might  
Have easily as Sp'rits evaded swift  
By quick contraction, or remove; but now  
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;  
Nor serv'd it to relax their scurried files.  
What should they do? If on they rush'd, repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to their foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,  
In posture to displode their second fire  
Of thunder; back defeated to return  
They worse abhor'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O Friends, why come not on these victors proud?  
E'er while they fierce were coming; and when we  
To entertain them fair with open front (terms  
And breast (what could we more?) propounded  
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd  
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps  
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Beelzebub in like gamester mood,  
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbl'd many; who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves, in pleasant vein,  
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts be-  
All doubt of victory; Eternal might [yond  
To match with their inventions they presum'd  
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble; but they stood not long;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them  
arms

Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,  
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale) [flew;  
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they  
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops,  
Uplifting bore them in their hands: amaze,  
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;  
Till on those cursed engines' triple row  
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
Main promontories slung, which in the air  
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions  
arm'd;

Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and  
bruise'd

Into their substance pent, which wrought them  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan, [pain  
Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind  
Out of such pris'n, tho' Sp'rits of purest light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

The rest in imitation to like arms  
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore;  
So hills, amid the air, encounter'd hills,  
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;  
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game  
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd  
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n  
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,  
Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits  
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd  
Upon his enemies, and to declare  
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,  
Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began:

Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,  
Son, in whose face invisible is beheld  
Visibly, what by deity I am,  
And in whose hand what by decree I do, ~  
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,

Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n,  
Since Michael and his powers went forth to  
tame

These disobedient: sore had been their fight,  
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;  
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,  
Equal in their creation they were form'd,  
Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath  
wrought

Insensibly; for I suspend their doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:  
War wearied hath perform'd what War can do,  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
With mountains, as with weapons arm'd, which  
makes

Wild work in Heav'n, and dang'rous to the main.  
Two days are therefore past; the third is thine;  
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far  
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know  
In Heav'n and Hell thy power above compare;  
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
By sacred unclion, thy deserved right.  
Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,  
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,  
My bow and thunder, my Almighty arms  
Gird on, and sword, upon thy puissant thigh;  
Pursue these sons of Darknes, drive them out  
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God, and Messiah, his anointed King.

He said; and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd  
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;

And thus the filial Godhead answer'd spake:

O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly thrones  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
To glorify thy son, I always thee,  
As is most just; this I my glory's account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will  
Fulfilled, which to fulfill is all my bliss.  
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,  
And gladder shall resign, when, in the end,  
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:  
But whom thou hat'st, I hate and can put on  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these re-  
bell'd,

To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,  
To chains of darknes, and th' undying worm,  
That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happiness entire. [pure  
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' im-  
Far separate, circling thy holy Mount  
Unlogg'd halleluiah's to thee sing,  
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
From the right hand of Glory where he sat;  
And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with  
whirlwind sound

The chariot of paternal Deity, [drawn  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-  
Itself instinct with spirit, but convey'd  
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each  
Had wond'rous; as with stars their bodies all  
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the  
Of heril, and careering fires between; [wheels  
Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
Whereon a saphire throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch:  
He in celestial panoply all arm'd  
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended; at his right hand Victory  
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow  
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stor'd,  
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
Of smoke, and bickering flames, and sparkles dire:  
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,  
He onward came, far off his coming shone;  
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were set:  
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
On the crystalline sky, in saphire throne'd,  
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own  
First seen; them unexpected joy surpris'd,  
When the great engine of Messiah blaz'd  
Aloft by angels borne; his sign in Heav'n  
Under whose conduct Michael led  
His army, circumfus'd on either side,  
Under their head imbody'd all in one.  
Before him Power divine his way prepar'd  
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd  
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went  
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.  
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,  
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers.  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair,  
In heav'nly spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent,  
They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,  
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
Took envy; and aspiring to his height,  
Stood reinvict'd fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
In universal ruin last; and now  
To final battle drew, disdain'g flight,  
Or faint retreat: when the great Son of God  
To all his host on either hand thus spake:  
Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand  
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;  
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;  
And as ye have received, so have ye done  
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs;  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:  
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,

Nor multitude ; stand only and behold  
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd  
 By me ; not you but me they have despis'd,  
 Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,  
 Because the Father, to' whom in Heav'n supreme  
 Kingdom and power, and glory appertains,  
 Hath honour'd me according to his will.  
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd ;  
 That they may have their wish, to try with me  
 In battle which the stronger proves, they all,  
 Or I alone against them, since by strength  
 They measure all, of other excellence  
 Not emulous, nor care who them excells ;  
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.  
 So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd  
 His count'nance too severe to be beheld,  
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
 At once the Four spread out their starry wings  
 With dreadful shape contiguous, and the orbs  
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
 He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
 Gloomy as night ; under his burning wheels  
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,  
 All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
 Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand  
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
 Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
 Plagues ; they astonished all resistance lost,  
 All courage ; down their idol weapons dropt ;  
 O'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode,  
 Of throes and mighty seraphim prostrate,  
 That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
 Winds from the four-fold visag'd Four  
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;  
 One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
 Glar'd light'ning, and shot forth pernicious fire.  
 Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength  
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
 His thunder in mid volly ; for he meant  
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n :  
 The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd  
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,  
 Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued  
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
 And chrystal wall of Heav'n, which opening wide,  
 Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd  
 Into the wasteful Deep ; the monstrous sight

Struck them with horror backward, but far worse  
 Urg'd them behind ; headlong themselves they  
 threw

Down from the verge of Heav'n ; eternal Wrath  
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unfufferable noise ; Hell saw  
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled  
 Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
 Nine days they fell ; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
 Incumber'd him with ruin : Hell at last  
 Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd ;  
 Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
 Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.  
 Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes  
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd ;  
 To meet him all his saints, who silent stood  
 Eye witnesses of his almighty acts,  
 With jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,  
 Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,  
 Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
 Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
 Worthiest to reign : he celebrated rode  
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the courts  
 And temple of his mighty Father thron'd  
 On high ; who into glory him receiv'd,  
 Where now he sits at the right hand of Bliss.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on  
 earth

At thy request, and that thou mayst beware  
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd  
 What might have else to human race been hid ;  
 The discord which besel, and war in Heav'n  
 Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall  
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
 With Satan ; he who envies now thy state,  
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
 Thee also from obedience, that with him  
 Bereav'd of happiness thou mayst partake  
 His punishment, eternal misery ;  
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
 As a despite done against the Most High,  
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
 But listen not to his temptations ; warn  
 Thy weaker ; let it profit thee to have heard  
 By terrible example the reward  
 Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,  
 Yet fell ; remember, and fear to transgress.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK VII.

### *The Argument.*

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of Heav'n, declared his pleasure to create another world and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his son with glory and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his re-ascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pagasean wing.  
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou,  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born,  
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
Thou with eternal wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns, I have presum'd,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy temp'ring; with like safety guided down  
Return me to my native element:  
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once  
Bellerophon, tho' from a lower clime)  
Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall  
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible diurnal sphere;  
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole  
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, tho' fall'n on evil days,  
On evil days tho' fall'n, and evil tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn  
Purple the east: still govern thou my song,  
Urania, and fit audience find, tho' few,  
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
In Rhodopæ, where woods and rocks had ears

To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd  
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend  
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
For thou art heavenly, she an empty-dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensued, when Raphaël,  
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd  
Adam, by dire example, to beware  
Apostacy, by what befel in Heav'n  
To these apostates, lest the like befel  
In Paradise, to Adam or his race,  
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obey'd amid the choice  
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
Tho' wand'ring. He, with his consorted Eve,  
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration, and deep muse, to hear  
Of things so high and strange, things to their  
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n, [thought  
And war so near the peace of God in bliss  
With such confusion: but the evil soon,  
Driv'n back, redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What nearer might concern him, how this world  
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,  
When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
What within Eden or without was done  
Before his memory, as one whose drouth  
Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his heav'nly guest:  
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,

Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
 Divine interpreter, by favour sent  
 Down from the empyrean, to forewarn  
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not  
 reach :

For which to th' infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose, to observe  
 Immutably his sov'reign will, the end  
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd  
 Gently for our instruction to impart [cern'd  
 Things above earthly thought, which yet con-  
 Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known,  
 How first began this Heaven which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
 Innumerable, and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd  
 Embracing round this florid earth, what cause  
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity so late to build  
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon  
 Achiev'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more

To magnify his works, the more we know.  
 And the great Light of day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race tho' steep; suspense in Heav'n,  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,  
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
 His generation; and the rising birth  
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep :

As if the star of evening and the moon  
 Hasten to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
 Silence, and Sleep list'ning to thee will watch,  
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee e'er the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought :  
 And thus the godlike Angel answer'd mild.  
 This also thy request, with caution ask'd,  
 Obtain : tho' to recount Almighty works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing, such commission from above  
 I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain  
 To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope  
 Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
 Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,  
 To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n;  
 Enough is left besides to search and know.  
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
 Her temperance over appetite, to know  
 In measure what the mind may well contain;  
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

Know, then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n  
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
 Of Angels than that star the stars among)  
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep

Into his place, and the great Son return'd  
 Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
 Of Deity Supreme, us dispossess'd,  
 He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud  
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no  
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, [more  
 Their station, Heav'n yet populous retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her realms,  
 Tho' wide, and this high temple to frequent  
 With ministeries due and solemn rites :  
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
 That detriment, if such it be to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another world, out of one man a race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
 Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither, under long obedience try'd,  
 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n  
 to Earth,

One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
 Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Pow'rs of Heav'n,  
 And thou my word, begotten Son, by thee  
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done :  
 My overshadowing Sp'rit and might with thee  
 I send along; ride forth, and bid the Deep  
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
 Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

Tho' I uncircumscrib'd myself retire,  
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
 To act or not, Necessity and Chance  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty; and to what he spake  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion, but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of time be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n,  
 When such was heard declar'd, th' Almighty's  
 will;

Glory they sung to the Most High, good will  
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace :  
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire  
 Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his sight,  
 And th' habitations of the just; to him  
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom hath ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, instead  
 Of Sp'rits malign a better race to bring  
 Into their vacant room, and thence disuse  
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies : meanwhile the Son  
 On his great expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
 Of majesty divine; sapience and love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.  
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd

Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and thrones,  
 And Virtues, wing'd Sp'rits, and chariots wing'd  
 From th' armoury of God, where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd  
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous; for within them spirit liv'd,  
 Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide  
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
 The King of Glory in his powerful Word  
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore  
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss,  
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.  
 Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep,  
 peace,

Said then th' omnific Word; your discord end:  
 Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim  
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode  
 Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;  
 For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train  
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.  
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This universe, and all created things;  
 One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
 And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, O World.  
 Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
 Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound  
 Cover'd th' abyss: but on the wat'ry calm  
 His brooding wings the Sp'rit of God outspread,  
 And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd  
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs  
 Adverse to life: then founded and conglob'd  
 Like things to like, the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air,  
 And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.  
 Let there be Light, said God, and forthwith  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure, [Light  
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native East  
 To journey through the airy gloom began,  
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun  
 Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while; God saw the light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere  
 Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first day Ev'n and  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung [morn;  
 By the celestial quires, when Orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness, they beheld;  
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and  
 shout

The hollow universal orb that fill'd, [prais'd  
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning  
 God and his works, Creator, him they sung,  
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament  
 Amid the waters, and let it divide  
 The waters from the waters: and God made  
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
 Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd  
 In circuit to the uttermost convex  
 Of this great ground: partition firm and sure,  
 The waters underneath from those above  
 Dividing: for as Earth, so he the world  
 Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
 Christallin ocean, and the loud misrule  
 Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes  
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
 And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: so even  
 And morning chorus sung the second day.

The earth was form'd; but in the womb as yet  
 Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,  
 Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth  
 Main ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warm  
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe,  
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
 Sate with genial moisture, when God said,  
 Be gather'd now, ye waters under Heav'n,  
 Into one place, and let dry land appear.  
 Immediately the mountains huge appear  
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheav'd  
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:  
 So high as heav'd the timid hills, so low  
 Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,  
 Capacious bed of waters: thither they  
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd  
 As drops on dust conglobing from the sky  
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
 On the swift floods: as armies at the call  
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
 Troop to their standard, so the wat'ry throng,  
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found  
 If steep with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill:  
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
 With serpent error wand'ring, found their way  
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;  
 Easy, e'er God had bid the ground be dry,  
 All but within those banks, where rivers now  
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
 The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle  
 Of congregated waters, he call'd Seas:  
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth  
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding feed,  
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
 Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth.  
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then  
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
 Her universal face with pleasant green,  
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd  
 Opening their various colours, and made gay  
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce  
 blown,

Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept  
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed,  
 Imbattel'd in her field, and th' humble shrub,  
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last  
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread

Their branches hung with copious fruit, or  
gemm'd [crown'd  
Their blossoms; with high woods the hills were  
With tufts the vallies, and each fountain side;  
With borders long the rivers: that Earth now  
Seem'd like to Heav'n, a seat where gods might  
dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades: tho' God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the Earth a dewy mist  
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field, which, e'er it was in th' Earth  
God made, and every herb, before it grew  
On the green stem; God saw that it was good:  
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights  
High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide  
The day from night; and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,  
And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n  
To give light on the Earth; and it was so.  
And God made two great lights, great for their use  
The sun, the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night altern; and made the stars,  
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n,  
T' illuminate the Earth, and rule the day  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great work, that it was good:  
For of celestial bodies first the sun  
A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,  
Tho' of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon  
Whose, and every magnitude of stars,  
And sow'd with stars the Heav'n thick as a field:  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd  
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.  
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen,  
First in his East the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude thro' Heav'n's high road; the gray  
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon  
But opposite in level'd West was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night; then in the east her turns she shines,  
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,  
Glad Ev'ning and glad Morn crown'd the fourth

Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:  
And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings  
Display'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n;  
And God created the great whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds,  
And every bird of wing after his kind;  
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,  
And lakes, and running streams the waters fill;  
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' Earth.  
Forthwith the founts and seas, each creek and bay  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals  
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales  
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft  
Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate  
Grave the sea weed their pasture, and through  
groves

Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
Shew to the sun their wav'd costs dropt with gold,  
Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
Most nutriment, or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal,  
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate  
Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that  
soon

Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclos'd  
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and fledge  
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air su-  
blime

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:  
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise  
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their airy caravan high over seas  
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air  
Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd  
plumes:

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings,  
Till ev'n, nor then the solemn nightingale  
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:  
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck,  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit  
The dank, and rising on stiff penons, tower  
The mid aerial sky: others on ground [sounds  
Walk'd firm: the crested cock, whose clarion  
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train  
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue  
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,

The sixth, and of creation last arose  
 With evening harps and matin, when God said  
 Let th' Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
 Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' Earth,  
 Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and strait  
 Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limb'd and full grown; out of the ground up rose  
 As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green:  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
 The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,  
 The libard and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground  
 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould  
 Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd  
 His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants: ambiguous between sea and land  
 The river horse and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries deck'd of Summer's pride,  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:  
 These as in a line their long dimension drew  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
 Minims of Nature; some of serpent kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equality, perhaps  
 Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes  
 Of commonality: swarming next appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them  
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown [names,  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field,  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not Noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand  
 First wheel'd their course; Earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was  
 walk'd

Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd;  
 There wanted yet the master work, the end  
 Of all yet done; a creature who not prone  
 And brute as other creatures, but endow'd  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good

Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief  
 Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father (for where is not he  
 Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule  
 Over the fish and fowl of sea, and air,  
 Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
 This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,  
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
 The breath of life; in his own image he  
 Created thee, in the image of God  
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.  
 Male he created thee, but thy consort  
 Female for race; then bless'd Mankind, and said  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth,  
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,  
 And every living thing that moves on th' Earth.  
 Wherever thus created, for no place  
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,  
 Delectable both to behold and taste;  
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food  
 Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' Earth  
 Variety without end; but of the tree [yields  
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,  
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;  
 Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,  
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
 Here finish'd he; and all that he had made  
 View'd; and behold all was entirely good;  
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
 Yet not till the Creator from his work  
 Desisting though unwearied, up return'd,  
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
 Thence to behold this new-created world,  
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd  
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode  
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd  
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air  
 Rejoiced, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)  
 The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung.  
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
 The great Creator from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his six day's work, a World;  
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men  
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged messengers  
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung  
 The glorious train ascending: he through Heav'n,  
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led  
 To God's eternal house direct the way,  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold

And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,  
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou see'st  
 Powder'd with stars. And now on Earth the  
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun [seventh  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
 Of Heav'n's high-seated top th' imperial throne  
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
 The Filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down  
 With his great Father, for he also went  
 Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,  
 Author and end of all things, and from work  
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work,  
 But not in silence holy keep; the harp  
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe,  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral or unison: of incense clouds  
 Fuming from golden censers hid the mount.  
 Creation and the six days act they sung,  
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite [tongue  
 Thy power: what thought can measure thee or  
 Relate thee? greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant angels; thee that day  
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy empire? easily the proud attempt

Of spirits apostate and their counsels vain  
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might; his evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
 From Heav'n gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars  
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st  
 Their seasons: among these the seat of men,  
 Earth with her nether ocean circumfus'd,  
 Their pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happy men,  
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd  
 Created in his image, there to dwell  
 And worship him, and in reward to rule  
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
 And multiply a race of worshippers  
 Holy and just: thrice happy if they knew  
 Their happiness, and persevere upright.  
 So sung they; and the empyrean rung  
 With halleluiahs: thus was sabbath kept.  
 And thy request, think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
 How first this World and face of things began,  
 And what before thy memory was done  
 From the beginning, that posterity  
 Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seek'st  
 Ought, not surpassing human measure, say.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK VIII.

### *The Argument.*

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge : Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the angel thereupon ; who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE angel ended ; and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear ;  
Then as new wak'd thus gratefully reply'd :

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
With wonder, but delight, and as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator ; something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly frame, this world  
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute  
Their magnitudes, this Earth, a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the firmament compar'd  
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Their distance argues and their swift return  
Diurnal) merely to officiate light  
Round this opacious Earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night in all their vast survey  
Useless besides ; reasoning I oft admire,  
How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportion, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,  
For ought appears, and, on their orbs impose  
Such restless resolution day by day  
Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,  
That better might with far less compass move,  
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains  
Her end without least motion, and receives,  
A tribute, such a sumless journey brought

Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.  
So spake our Sire ; and by his count'nance seem'd  
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstract, which Eve  
Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,  
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd,  
Adam relating, the sole auditress ;  
Her husband the relator she preferr'd.  
Before the angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix  
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal caresses ; from his lip  
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd ;  
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
Not unattended, for on her as queen  
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
And from about her shot darts of desire  
Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.  
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd  
Benevolent and facile thus reply'd :

To ask or search I blame thee not ; for Heav'n  
Is as the book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
His season, hours, or days, or months, or years ;  
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,  
Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest  
From man or angel the great Architect

Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
Rather admire; or if they list to try  
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heav'n's  
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
And calculate the stars, how they will wield  
The mighty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appearances, how gird the sphere  
With centric and eccentric scribled o'er.  
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:

Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
The benefit: Consider first, that great  
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth,  
Though in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
Nor glist'ring, may of solid good contain  
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,  
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,

But in the fruitful Earth; there first receiv'd  
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.

Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries  
Officious, but to thee Earth's habitant.  
And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak  
The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,  
That man may know he dwells not in his own;  
An edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.

The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Speed almost spiritual; me thou think'st not slow,  
Who since the morning hour set out from Heav'n  
Where God resides, and e'er mid day arriv'd  
In Eden, distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting motion in the Heav'n's, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth,  
God to remove his ways from human sense,  
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so far, that earthly  
light,

If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the sun  
Be centre to the world, and other stars  
By his attractive virtue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still, [hid,  
In fix thou see'st, and what if seventh to these  
The planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different motions move?  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe  
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
Of day and night: which needs not thy belief

If Earth industrious of herself fetch day  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
Sent from her through the wild transpicious air,  
To the terrestrial moon be as a star  
Inlightning her by day, as she by night  
This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou see'st  
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
Allotted there; and other suns perhaps  
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry  
Communicating male and female light,  
Which two great sexes animate the World,  
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd  
By living soul desert and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
Whether the sun predominant in Heav'n  
Rise on Earth, or Earth rise on the sun,  
He from the East his flaming road begin,  
Or she from west her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,  
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;  
Leave them to God above, him serve and fear;  
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy fair Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high  
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:  
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd  
Not of Earth only but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.  
How fully hast thou satisfied me pure  
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
And freed from intricacies, taught to live  
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions  
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove [vain.  
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;  
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concern  
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask

By assurance and thy wonted favour deign'd,  
Thee I have heard relating what was done  
E'er my remembrance : now hear me relate  
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;  
And day is not yet spent ; till then thou seest  
How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :  
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
Of sweet repast ; they satiate, and soon fill  
Though pleasant, but thy words with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.  
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, his image fair :  
Speaking or mute, all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion forms ;  
Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the ways of God with Man :  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On man his equal love : say therefore on ;  
For I that day was absent, as beset,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Far on excursion tow'rd the gates of Hell ;  
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)  
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,  
Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
But us he sends upon his high behests  
For state, as Sov'reign King, and to inure  
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,  
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong ;  
But long e'er our approaching heard within  
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,  
Torment and loud lament, and furious rage.  
Glad we return'd up to the Coasts of Light  
E'er sabbath evening : so we had in charge.  
But thy relation now ; for I attend,  
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with  
mine.

So spake the godlike Power ; and thus our Sire.  
For man to tell how human life began  
Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induc'd me. As new wak'd from soundest sleep  
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid  
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
Strait toward Heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
Stood on my feet ; about me round I saw  
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams ; by these,  
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or  
flew.

Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd,  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led :  
But who I was, or where or from what cause,  
Knew not ; to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake ;  
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,  
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,  
Tell if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ;  
Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power præminent ;  
Tell me how may I know him, how adore  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know.  
While thus I call'd, and stray'd, I knew not whi-  
ther,

From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light, when answer none return'd,  
On a green shady bank profuse of flowers  
Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle Sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression scis'd  
My droued sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :  
When suddenly stood at my head a Dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And liv'd : One came, methought of shape divine,  
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy guide  
To the Garden of Bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw  
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadow'd : here had new begun  
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide  
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submiss ; he rais'd me, and whom thou sought'st  
Said mildly, author of all this thou seest [I am,  
Above, or round about thee, or beneath,  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat  
Of every tree that in the garden grows,  
Eat freely with glad heart ; for here no dearth :  
But of the tree whose operation brings  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
Amid the garden by the tree of life,  
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence : for know

The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,  
 From that day mortal, and this happy state  
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
 Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
 To thee and to thy race I give; as lords  
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive  
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
 With low subjection; understand the same  
 Of fish within their watry residence,  
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 Their element to draw the thinner air.  
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low,  
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God indued  
 My sudden apprehension: but in these  
 I find not what methought I wanted still;  
 And to the heav'nly Vision thus presum'd.

O by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,  
 Surpass'est far my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
 And all this good to man? for whose well being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me  
 I see not who partakes. In solitude  
 What happiness? who can enjoy alone,  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd:  
 What call'st thou Solitude? is not the Earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air  
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
 To come and play before thee? know'st thou not  
 Their language and their ways? they also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly; with these  
 Find pastime and bear rule; thy realm is large.  
 So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
 So ord'ring. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 And humble deprecation thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Power;  
 My maker, be propitious while I speak.  
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
 And these inferior far beneath me set?  
 Among unequals what society  
 Can sort, what harmony or true delight?  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity  
 The one intense, the other still remiss  
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak  
 Such as I seek, fit to participate  
 All rational delight, wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoice  
 Each with their kind, lion with lions;

So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd.  
 A nice and subtle happiness I see  
 Thou to thyself propos'est, in the choice  
 Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
 Of happiness or not? who am alone  
 From all eternity, for none I know  
 Second to me or like, equal much less.  
 How have I then with whom to hold converse  
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
 To me inferior, infinite descents  
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd. To attain  
 The height and depth of thy eternal ways  
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;  
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found: not so is man,  
 But in degree the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Should'st propagate, already infinite,  
 And through all numbers absolute, though one;  
 But man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like, his image multiply'd,  
 In unity defective, which requires  
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
 Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt  
 Of union or communion, deify'd;  
 I by conversing cannot these erect  
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.  
 Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
 This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,  
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
 Which thou had rightly nam'd, but of thyself,  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My image, not imparted to the brute,  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike  
 And be so minded still; I, e'er thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for man to be alone,  
 And no such company as then thou say'st  
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more; for now  
 My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th'  
 In that celestial colloquy sublimè, [height  
 As with an object that excells the sense  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down and sought repair  
 Of Sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd

By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell  
 Of fancy my internal sight, by which  
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious before whom awak'd I stood :  
 Who stooping open'd my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the  
 wound,

But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd :  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew  
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd  
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart unfeelt before,  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark : I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :  
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable : on she came,  
 Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial's sanctity and marriage rites :  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,  
 In every gesture dignity and love.  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor envious. I now see  
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
 Before me; Woman is her name, of Man  
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forgo  
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus; and tho' divinely brought  
 Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd  
 The more desirable, or to say all,  
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her face, that seeing me, she turn'd;  
 I follow'd her, she what was honour knew,  
 And with obedient majesty approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
 I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,  
 And happy constellations on that hour  
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;  
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs  
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
 Disporting till the amorous bird of night  
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.  
 Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss

Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
 In all things else delight indeed, but such  
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies [ers,  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow-  
 Walks, and the melody of birds; but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
 Superior and unmov'd, here only weak  
 Against the charm of Beauty & powerful glance.  
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,  
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
 More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament, in outward shew  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end  
 Of Nature her th' inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties which most excel,  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both, and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion given  
 O'er other creatures; yet when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
 Seems wisest, virtuourest, discreetest, best;  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discountenanc'd, and like Folly shews;  
 Authority and Reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made  
 Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and Nobleness their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the angel with contracted brow.  
 Cause not Nature, she hath done her part;  
 Be thou but thine, and be not diffident  
 Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou  
 Dost not desert her, what most thou need'st her nigh,  
 As she bestows what she bestows to things  
 In their excellency, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?  
 An outside, fair no doubt, and worthy well  
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thyself;  
 Then value: oft-times nothing profits more,  
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right  
 Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
 And to realities yield all her shews:  
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
 Is propagated seem such dear delight  
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd  
 To cattle and each beast; which would not be  
 To them made common and divulg'd, if ought  
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
 The soul of man, or passion in him move.  
 What higher in her society thou find'st  
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;

In loving thou dost well, in a passion not,  
Wherein true love consists not; Love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
In reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heav'nly love thou mayst ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam reply'd:  
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought  
In procreation common to all kinds  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.  
Yet these subjects not; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
Variously representing; yet still free  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st  
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
Love not the heav'nly sp'rits, and how their love  
Express they, by looks only, or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,  
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st

Us happy, and without love on happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
In eminence, and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;  
Easier than air with air, if sp'rits embrace,  
Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
But I can now no more; the parting sun  
Beyond the Earth's green cape and verdant isles  
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all  
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command; take heed lest passion sway  
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will  
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons  
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware,  
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies,  
Perfect within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
Follow'd with benediction: since to part,  
Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,  
Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore.  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
With grateful memory: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the angel up to Heav'n  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK IX.

### *The Argument.*

Satan having Compassed the earth with meditated guile, returns as a mist by night into Paradise, enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve, in the morning, go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery, extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden, he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: The serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat: she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit, relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her; and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel guest  
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd; I now must change  
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust and breach  
Disloyal on ~~part~~ of man, revolt,  
And disobedience: on the part of Heav'n  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n,  
That brought into this world, a world of woe,  
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery  
Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument  
Not less, but more heroic than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursu'd  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long  
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's son;  
If answerable stile I can obtain  
Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,

And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires  
Easy my unpremeditated verse:  
Since first this subject for heroic song  
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;  
Not sedulous by nature to indite  
Wars, hitherto the only argument  
Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect  
With long and tedious havock fabled knights  
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude  
Of Patience and heroic Martyrdom  
Unsung; or to describe races and games,  
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,  
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds;  
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
At joust and tournament; then marshal'd feast  
Serv'd up in hall with sewers, and seneschalls;  
The skill of artifice or office mean,  
Not that which justly gives heroic name  
To person or to poem. Me of these  
Nor skill'd, nor studious, higher argument  
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
That name, unless an age too late or cold

Climate, or years damp my intended wing  
Depress'd, and much they may, if all be mine,  
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star  
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter  
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
Night's hemisphere had veil'd th' horizon round :  
When Satan who late fled before the threats  
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd  
In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
On man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
From compassing the earth, cautious of day,  
Since Uriel regent of the sun descry'd  
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim  
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish  
driven,

The space of sev'n continued nights he rode  
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line  
He circl'd, four times cross'd the ear of Night  
From pole to pole, traversing colure ;  
On eighth return'd, and on the coast averse  
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth  
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
Now not, though Sin not Time, first wrought  
the change

Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise  
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life ;  
In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
Satan involv'd in rising mist, then sought  
Where to lie hid ; sea he had search'd and land  
From Eden over Pontus, and the pool  
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob ;  
Downward as far antarctic ; and in length  
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd  
At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
Ganges and Indus : thus the orb he roam'd  
With narrow search, and with inspection deep,  
Consider'd every creature, which of all  
Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found  
The serpent, subt'lest beast of all the field ;  
Him, after long debate, irresolute  
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
From sharpest sight : for in the wily snake,  
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
As from his wit and native subtlety  
Proceeding, which in other beasts observ'd  
Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r  
Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
Thus he resolv'd ; but first from inward grief  
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not prefer'd  
More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old !  
For what God after better worse would build ?  
'Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other heav'ns  
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,  
In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
Of sacred influence ! As God in Heav'n

Is centre, yet extends to all ; so thou  
Centring receiv'st from all those orbs ; in thee,  
Not in themselves, all their known virtue' ap-  
pears

Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
Of creatures animate with gradual life  
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in man.  
With what delight could I have walk'd thee  
round,

If I could joy in ought, sweet interchange  
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
Now land, now sea, and shores, with forest  
crown'd,

Rocks, dens, and caves ! but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge ; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me', as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries ; all good to me becomes  
Evil, and in Heav'n much worse would be my  
But neither here seek I ; no, nor in Heav'n [state.  
To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme ;  
Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I tho' thereby worse to me redound :

For only in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts ; and him destroyed,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe,  
In woe then ; that destruction wide may range :  
To me shall be the glory sole among  
Th' infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd  
What the Almighty stil'd, six nights and days  
Continued making ; and who knows how long  
before had been contriving, tho' perhaps  
Not longer than since I in one night freed  
From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers : he, to be aveng'd,

And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
More Angels to create, if they at least  
Are his created, or to spite us more,  
Determin'd to advance into our room  
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,

With heav'nly spoils, our spoils : what he decreed  
He effected ; Man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this world, and Earth his seat,  
Him lord pronounc'd ; and, ~~God~~ duty !  
Subjected to his service angel wings,  
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend  
Their earthly charge : of these the vigilance  
I dread ; and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
O midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry  
In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
The serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
Of foul descent ! that I who erst contended  
With gods to sit the high'st, am now constrain'd  
Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrue,  
That to the height of Deity aspir'd ;  
But what will not ambition and revenge  
Descend to ? who aspires must down as low

As high he soar'd, obnoxious first or last  
To basest things. Revenge, at first tho' sweet,  
Bitter e'er long, back on itself recoils;  
Let it; I reckon not, so it light well aim'd,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of Despair,  
Whom us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd  
From dust: Spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,  
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:  
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb  
Fearless unfeared he slept: in at his mouth  
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
With act intelligential; but his sleep  
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.  
Now when, as sacred light began to dawn,  
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd  
Their morning incense, when all things that  
breathe,

From th' Earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell, forth came the human Pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:  
Then commune how that day they best may ply  
Their growing work; for much their work out-  
grew

The hands' dispatch of two gard'ning so wide,  
And Eve first to her husband thus began:  
Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,  
Our pleasant task injoin'd; but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows  
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
One night or two with wanton growth derides,  
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present;  
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to  
wind

The woodbine and his arbour, or direct  
The clasping ivy where to climb, while I  
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd  
With myrtle, find what to redress, till noon:  
For while so near each other thus all day  
Our task we choose, what wonder if, so near,  
Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our day's work brought to little, tho' begun  
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd?  
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd:  
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare, above all living creatures dear,  
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts em-  
ploy'd,  
How we might best fulfil the work which here

God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labour, as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,  
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
These paths and bowers doubt not, but our joint  
hands

Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands, e'er long  
Assist us: but if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:  
For solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return.  
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
Befal thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st  
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault; and some where nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
To other speedy aid might lend at need;  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss  
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and pro-  
tects.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.  
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd:  
Offspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earth's  
lord,

That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
And from the parting angel overheard,  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.  
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To God or thee, because we have a foe,  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
As we, not capable of death or pain,  
Can either not receive, or can repel.  
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love  
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;  
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy  
breast,

Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?  
To whom, with healing words, Adam reply'd:  
Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,

For such thou art, from sin and blame entire :  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt itself intended by our foe. [perfers  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least as-  
 The tempted with dishonour soul, suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
 Against temptation : thou thyself, with scorn  
 And anger, wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Tho' ineffectual sound : misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, tho' bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on me th' attempt shall light,  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn ;  
 Subtile he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels ; nor think superfluous others aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every virtue, in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd [on,  
 Would utmost vigour raise, and rais'd, unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd ?

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
 And matrimonial love ; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply, with accent sweet, renew'd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
 Subtile or violent, we not indeed  
 Single with like defence, wherever met,  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?  
 But harm precedes not sin : only our foe  
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integrity : his foul esteem  
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
 Foul on himself ; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
 By us ? who rather double honour gain  
 From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,  
 Favour from Heav'n, or witness from th' event.  
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd  
 Alone, without exterior help sustain'd ?  
 Let us not then suspect our happy state  
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.  
 Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd :  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them ; his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
 Of all that he created, much less man,  
 Or ought that might his happy state secure,  
 Secure from outward force ; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power :  
 Against his will he can receive no harm.  
 But God left free the will, for what obeys  
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,

Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,  
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since reason not impossibly may meet  
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
 Were better, and most likely, if from me  
 Thou sever not : trial will come unsought.  
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 First thy obedience ; th' other who can know ?  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?  
 But if thou think, trial unsought may find  
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
 Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;  
 Go in thy native innocence, rely

On what thou hast of virtue, summon all ;  
 For God tow'rds thee hath done his part ; do thine  
 So spake the Patriarch of Mankind ; but Eve  
 Persisted, yet submits, though last, reply'd :

With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,  
 The willinger I go, nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek ;  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her  
 hand

Soft she withdrew ; and, like a wood-nymph light  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self  
 In gate surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,  
 Tho' not as he with bow and quiver arm'd  
 But with such gard'ning tools as art, yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or Angels brought  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,  
 Likeliest she seem'd ; Pomona, when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,  
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
 Repeated, she to him as oft engag'd  
 To be return'd by noon amid the bower,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noon-tide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
 O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presum'd return ! eventry-rye !  
 Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
 Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose :  
 Such ambush hid among sweet flow'rs and shade  
 Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
 Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
 For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend  
 Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
 And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
 The only two of mankind, but in them  
 The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.  
 In bower and field he sought where any tuf

He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might  
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope [find  
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
Half spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round  
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support  
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though

gay

Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays  
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
Herself, tho' fairest unsupported flower,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.  
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers  
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
Spot more delicious than those gardens frign'd,  
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,  
Or that, not mystic, where the Sapiant king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
Much he the place admir'd, the person more,  
As one who long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,  
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,  
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,  
She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold  
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
Thus early, thus alone; her heav'nly form  
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
Her graceful innocence, her every air  
Of gesture or least action overaw'd  
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
That space the Evil-one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,  
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;  
But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
Tho' in mid-Heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites. [sweet  
Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what  
Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope,  
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying; other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion, which now smiles; behold alone  
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
Her husband; for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb

Heroic built, tho' of terrestrial mould,  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain  
Infected me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods,  
Not terrible, tho' terror be in love  
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger, under shew of love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd  
In serpent, inmate bad, and tow'rd Eve  
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
Pronc on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
Fold above fold, a surging maze, his head  
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape  
And lovely; never since of serpent kind  
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd  
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God  
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd  
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,  
He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique  
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way:  
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought  
Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind  
Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts her sail:  
So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound  
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
To such disport before her through the field,  
From every beast, more duteous at her call  
Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.  
He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,  
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd  
His turret crest, and sleek enamel'd neck,  
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad  
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began:

Wonder not, sov'reign Mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm  
Thy looks, the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Infatiate; I thus single, nor have fear'd  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy celestial beauty' adore,  
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
Where universally admir'd; but here  
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst  
be seen  
A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd  
By angels numberless, thy daily train.

So glaz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd ;  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
 Tho' at the voice much marvelling ; at length,  
 Not unamaz'd, she thus in answer spake :  
 What may this mean ? language of man pronounc'd

By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd ?  
 The first at least of these I thought deny'd  
 To beasts, whom God, on their creation-day,  
 Created mute to all articulate sound ;  
 The latter I demur ; for in their looks  
 Much reas'n, and in their actions oft appears.  
 Thee Serpent, subt'lest beast of all the field,  
 I knew, but not with human voice indu'd ;  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight ?  
 Say ; for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd :  
 Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve,  
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
 What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst  
 be obey'd :

I was at first as other beasts that graze  
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low  
 As was my food ; nor ought but food discern'd  
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high :  
 Till on a day roving the field, I chanc'd  
 A goodly tree far distant to behold,  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mix'd,  
 Ruddy and gold : I nearer drew to gaze ;  
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense  
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd  
 Not to defer ; hunger and thirst at once,  
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon ;  
 For high from ground the branches would require  
 Thy utmost reach, or Adam's : round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
 I spar'd not ; for such pleasure till that hour  
 At feed or fountain never had I found.

Sated at length, e'er long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of reason in my inward powers, and speech  
 Wanted not long, tho' to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,  
 Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good ;  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray  
 United I beheld ; no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd

Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame.

So talk'd the spirited fly snake ; and Eve  
 Yet more amaz'd unwary thus reply'd :  
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd :  
 But say where grows the tree, from hence how far ?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her birth.

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad :  
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long ;  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
 Of blowing myrrh and balm ; if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.  
 Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd  
 In tangels, and made intricate seem straight,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Brightens his crest. As when a wand'ring fire,  
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
 Kindled, through agitation, to a flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil sp'rit attends  
 Hovering and blazing, with delusive light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way  
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or  
 pool,

There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far,  
 So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe ;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :  
 Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hi-  
 ther,

Fruitless to me, tho' fruit be here t' excess,  
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,  
 Wond'rous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;  
 God so commanded, and left that command  
 Sole daughter of his voice ; the rest, we live  
 Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully reply'd :  
 Indeed ? hath God then said, that of the fruit  
 Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,  
 Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air ?

To whom thus Eve, yet unmov'd. Of the fruit  
 Of each tree in the garden we may eat,  
 But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
 The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now  
 more bold

The Tempter, but, with shew of zeal and love,  
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act  
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some orator renown'd  
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence

Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act won audience, e'er the tongue,  
Sometimes in height began, as no delay  
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right :  
So standing, moving, or to height up grown,  
The Tempter, all impassion'd, thus began :

O sacred, wife, and wisdom-giving Plant,  
Mother of Science, now I feel thy power  
Within me clear, not only to discern  
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
Queen of this universe, do not believe  
Those rigid threats of death ; ye shall not die :  
How should you ? by the fruit ? it gives you life  
To knowledge ; by the Threat'ner ? look on me,  
Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate  
Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.  
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
Is open ? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,  
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ;  
Of Good, how just ? of evil, if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd :  
God therefore cannot hurt you, and be just ;  
Not just, not God ; not fear'd then, nor obey'd :  
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
Why then was this forbid ? why, but to awe,  
Why but to keep thee low and ignorant,  
His worshippers ; he knows that in the day  
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,  
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,  
Internal man, is but proportion meet ;  
I of brute human, ye of human gods,  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on gods ; death to be wish'd,  
'Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can  
bring.

And what are gods, that man may not become  
As they, participating god-like food ?  
The gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds :  
I question it : for this fair earth I see,  
Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,  
Them nothing : if they all things, who inclos'd  
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
That who so eats thereof, forwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies  
Th' offence, that man should thus attain to  
know ?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
Impart against his will, if all be his ?  
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell  
In heav'nly breasts ? these, these and many more  
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
Goddes humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended ; and his words, replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won :  
Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold

Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth ;  
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd  
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
So favoury of that fruit, which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye ; yet first  
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd :

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
Tho' kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd,  
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy  
praise :

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use,  
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil ;  
Forbids us then to taste ; but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
By thee communicated, and our want :  
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain, then, what forbids he but to know  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise ?  
Such prohibitions bind not. But if death  
Binds us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom ? In the day we eat  
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die !  
How dies the serpent ? he hath eat'n and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented ? or to us deny'd  
'This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd ?  
For beasts it seems : yet that one beast which  
first

Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then ? rather what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
Of God or death, of law or penalty ?  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise : what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind ?

So saying, her rash hand, in evil hour,  
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of  
woe,

That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty serpent, and well might ; for Eve  
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,  
In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fancy'd so, through expectation high  
Of knowledge ; nor was God-head from her  
thought.

Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating death ; satiate at length,  
And heighten'd, as with wine, jocund and boon,  
Thus to herself she pleasingly began :

O sov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest'd . . .

To sapience, hitherto obscur'd infam'd,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created; but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise,  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
 Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;  
 Tho' others envy what they cannot give;  
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee, I owe,  
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd  
 In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,  
 And giv'st access, tho' secret she retire,  
 And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,  
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on Earth: and other care perhaps  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies  
 About him. But to Adam in what sort  
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
 But<sup>t</sup> cep the odds of knowledge in my power  
 Without copartner? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesirable, sometime  
 Superior; for inferior who is free;  
 This may be well: but what if God have seen,  
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd;  
 But first low reverence done, as to the power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant scintial sap, deriv'd  
 From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn  
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him; he the salt'ring measure felt  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That morn when first they parted; by the tree  
 Of knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand  
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,  
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
 To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus ad-  
 dress'd:

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?  
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd  
 Thy presence, agony of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more

The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:  
 This tree is not as we are told, a tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
 Opening the way, but of divine effect  
 To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;  
 And hath been tasted such; the serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
 Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth  
 Indued with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine eyes,  
 Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love;  
 Lest thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her story  
 told;

But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.  
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;  
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:  
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke:

O fairest of Creation, last and best  
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
 Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote?  
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
 The sacred fruit forbidd'n? some cursed fraud  
 Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
 And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee  
 Certain my resolution is to die;  
 How can I live without thee, how forego  
 Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly join'd,  
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
 Should God create another Eve, and I  
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
 Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
 The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd  
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,  
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd:  
 Bold deed thou hast presum'd, advent'rous  
 Eve,  
 And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd

That sacred fruit sacred to abstinence,  
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch.  
 But past who can recal, or done undo?  
 Nor God omnipotent, nor Fate; yet so  
 Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact  
 Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,  
 Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first  
 Made common and unhallow'd e'er our taste;  
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
 Lives as thou saidst, and gains to live as man  
 Higher degree of life, inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attain  
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
 But to be gods, or angels demi-gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wife,  
 Though threat'ning, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures, dignify so high,  
 Set over all his works, which in our fall,  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,  
 Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath  
 Us to abolish, lest the Adversary  
 Triumph and say; fickle their state whom God  
 Most favours; who can please him long? Me  
 first

He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?  
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.  
 However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom; if death  
 Comfort with thee, death is to me as life;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The bond of Nature draw me to my own,  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
 One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd:  
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high!  
 Engaging me to emulate, but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam? from whose dear-side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather than death or ought than death more dread  
 Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,  
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,  
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,  
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented  
 This happy trial of thy love, which else  
 So eminently never had been known.  
 Were it I thought death mercac'd would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die  
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assur'd  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel  
 Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life  
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before  
 Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.

On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
 And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love  
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
 In recompense (for such compliance had  
 Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
 With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat  
 Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,  
 But fondly overcome with female charm.  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
 Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad-drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin  
 Original; while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespasses fear'd, the more to sooth  
 Him with her lov'd society, that now  
 As with new wine intoxicated both  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings,  
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth: but that false fruit  
 Far other operation first display'd,  
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning favor we apply,  
 And palate call judicious; I the praise  
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbid'n, it might be wish'd,  
 For this one tree, had been forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;  
 For never did thy beauty since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.

So said he; and forebore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overheard with verdant roof imbower'd,  
 He led her nothing loath; flowers were the couch,  
 Pansies and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.  
 There they their fill of love and love's disport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About their sp'rits had play'd, and inmost powers  
 Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,

Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their mind  
How darken'd; Innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour from about them, naked left  
To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong  
Herculian Samson from the harlot lap  
Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd  
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face  
Confounded long they sat, as stricken mute,  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,  
At length gave utterance to these words con-  
strain'd.

O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,  
False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know,  
Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,  
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,  
And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence; whence the evil store;  
Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
Insufferably bright. O might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade  
Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable  
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines,  
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may for the present serve to hide  
The parts of each from other, that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together  
low'd,

And girded on our loins, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new comer Shame,  
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood; there soon they choose  
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,  
But such as at this day to Indians known  
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms  
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade  
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;  
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat  
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
At loopholes cut through thickest shade: those  
leaves

They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,  
And with what skill they had, together low'd,  
To gird their waste, vain covering if to hide  
Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike

To that first naked glory! Such of late  
Columbus found th' American, so girt  
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild  
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
Thus fenc'd, and as they thought, their shame in  
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind, [part  
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears  
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
Their inward state of mind, calm region once,  
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:  
For understanding rul'd not, and the will  
Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
Ufurping over sov'reign reason claim'd  
Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,  
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd stile,  
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and  
stay'd

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn,  
I know not whence, possess'd thee; we had then  
Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd  
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to ap-  
prove

The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus  
Eve.

What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!  
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,  
Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have dis-  
cern'd

Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;  
No ground of enmity between us known,  
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm:  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou the head  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd nor thou with me.

To whom the first incens'd Adam reply'd:  
Is this the love, is this the recompens'd  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, express'd  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
And am I now upbraided as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
And force upon free will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure

Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue  
that error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall

Him who to worth in women overtrusting  
Lest her will rule: restraint she will not brook,  
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
he first his weak indulgence will accuse.  
Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK X.

### *The Argument.*

Man's transgression known, the guardian angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the tract that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause, is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretels the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not, but conceiving better hope puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the serpent and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

MEAN while the heinous and despiteful act  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in Heav'n; for what can 'scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
Omniscient? who in all things wise and just,  
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of Man with strength entire, and free will arm'd  
Complete to have discover'd and repul'd  
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still re-  
member'd

The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty,  
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For man, for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wond'ring how the subtle Fiend had stol'n  
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news  
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd  
All were who heard; dim Sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd  
With pity violated not their bliss.

About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
How all befel: they tow'rd the throne supreme  
Accountable made haste to make appear  
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,  
And easily approv'd; when the Most High  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud,  
Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembled Angels, and ye powers return'd  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,  
Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this Tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
On his bad errand, man should be seduc'd  
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker; no decree of mine  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
On his transgression, death denounc'd that day?  
Which he presumes already vain and void,  
Because not yet inflict'd, as he fear'd,  
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance e'er day end.  
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.  
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee  
Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd  
All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth or  
Easy it may be seen that I intend [Hell.  
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee  
Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd  
Both ransom and redeemer voluntary,  
And destin'd Man himself to judge men fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity; he full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Express'd; and thus divinely answer'd mild.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
Supreme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd  
May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou know'st,  
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
When time shall be, for so I undertook  
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain  
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.  
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,  
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,  
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:  
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
Of high collateral glory: him thrones and powers,  
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,  
Accompanied to Heav'n gate, from whence  
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.  
Down he descended strait; the speed of gods

Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes  
Now was the sun in western cadence low {wing'd,  
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour  
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The ev'ning cool, when he from wrath more cool  
Came the mild judge and intercessor both  
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard,  
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds  
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they  
heard,

And from his presence hid themselves among  
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God  
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.  
Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
Not pleas'd thus entertain'd with solitude,  
Where obvious duty e'er while appear'd unfought  
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath though  
first  
To offend, discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd;  
Love was not in their looks, either to God  
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.  
Whence Adam salt'ring long, thus answer'd brief.  
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice  
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom  
The gracious judge without revile, reply'd,  
My voice thou hast heard, and hast not hid,  
But still rejoic'd: how is it now, that thou  
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree,  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam fore-befet reply'd:  
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my Judge, either to undergo  
Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life;  
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
By my complaint; but strict necessity  
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,  
Lest on my head both sin, and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.  
This Woman, whom thou madest to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill;  
And what she did, whatever in itself,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;  
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd:  
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was she made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd  
Her's in all real dignity? Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts

Were such as under government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part  
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few.

Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh over-  
whelm'd,

Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd:  
The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay

To judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transfer

The guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end

Of his creation; justly then accus'd,

As vitiated in nature: more to know

Concern'd not man (since he no further knew)

Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last

To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,

Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best?

And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accus'd

Above all cattle, each beast of the field;

Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go,

And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.

Between thee and the woman I will put

Enmity, and between thine and her seed;

Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verify'd

When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,

Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heav'n,

Prince of the Air; then rising from his grave

Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd

In open shew; and with ascension bright

Captivity led captive through the air,

The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd,

Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;

Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruise,

And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply

By thy conception; children thou shalt bring

In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will

Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.

Because thou hast hearken'd to th' voice of thy wife,

And eaten of the tree, concerning which

I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof:

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow

Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;

Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth

Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field,

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread

Till thou return unto the ground; for thou

Out of the ground wast taken; know thy birth,

For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,

And th' instant stroke of death denounc'd that

day

Remov'd far off; then pitying how they stood

Before him naked to the air, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin

Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,

As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now

As father of his family he clad

Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;

And thought not much to clothe his enemies:

Nor he their outward only with the skins

Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more

Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness

Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.

To him with swift ascent he up return'd,

Into his blissful bosom reassum'd

In glory as of old; to him appeas'd

All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while e'er thus was sinn'd and judg'd on  
Earth,

Within the gates of Hell, sat Sin and Death

In counterview within the gates, that now

Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame

Far into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,

Sin opening, who thus now to Death began:

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing

Idly, while Satan our great author thrives

In other worlds, and happier seat provides

For us his offspring dear? It cannot be

But that success attends him; if mishap,

E'er this he had return'd, with fury driven

By his avengers, since no place like this

Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,

Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large

Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,

Or sympathy, or some conatural force

Powerful at greatest distance to unite

With secret amity things of like kind

By secretest conveyance. Thou my shade

Inseparable must with me along:

For Death from Sin no power can separate.

But lest the difficulty of passing back

Stay his return perhaps over this gulf

Impassable, impervious, let us try,

Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine

Not unagreeable, to found a path

Over this main from Hell to that new world

Where Satan now prevails, a monument

Of merit high to all th' infernal host,

Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,

Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.

Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn

By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon:

Go whither Fate and inclination strong

Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err

The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw

Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste

The favor of death from all things there that live:

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest

Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell

Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock

Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,

Against a day of battle, to a field,

Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd

With scent of living carcases design'd

For death, the following day, in bloody fight;

So scented the grim feature, and uptur'd

His nostril wide into the murky air,

Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
Then both from out Hell gates into the waste  
Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark  
Flew diverse, and with power (their power was  
great)

Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
Toft up and down, together crouded drove  
From each side shoaling tow'rd the mouth of  
Hell :

As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
Upon the Coronian sea, together drive  
Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
Beyond Petfora eastward, to the rich  
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm  
As Delos floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with Gergonian rigour not to move;  
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,  
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on  
Over the foaming deep high arch'd, a bridge  
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
Immoveable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell:  
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa his Memnonian palace high  
Came to the sea, and over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,  
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant  
waves.

Now had they brought the work by wond'rous  
art

Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,  
Over the vex'd abyfs, following the track  
Of Satan to the self same place where he  
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe  
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare  
Of this round world; with pins of adamant  
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable; and now in little space  
The confines met of empyrean Heav'n  
And of this world, and on the left hand Hell  
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways  
In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now their way to Earth they had descry'd,  
To Paradise first tending, when behold  
Satan in likeness of an angel bright  
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose:  
Disguis'd he came, but those his children dear  
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
He after Eve seduc'd, unminded sunk  
Into the wood fast by, and changing shape  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
Upon her husband, saw their shame that sought  
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd  
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present, fearing guilty what his wrath  
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd

By night, and list'ning where the hapless pair  
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood  
Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd,  
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.  
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
Inchanting daughter, thus the silence broke:

O Parent, these are thy magnificent deeds,  
Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;  
Thou art their author and prime Architect:  
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
My heart, which by a secret harmony  
Still moves with thine, join'd in connection sweet,  
That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
Now also evidence, but strait I felt,  
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
That I must after thee with this thy son,  
Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd  
Within Hell gates till now, thou us empower'd  
To fortify thus far, and overlay  
With this portentous bridge the dark abyfs.  
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won  
What thy hands builded not, thy wisdom gain'd  
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
Our foil in Heav'n; here thou shalt monarch reign,  
There didst not; there let him still victor sway,  
As battle hath adjudg'd, from his new world  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated;  
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,  
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,  
Or try thee now more dang'rous to his throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answer'd  
glad:

Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race  
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of Heav'n's almighty King)  
Amplly have merited of me; of all  
Th' infernal empire, that so near Heav'n's door  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm  
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent  
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
To my associate powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoice,  
You two this way, among these numerous orbs  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
There dwell and reign in bliss, thence on the earth  
Dominion exercise, and in the air,  
Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declar'd,  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My substitutes I send ye, and create  
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me: on your joint vigour now

My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.  
If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of Hell  
No detriment need fear; go and be strong.

So saying, he dismiss'd them; they with speed  
Their course through thickest constellations held,  
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,  
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse  
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down  
The causeway to Hell gate; on either side  
Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd  
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
And all about found desolate; for those  
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,  
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all  
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls  
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd  
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.  
There kept their watch the legions, while the  
Grand

In council sat, solicitous what chance  
Might intercept their emp'ror sent; so he  
Departing gave command, and they observ'd,  
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe  
By Astracan over the snowy plains  
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the horns  
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Tauris or Calbeen: So these the late  
Heav'n-banish'd host left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch  
Round their metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour their great adventurer from the search  
Of foreign worlds: he through the midst un-  
In shew plebian angel militant [mark'd,  
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door  
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
Ascended his high throne, which under state  
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sat, and round about him saw unseen:  
At last as from a cloud his fulgent head  
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd  
At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was the ac-  
claim:

Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,  
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy  
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues,  
Powers,

For in possession such, not only of right,  
I call ye and declare ye now, return'd  
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,  
And dungeon of our Tyrant: now possess,  
As lords, a spacious world, to our native Heav'n

Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell  
What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain  
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
Of horrible confusion, over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
To expedite your glorious march; but I  
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride  
Th' untractable abyfs, plung'd in the womb  
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
That jealous of their secrets fiercely oppos'd  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
Protesting fate supreme; thence how I found  
The new-created world, which fame in Heav'n  
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,  
Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile  
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd  
From his Creator, and the more to increase  
Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat  
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
Both his beloved man and all his world  
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather  
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape  
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;  
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:  
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance: what remains, ye Gods,  
But up and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Their universal shout and high applause  
To fill his ear, when contrary he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long  
Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more;  
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
His arms clung to his ribs, his legs intertwining  
Each other, till supplant'd down he fell  
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vain, a greater Power  
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd  
According to his doom: he would have spoke,  
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
Alike to serpents, all as accessories  
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monster's head and tail,  
Scorpion, and asp, and amphibia dire,  
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,  
And Dipas (not so thick swarm'd once the sun  
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
Ophiusa) but still greatest he in the midst,  
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,  
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd  
Above the rest still to retain; they all

Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted rout  
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,  
Sublime with expectation when to see  
In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief;  
They saw, but other sight instead, a croud  
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw,  
They felt themselves now changing; down their  
arms, [fast,

Down fell both spear and shield, down they as  
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,  
As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they  
meant

Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There  
stood

A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that  
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange  
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
For one forbidden tree a multitude

Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;  
Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
Tho' to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd  
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
Near that bituminous lake, where Sodom flam'd;  
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste,  
Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit,  
Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste  
With spattering noise rejected: oft they' assay'd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining, drag'd as oft,  
With hatefullest displeasur writh'd their jaws  
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
Into the same illusion, not as man

Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were  
they plagu'd

And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.  
However, some tradition they dispers'd  
Among the Heathen of their purchase got,  
And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd  
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide  
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven  
And Ops, e'er yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair  
Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,  
Once, actual, now in body, and to dwell  
Habitual habitant; behind her Death  
Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet  
On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began:

Second of Satan sprung, all conqu'ring Death,  
What think'st thou of our empire now, though  
earn'd

With travel difficult, not better far  
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to' have sat  
watch

Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd?

Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon.  
To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n,  
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems,  
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.

To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd:  
Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and  
flowers

Feed first, on each beast next, and fish and fowl,  
No homely morsels; and whatever thing  
The sith of time mows down, devour unspar'd;  
Till I in Man residing through the race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later: which th' Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent seat the saints among,  
To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice:

See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me; so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his adherents, that with so much talk  
I suffer them to enter and possess

A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratify my scornful enemies,  
That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
Of passion, to them had quitted all,  
At random yielded up their misrule;  
And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither  
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh  
burst

With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling  
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave at last,  
Thro' Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.

Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure  
To sanctity that shall receive no stain:  
Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes.

He ended; and the Heav'nly audience loud  
Sung halleluiah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
Destin'd Restorer of mankind, by whom  
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the ages rise,  
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was their song  
While the Creator calling forth by name  
His mighty Angels, gave them several charge  
As sort'd best with present things. The sun  
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
As might affect the earth with cold and heat  
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call

Decrepid winter, from the south to bring  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon  
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspects  
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join  
 In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to shower,  
 Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous: to the winds they set  
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, air, and shore, the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark aereal hall.  
 Some say he bid his angels turn ascant  
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the sun's axle, they with labour push'd  
 Oblique the centric globe; some say the sun  
 Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven  
 Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins  
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain  
 By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with verdant flowers,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those  
 Beyond the polar circles; to them day  
 Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun  
 To recompence his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known  
 Or east or west, which had forbid the snow  
 From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit  
 The sun, as from Thyestean banquet turn'd  
 His course intended; else how had the world  
 Inhabited, tho' sinless, more than now,  
 Avoided pinching cold, and scorching heat?  
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, pro-  
 duc'd

Like change on sea and land, sidereal blast,  
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
 Corrupt and pestilent: now from the north  
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice  
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,  
 Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud  
 And Thracias rend the woods, and seas upturn;  
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous clouds  
 From Serrationa; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds  
 Eurus and Zephyr with their lateral noise,  
 Sirrocco, and Libecchio. Thus began  
 Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first  
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational,  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:  
 Beast now with beast began war, and fowl with  
 fowl,

And fish with fish; to graze the herb all leaving,  
 Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe  
 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing. These were from without  
 The growing miseries which Adam saw  
 Already in part, tho' hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,

And in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburden fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happy! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory, who now become  
 Accurs'd of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end  
 The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightful, *Increase and multiply,*  
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration; so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,  
 On me as on their natural centre light  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
 To mould me man, did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I receiv'd, unable to perform  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems; yet to say truth, too late  
 I thus contest; then should have been refus'd  
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
 Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good  
 Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
 But natural necessity begot.  
 God made thee of choice his own; and of his own  
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,  
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.  
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:  
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays  
 His hand to execute what his decree  
 Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive,  
 Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
 Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
 As in my mother's lap? there I should rest  
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
 To me and to my offspring would torment me  
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,  
 Lest that pure breath of life, the sp'rit of man  
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish  
 With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,  
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
 But I shall die a living death? O thought  
 Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath  
 Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
 And sin? the body properly hath neither.  
 All of me then shall die: let this appease  
 The doubt, since human reach no farther knows.  
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
 Is his wrath also? be it; man is not so,  
 But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
 Wrath without end on man whom death must end?  
 Can he make deathless death? that were to make  
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
 Impossible is held, as argument  
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite  
 In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigor  
 Satisfy'd never? that were to extend  
 His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law,  
 By which all causes else according still  
 To the reception of their matter act,  
 Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say  
 That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd  
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery  
 From this day onward, which I feel begun  
 Both in me, and without me, and so last  
 To perpetuity: Ay me, that fear  
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution  
 On my defenceless head; both death and I  
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both,  
 Nor I in my part single, in me all  
 Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony  
 That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
 So disinherited, how would you blis  
 Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
 If guiltless? but from me what can proceed,  
 But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,  
 Not to do only, but to will the same  
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand  
 In sight of God? him after all disputes  
 Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,  
 And Reasonings, though through mazes, lead me  
 But to my own conviction: first and last [still  
 On me, me only, as the source and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou  
 support  
 That burden heavier than the earth to bear,  
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad woman? thus what thou desir'st  
 And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
 O conscience, into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!  
 Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still night, not now, as e'er man fell

Wholesome and cool, and mild, but with black  
 air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: on the ground  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his creation, Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me? shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
 But Death comes not at call; Justice divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for pray'rs or cries.  
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales and bowers,  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer and resound far other song.  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sat, approaching night,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.  
 Out of my sight, thou serpent; that name best  
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false  
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his, and colour serpentine may shew  
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
 Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended  
 To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee  
 I had persisted happy, had not thy pride  
 And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,  
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
 Though by the Devil himself, him overweening  
 To over-reach, but with the serpent meeting  
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
 And understood not all was but a shew  
 Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib  
 Crooked by Nature, bent, as now appears,  
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn,  
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
 To my just number found. O why did God,  
 Creator wise that peopled highest Heav'n  
 With spirits masculine, create at last  
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 Of Nature, and not fill the world at once  
 With men as angels without feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,  
 And more that shall befall, innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either  
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse, or if the love, withheld  
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet already link'd and wedlock-bound  
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household peace confound,  
 He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve  
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,

And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:

Forfake me not thus, Adam; witness Heav'n  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay, forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
Against a foe by doom express'd assigned us,  
That cruel serpent: on me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,  
On me already lost, me than thyself  
More miserable; both have sinned, but thou  
Against God only, I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Me, me only, just object of his ire.

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,  
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration; soon his heart relented  
Tow'rd her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thyself; alas,  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers  
Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited,  
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
In offices of love how we may lighten  
Each other's burden in our share of woe;  
Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I see,  
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd evil,  
A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, reply'd:  
Adam, by sad experiment I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,  
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,

Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd  
By Death at last; and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
Into this curst world a woeful race,  
That after wretched life must be at last,  
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power  
It lies, yet e'er conception to prevent  
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death  
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two  
Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abtain  
From Love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope,  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be misery  
And torment less than none of what we dread;  
Then both ourselves and seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves:  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
That shew no end but death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy?

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts  
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.  
But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd:  
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;  
But self destruction therefore sought, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of misery, so thinking to invade  
The penalty pronounc'd, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire than  
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death  
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain  
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
To make death in us live: then let us seek  
Some safer resolution, which methinks  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
The serpent's head; piteous amends, unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture our grand foe  
Satan, who in the serpent hath contriv'd,  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
Resolv'd as thou propos'st; so our foe  
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.

No more be mention'd then of violence  
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness.  
 That cuts us off from hope, and favors only  
 Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
 Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
 Without wrath or reviling; we expected  
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
 Was meant by death that day, when lo, to thee  
 Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
 And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,  
 Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope  
 Glanc'd on the ground; with labour I must earn  
 My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;  
 My labour will sustain me; and lest cold  
 Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
 Hath unbefought provided, and his hands  
 Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;  
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
 Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
 And teach us further by what means to shun  
 The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?  
 Which now the sky with various face begins  
 To shew us in this mountain, while the winds  
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
 Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek  
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
 Our lips benumm'd, e'er this diurnal star  
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams  
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
 Or by collision of two bodies grind  
 The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds

Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock  
 Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame  
 driven down  
 Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
 And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
 Which might supply the sun: such fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedy or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, than to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow, unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?  
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?  
 So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK XI.

### *The Argument.*

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our First Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him; the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads; but submits: the Angel leads them up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above  
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd  
Unutterable, which the sp'rit of prayer  
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
'Than loudest oratory; yet the port  
Not of mean suiters, nor important less  
Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair  
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'rs  
Flew up, nor miss'd the way by envious winds  
Blown vagabond, or frustrate: in they pass'd  
Dimensionless thro' heav'nly doors; then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son  
Presenting, thus to intercede began:

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung  
From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs  
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,  
Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which his own hand, manuring all the trees  
Of Paradise, could have produc'd, e'er fall'n  
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear

To supplication, hear his sighs, tho' mute;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
Interpret for him, me his advocate  
And propitiation; all his works on me,  
Good or not good, ingraft, my merit those  
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
Accept me, and in me from these receive  
The smell of peace tow'rd mankind; let him live  
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
Number'd, though sad, till death, his doom  
(which I

To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)  
To better life shall yield him, where with me  
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,  
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene,  
All thy request for man, accepted Son,  
Obtain; all thy request was my decree;  
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:  
Those pure immortal elements that know  
No gross, no inharmonious mixture foul,  
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off  
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,  
And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
Created him endow'd, with happiness  
And immortality: that fondly lost,

This other serv'd but to entertain woe,  
 'Till I provided death; so death becomes  
 His final remedy, and after life  
 Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
 By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
 Walk'd in the renovation of the just,  
 Resigns him up with Heav'n and Earth renew'd.  
 But let us call to synod all the blest  
 Through Heav'n's wide bounds; from them I  
 will not hide  
 My judgments, how with mankind I proceed,  
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,  
 And in their state, though firm, stood more con-  
 firm'd.

He ended; and the Son gave signal high  
 To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew  
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
 When God descended, and perhaps once more  
 To sound at general doom. Th' angelic blast  
 Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers  
 Of amarantine shade, fountain, or spring,  
 By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
 In fellowships of joy, the sons of Light  
 Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
 And took their seats; till from his throne supreme  
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sov'reign will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
 To know both good and evil, since his taste  
 Of that defended fruit; but let him boast  
 His knowledge of good lost and evil got;  
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known  
 Good by itself, and evil not at all.  
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,  
 My motions in him; longer than they move,  
 His heart I know, how variable and vain  
 Self-left. Lest herefore his now bolder hand  
 Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,  
 And live for ever, dream at least to live  
 For ever, to remove him I decree,  
 And send him from the garden forth to till  
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.  
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,  
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim  
 Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,  
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
 Vacant possession, some new trouble raise:  
 Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God,  
 Without remorse, drive out the sinful pair,  
 From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce  
 To them and to their progeny from thence  
 Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
 At the sad sentence, vigorously urg'd;  
 For I behold them soften'd, and with tears  
 Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.  
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal  
 To Adam what shall come in future days,  
 As I shall thee enlighten; intermix  
 My covenant in the Woman's seed renew'd;  
 So send them forth, tho' sorrowing, yet in peace:  
 And on the east side of the garden place,  
 Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame  
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life:

Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
 With whose stol'n fruit Man once more to de-  
 lude.

He ceas'd; and th' arch-angelic Pow'r prepar'd  
 For swift descent, with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each  
 Had like a double Janus, all their shape  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the past'ral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile  
 To resalute the world with sacred light  
 Leucothea wak'd, and with fresh dews imbalm'd  
 The earth, when Adam, and first matron Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd:

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy from Heav'n descends;  
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heaven  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem; yet this will pray'r,  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
 Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought  
 By pray'r th' offended Deity to appease,  
 Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour; peace return'd  
 Home to my breast, and to my memory  
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;  
 Which then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,  
 Eve rightly call'd Mother of all Mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee  
 Man is to live, and all things live for man.

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanor meek,  
 Ill worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor, who for thee ordain'd  
 A help, became thy snare; to me reproach  
 Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
 That I who first brought death on all, am grac'd  
 The source of life; next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thust' entitle me vouchsaf'st,  
 Far other name deserving. But the field  
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Tho' after sleepless night; for see the morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosy progress smiling; let us forth,  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where'er our day's work lies, though now in-  
 join'd

Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilful in these pleasant walks?  
 Here let us live, tho' in fall'n state, content.

So spake, so wish'd much humbled Eve, but  
 Fate  
 Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of Morn; nigh in her sight

The bird of Jove stoop'd from his airy tour,  
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;  
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.  
Adam observ'd, and with his eyes the chace  
Pursuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake:  
O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature  
shews,

Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
Us haply too secure of our discharge  
From penalty because from death releas'd  
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,  
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
And thither must return, and be no more?  
Why else this double object in our sight  
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,  
One way the self-same hour? why in the east  
Darkness e'er day's mid-course, and morning-light  
More orient in yon western cloud that draws  
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends, with something heav'nly  
fraught?

He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,  
A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye:  
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;  
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise  
One man, assassin-like had levied war,  
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch  
In their bright stand there left his pow'rs to seize  
Possession of the garden; he alone,  
To find where Adam shelter'd took his way,  
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,  
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake:

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
Of us will soon determine, or impose  
New laws to be observ'd; for I descry  
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait  
None of the meanest, some great potentate  
Or of the thrones above, such majesty  
Invests him coming; yet not terrible,  
That I should fear, not sociably mild,  
As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
But solemn and sublime, whom not t' offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended; and th' Arch-angel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms  
A military vest of purple flow'd  
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof,  
His starry helm unbuckled shew'd him prime  
In manhood, where youth ended; by his side  
As in a glitt'ring zodiac, hung the sword,

Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state  
Inclin'd not; but his coming thus declar'd:

Adam, Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:  
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress  
Defeated of his seizure many days  
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May'st cover; well may then thy Lord appear'd  
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious clame;  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,  
And send from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news  
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow flood,  
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and give ye names,  
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank,  
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild,  
Lament not Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou has lost; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine;  
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes  
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd sp'rits return'd,  
To Michael thus his humble words add'd:

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the highest for such of shape may seem  
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us; what besides  
Of sorrow and dejection and despair  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes, all places else  
Inhospitable appear, and desolate,  
Nor knowing us nor known; and if by pray'r  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries:  
But pray'r against his absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,

Blown rising back on him that breathes it forth :  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd  
 His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree  
 stood visible, among these pines his voice  
 I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd :  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers :  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd  
 To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore :

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign.  
 Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the earth,  
 Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual pow'r, and warm'd :  
 All th' earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
 No despicable gift; furnish not then  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
 Of Paradise or Eden : this had been  
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
 All generations, and had hither come  
 From all the ends of th' earth, to celebrate  
 And reverence thee, their great Progenitor.  
 But this præminence thou hast lost, brought  
 down

To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :  
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
 God is as here, and will be found alike  
 Present, and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
 With goodness and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
 Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
 To shew thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy offspring; good with bad  
 Expect to bear, supernal grace contending  
 With sinful man; thereby to learn  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally inur'd  
 By moderation either, state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse : so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)  
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st;  
 As once thou slep'st, while she to life was form'd.

To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
 However chast'ning, to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,  
 If so I may attain. So both ascend

In the visions of God : It was a hill  
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
 The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken  
 Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay.  
 Not high'er that hill, nor wider looking round,  
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
 Our second Adam in the wilderness,  
 To shew him all Earth's kingdoms and their glory.  
 His eye might there command wherever stood  
 City of old or modern fame, the seat  
 Of mightiest empire from the destin'd walls  
 Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
 To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence  
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul  
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,  
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
 Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port  
 Ercoco, and the less maratim kings  
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
 And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm  
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount  
 The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez, and Sus,  
 Morocco and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world: in sp'rit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
 And Cusco, in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoil'd  
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons  
 Call El Dorado: but to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,  
 Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
 Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see;  
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd.  
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,  
 E'en to th' inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam now enforc'd to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his sp'rits became intranc'd;  
 But him the gentle angel by the hand  
 Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 Th' effects which thy original crime hath  
 wrought

In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd  
 Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,  
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  
 New reap'd, the other part sheep-walks and folds;  
 In th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,  
 Rustic, of grassy ford; thither anon  
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
 Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next  
 More meek came with the firstlings of his flock  
 Choicest and best; then sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.

His offering soon propitious fire from Heav'n  
 Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful stream;  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere;  
 Whereat he only rag'd, and as they talk'd,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale  
 Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd.  
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
 Dismay'd, and thus in haste to th' angel cry'd:

O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n  
 To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;  
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd.  
 These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
 Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just had slain,  
 For envy that his brother's offering found  
 From Heav'n acceptance; but the bloody fact  
 Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd  
 Lose no reward, tho' here thou see him die,  
 Rolling in dust and gore. To which our Sire,

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!  
 But have I now seen death? is this the way  
 I must return to native dust? O sight  
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus Michael. Death thou hast seen  
 In his first shape on man; but many shapes  
 Of death, and many are the ways that lead  
 To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense  
 More terrible at th' entrance than within.  
 Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,  
 By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more  
 In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall  
 bring

Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew  
 Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know  
 What misery th' inabstinence of Eve  
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
 Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
 A lazarus-house it seem'd, wherein were laid  
 Numbers of all discas'd, all maladies;  
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,  
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
 Demoniac phrenzy, mooping melancholy,  
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint racking rheums.  
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair  
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;  
 And over them triumphant Death his dart  
 Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd  
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
 Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long  
 Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excels;  
 And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.  
 O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who if he knew

What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
 Th' image of God in man created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unlightly sufferings be debas'd  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude

In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image, answered Michael, then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilify'd  
 To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took  
 His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.

Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own,  
 Or if his likeness by themselves defac'd,  
 While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they  
 God's image did not reverence in themselves,

I yield it just, said Adam, and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
 The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,  
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from  
 thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return:  
 So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit you drop  
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease  
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature:  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will  
 change

To wither'd weak, and grey; thy sense then  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego  
 To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,  
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry  
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
 The balm of Life. To whom our Ancestor,

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit  
 Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,  
 Which I must keep till my appointed day  
 Of rend'ring up, and patiently attend  
 My dissolution. Michael reply'd.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n:  
 And now prepare thee for another fight.

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
 Were tents of various hue; by some were herds  
 Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound  
 Of instruments that made melodious chime  
 Was heard, of harp and organ; and who mov'd  
 Their stops and chords, was seen; his volent touch  
 Instinct through all proportion flow and high  
 Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.  
 In other part stood one, who at the forge  
 Lab'ring, two massy clods of ir'n and brass  
 Had melted, (whether found where casual fire  
 Had wasted woods in mountain or in vale,

Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
From underground) the liquid ore he drain'd  
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd  
First his own tools; then, what might else be  
wrought

Fuſil or grav'n in metal. After theſe,  
Ere on the hither ſide, a different ſort [feat,  
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their  
Down to the plain deſcended; by their guiſe  
Juſt men they ſeem'd, and all their ſtudy bent  
To worſhip God aright, and know his works  
Not hid, nor thoſe things laſt which might pre-  
ſerve

Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain  
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold  
A bevy of fair women, richly gay  
In gems and wanton dreſs; to th' harp they ſung  
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:  
The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their  
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net [eyes  
Faſt caught, they lik'd, and each his liking choſe;  
And now of love they treat, till th' evening ſtar,  
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat  
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
Hymen, then firſt to marriage rites invok'd:  
With feaſt and muſic all the tents reſound.

Such happy interview and fair event  
Of love and youth not loſt, ſongs, garlands, flowers,  
And charming ſymphonies attach'd the heart  
Of Adam, ſoon inclin'd to admit delight,  
The bent of Nature; which he thus expreſs'd:

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel bleſt,  
Much better ſeems this viſion, and more hope  
Of peaceful days portends than thoſe two paſt;  
Thoſe were of hate and death, or pain much  
worſe,

Here Nature ſeems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael: Judge not what is  
By pleaſure, though to nature ſeeming meet, [beſt  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,  
Holy and pure, conformity divine.  
Thoſe tents thou ſaw'ſt ſo pleaſant, were the tents  
Of Wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his race  
Who ſlew his brother; ſtudious they appear  
Of arts that poliſh life, inventors rare,  
Unmindful of their Maker, though his ſpirit  
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd  
none.

Yet they a beautifull offspring ſhall beget;  
For that fair female troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd  
Of goddeſſes, ſo blith, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,  
Yet empty of all good, wherein conſiſts  
Woman's domeſtic honour and chief praiſe;  
Bred only and completed to the taſte  
Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,  
To dreſs, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.  
To theſe that ſober race of men, whoſe lives  
Religious titled them the ſons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
Ignobly, to the traus and to the ſmiles  
Of theſe fair Atheiſts, and now ſwim in joy,  
E'er long to ſwim at large; and laugh, for which  
The world e'er long a world of tears muſt weep.  
To whom thus Adam, of ſhort joy bereft.

O pity' and ſhame, that they who to live well  
Enter'd ſo fair, ſhould turn aſide to tread  
Paths indirec't, or in the mid way faint!  
But ſtill I ſee the tenor of man's woe  
Holds on the ſame, from woman to begin.

From man's effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,  
Said th' Angel, who ſhould better hold his place  
By wiſdom and ſuperior gifts receiv'd:  
But now prepare thee for another ſcene.

He look'd, and ſaw wide territory ſpread  
Before him, towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of men, with lofty gates and towers,  
Concourſe in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,  
Giants of mighty bone, and bold empriſe;  
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming ſteed,  
Single or in array of battle rang'd  
Both horſe and foot, nor idly muſt'ring ſtood;  
One way a hand ſelect from forage drives  
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine  
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,  
Their booty; ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly,  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;  
With cruel tourneament the ſquadrons join;  
Where cattle paſtur'd late, now ſcatter'd lie  
With carcaſes and arms th' infanguin'd field  
Deſerted: others to a city ſtrong  
Lay ſiege, incamp'd; by battery, ſcale, and mine,  
Affaulting; others from the wall defend  
With dart and javeline, ſtones and fulphurous fire;  
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.

In other parts the ſcepter'd heralds call  
To council in the city gates: anon  
Grey-headed men, and grave, with warriors mix'd  
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard, but ſoon  
In factious oppoſition, till at laſt  
Of middle age one riſing, eminent  
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of right and wrong,  
Of juſtice, of religion, truth, and peace,  
And judgment from above: him old and young  
Exploded, and had ſeis'd with violent hands,  
Had not a cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence  
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo violence  
Proceeded, and oppreſſion, and ſworn-law  
Thro' all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
Lamenting, turn'd full ſad: O what are theſe,  
Death's miniſters, not men, who thus deal death  
Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
Ten thouſandfold the ſin of him who ſlew  
His brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre  
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?  
But who was that juſt man, whom had not  
Heav'n

Reſcued, had in his righteouſneſs been loſt?

To whom thus Michael. Theſe are the product  
Of thoſe ill-mated marriages thou ſaw'ſt;  
Where good with bad were match'd, who, of  
themſelves

Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd,  
Produce prodigious births of body' or mind.  
Such were theſe giants, men of high renown;  
For in thoſe days might only ſhall b' admir'd,  
And valour and heroic virtue call'd;  
To overcome in battle, and ſubdue

Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
 Of human glory, and for glory done  
 Of triumph, to be stil'd greater conquerors,  
 Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,  
 Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.  
 Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on earth,  
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
 But he the sev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldst  
 The only righteous in a world perverse,  
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
 With foes for daring single to be just,  
 And utter odious truth, that God would come  
 To judge them with his saints: him the most  
 High

Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds  
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
 High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
 Exempt from death; to shew thee what reward  
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
 Which now direct thine eyes, and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite  
 chang'd;

The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;  
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,  
 To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
 Marrying or prostituting, as beset,  
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
 Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.  
 At length a reverend fire among them came,  
 And of their doings great dislike declar'd,  
 And testify'd against their ways; he oft  
 Frequented their assemblies, where so met,  
 Triumphs of festivals, and to them preach'd  
 Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
 In prison under judgments imminent:  
 But all in vain, which when he saw, he ceas'd  
 Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;  
 Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,  
 Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and  
 height,

Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door  
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large  
 For man and beast: when lo a wonder strange!  
 Of every beast, and bird, and insect small  
 Came sev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught  
 Their order: last the sire, and his three sons  
 With their four wives; and God made fast the  
 door.

Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black  
 wings

Wide hovering all the clouds together drove  
 From under Heav'n; the hills to their supply  
 Vapour and exhalation, dusk and moist,  
 Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky  
 Like a dark cieling flood; down rush'd the rain  
 Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
 No more was seen; the floating vessel swum  
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
 Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else  
 Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
 Deep under water roll'd, sea cover'd sea,  
 Sea without shore; and in their palaces  
 Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd

And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,  
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark'd.  
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
 Depopulation? thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd  
 By the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
 Tho' comfortless, as when a father mourns  
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once;  
 And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.

O visions ill foreseen! better had I  
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne  
 My part of evil only, each day's lot  
 Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd  
 The burd'n of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me e'er their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no man  
 seek

Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
 Him or his children; evil he may be sure,  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel  
 Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume  
 Wand'ring that wat'ry desert: I had hope  
 When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,  
 All would have then gone well, peace would have  
 crown'd

With length of happy days the race of man;  
 But I was far deceiv'd, for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus? unfold, celestial Guide,  
 And whether here the race of man will end.

To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou  
 saw'st

In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
 Who having spilt much blood, and done much  
 waste,

Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and  
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and sloth,  
 Raise out of friendship hostile ~~deeds~~ [sloth],  
 Raile out of friendship hostile ~~deeds~~ in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war  
 Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose  
 And fear of God, from whence their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid  
 Against invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy; for th' earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd:  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd,  
 Justice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot  
 One man except, the only Son of Light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurements, custom, and a world  
 Offended; fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways

Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impenitence; and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observ'd  
 The one just man alive; by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,  
 To save himself and household from amidst  
 A world devote to universal wrack.

No sooner he with them of man and beast  
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd;  
 And shelter'd round, but all the cataracts  
 Of Heav'n set open on the earth shall pour  
 Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills; then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,  
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,  
 And there take root an island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews clang:  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,  
 Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,  
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry  
 Wrinkled the face of Deluge, as decay'd;  
 And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass  
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
 As after thirst, which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
 With soft foot tow'rd the Deep, who now had  
 stopt

His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut.  
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;  
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive  
 Tow'rd the retreating sea their furious tide.  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;

The second time returning, in his bill  
 An olive leaf he brings, pacific sign:  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 The ancient fire descends with all his train;  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, o'er his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
 Conspicuous with three list'd colours gay,  
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.  
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
 Greatly rejoic'd; and thus his joy broke forth.

O thou who future things can represent  
 As present, heav'nly Instructor, I revive  
 At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice  
 For one man found so perfect and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those colour'd streaks in  
 Heav'n

Distended as the brow of God appear'd,  
 Or serve they as a show'ry verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve and show'r the earth?

To whom the archangel. Dext'rously thou  
 aim'st;  
 So willingly doth God remit his ire,  
 Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,  
 Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
 The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh  
 Corrupting each their way; yet those remov'd,  
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,  
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
 And makes a covenant never to destroy  
 The Earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world;  
 With man therein or beast; but when he brings  
 Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set  
 His triple-colour'd bow; whereon to look,  
 And call to mind his covenant: day and night,  
 Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost  
 Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things  
 new,  
 Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall  
 dwell.

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# PARADISE LOST.

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## BOOK XII.

### *The Argument.*

The angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael, in either hand, leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place

As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed; so here th' arch-angel  
    paus'd  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;  
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes.  
Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;  
And man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense;  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.  
This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace by families and tribes  
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
With fair equality, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of nature from the earth,  
Hunting (and men, not beasts shall be his game)  
With war and hostile snare, such as refuse  
Subjection to his empire tyrannous;

A mighty Hunter thence he shall be stil'd  
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,  
Or from Heav'n claiming second sov'reignty;  
And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of rebellion others he accuses.  
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
With him, or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden tow'rs the west, shall find  
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
A city' and tower, whose top may reach to  
    Heav'n;  
And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd  
In foreign lands their memory be lost,  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God, who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings, then beholding soon,  
Comes down to see their city, e'er the tower  
Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets  
Upon their tongues a various sp'rit to raise  
Quite out their native language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown;  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
Among the builders; each to other calls  
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in  
    Heav'n,  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,  
And hear the din; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.  
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly, displeas'd:

O execrable son, so to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authority usurp'd, from God not giv'n :  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
 By his donation; but man over men  
 He made not lord; such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free.  
 But this usurper his encroachment proud  
 Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends  
 Siege and defiance; wretched man! what food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
 And furnish him of breath, if not of bread?  
 To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorrest  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,  
 Since thy original lapse true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwell's  
 Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being :  
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart passions catch the government  
 From reason, and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits  
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
 Over free reason, God in judgment just  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords;  
 Who oft as undeservedly inthrall  
 His outward freedom; tyranny must be,  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue which is reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty,  
 Their inward lost: witness th' irreverent son  
 Of him who built the ark, who for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways;  
 And one peculiar nation to select  
 From all the ~~rest~~ of whom to be invoc'd,  
 A nation from one faithful man to spring:  
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
 Bred up in idol-worship; O that man  
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
 While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the  
 flood,  
 As to forsake the living God, and fall  
 To worship their own work in wood and stone  
 For Gods! yet him God the most High vouch-  
 safes  
 To call by vision from his father's house,  
 His kindred and false gods, into a land  
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
 A mighty nation, and upon him shower  
 His benediction so, that in his seed  
 All nations shall be blest; he strait obeys,

Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes;  
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil  
 Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford  
 To Haran, after him a cumbrous train  
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;  
 Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
 Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
 Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain  
 Of Moreh; there by promise he receives  
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
 From Hamath northward to the desert south,  
 (Things by their names I call, though yet un-  
 nam'd)  
 From Hermon east to the great western sea;  
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea; each place behold  
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shore  
 Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream  
 Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons  
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
 Shall in his seed be blessed; by that seed  
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise  
 The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon  
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,  
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
 A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves,  
 Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
 The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd departs  
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile;  
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
 Into the sea: to sojourn in that land  
 He comes, invited by a younger son  
 In time of dearth, a son whole worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race  
 Growing into a nation, and now grown  
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks  
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them  
 slaves  
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males;  
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
 His people from inthralment, they return  
 With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.  
 But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
 To know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd, by signs and judgments dire;  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;  
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land;  
 His cattle must of rot and murren die;  
 Botches and blains must all his flesh imbosh,  
 And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,  
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on th'earth, devouring where it rolls;  
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;  
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
 Last with one midnigh stroke all the first-born

Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice  
More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea  
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass  
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,  
Awd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore :  
Such wondrous power God to his faint will lend,  
Though present in his angel, who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire,  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues :  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning watch ;  
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot wheels : when, by com-  
mand,

Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;  
On their embattl'd ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war ; the race elect  
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,  
Lest entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,  
War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by their delay  
In the wide wilderness ; there they shall found  
Their government, and their senate choose  
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by laws or-  
dain'd :

God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,  
Ordain them laws ; part such as appertain  
To civil justice, part religious rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise  
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal ear is dreadful ; they beseech  
That Moses might report to them his will,  
And terror cease ; he grants what they besought,  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without Mediator, whose high office now  
Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,  
And all the Prophets in their age the times  
Of great Messi'h shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men  
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
Among them to set up his tabernacle,  
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell :  
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein  
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
The records of his covenant, over these

A mercy-seat of gold between the wings  
Of two bright cherubim ; before him burn  
Sev'n lamps, as in a zodiac, representing  
The heav'nly fires ; over the tent a cloud  
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
Save when they journey, and at length they come  
Conducted by his Angels, to the land  
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed : the rest  
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,  
How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won ;  
Or how the sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
Man's voice commanding, sun in Gibeon stand,  
And thou Moon in the vale of Aialon,  
Till Israel overcome ; so call the third  
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
His whole descent ; who thus shall Canaan win,  
Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,  
Inlightener of my darkness, gracious things  
Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern  
Just Abraham and his seed : now first I find  
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eas'd  
E'erwhile perplex'd with thoughts what would  
become

Of me and all mankind ; but now I see  
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest,  
Favour unmerited by me, who fought  
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth  
So many and so various laws are given ;  
So many laws argue so many sins  
Among them ; how can God with such reside ?  
To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that  
Sin

Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;  
And therefore was law giv'n them to evince  
Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
Sin against law to fight : that when they see  
Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
Some blood more precious must be paid for man,  
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
To them by faith imputed, they may find  
Justification towards God, and peace  
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies  
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part  
Perform, and not performing can receive.  
So law appears imperfect, and but given  
With purpose to resign them in full time  
Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd  
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,  
From imposition of strict laws to free  
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear  
To filial, works of law to works of faith ;  
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
Highly lov'd, being but the minister  
Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;  
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
The adversary serpent, and bring back  
Through the world's wilderness long wander'd  
Safe to eternal paradise of rest. [man  
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac'd,

Long time shall dwell and prosper ; but when fins  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies :  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
 By judges first, then under kings ; of whom  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing  
 All prophesy, that of the royal stock  
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
 A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,  
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last, for of his reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.  
 Such follow him as shall be register'd  
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults  
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city', his temple, and his holy ark,  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.  
 There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of sev'nty years, then brings them  
 back,

Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn  
 To David, establish'd as the days of Heav'n.  
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of  
 God

They first re-edify, and for a while  
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow ;  
 But first among the priests dissention springs,  
 Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace ; their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself : at last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons,  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed king Messiah might be born,  
 Barr'd of his right ; yet at his birth a star  
 Unseen being in Heav'n, proclaims him come,  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;  
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.  
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The power of the most High ; he shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the  
 Heav'ns.

He cas'd, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he  
 breath'd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand

What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in  
 vain ;

Why our great expectation should be call'd  
 The Seed of Woman : Virgin Mother, hail,  
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the son  
 Of God most High ; so God with man united  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain : say where and when  
 Their fight, what strokes shall bruise the victor's  
 heel.

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their  
 fight

As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel : not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound :  
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall re-cure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
 In thee and in thy seed : nor can this be  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the law of God, impos'd  
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow  
 So only can high justice rest appaid.  
 The law of God exact he shall fulfill  
 Both by obedience and by love, though love  
 Alone fulfill the law ; thy punishment  
 He shall endure, by coming to the flesh  
 To a reproachful life and curst death,  
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
 In his redemption, and that his obedience  
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits  
 To save them, not their own, though legal  
 works.

For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,  
 Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death con-  
 demn'd

A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross  
 By his own nation, slain for bringing life ;  
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies,  
 The law that is against thee, and the sins  
 Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,  
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
 In this his satisfaction ; so he dies,  
 But soon revives ; Death over him no power  
 Shall long usurp ; e'er the third dawning light  
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
 Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,  
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life  
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
 By faith not void of works : this God-like act  
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou should'st have  
 In sin for ever lost from life ; this act [dy'd,  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,  
 Defeating sin and death, his two main arms,  
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
 Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,  
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,  
 A gentle wasting to immortal life.  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay

Longer on earth than certain times to' appear  
To his disciples, men who in his life  
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge  
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd,  
And his salvation, them who shall believe  
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,  
For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.  
All nations they shall teach; for from that day  
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins  
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons  
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;  
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.

Then to the Heav'n of Heav'n's he shall ascend  
With victory, triumphing through the air  
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprize  
The Serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains  
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave:  
Then enter into glory, and resume  
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
Above all names in Heav'n; and thence shall  
come,

When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
With glory' and power to judge both quick and  
dead,

To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth  
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

So spake th' arch-angel Michael, then paus'd,  
As at the world's great period; and our sire,  
Replete with joy and wonder thus reply'd:

O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Than that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice  
Much more, that much more good thereof shall  
spring,

To God more glory, more good will to men  
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n  
Must reascend, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? will they not deal  
Worse with his followers than with him they  
dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' angel; but from  
He to his own a comforter will send, [Heav'n  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them, and the law of faith  
Working through love, upon their hearts shall  
To guide them in all truth, and also arm [write,  
With spiritual armour, able to resist  
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
What man can do against them, not afraid,  
Though to the death, against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompens'd,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit

Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To' evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptiz'd, shall then with wondrous gifts induce  
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive [length  
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n? at  
Their ministry perform'd, and race well-run,  
Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditious taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power; though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and given  
To all believers; and from that pretence,  
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience; laws which none shall find  
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind  
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild  
His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
Their own faith not another's? for on earth  
Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
Infallible; yet many will presume;  
Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
On all who in the worship persevere  
Of Spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,  
Will deem in outward rites and spacious forms  
Religion satisfy'd; Truth shall retire  
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith  
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
Under her own weight groaning, till the day  
Appear of respiration to the just,  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,  
The Woman's Seed, obscurely then foretold,  
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,  
Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
Satan with his perverted world then raise  
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date  
Founded in righteousness and peace, and love,  
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reply'd:  
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,  
Till time stand fix'd? beyond is all abyss,  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God, to walk

As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake  
Is fortitude, to highest victory,  
And to the faithful death the gate of life;  
Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' angel last reply'd:  
Thus having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum  
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars  
Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea,  
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
And all the rule, one empire; only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,  
Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,  
By name to come call'd Charity, the soul  
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, happier far.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of speculation; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence; and see the guards,  
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect  
Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;  
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;  
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd  
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd  
To meek submission: thou at season fit  
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
The great deliverance by her seed to come  
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind:  
That ye may live, which will be many days,  
Both in one faith unanimous though sad,  
With cause, for evils past, yet much more cheer'd  
With meditation on the happy end.

He ended; and they both descend the hill:

Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve  
Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;  
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st I  
know;

For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on,  
In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
This further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard  
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh  
Th' arch-angel stood, and from the other hill  
To their fix'd station, all in bright array  
The cherubim descended; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
Ris'n from a river o'er the marsh glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel  
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,  
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd  
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the Lybian air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat  
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught  
Our ling'ring Parents, and to the eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.  
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate  
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:  
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:  
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.



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# PARADISE REGAIN'D.

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## BOOK I.

I who e'er while the happy Garden sung,  
By one Man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one Man's firm obedience fully try'd  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,  
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spirit who ledst this glorious eremite  
Into the desert, his victorious field,  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence  
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song esse mute,  
And bear thro' height or depth of Nature's bounds  
With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age,  
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long un Sung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice  
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd  
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand  
To all baptis'd : to his great baptism flock'd  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd  
To the flood Jordan came, as then obscure,  
Unmark'd, unknown ; but him the Baptist soon  
Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore  
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd  
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long  
His witness unconfirm'd : on him baptis'd  
Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove  
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.  
That heard the Adversary, who roving still  
About the world, at that assembly fam'd  
Would not be last, and with the voice divine  
Night thunder-struck, th' exalted Man to whom  
Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd  
With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage  
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
To counsel summons all his mighty peers,  
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,  
A gloomy consistory ; and them amidst  
With look aghast and sad he thus bespake :  
O ancient Pow'rs of Air and this wide world,

For much more willingly I mention Air,  
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,  
Our hated habitation ; well ye know  
How many ages, as the years of men,  
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd  
In manner at our will th' affairs of Earth,  
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since  
With dread attending when that fatal wound  
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
Upon my head : long the decrees of Heav'n  
Delay, for longest time to him is short ;  
And now too soon for us the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we  
Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound.  
At least if so we can, and by the head  
Broken be not intended all our power  
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,  
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air ;  
For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed  
Destin'd to this, is late of woman born :  
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,  
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying

All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve  
Things highest, greatest multiplies my fear,  
Before him a great prophet to proclaim  
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
Purified to receive him pure, or rather  
To do him honour as their king ; all come,  
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony of Heav'n, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt ; I saw  
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising  
Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds  
Unfold here crystal doors, thence on his head  
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,  
And out of Heav'n, the Sov'reign voice I heard,  
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.  
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire  
He who obtains the monarchy of Heav'n,

And what will he not do to advance his Son?  
 His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,  
 When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep;  
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
 In all his lineaments, though in his face  
 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
 But must with something sudden be oppos'd,  
 Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well woven  
 E'er in the head of nations he appear [snare,  
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.  
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
 The dismal expedition to find out  
 And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd  
 Successfully; a calmer voyage now  
 Will waite me; and the way found prosp'rous once  
 Induces best to hope of like success.

He ended; and his words impression left  
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
 Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay  
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:  
 Unanimous they all commit the care  
 And management of this main enterprize  
 To him their great dictator, whose attempt  
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd  
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
 From Hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,  
 Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods  
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,  
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,  
 This Man of Men, attested Son of God,  
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd  
 To end his reign on Earth so long enjoy'd:  
 But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd  
 The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd  
 Of the Most High, who in full frequency bright  
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:  
 Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,  
 Thou and all angels conversant on Earth  
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin  
 To verify that solemn message late,  
 On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son  
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;  
 Then toldst her doubting how these things could be  
 To her a virgin, that on her should come  
 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest  
 O'er-shadow her: this Man born and now up-  
 To shew him worthy of his birth divine [grown,  
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose  
 To Satan; let him tempt and now assay  
 His utmost subtilty, because he boasts  
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
 Of his apostacy; he might have learnt  
 Less overweening since he fail'd in Job,  
 Whose constant perseverance overcame  
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
 He now shall know I can produce a Man  
 Of female seed, far abler to resist  
 All his solicitations, and at length

All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell,  
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost  
 By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean  
 To exercise him in the wilderness,  
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
 Of his great warfare, e'er I send him forth  
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,  
 By humiliation and strong sufferance  
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,  
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,  
 They now, and men hereafter may discern,  
 From what consummate virtue I have chose  
 This perfect Man, by merit call'd my Son,  
 To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' eternal Father, and all Heav'n  
 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd,  
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the Son of God  
 Now ent'ring his great duel, not of arms,  
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.  
 The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,  
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.  
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,  
 And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:  
 Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
 Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,  
 Musing and much revolving in his breast,  
 How best the mighty work he might begin  
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
 Publish his God-like office now mature,  
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,  
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
 With solitude, till far from track of men,  
 Thought following thought, and step by step led  
 He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild, [on,  
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
 His holy meditations thus pursu'd.

O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider  
 What from within I feel myself, and hear  
 What from without comes often to my ears,  
 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd:  
 When I was yet a child, no childish play  
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
 What might be public good; myself I thought  
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
 All righteous things: therefore above my years,  
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
 To such perfection, that e'er yet my age  
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast  
 I went into the temple, there to hear  
 The teachers of our law, and to propose  
 What might improve my knowledge or their own;  
 And was admir'd by all; yet this not all  
 To which my spirit aspir'd; victorious deeds  
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke.

Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth  
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
 Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd :  
 Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly first  
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
 And make persuasion do the work of Fear ;  
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul  
 Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware  
 Milled ; the stubborn only to subdue.  
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving  
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,  
 And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts,  
 O Son ; but nourish them, and let them soar  
 To what height sacred virtue and true worth  
 Can raise them, though above example high ;  
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;  
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage,  
 Thy Father is th' eternal King who rules  
 All Heav'n and Earth, angels and sons of men ;  
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
 Conceived in me a virgin, he foretold  
 Thou should'st be great, and sit on David's throne,  
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
 At thy nativity a glorious quire  
 Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung  
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night,  
 And told them the Messiah now was born,  
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came,  
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,  
 For in the inn was left no better room :  
 A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing  
 Guided the Wise Men thither from the East,  
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,  
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
 Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heaven,  
 By which they knew the King of Israel born.  
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warn'd  
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake  
 Before the altar and the vested priest,  
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
 This having heard, straight I again I revolv'd  
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
 I am : this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assy ev'n to the death,  
 E'er I the promis'd kingdom can attain,  
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins  
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,  
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold  
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,  
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
 Before Messiah, and his way prepare.  
 I as all others to his baptism came,  
 Which I believ'd was from above ; but he  
 Strait knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
 Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven)  
 Me him whose harbinger he was ; and first  
 Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,  
 As much his greater, and was hardly won :  
 But as I rose out of the laving stream,  
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
 The spirit descended on me like a dove,

And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
 Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,  
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
 He was well pleas'd ; by which I knew the time  
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
 But openly begin, as best becomes  
 Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.  
 And now by some strong motion I am led  
 Into this wilderness, to what intent  
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know ;  
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.  
 So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,  
 And looking round on every side beheld  
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades ;  
 The way he came not having mark'd, return  
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod ;  
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
 Accompanied of things past and to come  
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend  
 Such solitude before choicest society.  
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
 Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
 Under the covert of some ancient oak,  
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
 Or harbour'd in lone cave, is not reveal'd ;  
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt  
 Till those days ended, hunger then at last  
 Among wild beasts : they at his sight grew mild,  
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk  
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,  
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.  
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
 Following as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,  
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,  
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake :  
 Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this  
 So far from path or road of men, who pass [place  
 In troop or caravan ? for single none  
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here  
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drouth.  
 I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seem'st the Man whom late  
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son  
 Of God ; I saw and heard, for we sometimes  
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come  
 forth  
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far)  
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,  
 What happens new ; fame also finds us out.  
 To whom the son of God. Who brought me  
 hither,  
 Will bring me hence ; no other guide I seek.  
 By miracle he may, reply'd the swain ;  
 What other way I see not, for we here  
 Live on tough roots, and stubs, to thirst inur'd  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,  
 Men to much misery and hardship born ;  
 But if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,  
 So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He ended; and the Son of God reply'd:  
**Think'st** thou such force in bread? Is it not  
 written

(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed  
 Our fathers here with manna? in the mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank;  
 And forty days Elijah without food  
 Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?  
 Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-fiend now un-  
 disguis'd:

'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,  
 Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt  
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven  
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,  
 Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd  
 By rigour unconniving, but that oft  
 Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy  
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
 Or range in th' air, nor from the Heaven of  
 Heav'n's

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
 I came among the sons of God, when he  
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job  
 To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;  
 And when to all his angels he propos'd  
 To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud  
 That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
 I undertook that office, and the tongues  
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies  
 To his destruction, as I had in charge;  
 For what he bids I do: though I have lost  
 Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
 To be belov'd of God, I have not lost  
 To love, at least contemplate and admire  
 What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
 Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.  
 What can be then less in me than desire  
 To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
 Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent  
 Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?  
 Men generally think me much a foe  
 To all mankind: why should I? they to me  
 Never did wrong or violence; by them  
 I lost not what I lost; rather by them  
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell  
 Copartner in these regions of the world,  
 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,  
 And answers, oracles, portents and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.  
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe.  
 At first it may be; but long since with woe  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,  
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
 Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.  
 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:  
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that  
 man,

Man fall'n, shall be restor'd, I never more.

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd:

Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
 Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'n's: thou com'st indeed,  
 As a poor miserable captive thrall  
 Comes to the place where he before had sat  
 Among the prime in splendor, now depos'd,  
 Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, scorn'd,  
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn  
 To all the host of Heav'n: the happy place  
 Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,  
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
 Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,  
 So never more in Hell than when in Heav'n.  
 But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.  
 Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
 What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem  
 Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
 With all inflictions? but his patience won.  
 The other service was thy chosen task,  
 To be a liar in four hundred months;  
 For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
 Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles  
 By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true  
 Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,  
 By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
 But what have been thy answers? what but dark,  
 Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
 Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,  
 And not well understood as good not known?  
 Whoever by consulting at thy shrine  
 Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct  
 To fly or follow what concern'd him most,  
 And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
 For God hath justly giv'n the nations up  
 To thy delusions; justly since they fell  
 Idolatrous: but when his purpose is  
 Among them to declare his providence  
 To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy  
 But from him or his angels president (truth,  
 In every province? who themselves disdain  
 To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say  
 To thy adorers; thou with trembling fear,  
 Or like a fawning parasite obey'st;  
 Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
 God hath now sent his Living Oracle  
 Into the world to teach his final will,  
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour; but the subtle Fiend,  
 Though inwardly stung with anger and disdain  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd:

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery hath wrested from me: Where  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,

And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;  
 From thee I can and must submits endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th'  
 And tuneful as sylvan pipe or song;      [ear,  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear  
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire  
 Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me  
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)  
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain,  
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,  
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest

To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
 About his altar, handling holy things,  
 Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice  
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
 Inspir'd; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow,  
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
 I bid not or forbid; do as thou find'st  
 Permission from above; thou canst not more.

He added not; and Satan bowing low  
 His gray dissimulation, disappear'd  
 Into thin air diffus'd: for now began  
 Night with her sullen wings to double-shade  
 The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;  
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

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# PARADISE REGAIN'D.

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## BOOK II

MEANWHILE the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd  
Jesus Messiah son of God declar'd,  
And on that high authority had believ'd,  
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I  
mean

Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others, though in Holy Writ not nam'd,  
Now missing him their joy so lately found,  
So lately found, and so abruptly gone,  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt :  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,  
And for a time caught up to God, as once  
Moses was in the mount, and missing long ;  
And the great Thibite, who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.  
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabra ; in Jericho  
The city of Palms, Ænon, and Selem old,  
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd  
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
Or in Peza ; but return'd in vain.  
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
Where winds with reeds and oziers whisp'ring  
play,

Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,  
Close in a cottage low together got,  
Their unexpected loss and complaints out breath'd.

Alas, from what high hope to what relapse  
Unlook'd for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld  
Messiah certainly now comé, so long  
Expected of our fathers ; we have heard  
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth ;  
How, now, for sure deliverance is at hand,  
The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd ;  
Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd  
Into perplexity and new amaze :

For whither is he gone, what accident  
Hath wrapt him from us ? will he now retire  
After appearance, and thus prolong  
Our expectation ? God of Israel,

Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come ;  
Behold the kings of th' Earth how they oppress  
Thy chosen, to what height their power unjust  
They have exalted, and behind them cast  
All fear of thee ; arise and vindicate  
Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.  
But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,  
Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,  
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shewn  
In public, and with him we have convers'd ;  
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
Lay on his Providence ; he will not fail,  
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recal,  
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him  
hence ;

Soon we shall see our Hope, our Joy return.

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume,  
To find whom at the first they found unsought :  
But to his mother Mary, when she saw  
Others return'd from baptism, not her son,  
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,  
Within her breast, tho' calm, her breast, though  
pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd  
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs  
thus clad.

O what avails me now that honour high  
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute  
Hail highly favour'd, among women blest !  
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,  
And fears as eminent, above the lot  
Of other women, by the birth I bore,  
In such a season more, when scarce a shed  
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
From the bleak air ; a stable was our warmth,  
A manger his ; yet soon enforc'd to fly  
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king  
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
With infant blood the streets of Bethelém ;  
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth  
Hath been our dwelling many years ; his life  
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
Little suspicious to any king ; but now  
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, & there

John the Bap̄tist, and in public shewn,  
 Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;  
 I look'd for some great change; to honour? no,  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
 Spoken against, that through my very soul  
 A sword shall pierce; this is my favour'd lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high;  
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;  
 I will not argue that, nor will repine:  
 But where delays he now? some great intent  
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had  
 seen,

I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
 He could not lose himself; but went about  
 His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,  
 Since understand; much more his absence now  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inur'd;  
 My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
 And say'ings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus Mary, pond'ring oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts  
 Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling;  
 The while her Son tracing the desert wild,  
 Sole but with holiest meditations fed,  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set;  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on earth, and mission high:  
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his potentates in council sat;  
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began.

Princes, Heav'n's ancient Sons, ethereal Thrones,  
 Demonian Spirits now, from th' element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd  
 Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath,  
 So may we hold our place, and these mild feats,  
 Without new trouble; such an enemy  
 Is risen to invade us, who no less  
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell;  
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consentin' in full frequency, was empower'd,  
 Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find  
 Far other labour to be undergone  
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,  
 Tho' Adam, by his wife's allurements, fell,  
 However, to this Man inferior far,  
 If he be man by mother's side at least,  
 With more than human gifts from Heav'n adorn'd,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds:  
 Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence  
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure  
 Of like succeeding here; I summon all  
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand  
 Or counsel, to assist; lest I who erst  
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So spake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all

With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid  
 At his command; when from amidst them rose  
 Belial, the dissolute'st sp'rit that fell,  
 The sensualest, and after Asmodai  
 The fleshliest incubus, and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found;  
 Many are in each region passing fair  
 As the noon sky; more like to goddesses  
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,  
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
 Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.  
 Such object hath the power to soft'n and tame  
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
 E'nerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolute'st breast,  
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.

Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart  
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd:  
 Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
 All others by thyself; because of old  
 Thou thyself doat'st on woman kind, admiring  
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
 None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
 False titled sons of God, roaming the earth,  
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,  
 In wood or grove, by mossy fountain side,  
 In valley or green meadow, to way-lay  
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
 Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more:  
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names ador'd,  
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
 Satir, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts  
 Delight not all; among the sons of men,  
 How many have with a smile made small account  
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd  
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?  
 Remember that Pallean conqueror,  
 A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;  
 How he furnam'd of Africa dismiss'd  
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid,  
 For Solomon, he liv'd at ease, and full  
 Of honour wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond  
 Higher design than to enjoy his state;  
 Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:  
 But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment  
 Of greatest things; what woman will you find,  
 Tho' of this age the wonder and the fame,  
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
 Of foul desire? or should she confident,  
 As sitting queen ador'd on Beauty's throne,

Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
 T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;  
 How would one look from his majestic brow  
 Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout  
 All her array; her female pride deject,  
 Or turn to reverent awe; for Beauty stands  
 In th' admiration only of weak minds  
 Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:  
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
 His constancy, with such as have more shew  
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;  
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;  
 Or that which only seems to satisfy  
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;  
 And now I know he hungers where no food  
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;  
 The rest commit to me; I shall let pass  
 No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay.  
 He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile  
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
 If cause were to unfold some active scene  
 Of various persons, each to know his part;  
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight;  
 Where still from shade to shade the son of God  
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,  
 Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've  
 pass'd  
 Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food  
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast  
 To virtue I impute not, or count part  
 Of what I suffer here; if Nature need not,  
 Or God support Nature without repast  
 Though needing; what praise is it to endure?  
 But now I feel, I hunger, which declares  
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God  
 Can satisfy that need some other way,  
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain  
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,  
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
 Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
 Commu'd in silent walk, then laid him down  
 Under the hospitable cover nigh  
 Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,  
 And dream'd, as Appetite is wont to dream,  
 Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet;  
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
 And saw the ravens, with their horny beaks,  
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,  
 Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what  
 they brought;  
 He saw the Prophet also how he fled  
 Into the desert, and how there he slept  
 Under a juniper; then how awak'd  
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,  
 And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,  
 And eat the second time after repose,

The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;  
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
 Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark  
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry  
 The Morn's approach, and greet her with his  
 song:

As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,  
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd:  
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd;  
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw;  
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
 With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud;  
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
 High roost, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene;  
 Nature's own work it seem'd (Nature taught Art)  
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt  
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it  
 round,

When suddenly a man before him stood,  
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,  
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With granted leave officious I return,  
 But much more wonder that the Son of God  
 In this wild solitude so long should bide  
 Of all things destitute, and well I know,  
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;  
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son  
 Out-cast Nabaioth, yet found here relief  
 By a providing angel; all the race  
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
 Rain'd from Heav'n manna; and that Prophet  
 bold,

Native of Thebez, wand'ring here, was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:  
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
 Forty and more deserted here indeed. [hence?

To whom thus Jesus. What conclud'st thou  
 They all had need, as I, thou seest, have none.

How hast thou hunger then? Satan reply'd:  
 Tell me, if food were now before thee set,  
 Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like  
 The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that  
 Cause thy refusal? said the subtle Fiend.  
 Hast thou not right to all created things?  
 Owe not all creatures by just right to thee  
 Duty and service, not to stay till bid,  
 But tender all their power? nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first  
 To idols; those young Daniel could refuse;  
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, tho' who  
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold  
 Nature asham'd, or better to express,  
 Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd  
 From all the elements her choicest store  
 To treat thee as befits, and as her Lord  
 With honour; only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream; for as his words had end,

Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld  
 In ample space, under the broadest shade,  
 A table richly spread, in regal mode,  
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort  
 And savour, beasts of chace, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
 Or amber steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,  
 Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisite name, for which was drain'd  
 Pontus, and Lycrine bay, and Afric coast.  
 Alas, how simple, to these eates compar'd,  
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!  
 And at a stately side-board, by the wine,  
 That fragrant smell diffus'd in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more  
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiads  
 With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd  
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
 Of fairy damsels met in forest wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
 Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:  
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes and winds  
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd  
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
 Such was the splendor, and the Tempter now  
 His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
 These are not fruits forbidden; no interdiction  
 Defends the touching of these viands pure;  
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,  
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
 All these are sp'rits of air, and woods, and springs,  
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:  
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.  
 To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd:  
 Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
 And who with-holds my power that right to use?  
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
 When and where likes me best, I can command?  
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
 Command a table in this wilderness,  
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant  
 Array'd in glory on my cup t' attend:  
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,  
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?  
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
 And count thy spacious gifts, no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:  
 That I have also power to give, thou seest;  
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,  
 And rather opportunely in this place  
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
 Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see  
 What I can do or offer is suspect;  
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
 Whose pains have earn'd the far set spoil. With  
 that .

Both table and provision vanish'd quite  
 With sound of Harpies' wings, and talons heard;  
 Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,  
 And with these words his temptation pursu'd:  
 By hunger, that each other creature tames,  
 Thou art not to be harm'd; therefore not mov'd;  
 Thy temperance invincible besides,  
 For no allurements yields to appetite,  
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
 High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?  
 Great acts require great means of enterprise;  
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
 Lost in a desert here, and hunger-bit;  
 Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire  
 To greatness; whence authority deriv'st?  
 What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and  
 realms:

What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,  
 And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,  
 (Thy throne) but gold, that got him puissant  
 friends?

Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,  
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;  
 Riches are mine; Fortune is in my hand;  
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
 While Virtue, Valour, Wisdom sit in want.  
 To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd:  
 Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent  
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.  
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
 In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:  
 But men endued with these have oft attain'd  
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
 Gideon and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,  
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
 So many ages, and shall yet regain  
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
 Among the Heathen (for throughout the world  
 To me is not unknown what hath been done  
 Worthy of memorial), canst thou not remember  
 Quintus, Fabricius, Curius Regulus?  
 For I esteem those names of men so poor  
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
 Riches tho' offer'd from the hand of kings.  
 And what in me seems wanting, but that I  
 May also in this poverty as soon  
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps, and more?  
 Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt  
 To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,  
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
 What if, with like aversion, I reject  
 Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,  
 Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,  
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights  
 To him who wears the regal diadem,  
 When on his shoulders each man's burthen lies;  
 For therein stands the office of a king,  
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,

That for the public all his weight he bears.  
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;  
 Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;  
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
 Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
 Subject himself to anarchy within,  
 Or law less passions in him, which he serves.  
 But to guide nations in the way of truth  
 By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
 To know, and knowing worship God aright,

Is yet more kingly ; this attracts the soul,  
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part ;  
 That other o'er the body only reigns,  
 And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
 So reigning can be no sincere delight.  
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
 For more magnanimous, than to assume.  
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
 And for thy reason why they should be sought,  
 To gain a sceptre, oftest better miss'd.

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# PARADISE REGAIN'D.

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## BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God ; and Satan stood  
A while as mute, confounded what to say  
What to reply, confuted, and convinc'd  
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift ;  
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts :

I see thou know'st what is of use to know  
What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;  
Thy actions to thy words accord ; thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due ; thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron's breast ; or tongue of seers old  
Infallible ; or wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require th' array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such, that all the world  
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage wilderness ? wherefore deprive  
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
The fame and glory, glory the reward  
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
Of most crested Spirits, most temper'd pure  
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
All treasures, and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities, and Powers, all but the Highest ?  
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe ; the son  
Of Macedonian Philip had e'er these  
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
At his dispose ; young Scipio had brought down  
The Carthaginian pride : young Pompey quell'd  
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment,  
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd  
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long  
Inglorious : but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd :  
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth

For empire's sake, nor empire to effect  
For glory's sake by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd ?  
And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise ?  
'Things vulgar, and, well weigh'd, scarce worth the  
They praise and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;  
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise ?  
His lot who dares be singularly good.  
Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.  
This is true glory and renown, when God  
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Heav'n  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises : thus he did to Job,  
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and  
Earth,

As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job ?  
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known ;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inflame  
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;  
Till conqu'ror Death discovers them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vice vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful, death their due reward.

But if there be in glory ought of good,  
It may by means far different be attain'd  
Without ambition, war, or violence;  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
By patience, temperance: I mention still  
Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience borne  
Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)  
By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,  
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.

Yet if for fame and glory ought be done,  
Ought suffer'd; if young African for fame  
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,  
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,  
And loses, tho' but verbal, his reward.  
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his  
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murmur'd thus reply'd:  
Think not so slight of glory; therein least  
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,  
And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs; nor content in Heav'n  
By all his angels glorified, requires  
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
Wife or unwise, no difference, no exemption;  
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift  
Glory he requires, and glory he receives  
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,  
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;  
From us his foes pronounc'd, glory he exacts.

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd:  
And reason; since his word all things produc'd,  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable to every soul  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,  
The slightliest, easiest, readiest recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And not returning that would likeliest render  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
Hard recompence, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence.

But why should man seek glory, who' of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
But condemnation, ignominy and shame:  
Who for so many benefits receiv'd  
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,  
Yet sacrilegious, to himself would take  
That which to God alone of right belongs;  
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again  
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of his own sin; for he himself  
Insatiable of glory had lost all,  
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem,  
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass:  
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd

To sit upon thy father David's throne;  
By mother's side thy father, though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands that will not part  
Easily from possession won with arms:  
Judæa now, and all the promised Land,  
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd  
With Temp'rate sway; oft have they violated  
The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once  
Antiochus: and think'st thou to regain  
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring?  
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed  
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms;  
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,  
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,  
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne  
usurp'd,

With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
And duty; zeal and duty are not slow;  
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.  
They themselves rather are occasion best,  
Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free  
Thy country from her Heathen servitude;  
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
The Prophets old, who sung their endless reign;  
The happier reign the sooner it begins;  
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd:  
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,  
And time there is for all things, truth hath said:  
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told  
That it shall never end, so when begin  
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,  
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,  
By tribulation, injuries, insults,  
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
What I can suffer, how obey? who best  
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first  
Well hath obey'd; just trial, e'er I merit  
My exaltation without change or end.  
But what concerns it thee when I begin  
My everlasting kingdom? why art thou  
Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?  
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd:  
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace; what worse,  
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:  
If there be worse, the expectation more  
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,  
My harbour, and my ultimate repose;  
The end I would attain, my final good.  
My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd  
And will alike he punish'd, whether thou  
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow  
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,

Scorn that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
 Would stand between me and thy Father's ire,  
 Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)  
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
 In opposition, as a summer's cloud.  
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world,  
 That thou who worthiest art should be their king?  
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd  
 Of th' enterprize so hazardous and high;  
 No wonder, for though in thee be united  
 What of perfection can in man be found,  
 Or human nature can receive, consider,  
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns  
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days [serve?  
 Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou ob-  
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her  
 glory,  
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever  
 Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,  
 (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)  
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous:  
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
 The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,  
 Sufficient introduction to inform  
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know  
 How best their opposition to withstand.

With that (such power was giv'n him then) he  
 took

The Son of God up to a mountain high,  
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
 A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide  
 Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,  
 Th' one winding, th' other strait, and left be-  
 tween

Fair champain with less rivers interven'd,  
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:  
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;  
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the  
 hills:

Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem  
 The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large  
 The prospect was, that here and there was room  
 For barren desert fountainless and dry.  
 To this high mountain top the Tempter brought  
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded; and o'er hill and dale,  
 Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st  
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,  
 And inaccessible th' Arabian drouth:  
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,  
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,

And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
 Judah and all thy father David's house  
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis  
 His city there thou seest, and Bactra there;  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,  
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;  
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings; of later fame,  
 Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
 Artaxata, Terebon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.  
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That empire, under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great power; for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host  
 Against the Scythian, whose incurfious wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
 He marches now in haste; see, tho' from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms  
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and  
 wings.

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless  
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-arm'd troops  
 In coats of mail and military pride;  
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound;  
 From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,  
 From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains  
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
 Of Susiana, to Belsara's haven.  
 He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,  
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying, behind them  
 shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers  
 Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers  
 A multitude, with spades and axes arm'd,  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill;  
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war:  
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican, with all his northern powers,  
 Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win

The fairest of her sex, Angelica,  
His daughter, fought by many prowrest knights,  
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemaign.  
Such, and so numerous were their chivalry;  
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,  
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark  
To what end I have brought thee hither, and  
shewn

All this fair fight: thy kingdom, tho' foretold  
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou  
Endeavour, as thy father David did,  
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
In all things, and all men, supposes means;  
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.  
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne  
By free consent of all, none opposite,  
Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope  
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,  
Between two such inclosing enemies,  
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these  
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first  
By my advice, as nearer, and at late  
Found able by invasion to annoy  
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,  
Antigonus and old Hyrcanus bound,  
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task  
To render thee the Parthian at dispose:  
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league.  
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
In David's royal seat, his true successor,  
Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes  
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd;  
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost  
Thus long from Israel, serving as of old  
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,  
This offer sets before thee to deliver.

These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,  
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear.

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus, unmov'd.  
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,  
And fragil arms, much instrument of war  
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
Before mine eyes thou' hast set; and in my ear  
Vented much policy, and projects deep

Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,  
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.  
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else  
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne:  
My time I told thee (and that time for thee  
Were better farthest off) is not yet come:  
When that comes, think not thou to find <sup>the place</sup>  
On my part ought endeavouring, or to need  
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument  
Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes  
I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons;  
But whence to thee this zeal? where was it then  
For Israël, or for David, or his throne;  
When thou stood'st up his temper to the pride  
Of numb'ring Israël, which cost the lives  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israëlites  
By three days pestilence? such was thy zeal  
To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
From God, to worship calves, the deities  
Of Egypt, Baal next, and Ashtaroth,  
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;  
Nor in the land of their captivity  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd  
Impenitent, and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who freed us to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd, [hap:  
Headlong would follow; and to their gods per-  
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve  
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,  
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wond'rous call  
May bring them back repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they haste,  
As the red sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the Promis'd Land their fathers pass'd;  
To his due time and providence I leave them.

So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
So fares it when with Truth Falsehood contends.

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# PARADISE REGAIN'D.

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## BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success  
The Tempter stood, nor what to reply,  
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,  
This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd  
And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:  
But as a man who had been matchless held  
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,  
'To save his credit, and for very spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more,  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound,  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,  
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o'er, though desp'rate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.  
He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,  
Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north  
To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills  
That screen'd the fruits of th' earth, and seats of  
men,  
From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, of whose banks  
On each side an imperial city stood,  
With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate  
On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd,  
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,  
Above the height of mountains interpos'd;  
By what strange parallax or optic skill  
Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass  
Of telescope, were curious to inquire:  
And now the Tempter thus his silence broke:

The city which thou seest, no other deem  
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth;  
So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd  
Of nations; there the capital thou seest  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine,  
Th' imperial palace, compass huge and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires.  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of God, (so well I have dispos'd  
My airy microscope) thou may'st behold  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers  
In cedar, marble, ivory or gold.  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,  
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:  
Or embassies from regions far remote  
In various habits on the Appian road,  
Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,  
Syene', and where the shadow both way falls,  
Meroe Nilotic ile, and more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;  
From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these,  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian ile Taprobane,  
Dusk faces, with white silken turbants wreath'd;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,  
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
All nations now to Rome obedience pay,  
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain  
In ample territory, wealth and power,  
Civility of manners, arts and arms,  
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
Before the Parthian; these two thrones except,  
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight;  
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;

These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
 This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old,  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd  
 To Capree, an island small but strong  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,  
 Committing to a wicked favourite  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,  
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne  
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending,  
 A victor people free from servile yoke?  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the  
 power

Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world;  
 Aim at the high'st, without the high'st attain'd  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophecy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd:  
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic shew  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add  
 to tell

Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables, or Atlantic stone,  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Chrystal and myrrhine cups imbos'd with gems  
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst  
 And hunger still: then embassies thou shew'st  
 From nations far and nigh; what honour that,  
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,  
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk  
 Of th' Emperor, how easily subdu'd,  
 How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel  
 A brutish monster; what if I withal  
 Expel a devil, who first made him such?  
 Let his tormentor Conscience find him out;  
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
 That people victor once, now vile and base,  
 Deservedly made vassal, who once just,  
 Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,  
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
 By lust and rapin; first ambitious grown  
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd  
 Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,  
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
 And from the daily scene effeminate.  
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
 These thus degenerate, by themselves inflav'd,  
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit  
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
 All monarchies besides throughout the world,

And of my kingdom there shall be no end:  
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,  
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd:  
 I see all offers made by me how slight  
 Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st:  
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
 Or nothing more than still to contradict:  
 On th' other side know also thou, that I  
 On what I offer set as high esteem,  
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;  
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;  
 For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,  
 No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,  
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
 And worship me as thy superior lord,  
 Easily done, and hold them all of me;  
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.  
 I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less;  
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
 Th' abominable terms, impious condition;  
 But I endure the time, till which expir'd  
 Thou hast permission on me. It is written  
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt wor-  
 ship

The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;  
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
 To worship thee accur'd, now more accur'd  
 For this attempt, holder than that on Eve,  
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.  
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,  
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;  
 Other donation none thou can'st produce:  
 If giv'n, by whom but by the King of Kings,  
 God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,  
 By thee how fairly is the giver now  
 Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost  
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
 As offer them to me the Son of Go'p,  
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact  
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
 Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st  
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd.  
 Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,  
 If I to try whether in higher sort  
 Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd  
 What both from men and angels I receive,  
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
 God of this world invoc'd and world beneath;  
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
 To me so fatal, me it most concerns.  
 The trial hath indamag'd thee no way;  
 Rather more honour left and more esteem;  
 Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.  
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
 The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more  
 Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.  
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd  
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
 To contemplation and profound dispute,

As by that early action may be judg'd,  
 When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st  
 Alone into the temple; there wast found  
 Among the gravest Rabbies disputant  
 Omipoints and questions fitting Moses' chair,  
 Teaching, not taught; the childhood shews the  
 man,  
 As morning shews the day. Be famous then  
 By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,  
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:  
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,  
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;  
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
 To admiration, led by Nature's light;  
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou meanst;  
 Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet?  
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
 Error by his own arms is best evinc'd.  
 Look once more e'er we leave this specular mount  
 Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold  
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands  
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
 And eloquence, native to famous wits  
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.  
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades;  
 See there the olive grove of Academe,  
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
 There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound  
 Of bees industrious murmur oft invites  
 To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls  
 His whisp'ring stream: within the walls' then view  
 The schools of ancient sages; his who bred  
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:  
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power  
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit  
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,  
 Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,  
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,  
 Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.  
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
 Of Fate, and Chance, and change in human life;  
 High actions, and high passions best describing:  
 Thence to the famous orators repair,  
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
 Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,  
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:  
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear  
 From Heav'n descended to the low-rooft house  
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
 Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd  
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Melissuous streams that water'd all the schools  
 Of Academics old and new, with those

Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;  
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,  
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
 These rules will render thee a king complete  
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.  
 To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd:  
 Think not but that I know these things, or think  
 I know them not; not therefore am I short  
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives  
 Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,  
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,  
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd  
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;  
 A third fort doubted all things, though plain sense;  
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,  
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life;  
 In corporeal pleasure he, and careless ease;  
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride,  
 By him call'd Virtue; and his virtuous man,  
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,  
 Equals to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all,  
 Wealth, pleasure, pain, or torment, death and life,  
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast  
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.  
 Alas, what can they teach, and not mislead,  
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,  
 And how the world began, and how man fell,  
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?  
 Much of the foul they talk, but all awry,  
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves  
 All glory arrogate, to God give none,  
 Rather accuse him under usual names,  
 Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these  
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion  
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,  
 An empty cloud. However, many books,  
 Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads  
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior  
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere  
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains, [seek?])  
 Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,  
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,  
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;  
 As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
 Or if I would delight my private hours  
 With music or with poem, where so soon  
 As in our native language can I find  
 That solace? All our law and story strow'd  
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms in-  
 scrib'd,  
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,  
 That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare  
 That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;  
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
 The vices of their deities, and their own,  
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame,

Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek; the rest,  
Thin sown with ought of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare  
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men,  
The holiest of holies, and his saints;  
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,  
Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.  
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,  
And lovers of their country, as may seem;  
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of civil government  
In their majestic unaffected stile,  
Than all th' oratory of Greece and Rome.  
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now  
Quit at a loss, for all his darts were spent,  
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd:

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms, nor arts,  
Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor ought  
By me propos'd in life contemplative,  
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,  
What dost thou in this world: the wilderness  
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,  
And thither will return thee; yet remember  
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,  
Which would have set thee in a short time with  
ease

On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,  
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
Now contrary, if I read ought in Heav'n,  
Or Heav'n write ought of Fate, by what the stars  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell  
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,  
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death:  
A kingdom they portend thee; but what kingdom,  
Real or allegoric I discern not,  
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,  
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd  
Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So say'ing he took (for still he knew his power  
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness  
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
As day-light sunk, and brought in louring Night  
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
Privation mere of light and absent day.  
Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind,  
After his airy jaunt, though hurried sore,  
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
Wherever, under some concurrence of shades,  
Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might  
shield

From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head;  
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head  
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dream  
Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds  
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd  
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water and fire  
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blaits;  
Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,  
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st  
Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terror there,  
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round  
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some  
shriek'd,

Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.  
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,  
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds  
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd  
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
And now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet  
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
After a night of storm so ruinous,  
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;  
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
Was absent, after all his mischief done,  
The Prince of Darkness, glad would also seem,  
Of this fair change: and to our Saviour came;  
Yet with no new device; they all were spent:  
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,  
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
And mad despite, to be so oft repell'd.  
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;  
Out of the wood he starts, in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said:

Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
After a dismal night; I heard the wrack  
As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
Was distant: and these flaws, though mortals fear  
them

As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heav'n,  
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;  
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light  
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,  
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:  
This tempest at this desert most was bent;  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
The perfect season, offer'd with my aid

To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way  
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when;  
 For both the when and how is no where told;  
 They shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;  
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
 The time and means: each act is rightliest done,  
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.  
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find  
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
 E'er thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;  
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on  
 And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus.

Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other  
 harm

Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none;  
 I never fear'd they could, tho' noising loud  
 And threat'ning nigh; what they can do as signs  
 Betokening, or ill-boding, I contemn  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee  
 Ambitious sp'rit, and wouldst be thought my God,  
 And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify  
 Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd,  
 And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the Fiend now swol'n with rage re-  
 ply'd:

Then hear, O Son of David, Virgin-born;  
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:  
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth at length  
 Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,  
 And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
 On thy birth-night, that sung the Saviour born.  
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
 Till at the ford of Jordan whither all  
 Flock to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heav'n  
 Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God below'd.  
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense;  
 The Son of God, I also am, or was;  
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;  
 All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought  
 In some respect far higher so declar'd:  
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;  
 Where by all best conjectures I collect  
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.  
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who  
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;  
 By parl, or composition, truce or league  
 To win him; or win from him what I can.  
 And opportunity I here have had

To try thee, list thee, and confels have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,  
 To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again:  
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,  
 Another method I must now begin.  
 So saying he caught him up, and without wing  
 Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime  
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;  
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,  
 The holy city lifted high her towers,  
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd  
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:  
 There on the highest pinnacle he set  
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn.

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright  
 Will ask thee skill; I to thy Father's house  
 Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is  
 Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand, [best,  
 Cast thyself down; safely, if Son of God:  
 For it is written, He will give command  
 Concerning thee to his angels; in their hands  
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus: Also it is written,  
 Tempt not thy Lord thy God: he said and stood:  
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell.  
 As when Earth's son Antæus (to compare  
 Small things with greatest) in Irafra strove  
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd, still rose,  
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,  
 Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell;  
 So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,  
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride  
 Fell whence he stood to see his Victor fall.  
 And as that Theban monster that propos'd  
 Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not devour'd,  
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite  
 Cast herself headlong from th' Imenian steep;  
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,  
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
 Joyless triumphs of his hop'd success,  
 Ruin and desperation, and dismay,  
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
 So Satan fell; and strait a fiery globe  
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
 Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft  
 From his uneasy station, and up bore  
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air,  
 Then in a flow'ry valley set him down  
 On a green bank, and set before him spread  
 A table of celestial food, divine,  
 Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,  
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink,  
 That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd  
 What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,  
 Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires  
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory  
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True image of the Father, whether thron'd

In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
 Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, inshrin'd  
 In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
 Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,  
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
 The Son of God, with God-like force indued  
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,  
 And thief of Paradise; him long of old  
 Thou didst rebel, and down from Heav'n cast  
 With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd  
 Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing  
 Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise,  
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent;  
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
 In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:  
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,  
 A fairer Paradise is founded now  
 For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou  
 A Saviour art come down to re-install  
 Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
 Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
 But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long

Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star  
 Or lighting thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod  
 down

Under his feet: for proof, e'er this thou feel'st  
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,  
 By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell  
 No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon cues  
 Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe  
 To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd  
 Shall chace thee with the terror of his voice  
 From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
 Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
 Lest he command them down into the Deep  
 Bound, and to torment sent before that time.  
 Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,  
 Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work  
 Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek  
 Sung Victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd  
 Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd  
 Home to his mother's house private return'd.

# SAMSON AGONISTES,

A DRAMATIC POEM.

Τραγωδία μιμησις πραγμάτων σπουδαίων, &c.

Aristot. Poet. cap. 6.

Tragoedia est imitatio actionis seriae, etc. per misericordiam et metum perficient talium affectuum, lustrationem.

## OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure, with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well-imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers, and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33.; and Pareus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings, and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the Elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his Ajax; but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies, at least the best of them, that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled Christ suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poets' error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious, hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming first after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before-hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling, therefore, of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolytymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allastrophica. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this Work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the stile and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge, who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

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*THE PERSONS.*

SAMSON.

MANOAH, the Father of Samson.

DALILA, his Wife.

HARAPHA of Gath.

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

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*The SCENE before the Prison in Gaza.*

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# SAMSON AGONISTES.

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## *The Argument.*

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work house on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place high, somewhat retir'd, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition : Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his Tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can ; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom ; lastly, that this feast was proclaim'd by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption ; who in the mean while is visited by other persons ; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence ; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come ; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him : the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure e'er long his son's deliverance, in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself ; wherewith the tragedy ends.

### SAMSON

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on ;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :  
'There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else injoin'd me,  
Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,  
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and  
sweet,  
With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works ; unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me ; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm  
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold

Twice by an angel, who at last in fight  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His god-like presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race ?  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits ; if I must die  
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze ;  
To grind in brazen fetters under task  
With this Heav'n-gifted strength ? O glorious  
strength  
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd  
Lower than bond-slave ! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver ;  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke :  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction ; what if all foretold  
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but myself ?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,

In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,  
 O'ercome with importunity and tears,  
 O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
 But what is strength without a double share  
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command!  
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal  
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
 But peace; I must not quarrel with the will  
 Of highest dispensation, which herein  
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
 And proves the source of all my miseries;  
 So many and so huge, that each apart  
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm: the vilest here excel me;  
 They creep, yet see; I dark in light expos'd  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day!  
 O first created beam, and thou great word,  
 Let there be light, and light was over all;  
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?  
 The sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the moon,  
 When she deserts the night.  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself, if it be true  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part; why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?  
 And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,  
 That she might look at will through every pore?  
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,  
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death,  
 And bury'd: but O yet more miserable!  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
 Bury'd, yet not exempt  
 By privilege of death and burial  
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
 The tread of many feet steering this way;  
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare

At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,  
 Their daily practice, to afflict me more.  
 CHOR. This, this is he; softly a while,  
 Let us not break in upon him;  
 O change beyond report, thought or belief!  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,  
 With languish'd head unpropt,  
 As one past hope, abandon'd,  
 And by himself given over;  
 In slavish habit, ill fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soil'd;  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renown'd,  
 Irresistible Samson; whom unarm'd  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could  
 withstand;  
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
 Ran on imbattl'd armies clad in iron,  
 And weaponless himself,  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantean proof;  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold As-  
 calonite  
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd  
 Their plated backs under his heel;  
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trival weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand fore-skins fell, the flower of Palestine,  
 In Ramah-lechi famous to this day.  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his shoul-  
 ders bore  
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,  
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.  
 Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost fight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)  
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause  
 Imprison'd now indeed, [complain])  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light  
 To incorporate with gloomy night;  
 For inward light, alas!  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth unparallel'd!  
 The rarer thy example stands.  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n  
 For him reckon not in high estate  
 Whom long descent of birth  
 Or the sphere of fortune raises;  
 But thee whose strength, while virtue washer mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth,

Universally crown'd with highest praises.

SAM. I hear the found of words, their sense the  
Dissolves unjointed e'er it reach my ear. [air

CHOR. He speaks; let us draw nigh, Matchless  
in might,

The glory late of Israel, now the grief;  
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown  
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,  
'To visit or bewail thee, or if better,  
Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy sores; apt words have power to swage  
The tumors of a troubled mind,  
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAM. Your coming, friends, revives me; for I  
Now of my own experience, not by talk, [learn  
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
Bear in their superscription, (of the most  
I would be understood) in prosp'rous days  
'They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
Not to be found, though fought. Ye see, O  
friends,

How many evils have inclos'd me round;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness; for had I sight, confus'd with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd  
My vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,  
Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God  
'To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,  
Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool  
In every street? do they not say how well  
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?  
Immeasurable strength they might behold  
In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;  
'This with the other should, at least have pair'd,  
These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

CHOR. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men  
Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;  
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
Deject not then so overmuch thyself,  
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides;  
Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather  
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

SAM. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd  
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
'The daughter of an infidel: they knew not  
That what I motion'd was of God; I knew  
From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd  
The marriage on: that by occasion hence  
I might begin Israel's deliverance,  
The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
She proving false, the next I took to wife  
(O that I never had! fond wish too late)  
Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.  
I thought it lawful from my former act,  
And the same end; still watching to oppress  
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer  
She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, (O weak  
Gave up my fort of silence to a woman. [ness!)

CHOR. In seeking just occasion to provoke

The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:  
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

SAM. That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,  
Who seeing those great acts, which God had done  
Singly by me against their conquerors,  
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd  
Deliverance offer'd: I on the other side  
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds;  
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud  
the doer;

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
To count them things worth notice, till at length,  
Their lords, the Philistines, with gather'd powers  
Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then  
Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,  
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place  
'To set upon them, what advantag'd best:  
Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent  
The harras of their land, beset me round;  
I willingly on some conditions came  
Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,  
Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads  
Touch'd with the flame: on their whole host I flew  
Unarm'd, and with a trival weapon fell'd  
Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.  
Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
'They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,  
And lorded over them whom they now serve:  
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,  
And by their vices brought to servitude,  
Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;  
And to despise, or envy, or suspect  
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd  
As their deliverer; if he ought begin,  
How frequent to desert him, and at last  
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?

CHOR. Thy words to my remembrance bring  
How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
Their great deliverer contemn'd,  
The matchless Gideon in pursuit  
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings:  
And how ungrateful Ephraim  
Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
In that sore battle, when so many dy'd  
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,  
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAM. Of such examples add me to the roll;  
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

CHOR. Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to men;  
Unless there be who think not God at all;  
If any be, they walk obscure;  
For of such doctrine never was there school,  
But the heart of the fool,  
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,  
As to his own edicts found contradicting,

Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,  
 Regardless of his glory's diminution;  
 Till, by their own perplexities involv'd,  
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd,  
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,  
 And tie him to his own prescript,  
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
 And hath full right t' exempt  
 Whom so it pleases him by choice  
 From national obstriction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt;  
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else who never wanted means,  
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,  
 Tho' reason here aver  
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean;  
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain, not his.

But see here comes thy reverend sire  
 With careful step, locks white as down,  
 Old Manoah: advise

Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

SAM. Ay me, another inward grief, awak'd  
 With mention of that name, renews th' assault.

MAN. Brethren, and men of Dan; for such ye  
 seem,

Tho' in this uncouth place; if old respect,  
 As I suppose, tow'rd's your once glory'd friend,  
 My son now captive, hither hath inform'd  
 Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age,  
 Came lagging after; say if he be here?

CHOR. As signal now in low dejected state,  
 As erst in high't, behold him where he lies.

MAN. O miserable change! is this the man,  
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,  
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
 Equivalent to Angels, walk'd their streets,  
 None offering fight; who single combatant  
 Duell'd their armies, rank'd in proud array,  
 Himself an army; now unequal match

To save himself against a coward arm'd  
 At one spear's length. O ever-falling trust  
 In mortal strength! and oh what not in man  
 Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good  
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
 I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,  
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;  
 Who would be now a father in my stead?

O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand  
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
 For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this  
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plaut  
 Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,  
 The miracle of men; then in an hour  
 Insar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,

Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?  
 Alas, methinks, whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err  
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
 Subject him to so foul indignities,  
 Be' it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

SAM. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, father;  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me  
 But justly; I myself have brought them on,  
 Sole author I, sole cause: if ought seems vile,  
 As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd  
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge  
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.

This well I knew; nor was at all surpris'd,  
 But warn'd by oft experience: did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her height  
 Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it strait  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Tho' offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd  
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me?  
 Thrice she assay'd me with flattering pray'rs and  
 sighs,

And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret, in what part my strength  
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might  
 know;

Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport  
 Her importunity, each time perceiving  
 How openly, and with what impudence  
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse  
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt  
 She sought to make me traitor to myself;  
 Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,  
 With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
 To storm me overwatch'd and weary'd out,  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd  
 Might easily have shook of all her snares;  
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd  
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
 To honour and religion! servile mind  
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n.  
 These rags, this grinding is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

MAN. I cannot praise thy marriage choices,  
 Son,

Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infest our foes.  
 I state not that; this I am sure, our foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
 Their captive and their triumph; thou the sooner  
 Temptation found'st, or over potent charms

To violate the secret trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept  
~~That~~ was in thy power: true; and thou bear'st  
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying  
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains;  
 'Tis day the Philistines a popular feast  
 Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim  
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud  
 To Dagon, as their God, who hath deliver'd  
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,  
 Them out of thine, who slew't them many a  
 slain.

So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,  
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,  
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

SAM. Father, I to acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high  
 Among the Heathen round; to God have brought  
 Dishonour, obliquy, and op'd the mouths  
 Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off, and join with idols;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
 'The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eyes to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest  
 'This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end; all the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive or linger, thus provok'd,  
 But will arise, and his great name assert:  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall e'er long receive  
 Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

MAN. With cause this hope relieves thee, and  
 these words  
 I as a prophecy receive; for God,  
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name  
 Against all competition; nor will long  
 Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot  
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,  
 Neglected. I already have made way  
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
 About thy ransom: well they may by this  
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge  
 By pains and flaveries, worse than death inflicted  
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

SAM. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the  
 trouble  
 Of that solicitation; let me here  
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;

And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd  
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front?  
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have publish'd impiously,  
 Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin  
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

MAN. Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite,  
 But act not in thine own affliction, Son:  
 Repent not sin, but if the punishment  
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
 Who ever more approves and more accepts;  
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)  
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
 Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;  
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd,  
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.  
 Reject not then what offer'd means; who knows  
 But God hath set before us, to return thee  
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,  
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert  
 His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

SAM. His pardon I implore; but as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it? when in strength  
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god  
 I walk'd about admir'd of all, and dreaded  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
 Then swell'd with pride, into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;  
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shor'd me  
 Like a tame weather, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

CHOR. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
 Thou couldstst repress, nor did the dancing ruby  
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,  
 Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
 Allure thee from the cool crystallin stream.

SAM. Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
 With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod  
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape  
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with  
 fumes.

CHOR. O madness, to think use of strongest

And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to  
    fear

His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

SAM. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not  
    complete,

Against another object more enticing?  
What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,  
Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd,  
    quell'd,

To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
My nation and the work from Heav'n impos'd,  
But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pity'd object, these redundant locks  
Robustious to no purpose, clust'ring down,  
Vain monuments of strength; till length of years  
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure?

Here rather let me drunge and earn my bread,  
Till vermin or the draff of servile food  
Consume me, and oft invoked death  
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

MAN. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with  
    that gift

Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?  
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.  
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer  
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to' al-  
    lay

After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;  
And I persuade me so; why else this strength  
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
His might continues in thee not for nought,  
Nor shall his wond'rous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAM. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with  
    light,

Nor th' other light of life continue long,  
But yield to double darkness, night at hand:  
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of herself,  
My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MAN. Believe not these suggestions, which  
    proceed

From anguish of the mind and humours black,  
That mingle with thy fancy. I, however,  
Must not omit a father's timely care,  
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

SAM. O that Torment should not be confin'd  
To the body's wounds and sores,  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, breast, and reins;  
But must secret passage find  
To th' inmost mind,

There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
As a lingering disease,  
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
Nor less than wounds immedicable  
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.  
Thoughts my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium, as my only cure:  
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursing once, and choice delight,  
His destin'd from the womb,  
Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending.  
Under his special eye  
Abstemious I grew up, and thriv'd amain;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds  
Above the nerve of mortal arm  
Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies:  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,  
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss  
Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

CHOR. Many are the sayings of the wise  
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With study'd argument, and much persuasio  
    fought

Lenient of grief and anxious thought:  
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,  
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man?  
That thou towards him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious.  
Temper'st thy providence thro' this short course,  
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st  
Th' angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That, wand'ring loose about,

Grow up and perish as the summer flie,  
 Heads without name no more remember'd,  
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd  
 To some great work, thy glory,  
 And people's safety, which in part they effect  
 Yet towards these thus dignify'd, thou oft  
 Amidst their height of noon  
 Changest thy count'nance, and thy hand with no  
 Of highest favours part [regard  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt  
 them high;  
 Unseemly falls in human eye,  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission;  
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
 Of Heathen and profane, their carcases  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;  
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.  
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease, thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude old age;  
 Tho' not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,  
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labours, for thou can'st, to peaceful end.

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles  
 Of Javan or Gadire,  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,  
 And now at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy wife. [near me.

SAM. My wife, my traitress, let her not come

CHOR. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes  
 thee fix'd,

About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd  
 Like a fair flower furcharg'd with dew, she weeps,  
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil:  
 But now again she makes address to speak,

DAL. With doubtful feet and wavering reso-  
 lution

I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,  
 Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears  
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event, than I foresaw)

My penance hath not slacken'd, tho' my pardon  
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection  
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,  
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If ought in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAM. Out, out hyæna; these are thy wonted  
 arts,

And arts of every woman false like thee;  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,  
 Then as repentant, to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse;  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change;  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
 Again transgresses, and again submits;  
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd  
 With goodness principled not to reject  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off  
 As I by thee, to ages an example. [your

DAL. Yet hear me, Samson, not that I endea-  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that on the other side if it be weigh'd  
 By itself, with aggravations not furcharg'd,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,  
 I may if possible thy pardon find  
 The easier tow'rds me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,  
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
 To publish them, both common female faults:  
 Was it not weakness also to make known  
 For importunity, that is for nought,  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?  
 To what I did thou shew'd'st me first the way.  
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:  
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's  
 frailty:

E'er I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parle  
 So near related or the same of kind;  
 Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me than in thyself was found.  
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
 In human hearts, nor less in mind tow'rds thee,  
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable [me  
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave  
 As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore  
 How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
 No better way I saw than by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,  
 Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those

Who tempted me that nothing was design'd  
Against thee, but safe custody and hold :  
That made for me ; I knew that liberty  
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprizes,  
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed ;  
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,  
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
These reasons in love's law have pass for good,  
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;  
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much  
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd. [woe,  
Be not unlike all others, not austere  
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAM. How cunningly the forceress displays  
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ;  
That make not repentance brought thee hither,  
By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th' example,  
I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true ;  
I to myself was false e'er thou to me ;  
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest  
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
Confess it feign'd : weakness is thy excuse,  
And I believe it, weakness to resist  
Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,  
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?  
All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore  
With God or man will gain thee no remission.  
But love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage  
To satisfy thy lust : love seeks to have love ;  
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the  
To raise in me inexpiable hate, [way  
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ?  
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DAL. Since thou determin'st weakness for no  
plea

In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
What sieges girt me round, e'er I consented ;  
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,  
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
That wrought with me : thou know'st the ma-  
gistrates

And princes of my country came in person,  
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd.  
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty  
And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
How honourable, how glorious to intrap  
A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
Such numbers of our nation : and the priest  
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
It would be to insnare an irreligious  
Dishonourer of Dagon : what had I  
To oppose against such powerful arguments ?  
Only my love of thee held long debate,

And combated in silence all these reasons  
With hard contest : at length that grounded maxim  
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths  
Of wisest men, that to the public good  
Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
Took full possession of me, and prevail'd ;  
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining.

SAM. I thought where all thy circling wiles  
would end ;

In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.  
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
I before all the daughters of my tribe  
And of my nation chose thee from among  
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
Not out of levity, but over-power'd  
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;  
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then  
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd ?  
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,  
Nor under their protection, but my own ;  
Thou mine, not theirs : if ought against my life  
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
Against the law of nature, law of nations,  
No more thy country, but an impious crew  
Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
For which our country is a name so dear ;  
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee ;  
To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods unable  
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;  
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.  
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,  
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear ?

DAL. In argument with men a woman ever  
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAM. For want of words no doubt, or lack of  
breath ;

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DAL. I was a fool, too rash, and, quite mistaken  
In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,  
Afford me place to shew what recompense  
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
Misguided ; only what remains past cure  
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
To afflict thyself in vain : though sight be lost,  
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
Where other senses want not their delights  
A home in leisure and domestic ease,  
Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide  
With me, where my redoubled love and care  
With nursing diligence, to me glaz office,  
May ever tend about thee to old age,  
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd

What by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAM. No, no, of my condition take no care ;  
It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain :  
Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd,  
To bring my feet again into the snare  
Where once I have been caught ; I know thy trains  
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils ;  
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
No more on me have power, their force is null'd,  
So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd  
To fence my ear against thy forceries.  
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone couldst hate  
me

Thy husband, slight me, sell me and forego me ;  
How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
Deceivable, in most things as a child  
Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,  
And last neglected ? How wouldst thou insult,  
When I must live uxorious to thy will  
In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,  
Bearing my words and doings to the lords  
To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile ?  
This jail I count the house of liberty  
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DAL. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

SAM. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance  
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. [wake  
At distance I forgive thee, go with that ;  
Bewail thy falshood, and the pious works  
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
Among illustrious women, faithful wives :  
Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold  
Of matrimonial treason : so farewell.

DAL. I see thou art implacable, more deaf  
To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas  
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore ;  
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,  
Eternal tempest never to be calm'd.  
Why do I humble thus myself, and suing  
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?  
Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
Of infamy upon my name denounc'd ?  
To mix with thy concerns I desist  
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.  
Fame if not double fac'd is double mouth'd,  
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds ;  
On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.  
My name perhaps among the circumcis'd  
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
To all posterity may stand defam'd,  
With malediction mention'd, and the blot  
Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.  
But in my country where I most desire,  
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
I shall be nam'd among the famous  
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
Living and dead recorded, who to save  
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
With odours visited and annual flowers ;  
Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim

Jacl, who with inhospitable guile  
Smote Sifera sleeping through the temple nail'd.  
Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy  
The public marks of honour and reward  
Conferr'd upon me for the piety  
Which to my country I was judg'd to have shewn.  
At this who ever envies or repines,  
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHOR. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAM. So let her go ; God sent her to debase me,  
And aggravate my folly, who committed  
To such a viper his most sacred trust  
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

CHOR. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath  
strange power,  
After offence returning, to regain  
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt  
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAM. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
Not wedlock-treachery indang'ring life.

CHOR. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
That woman's love can win or long inherit ;  
But what it is, hard is to say,  
Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it)  
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
Or sev'n, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timurian bride  
Had not so soon preferr'd  
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,  
Successor in thy bed,  
Nor both so loosely disally'd  
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
Is it for that such outward ornament  
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend  
Or value what is best

In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong ?  
Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
Of constancy no root infix'd,  
That either they love nothing, or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,  
soft, modest, meek, demure,  
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
Intestine, far within defensive arms  
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
Draws him awry inflav'd  
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd  
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.  
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck  
Imbark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm ?

Favour'd of Heav'n, who finds  
One virtuous rarely found,  
That in domestic good combines :  
Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :  
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,  
And all temptation can remove,  
Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law  
Gave to the man despotic power  
Over his female in due awe,  
Nor from that right to part an hour,  
Smile she or lour :

So shall he least confusion draw  
On his whole life, not sway'd  
By female usurpation, or dismay'd.

But had we best retire, I see a storm ?

SAM. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHOR. But this another kind of tempest brings.

SAM. Be less abstruse ; my riddling days are past.

CHOR. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bait of honied words ; a rougher tongue  
Draws hitherward ; I know him by his stride,  
The giant Harapha of Gath ; his look  
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.  
Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him  
I less conjecture than when first I saw [hither  
The sumptuous Dalilah floating this way :

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAM. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHOR. His fraught we soon shall know ; he now arrives.

HAR. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,  
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,  
Men call me Harapha, of flock renown'd  
As Og or Anak and the Emmims old  
That Kiriathaim held ; thou know'st me now  
If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd  
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,  
That I was never present on the place  
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd  
Each other's force in camp or list'd field ;  
And now am come to see of whom such noise  
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
If thy appearance answer loud report.

SAM. The way to know were not to see but taste.

HAR. Dost thou already single me ? I thought  
Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that Fortune

Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd  
To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw ;  
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,  
Or left thy carcase where the ass lay thrown :  
So had the glory of prowess been recover'd  
To Palestine, won by a Philistine,  
From the unforefkin'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
The highest name for valiant acts ; that honour  
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

SAM. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do

What then thou would'st, thou see'st it in thy hand.

HAR. To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAM. Such usage as your honourable lords  
Afford me assinated and betray'd,  
Who durst not with their whole united powers  
In fight withstand me single and unarmed,

Nor in the house with chamber ambushes  
Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,  
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,  
Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.  
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give  
thee,

Or rather flight, no great advantage on me ;  
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
Vaunt-brass and greaves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,  
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield ;  
I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,  
Which long shall not withhold from me thy head,  
That in a little time while breath remains thee,  
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
Again in safety what thou would'st have done  
To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HAR. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,

Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
And black enchantments, some Magician's art,  
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou  
from Heav'n

Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,  
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back  
Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAM. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts ;  
My trust is in the living God, who gave me  
At my nativity this strength, diffus'd  
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,  
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,  
The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
With solemn'st devotion, spread before him  
How highly it concerns his glory now  
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,  
With th' utmost of his godhead seconded :  
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

HAR. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be ;  
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
Into thy enemy's hand, permitted them  
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
Into the common prison, there to grind  
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,  
As good for nothing else, no better service  
With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match  
For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,  
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

SAM. All these indignities, for such they are  
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,  
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant :

My confidence whercof I once again  
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
By combat to decide whose god is God,  
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HAR. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in  
trusting

He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

SAM. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou  
prove me these?

HAR. is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee  
As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound  
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed  
Notorious murder on those thirty men  
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?  
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
To others did no violence, nor spoil.

SAM. Among the daughters of the Philistines  
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;  
And in your city held my nuptial feast:  
But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
Who, threat'ning cruel death, constrain'd the bride  
'To wring from me, and tell to them my secret,  
'That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.  
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,  
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil  
To pay my underminers in their coin;  
My nation was subjected to your lords.  
It was the force of conquest; force with force  
Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.  
But I a private person, whom my country  
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd  
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.

I was no private, but a person rais'd  
With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n,  
To free my country; if their servile minds  
Me their deliverer sent would not receive,  
But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they  
I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd, [serve.  
And had perform'd it, if my known offence  
Had not disabled me, not all your force:  
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,  
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
Who now desies thee thrice to single fight,  
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

HAR. With thee a man condemn'd, a slave in-  
roll'd,

Due by the law to capital punishment;  
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAM. Can'st thou for this, vain boaster, to sur-  
vey me,

To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;  
But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HAR. O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd  
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAM. No man withholds thee, nothing from  
thy hand

Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

HAR. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAM. Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down  
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HAR. By Astaroth, e'er long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHOR. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-  
fall'n,

Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

SAM. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,  
Though Fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHOR. He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee

SAM. He must allege some cause, and offer'd  
fight

Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept th' offer or not;  
And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction than already elt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,  
If they intend advantage of my labours,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

CHOR. O how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd,  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might

To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,  
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men

Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honour truth;  
He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats,

With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd,  
Their armories and magazines contemns,  
Renders them useles, while,  
With winged expedition,

Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd  
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
Making them each his own deliverer,  
And victor over all

That Tyranny or Fortune can inflict.

Either of these is in thy lot,  
Samson, with might indued

Above the sons of men; but fight bereav'd  
May chance to number thee with those

Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands.  
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
 For I descry this way  
 Some other tending, in his hand  
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.  
 By his habit I discern him now  
 A public officer, and now at hand.  
 His message will be short and voluble.

OF. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson here I seek.

CHOR. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

OF. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;  
 'This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly;  
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad  
 To appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

SAM. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, there-  
 fore tell them

Our law forbids at their religious rites  
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

OF. This answer, be assur'd will not content  
 them.

SAM. Have they not sword-players, and every  
 sort

Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
 Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,  
 And over-labour'd at their public mill  
 To make them sport with blind activity?  
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
 On my refusal to distress me more,  
 Or make a game of my calamities?  
 Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

OF. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

SAM. Myself? my conscience and internal peace.  
 Can they think me so broken, so debas'd  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands;  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
 To shew them feats, and play before their god,  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OF. My message was impos'd on me with  
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution? [speed,

SAM. So take it with what speed thy message  
 needs.

OF. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

SAM. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow  
 indeed.

CHOR. Consider, Samson, matters now are  
 strain'd

Up to the height, whether to hold or break;  
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame?  
 Expect another message more imperious,  
 More lordly thund'ring than thou wilt bear.

SAM. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
 Of strength, again returning with my hair

After my great transgression, so requite  
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to idols;  
 A Nazarite in place abominable,  
 Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?  
 Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHOR. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the  
 Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean. [Philistines,

SAM. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour  
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
 Of those who have me in their civil power,

CHOR. Where the heart joins not, outward acts  
 defile not.

SAM. Where outward force constrains, the sen-  
 tence holds;

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,  
 Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.  
 Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
 I do it freely, vent ring to displease

God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
 Set God behind: which in his jealousy  
 Shall never unrepented, find forgiveness.

Yet that he may dispense with me or thee  
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites

For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHOR. How thou wilt here come off surmounts  
 my reach.

SAM. Be of good courage; I begin to feel  
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
 I with this messenger will go along,  
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
 If there be ought of presage in the mind,  
 'This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHOR. In time thou hast resolv'd; the man re-  
 turns.

OF. Samson, this second message from our lords  
 To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,  
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay;  
 Or we shall find such engines to assail  
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
 Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAM. I could be well content to try their art,  
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
 Yet knowing their advantages too many,  
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
 (So mutable are all the ways of men)  
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
 Scandalous, or forbidden in our law.

OF. I praise thy resolution: doff these links;  
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

SAM. Brethren farewell; your company long  
 I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
 To see me girt with friends; and how the sight  
 Of me as of a common enemy,

So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,  
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;  
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd  
With zeal, if ought religion seem concerned;  
No less the people on their holy-days  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

CHOR. Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his  
Great among the Heathen round; [name  
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
Rode up in flames, after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee  
In the camp of Dan

Be efficacious in thee now at need,  
For never was from Heav'n imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.  
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste,  
With youthful steps? much livelier than e'er while  
He seems: supposing here to find his son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN. Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither

Was not at present here to find my son,  
By order of the lords new parted hence  
To come and play before them at their feast.  
I heard all as I came; the city rings,  
And numbers thither flock; I had no will,  
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.  
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly  
To give ye part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty.

CHOR. That hope would much rejoice us to partake

With thee: say, reverend Sire; we thirst to hear.

MAN. I have attempted one by one the Lords  
Either at home or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone, and father's tears,  
To accept of ransom for my son, their pris'ner.  
Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priest;  
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
Private reward, for which both God and state  
They easily would set to sale: a third,  
More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,  
The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.  
What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

CHOR. Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Their once great dread, captive and blind before  
them,

Or at some proof of strength before them shewn.

MAN. His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And number'd down; much rather I shall choose

To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
And he in that calamitous prison left.  
No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my patrimony,

If need be, I am ready to forego  
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

CHOR. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
Thou for thy son are bent to lay out all:  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

MAN. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,  
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:  
And I persuade me God had not permitted  
His strength again to grow up with his hair  
Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
To use him further yet in some great service,  
Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.

And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHOR. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem  
Of his delivery, and the joy thereon [vain,  
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,  
In both which we, as next, participate.

MAN. I know your friendly minds, and—O  
what noise!

Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that!  
Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHOR. Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,  
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MAN. Of ruin indeed, methought I heard the  
Oh it continues; they have slain my son. [noise:

CHOR. Thy son is rather slaying them, than  
outcry

From slaughter of one foe could not ascend,

MAN. Some dismal accident it needs must be;  
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

CHOR. Best keep together here, lest running  
We unawares run into Danger's mouth. [thither  
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;  
From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

MAN. That were a joy presumptuous to be  
thought.

CHOR. Yet God hath wrought things as incre-  
For his people of old; what hinders now? [dible,

MAN. He can I know, but doubt to think he  
will;

Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither,

CHOR. Of good or bad so great, of bad the  
sooner;

For evil news rides post, while good news baits,

And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

MES. O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.  
But Providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first reverend Manoah, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

MAN. The accident was loud, and here before  
thee  
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;  
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

MES. It would burst forth, but I recover  
breath  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MAN. Tell us the sum; the circumstance defer.

MES. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are  
fall'n,

All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MAN. Sad; but thou know'st to Israelites not  
The desolation of a hostile city. [saddest,

MES. Feed on that first, there may in grief be

MAN. Relate by whom. [surfeit.

MES. By Samson.

MAN. That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MES. Ah, Manoah, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Left evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MAN. Suspense in news is torture; speak them  
out.

MES. Take then the worst in brief; Samson is  
dead.

MAN. The worst indeed, O all my hopes de-  
feated

To free him hence! but Death, who sets all free,  
Hath paid his ransom now, and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd,  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first born bloom of Spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of Winter's frost!  
Yet e'er I give the reins to grief, say first  
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell thou say'st; by whom fell he?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's  
wound?

MES. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MAN. Wearied with slaughter then, or how?

MES. By his own hands. [explain.

MAN. Self-violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself,  
Among his foes?

MES. Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads, and on his own he pull'd.

MAN. O lastly overstrong against thyself!  
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge. [yet  
More than enough we know; but while things

Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

MES. Occasions drew me early to this city;  
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
Through each high street; little I had dispatch'd,  
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day  
Samson should be brought forth to shew the peo-  
ple

Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.  
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre,  
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats, where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort might sit in order to behold;

The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high and sacrifice  
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer,  
and wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.

At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient, but undaunted where they led him,  
Came to the place and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be assay'd  
To heave, pull, draw or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible, stupendous force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars, he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As overtir'd to let him lean a while

With both his arms on these two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,  
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,  
Or some greater matter in his mind revolv'd:  
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,  
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd  
I have perform'd, as reason was obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld:

Now of my own accord such other trial  
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,  
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.

This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars,  
With horrible convulsions, to and fro  
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and  
Drew the whole roof after them, with burst of  
thunder,

Upon the heads of all who sat beneath  
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
Their choice nobility, and flower, not only

Of this but each Philistian city round,  
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
Samson with these immix'd, inevitably  
Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;  
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

CHOR. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!  
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
The work for which thou wast foretold  
To Israel, and now ly'st victorious  
Among thy slain, self-kill'd,  
Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
Than all thy life hath slain before. [sublime,

1 SEMICHOR. While their hearts were jocund,  
Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, [and  
And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,  
Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
Before our living dread, who dwells  
In Silo, his bright sanctuary:  
Among them he a sp'rit of phrenzy sent,  
Who hurt their minds,  
And urg'd them on with mad desire  
To call in haste for their destroyer;  
They only set on sport and play  
Unsweetly importun'd  
Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
So fond are mortal men  
Fall'n into wrath divine,  
As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
And with blindness internal struck.

2 SEMICHOR. But he, though blind of sight,  
Despis'd, and thought extinguish'd quite,  
With inward eyes illuminated,  
His fiery virtue rous'd  
From under ashes into sudden flame,  
And as an evening dragon came,  
Assailant on the perched roosts,  
And nests in order rang'd  
Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle  
His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.  
So virtue giv'n for lost,  
Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,  
Like that self-begotten bird,  
In the Arabian woods imboist,  
That no second knows nor third,  
And lay e'er while a holocaust,  
From out her ashy womb now teem'd,  
Revives, re-flourishes, then vigorous most  
When most unactive deem'd,  
And though her body die, her fame survives  
A secular bird ages of lives.

MAN. Come, come, no time for lamentation  
now,

Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself  
Like Samson, and heroically finish'd  
A life heroic; on his enemies  
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
And lamentation to the Sons of Caphtor  
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel  
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
To himself and father's house eternal fame,  
And which is best and happiest yet, all this  
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd.  
But favouring and assisting to the end,  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Sock'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream  
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs wash off  
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
With silent obsequy, and funeral train,  
Home to his father's house: there will I build him  
A monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and acts enroll'd  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valour, and adventures high:  
The virgins also shall on feastful days  
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

CHOR. All is best, though we oft doubt  
What th' unsearchable dispose  
Of highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent;  
His servants he with new acquit  
Of true experience from this great event,  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,  
And calm of mind all passions spent.

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# COMUS, A MASK,

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

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Eheu quid volui mihi! floribus austrum  
Perditus—

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## THE PERSONS.

The attendant SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

COMUS, with his crew.

The LADY.

First BROTHER.

Second BROTHER.

SABRINA the Nymph.

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## THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE,

The Lord BRACKLY.

Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, his brother.

The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

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# C O M U S.

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## The first SCENE discovers a Wild Wood.

*The attendant SPIRIT descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court,  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted  
care

Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives  
After this mortal change to her true servants  
Amongst the enthron'd gods on fainted seats.  
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
To lay their just hands on that golden key  
That opes the palace of Eternity :

To such my errand is ; and but for such,  
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt-flood, and each ebbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
'That like to rich and various gems inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the Deep,  
Which he to grace his tributary gods  
By course commits to several government,  
And gives them leave to wear their saphir crowns,  
And wield their little tridants : but this ile,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities ;  
And all this track that fronts the falling sun  
A noble peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
An old and haughty nation proud in arms :  
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore  
Are coming to attend their father's state,  
And new-entrusted sceptre ; but their way  
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger ;  
And here their tender age might suffer peril

But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove  
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard ;  
And listen why, for I will tell you now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
Crush'd the sweet poison of mis-used wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene's shore, as the winds lifted,  
On Circe's island fell ; (Who knows not Circe  
The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup  
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a grovelling swine)  
This nymph that gaz'd upon his clustering locks,  
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blythe youth,  
Had by him, e'er he parted thence, a son  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus  
nam'd,

Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,  
Roving the Celtic and Iberian field,  
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd  
Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they  
taste,

(For most do taste thro' fond intemp'rate thirst)  
Soon as the potion works, their human count'-  
nance,

Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were ;  
And they, so perfect is their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before,  
And all their friends and native home forget,  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove  
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,

Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,  
As now I do : but first I must put off  
These my sky robes, spun out of Iris woof,  
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,  
That to the service of this house belongs,  
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,  
And in this office of his mountain watch,  
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

*COMUS enters with a charming rod in one hand, his  
glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters,  
beaded like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but other-  
wise like men and women, their apparel glittering;  
they come in making a riotous and unruly noise,  
with torches in their hands.*

COM. The star that bids the shepherd fold,  
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,  
And the gilded ear of Day,  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream,  
And the slope sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the East,  
Meanwhile, welcome Joy and Feast,  
Midnight Shout and Revelry,  
'Tisly, Dance, and Jollity.  
Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
Rigour now is gone to bed,  
And Advice with scrupulous head,  
Strict Age, and sour severity,  
With their grave saws in slumber lie.  
We that are of purer fire  
Imitate the starry quire,  
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,  
Lead in swift round the months and years.  
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;  
And on the tawny sands and shelves  
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,  
The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :  
What hath night to do with sleep?  
Night hath better sweets to prove,  
Venus who wakes, and wakens Love.  
Come let us our rites begin,  
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
Hail goddess of nocturnal sport,  
Dark-veil'd Gotytto, t' whom the secret flame  
Of midnight-torches burns; mysterious dame,  
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,  
And makes one blot of all the air,  
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair.  
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend  
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end

Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
E'er the blabbing eastern scout,  
The nice morn on the Indian steep  
From her cabin'd loophole peep,  
And to the tell-tale sun descry  
Our conceal'd solemnity.  
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
In a light fantastic round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and  
trees;

Our number may affright : some virgin sure  
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
And to my wily trains, I shall e'er long  
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd  
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
And give it false presentments, lest the place  
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
Which must not be; for that's against my course;  
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy,  
Baited with reasons not unplaussible,  
Wind me into the easy hearted man,  
And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,  
I shall appear some harmless villager,  
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,  
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

*The LADY enters.*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
My best guide now; methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
Such as the jocund flute, or gameful pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,  
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the God amidst. I should be loath  
To meet rudeness, and swill'd insolence  
Of such late wassailers; yet oh where-else  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
They left me then, when the grey hooded Even,  
Dike a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labour of my thought; 'tis likeliest  
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,  
And envious darkness, e'er they could return.

Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,  
 Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their  
 With everlasting oil, to give due light [lamps  
 To the mistle and lonely traveller?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth  
 Was rise and perfect in my list'ning ear;  
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—  
 O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,  
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity;  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were  
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.  
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err; there does a fable bloud  
 Turn forth her silver ling on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.  
 I cannot hallow to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy airy shell,  
 By flow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,  
 Where the love-born nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That likest thy Narcissus are?  
 O if thou have  
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,  
 Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of Parly, daughter of the Sphere,  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's har-  
 monies.

COM. Can any mortal, mixture of earth's mould,  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence:  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard  
 My wother Circe, with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,

Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murrur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.  
 LA. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears;  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my sever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.  
 COM. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft  
 you thus?  
 LA. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.  
 COM. Could that divide you from near-usher-  
 ing guides?  
 LA. They left me weary on a grassy turf.  
 COM. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?  
 LA. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly  
 spring. [Lady  
 COM. And left your fair side all unguarded,  
 LA. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick  
 return. [them.  
 COM. Perhaps forestalling Night prevented  
 LA. How easy my misfortune is to hit! [need?  
 COM. Imports their loss, besides the present  
 LA. No less than if I should my brothers lose.  
 COM. Were they of manly prime, or youthful  
 bloom?  
 LA. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.  
 COM. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd  
 In his loose traces from the furrow came, [—  
 And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood;  
 I took it for a faery vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element,  
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
 And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,  
 And as I pass I worshipt; if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,  
 To help you find them.  
 LA. Gentle Villager,  
 What readiest way would bring me to the place?  
 COM. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.  
 LA. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
 Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet.  
 COM. I know each lane, and every alley green;  
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;

And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,  
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
E'er morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark  
From her thatch'd pallat rouse; if otherwise  
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
'Till further quest.

L.A. Shepherd, I take thy word,  
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,  
And yet is most pretended: in a place  
Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

*The two BROTHERS.*

E. BRO. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair  
Moon,  
That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,  
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
In double night of darkness and of shades;  
Or if your influence be quite damn'd up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
Though a rush candle from the wicker hole  
Of some clay habitation, visit us  
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,  
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Y. BRO. Or if our eyes  
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering  
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister,  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her,  
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.  
What if in wild amazement and affright,  
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

E. BRO. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:  
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion?  
I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would

By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea funk. And Wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,  
Where with her best nurse Contemplation  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:  
But he that hides a dark soul, and foud thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun:  
Himself is his own dungeon.

Y. BRO. 'Tis most true,  
That musing Meditation most affects  
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
And sits as safe as in a senate house;  
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
Or do his grey hairs any violence?  
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye,  
'To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
You may as well spread out the unfortun'd heaps  
Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,  
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
And let a single helpless maiden pass  
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.  
Of night or loneliness it recks me not;  
I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
Of our unowned sister.

E. BRO. I do not, Brother,  
Inter, as if I thought my sister's state  
Secure without all doubt, or controversy:  
Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear  
Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
And gladly banish squint Suspicion.  
My sister is not so defenceless left  
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength  
Which you remember not.

Y. BRO. What hidden strength,  
Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

E. BRO. I mean that too, but yet a hidden  
strength,  
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own,  
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:  
She that has that, is clad in complete steel,  
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen  
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,  
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer  
Will dare to foil her virgin purity:  
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,  
By grotts, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption  
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,

That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine  
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
 To testify the arms of Chastity?  
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lions  
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th'  
 Woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,  
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
 With sudden adoration, and blank awe?  
 So dear to Heav'n is faintly Chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,  
 Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Y. BRO. How charming is divine philosophy?  
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute.

And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

E. BRO. Lift, lift, I hear  
 Some far off hallow break the silent air.

Y. BRO. Methought so too; what should it be?

E. BRO. For certain,  
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
 Or else some neighbour wood-man, or at worst,  
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Y. BRO. Heav'n keep my sister. Again, again  
 and near;

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

E. BRO. I'll hallow;  
 If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,  
 Defence is a good cause, and I Heav'n be for us.

*The attendant SPIRIT habited like a shepherd.*

That hallo? I should know; what are you? speak;  
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPI. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak  
 again.

Y. BRO. Obrother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

E. BRO. Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft  
 delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,

Or straggling weather the pent flock forsook?

How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPI. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,  
 I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth

Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth

That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?

How chance she is not in your company?

E. BRO. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. [blame,

SPI. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

E. BRO. What fears good Thyrsis? Prythee  
 briefly shew.

SPI. I'll tell you; 'tis not vain or fabulous;

(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)

What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly Muse,

Story'd of old in high immortal verse,

Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,

And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,

Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,

Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,

And here to every thirsty wanderer

By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,

With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast

Fixes instead, unmoulding Reason's mintage

Character'd in the face; this have I learnt

Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts

That brow this bottom glade, whence night by

night

He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl

Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,

Doing abhorred rites to Hecate

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.

Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,

To inveigle and invite th' unwary sense

Of them that pass unweeting by the way.

This evening late, by then the chewing flocks

Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb

Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank

With ivy canopied, and interwove

With flanting honey-suckle, and began,

Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,

To meditate my rural minstrelsy,

Till Fancy had her fill, but e'er a close

The wonted roar was up amid't the woods,

And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;

At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while;

Till an unusual stop of sudden silence

Give respite to the drowsy flighted flocks,  
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;  
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took e'er she was ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more  
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death: but O e'er long  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.  
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,  
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
Till guided by mine ear I found the place,  
Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise  
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
Already, e'er my best speed could prevent,  
The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,  
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung  
Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
But further know I not.

Y. BRO. O night and shades,  
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,  
Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin  
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence  
You gave me Brother?

E. BRO. Yes, and keep it still;  
Lean on it safely; not a period  
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats  
Of Malice or of Sorcery, or that power  
Which erring men call Chance; 'this I hold firm,  
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt;  
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd;  
Yea even that which Mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal restless change,  
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's  
on,

Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n  
May never this just sword be lifted up;  
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt  
With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the sooty flag of Alcheron,  
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out.  
And force him to restore his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Curs'd as his life.

SPI. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,  
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;  
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;  
Far other arms, and other weapons must  
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:

He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
And crumble all thy sinews.

E. BRO. Why, prythee, Shepherd,  
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
As to make this relation?

SPI. Care and utmost shifts  
How to secure the Lady from surprizal,  
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,  
'That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:  
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
Would sit, and hearken even to extasy,  
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
And shew me simples of a thousand names,  
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:  
Among the rest a small unsight'y root,  
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;  
'The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
'Treads on it daily, with his clouted shoon;  
And yet more medicinal is it than that moly  
That Hermes once to wife Ulysses gave;  
He call'd it Hemony, and gave it me,  
And bade me keep it as of sov'reign use  
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,  
Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,  
Till now that this extremity compell'd:  
But now I find it true; for by this means  
I knew the foul enchanter, though disguis'd,  
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
And yet came off: if you have this about you,  
(As I will give you when we go) you may  
Boldly assault the Necromancer's hall;  
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,  
And brandish'd blade, rush on him, break his  
glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew  
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

E. BRO. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,  
And some good angel bear a shield before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and the LADY set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, and which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

COM. Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,  
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,  
And you a statue, or as Daphne was  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LA. Fool, do not boast,  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind,  
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
Thou hast immanac'd, while Heav'n sees good.

COM. Why are you vext, lady? why do you  
frown?

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these  
 Sorrow flies far: see here be all the pleasures [gates  
 That Fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.  
 And first behold this cordial julep here,  
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
 With spi'rits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd,  
 Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone,  
 In Egypt gave to Jove-boan Helena,  
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.  
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 And to those dainty limbs which nature lent  
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower  
 With that which you receive on other terms,  
 Scorning the unexempt condition  
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted; but, fair Virgin,  
 This will restore all soon.

LA. 'Twill not, false traitor,  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly headed monsters? Mercy guard me!  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul de-  
 ceiver;

Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?  
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
 With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute?  
 Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COM. O foolishness of men! that lend their  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic sur, [ears  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and fallow abstinence.  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and  
 flocks,

Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd  
 silk,

To deck her sons, and that no corner might  
 By vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hutch't th' all worship't ore, and precious  
 To store her children with: if all the world [gems  
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but  
 frieze,

Th' All-giver would be unthank'd, would be un-  
 prais'd,

Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,

As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own  
 And strangled with her waste fertility. [weight,  
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt  
 with plumes,

The herds would over-multitude their lords;  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell; and th' unfought  
 diamonds

Would so imblaze the forehead of the Deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
 List, lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
 With that same vaunted name Virginity.

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current, and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken blefs,  
 Unfavor'y in th' enjoyment of itself;

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shewn  
 In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workman-  
 ship;

It is for homely features to keep home;

They had their name thence; coarse com-  
 plexions,

And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.

What need a vermeil tinctur'd lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?

There was another meaning in these gifts,

Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young  
 yet.

LA. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lip  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine  
 eyes,

Obtruding false rules, pranked in Reason's garb.

I hate, when Vice can bolt her arguments,

And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.

Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,

As if she would her children should be riotous

With her abundance; she, good caterefs

Means her provision only to the good,

That live according to her sober laws,

And holy dictate of spare Temperance:

If every just man, that now pines with want,

Had but a moderate and befitting share

Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury

Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,

Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd

In unsuperfluous even proportion,

And she no whit incumber'd with her store,

And then the giver would be better thank'd,

His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony

Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,

But with befott'd base ingratitude

Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go  
 on?

Or have I said enough? To him that dares

Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous

Against the sun-clad pow'r of Charity, [words,

Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend  
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

COM. She fables not; I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissuade,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:  
 But this will cure all strait; one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest  
 his glass out of his hand, and break it against the  
 ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are  
 all driven in; the attendant SPIRIT comes in.*

SRI. What, have you let the false inchanter  
 scape!

O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,  
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,  
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,  
 We cannot free the lady that sits here,  
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:  
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I be think me,  
 Some other means I have, which may be us'd,  
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
 The foothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from  
 hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn  
 stream,

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
 Whilome she was the daughter of Loerine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
 She, guiltless damsel, fly'ing the mad pursuit  
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
 That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing  
 course.

The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
 Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,  
 Bearing her strait to aged Nereus' hall,

Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd,  
 And underwent a quick immortal change,  
 Made Goddess of the river; still she retains  
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blast, and ill-luck signs.  
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to  
 make,

Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;  
 For which the shepherds at their festivals  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasp'ing charm, and thaw the numbing spell,  
 If she be right invoc'd, in warbled song,  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-befetting need; this will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

## S O N G.

SABRINA fair,  
 Listen where thou art sitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen, for dear Honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the Silver lake.

Listen and save;  
 Listen and appear to us,  
 In name of great Oceanus;  
 By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace;  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook;  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands;  
 By Thetis' tinsel-flipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks;  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams, with wily glance;  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.  
 Listen and save.

*SABRINA rises, attended by water-nymphs, and  
 sings.*

By the rusby-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,

Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen  
Of turkis blue, and emrakl green,  
That in the channel strays ;  
Whilst from off the waters fleet  
Thus I set my printless feet  
O'er the cowslips velvet head,  
That bends not as I tread ;  
Gentle Swain, at thy request  
I am here.

SPI. Goddess dear,  
We implore thy powerful hand  
To undo the charmed band  
Of true Virgin here distressed,  
Through the force, and through the wile  
Of unblest inchanter vile.

SAB. Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
To help insnared chastity :  
Brightest Lady look on me ;  
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
Drops that from my fountain pure  
I have kept of precious cure,  
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,  
Thrice upon thy rubied lip ;  
Next this marble-venom'd feat,  
Smear'd with gums of glutenous heat,  
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold ;  
Now the spell hath lost his hold ;  
And I must haste e'er morning hour  
To wait on Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

SPI. Virgin, daughter of Locrine  
Sprung from old Anchises' line,  
May thy brimmed waves for this  
Their full tribute never miss  
From a thousand petty rills,  
That tumble down the snowy hills :  
Summer drouth, or singed air  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
Nor wet October's torrent flood  
Thy molten chrystal fill with mud ;  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl, and the golden ore ;  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tower and terras round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.

Come, Lady, while heav'n lends us grace,  
Let us fly this cursed place,  
Lest the Sorcerer us entice  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste, or needless sound,  
Till we come to holier ground ;  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide,  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your father's residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wish'd presence, and beside  
All the swans that near abide,  
With jigs and rural dance resort ;  
We shall catch them at their sport,  
And our sudden coming there

Will double at their mirth and cheer.  
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,  
But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky !

*The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the president's castle ; then come in country dancers, after them the attendant SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS, and the LADY.*

## SONG.

SPI. BACK, Sheperds, back, enough your play  
Till next sun-shine holiday ;  
Here be without duck or nod  
Other trippings to be trod  
Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
As Mercury did first devise  
With the mincing Dryades  
On the lawns, and on the leas.

*This second song presents them to their father and mother.*

NOBLE Lord, and Lady bright,  
I have brought you new delight,  
Here behold so goodly grown  
Three fair branches of your own ;  
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,  
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
And sent them here through hard assays  
With a crown of deathless praise,  
To triumph in victorious dance,  
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

*The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.*

SPI. To the ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that lie  
Where Day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky :  
There I suck the liquid air,  
All amidst the gardens fair  
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,  
That sing about the golden tree :  
Along the crisped shades and bowers  
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,  
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Thither all their bounties bring ;  
That there eternal Summer dwells,  
And west-winds with musky wing  
About the cedarn alleys fling  
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.  
Iris there with humid bow  
Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hue  
Than her purpled scarf can shew,  
And drenches with Elysian dew  
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)  
Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
Waxing well of his deep wound  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen ;  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,

Holds her dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,  
 After her wand'ring labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.  
 But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,

## C O M M U S.

Where the bow'd walkin slow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.  
 Mortals that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue, she alone is free,  
 She can teach you how to climb  
 Higher than the sphery chime;  
 Or if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

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## L' ALLEGRO.

---

HENCE loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn  
'Mong' st horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs  
Find out some uncouth cell, [unholy,  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous  
And the night raven sings; [wings,  
There under ebon shades and low brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In Heav'n, ecleap'd Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister Graces more  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
Or whether (as some fages sing)  
'The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying,  
'There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
'The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreproved pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
'Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;  
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before;  
Of list'ning how the hounds and horn,  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
Some time walking not unseen  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the plow-man near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his sithe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the landskip round it measures,  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Cordyon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savory dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks found  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holy-day,  
'Till the live-long day-light fail;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,

With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat,  
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd she said,  
 And he by frier's lantern led,  
 Tells how the drudging goblin swet,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly fet,  
 When in one night, e'er glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flae hath thresh'd the corn  
 That ten day-lab'ers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
 And crop full out of doors he flings,  
 E'er the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,  
 With Mask and antique Pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
 On summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
 Of sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal Verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains, that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half regain'd Eurydice.  
 These delights, if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

---

## IL PENSEROSO.

---

HENCE vain deluding Joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred,  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay notes that people the sun-beams,  
Or likeliest hovering dreams  
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
Hail divinest Melancholy,  
Whose faintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of Human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauties praise above  
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:  
Yet thou art higher far descended;  
Thence bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain),  
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come pensivè Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Following with majestic train,  
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn;  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies;  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare I ast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Lest Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;  
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee chauntress oft the woods among  
I woo to hear thy even-song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curlew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with fullen roar;  
Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach Light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the belman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm:  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
And of those demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let Gorgeous Tragedy  
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes, as warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.  
 Or call up him that left half told,  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,  
 On which the Tartar king did ride;  
 And if ought else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not trickt and frounted as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,  
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the ruffling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the eaves.  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaming beams, me goddess bring  
 To arched walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke

Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt,  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honied thie,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.  
 But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloysters pale,  
 And love the high embowed roof,  
 With antic pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full voic'd quire below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into extacies,  
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew;  
 Till old Experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

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## ARCADÉS.

---

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving towards the Seat of State with this Song.*

### I. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that which we from hence descry,  
Too divine to be mistook!  
This, this is she  
To whom our vows and wishes bend;  
Here our solemn search hath end.  
Fame, that her high worth to raise,  
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
We may justly now accuse  
Of detraction from her praise;  
Less than half we find express,  
Envy bid conceal the rest.  
Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
In circle round her shining throne,  
Shooting her beams like silver threads;  
This, this is she alone,  
Sitting like a goddess bright,  
In the centre of her light.  
Might she the wife Latona be,  
Or the towered Cybele,  
Mother of a hundred gods  
Juno dares not give her odds;  
Who had thought this clime had held  
A deity so unparallel'd?

*As they come forward, the GENIUS of the wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.*

GEN. Stay, gentle Swains, for tho' in this disguise,  
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;  
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,  
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,  
Was all in honour and devotion meant  
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
Whom, with low reverence, I adore as mine,

And with all helpful service will comply  
To further this night's glad solemnity;  
And lead ye where ye may more near behold  
What shallow searching Fame hath left untold;  
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
For know by lot from Jove I am the power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.  
And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill;  
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,  
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When Ev'ning grey doth rise, I fetch my round  
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,  
And early, e'er the odorous breath of Morn  
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn  
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
Number my ranks, and visit ev'ry sprout  
With puissant words, and murmurs made to  
bles;  
But else in deep of night, when drowfiness  
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
And the low world in measur'd motion draw  
After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear  
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;  
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
The peerless height of her immortal praise,  
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,  
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can shew

I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## 2. S O N G.

O'er the smooth enamel'd green,  
 Where no print of step hath been  
     Follow me as I sing,  
     And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star proof.  
     Follow me,  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour as befits  
     Her deity.  
 Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## 3. S O N G.

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more  
     By fandy Ladon's lilled banks,  
 On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar  
     Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
 Tho' Erymanthy our loss deplore,  
     A better soil shall give ye thanks,  
 From the story Mænalus  
 Bring your flocks, and live with us;  
 Here ye shall have greater grace,  
 To serve the lady of this place.  
 Tho' Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
     Such a rural queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

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# LYCIDAS.

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*In this Monody the Author bewails a Learned Friend, unfortunately drowned on his Passage from Chester, on the Irish Seas, 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never soar,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forc'd fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead e'er his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watry bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.  
Begin then, Sisters of the Sacred Well,  
That from beneath the feat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud:  
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, e'er the high lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night  
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright,  
Tow'rd's Heav'n's descent had slopt his west'ring  
wheel.  
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,  
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
And old Dametas lov'd to hear our song.  
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
Thee Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes mourn.  
The willows and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the white thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.  
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless  
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? [deep  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
Ay me! I fondly dream  
Had you been there; for what could that have  
done?  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal Nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His goary visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?  
Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely flighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Næera's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear sp'rit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,  
And flits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,  
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears:  
Fame is no plant that grows in mortal soil,  
Nor in the glist'ring foil  
Set off to th' world, nor in broad Rumour lies,  
But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.  
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,  
Smooth sliding Minicius, crown'd with vocal reeds,

'That strain I heard was of a higher mood :  
 But now my oar proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea ;  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?  
 And question'd every gust of rugged winds  
 That blows from off each beak'd promontory ;  
 They knew not of his story,  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower, inscrib'd with woe.  
 Ah ! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge !  
 Last came, and last did go.

The pilot of the Galilean lake,  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)  
 He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,  
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young  
 Swain,

Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ?  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the shepherd's feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;  
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how  
 to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !  
 What recks it them ? What need they ? they are  
 sped ;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they  
 draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;  
 Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,  
 Daily devours apace ; and nothing said,  
 But that two-handed engine at the door,  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past  
 That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star rarely looks,

Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears :  
 Bid Amarantus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To stow the laureat herse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;  
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold ;  
 Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth :  
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hopeless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more ;  
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
 Sunk tho' he be beneath the wat'ry floor ;  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the  
 waves,

Where other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar hue his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love.

There entertain him all the saints above,  
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;  
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,  
 While the still Morn went out with sandals gray,  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay ;  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue ;  
 To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

## POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

I. *Anno aetatis 17. On the death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.*

I.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
For he being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
By boist'rous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot

Of long uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach  
was held.

III.

So mounting up in icy-pearl'd car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:  
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care.  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,

But all unwares with his cold kind embrace  
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding  
place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,  
Young Hyacinth born on Eurota's strand,  
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;

But then transform'd him to a purple flower:  
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no  
power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;  
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine:

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)  
'Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
Whether above that high first moving sphere,  
Or in th' Elysian Fields, (if such there were)  
Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy  
flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof  
Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
Which careful Jove, in Nature's true behoof,  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall  
Of sheeny Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled  
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before  
Forsook the hated Earth, O tell me sooth,  
And can'st again to visit us once more?  
Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth,  
Or that crown'd matron, sage white-robed Truth?  
Or any other of that heav'nly brood  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some  
good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,  
Who having clad thyself in human weed,  
To Earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,  
And after short abode, fly back with speed,  
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed?  
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire,  
To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below  
To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,  
To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,  
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,  
'To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smarts?  
But thou can'st best perform that office where  
thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child  
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild :  
Think what a present thou to God hath sent,  
And render him with patience what he lent !

This if thou do, he will an offspring give,  
That till the world's last end shall make thy name  
to live.

II. *Anno ætatis 19. At a vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began.*

THOU native Language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
Half-unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,  
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
Where he had mutely sat two years before :  
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task :  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me, I have thither packt the worst :  
And, if it happens as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last,  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid  
For this same small neglect that I have made :  
But haste thee strait to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest trea-  
sure,

Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming flight  
Which takes our late fantastics with delight,  
But eull those richest robes, and gay'st attire  
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire :  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;  
And, weary of their place, do only stay  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;  
That so they may, without suspect or fears  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.  
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :  
Such where the deep transported mind may fear  
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door  
Look in, and see each blissful deity,  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
Immortal nectar to her kingly fire :  
Then passing through the spheres of watchful  
fire,

And misty regions of wide air next under,  
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune  
raves,

In Heav'n's defiance must'ring all his waves ;  
Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;  
And last of kings and queens, and heroes old,  
Such as the wife Demodocus once told  
In solemn songs at King Alcinous' feast,  
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest

Are held with his melodious harmony  
In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
But fie, my wand'ring Muse how thou dost stray !  
Expectance calls thee now another way ;  
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent.  
To keep in compass of thy predicament :  
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments  
his ten Sons. whereof the eldest stood for Substance  
with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking ex-  
plains.*

Good luck befriend thee, Son ; for at thy birth  
The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth ;  
Thy droufy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
And sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst  
still

From eyes of mortal walk invisible :  
Yet there is something that doth force my fear ;  
For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
That far events full wisely could presage,  
And in time's long and dark prospective glass  
Forefaw what future days should bring to pass ;  
Your son, said she, (nor can ye it prevent)  
Shall subject be to many an accident :  
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,  
Yet every one shall make him underling,  
And those that cannot live from him asunder  
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under :  
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them ;  
Yet being above them, he shall be below them :  
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing :  
To find a foe it shall not be his hap ;  
And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap ;  
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
Devouring war shall never cease to roar :  
Yea, it shall be his natural property  
To harbour those that are at enmity.  
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ?

*The next Quantity and Quality spoke in Prose, then  
Relation was call'd by his name*

Rivers arise ; whether thou be the son  
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,  
Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
His thirty arms along th' indented meads,  
Or sullen mole that runneth underneath,  
Or Severn Swift, guilty of maiden's death,  
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,  
Or Medway smooth, or royal towered Thame.

*(The rest was Prose.)*

III. *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.*  
Compos'd 1629.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,  
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
Of wedded maid, and Virgin mother born,  
Our great redemption from above did bring;  
For so the holy Sages once did sing,  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he went at Heav'n's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal  
clay.

III.

Say, heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
Afford a present to the infant God?  
Hast thou no verse, no hymn of solemn strain,  
To welcome him to this his new abode,  
Now, while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,  
Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
And all the spangled host keep watch in squa-  
drons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
The star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet:  
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
And join thy voice into the angel quire,  
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd  
fire.

*The Hymn.*

I.

It was the winter wild,  
While the Heav'n-born child  
All meanly wrapt in rude manger lies;  
Nature in awe to him  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair  
She woo's the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The fainty veil of maiden white to throw,  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;  
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly  
Down thro' the turning sphere [sliding  
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes an universal peace through sea and  
land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;  
The hooked chariot stood,  
Unstain'd with hostile blood;  
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began:  
The winds with wonder whist  
Smoothly the waters kist,  
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed  
wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespoke, and bid them go.

VII.

And tho' the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself with-held his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame [need;  
The new enlighten'd world no more should  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could  
bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or e'er the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
Full little thought they then  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below;  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook,  
Divinely warbled voice,  
Answ'ring the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
The air such pleasure loth to lose,  
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly  
close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound,  
Beneath the hollow round  
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,

Now was almost won  
To think her part was done,  
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
She knew such harmony alone  
Could hold all Heav'n and earth in happier  
union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
A globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the shame-fac'd Night  
The helmed cherubim; [array'd,  
And sworded seraphim,  
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings dis-  
Harping in loud and solemn quire, [play'd,  
With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born  
Heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the sons of Morning sung,  
While the Creator great  
His constellations set,  
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,  
And cast the dark foundations deep, [keep.  
And bid the welt'ring waves their oozy channel

XIII.

Ring out ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony,  
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song  
Inward our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of Gold,  
And speckled vanity,  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,  
And hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering day.

XV.

Yea Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and like glories wearing  
Mercy will sit between,  
'Thron'd in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steer-  
And Heav'n, as at some festival, [ing,  
'Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss ;  
So both himself and us to glorify  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
'The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder thro'  
the deep.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang,  
As on Mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out-  
The aged Earth aghast, [brake :  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;  
When at the world's last cession,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his  
throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins ; for from this happy day  
Th' old Dragon under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,  
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament :  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edg'd with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The nymphs in twi'light shade of tangled thickets  
mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight  
plaint ;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint ;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted  
feat.

XXII.

Peor and Baälim  
Forfake their temples dim,  
With that twice batter'd god of Palestine :  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heav'n's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine  
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn ;  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Tham-  
mus mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
'They call the grisly King,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Aniubus haste.

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
 Trampling the unflow'r'd grafs with lowings  
 Nor can he be at rest [loud :  
 Within his sacred chest,  
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;  
 In vain with timbr'd anthems dark  
 The sable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreadful Infant's hand,  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
 Nor all the gods beside,  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
 Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted Fayses  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-  
 lov'd maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest ;  
 Time is our tedious song should here have  
 Heav'n's youngest teemed star [ending :  
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp at-  
 And all about the courtly stable [tending,  
 Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

IV. *The passion.*

I.

FERWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,  
 My Muse with angels did divide to sing ;  
 But headlong Joy is ever on the wing,  
 In wintry solstic like the shorten'd light [night,  
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
 Which in our dearest Lord did seize e'er long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than  
 Which he for us did freely undergo : [so,  
 Most perfect Hero, try'd in heaviest plight  
 Of labour huge and hard, too hard for human might ?

III.

He, sov'reign Priest, stooping his regal head,  
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
 Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,  
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies ;  
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise !  
 Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,  
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's  
 side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,  
 To this horizon is my Phæbus bound ;  
 His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
 And former sufferings other where are found ;  
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound ;  
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings  
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief ;  
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,  
 That Heav'n and earth are colour'd with my woe ;  
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know :  
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wan-

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
 That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,  
 My spirit some transporting cherub feels,  
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;  
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit  
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,  
 And here though grief my feeble hands unlock,  
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before ;  
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
 And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)  
 Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud  
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant  
 cloud.

[This subject the Author finding to be above the years  
 he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with  
 what was begun, left it unfinished.]

V. *On Time.*

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross ;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain.  
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,  
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,  
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss ;  
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
 When every thing that is sincerely good,  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine

About the supreme throne  
Of him, to' whose happy-making sight alone  
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall stand,  
Then all this earthy grossness quit,  
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
O Time.

VI. *Upon the Circumcision.*

Y<sup>e</sup> flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,  
That erst with music and triumphant song,  
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,  
Through the soft silence of the list'ning Night;  
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
Seas wept from our deep sorrow  
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere  
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
Alas how soon our sin  
Sore doth begin  
His infancy to seize!  
O more exceeding love, or law more just!  
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
For we by right'ful doom remediless  
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;  
And that great covenant which we still transgress  
Entirely satisfied,  
And the full wrath beside  
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,  
And seals obedience first with wounding smart  
This day, but O e'er long  
Huge pangs and strong  
Will pierce more near his heart.

VII. *At a solemn Music.*

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ  
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
And to our high rais'd phantasy present  
That undisturbed song of pure concert,  
Ay sung before the saphir-colour'd throne  
To him that sits thereon  
With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
Where the bright seraphim in burning row  
Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,  
And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires.  
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly;  
That we on earth with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportion'd Sin  
Jarr'd against Nature's chime and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion  
Sway'd

In perfect diapason, whilst they stood,  
In first obedience, and their state of good.  
O may we soon again renew that song,  
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God e'er long  
To his celestial consort us unite, [light.  
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of

VIII. *An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.*

THIS rich marble doth inter  
The honour'd wife of Winchester.  
A viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
Besides what her virtues fair  
Added to her noble birth,  
More than she could own from earth.  
Summers three times eight save one  
She had told; alas too soon,  
After so short time of breath,  
To house with darkness, and with death.  
Yet had the number of her days  
Been as complete as was her praise,  
Nature and Fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.  
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,  
Quickly found a lover meet;  
The virgin quire for her request  
The god that sits at marriage feast;  
He at their invoking came,  
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;  
And in his garland as he stood  
Ye might discern a cypress bud,  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls Lucina to her throes;  
But whether by mischance or blame  
Atropos for Lucina came;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:  
The hapless babe before his birth  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;  
And the languish'd mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.  
So have I seen some tender slip,  
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flow'r  
New shot up from vernal show'r;  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Side-ways as on a dying bed,  
And those pearls of dew she wears,  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad Morn had let fall  
On her hast'ning funeral.  
Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have;  
After this thy travel fore  
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
That to give the world increase,  
Shortened hast thy own life's lea.c.  
Here, besides the sorrowing  
That thy noble house doth bring,  
Here be tears of perfect moan  
Wept for thee in Helicon,

And some flowers, and some bays,  
 For thy herse, to strow the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name;  
 Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt in glory,  
 Next her much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian shepherdes,  
 Who after years of barrenness,  
 The highly favour'd Joseph bore  
 To him that serv'd for her before,  
 And at her next birth much like thee,  
 Through pangs fi'd to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light:  
 There with thee, new welcome saint,  
 Like fortunes may her sou'acquaint  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

## IX. Song. On May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
 Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

## X. On Shakspere, 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd  
 bones  
 The labour of an age in piled stones,  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a starry-pointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?  
 'Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Has built thyself a live-long monument.  
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring Art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impresson took;  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
 And so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

XI. On the University Carrier, who sickened in the  
 time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to Lon-  
 don, by reason of the plague.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his  
 girt,  
 And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt;]  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;

For he had any time this ten years full  
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and th  
 Bull.

And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlain  
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that  
 night,  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

## XII. Another on the Jams.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove,  
 That he could never die while he could move;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion (yet without a crime  
 'Gainst old Truth), motion number'd out his  
 time:

And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended strait.  
 Rest that gives all men life. gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,  
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away, he sicken'd,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quick-  
 en'd;

Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
 If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hear-  
 ers,

For one carrier put down to make six bearers,  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burthensome,  
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't)  
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;  
 But had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon, he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remain this superscription.

## XIII. Ad Pyrrham. Ode V.

Horatius ex Pyrrha illecebris tanquam è naufragio  
 enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse mi-  
 seros.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,  
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
 Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera  
 Nigris æquora ventis  
 Emirabitur insolens!  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
 Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem  
 Sperat, nescius auræ  
 Fallacis. Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites. Me tabula facer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse potenti  
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

XIII. *The fifth Ode of Horace, Lib. I.*

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, *rendered almost  
 word for word without rhyme, according to the La-  
 tin measure, as near as the language will permit.*

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
 Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou  
 In wreaths thy golden hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he  
 On faith and changed gods complain, and seas  
 Rough with black winds and storms  
 Unwonted shall admire!  
 Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold,  
 Who always vacant always amiable  
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales

Unmindful. Hapless they [vow'd  
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my  
 Picture the sacred wall declares to' have hung  
 My dank and dropping weeds  
 To the stern God of sea.

XIV. *On the new forcers of conscience under the Long  
 Parliament.*

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate lord  
 And with stiff vows renounc'd his liturgy,  
 To seize the widow'd whore Plurality  
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,  
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy  
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?  
 Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent,  
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,  
 Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics  
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call:  
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
 Your plots and packing worse than those of  
 Trent,  
 That to the Parliament  
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears  
 Clip your phylacteries, though bank your ears,  
 And succour our just fears,  
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

## SONNETS.

### I. *To the Nightingale.*

**O** NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart does fill,  
 While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.  
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will  
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
 Now timely sing, e'er the rude bird of hate  
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;  
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
 Whether the muse, or love call thee his mate,  
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I

### II.

**D**ONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
 Bene é colui d'ogni valore scarco  
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
 Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora  
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,  
 La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno  
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
 Le'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;  
 Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti  
 Che'l disio amorosa al cuor s'invecchi.

### III.

**Q**UAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera  
 L'avezza giovenetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spande a disufata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
 Così Amor meco infu la lingua snella  
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E'l bel l'amigi cangio col bel Arno.  
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.

Deh! fofs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

### *Canzone.*

**R**IDONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, et altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
 L'immortal guiderdond d' eternè frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?  
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore  
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

### IV.

**D**IODATI, e te'l diro con maraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa  
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa  
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia  
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia.  
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bza,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,  
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco  
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

### V.

**P**ER certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia  
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole  
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:

Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
 Scoffo me il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
 Quivi d'attorno o l'agghiaccia, o l'ingiela;  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me fuol far piovese  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

## VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'hummil dono  
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante  
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;  
 \* Quando rugge il gran mondo, e feocca il tuono,  
 S'arma di te, e d'intero diamante,  
 Tanto del forse e d'invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use  
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII. *On his being arriv'd at the age of twenty-three.*

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth  
 year!  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of  
 Heav'n;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

VIII. *When the Assault was intended to the City.*

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please, [seize,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these;  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and  
 seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;  
 The great Emathion conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple' and  
 tow'r  
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

LADY that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hath shunn'd the broad way and the  
 green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill of heav'nly Truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth,  
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful  
 friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, virgin wife and pure.

X. *To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once president  
 Of England's council, and her treasury,  
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronca, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent,  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your word his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI. *On the detraction which followed upon my writing certain treatises.*

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,  
 And woven close, both matter, form, and stile;  
 The subject new; it walk'd the Town a while.  
 Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.  
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on  
 A title page is this! and some in file  
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to  
 Mile-  
 End Green. Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,  
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow  
 sleek,  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and  
 gasp.  
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,  
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 When thou taught'st at Cambridge, and King  
 Edward Greek.

XII. *On the same.*

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me

Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs :  
As when those hinds that were transform'd to  
frogs

Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting pearls to hogs,  
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And still revolt when Truth would set them free;  
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;  
For who loves that, must first be wise and  
good;  
But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII. *To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Airs.*

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measur'd song  
First taught our English music how to span  
Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
With Midas' ears, committing short and long;  
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the  
throng,

With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
That with smooth air could'st humour best our  
tongue.

Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her  
wing  
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,  
That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn or story.  
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing  
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

IV. *On the religious memory of Mrs. Catharine  
Thorison, my Christian friend, deceased 16th Dec.  
1646.*

When faith and love, which parted from thee  
never,

Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.  
Thy works and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod,  
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.

Love led them on, and Faith who knew them  
best  
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee  
rest,

And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV. *To the Lord General Fairfax.*

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe  
rings,  
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze

And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings  
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings

Victory thome, though new rebellions raise  
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.

O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
(For what can war, but endless war still breed?)  
Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
And public faith clear'd from the shameful  
brand

Of public fraud. In vain doth Valor bleed,  
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVI. *To the Lord General Cromwell.*

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a  
cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast  
plough'd,

And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pur-  
sued,

While Darwen stream with blood of Scots im-  
bued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains  
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories

No less renown'd than war: new foes arise  
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVII. *To Sir Henry Vane the younger.*

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
Than whom a better senator ne'er held

The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms re-  
The fierce Epirot and the African bold, [pell'd  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold

The drift of hollow states hard to be spell'd  
Then to advise how War may best upheld  
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,

In all her equipage: besides to know  
Both spiritual power and civil, what each  
means,

What severs each, thou' hast learn'd, which few  
have done:

The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;  
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII. *On the late Massacre in Piemont.*

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose  
bones

Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,  
Forget not; in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their  
moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
O'er all th' Italian fields where still doth sway  
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow  
A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIX. *On his blindness.*

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
E'er half my days in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more  
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide;  
Doth God exact day labour, light deny'd,  
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his  
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed, [state  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.

XX. *To Mr. Lawrence.*

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father, virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are  
mire,

Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the  
Help waste a fullen day what may be won [fire  
From the hard season gaining? time will run

On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
The frozen earth, and cloth in fresh attire  
The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and  
choice

Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful  
voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air  
He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI. *To Cyriac Skinner.*

CYRIAC, whose grandfire on the royal bench  
Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our  
laws,

Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to dr each  
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;  
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
And what the Swede intends, and what the  
French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
Tow'ard solid good what leads the nearest way;  
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains  
And disapproves that care, though wise in  
shew,

That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains.

• XXII. *To the same.*

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, tho'  
clear,

To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer  
Right onward. What supports me? dost thou  
ask:

The conscience, Friend, to' have lost them over-  
ply'd

In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.

This thought might lead me thro' the world's  
vain mask,  
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII. *On his deceased Wife.*

ME THOUGHT I saw my late espoused faint  
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave  
Rescued from death by force though pale and  
faint.

Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed  
taint,

Purification in the old law did save,  
And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:

Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.

But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my  
night.

# P S A L M S.

*Pfalm I. Done into verse, 1653.*

BLESSED is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way  
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
 Of scorers hath not sat. But in the great  
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
 And in his law he studies day and night.  
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
 By watry streams, and in the season knows  
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall;  
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
 The wind drives; so the wicked shall not stand  
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.  
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,  
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

*Pfalm II. Done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth up-  
 stand  
 With power, and princes in their congregations  
 Lay deep their plots together through each land  
 Against the Lord, and his Messiah dear?  
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand,  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear  
 Their twisted cords: he who in Heav'n doth  
 dwell  
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then se-  
 vere  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, faith he,  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said  
 Thou art my son, I have begotten thee  
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full  
 low  
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse  
 Like to a potters vessel shiver'd so.  
 And now be wise, at length, ye Kings averse,

Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere,  
 Happy all those who have him in their stay.

*Pfalm III. Aug. 9, 1653. When he fled from  
 Absalom.*

LORD how many are my foes?  
 How many those  
 That in arms against me rise!  
 Many are they  
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,  
 No help for him in God their lies.  
 But thou, Lord! art my shield, my glory,  
 Thee through my story  
 Th' exalter of my head I count;  
 Aloud I cry'd  
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,  
 For my sustain  
 Was the Lord. Of many millions  
 The populous rout  
 I fear not, though encamping round about  
 They pitch against me their pavilions.  
 Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou  
 Hast smote e'er now  
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
 Of men abhorr'd  
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the  
 Lord;  
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

*Pfalm IV. Aug. 10. 1653.*

ANSWER me, when I call,  
 God of my righteousness;  
 In straits and in distress  
 Thou didst me disenthral,  
 And set at large; now spare,  
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.  
 Great ones, how long will ye  
 My glory have in scorn,  
 How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,  
 To love, to seek, to prize  
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?  
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
 Chose to himself apart,  
 The good and meek of heart  
 (For whom to choose he knows)  
 Jehovah from on high  
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.  
 Be aw'd; and do not sin;  
 Speak to your hearts alone,  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within.  
 Offer the offerings just  
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
 Many there be that say,  
 Who yet will shew us good?  
 Talking like this world's brood;  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,  
 On us lift up the light,  
 Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put,  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth over-cloy,  
 And from their plenteous grounds  
 With vast increase their corn and wine a-  
 bounds.  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep,  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie;  
 As in a rocky cell  
 Thou, Lord, alone, in safety mak'st me dwell.

*Psalms v. Aug. 12. 1653.*

**Jehovah!** to my words give ear,  
 My meditation weigh.  
 The voice of my complaining hear,  
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.  
 Jehovah! thou my early voice  
 Shalt in the morning hear,  
 I' th' morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my pray'rs and watch till thou ap-  
 pear. For thou art not a God that takes  
 In wickedness delight,  
 Evil with thee no biding makes,  
 Fools or madmen stand not within thy sight.  
 All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;  
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear,  
 Thy numerous mercies, go  
 Into thy house; I in thy fear,  
 Will tow'ards thy holy temple worship low.  
 Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
 Lead me because of those  
 That do observe if I transgress,  
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
 For in his faltering mouth unstable  
 No word is firm or sooth;  
 Their inside, troubles miserable;

An open grave their throat, their tongue they  
 God, find them guilty; let them fall [smooth.  
 By their own counsels quell'd;  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
 Their joy, while thou from blame  
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
 For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found  
 To bless the just man still.  
 As with a shield thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

*Psalms vi. Aug. 13, 1653.*

**Lord!** in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much-deject,  
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,  
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,  
 And thou, O Lord, how long? turn, Lord,  
 restore  
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark,  
 I' th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping  
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard  
 my pray'r,  
 My supplication, with acceptance fair  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dash'd  
 With much confusion; then, grown red with  
 shame;  
 They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abas'd.

*Psalms vii. Aug. 14. 1653.*

*Upon the words of Cuse the Benjamite against him.*

**Lord!** my God to thee I fly;  
 Save me, and secure me under  
 Thy protection while I cry,  
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)  
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
 Tearing, and no rescue nigh.  
 Lord my God, if I have thought  
 Or done this; if wickedness  
 Be in my hands; if I have wrought  
 Ill to him that meant me peace,  
 Or to him have render'd less,  
 And not freed my foe for nought;  
 Let th' enemy pursue my soul  
 And overtake it let him tread  
 My life down to the earth, and roll  
 In the dust my glory dead,  
 In the dust, and there-out spread,

Lodge it with dishonour foul.  
 Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,  
 Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
 Of my foes that urge like fire;  
 And wake for me, their fury's asswage;  
 Judgment here thou didst engage  
 And command which I desire.  
 So th' assemblies of each nation  
 Will surround thee, seeking right,  
 Thence to thy glorious habitation  
 Return on high, and in their sight.  
 Jehovah judgeth most upright  
 All people from the world's foundation.  
 Judge me, Lord; be judge in this  
 According to my righteousness,  
 And the innocence which is  
 Upon me: cause at length to cease  
 Of evil men the wickedness  
 And their pow'r that do amiss.  
 But the just establish fast,  
 Since thou art the just God that tries  
 Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
 My defence, and in him lies,  
 In him who both just and wise  
 Saves th' upright of heart at last.  
 God is a just judge and severe,  
 And God is every day offended;  
 If the unjust will not forbear,  
 His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
 Already, and for him intended  
 The tools of death, that waits him near.  
 (His arrows purposely made he  
 For them that persecute) Behold  
 He travels big with vanity;  
 Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old  
 As in a womb, and from that mould  
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.  
 He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,  
 And fell into the pit he made;  
 His mischief that due course doth keep,  
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
 Of violence will undelay'd  
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.  
 Then will I Jehovah's praise,  
 According to his justice raise,  
 And sing the Name and Deity  
 Of Jehovah the Most High.

*Psalms VIII. Aug. 14. 1653.*

O JEHOVAH, our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!  
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set  
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.  
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,  
 To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers' brow,  
 That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.  
 When I behold thy Heav'ns thy fingers' art,  
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast  
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart, [set  
 O what is man that thou remembrest yet,  
 And thinkst upon him; or of man begot,  
 That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?  
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,

With honour and with state thou hast him  
 crown'd.  
 O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
 All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,  
 Fowls of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the  
 wet  
 See paths in shoals do slide, and know no  
 dearth.  
 O Jehovah, our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth.

*Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but  
 what is in a different character, are the very words  
 of the text, translated from the original. April 1648.  
 J. M.*

*Psalms LXXX.*

1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep.  
 Give ear in time of need,  
 Who ledest like a flock of sheep  
 Thy loved Joseph's seed,  
 That sitt between the cherubs bright  
 Between their wings out-spread,  
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,  
 And on our foes thy dread.  
 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
 And in Manasse's sight,  
 Awake thy strength, come, and be seen  
 To save us by thy might.  
 3 Turn us again, thy grace divine  
 To us, O God, vouchsafe;  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.  
 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
 How long wilt thou declare  
 Thy smoking wrath, and angry brow  
 Against thy people's pray'r!  
 5 Thou feedst them with the bread of tears,  
 Their bread with tears they eat,  
 And mak'st them largely drink the tears  
 Wherewith their cheeks are wet,  
 6 A strife thou mak'st us, and a prey  
 To every neighbour foe,  
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,  
 And flouts at us they throw.  
 7 Return us, and thy grace divine  
 O God of Hosts, vouchsafe;  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.  
 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
 Thy free love made it thine,  
 And drov'st our nations, proud and haughty,  
 To plant this lovely vine.  
 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it began to grow apace,  
 And fill'd the land at last.  
 10 With her green shade that cover'd all,  
 The hills were overspread;  
 Her boughs as high as cedars tall  
 Advanc'd their lofty head.  
 11 Her branches on the western side  
 Down to the sea she sent,

And upward to that river wide  
Her other branches went.  
12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
And broken down her fence,  
That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence?*  
13 The tusked boar out of the wood  
Up turns it by the roots;  
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots.*  
14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
From Heav'n, thy feat divine,  
Behold us, but without a frown,  
And visit this thy vine.  
15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted long,  
And the young branch, that for thyself  
Thou hast made firm and strong.  
16 But now it is consum'd with fire,  
And cut *with axes* down,  
They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.  
17 Upon the Man of thy right hand  
Let thy good hand be laid,  
Upon the Son of man, whom thou  
Strong for thyself hast made.  
18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame;*  
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we  
Shall call upon thy name.  
19 Return us, and thy grace divine,  
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe;*  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

## Psalm LXXXI.

1 To God our strength sing loud, and clear,  
Sing loud to God our King,  
To Jacob's God, that all may bear  
Loud acclamations ring.  
2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
The timbrel hither bring,  
The cheerful psaltry bring along,  
And harp with pleasant string.  
3 Blow, as is wont, in the new moon  
With trumpets' lofty sound,  
Th' appointed time, the day whereon  
Our solemn feast comes round.  
4 This was a statute giv'n of old  
For Israel to observe,  
A law of Jacob's God, to hold,  
*From whence they might not sever.*  
5 This he a testimony' ordain'd  
In Joseph, not to change,  
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;  
The tongue I heard was strange.  
6 From burden, and from slavish toil  
I set his shoulder free:  
His hands from pots, and miry soil  
Deliver'd were by me.  
7 When trouble did thee sore assail,  
On me then didst thou call,  
And I to free thee did not fail,  
And led thee out of thrall.

I answer'd thee in th'under deep  
With clouds encompass'd round  
I try'd thee at the water steep  
Of Merbia renown'd.  
8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well,*  
I testify to thee,  
Thou ancient flock of Israel,  
If thou wilt list to me,  
9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien god shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee.  
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought  
Thee out of Egypt's land;  
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*  
Will grant thy full demand.  
11 And yet my people would not bear,  
Nor hearken to my voice;  
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear,*  
Mistak'd me for his choice.  
12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wand'ring mind;  
Their own conceits they follow'd still,  
Their own devices blind.  
13 O that my people would be wise,  
To serve me all their days,  
And O that Israel would advise  
To walk my righteous ways!  
14 Then would I soon bring down their foe  
*That now so proudly rise,*  
And turn my hand against all those  
*That are their enemies.*  
15 Who hate the Lord should then be vain  
To bow to him and bend,  
But they, his people, should remain,  
Their time should have no end.  
16 And he would feed them *from the stock*  
With flour of finest wheat,  
And satisfy them from the rock  
With honey for their meat.

## Psalm LXXXII.

1 God in the great assembly stands  
Of kings and lordly states;  
Among the gods, on both his hands  
He judges and debates.  
2 How long will ye pervert the right  
With judgment false and wrong,  
Favouring the wicked by your might,  
*Who thence grow bold and strong?*  
3 Regard the weak and fatherless,  
Dispatch the poor man's cause,  
And raise the man in deep distress,  
By just and equal laws.  
4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
And rescue from the hands  
Of wicked men the low estate  
Of him that help demands.  
5 They know not, nor will understand,  
In darkness they walk on;  
The earth's foundations all are mov'd,  
And out of order gone.  
6 I said that ye were gods, yea all  
The sons of God most high;

- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
As other princes die.  
8 Rise God, judge thou the earth in might,  
This wicked earth redress,  
For thou art he who shalt by right  
The nations all possess.

## Psalm LXXXIII.

- 1 Be not thou silent now at length,  
O God hold not thy peace,  
Sit thou not still, O God of strength,  
We cry, and do not cease.  
2 For low thy furious foes now swell,  
And storm outrageously,  
And they that hate thee proud and fell  
Exalt their heads full high.  
3 Against thy people they contrive  
Their plots and counsels deep,  
Them to insnare they chiefly strive  
Whom thou dost hide and keep.  
4 Come let us cut them off, say they,  
Till they no nation be,  
That Israel's name for ever may  
Be lost in memory.  
5 For they consult with all their might,  
And all as one in mind  
Themselves against thee they unite,  
And in firm union bind.  
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
Of scornful Ishmael,  
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
That in the desert dwell.  
7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire,  
And hateful Amalec,  
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,  
Whose bounds the sea doth check.  
8 With them great Ashur also bands  
And doth confirm the knot:  
All these have lent their armed hands  
To aid the sons of Lot.  
9 Do to them as to Midian bold,  
That wasted all the coast,  
To Siser, and, as is told,  
Thou didst to Jabin's host,  
When at the brook of Kithon old  
They were repuls'd and slain,  
10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
As dung upon the plain.  
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
So let their princes speed,  
As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,  
So let their princes bleed.  
12 For they, amidst their pride, have said,  
By right now shall we seize  
God's houses, and will now invade  
Their stately palaces.  
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,  
No quiet let them find,  
Giddy and restless let them reel  
Like stubble from the wind.  
14 As when an aged wood takes fire,  
Which on a sudden strays,  
The greedy flames run higher and higher,  
Till all the mountains blaze.

- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
And with thy tempest chace;  
16 And till they yield thee honour due,  
Lord, fill with shame their face.  
17 Atham'd and troubled let them be,  
Troubled, and asham'd for ever,  
Ever confounded, and so die  
With shame, and scape it never.  
18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name  
Jehovah is alone,  
Art the most High, and thou the same  
O'er all the earth art one.

## Psalm LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair  
O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
The pleasant tabernacles are,  
Where thou dost dwell so near!  
2 My soul doth long and almost die  
Thy courts, O Lord, to see,  
My heart and flesh aloud doth cry,  
O living God, for thee.  
3 There ev'n the sparrow freed from wrong  
Hath found a house of rest;  
The swallow there, to lay her young  
Hath built her brooding nest;  
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
They find their safe abode,  
And home they fly from round the coasts  
Tow'rd thee, my King, my God.  
4 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
Where thee they ever praise;  
5 Happy, who in thee doth bide,  
And in their hearts thy ways.  
6 They pass'd through Baca's thirsty vale,  
That dry and barren ground,  
As through a fruitful wat'ry dale  
Where springs and showers abound.  
7 They journey on from strength to strength,  
With joy and gladness cheer,  
Till all before our God at length  
In Zion do appear.  
8 Lord God of Hosts, hear now my pray'r,  
O Jacob's God, give ear,  
9 Thou God our shield, look on the face  
Of thine anointed dear.  
10 For one day in thy courts to be  
Is better, and more blest,  
Than in the joys of vanity  
A thousand days at best.  
I in the temple of my God  
Had rather keep a door,  
Than dwell in tents, and rich abode,  
With sin for evermore.  
11 For God the Lord both sun and shield  
Gives grace and glory bright,  
No good from them shall be with-held  
Whose ways are just and right.  
12 Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high,  
That man is truly blest,  
Who only on thee doth rely,  
And in thee only rest.

## Psalm LXXXV.

1 **T**HY land to favour graciously  
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;  
Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou dost forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe,  
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
Hast hid *where none shall know.*

3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,  
And *calmly* didst return  
From thy fierce wrath, which we had prov'd  
Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,  
Turn us, and us restore,  
Thine indignation cause to cease  
Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
For ever angry thus,  
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not turn, and *bear our voice*  
And us again revive,  
That so thy people may rejoice  
By thee preserv'd alive.

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,  
To us thy mercy shew,  
Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,  
I will go *strait* and hear;  
For to his people he speaks peace,  
And to his faints *full dear.*  
To his dear faints he will speak peace,  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*

9 Surely to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand,  
And glory shall *e'er long appear*  
*To dwell within our land.*

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd.*  
Now *joyfully* are met;  
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,  
*And hand in hand are set.*

11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower,*  
Shall bud and blossom *them,*  
And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r  
Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow  
Whatever thing is good;  
Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go  
*His royal harbinger;*  
Then will he come, and not be slow,  
His footsteps cannot err.

## Psalm LXXXVI.

1 **T**HY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,  
O hear me, *I thee pray;*  
For I am poor, and almost pine  
With need, *and sad decay.*

2 Preserve my soul; for I have trod  
Thy ways, and love the just;  
Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
I call; 4. O make rejoice  
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee  
I lift my soul *and voice.*

5 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone  
To pardon; thou to all  
Art full of mercy; thou *alone,*  
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
Give ear, and to the cry  
Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford  
Thy hearing graciously.

7 I in the day of my distress  
Will call on thee *for aid;*  
For thou wilt grant me *free access,*  
*And answer what I pray'd.*

8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
O Lord, nor any works  
Of *all that other gods have done*  
Like to thy glorious works.

9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wond'rous great  
By thy strong hand are done;  
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*  
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right,*  
I in thy truth will bide;  
To fear thy name my heart unite,  
*So shall it never slide.*

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,  
And thou hast free'd my soul,  
Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul.*

14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to shew,  
Slow to be angry, and *art still'd*  
Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*  
And me have mercy on;  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy handmaid's son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
And let my foes *then see,*  
And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,  
Dost help and comfort me.

## Psalm LXXXVII.

1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*  
Is his foundation fast;

There seated in his sanctuary,  
His temple there is plac'd.  
2 Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more  
Than all the dwellings fair  
Of Jacob's land, though there be store,  
And all within his care.  
3 City of God, most glorious things  
Of thee abroad are spoke;  
4 I mention Egypt, where proud kings  
Did our forefathers yoke.  
I mention Babel to my friends,  
Philistia full of scorn,  
And Tyre with Ethiop's utmost ends,  
Lo this man there was born:  
5 But twice that praise shall in our ear  
Be said of Sion last.  
This, and this man was born in her,  
High God shall fix her fast.  
6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll  
That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
When he the nations doth enrol,  
That this man there was born.  
7 Both they who sing and they who dance,  
With sacred songs are there,  
In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,  
And all my fountains clear.

## Psalm LXXXVIII.

1 LORD God thou dost me save and keep,  
All day to thee I cry;  
And all night long before thee weep,  
Before thee prostrate lie.  
2 Into thy presence let my pray'r  
With sighs devout ascend,  
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,  
Thine ear with favour bend.  
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store  
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,  
My life at Death's uncheerful door  
Unto the grave draws nigh.  
4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass  
Down to the dismal pit;  
I am a man, but weak, alas!  
And for that name unfit.  
5 From life discharg'd and parted quite  
Among the dead to sleep,  
And like the slain in bloody fight  
That in the grave lie deep,  
Whom thou rememberest no more,  
Dost never more regard,  
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er  
Death's hideous house bath barr'd.  
6 Thou in the lowest pit profound  
Hast set me all forlorn,  
Where thickest darkness covers round,  
In horrid deeps to mourn.  
7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,  
Full sore doth press on me;  
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
And all thy waves break me.  
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
And mak'st me odious;  
Me to them odious; for they change,  
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and afflictions great,  
Mine eyes grow dim and dead;  
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,  
My hands to thee I spread.  
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead;  
Shall the deceas'd arise,  
And praise thee from their loathsome bed  
With pale and hollow eyes?  
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell  
On whom the grave hath hold,  
Or they who in perdition dwell,  
Thy faithfulness unfold?  
12 In darkness can thy mighty hand  
Or wond'rous acts be known,  
Thy justice in the gloomy land  
Of dark oblivion!  
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
E'er yet my life be spent,  
And up to thee my pray'r doth lie  
Each morn, and thee prevent,  
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me?  
15 That am already bruis'd and shake  
With terror sent from thee?  
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and so low  
As ready to expire,  
While I thy terrors undergo  
Astonish'd with thine ire.  
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow  
Thy threat'nings cut me through;  
17 All day they round about me go,  
Like waves they me pursue.  
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,  
And sever'd from me far:  
They fly me now whom I have lov'd,  
And as in darkness are.

## A Paraphrase on Psalm cxiv.

This and the following Psalm were done by the Author  
at fifteen years old.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son  
After long toil their liberty had won,  
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shewn,  
His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth becurled head  
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.  
The high, huge bellied mountains skip like rams  
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.  
Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the moun-  
tains?  
Why turn'd Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?  
Shake, earth, and at the presence be aghast  
Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,  
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush

## Psalm CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord; for he is kind;

For his mercies ay endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.  
 Let us blaze his name abroad;  
 For of gods he is the God;  
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.  
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make  
 Amazed Heav'n and earth to shake.  
 For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create  
 The painted Heav'n so full of state,  
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain  
 To rise above the wat'ry plain.  
 For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might  
 Did fill the new made world with light.  
 For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-tressed sun  
 All the day long his course to run.  
 For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,  
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright.  
 For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand  
 Smote the first born of Egypt land.  
 For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
 He brought from thence his Israel.  
 For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
 Of the Erythrean main.  
 For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,

While the Hebrew bands did pass.  
 For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour  
 The tawny king with all his power.  
 For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless  
 In the wasteful wilderness.  
 For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down  
 Kings of prowess and renown.  
 For his, &c.

He soil'd bold Scon and his host,  
 That rul'd the Amorrean coast.  
 For his, &c.

And large limb'd Og he did subdue,  
 With all his over-hardy crew.  
 For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel  
 He gave their land therein to dwell.  
 For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye  
 Beheld us in our misery.  
 For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery  
 Of the invading enemy.  
 For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
 And with full hand supplies their need,  
 For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
 His mighty majesty and worth.  
 For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high  
 Above the reach of mortal eye.  
 For his mercies ay endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

# JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSIS POEMATATA.

QUORUM FLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM AETATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

*HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebit non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupido affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderunt. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducit, negare non potest.*

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neopolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.*

Ur mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Nuo anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca epigramma, Joannis Salsilli Romani.*

Cede Meles, cedat cæpressa Mincius urna;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;  
At Themesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

*Ad Joannes Miltonum.*

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

*Al Signior Gio. Miltoni nobile Inglese.*

*Ode.*

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio  
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona  
Non più del Biondo Dio  
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,  
Dienfi a merito maggior, maggiori i fregi,  
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.  
Non puo del tempo edace  
Rimāner preda, eterno alto valore  
No puo l'oblio rapace  
Furar dalle memorie eccelfo onore,  
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
Virtù m'addatti, e ferrirò la morte.  
Del Ocean profondo  
Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia reside  
urata dal mondo,

Fero che il suo valor l'umana eccede:  
Questa seconda sà produrre Eroi,  
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.  
Alla virtù sbandita  
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,  
Quella gli è sol gradita,  
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;  
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto  
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.  
Lungi dal Patrio lido  
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;  
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido  
Con aurea tromba rimbombare la fama,  
E per poterla effigiare al paro  
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.  
Così l'Ape Ingegnerosa  
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde;  
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.  
Di bella gloria amenta  
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti  
Le peregrine piante  
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;  
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni:  
Fabro quasi divino  
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero  
Vide in ogni confino  
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;  
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea  
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.  
Quanti nacquero in Flora  
On in lei del parlar Tosco apprefer l' artè;  
La cui memoria onora  
il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
Volesti ricercar par tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.  
Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano;

Che per varie favelle  
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:  
 Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno  
 Idioma  
 Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.  
 I piu profondi arcani  
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
 Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani  
 Troppo avaro tal'hor gli chiude, e ferra,  
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
 Della moral virtude all' gran confine.  
 Non batta il Tempo l'ale,  
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,  
 Che di virtù immortale  
 Scorrion di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;  
 Che s'opre degne di Poema o sto ria  
 Furoñ gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.  
 Dammi tua dolce Cetra  
 Se vuoi ch' ia dica del tuo dolce canto,  
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
 Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
 In Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso  
 Per te sup cigno parreggiar Permesso.  
 Io che in riva del Arno  
 Tento spiegar tuo merito alto, e preclaro  
 So che fatico indarno,  
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del. Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo

Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio.

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studia cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomatica omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda: et jure ea percussent, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cælestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomia duce audiente; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurtenti.  
 At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amcris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Deodatus Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

# ELEGIARUM.

## LIBER PRIMUS.

*Elegia prima, ad Carolum Deodatum.*

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;  
Pertulit occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ  
Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.  
Multum crede juvat terras alluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua fodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamefis alluit undâ,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Canum,  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!  
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri  
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
Si fit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,  
Latus et ex exilii conditione fruor.  
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;  
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cecisset Homero,  
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.  
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,  
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.  
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
Seu caeus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,  
Sive decennali secundus lite patronus  
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;  
Sape vaser gnato succurrit fervus amanti,  
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;  
Sape novos illic virgo mirata calores  
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum  
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,  
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:  
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cad

Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor  
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,  
Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis li,  
Auf luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
Nos quoque lucus habet vicina constitus ulmo,  
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra oci.  
Sæpius hic blandus spirantia sidera flammæ  
Virgineos videas preteriisse choros.  
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ  
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!  
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
Atque fasces quotquot volvit uterque polus;  
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
Quæque fluit puro nectare tineta via,  
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;  
Pellacesque genas, ad quos Hyacinthina fordēt  
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, ruber!  
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroïdes olim,  
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovm.  
Cedite Achæmenia turrîtâ fronte puellæ  
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitte Nymphæ,  
Et vos Iliacæ, Romulæque nurus.  
Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas  
Jactet, et ausoniis plena theatra stolis.  
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
Extera fat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.  
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis  
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
Quicquid Formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno  
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ.  
Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque aroque puellæ  
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
Creditor huc geminis venisse invecâ columbis  
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
Huic Paphon, et roseam post habitura Cypron;  
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,  
Mœnia quàm subito linquero fausta paro;

Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque; juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholæ.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

*Elegia Secunda, anno ætatis 17.*

*In obitum Præconis academici Cantabrigiæ.*

**T**E, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
 Palladium toties ore cicere gregem,  
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo,  
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
 O dignus tamen Harmonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Æsopios vivere posse dies,  
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.  
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer à Phœbo nuncius ire tuo,  
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula  
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.  
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quæ n illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,  
 Et mædant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Plegæia tristes,  
 Personet et totis nœnia mœsta scholis,

*Elegia tertia, anno ætatis 17.*

*In obitum Præfulis Wintoniæ.*

**M**ÆSTUS eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sede-  
 bam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristitia plura meo,  
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
 Dum procerum ingressio est splendentes marmore  
 turres,  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis;  
 Et memini Herotum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxu dignissime Præful,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;  
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,  
 Mors fera Tartareo diva Secunda Javis  
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quod in herbosus jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,

Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?  
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœle  
 Evohitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas;  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas accuisse sagittas,  
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occidit Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiacæ submercerat æquore currum  
 Picebus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.  
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,  
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos;  
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,  
 Hæu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.  
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia præles,  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
 Ditiôr Hesperio flavet arena Tago.  
 Scripsit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.  
 Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito Præful Wintonius astat,  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
 Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.  
 Agmina gemmaris plaudunt cœlestia pennis,  
 Puta triumphali personat æthra tubâ. [tat,  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salu-  
 He sique aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;  
 Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,  
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.  
 Dixit, et aligeræ terigerunt nablia turmæ,  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,  
 Talia contingant icinnia sæpe mihi.

*Elegia quarta, anno ætatis 18.*

*Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud merce-  
 tores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, pastoris munere  
 fungentem.*

**C**URRE per immensum subitô meo littera pon-  
 tum,  
 I, pte Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remeretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio fraenantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæculæque suis committam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præful Christicolas pascere doctus oves;  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nos-  
 træ,

Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.  
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!  
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium  
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;  
 Quàmque Stagiritis generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræis Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,  
 Pierosque hausî latices, Clioque favente,  
 Castalio sparsi lacta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
 Induxitque auro lanca terga novo,  
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem  
 Granine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,  
 Quàm sit opus movitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentum gremio pignora chara suo,  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargæ volumina patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,  
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.  
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa mo-  
 verba verecundo sis memo ore loqui: [destos.  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter præli Musis,  
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem;  
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.  
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?  
 Arguitur tardus mericò, noxamque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,  
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes  
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
 Saepe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.  
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor,  
 Nam vaga fama refert, heu nuntia vera malo-  
 In tibi finitimis bella tunere locis, [rum!  
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.  
 Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,

Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;  
 Germanisque suum concessi, Thracia Martem,  
 Illuc Odrysiis Mars pater egit equos;  
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
 Fugit et arisonam Diva perossa tubam,  
 Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.  
 Te tamen intercæ belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopscut solo;  
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,  
 Sede peregrinâ quaeris egenus opem.  
 Patria dara parens, et saxis faevior albia  
 Spumea quæ pullat littoris undo tui.  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fortus,  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,  
 Et finis ut terris quaerant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui laeta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?  
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
 Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.  
 Talis et horrifono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum  
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel incerne latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuor cuspis nulla cruore bibet.  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub aegide tutus,  
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;  
 Ille Sionæae qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viris;  
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,  
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvercum dum verberat unguar campum,  
 Currus arcnosam dum quatit actus humum,  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui milioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

*Elegia quinta, anno ætatis 20.*

*In adventum veris.*

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;  
 Induiturque breven Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluto gelu dulce virefcit humus.  
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
 Munere veris adest, iterumque virefcit ab illo  
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;

Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furo, et sonitus me facer intus agit.  
 Delius ipse venit, video Penēide lauro  
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,  
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror pēntralia va-  
 tum,  
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deūm;  
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.  
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?  
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis  
 Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus:  
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,  
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
 Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores  
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.  
 Jam sol Æthiopus fugiens Ithoniaque arva,  
 Flectit ad Arctos aurea lora plagas.  
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,  
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœlesti Bootes  
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;  
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria tōto  
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.  
 Nam dolus, et cades, et vis cum nocte recessit,  
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.  
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
 Hæc, ait, hæc certè caruisti nocte puellâ  
 Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.  
 Læta suas repitit sylvas, pharetramque resumit  
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur  
 Officium fici tam breve fratris ope.  
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,  
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro?  
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,  
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.  
 Flava verecundo dea crinem in ore fatetur,  
 Et matutinos ocus urget equos,  
 Exiit invisum Tellus rediviva senectam,  
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;  
 Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,  
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto  
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosas!  
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos  
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.  
 Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.  
 Cinnamêa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,  
 Alma saliferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.  
 Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt

Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et super injectis montibus abdit opes.  
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In versperinas præcipitaris aquas,  
 Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno  
 Hesperis recipit Cærule mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lym-  
 Dia quid imundo peris ora salo? [pha,  
 Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabâs in umbrâ,  
 Huc ades, ardentem imbue rosâ comas.  
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Quæque jaces circum mulcebit lene fufurrans  
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeliæ fata,  
 Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;  
 Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Sic Tellus lasciva tuos suspirat amores;  
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
 Infouere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.  
 Jamque vel investam tentat superasse Dianam,  
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
 Marmoræcæ juvenes clamant Hymennæe per urbes,  
 Littus io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.  
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,  
 Punicum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris  
 Virgineos auro cinctâ puella sinus.  
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omni-  
 bus unum,  
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.  
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,  
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
 Navita nocturno placet sua sidera cantu  
 Delphinaque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
 Nunc etiam Satiri cum fera crepuscula surgunt,  
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,  
 Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,  
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuerê vetustis  
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
 Per Sata luxuriant fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,  
 Vix Cybele mater, vix tibi tuta Ceres;  
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,  
 Jamque latet, latitanque cupit male tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.  
 Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numino locus habet.  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
 Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.  
 Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris  
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?  
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales  
 Quæ potes, et sensim tempora veris cant;  
 Brumaque producias tardè ferat hispida noctes,  
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

*Elegia sexta.**Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,*

*Qui cum Idibus Decem. scripisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
 Qua tu distento forte carere potes.  
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa camcenam,  
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
 Carmini scire velis quam te redamemque colamque,  
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.  
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem,  
 Festaque caelífugam quæ coluere Deum,  
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phœbum verides gestasse corymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euce  
 Mistâ Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:  
 Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat.  
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyxum  
 Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumestius Euan,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;  
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,  
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.  
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho  
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.  
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.  
 Massica sæcundam dispumant pocula venam,  
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum  
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te  
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi Cælato barbitos auro  
 Insonat arguta molliter icæta manu;  
 Auditorque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.  
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,  
 Erque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,  
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;  
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Cercisque, Venusque,  
 Et cum purpereâ matre tenellus Amor.  
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,  
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.

At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,  
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,  
 Nunc lustrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri  
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,  
 Sobriaque e pura pocula fonte bibat.  
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,  
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.  
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis  
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per monstrificam Perciæ Phoebados aulam,  
 Et vada sæmineis infidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi fanguine nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Diis etenim facer est vates, divumque sacerdos,  
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.  
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti femine regem,  
 Faustaque sacrates sæcula pacta libris,  
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto  
 Qui suprema suo cum parte regna colit,  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere tur-  
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos. [mas,  
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,  
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

*Elegia septima, anno ætatis 19.*

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia noram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum sprevis maxime numen Amor.  
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,  
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus  
 ad iras  
 Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, et summa: radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primum lux tibi Maie diem:  
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,  
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.  
 Astat Amor lecto, pietis Amor impiger alis,  
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:  
 Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.  
 Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;  
 Aut qui formosas pellixit ad oscula nymphas  
 Thiodamantæus Naiada raptus Hylas.

Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
 Addideratque trucea, nec sine felle minas.  
 Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit,  
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vera per tua damna fidem.  
 Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cesset et illi mihi;  
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequid adductum curvare peritius arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
 Infcius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculæque manus, Herculeusque comes.  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
 Nec te stulte tunc poterunt defendere Musæ,  
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.  
 Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam-  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
 At mihi risuro tonuit serus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.  
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscet,  
 Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
 Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.  
 Lumina lumibus malè providus obvia misi,  
 Neve oculos potui continuïsse meos.  
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,  
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.  
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille cupido,  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
 Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multæque saggittæ,  
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.  
 Nec mora, nunc cillis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
 Infilat hinc labiis, infidet inde genis:  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerte ferit.  
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
 Uror amans intus flammaque totus eram.  
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,  
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.  
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
 Funder, et hæc remanent, sequitur pars altera vo-  
 tum.  
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat,  
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,  
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.  
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Oreum  
 Væctus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.  
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;

Forfitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
 Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.  
 Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,  
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
 Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus Ales amoris,  
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,  
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens;  
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.  
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,  
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:  
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est  
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.  
 Hæc ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino  
 Nequitie posui vana trophæa meæ.  
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
 Indocilisque ætas pravam magistra fuit,  
 Donec Sacratikos umbrosa Academia rivos  
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.  
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

*In prodicionem bombardicam.*

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britanos  
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,  
 Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
 Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?  
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,  
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.  
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis  
 Liquit lordanios turbine raptus agros.

*In eandem.*

Siccerne tentasti cælo donasse Iacobum  
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?  
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.  
 Ille quidem finete consortia ferus adivit  
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
 Sic potius sædus in cælum pelle cucullos,  
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,  
 Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
 Crede mihi cæli vix bene scandet iter.

*In eandem.*

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,  
 Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.  
 Frendit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,  
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.  
 Et nec inultus ait terpes mea sacra Britanne,  
 Supplicem sprete religione dabis.  
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammam triste patebit iter.  
 O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope Tartarea sublime rotatus ab igne  
 Ibat ad Othereas unabræ perusta plagas.

QUEM modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,  
 Hunc vice mutata jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

*In inventorem bombardæ.*

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit sæca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trisidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

*Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.*

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,  
 Nam tuâ præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.  
 Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque  
 fufus,  
 Intè unâ loquitur, caetera mutus habet.

*Ad eandem.*

ALTERA Torquantum cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret!

Et te Picriâ sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternæ filia movere lyræ,  
 Quamvis Diræo torfisset lumina Pentheo  
 Sævior, aut totus desipisset iners.  
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;  
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem  
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

*Ad eandem.*

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes sana Achelöiados,  
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ  
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amcenâ Tibridis undâ  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
 Illuc Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

*Apologus de Rustico et Hero.*

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
 Hactenus ille ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
 Mota solo assueto, protenus aret incera.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.  
 Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni  
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!  
 Possem ego avaritiam fraenare, gulamque voracem:  
 Nunc periire mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.

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## SYLVARUM LIBER.

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Anno ætatis 16. In obitum Procancellari medice.

PARERE fati discite legibus,  
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,  
Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
Læpete collitis nepotes.  
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro  
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu moræ  
Tentantur incassum dolique ;  
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.  
Si Destinatum pellere dextera  
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules  
Nessi venenatus cruore  
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oeta  
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidiæ  
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hæctora, aut  
Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.  
Sic triste fatum verba Hecatœia  
Fugari possint, Telegoni parens  
Vixisset infamis, potentique  
Ægiali foror ufa virgâ.  
Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
Artes medentam, ignotaque gramina,  
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon,  
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.  
Læsisset et nec te Phlyreie  
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,  
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
Cæse puer genericis alvo.  
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,  
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,  
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
Jam præfuisse Palladio gregi  
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria,  
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis  
Horribiles barathri recessus.  
At fila rupit Persephone tua  
Irata, cum te viderit artibus  
Succoque pollenti tot atris  
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.  
Colende Præses, membra precor tua  
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo  
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,  
Purpureoque Hyacinthus ore.  
Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,

Interque felices perennis  
Elysi spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris. Anno ætatis 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto  
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna  
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus  
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :  
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat  
In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis :  
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,  
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,  
Participis regni post funera mœsta futuros ;  
Hic tempestates medio ciet aère diras,  
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,  
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;  
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace.  
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,  
Incidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris  
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.  
Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes  
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
Jamque fluentifonis albertia rupibus arva  
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem  
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,  
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.  
At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam  
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina verâ  
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur ;  
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna  
Efflat tabifico monstruosus ob ore Tiphœus.  
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspede  
pis  
Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundum  
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,

Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.  
 Haestenus; et piceis liquido natat aere pennis;  
 Quà volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,  
 Denfantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Aufoniæ fines, à parte sinistra  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisicique Sabini,  
 Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non  
 Te furtiva Tibrii Thetidi videt oscula dantem;  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
 Evahitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimmerici nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.  
 Tempora dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.  
 Qualiter exulat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,  
 Orgia cantentes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
 Dum tremat attonitus vitreis Afopus in undis,  
 Et procul ipse cavâ respondat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
 Præcipitesque impellit equos timulante flagello,  
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætæque fero-

cem,

Atque Acherontæo progenera patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres  
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)  
 At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos,  
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,  
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus  
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo  
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de naso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes.  
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune falaces,  
 Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.  
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolos at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;  
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimat artus?  
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque  
 triplex

Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:  
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latinus quem Cæsar  
 adorat,

Cui referata patet convexi janua cæli,  
 Turgentis animos, et fastus frange procaces,  
 Scerilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
 Et memor Hesperie disjectam ulciscere classem,  
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo.

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probolæ,  
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.

At tu si tenero movis torpescere lecto,  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.  
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceffes,  
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,  
 Quælibet hæretices disponere retia fas est;  
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ob oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,  
 Grandævofque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.

Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos  
 Propositi, factique mone, quisquâque tuorum  
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?  
 Perculsofque metu subito, casûque stupentes  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula, sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos,  
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.  
 Dixit et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illetabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;  
 Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;  
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
 Nocturnes vilus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,  
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamenta tecti,  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,  
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.  
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa,  
 Ossa inhumata virum, trajecta cadavera ferro;  
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,  
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant, tellus et fanguine conscia stagnat.  
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per an-

trum,

Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus um-

bris

Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt;  
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.  
 Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor  
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit  
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:  
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
 Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,  
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ  
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.  
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè parueri gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos

Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.  
 Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab aside terra  
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas ;  
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulstraria bombis  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit adua culmen.  
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,  
 Quæ sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima  
 captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvenecæ  
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli :  
 Millenisque loquax auditaque vilisque linguis  
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli  
 Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmissis alloquitur, terræque tremente :  
 Fama files ? an te latet impia Papiscarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
 Et novo sceptrigero caedes meditata Iacobo ?  
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
 Et satis ante fugax stridentis induit alas,  
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;  
 Pextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex aere sonoram.  
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :  
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,  
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Autheresque addit sceleris, nec garrula caecis  
 Insidiis loca structa silet ? stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
 Effœtique senes pariter tantæque ruinae  
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverit omnem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus pater, et credulibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm ; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres ;  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novem-  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno. [bris

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præfulis Eliensis.

Adhuc liquentia inbre turgebant salis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,  
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis Præfulis.  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (pro semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia)  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britannicæ,  
 Populosque Neptuno satos,  
 Cessisse morti, et fereris sororibus  
 Te generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ pristinus  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devolvens deam :  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore,  
 Graiusque vates parcius  
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.  
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :  
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream  
 Bilemque et irritas minas,  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitoque ad iras percita ?  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis filia,  
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
 Vastove nata sub Chao :  
 Ast illa cœlo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit ;  
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem et auras evocat ;  
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem  
 Themidos Jovisque filie ;  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vulnus patris :  
 At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,  
 Sedesque subterraneas,  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito  
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror :  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum fenex  
 Aurigo curras ignei.  
 Non me Bootis terruerè lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi scorpionis brachia,  
 Non ensis Orion tuus.  
 Prætervolvavi fulgidi solis globum,  
 Longèque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
 Franis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum, siderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam chrystallynam, e  
 Stratum smaragdus atrium.  
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effare queat  
 Oriundus humano patre

*Naturam non pati senium.*

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-  
fundis

Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!  
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
Concilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marceat fulcantibus obsita rugis  
Naturæ facies, et æterum publica mater  
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilefcet ab ævo?  
Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit  
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas  
Annorumque æterna fames, squallorque sitisque  
Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus  
Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo  
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu  
Stridet uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ  
Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon  
Deturbato sacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati  
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ  
Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,  
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
Tunc etiam ærei divulsus sedibus Hæmi  
Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro  
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris  
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
Singula perpetuum iussit cervare tenorem.  
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;  
Raptat et ambitos fociâ vertigine cœlos.  
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.  
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscet,  
Nec fovet effætas loca per declivia terras  
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ  
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum.  
Surgit odoratis pariter formosis ab Indis  
Æthereusti pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo  
Mane vocans, et ferus agens in pascua cœli.  
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
Fulget, obitque vices ælectro Delia cornu,  
Ceruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.  
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore  
Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos  
Trux aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbos que vo-  
lutat.

Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
Rex maris, et rancâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
Cæciani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
Sed neque terra tibi sæculi vigor ille vetusti  
Præsens abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,

Et puer ille suum tenet et puer ille decorem  
Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim  
Terra datum scelere celavit montibus aurum  
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in  
ævum

Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,  
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;  
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles Intellexit.*

DICITÆ sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,  
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
Memoria mater, quæqui in immenso procul  
Antro recumbis otioso Æternitas,  
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,  
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
Et, mira, certo stringitur spacio loci;  
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplices,  
Citimùmve terris incolit lunæ globum:  
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens  
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:  
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga  
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
Atlante major portitore siderum.  
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit  
Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;  
Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos  
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.  
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
Talem reliquit Icidis cultoribus.  
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus  
(Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis)  
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ  
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

*Ad Patrem.*

Nunc mea Picrios cupiam per pectora fontes  
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis,  
Surgat in officium venerandi Musæ parentis.  
Hoc utcumque tibi gratum pater optime carmen  
Exiguam meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis  
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donia

Esse queat, vœnis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
Quas mihi somoto somni peperere sub antro,  
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,  
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentam,  
Sancta promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.  
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara  
carmen

Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
Et triplici duos Manes adamante coerces.  
Carmini sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
Phœbades, et tremule pallentes ora Sybillæ;  
Carmini sacrificus sollemnes pangit ad aras,  
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;  
Sed cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
Consultit, et tepidis Parcæ scrutatur in extis.  
Nos etiam patriam tunc cum repetemus Olym-

pum,  
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,  
Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
Spiritus et rapidos qui circumat igneus orbes,  
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinat ipse choreis  
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;  
Torrída dum rutilus compefecit sibilis serpens,  
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;  
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.  
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat œcua Lyœæ.  
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates  
Æsculeâ intonos redimitus ab atbore crines,  
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,  
Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,  
Reptantesque deos et alentes numina glandes,  
Et nondum Ætneo quæsítum fulmen ab antro.  
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,  
Verborum sensulque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphæa cantus,  
Qui tenuit fluvios et quercibus addidit aures  
Carmine, non cithará, simulachraque functa ca-

nendo  
Compellit in lachrymas; habet has à carmine lau-

des.  
Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,  
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
Munere, nullis tonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.  
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam  
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguinæ juncti  
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?  
Ipse volens Phœbus te disportire duobus,  
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,  
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camœnas,  
Non odisse reor neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
Quâ via lata patet, quâ pronior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:

jura, nec insulis damnas clamoribus aures.  
Sed magis exultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ  
Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.  
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,  
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu  
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit sacundia linguæ,  
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebat  
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
Addere suasiste quos jactat Gallæ flores,  
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
Fundis, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
Quæque Palestinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo  
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluit aer,  
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile mar-

mor,  
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.  
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas  
Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.  
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, cœlo?  
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato  
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,  
Et circum undantem rediatâ luce tiaram.  
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ  
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sededo,  
Janique nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,  
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,  
Invidiaque acies transverso tortilis hircuo,  
Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;  
In me triste nihil foedissima turba potestis,  
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus  
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab icu.

At tibi, chære pater, postquam non æqua mo-

renti  
Possit referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
Nec spisso rapiant obliviam nigra sub Orco,  
Forfitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

*Psalm cxxiv.*

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτι παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῶλ' Ἰακώβου  
λιγύπριον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθία, βαρβαρόφρωνον,  
Δὲ τότε μένον ἐν ὄσιον γένος υἱὸς Ἰὺδα.  
Ἐν δὲ θεῶν λαοῖσι μέγα κοῖτιον βασιλευεν.  
Εἶδε καὶ ἐναρπαδὴν φυγὴν ἑρῶσσαι θαλάσσοι  
κυμασι κλυμένη ῥοδῶ, ὅδ' ἀρ' ἐσφειλιχθη  
Ἰρος Ἰορδανῆς ποτι ἀργυροειδία πειρην.  
Ἐκ δ' ὄρα σκιερμοισιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεῖσθαι,  
Ὡς κριοὶ σφαιροῖσιν εὐραφίρω ἐν ἀλῶν.

Οἷα παρὰ στυγίῳ φίλῃ ὑπο μητέρι ἀρνεῖ.  
 Τίτῃ συγ' αἶνα θαλάσση πέλῳρ Φυγαδ' ἔρρωσας  
 Κυματὶ εἰλαμένη βόδιω ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐσφελιχέης  
 Ἴρως ἰωδάκη ποτὶ ἀργυροῖδα πηγῆν ;  
 Τίτ' ἄρα σκαρθέμοισιν ἀπειροῖα κλονέσθε  
 Ὡς κρησὶ σφειγυῖνῃς εὐτραφεῖν ἐν ἄλω ;  
 Καίωτερά τι δ' ἀρ' ὑμεῖς ἀσπικρῆσαι ἔριπται,  
 Οἷα Φαρῶν στυγίῳ αἰδῆ ὑπο μητέρι ἀρνεῖ ;  
 Σίω γαῖα τρέδῃ θεῶν μεγαλ' ἐκτυπῶντα  
 Γαῖα θεῶν σφραῖσ' ὑψάτων σέβας Ἰσσηκίδω,  
 Ὡς τε κλ' ἐκ σπιδάδῃν ποταμῶς χεῖ μορμουρανίας,  
 Κρηνηντ' αἰναδὸν πετρῆς ἀπὸ δακρυοσσοῦς .

*Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui cum ignotum et in-*  
*fontem inter reus forte captum inscius damnauerat,*  
*τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευομενος hac s. bito misit.*

Ὡ ἀνα μὲ ὀλεσῆς με τὸν ἐνομόν, κὼς τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὰ ὀλωσ δρασάοντα, σοφωτάτου ἰσθὶ κερηνον  
 Γηιδίως ἀφιλοῖο, τὸ δ' ὑπερον αἰθὶ νηπείας,  
 Μαψίδιως δ' ἀρ' ἐπειτα τῶν ὠρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρη,  
 Τοῖόν δ' ἐκ πολίος περιωνυμὸν ἀλκαρ ὀλεσῆας.

*In effigiei ejus sculptorem.*

Ἀμαδεῖ γυγραφεῖαι χεῖρὶ τὴν δὲ μὲν εἰκόνα  
 Φαίως ταχ' ἐν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύως βλεπῶν,  
 Τὸν δ' ἐξήσωτὸν καὶ ἐπιγνοτες φίλοι  
 Γελάτε φαυλὴ δυσμμημα ζωγράφου.

*Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum aegrotantem.*

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quam cum decentes flava Deiope furas  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,  
 Adesdum et hæc f'is verba pauca Salsillo  
 Refer, Camæna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.  
 Hæc ergo alumnis ille Londini Miho,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum  
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 In fanientis impotentisque pulmonis  
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)  
 Venet teraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
 Vitium superba cognitas urbes famâ  
 Virisque doctæque indolem juventutis,  
 Tibi optat idem huc fausta multa Salsille,  
 Habitumque cesso corpori penitus sanum ;  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
 Præcoraîisque fixa damnosum spirat.  
 Nec id' pepercit impia quòd tu Romano  
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
 O dulce divûm manus, O salus Hebes  
 Germana ! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror  
 Athone Caso, sive tu magis Pæan  
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
 Querecæ Fauni, vosque rore vinoso  
 Ceder benignè, mitis Evandri sedes,  
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,

Lavamen agro ferte fertatini vati.  
 Sic ille charis redactus rursùm Musis  
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
 Suam rectivis semper Ægeriam ipectans.  
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus  
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obfessum reges  
 Nimiùm sinistro latus irruens loro :  
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,  
 Adusque curvi falsa regna Portunni.

MANSUS.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Vilensis, vir inge-*  
*nii laude, tum literarum studio, necnon et bellica*  
*virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem*  
*Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus ;*  
*erat enim Tassi amicissimus ; ab quo etiam inter*  
*campane principes celebratur, in illo poemata cui*  
*titulus Gerusalemme Conquistata, lib. 20.*

Era. car. de. Capuanimi, e Corteci  
 Rispter de d. Ma. 1800.

*Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolen-*  
*tiâ profecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis offi-*  
*cia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe*  
*discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderat, hoc carmen*  
*misit.*

Hæc quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina  
 laudi

Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,  
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus  
 honore,

Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci  
 Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camænz,  
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.  
 Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inficia Musa Marinum  
 Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,  
 Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores ;  
 Mollis et Aufonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
 Offa tibi soli, supremæque vota reliquit.  
 Nec manes pietas tua chara sefellit amici,  
 Vidimus aridentem operoso ex aere poetam.  
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia  
 cessant

Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,  
 Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges ;  
 Aniborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam  
 Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ ;  
 Ænulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
 Rettulit Æoliæ vitam sacundus Homeri,  
 Ergo ego te Clîus et magni nomine Phœbi,  
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum  
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,  
 Quæ nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto  
 Imprudens Italas anfa est volitare per urbes.  
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,

Quæ Phæbeis late puris argenteus urnis  
 Oceani Glaccos perfundit gurgite crines.  
 Quis et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.  
 Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phæbo,  
 Quæ plaga septeno mundi fulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phæbum, nos munera Phæbo  
 Flaventes ipicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
 Haudentemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)  
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum  
 Herum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ Graia de more puellæ  
 Carminibus latis memorant Corinthea Loxo,  
 Patadicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Heccæge,  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora tuco.  
 Fortunata senex, ergo quacunque per obem  
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque vi-  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu. [rorum,  
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
 Cynthius, et famulus vineis ad limina Musas:  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit,  
 Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo;  
 Ille licet magnum Aleiden susceperat hospes;  
 Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Cironis in antrum,  
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta  
 Peneium prope rivum. ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ  
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici,  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.  
 Tum neque ripa suo lara hro nex fixa sub imo  
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,  
 Emotaque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lyces.  
 Diis discede senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet  
 Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,  
 Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu  
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
 O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum  
 Phœbeos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,  
 Si quando indigenas evocabo in carmine reges;  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella Troentem;  
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali sædere mensæ  
 Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)  
 Frangam saxonicas Britonem sub Marte phalanges,  
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempore vitæ  
 Annorumque satur cineri sua juro reliquam,  
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret oculis,  
 Astanti sat erat si dicam sim tibi curæ;  
 Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
 Curaret parvet componi molliter urna.  
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde comas, at ego securo pace quiescam.  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bono-  
 rum,  
 Ipse ego calicolam semotus in æthera divum,

Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea vir-  
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo [tus,  
 (Quantum fata sinant) et tota menta serenum  
 Ridens purpureo suffundat lumine vultus,  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi latus Olympo.

### EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

#### ARGUMENTUM.

*Thyrsis et Damon ej silem vicinia pastores, eadem studia secuti à pueritia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis punctum accepit. Donnum postea reversus et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ sic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriae Luca paterno genere oriundus, cetera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque ceteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.*

HIMERIDES nymphæ (dam vos et Daphnin et Hylan

Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)  
 Dicite Sicelicam Thamecina per oppida carmen:  
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,  
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

[tam  
 Dum sibi præceptum queritur Damona, neque al-  
 Luctibus exenit noctem loca solo pererrans.  
 Et jam bis viride surgebat culmus aristo,  
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum  
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thusea retinebat in urbe.  
 At ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque relicti  
 Cura vocat simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
 Tum verò unmissum tum denique sentit amicum,  
 Cæpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,  
 Postquam te inimici rapuerunt funere Damon  
 Sicine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?  
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,  
 Illa velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo autè videbit,  
 Indeplorata non comminere sepulchro,  
 Constatbitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
 Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo  
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:  
 Si quid id est, præscamque fidem coluisse, primumque,  
 Palladiâque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erant hæc præmia  
 Damon,

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis natus  
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu si pe solebas  
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis

Sive opus in magnis fuit eminens ire leones,  
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;  
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni  
 Molle pyræ, et nucibus strepitat focus et malus  
 iuster

Miscet cupida foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cum Panæ sculeâ sumnum capit abditus umbra,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,  
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domine jam non vacat, agni.

At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramos densantur vallibus umbræ,  
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, et ipse situ seges alta fatiscit!  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque cœdet at ille  
 Mœrent, inque suam convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Thyrsus ad Corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,  
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas.  
 Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita grammæ musco.  
 Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus un-  
 das;

Illa canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,  
 (Et callebat avium lingus, et sidere Mopsus)  
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, que te coquit improba-  
 bilis?

Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
 Saturni grave si se fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te Thyrsi futurum est?  
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juvenis  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
 Illa choros, lusufque leves, et semper amorem  
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui ferus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegie  
 Docta modos, cithraque sciens, sed perdita fastu,  
 Venit Idumonii Chloris vicina fluenti;  
 Nil me blanditiâ, nil me solentia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juveni,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
 ex eadem pelegi, deserto in littore Proteus  
 phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum  
 habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
 Farra hinc volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,

Quem si fors letho objecit, sua milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arua hinc tossor,  
 Protinus ille aliam socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, et diis exercita fatis  
 Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de milibus invenit unam  
 ut si fors dederit tandem non asperere votis,  
 Illum inopia dies quâ non speraveris horâ  
 Surripit, ternum linquens in sæcula danatum.  
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat  
 agni.

Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per æreas rupes, Alpenque nivofam!  
 Equid erat tanti Romani vidisse sepulchram,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,  
 Tyrus ipse suos et oves et rura reliquit;)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria vitæ, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!  
 Ah certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse valle, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pige-  
 Pastores Thufci, Musis operata juvenis, [bit,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thufcus tu quoque  
 Damon,

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
 Murnura, populæumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum  
 Displicui, nam fuit et apud me munera vestra  
 Fisselle cathalique, et cæca vincla cicuta,  
 Quin et nostra suas docerunt domina seges  
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo,  
 Et studis noti Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc mihi tum leto distabat roscida luna,  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.  
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit ratio Damon,  
 Vincta nunc textit, varios sibi quod fit in usus!  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia sinxi,  
 Heus bone numquid agis nisi te quid forte retardat,  
 Imus? et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelæuni?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,  
 Helieborumque, humilisque crocos, foliumque hya-  
 cinthi,

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque meden-  
 tum.

Ah pereant herbae, pereant artesque medentum,  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro.  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altere nocte,  
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,  
 Dissiluerunt tamen raptâ compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuero sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos credite sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,

Brennūmque Arvigarūmque duces, priscūmque Be-  
linum,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;  
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,  
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois arma,  
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,  
Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu  
Multūm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis  
Brittonicum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet  
uni

Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ample  
Merces, et mihi grande deus (sim ignotus in ævum  
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)  
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,  
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne  
Trecantæ,

Et Themæsis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,  
Hæc, et plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Man-  
fus,

Manfus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipsa,  
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :  
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,  
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris  
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis  
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.  
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,  
Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor pietæque in nube  
pharetræ,

Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ;  
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi  
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens  
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem  
Impigar, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus  
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica,  
Damon,

Tu quoque in his certe es, nam quo tua dulcis  
abiret

Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus ?  
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsiivisse sub orco,  
Nec tibi conveniant lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra,  
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,  
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;  
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,  
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat  
Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta

- Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,  
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
Cœlicolæ norint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.  
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus  
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;  
Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ  
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos ;  
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrsos.

Jan. 23. 1646. Ad Joannem Rustum Oxoniensis a-  
cademiæ bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti  
postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in bibliotheca publica  
reponeret, Ode.

*Strophe 1.*

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens libæ,  
Fronde licet geminâ,  
Munditiæque nitens non operosa,  
Quam manus attulit  
Juvenilis olim,  
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ ;  
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit  
Infons populi, barbitoque devius  
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
Longinquum intonuit melos  
Vicinis, et humnum vix tetigit pede ;

*Antistrophe.*

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus  
Subduxit reliquis dolo ?  
Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
Docto jugiter, obsecrante amico,  
Illustre tendebas iter  
Themæsis ad incunabula  
Cærulei patris,  
Fontes ubi limpidi  
Anoidem, thyasusque facer  
Orbi notus per immensos  
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,  
Celeberque futurus in ævum ;

*Strophe 2.*

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo  
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem  
(Si fatis noxas luimus priores,  
Mollique luxu degener otium)  
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
Jam pedè totis finibus Angligenum ;  
Immundasque volucres  
Unguibus imminentes  
Figat Apolineâ pharetrâ,  
Phinæamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

*Antistrophe.*

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet malâ  
Fide, vel oscitantia  
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
Seu quis te teneat specus,  
Seuque te latebra, forsan unde vili  
Calo tereris institoris insulsi,  
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi  
Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ ;

*Strophe 3.*

Nam te Roſius ſui  
 Optat peculſi, numeróque juſto  
 Sibi poliſitum queritur abeſſe,  
 Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta  
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ :  
 Téque ſditis etiam ſacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipſe præſidet  
 Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,  
 Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,  
 Quàm cui præſuit Ion  
 Clarus Erechtheides  
 O pulenta dei per templa parentis  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creuſâ.

*Antistrophe.*

Ergo tu viſere lucos  
 Muſarum ibis amœnos,  
 Diamque Phœbi ruruſus ibis in domum,  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit  
 Delo poſthabitâ,  
 Biſſidòque Parnaffi jugo :  
 Ibis honeſtus,  
 Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque ſortem  
 Naçtus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina  
 Authorum, Graiæ ſimul et Latinæ  
 Antiquæ gentis lumina, et verum decus.

*Epodos.*

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo

Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, ſedeſque bætas  
 Quas bonus Hermes  
 Et tutela dabit ſolers Roſi,  
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque  
 longè  
 Turba legentum prava faceſſet ;  
 At ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forſitan  
 Adhibebit integro ſinu.  
 Tum livore ſepulto,  
 Si quid meremur ſana poſteritas ſciet  
 Roſio favente.

Ode tribus conſtat Strophis, totidémque Antis-  
 trophis, unâ demum Epodo clauſis, quas, tametſi  
 omnes nec verſuum numero, nec certis ubique colis  
 exactè reſpondeant, ita tamen ſecuiſimus, commodè  
 legendi potiùs quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos  
 rationem ſpectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs  
 fortaffe dici monoſtrophicum debuerat. Metra  
 partim ſunt κατὰ σχοειν, partim, απολειμμενα. Pha-  
 leucia quæ ſunt Spondæum tertio loco bis admit-  
 tunt, quod idem in ſecundo loco Catullus ad libi-  
 tum fecit.

*Ad Chriſtinam Succorum Reginam nomine Cromwelli.*

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, ſeptem Regina Trionum,  
 Chriſtina, Arctoï lucida ſtella poli,  
 Cernis quas mœrui dura ſub caſſide rugas,  
 Utque ſenex armis impiger ora tero ;  
 Invia fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor,  
 Exequor et populi fortia juſſa manu.  
 Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reventior umbra ;  
 Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſque truces.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Containing,

MISCELLANIES, 5  
EPISTLES,  
ELEGIAC POEMS,  
PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,  
MISTRESS,  
ODES,  
PINDARIC ODES,  
ANACREONTICS,  
PREFACE TO BOOKS OF PLANTS.  
FIRST BOOK. OF HERBS,

SECOND BOOK. OF HERBS,  
THIRD BOOK. OF FLOWERS,  
FOURTH BOOK. OF DITTO,  
FIFTH BOOK. OF TREES,  
SIXTH BOOK. OF PLANTS,  
DAVIDEIS, BOOK FIRST,  
DITTO, BOOK SECOND,  
DITTO, BOOK THIRD,  
DITTO, BOOK FOURTH,  
IMITATIONS, FRAGMENTS.

*&c. &c. &c.*

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

---

Alone exempted from the common fate,  
The force of COWLEY held a lasting date :  
For Envy's blast, and pow'rful Time, too strong,  
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long :  
In whom the double miracle was seen,  
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green ;  
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,  
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind :  
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,  
In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,  
The pride of earth before, and now of Paradise.

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY.

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Anno 1792.



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# THE LIFE OF COWLEY.

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ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in London in the year 1618. His father, a reputable citizen, dying before his birth, left him to the care of his mother. but, in circumstances so straitened, that with difficulty could she procure for him a literary education, which, from marking the early bloom of his infant understanding, was an object she had much at heart: She lived however to enjoy the reward of her sollicitude, by seeing her son eminent and prosperous, and by receiving in her turn from him, the just tribute of filial gratitude.

Cowley, at a very early age, by an accidental perusal of Spencer's "Fairy Queen," discovered his propensity for the muses. Such trivial occurrences not unfrequently indicate to a man the peculiar bent of his genius, and determine his future destination in life.

He was first sent to Westminster school, where it is recorded of him, that, unable to endure the drudgery of acquiring the rules of grammar in the usual manner, he obtained a perfect knowledge of the learned languages without them.

While at school, he displayed a vernal maturity of intellectual powers, unequalled, perhaps, by any author at the same period of life. Milton and Pope indeed gave early proofs of extraordinary mental vigour; but their juvenile pieces, it is almost certain, received the correction of their riper judgments, as they were not published till some years after they were composed. The specimens which Cowley gave of the maturity of his genius, are unequivocal; for, besides writing a comedy, called "Love's Riddle," published afterwards when he was at college, he actually gave to the world, in the thirteenth year of his age, a volume of poems, containing, among other pieces, his tragical history of "Pyramus and Thisbe," written in his tenth year, and his "Constantia and Philetus," written two years after.

In 1636 he was removed to Cambridge, where, notwithstanding the intenseness of his studies, he is said to have composed the greater part of his "Davideis;" a work, the very collecting of materials for which, at so early an age, evinced a mind of uncommon ardour and application; but which, from a subject ill chosen, and worse conducted, was never in any esteem, and is now utterly neglected.

The Prince of Wales passing through Cambridge at the breaking out of the civil war, was entertained by the scholars of the university, with a play called the "Guardian," sketched out for the occasion by Cowley. This play, some time after the restoration, the author brought on the stage, under the title of "the Cutter of Coleman-street:" it was however, to his no small disappointment, damned, and, strange to add, for being a supposed satire on the royalists! The piece itself, though printed among his works, is now scarcely known; it is very entertaining, and has something of the rough vigorous wit, and strong-marked character of the comedies of Ben Johnson.

From Cambridge, he was necessitated, by the prevalence of the parliament there, in 1643, to remove to Oxford, which was the head quarters of the royalists, whose good graces he obtained, by the suavity of his manners, and the unreserved warmth of his loyalty. The virtuous and accomplished Lord Falkland, in particular, honoured him with his entire friendship.

From Oxford he followed the Queen to Paris, as secretary to the Earl of St. Albans, where he was engaged in the highly confidential and honourable employment of cyphering and decyphering the letters that passed between the king and queen. He was absent from his native country about twelve years; during which time he had his share of the distresses of the royal party, and performed several expeditions to Holland, Flanders, Scotland, Jersey, and elsewhere, as the cause he was engaged in re-

In 1647, he published his "Mistress," an amorous effusion to an ideal Fair-one, where metaphysical subtlety and far-fetched conceit, usurp the sentiments of passion and of nature; how different from the elegant and pathetic sonnets of Petrarch, inspired by a real object!

About the year 1656, he returned to his native country, his presence being judged more necessary in England, to give occasional notice of the posture of affairs in the kingdom. Here, notwithstanding his caution to remain concealed, he was arrested, having been mistaken for another, and after an examination, was put into confinement, from which however he was liberated, on finding security for a thousand pounds, given by Doctor Scarborough.

About this time he collected and published his poems, in the preface to which, he declares his resolution "to retire himself to some of the American plantations, and to forsake this world for ever."

In the vicissitudes of human events, poets were never remarkable for constancy or fortitude; and Cowley found it expedient to temporize with the ruling powers, to be permitted to live in peace.

In the following year, the better to secure himself from notice, he took out a Degree of Doctor of Physic at Oxford, in which profession it does not appear that he ever practised. He retired however to Kent, where he studied botany, and afterwards published in Latin verse, six books on Plants. Doctor Johnson prefers Cowley's Latin performances to Milton's, because the latter was contented to think as the ancients might have done, and to express himself in their language; whereas Cowley, in language equally classical, thinks for himself; but his conceptions are just the same in Latin as in English; and if these seem exotic and uncouth in their native soil, how must they appear in a foreign one?

On the death of the protector, he went again to France, where he remained in the king's suite till the restoration, reinstated in his former employment.

At the restoration, after his long and faithful services, he found himself, like many others with equal pretensions to favour, neglected; upon which he retired, querulous and disappointed, not indeed to America, but to Chertsey in Surrey, where, however, by the exertions of his friends—the Earl of St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham—he soon obtained a plentiful income; but he did not long experience the tranquillity or irksomeness of solitude; his constitution, previously weakened by a slow fever, taken on his first removal to the country, was unable to resist a severe defluxion on his lungs, occasioned by a neglected cold, which hurried him off, after a fortnight's confinement at the Porch House in Chertsey, in the year 1667, and the 49th of his age. His funeral was sumptuously attended to Westminster Abbey, where his remains were deposited between those of Chaucer and Spencer.

The countenance and deportment of Abraham Cowley were sweet and amiable, a real index of his mind; in his manners and person, there was nothing singular or affected: He had the modesty of a man of genius, and the humility of a christian: His wit, however great, never gave pain to another, and his learning, though profound and extensive, was ornamental not cumbersome to his mind. In fine, his eulogy pronounced by Charles II, has never been contradicted by envy or faction, viz. "That Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

The poetry of Cowley has had its full share of Praise during the life of its author. And the rambling measure of his odes, which was called Pindaric, inundated the regions of poetry for half a century after his death, in violation of taste, correctness, and nature. Though unable to recognize wit by any of its definitions, every one readily perceives where it is not; no one therefore can ever mistake the conceits of the metaphysical poets (as Doctor Johnson terms them) for wit; of these, Cowley was the chief; he found their poetry the fashion of his day; and he preferred it to the pure models of antiquity, which he was so well acquainted with. It is to be lamented, that so much learning and genius has been lavished, now, to so little purpose; for, those who read Cowley, must be contented to admire rather than to be pleased. From this however, in his voluminous works, there are many exceptions. His anacreontics in particular, are peculiarly delightful, perhaps equal to their ancient models; and their diction is so finely polished, that the rust of time has not as yet been able to tarnish their lustre.

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## THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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At my return lately into England, I met, by great accident, (for such I account it to be, that any copy of it should be extant any where so long, unless at his house who printed it) a book intitled, *The Iron Age*, and published under my name during the time of my absence. I wondered very much how one who could be so foolish to write so ill verses, should yet be so wise to let them forth as another man's rather than his own; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the bastard upon such a person, whose stock of reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous legitimate offspring of that kind. It would have been much less injurious, if it had pleased the author to put forth some of my writings under his own name, rather than his own under mine: he had been in that a more pardonable plagiarist, and had done less wrong by robbery, than he does by such a bounty; for nobody can be justified by the imputation even of another's merit; and our own coarse clothes are like to become us better than those of another man's, though never so rich: but these, to say the truth were so beggarly, that I myself was ashamed to wear them. It was in vain for me that I avoided censure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus executed in effigy; and impossible it is for any good name to be in safety, if the malice of witches have the power to consume and destroy it in an image of their own making. This indeed was so ill made, and so unlike, that I hope the charm took no effect; so that I esteem myself less prejudiced by it than by that which has been done to me since, almost in the same kind, which is the publication of some things of mine without my consent or knowledge; and those so mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honesty quite disavow them: of which sort was a comedy called the *Guardian*, printed in the year 1650, but made and acted before the Prince, in his passage through Cambridge towards York, at the beginning of the late unhappy war; or rather neither made nor acted, but rough drawn only, and repeated; for the haste was so great, that it could neither be revised nor perfected by the author, nor learned without book by the actors: nor set forth in any measure tolerably by the officers of the College. After the representation of which I confess was somewhat of the latest) I be-

gan to look it over, and changed it very much, striking out some whole parts, as that of the *Poet* and the *Soldier*; but I have lost the copy, and dare not think it deserves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be some things in it which I am not ashamed of, taking the excuse of my age and small experience in human conversation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the hasty first sitting of a picture, and therefore like to resemble me accordingly. From this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out either with counterfeit pieces, like false money put in to fill up the bag, though it add nothing to the sum, or with such, which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves for the baseness of the alloy. Whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, who think a vast heap of stones or rubbish a better monument than a little tomb of marble, or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book, and, like vintners with sophistificate mixtures, spoil the whole vessels of wine to make it yield more profit. This hath been the case with *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher*, *Johnson*, and many others, part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches; for a great wit is no more tied to live in a vast volume than in a gigantic body; on the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the less space it animates, and, as *Statius* says of little *Tydeus*,

-----Totus infelix per artus  
Major in exiguo vixit: chat corpore virtus. Stat. l. 1. Theb.

I am not ignorant, that by saying this of others, I expose myself to some raillery, for not using the same severe discretion in my own case, where it concerns me nearer; but though I publish here more than in strict wisdom I ought to have done, yet I have suppressed and cast away more than I publish; and for the ease of myself and others, have lost, I believe too, more than both. And upon these considerations I have been persuaded to overcome all the just repugnances of my own modesty, and to

produce these Poems to the light and view of the world, not as a thing that I approved of in itself, but as a less evil, which I chose, rather than to stay till it were done for me by somebody else, either surreptitiously before, or avowedly after my death; and this will be the more excusable, when the reader shall know in what respects he may look upon me as a dead, or at least, a dying person, and upon my Muse, in this action, as appearing like the Emperor Charles V. and assisting at her own funeral.

For, to make myself absolutely dead in a poetical capacity, my resolution at present is, never to exercise any more that faculty. It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life: but as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy, to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice, in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows than in their opinion of *exegi monumentum are perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves; neither ought any man to envy poets, this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them which St. Paul speaks of the first Christians, "If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable."

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose, but wither in a long and sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age, is best to write of, but worst to write in: and I may, though in a very unequal proportion, assume that to myself which was spoken by Tully to a much better person, upon occasion of the civil wars and revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adolescentiam per medias laudes quasi quadrigis webentem transversa incurrit misera fortuna Reipublicæ.* Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the present constitution of my mind more proper than that of the times for this exercise, or rather divertisement; there is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of

*Ovid. de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that genius.

*Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

The cold of the country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very feet of his verses. He is himself, methinks, like one of the stories of his own *Metamorphoses*; and though there remains some weak resemblances of Ovid at Rome, it is but, as he says of Niobe,

*In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mortis  
Stant inemota genis, sed sitit est in magis visum,  
Flet tamen.* Ovid. *Metam.* l. vi

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is necessary to be in good humour. Neither is wit less eclipsed with the unquietness of mind, than beauty with the indisposition of body; so that it is almost as hard a thing to be a poet in despite of Fortune, as it is in despite of Nature. For my own part, neither my obligations to the Muses, nor expectations from them, are so great, as that I should suffer myself on no considerations to be divorced, or that I should say, like Horace,

*Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color* Hor. Sat. l. i. li. Ser.

I shall rather use his words in another place,

*Vixi camænis nuper idoneus,  
Et militavi non sine gloria.  
Nunc animæ deserta bello  
Barbaræ hic pariter habebit.* Luc. *Car.* Ode 26. *Vixit puellis, &c.*

And this resolution of mine does the more besit me, because my desire has been for some years past, (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, (which is the end of most men that travel thither) so that of these Indies it is truer than it was of the former,

*Inyambus extremus currit mercator ad Indos  
Pauperem lugens.*

but to forsake this world for ever, with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there, in some obscure retreat, (but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy)

*Obliuiscite meorum, obliuiscantur et illi.*

as my former author speaks too, who has enticed me here, I know not how, into the pedantry of this heap of Latin sentences. And I think Dr. Donne's Sun-dial in a Grave is not more useless and ridiculous than poetry would be in that retirement. As this, therefore, is in a true sense a kind of death to the Muses, and a real literal quitting of this world, so, methinks, I may make a just claim to the undoubted privilege of deceased poets, which is to be read with more favour than the living:

*Pani est ut placeam tibi, perire.* Mart

Having been forced, for my own necessary justification, to trouble the reader with this long Discourse of the reasons why I trouble him also with all the rest of the book, I shall only add somewhat concerning the several parts of it, and some other pieces which I have thought fit to add to this publication: As, first, all those which were at school, from the age of ten years till fifteen; for even so far backward there remain

some traces of me in the little footsters of a child; which, though they were then looked upon as commendable extravagances in a boy, (men setting a value upon any kind of fruit before the usual season of it) yet I would be loath to be bound now to read them all over myself, and therefore should do ill to expect that patience from others. Besides, they have already passed through several editions, which is a longer life than uses to be enjoyed by infants that are born before the ordinary terms. They had the good fortune then to find the world so indulgent (for, considering the time of their production, who could be so hardhearted to be severe?) that I scarce yet apprehend so much to be censured for them, as for not having made advances afterwards proportionable to the speed of my setting out, and am obliged too, in a manner by discretion, to conceal and suppress them, as promises and instruments under my own hand, whereby I stood engaged for more than I have been able to perform; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuse of the honestest sort of bankrupts, which is, to have been made insolvable, not so much by their own negligence and ill husbandry, as by some notorious accidents and public disasters. In the next place, I have cast away all such pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that caused them; as, among others, three Books of the Civil War itself, reaching as far as the first battle at Newbury, where the succeeding misfortunes of the party stopped the work.

As for the ensuing Book, it consists of four parts. The first is a Miscellany of several subjects, and some of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps superfluous to tell the reader; I know not by what chance I have kept copies of them, for they are but a very few in comparison of those which I have lost, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them to deserve more care in preservation than was bestowed upon their brethren, for which I am so little concerned, that I am ashamed of the arrogance of the word, when I said, "I had lost them."

The second is called, the Mistress, or Love-verses; for so it is, that poets are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to Love. Sooner or later they must all pass through that trial, like some Mahometan monks, that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca;

*In suis lignisque sunt: amor omnibus idem.*

But we must not always make a judgment of their manners from their writings of this kind, as the Romanists uncharitably do of Beza for a few lascivious sonnets, composed by him in his youth. It is not in this sense that poetry is said to be a kind of painting; it is not the picture of the poet, but of things and persons imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and disposition a philosopher, a stoic, and yet speak sometimes with the softness of an amorous Sappho;

*Erret et rubus asper ammonium.*

He professes too much the use of fables (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his testimony taken even against himself. Neither would I here be misunderstood, as if I affected so much gravity as to be ashamed to be thought really in love; on the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not at least capable of being so; but I speak it to excuse some expressions (if such there be) which may happen to offend the severity of supercilious readers; for much excess is to be allowed in love, and even more in poetry, so we avoid the two unpardonable vices in both, which are obscenity and profaneness, of which I am sure, if my words be ever guilty, they have ill represented my thoughts and intentions; and if, notwithstanding all this, the lightness of the matter here displease any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more serious inclinations in the weight and height of the ensuing arguments.

For, as for the Pindarick Odes, (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads, and ordinary tracks of poetry. They either are, or at least were meant to be, of that kind of style which Dion. Halicarnassensis calls *Μεγαλοφους και ηδου μετα δεινοτητος*, and which he attributes to Alceus. The digressions are many, and sudden, and sometimes long, according to the fashion of all Lyricks, and of Pindar above all men living. The figures are unusual, and bold even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry. The numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation: so that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses in the ode intitled, The Resurrection; and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise.

*Ut sibi quis  
eret idem, multum, sudet frustra; laboret  
usus idem.*

I come now to the last part, which is Davideis, or an Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David which I designed into twelve books, not for the Tribes' sake, but after the pattern of our master Virgil, and intended to close all with that most poetical and excellent elegy of David's on the death of Saul and Jonathan; for I had no mind to carry him quite on to his anointing at Hebron, because it is the custom of heroic poets (as we see by the examples of Homer and Virgil, whom we should do ill to forsake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their story, but only so near, that every one may see it, as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their cards, and take up what

they have won. This, I say, was the whole design, in which there are many noble and fertile arguments behind; as, the barbarous cruelty of Saul to the priests at Nob; the several flights and escapes of David, with the manner of his living in the wilderness; the funeral of Samuel; the love of Abigail; the sacking of Ziclrag; the loss and recovery of David's wives from the Amalekites; the witch of Endor; the war with the Philistines; and the battle of Gilboa: all which I meant to interweave, upon several occasions, with most of the illustrious stories of the Old Testament, and to embellish with the most remarkable antiquities of the Jews, and of other nations before or at that age. But I have had neither leisure hitherto, nor have appetite at present, to finish the work, or so much as to revise that part which is done, with that care which I resolved to bestow upon it, and which the dignity of the matter well deserves; for what worthier subject could have been chosen among all the treasures of past times, than the life of this young prince, who, from so small beginnings, through such infinite troubles and oppositions, by such miraculous virtues and excellences, and with such incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greatest monarch that ever sat on the most famous throne of the whole earth? Whom should a poet more justly seek to honour than the highest person who ever honoured his profession? whom a Christian poet, rather than the man after God's own heart, and the man who had that sacred pre-eminence above all other princes, to be the best and mightiest of that royal race from whence Christ himself, according to the flesh, disclaimed not to descend? When I consider this, and how many other bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the holy Scriptures affords and proffers, as it were to poetry, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind, it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine Science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or, at best, on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses. Amongst all holy and consecrated things which the devil ever stole and alienated from the service of the Deity, as altars, temples, sacrifices, prayers, and the like, there is none that he so universally and so long usurped as poetry. It is time to recover it out of the tyrant's hands, and to restore it to the kingdom of God, who is the father of it. It is time to baptize it in Jordan; for it will never become clean by bathing in the water of Damascus. There wants, methinks, but the conversion of that and the Jews, for the accomplishment of the kingdom of Christ. And as men, before their receiving of the faith, do not without some carnal reluctances, apprehend the bonds and fetters of it, but find it afterwards to be the truest and greatest liberty, it will fare no

otherwise with this art, after the regeneration of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful and more delightful objects; neither will it want room, by being confined to heaven. There is not so great a lie to be found in any poet, as the vulgar conceit of men, that lying is essential to good poetry. Were there never so wholesome nourishment to be had (but, alas! it breeds nothing but diseases) out of these boasted feasts of love and fables; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the diet should make us nauseate it; for it is ~~impossible~~ impossible to serve up any new dish of that kind; they are all but cold meats of the ancients new heated, and new set forth. I do not at all wonder that the old poets made some rich crops out of these grounds; the heart of the soil was not then wrought out with continual tillage: but what can we expect now, who come a gleaning not after the first reapers, but after the very beggars? Besides, though those mad stories of the Gods and heroes seem in themselves so ridiculous, yet they were then the whole body (or rather chaos) of the theology of those times: they were believed by all but a few philosophers, and perhaps some Atheists, and served to good purpose among the vulgar, (as pitiful things as they are) in strengthening the authority of law with the terrors of conscience, and expectation of certain rewards and unavoidable punishments. There was no other religion, and therefore that was better than none at all: but to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their folly, and are wearied with their impertinences, they ought to appear no better arguments for verse, than those of their worthy successors, the knights-errant. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of wit or learning in the story of Deucalion than in that of Noah? Why will not the actions of Samson afford as plentiful matter as the labours of Hercules? why is not Jephtha's daughter as good a woman as Iphigenia? and the friendship of David and Jonathan more worthy celebration than that of Theseus and Perceus? Does not the passage of Moses and the Israelites into the Holy Land yield incomparably more poetical variety than the voyages of Ulysses or Æneas? Are the obsolete threadbare tales of Thebes and Troy half so stored with great, heroic, and supernatural actions (since verse will needs find or make such) as the wars of Joshua, of the judges, of David, and divers others? Can all the transformations of the Gods give such copious hints to flourish and expatiate on, as the true miracles of Christ, or of his prophets and apostles? What do I instance in these few particulars? all the books of the Bible are either already most admirable and exalted pieces of poetry, or are the best materials in the world for it. Yet, though they be in themselves so proper to be made use of for this purpose, none but a good artist will know how to do it: neither must we think to cut and polish diamonds with so little pains and skill as we do marble; if any man delign to compose a sacred ~~poem~~ poem, only turning a story of the Scripture, like Mr. Quarles's, or some other godly matter, ~~like Mr.~~

Heywood of angels, into rhyme, he is so far from elevating of poesy, that he only abases divinity. In brief, he who can write a profane poem well, may write a divine one better; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worse. The same fertility of invention, the same wisdom of disposition, the same judgment in observance of decencies, the same lustre and vigour of elocution, the same modesty and majesty of number; briefly, the same kind of habit is required to both; only this latter allows better stuff, and therefore would look more

deformedly if ill dressed in it. I am far from assuming to myself to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking; but sure I am that there is nothing yet in our language (nor perhaps in any) that is in any degree answerable to the idea that I conceive of it; and I shall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and industry of some other persons, who may be better able to perform it thoroughly and successfully.

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## TO THE READER.

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READER! (I know not yet whether gentle or no) some, I know, have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my poetical boldness, and blamed in mine what commends other fruits, earliness; others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a pipe, which never sounds but when it is blowed in, and read me not as Abraham Cowley, but *authorem anonymum*. To the first I answer, That it is an envious frost that nips the blossoms, because they appear quickly; to the latter, that he is the worst homicide who strives to murder another's fame; to both, That it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the stars, because the moon and sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this wind; for the itch of poetry, by being angered, increases; by rubbing, spreads further; which appears in that I have ventured on this eighth edition. What though it be neglected? it is not. I am sure, the first book which hath lighted tobacco, or been employed by cooks and grocers. If in all men's judgments it suffers shipwreck, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased myself and the bookseller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers, which is, that as mine age, and consequently, experience, (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my poetry flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Piramus and Thisbe*; nay, I would do it myself, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years of age. My

*Constantia* and *Philetus* confesses me two years older when I wrote it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and perhaps do not belie the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you can effect that neither the bookseller repent himself of his charge in printing them, nor I of my labours in composing them. Farewel.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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### TO THE READER.

I.

I CALL'D the buskin'd Muse, *Melpomene*,  
And told her what sad story I would write:  
She wept at hearing such a tragedy,  
'Tho' wont in mournful ditties to delight.  
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know  
My Muse with tears, not with conceits did flow.

II.

And as she my unabler quill did guide,  
Her briny tears did on the paper fall,  
If then unequal numbers be espy'd,  
Oh, Reader! do not them my error call,  
But think her tears defac'd it; and blame then  
My Muse's grief, and not my missing pen.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

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To the Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God,

JOHN, LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN, AND DEAN OF WESTMINSTER,

My Lord,

I MIGHT well fear, lest those my rude and unpolished lines should offend your Honourable Survey; but that I hope your Nobleness will rather smile at the faults committed by a Child than censure them. Howsoever, I desire your Lordship's Pardon for presenting things so unworthy to your view, and to accept the good-will of him, who in all duty, is bound to be

Your Lordship's

Most humble Servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

## RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

*To the Memory of the incomparable Mr. Cowley.*

WITH artless hand, and much disorder'd mind,  
 (Pardon, illustrious Man!) I come  
 To try if worthy thee I ought can find,  
 That grovelling I might offer at thy tomb;  
 For yet, nor yet thou never hadst thy due,  
 Tho' courted by the understanding few,  
 And they sometimes officious too:  
 Much more is owing to thy mighty name  
 Than was perform'd by noble Buckingham;  
 He chose a place thy sacred bones to keep,  
 Near that where poets and where monarchs sleep.  
 Well did thy kind Mecænas mean  
 To thee and to himself, and may that tomb  
 Convey your mutual praise to ages yet to come:  
 But monuments may betray their trust,  
 And like their founders crumble into dust.  
 Were I to advise posterity  
 That should at all times acceptable be,  
 Quickly to comprehend their great concern,  
 Cowley should be the first word all their sons  
 should learn.

• That charming name would ever grace inspire,  
 In flame their souls with supernatural fire,  
 And make them nothing but what's truly good ad-  
 mire.

Early their tender minds would be possess'd  
 With glorious images, and every breast  
 Imbibe an happiness not to be express'd  
 Of these (blest shade!) when thou were here  
 An unregarded sojourner,  
 Thou hadst so large a part,  
 That thou dost hardly more appear  
 Accomplish'd where thou art;  
 But that thy radiant brow,  
 Encircled with an everlasting wreath,  
 Shows thee triumphant now  
 O'er disappointments and o'er death.  
 When with astonishment we cast an eye  
 On thine amazing infancy,  
 We envy Nature's prodigality  
 To thee, and only thee,  
 In whom (as in old Eden) still were seen  
 All things florid, fresh, and green,  
 Blossoms and fruit at once on one immortal tree.  
 Herculean vigour hadst thou when but young,

In riper years more than Alcides strong;  
 Then who shall sing thy wond'rous song?  
 For he that worthily would mention thee  
 Should be divested of mortality:  
 No meaner offering should he bring,  
 Than what a faint might 'pon an angel sing;  
 Such as with cheerfulness thyself hadst done,  
 If in thy lifetime thou hadst known  
 So bright a theme to write upon:  
 Though thou hast sung of heroes and of kings,  
 In mighty numbers mighty things,  
 Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)  
 Of all thy pleasant toil the sweet reward,  
 And ever venerable be,  
 Till the unthinking world shall once more lie  
 Immers'd in her first chaos of barbarity:  
 A curse now to be dreaded, for with thee  
 Dy'd all the lovely decencies of poetry.

THO. PLATMAN;

*To the memory of the Author.*

To fertile wits and plants of fruitful kind  
 Impartial Nature the same laws assign'd;  
 Both have their spring before they reach their prime,  
 A time to blossom, and a bearing time:  
 An early bloom to both has fatal been;  
 Those soonest fade, whose verdure first was seen,  
 Alone exempted from the common fate,  
 The forward Cowley held a lasting date:  
 For envy's blast, and pow'rful time too strong,  
 He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:  
 In whom the double miracle was seen,  
 Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green,  
 With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,  
 The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:  
 While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,  
 In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,  
 The pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise.

Thus faint our strongest metaphors must be,  
 Thus unproportion'd to thy Muse and thee.  
 Those flowers, that did in thy rich garden smile,  
 Whither, transplanted to another soil;  
 Thus Orpheus' harp that did wild beasts command  
 Had lost its force in any other hand.

Saul's frantic rage harmonious sounds obey'd,  
His rage was charm'd, but 'twas when David  
play'd.

The artless since have touch'd thy sacred lyre;  
We have thy numbers, but we want thy fire.  
Horace and Virgil, where they brightest shin'd,  
Prov'd but thy ore, and were by thee refin'd:  
The conquerors that from the general flame  
Sav'd Pindar's root, deserv'd a lasting name;  
A greater thou, that didst preserve his fame.  
A dark and huddled chaos long he lay,  
Till thy diviner genius' pow'rful ray  
Dispers'd the mists of night, and gave him day.  
No mists of time can make thy verse less bright,  
Thou shin'st like Phœbus with unborrow'd light.  
Henceforth no Phœbus we'll invoke, but thee;  
Auspicious to thy poor survivors be!  
Who, unrewarded, plow the Muses' soil,  
Our labour all the harvest of our toil;  
And in excuse of fancies flag'd and tir'd,  
Can only say, Augustus is expir'd.

*On Mr. Cowley's Juvenile Poems, and the Translation  
of his Plantarum.*

A PINDARICK.

I.

WHEN young Alcides in his cradle lay,  
And grasp'd on both his infant hands,  
Broke from the nurse's feeble bands,  
The bloody gasping prey.  
Aloft he those first trophies bore,  
And squeezes out their pois'nous gore;  
The women shriek'd with wild amaze,  
The men as much affrighted gaze;  
But had the wise Tiresias come  
Into the crowded room,  
With deep prophetic joy  
He'd heard the conquests of the godlike boy,  
And sung in sacred rage,  
What ravenous men, and beasts engage:  
Hence he'd propitious omens take,  
'And from the triumphs of his infancy  
Portend his future victory  
O'er the foul serpent wall'ring wide in Lerna's  
dreadful lake.

II.

Alcides Pindar, Pindar Cowley sings,  
And while they strike the vocal strings,  
To either both new honour brings.  
But who shall now the mighty task sustain?  
And now our Hercules is there,  
What Atlas can Olympus bear?  
What mortal undergo th' unequal pain?  
But 't is a glorious fate  
To fall with such a weight,  
Tho' with unhallowed fingers, I  
Will touch the ark, although I die.  
Forgive me, O thou shining Shade!  
Forgive a fault which Love has made.  
Thus I my faucy kindness mourn,  
Which yet I can't repent,

Before thy sacred monument,  
And moisten with my tears thy wondrous urn.

III.

Begin, begin, my Muse! thy noble choir,  
And aim at something worthy Pindar's lyre;  
Within thy breast excite the kindling fire,  
And fan it with thy voice!  
Cowley does to Jove belong,  
Jove and Bowley claim my song.  
These fair first-fruits of wit young Cowley bore,  
Which promis'd, if the happy tree  
Should ever reach maturity,  
To bless the world with better and with more.  
Thus in the kernel of the largest fruit  
Is all the tree in little drawn,  
The trunk, the branches, and the root;  
Thus a fair day is pictur'd in a lovely dawn.

IV.

Tasso, a poet in his infancy,  
Did hardly earlier rise than thee,  
Nor did he shoot so far, or shine so bright,  
Or in his dawning beams or noonday light.  
The Muses did young Cowley raise;  
They stole thee from thy nurse's arms,  
Fed thee with sacred love of praise,  
And taught thee all their charms:  
As if Apollo's self had been thy fire,  
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre:  
Hence seeds of numbers in thy soul were fix'd,  
Deep as the very reason there,  
No force from thence could numbers tear,  
Even with thy being mix'd:  
And there they lurk'd, till Spenser's sacred flame  
Leap'd up and kindled thine,  
Thy thoughts as regular and fine,  
Thy soul the same,  
Like his to honour, and to love inclin'd,  
As soft thy soul, as great thy mind.

V.

Whatever Cowley writes must please;  
Sure, like the gods, he speaks all languages.  
Whatever theme by Cowley's muse is dress'd,  
Whatever he'll essay,  
Or in the softer or the nobler way,  
He still writes best,  
If he ever stretch his strings  
To mighty numbers, mighty things:  
So did Virgil's heroes fight;  
Such glories wore, tho' not so bright.  
If he'll paint his noble fire,  
Ah! what thoughts his songs inspire!  
Vigorous love and gay desire.  
Who would not, Cowley! ruin'd be?  
Who would not love that reads, that thinks of  
thee?  
Whether thou in th' old Roman dost delight,  
Or English, full as strong, to write,  
Thy master-strokes in both are shewn,  
Cowley in both excels alone,  
Virgil of theirs, and Waller of our own.

VI.

But why should the soft sex be robb'd of thee?  
Why should not England know  
How much she does to Cowley owe?  
How much fair Boscobel's for-ever-sacred tree?

The hills, the groves, the plains, the woods,  
 The fields, the meadows, and the floods,  
 The flow'ry world, where gods and poets use  
 To court a mortal or a muse?  
 It shall be done. But who, ah! who shall dare  
 So vast a toil to undergo,  
 And all the worlds just censure bear,  
 Thy strength and their own weakness shew?  
 Soft Afra, who had led our shepherds long,  
 Who long the nymphs and swains did guide,  
 Our envy, her own sex's pride,  
 When all her force on this great theme she'd  
 try'd,  
 She strain'd a while to reach th' inimitable song,  
 She strain'd a while and wisely dy'd.  
 Those who survive unhappier be,  
 Yet thus, great God of Poesy!  
 With joy they sacrifice their fame to thee.

S. WESLEY.

*On the death of Mr. Abraham Cowley, and his burial  
 in Westminster-Abbey.*

OUR wit, till Cowley did its lustre raise,  
 May be resembled to the first three days,  
 In which did shine only such streaks of light  
 As serv'd but to distinguish day from night;  
 But wit breaks forth in all that he has done,  
 Like light when 't was united in the sun.  
 The poets formerly did lie in wait  
 To rise those whom they would imitate:  
 We watch'd to rob all strangers when they writ,  
 And learn'd their language but to steal their wit:  
 He from that need his country does redeem,  
 Since those who want may be supply'd from him;  
 And foreign nations now may borrow more  
 From Cowley, than we could from them before:  
 Who, though he condescended to admit,  
 The Greeks and Romans for his guides in wit,  
 Yet he those ancient poets does pursue  
 But as the Spaniards great Columbus do:  
 He taught them first to the New World to steer,  
 But they possess all that is precious there.  
 When first his spring of wit began to flow,  
 It rais'd in some wonder and sorrow too,  
 That God had so much wit and knowledge lent,  
 And that they were not in his praises spent.  
 But those who in his Davideis look,  
 Find they his blossoms for his fruit mistook:  
 In diff'rent ages diff'rent Muses shin'd,  
 His green did charm the senses, his ripe the mind.  
 Writing for Heav'n, he was inspir'd from thence,  
 And from his theme deriv'd his influence.  
 The scripture will no more the wicked fright;  
 His Muse does make religion a delight.  
 O how severely man is us'd by Fate!  
 The covetous toil long for an estate,  
 And having got more than their life can spend,  
 They may bequeath it to a son or friend;  
 But learning (in which none can have a share,  
 Unless they climb to it by time and care;  
 Learning the truest wealth which man can have)  
 Does with his body, perish in his grave:  
 To tenements of clay it is confin'd,

Though 't is the noblest purchase of the mind:  
 O why can we thus leave our friends possess'd  
 Of all our acquisitions but the best?

Still when we study Cowley, we lament  
 That to the world he was no longer lent,  
 Who like a lightning to our eyes was shewn,  
 So bright he shin'd, and was so quickly gone.  
 Sure he rejoic'd to see his flame expire,  
 Since he himself could not have rail'd it higher;  
 For when wise poets can no higher fly,  
 They would, like fairs, in their perfection die.

Though Beauty some affection in him bred,  
 Yet only sacred Learning he would wed,  
 By which th' illustrious offspring of his brain  
 Shall over Wit's great empire ever reign:  
 His Works shall live when pyramids of pride  
 Shrink to such ashes as they long did hide.

That sacrilegious fire (which did last year  
 Level those piles which Piety did rear)  
 Dreaded near that majestic church to fly,  
 Where English kings and English poets lie;  
 It at an awful distance did expire;  
 Such power had sacred ashes o'er that fire;  
 Such, as it durst not near that structure come,  
 Which Fate had order'd to be Cowley's tomb;  
 And 't will be still preserv'd by being so,  
 From what the rage of future flames can do.  
 Material fire dares not that place infect  
 Where he who had immortal flame does rest.  
 There let his urn remain, for it was fit  
 Among our kings to lay the King of Wit;  
 By which the structure more renown'd will prove  
 For that part bury'd, than for all above.

*Ode upon the death of Mr. Cowley.*

I.

HE who would worthily adorn his hearse,  
 Should write in his own way, in his immortal  
 verse;  
 But who can such majestic numbers write,  
 With such inimitable light?  
 His high and noble flights to reach,  
 'Tis not the art of precept that can teach.  
 The world's grown old since Pindar, and to breed  
 Another such did twenty ages need.

II.

At last another Pindar came,  
 Great as the first in genius and in fame;  
 But that the first in Greek, a conqu'ring language,  
 sung,  
 And the last wrote but in an island tongue.  
 Wit, thought, invention, in them both do flow,  
 As torrents tumbling from the mountains go,  
 Though the great Roman lyric do maintain  
 That none can equal Pindar's strain.  
 Cowley with words as full and thoughts as high  
 As ever Pindar did, does fly;  
 Of kings and heroes he as boldly sings,  
 And flies above the clouds, yet never wets his  
 wings.

III.

As fire aspiring, as the sea profound,  
 Nothing in Nature can his fancy bound:

As swift as lightning in its course,  
 And as resistless in his force.  
 Whilst other poets, like bees who range the field  
 To gather what the flow'rs will yield,  
 Glean matter with much toil and pain,  
 To bring forth verses in an humble strain,  
 He sees about him round,  
 Possess'd at once of all that can be found :  
 To his illuminated eye  
 All things created open lie ;  
 That all his thoughts so clear and so perspicuous be,  
 That whatsoever he describes we see ;  
 Our souls are with his passions fir'd,  
 And he who does but read him is inspir'd.

## IV.

Pindar to Thebes, where first he drew his breath,  
 Though for his sake his race was sav'd from death  
 By th' Macedonian youth, did not more honour do  
 Than Cowley does his friends and country too.  
 Had Horace liv'd his wit to understand,  
 He ne'er had England thought a rude inhospitable  
 land ;

Rome might have blush'd and Athens been  
 To hear a remote Britain nam'd, [asham'd,  
 Who for his parts does match, if not exceed,  
 The greatest men that they did either breed.

## V.

If he had flourish'd when Augustus sway'd,  
 Whose peaceful sceptre the whole world obey'd,  
 Account of him Mecenas would have made,  
 And from the country shade  
 Him into the cabinet have ta'en  
 To divert Cæsar's cares and charm his pain :  
 For nothing can such balm infuse  
 Into a wearied mind, as does a noble Muse.

## VI.

It is not now as 't was in former days,  
 When all the streets of Rome were strow'd  
 bays,  
 To receive Petrarch, who through arches rode,  
 'Triumphal arches! honour'd as a demigod,  
 Not for towns conquer'd, or for battles won,  
 But vict'ries which were more his own ;  
 For victories of Wit, and victories of Art,  
 In which blind undiscerning Fortune had no part.

## VII.

Though Cowley ne'er such honours did attain,  
 As long as Petrarch's Cowley's name shall reign :  
 'Tis but his dross that's in the grave,  
 His mem'ry Fame from death shall save ;  
 His bays shall flourish and be ever green,  
 When those of conquests are not to be seen.

*Nec tibi moris pla superstes erit.*

THOMAS HIGGONS.

*On Mr. Abraham Cowley's death and burial among  
 the ancient poets. By the honourable Sir John Den-  
 ham.*

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star  
 To us discovers day from far ;  
 His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,  
 Which our dark nation long involv'd ;  
 But he descending to the shades,  
 Darkness again the age invades

Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,  
 Whose purple blush the day foreshews ;  
 The other three, with his own fires,  
 Phœbus, the poets' god, inspires ;  
 By Shakespeare, Johnson, Fletcher's lines,  
 Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines :  
 These poets near our princes sleep,  
 And in one grave their mansion keep ;  
 They liv'd to see so many days,  
 Till time had blasted all their bays :  
 But curst be the fatal hour  
 That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest, flow'r,  
 That in the Muses' garden grew,  
 And amongst wither'd laurels threw.  
 Time, which made their fame outlive,  
 To Cowley scarce did ripeness give ;  
 Old mother Wit and Nature gave  
 Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have ;  
 In Spenser and in Johnson, Art  
 Of slower Nature got the start ;  
 But both in him so equal are,  
 None knows which bears the happiest share.  
 To him no author was unknown,  
 Yet what he wrote was all his own ;  
 He melted not the ancient gold,  
 Nor, with Ben. Johnson, did make bold  
 To plunder all the Roman stores  
 Of poets and of orators ;  
 Horace's wit and Virgil's state  
 He did not steal, but emulate,  
 And when he would like them appear,  
 Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear :  
 He not from Rome alone, but Greece,  
 Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece :  
 To him that language (though to none  
 Of th' others) as his own was known.  
 on a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)  
 The Theban swan extends his wings,  
 When through th' ethereal clouds he flies :  
 To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;  
 Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,  
 When on that gale his wings are stretch'd ;  
 His fancy and his judgment such,  
 Each to the other seem'd too much,  
 His severe judgment (giving law)  
 His modest fancy kept in awe ;  
 As rigid husbands jealous are,  
 When they believe their wives too fair.  
 His English stream so pure did flow,  
 As all that saw and tasted know ;  
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,  
 Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,  
 That were immortal Virgil here,  
 Him for his judge he would not fear :  
 Of that great portraiture, so true  
 A copy pencil never drew.  
 My Muse her song had ended here,  
 But both her Genii straight appear ;  
 Joy and amazement her did strike,  
 Two twins she never saw so like ;  
 Such a resemblance of all parts,  
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,  
 Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,  
 And shew the world this parallel :  
 Fix'd and contemplative their looks,

Still turning over Nature's books,  
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,  
 Where profit and delight combine;  
 They gilding dirt, in noble verse  
 Rustic philosophy rehearse:  
 Nor did their actions fall behind  
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd:  
 Both by two gen'rous princes lov'd,  
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;  
 Yet having each the same desire,  
 Both from the busy throng retire:  
 Their bodies to their minds resign'd,  
 Car'd not to propagate their kind:  
 Yet though both fell before their hour,  
 Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:  
 Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,  
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

*Elegia dedicatoria, ad illustrissimam academiam Cantabrigiensem.*

Hoc tibi de nato ditissima Mater egeno  
 Exiguam immensi pignus Amoris habe.  
 Heu meliora tibi deponere dona volentes  
 Astringit gatas parcior arca manus,  
 Tunc tui poteris vocem hinc agnoscere Nati  
 Tam male formatam, dissimilemque tuæ?  
 Tunc hinc materni vestigia sacra decoris,  
 Tu Speculum poteris hinc reperire tuum?  
 Post longum, dices, Cowlei, sic mihi tempus?  
 Sic mihi seperanti perfide, multa redis?  
 Quæ, dices, Saga Lemurelq. Dæxq. nocentes  
 Hunc mihi in infantis supposuere  
 At Tu, sancta Parens, crudelis tu queque Nati  
 Ne trahes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.  
 Hei mihi quid Fato Genetrix accecis iniquo?  
 Sit fors, sed non sis Ipsa Noverca mihi.  
 Si mihi natali Musarum adolefcere in arvo,  
 Si bene dilecto luxuriare solo,  
 Si mihi de doctâ licuisset pleniùs undâ  
 Haurire, ingentem si satiare sitim,  
 Non ego degeneri dubitabilis ore redirem,  
 Nec legeres Nomen fusa rubore meum  
 Scis bene, scis quæ me Tempeftas publica Mundi  
 Raptatrix vestro sustulit è gremio,  
 Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati  
 Poscentem querulo murmure Lactis opem.  
 Sic quondam erium Vento bellante per æquor,  
 Cum gravidum Autumnum sæva flagellat Hyems,  
 Inmatura fuâ velluntur ab arbore poma,  
 Et vi victa cadunt; Arbor et ipsa gemit.  
 Nondum succus inest terræ generosus avitæ,  
 Nondum Sol roseo redditur ore Pater.  
 O mihi jucundum Grantæ super omnia Nomen!  
 O penitus toto corde receptus Amor!  
 O pulchra sine Luxu Ædes, vitaq. beatæ,  
 Splendida Paupertas, ingenuûsq. decor!

O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine Regum  
 Digna Domus! Trini nomine digna Dei!  
 O nimium Cereris cumulati munere Campi,  
 Posthabitis Ænæ quos colit illa iugis!  
 O sacri Fontes! et sacra Vatibus Umbræ,  
 Quas recreant Avium Pieridumque chori!  
 O Camus! Phœbò nullus quo gratior amnis!  
 Annibus auriferis invidiosus inops!  
 Ah mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,  
 Detque Deus docta posse quiete frui;  
 Qualis eram cum me tranquilla mente sedentem  
 Vidisti in ripa, came serene, tua;  
 Mulcentum audisti puerile flumina cantu;  
 Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.  
 Nam, memini ripa cum tu dignatus utraque  
 Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.  
 Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,  
 Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ.  
 At nunc cænosæ laces, atque obice multo  
 Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.  
 Quid mihi Sequana opus, Tamesisve aut Tybridis  
 unda?  
 Tu potis es nostrum tollere, Came, sitim.  
 Felix cui nunquam plus uno viderit amne!  
 Quidque eadem Salicis littora more colit!  
 Fœlix cui non tentatus fordescere Mundus,  
 Et cui Pauperies nota nitere potest!  
 Tempore cui nullo misera experientia constat,  
 Ut res humanas sentiat esse Nihil!  
 At nos exemplis Fortuna instruxit opimis,  
 Et documentorum satque superque dedit.  
 Cum capite avulsam Diadema, infractaque Sceptra  
 Contusaque Hominum Sorte minante minas,  
 Parcarum ludos, et non tractabile Fatum,  
 Et versas fundo vidimus orbis opes.  
 Quis poterit fragilem post talia credere puppim  
 Infami scopulis naufragisq. Mari?  
 Tu quoque in hoc Terræ tremuisti, Academia,  
 Motu,  
 (Nec frustra) atque edes contremuere tuæ.  
 Contremuere ipse pacata Palladis arces;  
 Et timuit Fulmen Laurea sancta novum,  
 Ah quanquam iratum, pestem hanc avertere Nu-  
 men,  
 Nec saltem Bellis ista licere, velit!  
 Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; et ecce, perimus!  
 In nos jus habeat: jus habet omne malum.  
 Tu stabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum  
 Fundes; nec tibi Mars ipsa superstitis erit.  
 Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni  
 Formosas mittes ad mare Mortis aquas.  
 Sic Venus humana quondam, Dea faucia dextra,  
 (Namque solent ipsis bella nocere Deis)  
 Imploravit opem superbum, questusve cievit,  
 Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.  
 Quid quereris? contemne breves secura dolores,  
 Nam tibi ferre Necem vulnera nulla valent.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

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I.

I SING two constant lovers' various fate,  
The hopes and fears that equally attend  
Their loves, their rivals' envy, parents' hate;  
I sing their woful life and tragic end;  
Aid me, ye gods! this story to rehearse,  
This mournful tale, and favour every verse.

II.

In Florence, for her stately buildings fam'd,  
And lofty roofs that emulate the sky,  
There dwelt a lovely maid, Constantia nam'd,  
Fam'd for the beauty of all Italy;  
Her lavish Nature did at first adorn  
With Pallas' soul in Cytherea's form.

III.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright,  
Spent all her wit in study, that they might  
Keep earth from Chaos and eternal Night;  
But envious Death destroy'd their glorious light.  
Expect not beauty, then, since she did part,  
For in her Nature wasted all her art.

IV.

Her hair was brighter than the beams which are  
A crown to Phœbus, and her breath so sweet,  
It did transcend Arabian odours far,  
Or smelling flow'rs, wherewith the Spring does  
greet

Approaching Summer; teeth like falling snow  
For white, were placed in a double row.

V.

Her wit excelling praise, ev'n all admire;  
Her speech was so attractive, it might be  
A cause to raise the mighty Pallas' ire,  
And stir up envy from that deity.  
The maiden-lilies at her sight  
Wax'd pale with envy, and from thence grew  
white.

VI.

She was in birth and parentage as high  
As in her fortune great or beauty rare,  
And to her virtuous mind's nobility  
The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;  
That in her spotless soul and lovely face  
You might have seen each deity and grace.

VII.

A scornful boy, Adonis, viewing her,  
Would Venus still despise, yet her desire;  
Each who but saw was a competitor  
And rival, scorch'd alike with Cupid's fire.  
The glorious beams of her fair eyes did move  
And light beholders on their way to love.

VIII.

Among her many suitors a young knight,  
'Bove others wounded with the majesty'  
Of her fair presence, presseth most in sight;  
Yet seldom his desire can satisfy  
With that blest'd object, or her rareness see;  
For Beauty's guard is watchful Jealousy.

IX.

Oft times, that he might see his dearest fair,  
Upon his stately jennet he in th' way  
Rides by her house, who neighs, as if he were  
Proud to be view'd by bright Constantia:  
But his poor master, tho' he see her move  
His joy, dares shew no look betraying love.

X.

Soon as the morning left her rosy bed,  
And all Heav'n's smaller lights were driv'n away,  
She, by her friends, and near acquaintance led,  
like other maids would walk at break of day:  
Aurora blush'd to see a sight unknown,  
To behold checks more beautiful than her own.

XI.

Th' obsequious lover follows still her train,  
And where they go, that way his journey feigns:  
Should they turn back, he would turn back again;  
For with his love his business still remains.  
Nor is it strange he should be loath to part  
For her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

XII.

Philetus he was call'd, sprung from a race  
Of noble ancestors; but greedy Time  
And envious Fate had labour'd to deface  
The glory which in his great stock did shine:  
Small his estate, unfitting her degree:  
But blinded love could not such difference see.

XIII.

Yet he by chance had hit this heart aright  
And dipt his arrow in Constantia's eyes,  
Blowing a fire that would destroy him quite  
Unless such flames within her heart should rise:

But yet he fears, because he blinded is,  
Tho' he have shot him right, her heart he'll miss.

XIV.

Unto Love's altar, therefore, he repairs,  
And offers up a pleasing sacrifice,  
Entreating Cupid, with inducing pray'rs,  
To look upon, and ease his miseries;  
Where having pray'd, recov'ring breath again,  
Thus to immortal Love he did complain :

XV.

" Oh! mighty Cupid! whose unbounded sway  
" Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,  
" Whom all celestial deities obey,  
" Whom men and gods both reverence and fear!  
" O force Constantia's heart to yield to love;  
" Of all thy works the masterpiece 't will prove,

XVI.

" And let me not affection vainly spend,  
" But kindle flames in her like those in me;  
" Yet if that gift my fortune doth transcend,  
" Grant that her charming beauty I may see;  
" For e'er view those eyes, whose charming light  
" More than the world besides does please my  
" sight.

XVII.

" Those who contemn thy sacred deity,  
" Laugh at thy pow'r, make them thine anger  
" know;  
" I faultless am; what honour can it be  
" Only to wound your slave, and spare your foe?"  
Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect moan,  
In language far more moving than his own.

XVIII.

Home he retir'd; his soul he brought not home;  
Just like a ship, while ev'ry mounting wave,  
Toss'd by enrag'd Boreas up and down,  
Threatens the mariner with a gaping grave:  
Such did his case, such did his state appear,  
Alike distracted between hope and fear.

XIX.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,  
One morn he haunts the woods, and doth complain  
Of his unhappy fate; but all in vain;  
And thus fond Echo answers him again.  
It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,  
Dewing the verdant grass with many a tear.

XX.

ECHO.

" Oh! what hath caus'd my killing miseries?"  
" Eyes," Echo said. " What has detain'd my  
" ease?"  
" Ease," straight the reasonable nymph replies;  
" That nothing can my troubled mind appease."  
" Peace," Echo answers. " What, is any nigh?"  
Philetus said; she quickly utters, " Aye."

XXI.

" Is 't Echo answers? tell me then thy will:"  
" I will," she said, " What shall I get," says he,  
" By loving still?" to which she answers, " Ill."  
" Ill? shall I void of wish'd-for pleasure die?

" Aye." " Shall not I who toil in ceaseless pain,  
" Some pleasure know?" " No," she returns  
" again.

XXII.

" False and inconstant Nymph! thou ly'st," said  
" he,  
" Thou ly'st," she said: " and I deserv'd her hate,  
" If I should thee believe." " Believe," said she.  
" For why? thy words are of no weight."  
" Weight," she answers. " Therefore I'll depart."  
To which resounding Echo answers. " Part."

XXIII.

Then from the woods with wounded heart he goes,  
Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind:  
He quarrels with himself, because his woes  
Spring from himself, yet can no medicine find:  
He weeps to quench those fires that burn in him,  
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.

XXIV.

No morning banish'd darkness, nor black Night,  
By her alternate course, expell'd the day  
In which Philetus, by a constant rite  
At Cupid's altars did not weep and pray;  
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain,  
But care and sorrow was his only gain.

XXV.

But now, at last, the pitying god, o'ercome  
By constant votes and tears, fix'd in her heart  
A golden shaft: and she is now become  
A suppliant to Love, that with like dart  
He 'd wound Philetus; does with tears implore  
Aid from that pow'r she so much scorn'd before.

XXVI.

Little she thinks she kept Philetus' heart  
In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave  
To him. Since either suffers equal smart,  
And a like measure in their torments have,  
His soul, his griefs, his fires, now her's are grown  
Her heart, her mind, her love, is his alone.

XXVII.

Whilst thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mu-  
tiny,  
She took a lute (being far from any ears)  
And tun'd her song, posing that harmony  
Which poets attribute to heav'nly spheres.  
Thus had she sung, when her dear love was slain,  
She 'd surely call'd him back from Styx again.

XXVIII.

SONG.

" To whom shall I my sorrows shew?  
Not to love; for he is blind,  
And my Philetus doth not know  
The inward torment of my mind:  
And all the senseless walls which are  
Now round about me cannot hear.

XXIX.

For if they could, they sure would weep,  
And with my griefs relent;  
Unless their willing tears they keep,  
Till I from earth am sent:  
Then I believe they'll all deplore  
My fate, since I taught them before.

XXX.

I willingly would keep my store,  
If the flood would land thy love,  
My dear Philetus! on the shore  
Of my heart; but shouldst thou prove  
Afraid of flames, know the fires are  
But bonfires for thy coming there."

XXXI.

Then tears, in envy of her speech, did flow,  
From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there  
Her burning flame had melted hills of snow,  
And so dissolv'd them into many a tear;  
Which, Nilus-like, did quickly overflow,  
And quickly caus'd new serpent-griefs to grow.

XXXII.

Here stay, my Muse! for if I should recite  
Her mournful language, I should make you weep,  
Like her, a flood, and so not see to write  
Such lines as I and th' age requires to keep  
Me from stern Death, or with victorious rhyme  
Revenge their master's death and conquer Time.

XXXIII.

By this time Chance, and his own industry  
Had help'd Philetus forward, that he grew  
Acquainted with her brother, so that he  
Might, by this means, his bright Constantia view,  
And, as time serv'd, shew her his misery:  
This was the first act in his tragedy.

XXXIV.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering state,  
He said: "How shall I thank thee for this gain,  
"O Cupid! or reward my helping Fate,  
"Which sweetens all my sorrows, all my pain?  
"What husbandman would any pains refuse,  
"To reap at last such fruit as labours use?"

XXXV.

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,  
Seeing his griefs link'd, like an endless chain,  
To following woes, he would, when 'twas too  
late,

Quench his hot flames, and idle love disdain:  
But Cupid, when his heart was set on fire,  
Had burn'd his wings, who could not then retire.

XXXVI.

The wounded youth and kind Philocrates  
(So was her brother call'd) grew soon so dear,  
So true and constant in their amities,  
And in that league so strictly joined were,  
That death itself could not their friendship sever;  
But as they liv'd in love, they dy'd together.

XXXVII.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;  
If one be sick, the other's surely ill;  
And if Philetus any sorrow had,  
Philocrates was partner in it still;  
Pylades' soul and mad Orestes' was  
In these, if we believe Pythagoras.

XXXVIII.

Of't in the woods Philetus walks, and there  
Exclaims against his fate, fate too unkind;  
With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare,  
And with sad sighs instructs the angry wind  
To sigh, and did even upon that prevail;  
It groan'd to hear Philetus' mournful tale.

XXXIX.

The crystal brooks, which gently run between  
The shadowing trees, and as they through them  
pass

Water the earth, and keep the meadows green,  
Giving a colour to the verdant grass,  
Hearing Philetus tell his woeful state,  
In shew of grief ran murr'ring at his fate.

XL.

Philomel answers him again, and shews,  
In her best language, her sad history,  
And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,  
Denying to be pos'd in misery:  
Constantia he, she Tereus, Tereus cries,  
With him both grief, and grief's expression, vies.

XLI.

Philocrates must needs his sadness know,  
Willing in ills, as well as joys, to share;  
Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,  
Who in light sport, not sorrow, partners are:  
Who leaves to guide the ship when storms arise,  
Is guilty both of sin and cowardice.

XLII.

But when his noble friend perceiv'd that he  
Yielded to tyrant Passion more and more,  
Desirous to partake his malady,  
He watches him in hope to cure his fore  
By council, and recal the pois'nous dart,  
When it, alas! was fixed in his heart.

XLIII.

When in the woods, places best fit for care,  
He to himself did his past griefs recite,  
Th' obsequious friend straight follows him, and  
there

Doth hide himself from sad Philetus' sight;  
Who thus exclaims; for a swell'n heart would  
break,

If it for vent of sorrow might not speak.

XLIV.

"Oh! I am lost, not in this desert wood,  
"But in Love's pathless labyrinth, there I  
"My health, each joy and pleasure counted good,  
"Have lost, and, which is more, my liberty,  
"And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice  
"My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

XLV.

"Long have I staid, but yet have no relief,  
"Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shewn,  
"Because she knows not of my killing grief,  
"And I have fear'd to make my sorrows known.  
"For why? alas! if she should once but dart  
"Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd  
"heart.

XLVI.

"But how should she, e'er I impart my love,  
"Reward my ardent flame with like desire?  
"But when I speak, if she should angry prove,  
"Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire;  
"Why, he who hath all sorrows borne before,  
"Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more."

XLVII.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,  
Runs to his friend, and sighing, "Oh!" said he,  
"My dear Philetus! be thyself, and swear  
"To rule that passion which now masters thee."

" And all thy reason ; but if it cannot be,  
" Give to thy love but eyes, that it may see."

XLVIII.

Amazement strikes him dumb ; what shall he do ?  
Should he reveal his love, he fears 't would prove  
A hind'rance ; and should he deny to shew,  
It might perhaps his dear friend's anger move ;  
These doubts, like Scylla and Charybdis stand,  
While Cupid, a blind pilot, doth command.

XLIX.

At last resolv'd ; " How shall I seek," said he,  
" 'T' excuse myself, dearest Philocrates !  
" That I from thee have hid this secrecy ?  
" Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease  
" My ease with words ; my grief you should have  
" known

L.

" I am all love ; my heart was burnt with fire  
" From two bright suns, which do all light dis-

" close ;

" First kindling in my breast the flame desire ;  
" But, like the rare Arabian bird, there rose  
" From my heart's altho' never-quenched love,  
" Which now this torment in my soul doth move.

LI.

" Oh ! let not then my passion cause your hate,  
" Nor let my choice offend you, or detain  
" Your ancient friendship ; 'tis, alas ! too late  
" To call my firm affection back again :  
" No physic can recure my weaken'd state ;  
" The wound is grown too great, too desperate."

LII.

" But counsel," said his friend, " a remedy  
" Which never fails the patient, may at least,  
" If not quite heal your mind's infirmity,  
" Assuage your torment, and procure some rest ;  
" But there is no physician can apply  
" A medicine 'er he know the malady."

LIII.

" Then hear me," said Philetus, " But why ?  
" stay,

" I will not toil thee with my history ;  
" For to remember sorrows past away,  
" Is to renew an old calamity.  
" He who acquainteth others with his moan,  
" Adds to his friend's grief, but not cures his  
" own."

LIV.

" But," said Philocrates, " 'tis best in wo  
" To have a faithful partner of their care ;  
" That burden may be undergone by two,  
" Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.  
" I should mistrust your love, to hide from me  
" Your thoughts, and tax you with inconstancy."

LV.

What shall he do ? or with what language frame  
Excuse ? he must resolve not to deny,  
But open his close thought and inward flame.  
With that, as prologue to his tragedy,  
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torment's ire,  
When they, alas ! did blow the raging fire.

LVI.

" When years first fly'd me twenty, I began  
" To sport with catching snares, that Love had set,

" Like birds that flutter round the gin till ta'en,  
" Or the poor fly caught in Arachne's net :  
" Ev'n so I sported with her beauties light,  
" Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

LVII.

" First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought  
" 'Twas easy to repel it ; but as fire,  
" Tho' but a spark, soon into flames is brought,  
" So mine grew great, and quickly mounted  
" high'r ;

" Which so has scorch'd my love-struck soul, that I  
" Still live in torment, yet each minute die."

LVIII.

" Who is it," said Philocrates, " can move  
" With charming eyes such deep affection ?  
" I may perhaps assist you in your love ;  
" Two can affect more than yourself alone.  
" My counsel this thy error may reclaim,  
" Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame."

LIX.

" Nay," said Philetus " oft' my eyes do flow  
" Like Nilus, when it scorns the oppos'd shore ;  
" Yet all the wat'ry plenty I bestow  
" Is to my flame an oil that feeds it more :  
" So fame reports of the Dodonéan spring,  
" That lightens all those which are put therein.

LX.

" But being you desire to know her, she  
" Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower,  
" As if they fain would drown the memory  
" Of his life-keeper's name) Constantia !" More  
Grief would not let him utter ; tears, the best  
Expressers of true sorrows, spoke the rest.

LXI.

To which his noble friend did thus reply :  
" And was this all ? whate'er your grief would  
ease,  
" Tho' a far greater task, believe, 't for thee  
" It should be soon done by Philocrates :  
" Think all you wish perform'd ; but see, the day,  
" Tir'd with its heat, is hast'ning now away."

LXII.

Home from the silent woods Night bids them  
go,  
But sad Philetus can no comfort find ;  
What in the day he fears of future wo,  
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his  
mind.

Why dost thou vex him. Love, could'st thou but  
see,

Thou wouldst thyself Philetus' rival be.

LXIII.

Philocrates, pitying his doleful moan,  
And wounded with the sorrows of his friend,  
Bring him to fair Constantia, where alone  
He might impart his love, and either end  
His fruitless hopes, nipp'd by her coy disdain,  
Or by her liking his wish'd joys attain.

LXIV.

" Fairest !" said he, " whom the bright heav'ns  
" do cover,

" Do not these tears, these speaking tears ! despise,  
" These heaving sighs of a submissive lover,  
" Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling  
" eyes ;

" And do not you condemn that ardent flame  
 " Which from yourself your own fair beauty  
 " came.

LXV.

" Trust me, I long have hid my love, but now  
 " Am forc'd to shew 't, such is my inward smart;  
 " And you alone, fair Saint! the means do know  
 " To heal the wound of my consuming heart:  
 " Then since it only in your pow'r doth lie  
 " To kill or save, oh! help; or else I die."

LXVI.

His gently cruel love did thus reply:

" I for your pain am grieved, and would do,  
 " Without impeachment of my chastity  
 " And honour, any thing might pleasure you;  
 " But if beyond those limits you demand,  
 " I must not answer, Sir, nor understand."

LXVII.

" Believe me, virtuous Maiden! my desire  
 " Is chaste and pious as thy virgin-thought,  
 " No flash of lust, 'tis no dishonest fire,  
 " Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought;  
 " But as thy beauty pure, which let not be  
 " Eclipsed by disdain and cruelty."

LXVIII.

" Oh! how shall I reply?" she cry'd; " thou'st  
 won

" My soul, and therefore take thy victory:  
 " Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'ercome,  
 " And if I should deny thee love, then I  
 " Should be a tyrant to myself; that fire  
 " Which is kept close burns with the greatest ire.

LXIX.

" Yet do not count my yielding lightness now;  
 " Impute it rather to my ardent love;  
 " Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,  
 " And pleading Beauty did my liking move:  
 " Thy eyes, which draw like loadstones with their  
 " might  
 " The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me  
 " quite."

LXX.

" Oh! I am rapt above the reach," said he,  
 " Of thought; my soul already feels the blest  
 " Of heav'n. When, Sweet! my thoughts once  
 " tax but thee

" With any crime, may I lose all happiness  
 " It wish'd for; both your favour here, and dead;  
 " May the just gods pour vengeance on my head."

LXXI.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate!)  
 Constantia's father entered in the room:  
 When glad Philetus, ignorant of his state,  
 Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting sun.  
 Or else the Morn, blushing thro' clouds of water,  
 To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

LXXII.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands,  
 Reading his fatal Theta in the brows  
 Of him who both hit life and death commands,  
 E'er from his mouth he the sad sentence knows;  
 Such was his state to see her father come,  
 Nor wish'd for, nor expected in the room.

LXXIII.

Th' enrag'd old man bids him no more to dare

Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be  
 At any time with his lov'd daughter there,  
 'Till he had given him such authority:  
 But to depart, since she her love did shew him,  
 Was living death, with ling'ring torments, to him.

LXXIV.

This being known to kind Philocrates,  
 He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear,  
 And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,  
 And shew her that which to her friendly ear  
 Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill  
 Declares to her the absent lover's will.

## LETTER, PHILETUS TO CONSTANTIA.

" I TRUST, dear Soul! my absence cannot move  
 " You to forget, or doubt my ardent love!  
 " For were there any means to see you, I  
 " Would run thro' death, and all the misery  
 " Fate could inflict, that so the world might say,  
 " In life and death I lov'd Constantia.  
 " Then let not, dearest Sweet! our absence part  
 " Our loves, but each breast keep the other's  
 " heart;  
 " Give warmth to one another, till there rise  
 " From all our labours and our industries  
 " The long-expected fruits. Have patience,  
 " Sweet!  
 " There's no man whom the summer-pleasures  
 " greet  
 " Before he taste the winter; none can say,  
 " E'er night was gone, he saw the rising day.  
 " So when we once have tasted Sorrow's night,  
 " The sun of comfort then shall give us light."

PHILETUS.

LXXV.

This when Constantia read, she thought her state  
 Most happy by Philetus' constancy  
 And perfect love: she thanks her flatt'ring fate,  
 Kisses the paper, till with kissing she  
 The welcome characters doth dull and stain,  
 Then thus with ink and tears writes back again.

## CONSTANTIA TO PHILETUS.

" YOUR absence, Sir, tho' it be long, yet I  
 " Neither forget nor doubt your constancy;  
 " Nor need you fear that I should yield unto  
 " Another what to your true love is due.  
 " My heart is your's; it is not in my claim,  
 " Nor have I pow'r to take it back again.  
 " There's nought but death can part our souls, r  
 " time,  
 " Or angry friends shall make my love decline:  
 " But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,  
 " Unless Death cut it, e'er 'tis ripe, away."

CONSTANTIA.

LXXVI.

Oh! how this letter seem'd to raise his pride!  
 Prouder was he of this than Phaeton,  
 When he did Phœbus' flaming chariot guide,  
 Unknowing of the danger was to come:

Prouder than Jason, when from Colchoes  
Returned with the Fleece's victory.

LXXVII.

But e'er the autumn, which fair Ceres crown'd,  
Had paid the sweating ploughman's greediest  
pray'r,

And by the fall disrob'd the gaudy ground  
Of all those ornaments it us'd to wear;  
Them kind Phil'crates to each other brought,  
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom  
wrought.

LXXVIII.

" Sweet fair one!" said Philetus, " since the time  
" Favours our wish, and does afford us leave  
" T' enjoy our loves, oh! let us not refigu  
" This long'd-for favour, nor ourselves bereave  
" Of what we wish'd for, opportunity,  
" That may too soon the wings of Love outfly :

LXXIX.

" For when your father, as his custom is,  
" For pleasure doth pursue the tim'rous hare,  
" If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss  
" To be in those woods ready for you, where  
" We may depart in safety, and no more  
" With dreams of pleasure only heal our sore."

LXXX.

To this the happy lovers soon agree;  
But e'er they part Philetus begs to hear,  
From her enchanting voice's melody,  
One song to satisfy his longing ear:  
She yields; and, singing, added to desire:  
The list'ning youth, increas'd his am'rous fire.

SONG.

I.

" TIME! fly with greater speed away,  
Add feathers to thy wings,  
Till thy haste in flying brings  
That wish'd-for and expected day.

2.

Comforts, Sun! we then shall see,  
Tho' at first it darken'd be  
With dangers, yet those clouds but gone,  
Our Day will put his lustre on.

3.

Then tho' Death's sad night appear,  
And we in lonely silence rest,  
Our ravish'd souls no more shall fear,  
But with lasting day be blest.

4.

And when no friends can part us more,  
Nor do new death extend its power,  
Th'ere's nothing can dissever  
Hearts which Love hath join'd together."

LXXXI.

Fear of being seen Philetus homeward drove;  
But e'er they part, she willingly doth give  
(As faithful pledges of her constant love)  
Many a soft kiss; then they each other leave,  
Rapt up with secret joy that they have found  
A way to heal the torment of their wound.

LXXXII.

But e'er the sun thro' many days had run,  
Constantia' charming beauty had o'ercome

Guifardo's heart, and scorn'd affection won:  
Her eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,  
Shot thro' his wounded heart such hot desire,  
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.

LXXXIII.

In roofs which gold and Parian stone adorn  
(Proud as the owner's mind) he did abound;  
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,  
As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's  
ground;

But in his soul, that should contain the store  
Of surest riches, he was base and poor.

LXXXIV.

Him was Constantia urg'd continually,  
By her friends, to love: sometimes they did en-  
With gentle speeches, and mild courtesy, [treat,  
Which when they see despised by her, they threat.  
But love too deep was seated in her heart,  
To be worn out with thought of any smart.

LXXXV.

Soon did her father to the woods repair,  
To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;  
Guifardo and Philocrates were there,  
With many friends, too tedious here to name:  
With them Constantia went, but not to find  
The bear or wolf, but Love, all mild and kind.

LXXXVI.

Being enter'd in the pathless woods, while they  
Pursue their game, Philetus, who was late  
Hid in a thicket, carries straight away  
His love, and hastens his own hasty fate,  
That came too soon upon him, and his sun  
Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

LXXXVII.

Constantia mis'd, the hunters in amaze  
Take each a sev'ral course, and by curs'd Fate  
Guifardo runs, with a love-carried pace,  
Tow'rs them, who little knew their woful state:  
Philetus, like bold Icarus, soaring high  
To honours, found the depth of misery:

LXXXVIII.

For when Guifardo sees his rival there,  
Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind  
Philetus, who such fortune did not fear,  
And with his sword a way to's heart does find:  
But e'er his spirits were possess'd of death,  
In these few words he spent his latest breath.

LXXXIX.

" O see, Constantia! my short race is run;  
" See how my blood the thirsty ground doth dye;  
" But live thou happier than thy love hath done,  
" And when I'm dead, think sometimes upon  
" me.  
" More my short time permits me not to tell,  
" For now Death seizes me. My Dear! fare-  
" well."

XC.

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled  
From his pierc'd body, whilst Constantia she  
Kisses his cheeks, that lose their lively red,  
And become pale and wan: and now each eye  
Which was so bright, is like, when life was done,  
A star that's fall'n, or an eclipsed sun.

XCI.

Thither Philocrates was driv'n by Fate,

And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth ;  
Near his pale corpse his weeping sister sat,  
Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.  
Philocrates, when he saw this, did cry,  
" Friend, I'll revenge, or bear thee company.  
" Just Jove hath sent me to revenge this fate.  
" Nay, stay, Guisardo ! think not Heav'n in jest ;  
" 'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state :"  
Then thrust his sword into the villain's breast.  
" Here," said Philocrates, " thy life I send  
" A sacrifice t' appease my slaughter'd friend."

XCIII.

But as he fell, " Take this reward," said he,  
" For thy new victory." With that he flung  
His darted rapier at his enemy,  
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.  
With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,  
" Farewell, Constantia !" that word said, he dies.

XCIV.

What shall she do ? she to her brother runs,  
His cold and lifeless body does embrace ;  
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,  
And with her kisses warms his clammy face.  
" My dear Philocrates !" she weeping cries,  
" Speak to thy sister ;" but no voice replies.

XCV.

Then running to her love, with many a tear  
Thus her mind's fervent passion she express'd ;  
" O stay, blest Soul ! stay but a little here,  
" And take me with you to a lasting rest ;  
" Then to Elysium's mansions both shall fly,  
" Be married there, and never more to die."

XCVI.

But seeing 'em both dead, she cry'd, " Ah, me !  
" Ah, my Philetus ! for thy sake will I  
" Make up a full and perfect tragedy.  
" Since 'twas for me, Dear Love ! that thou didst  
" die,  
" I'll follow thee, and not th' loss deplore ;  
" These eyes that saw thee kill'd shall see no  
" more,

XCVII.

" It shall not, sure, be said that thou didst die,  
" And thy Constantia live when thou wast slain :  
" No, no, dear Soul ! I will not stay from thee,  
" That will reflect upon my valu'd fame."  
Then piercing her sad breast, " I come," she cries ;  
And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

XCVIII.

Her soul being fled to its eternal rest,  
Her father comes, and seeing this, he falls  
To th' earth, with grief too great to be express'd,  
Whose doleful words my tired Muse me calls  
T' o'erpass, which I most gladly do, for fear  
That I should toil too much the reader's ear.

To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,

MR. LAMBERT OSBOLTON,

CHIEF MASTER OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

SIR,

MY childish Muse is in her Spring, and yet  
Can only shew some budding of her wit :

One frown upon her work, learn'd Sir ! from you,  
Like some unkind storm shot from your brow,  
Would turn her Spring to with'ring Autumn's time,  
And make her blossoms perish e'er their prime ;  
But if you smile, if in your gracious eye  
She an auspicious omen can descry,  
How soon will they grow fruit ! how fresh appear,  
That had such beams their infancy to cheer !  
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then  
The earliest off'ring of her grateful pen.

Your most dutiful scholar,

ABR. COWLEY

---

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

---

Tandem sit furculus arbor.

WHEN Babylon's high walls erected were  
By mighty Ninu's wife, two houses join'd :  
One Thisbe liv'd in, Pyramus the fair  
In th' other ; earth ne'er boasted such a pair.  
The very walls themselves combin'd  
And grew in one, just like their master's mind.

II.

Thisbe all other women did excel,  
The Queen of Love less lovely was than she ;  
And Pyramus more sweet than tongue can tell,  
Nature grew proud in framing them so well :  
But Venus envying they so fair should be,  
Bids her son Cupid shew his cruelty.

III.

The all-subduing god his bow doth bend,  
Whets and prepares his most remorseless dart,  
Which he unseen into their hearts did send,  
And so was Love the cause of Beauty's end :  
But could he see, he had not wrought their smart ;  
For pity sure would have o'ercome his heart.

IV.

Like as a bird which in the net is ta'en,  
By struggling more entangles in the gin,  
So they who in Love's labyrinth remain,  
With striving never can a freedom gain :  
The way to enter's broad ; but being in,  
No art, no labour, can an exit win.

V.

These lovers, tho' their parents did reprove  
Their fires, and watch'd their deed with jealousy,  
Tho' in these storms no comfort can remove,  
The various doubts and fears that cool hot love ;  
Tho' he not her's, nor she his face could see,  
Yet this cannot abolish Love's decree.

VI.

For age had crack'd the wall which them did part ;  
This th' unanimous couple soon did spy,  
And here their inward sorrows did impart,  
Unlading the sad burden of their heart.  
Tho' Love be blind, this shews he can descry  
A way to lessen his own misery.

VII.

Oft to the friendly cranny they resort,  
And feed themselves with the celestial air

Of odoriferous breath: no other sport  
They could enjoy, yet think the time but short,  
And wish that it again renewed were,  
To suck each other's breaths for ever there.

VIII.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate,  
And sometimes they accus'd imperial Jove;  
Sometimes repent their flames; but all too late;  
The arrow could not be recall'd; their state  
Was first ordain'd by Jupiter above,  
And Cupid had appointed they should love.

IX.

They curs'd the wall that did their kisses part,  
And to the stones their mournful words they sent,  
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart,  
And by their tears could understand their smart;  
But it was hard and knew not what they meant,  
Nor with their sighs, alas! would it relent.

X.

This in effect they said; "Curs'd Wall! O why  
"Wilt thou our bodies sever, whose true love  
"Breaks thorough all thy filthy cruelty;  
"For both our souls so closely joined lie,  
"That nought but angry Death can them remove;  
"And tho' he part them, yet they'll meet above."

XI.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes outflow'd,  
And damn'd the lovely splendour of their sight,  
Which seem'd like Titan, whilst some wat'ry cloud  
O'er spreads his face, and his bright beams doth  
shroud;  
Till Vesper chase away the conquer'd light,  
And forceth them, tho' loath, to bid good night.

XII.

But e'er Aurora, usher to the day,  
Began with welcome lustre to appear,  
The lovers rise, and at the cranny they  
Thus to each other their thoughts open lay,  
With many a sigh and many a speaking tear,  
Whole grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

XIII.

"Dear love!" said Pyramus, "how long shall we,  
"Like fairest flow'rs, not gather'd in their prime,  
"Waste precious youth, and let advantage see,  
"Till we bewail at last our cruelty  
"Upon ourselves? for beauty, tho' it shine  
"Like day, will quickly find an evening-time.

XIX.

"Therefore, sweet Thisbe! let us meet this night  
"At Ninus' tomb, without the city wall,  
"Under the mulberry-tree, with berries white  
"Abounding, there t' enjoy our wish'd delight:  
"For mounting love stopp'd in its course doth fall,  
"And long'd for, yet untasted joy kills all.

XV.

"What tho' our cruel parents angry be?  
"What tho' our friends, alas! are, too, unkind?  
"Time, that now offers, quickly may deny,  
"And soon hold back fit opportunity.  
"Who lets slip Fortune, he shall never find;  
"Occasion once past by is bald behind."

XVI.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,  
For little wooing needs where both consent;  
What he so long had pleaded she desir'd;

Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspir'd,  
And many a charming accent to her sent,  
That she at last would frustrate their intent.

XVII.

Thus beauty is by Beauty's means undone,  
Striving to close those eyes that make her bright;  
Just like the moon, which seeks t' eclipse the sun,  
Whence all her splendour, all her beams, do come;  
So she who fetches lustre from their sight,  
Doth purpose to destroy her glorious light.

XVIII.

Unto the mulberry-tree fair Thisbe came,  
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan  
Against her dearest Pyramus t' exclaim,  
Whilst various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain,  
And imitating thus the silver swan,  
A little while before her death, she sang.

SONG.

I.

"COME, Love! why stay'st thou? the night  
Will vanish e'er we taste delight:  
The moon obscures herself from sight,  
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

2.

Come quickly, Dear! be brief as Time,  
Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en  
Love's joys thine own as well as mine;  
Spend not, therefore, the time in vain."

XIX.

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant song,  
And for her lover's stay sent many a sigh,  
Her Pyramus she thought did tarry long,  
And that his absence did her too much wrong:  
Then, betwixt longing hope and jealousy  
She fears, yet 's loath to tax his loyalty.

XX.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;  
Sometimes that danger hath befallen him;  
She fears that he another love hath taken;  
Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken  
Numberless thoughts, which on her heart did sting  
Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

XXI.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the wood  
An angry lion to the crystal springs  
Near to that place, who coming from his food,  
His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:  
Swifter than thought sweet Thisbe straight begins  
To fly from him; fear gave her swallows' wings.

XXII.

As she avoids the lion, her desire  
Bids her to stay, lest Pyramus should come  
And be devour'd by the stern lion's ire,  
So she for ever burn in unquench'd fire;  
But fear expels all reasons; she doth run  
Into a darksome cave ne'er seen by sun.

XXIII.

With haste she let her looser mantle fall;  
Which when th' enraged lion did espy,

With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small,  
 Whilst Thisbe ran and look'd not back at all :  
 For could the senseless beast her face descry,  
 It had not done her such an injury.

XXIV.

The night half wasted, Pyramus did come ;  
 Who seeing printed in the yielding sand  
 The lion's paw, and by the fountain some  
 Of Thisbe's garment, sorrow struck him dumb :  
 Just like a marble statute did he stand,  
 Cut by some skillful graver's artful hand.

XXV.

Recov'ring breath, at Fate he did exclaim,  
 Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed :  
 " I may," said he, " myself for her death blame,  
 " Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame ;  
 " Since she is dead whose beauty doth exceed  
 " All that frail man can either hear or read."

XXVI.

This spoke, he drew his fatal sword, and said,  
 " Receive my crimson blood, as a due debt  
 " Unto thy constant love, to which 'tis paid :  
 " I straight will meet thee in the pleasant shade  
 " Of cool Elysium, where we being met,  
 " shall taste those joys that here we could not get."

XXVII.

Then through his breast thrusting his sword, life  
 he

From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair ;  
 And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,  
 His blood had dropt upon the mulberries,  
 With which th' unspotted berries stained were,  
 And ever since with red they colour'd are.

XXVIII.

At last fair Thisbe left the den, for fear  
 Of disappointing Pyramus, since she  
 Was bound by promise for to meet him there ;  
 But when she saw the berries changed were  
 From white to black, she knew not certainly  
 It was the place where they agreed to be.

XXIX.

With what delight, through the dark cave she  
 came,

Thinking to tell how she escap'd the beast ;  
 But when she saw her Pyramus lie slain,  
 Ah ! how perplex'd did her sad soul remain !  
 She tears her golden hair, and beats her breast,  
 And every sign of raging grief express'd,

XXX.

She blames all-powerful Jove, and strives to take  
 His bleeding body from the moisten'd ground ;  
 She kisses his pale face, till she doth make  
 It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake  
 His parting soul with mournful words ; his wound  
 Washes with tears, that her sweet speech confound.

XXXI.

But afterwards recov'ring breath, said she,  
 " Alas ! what chance hath parted thee and me ?  
 " O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,  
 " That of thy death I may a partner be ;  
 " Tell Thisbe what hath caus'd this tragedy."  
 He, hearing Thisbe's name, lifts up his eyes,

XXXII.

And on his love he rais'd his dying head,  
 Where, striving long for breath, at last, said he,

" O Thisbe ! I am hastening to the dead,  
 " And cannot heal that wound my fear hath made.  
 " Farewel, sweet Thisbe ! we must parted be,  
 " For angry Death will force me soon from thee."

XXXIII.

Life did from him, he from his mistress, part,  
 Leaving his love to languish here in woe.  
 What shall she do ? how shall she ease her heart ?  
 Or with what language speak her inward smart ?  
 Usurping passion reason doth o'erflow ;  
 She vows that with her Pyramus she'll go.

XXXIV.

Then takes the sword wherewith her love was  
 slain,

With Pyramus his crimson blood warm still,  
 And said " O stay bless'd Soul ! a while refrain,  
 " That we may go together, and remain  
 " In endless joy, and never fear the ill  
 " Of grudging friends." Then she herself did

XXXV.

[kill.

To tell what grief their parents did sustain,  
 Were more than my rude quill can overcome ;  
 Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain ;  
 For weeping calls not back the dead again.  
 Both in one grave were laid, when life was done,  
 And these few words were writ upon the tomb.

## EPITAPH.

1.

UNDERNEATH this marble stone  
 Lie two beauties join'd in one :  
 Two whose love death could not sever,  
 For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

2.

Two whose souls b'ing too divine  
 For earth, in their own sphere now shine :  
 Who have left their loves to fame,  
 And their earth to earth again.

*A Dream of Elysium.*

PHOEBUS, expell'd by th' approaching night,  
 Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light ;  
 While I, with leaden Morpheus overcome,  
 The Muse whom I adore enter'd the room.  
 Her hair with looser curiosity,  
 Did on her comely back dishevell'd lie ;  
 Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,  
 As might have wak'd sleeping Endymion.  
 She bade me rise, and promis'd I should see  
 Those fields, those mansions of felicity,  
 We mortals so admire at : speaking thus,  
 She lifts me up upon wing'd Pegasus,  
 On whom I rode, knowing wherever she  
 Did go, that place must needs a temple be.  
 No sooner was my flying courser come  
 To the bless'd dwellings of Elysium,  
 When straight a thousand unknown joys resort,  
 And hemm'd me round, chaste Love's innocuous  
 sport :  
 A thousand sweets, bought with no foll'wing gall,  
 Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.

How many objects charm my wand'ring eye,  
And bid my soul gaze there eternally?  
Here, in full streams, Bacchus! thy liquor flows,  
Nor knows to ebb: here Jove's broad trees be-  
flows

Distilling honey: here doth nectar pass  
With copious current through the verdant grass:  
Here Hyacinth, his fate writ in his looks,  
And thou, Narcissus, loving still the brooks,  
Once lovely boys, and Acis, now a flower,  
Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whose power  
Created thee, War's potent God: here grows  
The spotless lily and the blushing rose;  
And all those diverse ornaments abound,  
That variously may paint the gaudy ground.  
No willow, Sorrow's garland, there hath room,  
Nor cypress, sad attendant of a tomb:  
None but Apollo's tree, and th' ivy twine,  
Embracing the stout oak, the fruitful vine,  
And trees with golden apples loaded down,  
On whose fair tops sweet Philomel alone,  
Unmindful of her former misery,  
Tunes with her voice a ravishing harmony,  
Whilst all the murmur'ing brooks that glide along,  
Make up a burden to her pleasing song.  
No screech-owl, sad companion of the night,  
No hideous raven, with prodigious flight,  
Presaging future ill: nor, Progne! thee  
Yet spotted with young Itys' tragedy,  
Those sacred bow'rs receive. There's nothing  
That is not pure, all innocent, and rare. [there  
Turning my greedy sight another way,  
Under a row of storm-contemning bay,  
I saw the Thracian singer with his lyre  
Teach the deaf stones to hear him and admire:  
Him the whole poet's chorus compass'd round,  
All whom the oak, all whom the laurel, crown'd.  
There banish'd Ovid had a lasting home,  
Better than thou couldst give, ungrateful Rome!  
And Lucan (spight of Nero) in each vein  
Had ev'ry drop of his spilt blood again.  
Homer, Sol's first-born, was not poor or blind,  
But saw as well in body as in mind.  
Tully, grave Cato, Solon, and the rest  
Of Greece's admir'd wise men, here possess'd  
A large reward for their past deeds, and gain  
A life as everlasting as their fame.

By these the valiant heroes take their place,  
All who stern Death and perils did embrace  
For Virtue's cause. Great Alexander there  
Laughs at the earth's small empire, and does wear  
A nobler crown than the whole world could give.  
There did Horatius, Cocles, Scæva, live,  
And valiant Decius, who now freely cease  
From war, and purchase an eternal peace.

Next them, beneath a myrtle bow'r, where doves  
And galleys pigeons build their nests, all Love's  
True faithful servants, with an am'rous kiss,  
And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.  
Leander with his beauteous hero plays,  
Nor are they parted with dividing seas.  
Portia enjoys her Brutus; Death no more  
Can now divorce their wedding as before.  
Thus he her Pyramus kiss'd, his Thisbe he  
Embrac'd, each bless'd with th' other's company:

And every couple, always dancing, sing  
Eternal pleasures to Elysium's king.  
But see how soon these pleasures fade away,  
How near to ev'ning is Delight's short day!  
The watching bird, true nuncius of the light,  
Straight crowd, and all then vanish'd from my  
My very Muse herself forsook me too; [sight:  
Me grief and wonder wak'd, what should I do?  
Oh! let me follow thee, said I, and go  
From life, that I may dream for ever so.  
With that my flying Muse I thought to clasp  
Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.  
Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,  
And all our greatest pleasure's but a dream.

*On his Majesty's Return out of Scotland.*

GREAT Charles! (there stop, ye Trumpeters of  
Fame,

For he who speaks his titles, his great name,  
Must have a breathing time) our King: stay there,  
Speak by degrees, let th' inquisitive ear  
Be held in doubt, and e'er you say, "Is come,"  
Let every heart prepare a spacious room  
For ample joys; then I'll sing as loud  
As thunder shot from the divided cloud.

Let Cygnus pluck from the Arabian waves  
The ruby of the rock, the pearl that paves  
Great Neptune's court; let every sparrow bear  
From the three Sisters' weeping bark, a tear:  
Let spotted lynxes their sharp talons fill  
With crystal, fetch'd from the Promethean hill:  
Let Cytherea's birds fresh wreaths compose,  
Knitting the pale-fac'd lily with the rose:  
Let the self-gotten phoenix rob his nest,  
Spoil his own fun'ral pile, and all his best  
Of myrrh, of frankincense, of Cassia, bring,  
To strew the way for our returned King.

Let every post a panegyric wear,  
Each wall, each pillar, gratulations bear;  
And yet let no man invoke a Muse;  
The very matter will itself infuse  
A sacred fury. Let the merry bells  
(For unknown joys work unknown miracles)  
Ring without help of sexton, and presage  
A new-made holiday for future age.

And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate  
A golden temple to propitious Fate,  
At the return of any noblemen,  
Of heroes, or of emp'ors, we must then  
Raise up a double trophy; for their fame  
Was but the shadow of our Charles's name.  
Who is there where all virtues mingled flow?  
Where no defects or imperfections grow?  
Whose head is always crown'd with victory  
Snatch'd from Bellona's hand; him Luxury  
In peace debilitates; whose tongue can win  
Tully's own garland, Pride to him creeps in:  
On whom, like Atlas' shoulders, the propt state  
(As he were *primum mobile* of Fate)  
Solely relies; him blind Ambition moves,  
His tyranny the bridled subject proves.  
But all those virtues which they all possess'd  
Divided, are collected in thy breast,

Great Charles! Let Cæsar boast Pharsalia's fight;  
 Honourous praise the Parthians' unfeign'd flight;  
 Let Alexander call himself Jove's peer,  
 And place his image near the Thunderer;  
 Yet while our Charles with equal balance reigns  
 'Twixt Mercy and Aftrea, and maintains  
 A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he  
 Who is most near, most like, the Deity.

*A Song on the same.*

**HENCE**, clouded looks! hence, briny tears!  
 Hence, eye that Sorrow's liv'ry wears!  
 What tho' a while Apollo please  
 To visit the Antipodes?  
 Yet he returns, and with his light  
 Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.  
 What tho' the Spring vanish away,  
 And with it the earth's form decay?  
 Yet his new birth will soon restore  
 What its departure took before.  
 What tho' we miss'd our absent King  
 A while? great Charles is come again,  
 And with his presence makes us know  
 The gratitude to Heav'n we owe.  
 So doth a cruel storm impart  
 And teach us Palinurus' art:  
 So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,  
 A joyful Venus doth arise.

*The Wise.*

I.

**LEAST** the misjudging world should chance to say  
 I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,  
 To whisper in Jove's ear  
 How much I wish that funeral,  
 Or gape at such a great one's fall;  
 Tis let all ages hear,  
 And future times in my soul's picture see  
 What I abhor, what I desire to be.

II.

I would not be a Puritan, tho' he  
 Can preach two hours, and yet his sermon be  
 But half a quarter long,  
 Tho' from his old mechanic trade  
 By vision he's a pastor made,  
 His faith was grown so strong;  
 Nay, tho' he think to gain salvation  
 By calling the Pope the Whore of Babylon.

III.

I would not be a schoolmaster, tho' to him  
 His rods no less than Consuls' fasces seem;  
 Tho' he in many a place,  
 Turns Lily oft'ner than his gowns,  
 Till at the last he makes the nouns  
 Fight with the verbs apace;  
 Nay, tho' he can, in a poetic heat,  
 Figures, born since, out of poor Virgil beat!

IV.

I would not be a Justice of Peace, tho' he  
 Can with equality divide the fee,  
 And stakes with his clerk draw;

Nay, tho' he sits upon the place  
 Of judgment, with a learned face  
 Intricate as the law;  
 And whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,  
 Breaks Priscian's head with sentences securely.

V.

I would not be a Courtier, tho' he  
 Makes his whole life the truest comedy;  
 Altho' he be a man  
 In whom the tailor's forming art,  
 And nimble barber, claim more part  
 Than Nature herself can;  
 Tho', as he uses men, 'tis his intent,  
 To put off Death too with a compliment.

VI.

From lawyers' tongues, tho' they can spin with ease  
 The shortest cause into a paraphrase,  
 From usurers' conscience  
 (For swallowing up young heirs so fast,  
 Without all doubt they'll choke at last)  
 Make me all innocence,  
 Good Heav'n! and from thy eyes, O Justice! keep;  
 For tho' they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

VII.

From singing-men's religion, who are  
 Always at church, just like the crows, 'cause there  
 They build themselves a nest;  
 From too much poetry, which shines  
 With gold in nothing but its lines,  
 Free, O you Pow'rs! my breast;  
 And from astronomy, which in the skies  
 Finds fish and bulls, yet doth but tantalize.

VIII.

From your Court-madam's beauty, which doth  
 At morning May, at night a January; [carry  
 From the grave City-brow  
 (For tho' it want an R, it has  
 The letter of Pythagoras)  
 Keep me, O Fortune! now,  
 And chine of beef innumerable fend me,  
 Or from the stomach of the guard defend me.

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie  
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.  
 Some honour I would have,  
 Not from great deeds, but good alone:  
 Th' unknown are better than ill known:  
 Rumour can ope the grave.  
 Acquaintance I would have, but when depends  
 Not from the number, but the choice of friends.

X.

Books should, not bus'ness, entertain the light,  
 And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.  
 My house a cottage more  
 Than palace, and should fitting be  
 For all my use, not luxury;  
 My garden, painted o'er  
 With Nature's hand, not Art's, that pleasure yield  
 Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;  
 For he that runs it well twice runs his race;  
 And in this true delight,  
 These unbought sports, and happy state,  
 I would not fear, nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,  
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or in clouds hide them, I have liv'd to-day.

*A Poetical Revenge.*

WESTMINSTER-HALL a friend and I agreed  
To meet in. He (some business 'twas did breed  
His absence) came not there. I up did go  
To the next court; for tho' I could not know  
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear  
(As most spectators do at theatre)  
Things very strange. Fortune did seem to grace  
My coming there, and help'd me to a place:  
But being newly settled at the sport,  
A semi-gentleman of the Inns of Court,  
In latin suit, redeem'd but yesterday,  
One who is ravish'd with a cockpit play,  
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil  
Besides a tailor's bill, and fears no devil  
Besides a serjeant, thrust me from my seat;  
At which I 'gan to quarrel, till a neat  
Man in a ruff (whom therefore I did take  
For barrister) open'd his mouth and spake:  
"Boy! get you gone; this is no school." "Oh, no;  
"For if it were, all you gown'd men would go  
"Up for false Latin." They grew straight to be  
Incens'd; I fear'd they would have brought on me  
An action of trespass, till the young man  
Afore said, in the latin suit, began  
To strike me. Doubtless there had been a fray,  
Had not I providently skipp'd away  
Without replying; for to scold is ill,  
Where ev'ry tongue's the clapper of a mill,  
And can outsonnd Homer's Gradivus; so  
Away got I; but e'er I far did go,  
I flung (the darts of wounding poetry)  
These two or three sharp curses back: May he  
Be by his father in his study took  
At Shakespeare's Plays, instead of my Lord Coke.  
May he (tho' all his writings grow as soon  
As Butter's out of estimation)  
Get him a poet's name, and so ne'er come  
Into a serjeant's or dead judge's room:  
May he become some poor physician's prey,  
Who keeps men with that conscience in delay  
As he his client doth, till his health be  
As far fetch'd as a Greek noun's pedigree:  
Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone  
Never but in the long vacation:  
May neighbours use all quarrels to decide;  
But if for law any to London ride,  
Of all those clients may not one be his,  
Unless he come *in forma pauperis*.  
Grant this, ye Gods that favour poetry!  
That all these never-ceasing tongues may be  
Brought into reformation, and not dare  
To quarrel with a threadbare black; but spare  
Them who bear scholars' names, lest some one take  
Spleen, and another Ignoramus make.

*Upon the Shortness of Man's Life.*

I.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,  
How it outruns thy following eye!

Use all persuasions now, and try  
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.  
That way it went, but thou shalt find  
No track is left behind.

II.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou:  
Of all the time thou'st shot away,  
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,  
And it shall be too hard a task to do.  
Besides repentance, what canst find  
That it hath left behind?

III.

Our life is carry'd with too strong a tide,  
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,  
And is the horse of all our years:  
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride:  
We and our glafs run out, and must  
Both render up our dust.

IV.

But his past life, who without grief can see,  
Who never thinks his end too near,  
But says to Fame, Thou art mine heir;  
That man extends life's nat'ral brevity—  
This is, this is the only way  
To outlive Nestor in a day.

*On the Queen's repairing Somerset-House.*

WHEN God (the cause to me and men unknown)  
Forsook the royal houses and his own,  
And both abandon'd to the common foe,  
How near to ruin did my glories go!  
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this princely place,  
Which cov'tous hands could take, or rude deface.  
In all my rooms and galleries I found  
The richest figures torn, and all around  
Dismember'd statues of great heroes lay;  
Such Naseby's field seem'd on the fatal day.  
And me, when nought for robbery was left,  
They starv'd to death; the gasping walls were  
The pillars sunk, the roofs above me wept, [cleft,  
No sign of spring, or joy, my garden kept;  
Nothing was seen which could content the eye,  
Till dead the impious tyrant here did lie.  
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am,  
Since my true Mistress, and now foundress, came!  
It does not fill her bounty to restore  
Me as I was (nor was I small) before:  
She imitates the kindness to her shewn;  
She does, like Heav'n's, (which the dejected throne  
At once restores, fixes, and higher rears)  
Strengthen, enlarge, exalt, what she repairs.  
And now I dare, (tho' proud I must not be,  
Whilst my great Mistress I so humble see  
In all her various glories) now I dare  
Ev'n with the proudest palaces compare:  
My beauty and convenience will, I'm sure,  
So just a boast with modesty endure;  
And all must to me yield, when I shall tell  
How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.  
Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,  
Which still with waves of crowding people flows,  
And ev'ry day there passes by my side,  
Up to its western reach, the London tide;

P ij

The springtides of the term: my front looks down  
 On all the pride and bus'ness of the Town:  
 My other front, (for as in kings we see  
 The liveliest image of the Deity,  
 We in their houses should Heav'n's likeness find,  
 Where nothing can be said to be behind)  
 My other fair and more majestic face,  
 (Who can the fair to more advantage place?)  
 For ever gazes on itself below,  
 In the best mirror that the world can shew.

And here behold, in a long bending row,  
 How two joint cities make one glorious bow;  
 The midst, the noblest place, possess'd by me,  
 Best to be seen by all, and all o'ersee,  
 Which way so'er I turn my joyful eye,  
 Here the great Court, there the rich Town, I spy;  
 On either side dwells Safety and Delight,  
 Wealth on the left, and Pow'r upon the right.  
 'T' assure yet my defence, on either hand,  
 Like mighty forts, in equal distance stand  
 Two of the best and stateliest piles which e'er  
 Man's lib'ral piety of old did rear,  
 Where the two princes of th' apostle's band,  
 My neighbours and my guards, watch and com-  
 mand.

My warlike guard of ships, which farther lie,  
 Might be my object too, were not the eye  
 Stoop'd by the houses of that wondrous street,  
 Which rides o'er the broad river like a fleet.  
 The stream's eternal siege they fix'd abide,  
 And the swoln stream's auxiliary tide,  
 Though both their ruin with joint pow'r conspire,  
 Both to outbrave, they nothing dread but fire.  
 And here my Thames, though it more gentle be  
 Than any flood so strengthen'd by the sea,  
 Finding by art his nat'ral forces broke,  
 And bearing, captive-like, the arched yoke,  
 Does roar, and foam, and rage, at the disgrace,  
 But recomposes straight, and calms his face,  
 Is into reverence and submission strook,  
 As soon as from afar he does but look  
 Tow'rd the White Palace, where that king does  
 reign,

Who lays his laws and bridges o'er the main.

Amidst these louder honours of my seat,  
 And two vast cities, troublefomely great,  
 In a large various plain, the country, too,  
 Opens her gentler blessings to my view;  
 In me the active and the quiet mind,  
 By different ways, equal content may find.  
 If any prouder virtuoso's sense  
 At that part of my prospect take offence,  
 By which the meaner cabins are deserv'd  
 Of my imperial river's humbler side;  
 If they call that a blemish, let them know  
 God, and my godlike Mistress, think not so;  
 For the distress'd and the afflicted lie  
 Most in their care, and always in their eye.

And thou, fair River! who still pay'st to me  
 Just homage in thy passage to the sea,  
 Take here this one instruction as thou goest:  
 When thy mix'd waves shall visit ev'ry coast,  
 When round the world their voyage they shall  
 make,  
 And back to thee some secret channels take,

Ask them what nobler fight they e'er did meet,  
 Except thy mighty Master's sov'reign fleet,  
 Which now triumphant o'er the main does ride,  
 The terror of all lands, the ocean's pride.

From hence his kingdoms, happy now at last  
 (Happy, if wise by their misfortunes past)  
 From hence may omens take of that success  
 Which both their future wars and peace shall  
 bless:

The peaceful mother on mild Thames does build,  
 With her son's fabrics the rough sea is fill'd

On his Majesty's return out of Scotland.

I.

WELCOME, great Sir! with all the joy that's due  
 To the return of peace and you:  
 Two greatest blessings which this age can know;  
 For that to thee, for thee to Heav'n, we owe.  
 Others by war their conquests gain,  
 You, like a god, your ends obtain;  
 Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,  
 Spoke but the word, and sweetly order'd all,

II.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,  
 None can grudge Heav'n full thanks for it.  
 No mothers here lament their children's fate,  
 And like the peace, but think it comes too late.  
 No widows hear the jocund bells,  
 And take them for their husband's knells;  
 No drop of blood is spilt, which might be said  
 To mark our joyful holyday with red.

III.

'Twas only Heav'n could work this wondrous  
 thing,  
 And only work't by such a king.  
 Again the Northern hinds may sing and plow,  
 And fear no harm but from the weather now.  
 Again may tradesmen love their pain,  
 By knowing now for whom they gain.  
 The armour now may be hung up to fight,  
 And only in their halls the children fright.

IV.

The gain of civil wars will not allow  
 Bay to the conq'sor's brow.  
 At such a game what fool would venture in,  
 Where one must lose, yet neither side can win?  
 How justly would our neighbours smile  
 At these mad quarrels of our isle;  
 Swell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole  
 away,  
 Whilst we bet all, and yet for nothing play?

V.

How was the silver Tyne frighted before,  
 And durst not kiss the armed shore?  
 His waters ran more swiftly than they use,  
 And halted to the sea to tell the news.  
 The sea itself, how rough so'er,  
 Could scarce believe such fury here.  
 How could the Scots and we be enemies grown?  
 That, and its master Charles, had made us one.

VI.

No blood so loud as that of Civil war;  
 It calls for danger from afar.

Let's rather go and seek out them and Fame ;  
 Thus our forefathers got, thus left a name.  
 All their rich blood was spent with gains,  
 But that which swells their children's veins,  
 Why sit we still, our sp'rits wrapt up in lead ?  
 Not like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're  
 dead.

## VII.

This noise at home was but Fate's policy  
 To raise our sp'rits more high,  
 So a bold lion, e'er he seeks his prey,  
 Lashes his sides, and roars, and then away.  
 How would the German Eagle fear,  
 To see a new Gustavus there ?  
 How would it shake, tho' as 't was wont to do  
 For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too !

## VIII.

Sure there are actions of this height and praise  
 Destin'd to Charles's days.  
 What will the triumphs of his battles be,  
 Whose very peace itself is victory ?  
 When Heav'n bestows the best of kings,  
 It bids us think of mighty things.  
 His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less,  
 And we, the prophet's sons, write not by guess.

*Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drake's ship,  
 presented to the University Library in Oxford, by  
 John Davis of Deptford, Esq.*

To this great ship, which round the globe has  
 run,  
 And match'd in race the chariot of the sun,  
 This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim,  
 Without presumption, so deserv'd a name,  
 By knowledge once, and transformation now)  
 In her new shape this sacred port allow.  
 Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from Fate  
 A more bless'd station, or more bless'd estate  
 For, lo ! a seat of endless rest is giv'n  
 To her in Oxford, and to him in heav'n.

*On the praise of Poetry.*

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,  
 Though high as our ambition ;  
 'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can  
 Give life to th' ashes of a man,  
 But verses only ; they shall fresh appear,  
 Whilst there are men to read or hear,  
 Whilst time shall make the lasting brass decay,  
 And eat the pyramid away,  
 Turning that monument wherein men trust  
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust ;  
 Then shall the epitaph remain, and be  
 New graven in eternity.  
 Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit  
 Of poets triumph over it.  
 What cannot verse ? When Thracian Orpheus  
 took  
 His lyre, and gently on it strook,  
 The learned stones came dancing all along,  
 And kept time to the charming song.

With artificial pace the warlike pine,  
 The elm and his wife the ivy twine,  
 With all the better trees which erst had stood  
 Unmov'd, forsook their native wood.  
 The laurel to the poet's hand did bow,  
 Craving the honour of his brow ;  
 And ev'ry loving arm embrac'd, and made  
 With their officious leaves a shade.  
 The beasts, too, strove his auditors to be,  
 Forgetting their old tyranny.  
 The fearful hart next to the lion came,  
 And wolf was shepherd to the lamb.  
 Nightingales, harmless Syrens of the air,  
 And Muses of the place, were there ;  
 Who, when their little windpipes they had found  
 Unequal to so strange a sound,  
 O'ercome by art and grief, they did expire,  
 And fell upon the conqu'ring lyre.  
 Happy, O happy they ! whose tomb might be,  
 Mausolus ! envied by thee !

## THE MOTTO.

*Tentantia via est, &c.*

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,  
 And make the age to come my own ?  
 I shall like beasts or common people die,  
 Unless you write my elegy ;  
 Whilst others great by being born are grown,  
 Their mother's labour, not their own.  
 In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie ;  
 The weight of that mounts this so high.  
 These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright,  
 Brought forth with their own fire and light.  
 If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,  
 Out of myself it must be strook.  
 Yet I must on : What sound is 't strikes mine ear ?  
 Sure I Fame's trumpet hear :  
 It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can  
 Raise up the bury'd man.  
 Unpass'd Alps stop me, but I'll cut through all,  
 And march, the Muse's Hannibal.  
 Hence, all the flatt'ring vanities that lay  
 Nets of roses in the way ;  
 Hence, the desire of honours or estate,  
 And all that is not above Fate ;  
 Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days,  
 Which intercepts my coming praise.  
 Come, my best Friends ! my books ! and lead me  
 'Tis time that I were gone. [on,  
 Welcome, great Stagirite ! and teach me now  
 All I was born to know :  
 Thy scholar's vict'ries thou dost far out-do ;  
 He conquer'd the earth, the whole world you.  
 Welcome learn'd Cicero ! whose bless'd tongue  
 and wit  
 Preserves Rome's greatness yet :  
 Thou art the first of orators ; only he  
 Who best can praise thee next must be.  
 Welcome the Mantuan swan ! Virgil the wife,  
 Whose verse walks highest, but not flies ;

Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,  
 And made that art which was a rage.  
 Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do  
 To be like one of you?  
 But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit  
 On the calm flourishing head of it,  
 And whilst, with wearied steps, we upward go,  
 See us and clouds below.

*The Chronicle. A Ballad.*

I.

MARGARITA first possess'd,  
 If I remember well my breast,  
 Margarita first of all;  
 But when a while the wanton maid  
 With my restless heart had play'd,  
 Martha took the flying ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign  
 To the beautiful Catharine:  
 Beautiful Catharine gave place  
 (Though loth and angry she to part  
 With the possession of my heart)  
 To Eliza's conquering face.

III.

Eliza till this hour might reign,  
 Had she not evil counsels taken:  
 Fundamental laws she broke,  
 And still new favourites she chose,  
 Till up in arms my passions rose,  
 And cast away her yoke.

IV.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
 Both to reign at once began;  
 Alternately they sway'd,  
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
 And sometimes both I obey'd.

V.

Another Mary then arose,  
 And did rigorous laws impose;  
 A mighty tyrant she!  
 Long, alas! should I have been  
 Under that iron-sceptred queen,  
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

VI.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
 'Twas then a golden time with me;  
 But soon those pleasures fled;  
 For the gracious princess dy'd  
 In her youth and beauty's pride,  
 And Judith reigned in her stead.

VII.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,  
 Judith held the sov'reign pow'r.  
 Wondrous beautiful her face,  
 But so weak and small her wit  
 That she to govern was unfit,  
 And so Susanna took her place.

VIII.

But when Isabella came  
 Arm'd with a resistless flame;  
 And th' artillery of her eye

Whilst she proudly march'd about,  
 Greater conquests to find out,  
 She beat out Susan by the bye.

IX.

But in her place I then obey'd  
 Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,  
 To whom ensu'd a vacancy.  
 Thousand worst passions then possess'd  
 The interregnum of my breast.  
 Bless me from such an anarchy!

X.

Gentle Henrietta then,  
 And a third Mary, next began:  
 Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;  
 And then a pretty Thomsine,  
 And then another Catharine,  
 And then a long *et cetera*.

XI.

But should I now to you relate  
 The strength and riches of their state,  
 The powder, patches, and the pins,  
 The ribands, jewels, and the rings,  
 The lace, the paint, and warlike things,  
 That make up all their magazines:

XII.

If I should tell the politic arts  
 To take and keep men's hearts,  
 The letters, embassies, and spies,  
 The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,  
 The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,  
 Numberless, nameless mysteries!

XIII.

And all the little lime-twigs laid  
 By Mach'avel the waitingmaid;  
 I more voluminous should grow  
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell,  
 All change of weathers that beset)  
 Than Hollinghed or Stow.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,  
 Since few of them were long with me.  
 An higher and a nobler strain  
 My present emperess does claim,  
 Heliconora! first o' the name,  
 Whom God grant long to reign.

*The tree of Knowledge. That there is no knowledge,  
 Against the Dogmatists.*

I.

THE sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew,  
 The Phoenix Truth did on it rest,  
 And built his perfum'd nest.  
 That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic  
 shew.

Each leaf did learned notions give,  
 And th' apples were demonstrative:  
 So clear their colour, and divine,  
 The very shade they cast did other lights out  
 shine.

II.

Taste not, said God: 'tis mine and angels' me  
 A certain death does fit,  
 Like an ill-worm, i' the core of it,

We cannot know and live, nor live or know, and eat.

Thus spoke God, yet man did go  
Ignorantly on to know;

Who grew so more blind, and she  
Who tempted him to this grew yet more blind  
than he.

III.

The only science man by this did get,  
Was but to know he nothing knew:  
He straight his nakedness did view,  
His ignorant poor estate, and was ashamed of it:  
Yet searches probabilities,  
And rhetoric and fallacies,  
And seeks, by useless pride,  
With slight and with'ring leaves that nakedness  
to hide.

IV.

Henceforth, said God, the wretched sons of earth  
Shall sweat for food in vain,  
That will not long sustain,  
And bring with labour forth each fond abortive  
birth.

That serpent, too, their pride,  
Which aims at things deny'd,  
That learn'd and eloquent lust,  
Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the  
dust.

---

*The Complaint.*

I.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
Beneath a bow'r for sorrow made,  
Th' uncomfortable shade  
Of the black ewe's unlucky green,  
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,  
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,  
The melancholy Cowley lay;  
And, lo! a muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,  
(The Muses oft' in lands of vision play)  
Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal light:  
A golden harp with silver strings she bore,  
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,  
In which all colours and all figures were,  
That Nature or that Fancy can create,  
That Art can never imitate,  
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.  
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,  
She us'd of old near fair Ilienus' stream  
Phidra, her Theban favourite, to meet;  
A crown was on her head, and wings were on  
her feet.

II.

She touch'd him with her harp and rais'd him  
from the ground;  
The shaken strings melodiously resound.  
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,  
"To this forsaken place and me?"  
Thou Prodigal! who didst so loosely waste,  
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;  
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?  
And gather husks of learning up at last,  
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,

And Winter marches on so fast?  
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,  
And did as learn'd a portion assign  
As ever any of the mighty Nine  
Had to their dearest children done;  
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name,  
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;  
Thou Changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and  
shew,

Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;  
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share  
In all the follies and the tumults there;  
Thou wouldst, forsooth! be something in a state,  
And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst it  
create:

Business! the frivolous pretence  
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;  
Business! the grave impertinence;  
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,  
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

III.

Go, Renegado! cast up thy account,  
And see to what amount  
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:  
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,  
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.  
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were  
past,

All thy remaining life should sunshine be:  
Behold the public storm is spent at last,  
The Sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,  
And thou, with all the noble company,  
Art got at last to shore:  
But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,  
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,  
Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,  
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.

IV.

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,  
After a tedious stormy night,  
Such was the glorious entry of our King;  
Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:  
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.  
But then, alas! to thee alone,  
One of Old Gideon's miracles was shew'd,  
For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry hand around,  
With pearly dew was crown'd,  
And upon all the quicken'd ground  
The fruitful seed of heav'n did brooding lie,  
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.  
It did all other threats surpass,  
When God to his own people said,  
(The men whom thro' long wand'rings he had  
led)

That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of brass:  
They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,  
That bounteous heav'n! which God did not re-  
frain  
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

V.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years, and  
more,  
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,  
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,  
Tho' she contracted was to thee,

Giv'n to another, thou didst see,  
 Giv'n to another, who had store  
 Of fairer and of richer wives before,  
 And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.  
 Go on, twice sev'n years more, thy fortune try,  
 Twice sev'n years more God in his bounty may  
 Give thee to fling away  
 Into the Court's deceitful lottery :  
 But think how likely 'tis that thou,  
 With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough  
 Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,  
 Shouldst even able be to live ;  
 Thou ! to whose share so little bread did fall  
 In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

## VI.

Thus spake the muse, and spake it with a smile,  
 That seem'd at once to pity and revile :  
 And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,  
 The melancholy Cowley said :  
 " Ah ! wanton Foe ! dost thou upbraid  
 The ills which thou thyself hast made ?  
 When in the cradle innocent I lay,  
 Thou, wicked Spirit ! stolest me away,  
 And my abused soul didst bear  
 Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,  
 Thy golden Indies in the air ;  
 And ever since I strive in vain  
 My ravish'd freedom to regain ;  
 Still I rebel, still thou dost reign ;  
 Lo, still in verse, against thee I complain.  
 There is a sort of stubborn weeds,  
 Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,  
 No wholesome herb can near them thrive,  
 No useful plant can keep alive :  
 The foolish sports I did on thee bestow  
 Make all my art and labour fruitless now ;  
 Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever  
 grow.

## VII.

When my new mind had no infusion known,  
 Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,  
 That ever since I vainly try  
 To wash away th' inherent dye :  
 Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,  
 But never will reduce the native white.  
 To all the ports of honour and of gain,  
 I often steer my course in vain ;  
 Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.  
 'Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,  
 By making them so oft' to be  
 The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.  
 Whoever this world's happiness would see,  
 Must as entirely cast off thee,  
 As they who only heav'n desire  
 Do from the world retire.  
 This was my error, this my gross mistake,  
 Myself a demi-votary to make.  
 Thus with Sapphira and her husband's fate,  
 (A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)  
 For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,  
 And perish for the part which I retain.

## VIII.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse !  
 The court and better king t' accuse ;

The heav'n under which I live is fair,  
 The fertile soil will a full harvest bear :  
 Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou  
 Mak'st me sit still and sing when I should plough.  
 When I but think how many a tedious year  
 Our patient Sovereign did attend  
 His long misfortunes' fatal end ;  
 How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,  
 On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,  
 I ought to be accus'd if I refuse  
 To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse !  
 Kings have long hands, they say, and tho' I be  
 So distant, they may reach at length to me.  
 However, of all princes thou [flow ;  
 Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or  
 Thou ! who rewardest but with pop'lar breath,  
 And that, too, after death !

*The Adventures of Five Hours.*

As when our kings (lords of the spacious main)  
 Take in just wars a rich Plate-fleet of Spain,  
 The rude unshapen ingots they reduce  
 Into a form of beauty and of use,  
 On which the conqueror's image now does shine,  
 Not his whom it belong'd to in the mine ;  
 So in the mild contentions of the Muse  
 (The war which Peace itself loves and pursues)  
 So have you home to us in triumph brought  
 This cargazon of Spain with treasures fraught.  
 You have not basely gotten it by stealth,  
 Nor by translation borrow'd all its wealth ;  
 But by a pow'ful sp'rit made it your own ;  
 Metal before, money by you 'tis grown :  
 'Tis current now, by your adorning it  
 With the fair stamp of your victorious wit.

But tho' we praise this voyage of your mind,  
 And tho' ourselves enrich'd by it we find,  
 We're not contented yet, because we know  
 What greater stores at home within it grow :  
 We 'ave seen how well you foreign ores refine,  
 Produce the gold of your own nobler mine ;  
 The world shall then our native plenty view,  
 And fetch materials for their wit from you ;  
 They all shall watch the travails of your pen,  
 And Spain on you shall make reprisals then.

*A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin :  
 Written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A*

## AVE MARIA.

ONCE thou rejoic'dst, and rejoice for ever,  
 Whose time of joy shall be expired never ;  
 Who in her womb the hive of comfort bears,  
 Let her drink comfort's honey with her ears.  
 You brought the word of joy in which was born  
 An hail to all ; let us an hail return.  
 From you, God save, into the world there came ;  
 Our echo hail is but an empty name.

## GRATIA PLENA.

How loaded hives are with their honey fill'd,  
 From divers flow'rs by chemic bees distill'd!  
 How full the coltchet with his jewel is,  
 Which, that it cannot take, by love, doth kifs:  
 How full the moon is with her brother's ray,  
 When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day!  
 How full of grace the Grace's dances are!  
 So full doth Mary of God's light appear.  
 It is no wonder if with graces she  
 Be full, who was full with the Deity.

## DOMINUS TECUM.

The fall of mankind under Death's extent  
 The choir of blessed angels did lament,  
 And wish'd a reparation to see  
 By him who manhood join'd with Deity.  
 How grateful should man's safety then appear  
 'T' himself, whose safety can the angels cheer?

## BENEDICTA TU IN MULIERIBUS.

Death came, and troops of sad diseases led  
 To th' earth, by woman's hand solicited.  
 Life came to too, and troops of graces led  
 To th' earth, by woman's faith solicited.  
 As our life's spring came from thy blessed womb,  
 So from our mouths, springs of thy praise shall  
 come.  
 Who did life's blessing give, 'tis fit that she  
 Above all women should thrice blessed be.

## ET BENEDICTUS FRUCTUS VENTRIS TUI.

With mouth divine the Father doth protest,  
 He a good Word sent from his stored breast;  
 'Twas Christ, which Mary without carnal thought,  
 From the unfathom'd depth of goodness brought;  
 The Word of Blessing a just cause affords  
 To be oft' blessed with redoubled words.

## SPIRITUS SANCTUS SUPERVENIET IN TE.

As when soft west-winds fan the garden-rose,  
 A shower of sweeter air salutes the nose;  
 The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power  
 Unlocks the virgin bosom of the flower;  
 So th' Holy Spirit upon Mary blow'd,  
 And from her sacred box whole rivers flow'd;  
 Yet loos'd not thine eternal chastity,  
 Thy roses' folds do still entangled lie.  
 Believe Christ born from an unbruised womb,  
 So from unbruised bark the odours come.

## ET VIRTUS ALTISSIMI OBUMBRABIT TIBI.

God his great Son begot e'er time begun,  
 Mary in time brought forth her little Son:  
 Of double substance One: life he began,  
 God without mother, without father man.  
 Great is the birth, and 'tis a stranger deed  
 That she no man, than God no wife, should need.  
 A shade delighted the childbearing maid,  
 And God himself became to her a shade.

O strange descent! who is light's author, he  
 Will to his creature thus a shadow be.  
 As unseen light did from the Father flow,  
 So did seen light from Virginia Mary grow.  
 When Moses sought God in a shade to see,  
 The Father's shade was Christ the Deity.  
 Let's seek for day, flee darkness, whilst our sight  
 In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

*On the uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.*

## I.

LEAVE off unfit complaints, and clear  
 From sighs your breast, and from black clouds  
 your brow,  
 When the sun shines not with his wonted cheer,  
 And Fortune throws an adverse cast for you.  
 That sea which vex'd with Notus is,  
 The merry West-winds will to-morrow kifs.

## II.

The sun to-day rides drowsily,  
 To-morrow 'twill put on a look more fair;  
 Laughter and groaning do alternately  
 Return, and tears sport's nearest neighbours are.  
 'Tis by the gods appointed so,  
 That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

## III.

Who drave his oxen yesterday,  
 Doth now over the noblest Romans reign,  
 And on the Gabii and the Cures lay  
 The yoke which from his oxen he had ta'en.  
 Whom Hesperus saw poor and low,  
 The Morning's eye beholds him greatest now.

## IV.

If Fortune knit amongst her play  
 But seriousness, he shall again go home  
 To his old country-farm of yesterday,  
 To scoffing people no mean jest become;  
 And with the crowned axe, which he  
 Had rul'd the world, go back and prune some tree;  
 Nay, if he want the fuel cold requires,  
 With his own faeces he shall make him fires.

*That a Pleasant Poverty is to be preferred before Discontented Riches.*

## I.

WHY, O! doth gaudy Tagus ravish thee,  
 Tho' Neptune's treasurehouse it be?  
 Why doth Pactolus thee bewitch,  
 Infected yet with Midas' glorious itch?

## II.

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all,  
 Like other floods, poetical;  
 They have no dance, no wanton sport,  
 No gentle murmur, the lov'd shore to court.

## III.

No fish inhabit the adulterate flood,  
 Nor can it feed the neighb'ring wood:  
 No flow'r or herb is near it found,  
 But a perpetual winter starves the ground.

## IV.

Give me a river which doth scorn to shew  
An added beauty, whose clear brow  
May be my looking-glass, to see  
What my face is, and what my mind should be.

## V.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,  
And prattle to the smiling bank:  
Here sad kingfishers tell their tales,  
And fish enrich the brook with silver scales.

## VI.

Daisies, the first-born of the teeming Spring,  
On each side their embroidery bring,  
Here lilies wash, and grow more white,  
And daffodils to see themselves delight.

## VII.

Here a fresh arbour gives her am'rous shade,  
Which Nature, the best gard'ner, made;  
Here I would sit and sing rude lays,  
Such as the Nymphs, and me myself would please.

## VIII.

Thus would I waste, thus end, my careless days,  
And Robin-red-breasts, whom men praise  
For pious birds, should, when I die,  
Make both my monument and elegy.

---

*In commendation of the time we live in, under the  
Reign of our Gracious King Charles II.*

## I.

COUS'D be that wretch (Death's factor sure) who  
brought  
Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught  
Smiths, who before could only make  
The spade, the ploughshare, and the rake,  
Arts, in most cruel wise  
Man's life t' epitomize.

## II.

Then men (fond men, alas!) ride post to th' grave,  
And cut those threads which yet the Fates would  
Then Charon sweated at his trade, [save:  
And had a larger ferry made.  
Then 't was the silver hair,  
Frequent before, grew rare.

## III.

Then Revenge, married to Ambition,  
Begot black War; then Avarice crept on;  
Then limits to each field were strain'd,  
And Terminus a godhead gain'd:  
'To men before was found,  
'Besides the sea, no bound.

## IV.

In what plain or what river hath not been  
War's story, writ in blood (sad story!) seen?  
This truth too well our England knows;  
'Twas Civil slaughter dy'd her Rose;  
Nay, then her Lily, too,  
With blood's loss paler grew.

## V.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should  
feel,  
Did not just Charles silence the rage of steel;  
He to our land bless'd peace doth bring,  
All neighbour-countries envying.

Happy who did remain  
Unborn till Charles's reign!

## VI.

Where, dreaming Chymics, is your pain and cost?  
How is your toil, how is your labour, lost?  
Our Charles, blest alchymist! (tho' strange,  
Believe it, future Times!) did change  
The Iron Age of old,  
into an Age of Gold.

---

*An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.*

## I.

NICHOLS! my better self, forbear;  
For if thou tell'st what Cambridge pleasures are,  
'The schoolboy's sin will light on me,  
I shall, in mind at least, a truant be.  
Tell me not how you feed your mind  
With dainties of philosophy;  
In Ovid's Nut I shall not find  
The taste once pleas'd me.  
O tell me not of logic's diverse cheer,  
I shall begin to loath our crambo here.

## II.

Tell me not how the waves appear  
On Cam, or how it cuts the learned shire;  
I shall condemn the troubled Thames,  
On her chief holyday, even when her streams  
Are with rich folly gilded, when  
The quondam dung-boat is made gay,  
Just like the brav'ry of the men,  
And graces with fresh paint that day,  
When th' City shines with flags and pageants there  
And fatin doublets seen not twice a-year.

## III.

Why do I stay, then? I would meet  
Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet:  
'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,  
But not till I deserve thy company:  
Till then we'll scorn to let that toy  
Some forty miles divide our hearts:  
Write to me, and I shall enjoy  
Friendship and wit, thy better parts.  
Tho' envious Fortune larger hind'rance brings,  
We'll eas'ly see each other; Love hath wings.

---

*An Answer to a Copy of Verses, sent me to Jersey.*

As to a Northern people (whom the sun  
Uses just as the Romish Church has done  
Her profane laity, and does assign  
Bread only both to serve for bread and wine)  
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;  
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,  
Fraught with brisk Racy verses, in which we  
The soil from whence they came, taste, smell, and  
see:

Such is your present t' us; for you must know,  
Sir, that verse does not in this island grow,  
No more than sack: one lately did not fear  
(Without the Muse's leave) to plant it here;  
But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge  
Rhymes, as even set the hearers' ears on edge,

Written by \_\_\_\_\_ Esquire, the  
 Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.  
 Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for this high style  
 Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.  
 Alas! to men here no words less hard be  
 To rhyme with than Mount Orgueil \* is to me.  
 Mount Orgueil! which in scorn o' th' Muses' law  
 With no yokefellow word will deign to draw.  
 Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it  
 Come into rhyme, more hard than 't were to take it.  
 Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,  
 Strange as to bring canals and elphants were;  
 And metaphor is so unknown a thing,  
 'Twould need the preface of, God save the King.  
 Yet this I'll say, for th' honour of the place,  
 That by God's extraordinary grace,  
 (Which shews the people have judgment, if not  
 wit)

The land is undefil'd with clinches yet;  
 Which in my poor opinion I confess,  
 Is a most sing'lar blessing, and no less  
 Than Ireland's wanting spicers: and so far  
 From th' actual sin of bombast too they are,  
 (That other crying sin o' th' English Muse)  
 That even Satan himself can accuse  
 None here, (no not, so much as the divines)  
 For th' *motus primæ* to strong lines.  
 Well, since the soil, then, does not nat'rally bear  
 Verse, who (a-devil) would import it here?  
 For that to me would seem as strange a thing  
 As who did first wild beasts into' islands bring:  
 Unless you think that it might taken be  
 As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at sea.  
 But that's a fortune falls not every day;  
 'Tis true Green was made by it; for they say  
 The Parliament did a noble bounty do,  
 And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and  
 fifteenths too.

*Prometheus ill painted.*

How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,  
 Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here!  
 Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,  
 He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.  
 It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,  
 If once again his liver this should grow.  
 Pity him, Jove! and his bold theft allow;  
 The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

*Friendship in Absence.*

I.

WHEN chance or cruel bus'ness parts us two,  
 What do our souls, I wonder, do?  
 Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,  
 Methinks at home they should not stay,  
 Content with dreams, but boldly fly  
 Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

II.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,  
 And mix, I know not how, or where:  
 Their friendly lights together twine,

\* The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

Tho' we perceive 't not to be so,  
 Like loving stars which oft' combine,  
 Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know

III.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for ev'ry friend,  
 If distance could their union end:  
 But love itself does far advance  
 Above the pow'r of time and space;  
 It scorns such outward circumstance,  
 His time's for ever, ev'ry where his place.

IV.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,  
 Lodg'd in each other's heart.  
 Miracles cease not yet in Love,  
 When he his mighty pow'r will try,  
 Absence itself does bounteous prove,  
 And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

V.

Pure is the flame of friendship, and divine,  
 Like that which in heav'n's sun does shine;  
 Like he in th' upper air and sky,  
 Does no effects of heat bestow,  
 But as his beams the farther fly,  
 He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

VI.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,  
 Like objects, if they touch the eye.  
 Less meritorious then is love;  
 For when we friends together see  
 So much, so much both one do prove,  
 That their love then seems but self-love to be.

VII.

Each day think on me, and each day I shall  
 For thee make hours canonical.  
 By ev'ry wind that comes this way,  
 Send me at least a sigh or two;  
 Such and so many I'll repay,  
 As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

VIII.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon  
 To mock our separation.  
 Alas! ten thousand will not do;  
 My heart will thus no longer stay,  
 No longer 'twill be kept from you,  
 But knocks against the breast to get away.

IX.

And when no art affords me help or ease,  
 I seek with verse my griefs t' appease:  
 Just as a bird that flies about,  
 And beats itself against the cage,  
 Finding at last no passage out,  
 It fits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

*Reason, the use of it in divine matters.*

I.

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may  
 Be led by others a right way;  
 They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,  
 'Tis but because there was no wind.  
 Less hard 'tis not to err ourselves, than know  
 If our forefathers err'd or no.  
 When we trust men concerning God, we then  
 Trust not God concerning men.

II.

Visions and inspirations some expect,  
 Their course here to direct:  
 Like senseless chemists their own wealth destroy,  
 Imaginary gold t' enjoy.  
 So stars appear to drop to us from sky,  
 And gild the passage as they fly;  
 But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,  
 What but a sordid slime is found?

III.

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,  
 And fast, that they may dream of meat.  
 Sometimes ill sp'rits their sickly souls delude,  
 And bastard forms obtrude.  
 So Endor's wretched forceress, altho'  
 She Saul through his disguise did know,  
 Yet when the devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,  
 Behold! the gods arise.

IV.

In vain, alas! these outward hopes are try'd;  
 Reason within's our only guide.  
 Reason! which (God be prais'd!) still walks, for all  
 Its old orig'nal fall.  
 And since itself the boundless Godhead join'd  
 With a reasonable mind,  
 It plainly shews that mysteries divine  
 May with our reason join.

V.

The holy Book, like the eighth sphere, does shine  
 With thousand lights of truth divine.  
 So numberless the stars, that to the eye  
 It makes but all one Galaxy  
 Yet reason must assist too; for in seas  
 So vast and dangerous as these,  
 Our course by stars above we cannot know,  
 Without the compass too below.

VI.

Tho' reason cannot through faith's myst'ries see,  
 It sees that there, and such, they be;  
 Leads to heav'n's door, and there does humbly keep,  
 And there through chinks and keyholes peep.  
 Tho' it, like Moses, by a sad command,  
 Must not come into th' holy Land,  
 Yet thither it infallibly does guide,  
 And from afar 'tis all desery'd.

---



---

*Hymn to Light.*

I.

FIRST-BORN of Chaos, who so fair didst come  
 From the old Negro's darksome womb!  
 Which when it saw the lovely child,  
 The melancholy maws put on kind looks and smil'd.

II.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,  
 But ever ebb and ever flow!  
 Thou golden show'r of a true Jove!  
 Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth

III.

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!  
 Her joy, her ornament and wealth!  
 Hail to thy husband. Heat, and thee!  
 Thou the world's beautiful bride, the lusty bride-  
 groom he!

IV.

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky  
 Do all thy winged arrows fly?  
 Swiftness and Power by birth are thine;  
 From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire, the ~~Ward~~ <sup>Divine</sup>

V.

'Tis, I believe; this archery to shew,  
 That so much cost in colours thou,  
 And skill in painting dost bestow  
 Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow.

VI.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,  
 Thy race is finish'd when begun;  
 Let a post-angel start with thee,  
 And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he.

VII.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,  
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,  
 And all the year dost with thee bring  
 Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal  
 spring.

VIII.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above  
 The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,  
 And still as thou in pomp dost go,  
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

IX.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn  
 The humble glow-worms to adorn,  
 And with those living spangles gild,  
 (O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

X.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,  
 And sleep, the lazy owl of Night,  
 Asham'd and fearful to appear,  
 They screen their horrid shapes with the black  
 hemisphere.

XI.

With the mthere hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,  
 Of painted dreams a busy swarm;  
 At the first op'ning of thine eye  
 The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

XII.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,  
 Creep conscious to their secret rests:  
 Nature to thee does rev'rence pay,  
 Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

XIII.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is laid  
 To shake his wings, and rouse his head;  
 And cloudy Care has often took  
 A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

XIV.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;  
 Thy sunshine melts away his cold:  
 Encourag'd at the sight of thee,  
 To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

XV.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,  
 Blushes if thou be't in the place;  
 To Dark'ness' curtains he retires,  
 In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

XVI.

When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head  
 Out of the morning's purple bed,

Thy choir of birds about thee play,  
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

XVII.

The ghosts, and monster sp'rits, that did presume  
A body's priv'lege to assume,  
Vanish again invisibly,  
And bodies gain again their visibility.

XVIII.

All the world's brav'ry, that delights our eyes,  
Is but thy sev'ral liveries;  
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,  
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou  
go'st.

XIX.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;  
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;  
The virgin lilies, in their white,  
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

XX.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands  
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands:  
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;  
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

XXI.

With flame condens'd thou dost the jewels fix,  
And solid colours in it mix:  
Flora herself envies to see  
Flow'rs fairer than her own, and durable as she.

XXII.

Ah! Goddess! would thou couldst thy hand with-  
And be less liberal to gold; [hold,  
Didst thou less value to it give,  
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man  
relieve!

XXIII.

To me the sun is more delightful far,  
And all fair days much fairer are;  
But few, ah! wondrous few there be  
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! ev'n to thee.

XXIV.

Through the soft ways of heav'n and air, and sea,  
Which open all their pores to thee,  
Like a clear river thou dost glide,  
And with thy living stream through the close chan-  
nels slide.

XXV.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,  
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;  
Takes there possession, and does make,  
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

XXVI.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day  
In th' empyrean heav'n does stay;  
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,  
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must  
flow.

*The Country Mouse. A paraphrase upon Horace,  
Book II. Sat. vi.*

At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,  
Close to plow'd ground, seated commodiously,  
His ancient and hereditary house,  
There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse:

Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,  
Yet one who once did nobly entertain  
A City Mouse, well coated, sleek, and gay,  
A Mouse of high degree, which lost his way,  
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,  
And arriv'd early, and belighted there  
For a day's lodging. The good hearty host  
(The ancient plenty of his hall to boast)  
Did all the stores produce that might excite,  
With various tastes, the courtier's appetite:  
Fitches and beans, peason, and oats, and wheat,  
And a large chesnut, the delicious meat,  
Which Jove himself, were he a Mouse, would eat.

And for a hautgout, there was mix'd with these  
The swerd of bacon and the coat of cheese,  
The precious relics which at harvest he  
Had gather'd from the reapers' luxury.  
Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,  
The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.  
And thus at ease on beds of straw they lay,  
And to their genius sacrific'd the day:  
Yet the nice guest's Epicurean mind  
(Though breeding made him civil seem and kind)  
Despis'd this country feast, and still his thought  
Upon the cakes and pies of London wrought.

Your bounty and civility (said he)  
Which I'm surpris'd in these rude parts to see,  
Shews that the gods have given you a mind  
Too noble for the fate which here you find.  
Why should a soul so virtuous and so great  
Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?  
Let savage beasts lodge in a country den,  
You should see towns, and manners know, and  
men;

And taste the gen'rous lux'ry of the court,  
Where all the mice of quality resort;  
Where thousand beauteous shees about you move,  
And by high fare are pliant made to love.  
We all e'er long must render up our breath,  
No cave or hole can shelter us from Death.

Since life is so uncertain and so short,  
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.  
Come, worthy Sir! come with me, and partake  
All the great things that mortals happy make.  
Alas! what virtue hath sufficient arms  
To oppose bright Honour and soft Pleasure's  
charms!

What wisdom can their magic force repel?  
It draws this rev'rend hermit from his cell.  
It was the time, when witty poets tell,  
"That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell:  
"She blush'd at first, and then put out the light,  
"And drew the modest curtains of the night."  
Plainly, the troth to tell, the sun was set,  
When to the town our weary d trav'lers get.  
To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,  
Made for the use of pride and luxury,  
They come; the gentle courtier at the door  
Steps, and will hardly enter in before;  
But 'tis, sir, your command, and being so,  
I'm sworn to obedience; and so in they go.  
Behind a hanging in a spacious room,  
(The richest work of Mortlake's noble loom)  
They wait awhile, their weary'd limbs to rest  
Till silence should invite them to their feast.

“ About the hour that Cynthia's silver light  
 “ Had touch'd the pale meridies of the night,”  
 At last the various supper being done,  
 It happen'd that the company was gone  
 Into a room remote, servants and all,  
 To please their noble fancies with a ball.  
 Our host leads forth his stranger, and does find  
 All fitted to the bounties of his mind.  
 Still on the table half-fill'd dishes stood,  
 And with delicious bits the floor was strow'd.  
 The courteous Mouse presents him with the best,  
 And both with fat varieties are bless'd :  
 Th' industrious peasant ev'ry where does range,  
 And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.  
 Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pie  
 They both at last, glutted and wanton lie :  
 When, see the sad reverse of prosp'rous fate,  
 And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait ;  
 With hideous noise down the rude servants come,  
 Six dogs before run barking into the room ;  
 The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,  
 And hate the fulness which retards their flight.  
 Our trembling Peasant wishes now, in vain,  
 That rocks and mountains cover'd him again.  
 Oh how the change of his poor life he curs'd :  
 This of all lives, said he, is sure the worst.  
 Give me again, ye Gods! my cave and wood ;  
 With peace, let tares and acorns be my food.

Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro

DOMINO D. COMBER,

*Decano Carleolensi colendissimo, et Collegii SS. et Individuæ Trinitatis Magistro vigilantissimo.*

SISTE gradum : quoniam temeraria pagina tendis,  
 Auratâ nimium facta superba togâ ?  
 Subdita Virgiferæ te volvat turba Tyranno ;  
 Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.  
 I, pete sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,  
 Et Logicæ pugno carmina scripta tenent.  
 Post ea, vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, af. un. Quanta?  
 par. infin.  
 Destruit Edictum, destruit Ique modum.  
 Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandius ore sonabit ;  
 Setonus, dicent, quid velit iste sibi ?  
 I, pete Caufidicos : poteris sic culta videri,  
 Et benè Romanis fundere verba modis.  
 Fallor : post Ignoramum gens cautior illa est ;  
 Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.  
 I, pete Lectorem nullum ; sic salva latebis ;  
 Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.  
 Linnè ab hoc caveas : Procul ô, procul ito pro-  
 fana.  
 Dissimile hic Domini nil decet esse suo.  
 Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,  
 Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt.  
 Talis in Altari trepidat Pax pane timenda,  
 Et Flavum attolit sic veneranda caput.  
 At scio, quid dices : Nostros Academia lusus  
 Spectavit ; nugæ tum placuere meæ.  
 Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est Hic altera solus ;  
 Vel Grantæ ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.

Sed si authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire :  
 (Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)  
 Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ  
 Tristis, et hæc illi paucula metra refer.  
 Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,  
 Viventi auspiciam quod sibi vellet idem.  
 Non peto ut ista probes : tantum, Puerilia, dicas  
 Sunt, fateor ; Puerum sed satis illa decent.  
 Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,  
 Si Socius, tandem sit, meliora dabit.

*Inter Musas Cantabrigienses extant Carmina sequentia  
 ab Auctore A. Cowley conscripta, quæ ne deperdan-  
 tur dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere visum est*

De felici partu Reginae Mariæ.

DUM more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,  
 Et populam pascit religiosa fames ;  
 Quanta beat nostrum soboles formosa Mariam ;  
 Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.  
 Ite, quibus Iusum Bacchusque Ceresque min-  
 strant,  
 Et risum vitis lætissima pæbra movet.  
 Nos une lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti :  
 Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari,  
 Cùm corda arcanâ saltant vestiva choreâ,  
 Cur pede vel tedus trita frequente sonet ?  
 Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem  
 Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.  
 Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,  
 Quæ sum pompâ gaudia vera suâ.  
 Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria ;  
 Cedit de læte Carolus in se suo.  
 A te sic vinci magnus quem gaudeat ille !  
 Vix hostes tanti vel superasse fuit.  
 Jam tua plus vivit pictura ; at proxima fiet  
 Regis, et in methodo te perperisse juvat.  
 O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri !  
 O sancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor !  
 Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro  
 Tam populo (et notum est quam placet ille) plac-  
 da veniam, hic omnes nimium quod sumus avas  
 Da veniam, hic animos quod lætare nequis.  
 Cùmque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)  
 In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,  
 Natorum in facie tua viva et mollis imago  
 Non minus in terris quam tua sculpta, regat.

*Ob paciferum Serenissimi Regis Caroli e Scotia reditu.*

ERGO redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,  
 Captivæque ingens laurea pacis adest.  
 Vicerunt alii bellis et Marte cruento ;  
 Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.  
 Te sequitur volucris micis Victoria penna,  
 Et Famae pennas prævenit ipse Iuxæ.  
 Te voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,  
 Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.  
 Te, ropè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,  
 Nascentem, et Delo plus licuisse dolent.

Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum,  
 Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat,  
 Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustra Bootæ;  
 Sed ~~per~~ tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.  
 Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arcton,  
 rorrentesque novo lumine adornat equos.  
 Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,  
 Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!  
 Calido in vetitum potiùs descenderet æquor,  
 Quàm vellet tantum mœsta videre nefas.  
 Convenisse feris inter se noverat Urfis,  
 Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.

Nos gens una sumus; De Scoti nomine et Angli  
 Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.  
 Tam bene cognatos compefcit Carolus enses,  
 Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.  
 Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem  
 Eripuit: nunquam bella videre potest.  
 Sic gladios solvit vaginis fulgur in ipsis;  
 Effectùque potest vix priùs ire suo.  
 Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo  
 Circumfert subitam, quàm volat ipse, diem.  
 Nil illi prodest stellarum exercitus ingens;  
 Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

---

## EPISTLES.

---

*To the Duke of Buckingham, upon his marriage with  
the Lord Fairfax his daughter,*

I.

BEAUTY and strength together came,  
Ev'n from the birth, with Buckingham;  
The little active seeds which since are grown  
So fair, so large, and high,  
With life itself were in him sown:  
Honour and Wealth stood like the midwives by,  
To take the birth into their happy hands,  
And wrapt him warm in their rich swaddling  
bands.

To the great stock the thriving infant soon  
Made greater acquisitions of his own:  
With beauty gen'rous goodness be combin'd,  
Courage to strength, judgment to wit he join'd:  
He pair'd and match'd his native virtues right,  
Both to improve their use and their delight.

II.

O blest'd conjunction of the fairest stars  
That shine in human nature's sphere!  
But, O! what envious cloud your influence bars!  
Ill Fortune! what dost thou do there?  
Hadst thou the least of modesty,  
Thou'dst be ashamed that we should see  
Thy deform'd looks, and dress, in such a company.  
Thou wert deceiv'd, rash Goddess! in thy hate,  
If thou didst foolishly believe  
That thou couldst him of ought deprive  
But, what men hold of thee, a great estate.  
And here indeed thou to the full didst shew  
All that thy tyrant deity could do:  
His virtues never did thy pow'r obey:  
In dissipating storms and routed battles they  
Did close and constant with their captain stay;  
They with him into exile went,  
And kept their home in banishment.  
The noble youth was often forc'd to flee  
From the insatiate rage of thee,  
Disguis'd and unknown.  
In all his shapes they always kept their own;  
Nay, with the foil of darkness brighter shone,  
And might unwillingly have done,  
But that just Heav'n thy wicked will abhor'd,  
What virtues most detest, might have betray'd  
their Lord.

III.

Ah! slothful Love! couldst thou with patience see  
Fortune usurp that flow'ry spring from thee,  
And nip thy rosy season with a cold,  
That comes too soon when life's short ear grows  
old:

Love his gross error saw at last,  
And promis'd large amends for what was past;  
He promis'd, and has done it, which is more  
than I, who knew him long, e'er knew him do  
before.

He 'as done it nobly, and we must confess  
Could do no more, tho' he ought to do no less.  
What has he done? he has repaid  
The ruins which a luckless war did make:  
And added to it a reward  
Greater than Conquest for its share could take:  
His whole estate could not such gain produce,  
Had it lain out a hundred years at use.

IV.

Now blessings to thy noble choice betide,  
Happy, and happy-making Bride!  
Tho' thou art born of a victorious race,  
And all their rougher victory dost grace  
With gentle triumphs of thy face,  
Permit us, in this milder war, to prize  
No less thy yielding heart than thy victorious eyes;  
Nor doubt the honour of that field  
Where thou didst first o'ercome e'er thou didst  
yield.

And tho' thy Father's martial name  
Has fill'd the trumpets and the drums of Fame,  
Thy husband triumphs now no less than he,  
And it may justly question'd be  
Which was the happiest conqueror of the three.

V.

There is in Fate, (which none but poets see)  
There is in Fate the noblest poetry,  
And she has shewn, great Duke! her utmost art  
in thee;

For after all the troubles of thy scene,  
Which so confus'd and intricate have been,  
She 'as ended with this match thy tragi-comedy:  
We all admire it, for, the truth to tell,  
Our poet, Fate, ends not all plays so well;  
But this she as her master-piece does boast,  
And so indeed she may;

For in the middle acts and turnings of the play,  
 Alas! we gave our hero up for lost.  
 All men I see this with applause receive;  
 And now let me have leave,  
 A servant of the person and the art,  
 To speak this prologue to the second part.

---

*To the Duchess of Buckingham.*

If I should say that in your face were seen  
 Nature's best picture of the Cyprian queen;  
 If I should swear, under Minerva's name,  
 Poets (who prophets are) foretold your fame;  
 The future age would think it flattery,  
 But to the present, which can witness be,  
 'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far  
 As you above the rest of women are.

When Manners' name with Villers' join'd I see,  
 How I do rev'rence your nobility!  
 But when the virtues of your stock I view,  
 (Envy'd in your dead lord, admir'd in you)  
 I half adore them: for what woman can,  
 Besides yourself, (nay, I might say, what man)  
 By sex, and birth, and state, and ~~excell~~  
 In mind, in fame, in worth, in living well?

Oh! how had this begot idolatry,  
 If you had liv'd in the world's infancy,  
 When man's too-much religion made the best  
 Or deities, or semi-gods at least?  
 But we, forbidden this by piety,  
 Or if we were not, by your modesty,  
 Will make our hearts an altar, and there pray  
 Not to, but for, you; nor that England may  
 Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,  
 But, what's more possible, t' enjoy you long.

---

*To his very much honoured godfather, Mr. A. B.*

I.

I LOVE (for that upon the wings of Fame  
 Shall perhaps mock Death, or Time's dart) my  
 name;

I love it more because 't was giv'n by you;  
 I love it most, because it was your name too:  
 For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame  
 Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

II.

I'm glad that city t' whom I ow'd before  
 (But, ah me! Fate hath cross'd that willing score)  
 A father, gave me a godfather too,  
 And I'm more glad because it gave me you,  
 Whom I may rightly think, and term to be,  
 Of the whole city an epitomè.

III.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one  
 (When Nature had not licens'd my tongue  
 Farther then cries) who should my office do,  
 I thank her more because she found out you,  
 In whose each look I may a sentence see;  
 In whose each deed a teaching homily.

IV.

How shall I pay this debt to you? my Fate  
 Denies me Indian pearl or Persian plate;  
 Which though it did not, to requite you thus,  
 Were to send apples to Alcinous,  
 And sell the cunning'st way: no, when I can  
 In ev'ry leaf, in ev'ry verse, write Man:

V.

When my quill relisheth a school no more,  
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learn'd to soar  
 And gotten wings as well as feet, look then  
 For equal thanks from my unweary'd pen;  
 Till future ages say, 't was you did give  
 A name to me, and I made your's to live

---

*To his Mistress.*

I.

TYRIAN dye why do you wear,  
 You whose cheeks best scarlet are?  
 Why do you so fondly pin  
 Pure linen o'er your skin,  
 (Your skin, that's whiter far)  
 Casting a dusky cloud before a star?

II.

Why bears your neck a golden chain?  
 Did Nature make your hair in vain?  
 Of gold most pure and fine,  
 With gems why do you shine?  
 They, neighbours to your crown,  
 Shew but like phosphor when the sun doth rise.

III.

I would have all my Mistress' parts  
 Owe more to Nature than to arts;  
 I would not woo the dress,  
 Or one whose nights give less  
 Contentment than the day.  
 She's fair whose beauty only makes her gay.

IV.

For 'tis not buildings make a court,  
 Or pomp, but 't is the king's resort,  
 If Jupiter down pour  
 Himself, and in a show'r  
 Hide such bright majesty,  
 Less than a golden one it cannot be.

---

*To a lady who desired a song of Mr. Cowley, he presented this following.*

I.

COME, Poetry! and with you bring along  
 A rich and painted throng  
 Of noblest words into my song:  
 Into my numbers let them gently flow,  
 Soft and pure, and thick as snow,  
 And turn thy numbers still to prove  
 Smooth as the smoothest sphere above,  
 And like a sphere harmoniously move.

II.

Little dost thou, vain Song! thy fortune know,  
 What thou art destin'd to,

And what the stars intend to do,  
Among a thousand songs but few can be  
Born to the honour promis'd thee :  
Eliza's self shall thee receive,  
And a bleis'd being to thee give :  
Thou on her sweet and tuneful voice shalt live.

## III.

Her warbling tongue shall freely with thee play,  
Thou on her lips shalt stray,  
And dance upon the rosy-way :  
No prince alive that would not envy thee,  
And count thee happier far than he :  
And how shalt thou thy author crown !  
When fair Eliza shall be known  
To sing thy praise, when she but speaks her own.

---

*To the Lord Falkland, for his safe return from the  
northern expedition against the Scots.*

GREAT is thy charge, O North ! be wise and just,  
England commits her Falkland to thy trust :  
Return him safe : Learning would rather choose  
Her Bodly or her Vatican to lose.  
All things that are but writ or printed there,  
In his unbounded breast engraven are :  
There all the Sciences together meet,  
And ev'ry art does all her kindred greet,  
Yet jostle not, nor quarrel, but as well  
Agree as in some common principle.  
So in an army, govern'd right, we see  
(Though out of sev'ral countries rais'd it be) ●  
That all their order, and their place maintain,  
The English, Dutch, the Frenchmen, and the Dane,  
So thousand divers species fill the air,  
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there ;  
Beasts, houses, trees, and men together lie,  
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.

And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate  
Thrust into th' noise and bus'ness of a state.  
All virtues, and some customs, of the court,  
Other men's labour are at least his sport.  
Whilst we who can no action undertake,  
Whom Idleness itself might learned make,  
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know  
Whether the Scots in England be or no,  
Pace dully on, oft' tire, and often stay,  
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.  
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,  
And her estate of wit on one bestow :  
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best  
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.  
How could he answer 't, should the state think fit  
To question a monopoly of wit ?

Such is the man whom we require, the same  
We lent the North, untouch'd as is his fame.  
He is too good for war, and ought to be  
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.  
Those men alone (and those are useful too)  
Whose valour is the only art they know,  
Were for sad war and bloody battles born ;  
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

*To the Bishop of Lincoln, upon his enlargement out of  
the Tower.*

PARDON, my Lord ! that I am come so late  
T' express my joy for your return of Fate.  
So when injurious Chance did you deprive  
Of liberty, at first I could not grieve ;  
My thoughts a while, like you, imprison'd lay ;  
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay ;  
They hinder one another in the crowd,  
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud,  
Should ev'ry man's officious gladness haste,  
And be afraid to shew itself the last,  
The throng of congratulations now would be  
Another loss to you of liberty.  
When of your freedom men the news did hear,  
Where it was wish'd for, that is every where,  
'Twas like the speech which from your lips does  
As soon as it was heard it ravish'd all. [fall,  
So eloquent Tully did from exile come ;  
Thus long'd-for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome,  
Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss :  
Rome, the world's head ! was nothing without his.  
Wrong to this sacred ashes I should do,  
Should I compare any to him but you ;  
You to whom Art and Nature did dispense  
The summit of wit and eloquence.  
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,  
Because the doom of exile was his fall ;  
For the whole world without a native home,  
Is nothing but a pris'n of larger room :  
But like a melting woman suffer'd he,  
He, who before outdid humanity :  
Nor could his sp'rit constant and stedfast prove,  
Whose art it had been, and greatest end, to move.  
You put ill Fortune in so good a dress,  
That it outshone other men's happiness.  
Had your prosper'ty always clearly gone  
As your high merits would have led it on,  
You 'ad half been lost, and an example then  
But for the happy, the least part of men.  
Your very suff'rings did so graceful shew,  
That some strait envy'd your affliction too :  
For a clear conscience and heroic mind  
In ills their bus'ness and their glory find.  
So though less worthy stones are drown'd in night,  
The faithful di'mond keeps his native light,  
And is oblig'd to darkness for a ray  
That would be more oppress'd than help by day.  
Your soul then most shew'd her unconquer'd  
pow'r,  
Was stronger and more armed than the Tow'r.  
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your sp'rit no more ;  
She 'as try'd her weakness and your strength be-  
fore.  
T' oppose him still who once has conquer'd so,  
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe.  
Fortune, henceforth, will more of Prov'dence have  
And rather be your friend than be your slave.

---

*To a lady who made posies for rings.*

## I.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be  
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.

As all words in few letters live,  
Thou to few words all sense dost give,  
'Twas Nature taught you this rare art  
In such a little much to shew,  
Who all the good she did impart  
To womankind epitomiz'd in you.

II.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to sing,  
The turning years be well compar'd t' a ring,  
We'll write whate'er from you we hear,  
For that 's the posy of the year:  
This difference only will remain,  
That Time his former face does wear,  
Winding into himself again,  
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

III.

'Tis said that conjurers have an art found out  
To carry spirits confin'd in rings about:  
The wonder now will less appear,  
When we behold your magic here.  
You by your rings do prisoners lead,  
And chain them with your mystic spells,  
And the strong witchcraft full to make,  
Love, the great devil, charm'd to those circles  
dwells.

IV.

They who above do various circles find,  
Say like a ring th' equator heav'n does bind.  
When heav'n shall be adorn'd by thee  
(Which then more heav'n than 't is will be)  
'Tis thou must write the posy there.  
For it wanteth one as yet,  
Though the sun pass through it twice a-year,  
The sun who is esteem'd the god of wit.

V.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings;  
They'll teach those hands to write mysterious  
things.  
Let other rings, with jewels bright,  
Cast around their costly light,  
Let them want no noble stone  
By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,  
Yet shall thy rings give place to none,  
But only that which must thy marriage bind.

*To Sir William D'Avenant, upon his two first books of  
Gondibert, finished before his voyage to America.*

METHINKS heroic poetry till now  
Like some fantastie Fairy-land did shew;  
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,  
And all but man, in man's chief work had place.  
Thou, like some worthy knight, with sacred arms,  
Dost drive the monstersthence, and end the charms:  
Instead of those dost men and manners plant,  
The things which that rich soil did chiefly want:  
Yet ev'n thy mortals do their gods excel,  
Taught by their muse to fight and love so well.

By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,  
Thine from the grave past monarchies recal.  
So much more thanks from humankind does merit  
The poet's fury than the zealot's spirit:

And from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise,  
Not like some dreadful ghost t' affright our eyes,  
But with more lustre and triumphant state  
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona sat.  
So will our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,  
And raise him up much better, yet the same:  
So godlike poets do past things rehearse;  
Not change, but heighten Nature by their verse.  
With shame, methinks, great Italy must see  
Her conqu'rors rais'd to life again by thee;  
Rais'd by such pow'rful verse, that ancient Rome  
May blush no less to see her wit overcome.  
Some men their fancies like their faith derive,  
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;  
The marks of old and Catholick would find,  
To the same chair would Truth and Fiction bind.  
Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,  
And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.  
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st  
not fit,

This latter age should see all new but wit.  
Thy fancy like a flame its way does make,  
And leaves bright tracks for following pens to  
take.

Sure 't was this noble boldness of the Muse  
Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse,  
And ne'er did Heav'n so much a voyage bless,  
If thou canst plant but there with like success.

*To the Royal Society.*

I.

PHILOSOPHY! the great and only heir  
Of all that human knowledge which has been  
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,  
Though full of years he do appear,  
(Philosophy! I say, and call it he,  
For whatso'er the painter's fancy be,  
It a male virtue seems to me)  
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,  
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vast estate.  
Three or four thousand years, one would have  
thought,

To ripeness and perfection might have brought  
A science so well bred and nurs'd,  
And of such hopeful parts, too, at the first;  
But, oh! the guardians and the tutors then,  
(Some negligent, and some ambitious men)  
Would ne'er consent to set him free,  
Or his own nat'ral pow'rs to let him see,  
Lest that should put an end to their authority.

II.

That his own bus'ness he might quite forget,  
They' amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit;  
With the deserts of poetry they fed him,  
Instead of solid meats t' increase his force;  
Instead of vig'rous exercise they led him  
Into the pleasant labyrinths of ever-fresh discourse:  
Instead of carrying him to see  
The riches which do hoarded for him lie  
In Nature's endless treasury,  
They chose his eye, to entertain

(His curious, but not cov'tous, eye)  
 With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.  
 Some few exalted sp'rits this latter age has shewn,  
 That labour'd to assert the liberty  
 (From guardians who were now usurpers grown)  
 Of this old minor still, captiv'd Philosophy;  
 But 't was rebellion call'd, to fight  
 For such a long-oppress'd right.  
 Bacon, at last, a mighty man! arose,  
 Whom a wise King and Nature chose  
 Lord Chancellor of both their laws,  
 And boldly undertook the injur'd pupils cause.

## III.

Authority, which did a body boast,  
 Though 'twas but air condens'd, and stalk'd about  
 Like some old giant's more gigantic ghost,  
 To terrify the learned rout  
 With the plain magic of true reason's light,  
 He chas'd out of our sight,  
 Nor suffer'd living men to be misled  
 By the vain shadows of the dead:  
 To graves, from whence it rose, the conquer'd  
 phantom fled:

He broke that monstrous god which stood,  
 In midst of th' orchard, and the whole did claim,  
 Which with a useless scythe of wood,  
 And something else not worth a name,  
 (Both vast for shew, yet neither fit  
 Or to defend or to beget,  
 Ridiculous and senseless terrors!) made  
 Children and superstitious men afraid.  
 The orchard's open now, and free;  
 Bacon has broke that scarecrow deity:  
 Come, enter all that will, [fill!  
 Behold the ripen'd fruit, come, gather now your  
 Yet still, methinks, we fain would be  
 Catching at the forbidden tree;  
 We would be like the Deity;  
 When truth and falsehood, good and evil, we  
 Without the senses' aid within ourselves would see;  
 For 'tis God only who can find  
 All nature in his mind.

## IV.

From words, which are but pictures of the  
 thought,  
 (Though we our thoughts from them perversely  
 drew)  
 To things, the mind's right object, he it brought:  
 Like foolish birds to painted grapes we flew.  
 He sought and gather'd for our use the true;  
 And when on heaps the chosen bunches lay,  
 He press'd them wisely the mechanic way,  
 'Till all their juice did in one vessel join,  
 Ferment into a nourishment divine,  
 The thirsty soul's refreshing wine.  
 Who to the life an exact piece would make,  
 Must not from other's work a copy take;  
 No, not from Rubens or Vandyck;  
 Much less content himself to make it like  
 'Th' ideas and the images which lie  
 In his own fancy or his memory:  
 No, he before his sight must place  
 The natural and living face;  
 The real object must command  
 Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

## V.

From these, and all long errors of the way,  
 In which our wand'ring predecessors went,  
 And, like th' old Hebrews, many years did stay  
 In deserts, but of small extent,  
 Bacon! like Moses, led us forth at last;  
 The barren wilderness he pass'd,  
 Did on the very border stand  
 Of the bless'd Promis'd land,  
 And from the mountain's top of his exalted wis-  
 saw it himself, and shew'd us it.  
 But life did never to one man allow  
 Time to discover worlds, and conquer too;  
 Nor can so short a time sufficient be  
 To fathom the vast deeps of Nature's sea:  
 The work he did we ought t' admire,  
 And were unjust if we should more require  
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th' excess  
 Of low affliction and high happiness:  
 For who o's things remote can fix his sight,  
 That's always in triumph or a fight!

## VI.

From you, great champions! we expect to get  
 These spacious countries but discover'd yet;  
 Countries where yet, instead of Nature, we  
 Her image and her idols worship'd see:  
 These large and wealthy regions to subdue,  
 Tho' Learning has whole armies at command,  
 Quarter'd about in every land,  
 A better troop she ne'er together drew.  
 Methinks, like Gideon's little band,  
 God with design has pick'd out you,  
 To do these noble wonders by a few.  
 When the whole host he saw, They are, said he;  
 Too many to o'ercome for me:  
 And now he chooses out his men,  
 Much in the way that he did then;  
 Not those many, whom he found  
 Idly extended on the ground  
 To drink, with their dejected head,  
 The stream, just so as by their mouths it fled:  
 No; but those few who took the waters up,  
 And made of their laborious hands the cup.

## VII.

Thus you prepar'd, and in the glorious fight  
 Their wondrous pattern, too, you take:  
 Their old and empty pitchers first they brake,  
 And with their hands then lifted up the light.  
 Is! found too the trumpets here!  
 Already your victorious lights appear;  
 New scenes of heav'n already we espy,  
 And crowds of golden worlds on high,  
 Which from the spacious plains of earth and sea  
 Could never yet discover'd be  
 By sailor's or Chaldean's watchful eye.  
 Nature's great works no distance can obscure,  
 No smallness her near objects can secure:  
 Ye 'ave taught the curious sight to press  
 Into the privatest recess  
 Of her imperceptible littleness:  
 Ye 'ave learn'd to read her smallest hand,  
 And well begun her deepest sense to understand.

## VIII.

Mischief and true dishonour fall on those  
 Who would to laughter or to scorn expose

So virtuous and so noble a design,  
 So human for its use, for knowledge so divine.  
 Th' things which these proud men despise, and  
 call

Impertinent, and vain, and small,  
 Those smallest things of nature let me know,  
 Rather than all their greatest actions do.  
 Whoever would deposed Truth advance  
 In the throne usurp'd from it,  
 Must feel at first the blows of ignorance,  
 And the sharp points of envious Wit.  
 So when, by various turns of the celestial dance,  
 In many thousand years  
 A star, so long unknown, appears,  
 Though heav'n itself more beautiful by it grow,  
 It troubles and alarms the world below,  
 Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor, shew.

IX.

With courage and success you the bold work be-  
 Your cradle has not idle been: [gin;

None e'er but Hercules and you could be  
 At five years' age worthy a history:  
 And he'er did Fortune better yet  
 Th' historian to the story fit.  
 As you from all old errors free  
 And purge the body of Philosophy,  
 So from all modern follies he  
 Has vindicated eloquence and wit:  
 His candid style like a clean stream does slide,  
 And his bright fancy all the way  
 Does, like the sunshine, in it play;  
 It does like Thames, the best of rivers, glide,  
 Where the god does not rudely overturn,  
 But gently pour, the crystal urn,  
 And with judicious hands does the whole current  
 guide.  
 It has all the beauties Nature can impart,  
 And all the comely drefs, without the paint, of  
 Art.

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## ELEGIAC POEMS.

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*An elegy on the death of John Littleton, Esq. son and heir to Sir Thomas Littleton, who was drowned leaping into the water to save his younger brother.*

AND must these waters smile again, and play  
About the shore, as they did yesterday?  
Will the sun court them still? and shall they shew  
No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,  
That to the thirsty traveller may say,  
I am accurs'd, go turn some other way?

It is unjust; black Flood! thy guilt is more,  
Sprung from his loss, than all thy wat'ry store  
Can give thee tears to mourn for: birds shall be,  
And beasts, henceforth, afraid to drink with  
thee.

What have I said! my pious rage hath been  
Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sin.  
Thou'rt innocent, I know, still clear and bright,  
Fit whence so pure a soul should take its flight.  
How is our angry zeal confin'd! for he  
Must quarrel with his love and piety,  
That would revenge his death. Oh! I shall sin,  
And wish anon he had less virtuous been:  
For when his brother (tears for him I'd spill,  
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)  
Struggled for life with the rude waves, he, too,  
Leapt in: and when hope no faint beam could  
shew,

His charity shone most: "Thou shalt," said he,  
"Live with me, Brother! or I'll die with thee;"  
And so he did. Had he been thine, O Rome!  
Thou wouldst have call'd his death a Martyrdom,  
And fainted him: my Conscience! give me leave,  
I'll do so too. If fate will us bereave  
Of him we honour'd living, there must be  
A kind of rev'rence to his memory  
After his death: and where more just than here,  
Where life and end were both so singular?  
He that had only talk'd with him might find  
A little academy in his mind;  
Where Wisdom master was, and fellows all  
Which we can good, which we can virtuous, call.  
Reason and holy Fear the Proctors were,  
To apprehend those words, those thoughts that err.  
His learning had outrun the rest of heirs,  
Stol'n beard from Time, and leapt to twenty years.  
And as the sun, though in full glory bright,  
Shines upon all men with impartial light,  
And a good-morrow to the beggar brings  
With as full rays as to the mightiest kings:

So he, although his worth just state might claim,  
And give to pride an honourable name,  
With courtesy to all, cloath'd virtue so,  
That 't was not higher than his thoughts were  
low.

In 's body, too, no critic eye could find  
The smallest blemish to belie his mind:  
He was all pureness, and his outward part  
But represents the picture of his heart.  
When waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat  
The hungry worm of its expected meat;  
When gems, pluck'd from the shore by ruder  
hands,

Return'd again unto their native sands;  
'Mongst all those spoils there was not any prey  
Could equal what this brook hath stol'n away.  
Weep then, sad Flood! and though thou'rt inno-  
cent,

Weep, because Fate made thee her instrument:  
And when long grief have drunk up all thy store,  
Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee merc.

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On the death of the Right Hon.

*Dudley Lord Carleton, Viscount Dorchester, late secre-  
tary of state.*

THE infernal sisters did a council call  
Of all the fiends, to the black Stygian-hall:  
The dire Tartarean monsters, hating light,  
Begot by dismal Erebus and Night,  
Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the fame  
Of their accurs'd meeting, thither came.  
Revenge, whose greedy mind no blood can fill,  
And Envy, never satisfy'd with ill,  
Thither blind Boldness and impatient Rage  
Reforted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age:  
These to oppress the earth the Furies sent,  
To spare the guilty, vex the innocent.  
The council thus dissolv'd, an angry fever,  
Whose quenchless thirst by blood was fated never,  
Envy the riches, honour, greatness, love,  
And virtue, (loadstone that all these did move)  
Of noble Carleton! him she took away,  
And like a greedy vulture seiz'd her prey.  
Weep with me each, who either reads or hears,  
And know his loss deserves his country's tears.

The Muses lost a patron by his fate,  
 Virtue a husband, and a prop the state.  
 So's chorus weeps, and to adorn his hearse  
 Calliope would sing a tragic verse:  
 And had there been before no spring of theirs,  
 They would have made a Helicon with tears.

*On the Death of my loving Friend and Cousin, Mr.  
 Richard Clarke, late of Lincoln's-Inn, Gent.*

IT was decreed by steadfast Destiny,  
 (The world from chaos turn'd) that all should die.  
 He who durst fearless pass black Acheron,  
 And dangers of th' infernal regions  
 Leading Hell's triple porter captive,  
 Was overcome himself by conqu'ring Fate.  
 The Roman Tully's pleasing eloquence,  
 Which in the ears did lock up every sense  
 Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath  
 Could not at all charm still remorseless Death;  
 Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save  
 Himself, with all his wisdom, from the grave.  
 Stern Fate brought Maro to his fun'ral flame,  
 And would have ended in that fire his fame;  
 Burning those lofty lines, which now shall be  
 Time's conqu'rors, and outlast eternity.  
 Ev'n so lov'd Clarke from death no 'scape could  
 find,

Tho' arm'd with great Alcides' valiant mind.  
 He was adorn'd in years, tho' far more young,  
 With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter tongue;  
 And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,  
 He would condemn his own to fire again.  
 His youth a Solon's wisdom did preface,  
 Had envious Time but giv'n him Solon's age:  
 Who would not, therefore, now, if Learning's  
 friend,

Bewail his fatal and untimely end?  
 Who hath such hard, such unrelenting eyes,  
 As not to weep when so much virtue dies?  
 The god of poets doth in darkness shroud  
 His glorious face, and weeps behind a cloud.  
 The doleful Muses thinking now to write  
 Sad elegies, their tears confound their sight;  
 But him t' Elysian's lasting joys they bring,  
 Where winged angels his sad requiems sing.

*On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.*

WHAT shall we say, since silent now is he,  
 Who, when he spoke, all things would silent be?  
 Who had so many languages in store,  
 That only Fame shall speak of him in more!  
 Whom England now no more return'd must see?  
 He's gone to Heav'n on his fourth embassy.  
 On earth he travell'd often; not to say  
 He'd been abroad, or pass'd loose time away.  
 In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,  
 He read the men and manners, bringing home

Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,  
 As if he went to conquer, not to see.  
 So well he understood the most and best  
 Of tongues that Babel sent into the West,  
 Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)  
 Not only liv'd, but been born every where.  
 Justly each nation's speech to him was known,  
 Who for the world was made, not us alone.  
 Nor ought the language of that man be less,  
 Who in his breast had all things to express.  
 We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate  
 For not allowing life a longer date;  
 He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find;  
 He found them not so large as was his mind;  
 But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan  
 Because that Art had no more worlds than one;  
 And when he saw that he through all had pass'd,  
 He dy'd, lest he should idle grow at last.

*On the Death of Mr. Jordan, second Master at  
 Westminster School.*

HENCE! and make room for me, all you who  
 come

Only to read the epitaph on this tomb.  
 Here lies the master of my tender years,  
 The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;  
 Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear;  
 All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.  
 Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,  
 And mourn with me; he was your tutor too.  
 Let's join our sighs, till they fly far, and shew  
 His native Belgia what she's now to do.  
 The league of grief bids her with us lament;  
 By her he was brought forth, and hither sent  
 In payment of all men we there had lost,  
 And all the English blood those wars have cost.  
 Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide:  
 His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride  
 Of England: and t' avoid the envious strife  
 Of other lands, all Europe had his life,  
 But we in chief: our country soon was grown  
 A debtor more to him than he to his own.  
 He pluck'd from youth the follies and the crimes,  
 And built up men against the future times:  
 For deeds of age are in their causes then;  
 And tho' he taught but boys, he made the men.  
 Hence 't was a master, in those ancient days,  
 When men sought knowledge first, and by it  
 praise:

Was a thing full of rev'rence, profit, fame,  
 Father itself was but a second name.  
 He scorn'd the profit; his instructions all  
 Were like the science, free and liberal.  
 He deserv'd honours, but despis'd them too,  
 As much as those who have them others do.  
 He knew not that which compliment they call;  
 Could flatter none, but himself least of all.  
 So true, so faithful, and so just as he,  
 Was nought on earth, but his own memory:  
 His memory! where all things written were  
 As sure and fix'd as in Fate's books they are.

Thus he in arts so vast a treasure gain'd,  
 Whilst still the use came in and stock remain'd :  
 And having purchas'd all that man can know,  
 He labour'd with it to enrich others now :  
 Did thus a new and harder task sustain,  
 Like those that work in mines for others' gain.  
 He, tho' more nobly, had much more to do  
 To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too :  
 Tho' my excuse would be, I must confess,  
 Much better, had his diligence been less.  
 But if a Muse hereafter smile on me,  
 And say, Be thou a poet ; men shall see  
 That none could a more grateful scholar have ;  
 For what I ow'd his life, I'll pay his grave.

*On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandyck, the famous  
 Painter.*

VANDYCK is dead ; but what bold Muse shall dare  
 (Tho' poets in that word with painters share)  
 T' express her sadness ? Poesy must become  
 An art, like painting here, an art that's dumb.  
 Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,  
 Like some sad picture which he made to weep,  
 Or those who saw't ; for none his works could  
 view,

Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.  
 His pieces so with their live objects strive,  
 That both or pictures seem, or both alive.  
 Nature herself, amaz'd, does doubting stand  
 Which is her own, and which the painter's hand,  
 And does attempt the like, with less success,  
 When her own work in twins she would express.  
 His all-resembling pencil did outpass  
 The mimick imag'ry of looking-glasses.  
 Nor was his life less perfect than his art ;  
 Nor was his hand less erring than his heart :  
 There was no false or fading colour there,  
 The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were.  
 Most other men, set next to him in view,  
 Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.  
 Thus still he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call,  
 Where rev'rend Luke salutes him first of all ;  
 Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair,  
 And could almost wish for his pencil there ;  
 Did he not gladly see how all things shine,  
 Wondrously painted in the mind Divine,  
 Whilst he, for ever ravis'd with the shew,  
 Scorns his own art which we admire below.

Only his beauteous lady still he loves ;  
 (The love of heav'nly objects heav'n improves)  
 He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,  
 And thinks on her he left so like them here.  
 And you, fair Widow ! who stay here alive,  
 Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve.  
 Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be ;  
 Begin not now, bless'd Pair ! to disagree.  
 No wonder death mov'd not his gen'rous mind,  
 You, and a new-born you, he left behind.  
 Ev'n Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,  
 And let him end your picture with his life.

*On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.*

*Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus.*

MART.

I.

It was a dismal and a fearful night,  
 Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling  
 Light,  
 When Sleep, Death's image, left my troubled  
 breast,

By something liker death possess'd :  
 My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,  
 And on my soul hung the dull weight  
 Of some intolerable fate.  
 What bell was that ? Ah me ! too much I know.

II.

My sweet Companion ! and my gentle Peer !  
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,  
 Thy end for ever, and my life, to moan ?  
 O thou hast left me all alone !  
 Thy soul and body, when death's agony  
 Besieg'd around thy noble heart,  
 Did not with more reluctance part  
 Than I, my dearest Friend ! do part from thee.

III.

My dearest Friend ! would I had dy'd for thee !  
 Life and this world, henceforth, will tedious be ;  
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,  
 If once my griefs prove tedious too.  
 Silent and sad I walk about all day,  
 As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by  
 Where their hid treasures lie :  
 Alas ! my treasure's gone, why do I stay ?

IV.

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth ;  
 A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth :  
 Nor did we envy the most sounding name,  
 By Friendship giv'n of old to Fame.  
 None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew,  
 Whom the kind youth prefer'd to me ;  
 And ev'n in that we did agree,  
 For much above myself I lov'd them too.

V.

Say, for you saw us, ye Immortal lights !  
 How oft, unwear'd, have we spent the nights,  
 Till the Lædæan stars, so fam'd for love,  
 Wonder'd at us from above ?  
 We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,  
 But search of deep philology,  
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry ; [thine.  
 Arts which I lov'd ; for they, my Friend ! were

VI.

Ye Fields of Cambridge ! our dear Cambridge ?  
 say,  
 Have you not seen us walking ev'ry day ?  
 Was there a tree about which did not know  
 The love betwixt us two ?  
 Henceforth, ye gentle Trees ! for ever fade,  
 Or your sad branches thicker join,  
 And into darksome shades combine,  
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

## VII.

Henceforth no learned youths beneath you sing,  
Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they  
bring;  
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,  
And call the learned youths to hear;  
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly,  
But all, with sad solemnity,  
Mute and unmoved be,  
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

## VIII.

To him my Muse made haste with ev'ry strain,  
Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain.  
He lov'd my worthless rhymes; and, like a friend,  
Would find out something to commend.  
Hence, now, my Muse! thou canst not me delight;  
Be this my latest verse,  
With which I now adorn his hearse,  
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

## IX.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,  
I should condemn that flourish'ing honour now,  
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear  
It rage and crackle there.  
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;  
Cypress! which tombs does beautify:  
Not Phœbus griev'd so much as I  
For him, who first was made that mournful tree.

## X.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er  
Submitted to inform a body here:  
High as the place 't was shortly in heav'n to have,  
But low and humble as his grave:  
So high, that all the Virtues there did come  
As to the chiefest feat,  
Conspicuous and great;  
So low, that for me, too, it made a room.

## XI.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all  
That we, mistaken mortals, pleasure call;  
Was fill'd with inn'cent gallantry and truth,  
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.  
He, like the stars, to which he now is gone,  
That shine with beams like flame,  
Yet burn not with the same,  
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

## XII.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,  
As if for him Knowledge had rather fought:  
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie  
In such a short mortality.  
Whene'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,  
Still did the notions throng  
About his el'quent tongue;  
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

## XIII.

So strong a wit did nature to him frame,  
As all things but his judgment overcame;  
His judgment like the heav'nly moon did shew,  
Temp'ring that mighty sea below.  
O had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound  
Would have been able to controul  
His overpowering soul?  
We 'ave lost in him arts that not yet are found.

## XIV.

His mirth was the pure sp'rits of various wit,  
Yet never did his God or friends forget;  
And when deep talk and wisdom came in view,  
Retir'd, and gave to them their due.  
For the rich help of books he always took,  
Tho' his own searching mind before  
Was so with notions written o'er,  
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

## XV.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we  
Can scarce pick here and there in history:  
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach,  
As much as they could ever teach.  
These did Religion, queen of Virtues, sway,  
And all their sacred motions steer,  
Just like the first and highest sphere,  
Which wheels about, and turns all heav'n a one way.

## XVI.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,  
He always liv'd, as other saints do die.  
Still with his soul severe account he kept,  
Weeping all debts out e'er he slept:  
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,  
Like the sun's laborious light,  
Which still in water sets at night,  
Unfully'd with his journey of the day.

## XVII.

Wondrous young Man! why wert thou made so  
good,  
'To be snatch'd hence e'er better understood?  
Snatched before half of thee enough was seen!  
'Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!  
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell,  
But danger and infectious death  
Maliciously seiz'd on that breath  
Where life, sp'rit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

## XVIII.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age!  
Where ign'rance and hypocrisy does rage!  
A fitter time for heav'n no soul e'er chose,  
The place now only free from those.  
There 'mong the bless'd thou dost for ever shine,  
And where'er thou cast'st thy view  
Upon that white and radiant crew,  
Seest not a soul cloth'd with more light than thine.

## XIX.

And if the glorious saints cease not to know  
'Their wretched friends who fight with life below,  
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,  
Only more pure and rarify'd:  
'There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,  
Thou dost with holy pity see  
Our dull and earthly poesy,  
Where grief and mis'ry can be join'd with verse.

---

*On the Death of Mr. Craslow.*

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are giv'n  
The two most sacred names of earth and heav'n,

The hard and rarest union which can be,  
Next that of Godhead with humanity.  
Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide,  
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;  
Like Moses thou, (tho' spells and charms withstand)  
Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy  
Land.

Ah, wretched We! poets of earth! but thou  
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now.  
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,  
And joy in an applause so great as thine,  
Equal society with them to hold,  
'Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old:  
And they, kind Spirits! shall all rejoice to see  
How little less than they exalted man may be.

Still the old Heathen gods in numbers dwell,  
The heav'nliest thing on earth still keeps up hell:  
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the Christian land;  
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand:  
And tho' Pan's death long since all or'cles broke,  
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:  
Nay, with the worst of Heathen dotage we  
(Vain men!) the monster Woman deify;  
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,  
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.  
What diff'rent faults corrupt our Muses thus?  
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!

Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain  
The boundless Godhead, she did well disdain  
That her eternal verse employ'd should be  
On a less subject than eternity;  
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,  
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse  
to make.

It (in a kind) her miracles did do;  
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.  
How, well blest'd Swan! did Fate contrive thy  
death,

And made thee render up thy tuneful breath  
In thy great mistress' arms\*? thou most divine  
And richest off'ring of Loretto's shrine!  
Where, like some holy sacrifice t'expire,  
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.  
Angels, they say, brought the fam'd chapel there,  
And bore the sacred load in triumph thro' the air.  
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they  
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

Pardon, my Mother Church! if I consent  
That angels led him when from thee he went;  
For ev'n in error sure no danger is,  
When join'd with so much piety as his.  
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak't, and grief,  
Ah! that our greatest faults were in belief!  
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,  
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.  
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might  
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right:  
And I myself a Catholic will be,  
So far, at least, great Saint! to pray to thee.

Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow  
On us, the Poets militant below!  
Oppos'd by our old en'my, adverse Chance,  
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance,

Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by Desires,  
Expos'd by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires,  
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,  
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies:  
Elisha-like, (but with a wish much less,  
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)  
Lo! here I beg, (I whom thou once didst prove  
So humble to esteem, so good to love)  
Not that thy sp'rit might on me doubled be,  
I ask but half thy mighty sp'rit for me;  
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,  
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to  
sing.

*Upon the Death of the Earl of Balcarres.*

I.

'Tis folly all that can be said  
By living mortals of th' immortal dead,  
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.  
'Tis as if we, who stay behind  
In expectation of the wind,  
Should pity those who pass'd this streight before,  
And touch the universal shore.  
Ah! happy Man! who art to sail no more!  
And if it seem ridiculous to grieve  
Because our friends are newly come from sea,  
'Tho' ne'er so fair and calm it be,  
What would all sober men believe,  
If they should hear us fighting say,  
Balcarres, who but th' other day  
Did all our love and our respect command,  
At whose great parts we all amaz'd did stand,  
Is from a storm, alas! cast suddenly on land?

II.

If you will say, few persons upon earth  
Did, more than he, deserve to have  
A life exempt from fortune and the grave,  
Whether you look upon his birth,  
And ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread,  
But ancestors, alas! who long ago are dead!  
Or whether you consider more  
The vast increase, as sure you ought,  
Of honour by his labour bought,  
And added to the former store;  
All I can answer is, that I allow  
The privilege you plead for, and avow,  
That as he well deserv'd, he doth enjoy it now.

III.

'Tho' God, for great and righteous ends,  
Which his unerring providence intends,  
Erroneous mankind should not understand,  
Would not permit Balcarres' hand,  
That once, with so much industry and art,  
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,  
To perfect his distracted nation's cure,  
Or stop the fatal bondage 'twas t'endure;  
Yet for his pains he soon did him remove,  
From all th' oppression and the wo  
Of his frail body's native soil below,

\* Mr. Crashaw, died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen Canon of that church.

To his soul's true and peaceful country above :  
 So godlike kings, for secret causes, known,  
 Sometimes, but to themselves alone,  
 One of their ablest ministers elect,  
 And send abroad, to treaties which they intend  
 Shall never take effect ;  
 But tho' the treaty wants a happy end,  
 The happy agent wants not the reward  
 For which he labour'd faithfully and hard ;  
 His just and righteous master calls him home,  
 And gives him near himself some honourable  
 room.

## IV.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring  
 To save his country, and restore his King ;  
 And whilst the manly half of him, which those  
 Who know not love to be the whole suppose,  
 Perform'd all parts of Virtue's vigorous life,  
 The beauteous half his lovely wife,  
 Did all his labours and his cares divide,  
 Nor was a lame nor paralytic side :  
 In all the turns of human state,  
 And all th' unjust attacks of Fate,  
 She bore her share and portion still,  
 And would not suffer any to be ill.  
 Unfortunate for ever let me be,  
 If I believe that such was he  
 Whom in the storms of bad success,  
 And all that error calls unhappiness,  
 His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accom-  
 pany.

## V.

With these companions 't was not strange  
 That nothing could his temper change.  
 His own and country's ruin had not weight  
 Enough to crush his mighty mind :  
 He saw around the hurricanes of state,  
 Fix'd as an island 'gainst the waves and wind.  
 Thus far the greedy sea may reach,  
 All outward things are but the beach ;  
 A great man's soul it doth assault in vain ;  
 Their God himself the ocean doth restrain  
 With an imperceptible chain,  
 And bid it to go back again.  
 His wisdom, justice, and his piety,  
 His courage, both to suffer and to die,  
 His virtues, and his lady, too,  
 Were things celestial : and we see,  
 In spite of quarrelling Philosophy,  
 How in this case 't is certain found,  
 That Heav'n stands still, and only earth goes round.

*On the Death of Mrs. Catharine Philips.*

## I.

CRUEL Disease ! ah, could it not suffice  
 Thy old and constant spight to exercise  
 Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,  
 Which still thy depredations most do vex ?  
 Where still thy malice most of all,  
 (Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall,  
 And in them most assault the fairest place,

There was enough of that here to assuage  
 (One would have thought) either thy lust or rage.  
 Was't not enough when thou, profane Disease !  
 Didst on this glorious temple seize ?  
 Was't not enough, like a wild zealot, there  
 All the rich outward ornaments to tear,  
 Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images ?  
 Was't not enough, thus rudely to defile,  
 But thou must quite destroy the goodly pile ?  
 And thy unbounded sacrilege commit  
 On th' inward holiest holy of her holy wit ?  
 Cruel Disease ! there thou mistook'st thy pow'r ;  
 No mine of Death can that devour ;  
 On her embalmed name it will abide  
 An everlasting pyramid,  
 As high as heav'n the top, as earth the basis wide.

## II.

All ages past record, all countries now,  
 In various kinds such equal beauties shew,  
 That ev'n Judge Paris would not know  
 On whom the golden apple to bestow ;  
 Though goddesses to his sentence did submit,  
 Women and lovers would appeal from it ;  
 Nor durst he say, of all the female race  
 This is the sov'reign face.  
 And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,  
 That 's much, ah ! much less frequent than the fair)  
 So equally renown'd for virtue are,  
 That it the mother of the gods might pose,  
 When the best woman for her guide she chose :  
 But if Apollo should design  
 A woman Laureat to make,  
 Without dispute he would Orinda take,  
 Though Sappho and the famous Nine  
 Stood by and did repine.  
 To be a princess or a queen  
 Is great, but 't is a greatness always seen ;  
 The world did never but two women know  
 Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit, did rise  
 To the two tops of sp'ritual dignities,  
 One female Pope of old, one female Poet now.

## III.

Of female poets, who had names of old,  
 Nothing is shewn, but only told,  
 And all we hear of them perhaps may be  
 Male-flatt'ry only, and male-poetry !  
 Few minutes did their beauties' lightning waste,  
 The thunder of their voice did longer last,  
 But that, too, soon was past :  
 The certain proofs of our Orinda's wit  
 In her own lasting characters are writ,  
 And they will long my praise of them survive,  
 Though long perhaps, too, that may live.  
 The trade of glory manag'd by the pen,  
 Though great it be, and every where is found,  
 Does bring in but small profit to us men ;  
 'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd :  
 Orinda on the female coasts of Fame  
 Engrosses all the goods of a poetic name :  
 She does no partner with her see,  
 Does all the bus'ness there alone which we  
 Are forc'd to carry on by a whole company.

## IV.

But wit's like a luxuriant vine,  
 Unless to Virtue's prop it join

Firm and erect towards heav'n bound ;  
 Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit  
     be crown'd,  
 It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.  
 Now shame and blushes on us all,  
 Who our own sex superior call !  
 Orinda does our boasting sex outdo,  
 Not in wit only, but in virtue too :  
 She does above our best examples rise  
 In hate of vice and scorn of vanities.  
 Never did spirit of the manly make,  
 And dipp'd all o'er, in Learning's sacred lake,  
 A temper more invulnerable take.  
 No violent passion could an entrance find  
 Into the tender goodness of her mind ;  
 Through walls of stone those furious bullets may  
 Force their impetuous way ;

When her soft breast they hit, pow'rless and dead  
 they lay.

v.

The Fame of Friendship which so long had told  
 Of three or four illustrious names of old,  
 Till hoarse and weary with the tale she grew,  
 Rejoices now to 'ave got a new,  
 A new, and more surprising story,  
 Of fair Leucasia's and Orinda's glory.  
 As when a prudent man does once perceive  
 That in some foreign country he must live,  
 The language and the manners he does strive  
 To understand and practise here,  
 That he may come no stranger there ;  
 So well Orinda did herself prepare,  
 In this much-different clime, for her remove  
 To the glad world of Poetry and Love.

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## PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

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To the truly worthy and noble Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight.

THIS latter age the lees of time, has known  
Few that have made both Pallas' arts their own ;  
But you, great Sir ! two laurels wear, and are  
Victorious in peace as well as war :  
Learning by right of conquest is your own,  
And ev'ry lib'ral art your captive grown ;  
As if neglected Science (for it now  
Wants some defenders) fled for help to you ;  
Whom I must follow, and let this for me  
An earnest of my future service be ;  
Which I should fear to send you, did I know  
Your judgment only, not your candour too :  
For 't was a work stol'n (though you'll justly call  
This play as fond as those) from Cat or Ball.  
Had it been written since, I should, I fear,  
Scarce have abstain'd from a philosopher,  
Which by tradition here is thought to be  
A necessary part in comedy.  
Nor need I tell you this ; each line of it  
Betrays the time and place wherein 't was writ ;  
And I could wish that I could safely say,  
Reader, this play was made but th' other day.  
Yet 't is not stuff'd with names of gods, hard  
words,  
Such as the metamorphoses affords :  
Nor has 't a part for Robinson, whom they  
At school account essential to a play.  
The style is low, such as you'll easily take  
For what a swain might say, and a boy make.  
Take it, as early fruits which rare appear,  
Though not half ripe, but worst of all the year ;  
And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,  
The birch which crown'd her then is grown a bay.

---

*Epilogue, spoken by Alupis.*

THE Author bid me tell you—'Faith I have  
Forgot what 'twas ; and I'm a very slave  
If I know what to say ; but only this,  
Be merry ; that my counsel always is.  
Let no grave man knit up his brow, and say  
'Tis foolish ; why ? 't was a boy made the play ;  
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,

Because he goes in plush, be of his mind.  
Let none his time, or his spent money, grieve :  
Be merry : give me your hands, and I'll believe :  
Or if you will not, I'll go in and see  
If I can turn the Author's mind, with me  
To sing away the day,  
For 'tis but a folly  
To be melancholy,  
Since that can't mend the play.

---

*Prologus. Naufragium Jocularis.*

EXI foras inepte ; nullamne habebunt hic comœ-  
diam ?  
Exi, inquam, inepte : aut incipiam ego cum Epi-  
logo.  
Tun' jam Sophista junior, et modestus adhuc ?  
Ego nihil possum, præter quod cætera solent,  
Salvete cives Attici, et corona florentissima.  
Utinam illam videretis, plus hoc spectaculo  
Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comœdiâ.  
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes ad-  
spicit.  
Nisi placide intueamini, actum est de Puero.  
Tragœdia isthæc fiet, et Naufragium verum.  
Dicturus modo Prologum, novi, inquit, peccatum  
meum.  
Prodire nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam  
Non audet, et plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.  
Illius ergo causâ, finite exorator siem  
Ut nequis Poëta vitio vortat novitio,  
Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.  
Nisi fari inceptaverit, nemo est futurus eloquens.  
Qui modo pulpitem fortius, aut scenam concutit,  
Aliquando balbutivit ac timuit loqui.  
Neque annos novem pascite ; non est, Spectatores  
optimi,  
Adultæ res, sed puerilis, ludere.  
Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.  
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum ?  
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpu-  
ram ?  
Favete et huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis Her-  
bula  
Repentè exortus, repentino occidat.

*Epilogus. Naufragium Jocularis.*

**H**ABET ; peracta est Fabula ; nil restat denique :  
 Nisi ut vos valere jubeam ; quod ut fiat mutuo,  
 Valere et nos etiam jubeatis precor.  
 Naufragium sic non erit ; nam vobis, si placuimus,  
 Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,  
 Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio,

*Prologue to the Guardian, before the Prince.*

**W**ho says the times do learning disallow ?  
 'Tis false ; 't was never honour'd so as now.  
 When you appear, great Prince ! our night is done ;  
 You are our morning star, and shall be our sun.  
 But our scene 's London now, and by the rout  
 We perish, if the Roundheads be about.  
 For now no ornament the head must wear,  
 No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.  
 How can a play pass safely, when, ye know,  
 Cheapside-Cross falls for making but a shew ?  
 Our only hope is this, that it may be  
 A play may pass, too, made *extempore*.  
 Though other arts poor and neglected grow,  
 They'll admit poetry, which was always so.  
 But we condemn the fury of these days,  
 And scorn no less their censure than their praise.  
 Our Muse ! bless'd Prince ! does only on you rely,  
 Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.  
 Accept our hasty zeal ; a thing that 's play'd  
 E'er 't is a play, and acted e'er 't is made.  
 Our ignorance, but our duty, too, we shew :  
 I would all ignorant people would do so !  
 At other times times expect our wit or art ;  
 This comedy is acted by the heart.

*Epilogue to the Guardian.*

**T**HE play, Great Sir ! is done ; yet needs must fear,  
 Though you brought all your father's mercies here,  
 It may offend your highness, and we 'ave now  
 Three hours done treason here, for ought we  
 know.  
 But pow'r your Grace can above Nature give ;  
 It can give pow'r to make abortives live :  
 In which, if our bold wishes should be cross'd,  
 'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost :  
 Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,  
 Scarce could it die more quickly than 't was born.

*Prologue to the Cutter of Coleman-Street.*

**A**s when the midland sea is no where clear  
 From dreadful fleets of Tunis and Argier,  
 Which coast about, to all they meet with foes,  
 And upon which nought can be got but blows ;

The merchant ships so much their passage doubt,  
 That, though full-freighted, none dares venture  
 out,  
 And trade decays, and scarcity ensues :  
 Just so the tim'rous wits of late refuse,  
 Though laded, to put forth upon the stage,  
 Affrighted by the critics of this age.  
 It is a party num'rous, watchful, bold ;  
 They can from nought, which fails in fight, with-  
 hold.

Nor do their cheap, though mortal, thunder spare ;  
 They shoot, alas ! with windguns charg'd with air.  
 But yet, Gentlemen Critics of Argier,  
 For your own int'rest I'd advise ye here  
 To let this little forlorn hope go by,  
 Safe and untouch'd. That must not be, you'll cry.  
 If ye be wise it must ; I'll tell you why,  
 There are seven, eight, nine—stay—there are be-  
 hind

Ten plays at least, which wait but for a wind.  
 And the glad news that we the en'my miss,  
 And those are all your own if you spare this.  
 Some are but new trimm'd up, others quite new,  
 Some by known shipwrights built, and others too  
 By that great author made, who'er he be,  
 That styles himself Person of Quality.  
 All these, if we miscarry here ~~to-day~~  
 Will rather till they rot in th' harbour stay ;  
 Nay, they will back again, though they were come  
 Ev'n to their last safe road, the Tiringroom.  
 Therefore again I say, if you be wise,  
 Let this for once pass free ; let it suffice  
 That we, your sov'reign pow'r here to avow,  
 Thus humbly, e'er we pass, strike sail to you.

*Added at Court.*

**S**TAY, Gentlemen ; what I have said, was all  
 But forc'd submission, which I now recall.  
 Ye're all but pirates now again ; for here  
 Does the true Sov'reign of the seas appear,  
 The Sov'reign of these narrow seas of wit ;  
 'Tis his own Thames ; he knows and governs it.  
 'Tis his dominion and domain ; as he  
 Pleases 't is either shut to us, or free.  
 Not only if his passport we obtain,  
 We fear no little rovers of the main ;  
 But if our Neptune his calm visage shew,  
 No wave shall dare to rise, or wind to blow.

*Epilogue spoken by the Cutter.*

**M**ETHINKS a vision bids me silence break,  
 [Without his peruke,  
 And some words to this congregation speak ;  
 So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet  
 At the fifth monarch's court in Coleman-street.  
 But yet I wonder much not to espy a  
 Brother in all this court call'd Zephaniah.  
 Bless me ! where are we ? what may this place be ?  
 For I begin my vision now to see

That this is a mere theatre ; well, then, [peruke.  
 If't be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again. [Put on his  
 Not Cutter the pretended Cavalier;  
 For, to confess ingeniously here  
 'To you, who always of that party were,  
 I never was of any ; up and down  
 I roll'd, a very rakehell of this Town.  
 But now my follies and my faults are ended,  
 My fortune and my mind are both amended,  
 And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,  
 Our Author says he'll mend, that is, he'll write no  
 more.

*Epilogue at Court.*

THE madness of your people, and the rage  
 You 'ave seen too long upon the public stage ;

'Tis time at last, great Sir ! 't is time to see  
 Their tragic follies brought to comedy.  
 If any blame the lowness of our scene,  
 We humbly think some persons there have been  
 On the world's theatre not long ago,  
 Much more too high, than here they are too low.  
 And well we know that Comedy of old  
 Did her plebeian rank with so much honour hold,  
 That it appear'd not then too base or light  
 For the great Scipio's conqu'ring hand to write.  
 Howe'er, if such mean persons seem too rude,  
 When into royal presence they intrude,  
 Yet we shall hope a pardon to receive  
 From you, a Prince so practis'd to forgive ;  
 A Prince who, with th' applause of earth and  
 heav'n,  
 The rudeness of the vulgar has forgiv'n.

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# THE MISTRESS:

OR,

## SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE VERSES.

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—Hæret lateri lethalis arundo,

VIRG. ÆN. IV.

### *The request.*

I.

I'VE often wish'd to love; what shall I do?  
Me still the cruel Boy does spare,  
And I a double task must bear,  
First to woo him, and then a Mistress too.  
Come at last, and strike for shame;  
If thou art any thing besides a name;  
I'll think thee else no god to be,  
But poets rather gods, who first created thee.

II.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow;  
Let me but love, whate'er she be,  
She cannot seem deform'd to me,  
And I would have her seem to others so.  
Desire takes wings, and straight does fly,  
It stays not dully to inquire the why.  
That happy thing, a lover grown,  
I shall not see with other's eyes, scarce with mine  
own.

III.

If she be coy, and scorn my noble fire,  
If her chill heart I cannot move,  
Why, I'll enjoy the very love,  
And make a mistress of my own desire.  
Flames their most vig'rous heat do hold,  
And purest light, if compass'd round with cold;  
So, when sharp Winter means most harm,  
The springing plants are by the snow itself kept  
warm.

IV.

But do not touch my heart, and so begone;  
Strike deep thy burning arrows in:  
Lukewarmness I account a sin  
As great in love as in religion.  
Come arm'd with flames, for I will prove  
All the extremities of mighty Love.  
Th' excess of heat is but a fable;  
We know the Torrid Zone is now found habitable.

V.

Among the woods and forests thou art found,  
There boars and lions thou dost tame;  
Is not my heart a nobler game?  
Let Venus men, and beasts Diana wound.  
Thou dost the birds thy subjects make;  
Thy nimble feathers do their wings o'ertake:  
Thou all the spring their songs dost hear,  
Make me love too, I'll sing to thee all th' year.

VI.

What service can mute fishes do to thee?  
Yet against them thy dart prevails,  
Piercing the armour of their scales;  
And still thy seaborne mother lives i' th' sea.  
Dost thou deny only to me  
The no-great privilege of captivity?  
I beg or challenge here thy bow;  
Either thy pity' to me, or else thine anger shew.

VII.

Come, or I'll teach the world to scorn that bow:  
I'll teach them thousand wholesome arts,  
Both to resist and cure thy darts,  
More than thy skilful Ovid e'er did know.  
Music of sighs thou shalt not hear,  
Nor drink one wretched lover's tasteful tear:  
Nay, unless soon thou woundest me,  
My verses shall not only wound, but murder thee.

---

---

### *The Thralldom.*

I.

I CAME, I saw, and was undone;  
Lightning did thro' my bones and marrow run;  
A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart;  
A swift, cold tremb'ling, seiz'd on ev'ry part  
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear  
The poison that was enter'd there.

I

II.

So a destroying angel's breath  
Blows in the plague, and with it hasty death.  
Such was the pain, did so begin  
To the poor wretch when legion enter'd in.  
Forgive me, God! I cry'd; for I  
Flatter'd myself I was to die.

III.

But quickly to my cost I found  
'Twas cruel Love, not Death, had made the wound:  
Death a more gen'rous rage does use;  
Quarter to all he conquers does refuse:  
Whilst love with barb'rous mercy saves  
The vanquish'd lives, to make them slaves.

IV.

I am thy slave then; let me know,  
Hard Master! the great task I have to do:  
Who pride and scorn do undergo,  
In tempests and rough seas thy gallies row;  
They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find  
Their sighs increase the angry wind.

V.

Like an Egyptian tyrant, some  
Thou weariest out in building but a tomb:  
Others, with sad and tedious art,  
Labour i' th' quarries of a stony heart.  
Of all the works thou dost assign  
To all the several slaves of thine,  
Employ me, mighty Love! to dig the mine.

---

*The given Love.*

I.

I'll on; for what should hinder me  
From loving and enjoying thee?  
Thou canst not those exceptions make,  
Which vulgar fordid mortals take,  
That my fate's too mean and low;  
'Twere pity I should love thee so,  
If that dull cause could hinder me  
In loving and enjoying thee.

II.

It does not me a whit displease;  
That the rich all honours seize;  
That you all titles make your own,  
Are valiant, learned, wise, alone:  
But if you claim o'er women too  
The power which over men you do,  
If you alone must lovers be,  
For that, Sirs! you must pardon me.

III.

Rather than lose what does so near  
Concern my life and being here,  
I'll some such crooked ways invent,  
As you or your forefathers went:  
I'll flatter or oppose the king,  
Turn Puritan, or any thing;  
I'll force my mind to arts so new,  
Grow rich, and love as well as you.

IV.

But rather thus let me remain,  
As man in Paradise did reign,

When perfect love did so agree  
With innocence and poverty.  
Adam did no jointure give,  
Himself was jointure to his Eve:  
Untouch'd with av'rice yet, or pride,  
The rib came freely back to' his side.

V.

A curse upon the man who taught  
Women that love was to be bought;  
Rather doat only on your gold,  
And that with greedy av'rice hold;  
For if woman, too, submit  
To that, and sell herself for it,  
Fond lover! you a Mistress have  
Of her that's but your fellow-slave.

VI.

What should those poets mean of old,  
That made their god to woo in gold?  
Of all men sure they had no cause  
To bind Love to such costly laws:  
And yet I scarcely blame them now;  
For who, alas! would not allow  
That women should such gifts receive,  
Could they, as he, be what they give?

VII.

If thou, my Dear! thyself shouldst prize,  
Alas! what value would suffice?  
The Spaniard could not do' it, though he  
Should to both Indies jointure thee.  
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,  
If thou shouldst any bargain make;  
To give all to benefit thee well,  
But not at rates to sell.

VIII.

Bestow thy beauty then on me  
Freely, as Nature gave it to thee;  
'Tis an exploded Popish thought  
To think that heav'n may be bought.  
Pray'rs, hymns, and praises, are the way,  
And those my thankful Muse shall pay;  
Thy body, in my verse enshrin'd,  
Shall grow immortal as thy mind.

IX.

I'll fix thy title next in fame  
To Sachariffa's well-sung name.  
So faithfully will I declare  
What all thy wondrous beauties are,  
That when, at the last great assize,  
All women shall together rise,  
Men straight shall cast their eyes on thee,  
And know at first that thou art she.

---

*The Spring.*

I.

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say,  
The trees as beauteous are, and flow'rs as gay,  
As ever they were wont to be;  
Nay, the birds' rural music, too,  
Is as melodious and free  
As if they sung to pleasure you.

R

I saw a rosebud open this morn; I'll swear  
The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.

II.

How could it be so fair and you away?  
How could the trees be beauteous, flow'rs so gay?  
Could they remember but last year  
How you did them, they you, delight,  
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,  
And call'd their fellows to the fight,  
Would, looking round for the same fight in vain,  
Creep back into their silent barks again,

III.

Where'er you walk'd, trees were as rev'rend made,  
As when of old gods dwelt in ev'ry shade.  
Is't possible they should not know  
What loss of honour they sustain,  
'That thus they smile and flourish now,  
And still their former pride retain?  
Dull Creatures! 'tis not without cause that she  
Who fled the God of Wit was made a tree.

IV.

In ancient times, sure, they much wiser were,  
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;  
In vain did nature bid them stay,  
When Orpheus had his song begun,  
They call'd their wond'ring roots away,  
And bad them silent to him run.  
How would those learned trees have follow'd you?  
You would have drawn them and their poet too.

V.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're  
They're here the only fair, and ~~thing~~ alone. [gone.  
You did their nat'ral rights in  
Wherever you did walk or sit,  
The thickest boughs could make no shade,  
Although the sun had granted it:  
The fairest flow'rs could please no more, near you,  
Than painted flow'rs set next to them could do.

VI.

Whene'er, then, you come hither, that shall be  
The time which this to others is, to me.  
The little joys which here are now,  
The name of punishments do bear,  
When by their sight they let us know  
How we depriv'd of greater are:  
'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;  
This is for beasts, and that for men, the Spring.

---

*Written in Juice of Lemon.*

I.

WHILST what I write I do not see,  
I dare thus, even to you, write poetry.  
Ah! foolish Muse! which dost so high aspire,  
And know'st her judgment well,  
How much it does thy pow'r excel,  
Yet dar'st be read by thy just doom, the fire.

II.

Alas! thou think'st thyself secure,  
Because thy form is innocent and pure;  
Like hypocrites, which seem unspotted here,

But when they sadly come to die,  
And the last fire their truth must try,  
Scrawl'd o'er like thee, and blotted, they appear.

III.

Go then, but reverently go,  
And, since thou needst must sin, confess it too;  
Confess't, and with humility clothe thy shame;  
For thou, who else must burned be  
An Heretic, if she pardon thee,  
May'st, like a martyr, then enjoy the flame.

IV.

But if her wisdom grow severe,  
And suffer not her goodness to be there;  
If her large mercies cruelly it restrain,  
Be not discourag'd, but require  
A more gentle ordeal fire,  
And bid her by Love's flames read it again.

V.

Strange pow'r of Heat! thou yet dost shew  
Like winter earth, naked, or cloth'd with snow;  
But as the quick'ning sun approaching near,  
The plants arise up by degrees,  
A sudden paint adorns the trees,  
And all kind Nature's characters appear;

VI.

So nothing yet in thee is seen,  
But when a genial heat warms thee ~~within~~  
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;  
Here buds an A, and there a B,  
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,  
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows.

VII.

Still, silly Paper! thou wilt think  
That all this might as well be writ with ink.  
Oh no; there's sense in this, and mystery;  
'Thou now may'st change thy author's name,  
And to her hand lay noble claim,  
For as she reads, she makes the words in thee.

VIII.

Yet if thine own unworthiness  
Will still that thou art mine, not her's, confess,  
Consume thyself with fire before her eyes,  
And so her grace or pity move:  
The gods, though beasts they do not love,  
Yet like them when they're burnt in sacrifice.

---

*Inconstancy.*

FIVE years ago, says Story, I lov'd you,  
For which you call me most Inconstant now.  
Pardon me; Madam! you mistake the man,  
For I am not the same that I was then;  
No flesh is now the same 't was then in me;  
And that my mind is chang'd yourself may see.  
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,  
Were more inconstant far; for accidents  
Must of all things more strangely inconstant prove,  
If from one subject they to another move.  
My members then the father-members were,  
From whence these take their birth which now are  
If then this body love what th' other did, [here:  
'T were incest, which by Nature is forbid.

You might as well this day inconstant name,  
 Because the weather is not still the same  
 That it was yesterday; or blame the year,  
 'Cause the spring flow'rs, and autumn fruit does  
 The world's a scene of changes, and to be [bear.  
 Constant, in Nature were inconstancy;  
 For 'twere to break the laws herself has made:  
 Our substances themselves do fleet and fade;  
 The most fix'd being still does move and fly,  
 Swift as the wings of Time 't is measur'd by.  
 T' imagine then that love should never cease,  
 (Love, which is but the ornament of these)  
 Were quite as senseless as to wonder why  
 Beauty and colour stay not when we die.

---

*Not fair.*

'Tis very true I thought you once as fair  
 As women in th' idea are:  
 Whatever here seems beautiful, seem'd to be  
 But a faint metaphor of thee:  
 But then (methought) there something shin'd with-  
 Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin; [in  
~~Nay, 'twere to break the laws herself has made:~~  
 Which made this cloud appear so bright;  
 But since I knew thy falsehood and thy pride,  
 And all thy thousand faults beside,  
 A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,  
 White as his teeth would seem to be.  
 So men, they say, by Hell's delusions led,  
 Have ta'en a succubus to their bed,  
 Believe it fair, and themselves happy call,  
 Till the cleft foot discovers all;  
 Then they start from 't, half ghosts themselves  
 And devil as it is it does appear. [with fear,  
 So since against my will I found thee foul,  
 Deform'd and crooked in thy soul,  
 My reason straight did to my senses shew  
 That they might be mistaken too:  
 Nay, when the world but knows how false you  
 There's not a man will think you fair; [are,  
 Thy shape will monstrous in their fancies be,  
 They'll call their eyes as false as thee;  
 But what thou wilt, Hate will present thee so  
 As Puritans do the Pope, and Papists Luther do.

---

*Platonic L . . .*

I.

INDEED I must confess,  
 When soul mixt is in happiness;  
 But not complete, till bodies too, combine,  
 And closely as our minds together join:  
 But half of heav'n the souls in glory taste,  
 Till by love in heav'n at last  
 Their bodies, too, are plac'd.

II.

In thy immortal part,  
 Man, as well as I, thou art;

But something 't is that differs thee and me,  
 And we must one ev'n in that difference be.  
 I thee both as a man and woman prize,  
 For a perfect love implies  
 Love in all capacities.

III.

Can that for true love pass,  
 When a fair woman courts her glass?  
 Something unlike must in Love's likeness be,  
 His wonder is one and variety:  
 For he whose soul nought but a soul can move,  
 Does a new Narcissus prove,  
 And his own image love.

IV.

That souls do beauty know,  
 'Tis to the body's help they owe;  
 If when they know it, they straight abuse that trust,  
 And shut the body from it, 'tis as unjust  
 As if I brought my dearest friend to see  
 My Mistress, and at th' instant he  
 Should steal her quite from me.

---

*The Change.*

I.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;  
 Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;  
 Love does on both her lips for ever stray,  
 And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there;  
 In all her outward parts Love's always seen,  
 But, oh! he never went within.

II.

Within, Love's foes, his greatest foes, abide,  
 Malice, inconstancy, and Pride.  
 So the earth's face, trees, herbs, and flow'rs, do  
 With other beauties numberless; [dress,  
 But at the centre darkness is, and hell;  
 There wicked sp'rits, and there the damned, dwell.

III.

With me, alas! quite contrary it fares;  
 Darkness and death lies in my weeping eyes,  
 Despair and paleness in my face appears,  
 And grief and fear, Love's greatest enemies;  
 But, like the Persian tyrant, Love within  
 Keeps his proud court, and ne'er is seen.

IV.

Oh! take my heart, and by that means you'll prove  
 Within, too, stor'd enough of love:  
 Give me but your's, I'll by that change so thrive,  
 That love in all my parts shall live.  
 So pow'rful is this Change, it render can  
 My outside woman, and your inside man.

---

*Clad all in white.*

I.

Fairest thing that shines below,  
 Why in this robe dost thou appear?  
 Wouldst thou a white most perfect shew,

R ij

Thou must at all no garment wear :  
Thou wilt seem much whiter so,  
Than winter when 't is clad with snow.

11.

'Tis not the linen shews so fair,  
Her skin shines thro' and makes it bright ;  
So clouds themselves like suns appear,  
When the sun pierces them with light ;  
So lilies in a glass inclose,  
The glass will seem as white as those,

111.

Thou now one heap of beauty art,  
Nought outwards or within is foul ;  
Condensed beams make every part ;  
Thy body 's clothed like thy soul.  
Thy soul, which does itself display,  
Like a star plac'd i' th' Milky-way.

iv.

Such robes the saints departed wear,  
Woven all with light divine ;  
Such their exalted bodies are,  
And with such full glory shine :  
But they regard not mortals' pain ;  
Men pray, I fear, to both in vain.

v.

Yet seeing thee so gently pure,  
My hopes will needs continue still ;  
Thou wouldst not take this garment, sure,  
When thou hadst an intent to kill ?  
Of peace and yielding who would doubt,  
When the white flag he sees hung out.

---

*Leaving me, and then loving many.*

So men who once have cast the truth away,  
Forsook by God, do strange wild lusts obey ;  
So the vain Gentiles, when they left t' adore  
One Deity, could not stop at thousands more :  
Their zeal was senseless straight and boundless  
grown !

They worship'd many a beast, and many a stone.  
Ah ! fair Apostate ! couldst thou think to flee  
From truth and goodness, yet keep unity ?  
I reign'd alone ; and my bless'd self could call  
The universal monarch of her all.  
Mine, mine her fair East Indies were above,  
Where those suns rise that cheer the world of love ;  
Where beauties shine like gems of richest price ;  
Where coral grows, and every breath is spice :  
Mine, too her rich West Indies were below,  
Where mines of gold and endless treasures grow.  
But as when the Pellæan conqueror dy'd,  
Many small princes did his crown divide ;  
So, since my love his vanquish'd world forsook,  
Murder'd by poisons from her falsehood took,  
An hundred petty kings claim each their part,  
And rend that glorious empire of her heart.

---

*My Heart discovered.*

HER body is so gently bright,  
Clear and transparent to the sight,

(Clear as fair crystal to the view,  
Yet soft as that, e'er stone it grew)  
That through her flesh, methinks, is seen  
The brighter soul that dwells within :  
Our eyes the subtle covering pass,  
And see that lily through its glass,  
I through her breast her heart espy,  
As souls in hearts do souls descry ;  
I see 't with gentle motions beat,  
I see light in't, but find no heat.  
Within, like angels in the sky,  
A thousand gilded thoughts do fly ;  
Thoughts of bright and noblest kind,  
Fair and chaste as mother-mind ;  
But, oh ! what other heart is there,  
Which sighs and crowds to her's so near ?  
'Tis all on flame, and does like fire  
To that, as to it's heav'n, aspire :  
The wounds are many in 't, and deep ;  
Still does it bleed, and still does weep.  
Whoever wretched heart it be,  
I cannot choose but grieve to see.  
What pity in my breast does reign ?  
Methinks I feel, too, all its pain :  
So torn, and so defac'd, it lies,  
That it could ne'er be known by th' eyes ;  
But, oh ! at last I heard it groan,  
And knew by th' voice that 't was mine own.  
So poor Alcione, when she saw  
A shipwreck'd body tow'rd's her draw,  
Beat by the waves, let fall a tear,  
Which only then did pity wear ;  
But when the corps on shore were cast,  
Which she her husband found at last,  
What should the wretched widow do ?  
Grief chang'd her straight ; away she flew,  
Turn'd to a bird ; and so at last shall I,  
Both from my murder'd heart and murderer fly.

---

*Answer to the Platonics.*

So angels love : so let them love for me ;  
When I'm all soul, such shall my love, too, be.  
Who nothing here but like a sp'rit would do,  
In a short time (believe it) will be one too.  
But shall our love do what in beasts we see ?  
Ev'n beasts eat too, but not so well as we.  
And you as justly might in thirst refuse  
The use of wine, because beasts water use :  
They taste those pleasures as they do their food ;  
Undress'd they take it, devour it raw and crude :  
But to us men Love cooks it at his fire,  
And adds the poignant sauce of sharp desire.  
Beasts do the same ; 't is true ; but ancient Fame  
Says, gods themselves turn'd beasts to do the same.  
The Thund'rer, who, without the female bed,  
Could goddesses bring forth from out his head,  
Chose rather mortals this way to create,  
So much h' esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.  
Ye talk of fires which shine, but never burn ;  
In this cold world they'll hardly serve our turn ;  
As useless to despairing lovers grown,  
As lambent flames to men i' th' Frigid Zone.

The Sun does his pure fires on earth bestow  
 With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below :  
 Such is Love's noblest and divinest heat,  
 That warms like his, and does, like his, beget.  
 Lust you call this; a name to your's more just,  
 If an inordinate desire be lust.  
 Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,  
 More lustful was than the hot youth of Troy.

*The vain-love. Loving one first, because she could love  
 nobody, afterwards loving her with desire.*

WHAT new-found witchcraft was in thee,  
 With thine own cold to kindle me?  
 Strange art! like him that should devise  
 To make a burning glass of ice:  
 When Winter to the plants would harm,  
 Her snow itself does keep them warm.  
 Fool that I was! who having found  
 A rich and sunny diamond,  
 Admir'd the hardness of the stone,  
 But not the light with which it shone.  
 Your brave and haughty scorn at all  
 Was stately and monarchical:  
 All gentleness, with that esteem'd,  
 A dull and slavish virtue seem'd:  
 Shouldst thou have yielded then to me,  
 Thbu'dst lost what I most lov'd in thee;  
 For who would serve one whom he sees  
 That he can conquer if he please?  
 It far'd with me as if a slave  
 In triumph led, that does perceive  
 With what a gay majestic pride  
 His conqueror through the streets does ride,  
 Should be contented with his wo,  
 Which makes up such a comely shew.  
 I fought not from thee a return,  
 But without hopes or fears did burn;  
 My cov'tous passion did approve  
 The hoarding up, not use, of love.  
 My love a kind of dream was grown,  
 A foolish, but a pleasant one;  
 From which I'm waken'd now, but, oh!  
 Prisoners to die are waken'd so:  
 For now th' effects of loving are  
 Nothing but longings with despair:  
 Despair, whose torments no men, sure,  
 But lovers, and the damn'd, endure.  
 Her scorn I doted once upon,  
 Ill object for affection;  
 But since, alas! too much 'tis prov'd  
 That yet 't was something that I lov'd:  
 Now my desires are worse, and fly  
 At any impossibility:  
 Desires which, whilst so high they soar,  
 Are proud as that I lov'd before.  
 What lover can like me complain,  
 Who first lov'd vainly, next in vain?

## The Soul.

## I.

If mine eyes do e'er declare  
 They 'ave seen a second thing that's fair;  
 Or ears that they have music found,  
 Besides thy voice, in any sound;  
 If my taste do ever meet,  
 After thy kifs with ought that's sweet;  
 If my abused touch allow  
 Ought to be smooth or soft but ~~your~~ *thee*;  
 If what seasonable springs,  
 Or the eastern summer brings,  
 Do my smell persuade at all  
 Ought perfume but thy breath to call;  
 If all my senses objects be  
 Not contracted into thee,  
 And so through thee more pow'rful pass,  
 As beams do through a burning-glass;  
 If all things that in Nature are  
 Either soft, or sweet, or fair,  
 Be not in thee so' epitomiz'd,  
 That nought material's not compris'd,  
 May I as worthless seem to thee,  
 As all but thou appear to me.

## II.

If I ever anger know,  
 Till some wrong be done to you;  
 If gods or kings my envy move,  
 Without their crowns, crown'd by thy love;  
 If ever I an hope admit,  
 Without thy image stamp'd on it,  
 Or any fear, till I begin  
 To find that you're concern'd therein;  
 If a joy e'er come to me,  
 That tastes of any thing but thee;  
 If any sorrow touch my mind  
 Whilst you are well, and not unkind;  
 If I a minute's space debate,  
 Whether I shall curse and hate  
 The things beneath thy hatred fall,  
 Though all the world, myself and all;  
 And for love, if ever I  
 Approach to it again so nigh  
 As to allow a toleration  
 To the least glimm'ring inclination;  
 If thou alone dost not control  
 All those tyrants of my soul,  
 And to thy beauties ty't them so,  
 That constant they as habits grow;  
 If any passion of my heart,  
 By any force, or any art,  
 Be brought to move one step from thee,  
 May't thou no passion have for me.

## III.

If my busy imagination  
 Do not thee in all things fashion  
 So, that all fair species be  
 Hieroglyphic marks of thee;  
 If when she her sports does keep  
 (The lower soul being all asleep)  
 She play one dream with all her art,  
 Where thou hast not the longest part;  
 If ought get place in my remembrance,

Without some badge of thy resemblance,  
 So that thy parts become to me  
 A kind of art of memory ;  
 If my understanding do  
 Seek any knowledge but of you,  
 If she do near thy body prize  
 Her bodies of Philosophies ;  
 If she to the will do shew  
 Ought desirable but you,  
 Or if that would not rebel,  
 Should she another doctrine tell ;  
 If my will do not resign  
 All her liberty to thine ;  
 If she would not follow thee,  
 Though Fate and thou shouldst disagree ;  
 And if (for I a curse will give  
 Such as shall force thee to believe)  
 My soul be not entirely thine,  
 May thy dear body ne'er be mine.

---

*The Passions*

## I.

FROM hate, fear, hope, anger, and envy, free,  
 And all the passions else that be,  
 In vain I boast of liberty ;  
 In vain this state a freedom call,  
 Since I have love, and love is all :  
 Not that I am ! who think it fit to brag  
 That I have no disease besides the plague !

## II.

So in a zeal the sons of Israel  
 Sometimes upon their idols fell,  
 And they depos'd the powers of hell ;  
 Baal and Astarte down they threw,  
 And Accaron and Moloch too :  
 All this imperfect piety did no good,  
 Whilst yet alas ! the calf of Bethel stood.

## III.

Fondly I boast that I have dress'd my vine  
 With painful art, and that the wine  
 Is of a taste rich and divine ;  
 Since love, by mixing poison there,  
 Has made it worse than vinegar :  
 Love ev'n the taste of nectar changes so,  
 That gods choose rather water here below.

## IV.

Fear, anger, hope, all passions else that be,  
 Drive this one tyrant out of me,  
 And practice all your tyranny.  
 The change of ills some good will do ;  
 Th' oppressed wretched Indians so,  
 Being slaves by the great Spanish monarch made,  
 Call in the States of Holand to their aid.

---

*Wisdom.*

'Tis mighty wise that you would now be thought  
 With your grave rules from musty morals brought

Through which some streaks, too, of divin'ty ran,  
 Partly of Monk, and partly Puritan ;  
 With tedious repetitions, too, you 'ave ta'en  
 Often the name of Vanity in vain :  
 Things which, I take it, Friend ! you'd ne'er re-  
 cite,

Should she I love but say to you, Come at night.  
 The wisest king refus'd all pleasures quite,  
 Till wisdom from above did him enlight ;  
 But when that gift his ign'rance did remove,  
 Pleasures he chose, and plac'd them all in love.  
 And if by' event the counsels may be seen,  
 This wisdom 't was that brought the Southern  
 queen.

She came not, like a good old wife, to know  
 The wholesome nature of all plants that grow ;  
 Nor did so far from her own country roam,  
 To cure scall'd heads and broken shins at home !  
 She came for that which more befits all wives,  
 The art of giving, not of saving, lives.

---

*The Despair.*

## I.

BENEATH this gloomy shade,  
 By Nature only for my sorrows made,  
 I'll spend this voice in cries,  
 In tears I'll waste these eyes,  
 By love so vainly fed ;  
 So Lust of old the deluge punished. !  
 Ah ! wretched Youth said I ;  
 Ah ! wretched youth ! twice did I sadly cry ;  
 Ah ! wretched Youth ! the fields and floods reply.

## II.

When thoughts of love I entertain,  
 I meet no words but Never, and, In vain ;  
 Never, alas ! that dreadful name  
 Which fuels the infernal flame :  
 Never ! my time to come must waste ;  
 In vain ! torments the present and the past :  
 In vain ! in vain ! said I,  
 In vain ! in vain ! twice did I sadly cry ;  
 In vain ! in vain ! the fields and floods reply.

## III.

No more shall fields or floods do so,  
 For I to shades more dark and silent go :  
 All this world's noise appears to me  
 A dull ill-acted comedy :  
 No comfort to my wounded sight,  
 In the sun's busy and impert'nent light.  
 Then down I laid my head,  
 Down on cold earth, and for awhile was dead,  
 And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

## IV.

Ah ! sottish soul ! said I,  
 When back to' its cage again I saw it fly :  
 Fool ! to resume her broken chain,  
 And row her galley here again !  
 Fool ! to that body to return  
 Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn !  
 Once dead, how can it be  
 Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,  
 That thou shouldst come to live it o'er again in me !

*The Wife.*

I.

WELL, then, I now do plainly see,  
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;  
The very honey of all earthly joy  
Does of all meats the soonest cloy:  
And they (methinks) deserve my pity  
Who for it can endure the stings,  
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,  
Of this great hive, the City.

II.

Ah! yet, e'er I descend to the grave,  
May I a small house and large garden have!  
And a few friends, and many books, both true,  
Both wise, and both delightful too!  
And since Love ne'er will from me flee,  
A mistress moderately fair,  
And good as guardian angels are,  
Only belov'd, and loving me!

III.

Oh! Fountains! when in you shall I  
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?  
Oh! Fields! oh! Woods! when, when shall I be  
made

~~The happy~~ tenant of your shade?  
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,  
Where all the riches lie that she  
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

IV.

Pride and ambition here,  
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;  
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs  
scatter,  
And nought but Echo flatter.  
The gods, when they descended hither  
From heav'n, did always choose their way;  
And therefore we may boldly say,  
That 't is the way, too, thither.

V.

How happy here should I  
And one dear she live, and embracing die?  
She who is all the world, and can exclude  
In deserts solitude!  
I should have then this only fear,  
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,  
Should hither throng to live like me,  
And so make a city here.

*My Diet.*

I.

Now by my Love, the greatest oath that is,  
None loves you half so well as I;  
I do not ask your love for this,  
But for Heav'n's sake believe me or die.  
No servant e'er but did deserve  
His master should believe that he does serve,  
And I'll ask no more wages, though I starve.

II.

'Tis no luxurious diet this, and sure  
I shall not buy it too lusty prices.

Yet shall it willingly endure,  
If it can but keep together life and love.  
Being your pris'ner and your slave,  
I do not feasts and banquets look to have;  
A little bread and water's all I crave.

III.

On a sigh of pity I a year can live;  
One tear will keep me twenty at least;  
Fifty a gentle look will give;  
An hundred years on one kind word I'll feast;  
A thousand more will added be,  
If you an inclination have for me;  
And all beyond is vast eternity,

*The Thief.*

I.

THOU robb'st my days of bus'ness and delights,  
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights:  
Ah! lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?  
What! rob me of heav'n too?  
Thou ev'n my pray'rs dost steal from me,  
And I with wild idolatry,  
Begin to God, and end them all to thee.

II.

Is it a sign to love, that it should thus,  
Like an ill conscience, torture us?  
Whate'er I do, where'er I go,  
(None guiltless e'er was haunted so)  
Still, still, methinks thy face I view,  
And still thy shape does me pursue,  
As if not you me, but I had murder'd you.

III.

From books I strive some remedy to take,  
But thy name all the letters make;  
Whate'er 't is writ, I find that there,  
Like points and commas, every where;  
Me blest'd for this let no man hold,  
For I, as *Midas* did of old,  
Perish by turning ev'ry thing to gold.

IV.

What do I seek, alas! or why do I  
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?  
For making thee my deity,  
I give thee then ubiquity,  
My pains resemble hell in this,  
The Divine Presence there, too, is,  
But to torment men, not to give them bliss.

*All over Love.*

I.

'Tis well, 't is well with them, say I.  
Whose short liv'd passions with themselves can die;  
For none can be unhappy who,  
'Midst all his ills, a time does know  
(Though ne'er so long) when he shall not be so.

II.

Whatever parts of me remain,  
These parts will still the love of thee retain;  
For 't was not only in my heart,  
But like a God by pow'rful art,  
'Twas all in all, and all in ev'ry part.

III.

My affection no more perish can  
Than the first matter that compounds a man.  
Hereafter if one dust of me  
Mix'd with another's substance be,  
'Twill leaven that whole lump with love of thee.

IV.

Let Nature, if she please, disperse  
My atoms over all the universe;  
At the last they eas'ly shall  
Themselvcs know, and together call;  
For thy love, like a mark, is stamp'd on all.

---

*Love and Life.*

I.

Now, sure, within this twelve-month past,  
I 'ave lov'd at least some twenty years or more:  
Th' account of love runs much more fast  
Than that with which our life does score:  
So though my life be short, yet I may prove  
The great Methusalem of love.

II.

Not that Love's hours or minutes are  
Shorter than those our being's measur'd by;  
But they're more close compacted far,  
And so in lesser room do lie.  
Thin airy things extend themselves in space,  
Things solid take up little place.

III.

Yet love, alas! and life, in me  
Are not two sev'ral things, but purely one;  
At once how can there in it be  
A double diff'rent motion?  
O yes, there may; for so the selfsame sun  
At once does flow and swiftly run.

IV.

Swiftly his daily journey he goes,  
And treads his annual with a stately pace,  
And does three hundred rounds enclose  
Within one yearly circle's space;  
At once with double course, in the same sphere,  
He runs the day, and walks the year.

V.

When Sol does to myself refer,  
'Tis then my life, and does but slowly move;  
But when it does relate to her,  
It swiftly flies, and then is love.  
Love's my diurnal course, divided right  
'Twixt hope and fear, my day night.

---

*The Bargain.*

I.

TAKE heed, take heed, thou lovely maid!  
Nor be by glitt'ring ills betray'd;

Thyself for money? Oh! let no man know  
The price of beauty fall'n so low!  
What dangers ought'st thou not to dread,  
When love that's blind is by blind Fortune led?

II.

The foolish Indian, that sells  
His precious gold for beads and bells,  
Does a more wise and gainful traffic hold,  
'Than thou who sellest thyself for gold.  
What gains in such a bargain are?  
He'll in thy mines dig better treasures far

III.

Can gold, alas! with thee compare!  
The sun that makes it is not so fair;  
The sun which can nor make nor ever see  
A thing so beautiful as thee,  
In all the journies he does pass,  
Though the sea serv'd him for a looking-glass,

IV.

Bold was the wretch that cheapen'd thee;  
Since Magus none so bold as he:  
Thou'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy  
Is to be counted Simony;  
Too dear he'll find his sordid price;  
He 'as forfeited that and the benefice,

V.

If it be lawful thee to buy,  
There's none can pay that rate but I;  
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,  
But what on earth's most like to thee:  
And that my heart does only bear,  
For there thyself, thy very self, is there.

VI.

So much myself does in me live,  
That when it for thyself I give,  
'Tis but to change that piece of gold for this,  
Whose stamp and value equal is:  
And that full weight, too, may be had,  
My soul and body, two grains more, I'll add.

---

*The long Life.*

I.

Love from Time's wings hath stol'n the feathers  
sure,  
He has, and put them to his own,  
For hours, of late, as long as days endure,  
And very minutes hours are grown.

II.

The various motions of the turning year  
Belong not now at all to me;  
Each summer's night does Lucy's now appear,  
Each winter's day St. Barnaby.

III.

How long a space since first I lov'd it is!  
To look into a glass I fear,  
And am surpris'd with wonder when I miss  
Gray hairs and wrinkles there.

IV.

Th' old Patriarch's age, and not their happiness too,  
Why does hard Fate to us restore?

Why does Love's fire thus to mankind renew  
What the flood wash'd away before !

V.

Sure those are happy people that complain  
O' the shortness of the days of man :  
Contract mine, Heav'n, and bring them back again  
To th' ordinary span.

VI.

If when your gift, long life, I disapprove,  
I too ungrateful seem to be,  
Punish me justly, Heav'n ! make her to love,  
And then 't will be too short for me.

---

*Counsel.*

I.

GENTLY, ah ! gently, Madam, touch  
The wound which you yourself have made ;  
That pain must needs be very much,  
Which makes me of your hand afraid,  
Cordials of pity give me now,  
For I too weak for purgings grow,

II.

Do but a while with patience stay,  
For ~~Counsel~~ yet will do no good,  
Till time, and rest, and heav'n, allay  
The violent burnings of my blood ;  
For what effect from this can flow,  
'To chide men drunk for being so ?

III.

Perhaps the physic's good you give,  
But ne'er to me can useful prove ;  
Med'cines may cure, but not revive ;  
And I'm not sick, but dead in love,  
In Love's hell, not his world, am I ;  
At once I live, am dead, and die.

IV.

What new-found rhetoric is thine ?  
Ev'n thy dissuasions me persuade,  
And thy great pow'r does clearest shine  
When thy commands are disobey'd.  
In vain thou bidst me to forbear ;  
Obedience were rebellion here,

V.

Thy tongue comes in, as if it meant  
Against thine eyes t' assist my heart ;  
But dissim'nt far was his intent,  
For straight the traitor took their part ;  
And by this new foe I'm bereft  
Of all that little which was left,

VI.

'The act, I must confess, was wise,  
As a dishonest act could be !  
Well knew the tongue, alas ! your eyes  
Would be too strong for that and me,  
And part o' th' triumph chose to get,  
Rather than be a part of it.

---

*Resolved to be beloved.*

I.

'Tis true, I've lov'd already three or four,  
And shall three or four hundred more ;

I'll love each fair one that I see,  
Till I find one at last that shall love me.

II.

That shall my Canaan be, the fatal soil  
That ends my wand'rings and my toil :  
I'll fettle there, and happy grow ;  
The country does with milk and honey flow.

III.

The needle trembles so, and turns about,  
'Till it the Northern point find out ;  
But constant, then, and fix'd, does prove,  
Fix'd, that his dearest pole as soon may move.

IV.

Then may my vessel torn and shipwreck'd be,  
If it put forth again to sea ;  
It never more abroad shall roam,  
Tho' it could next voyage bring the Indies home,

V.

But I must sweat in love and labour yet,  
Till I a competency get ;  
They're slothful fools who leave a trade,  
Till they a moderate fortune by it have made,

VI.

Variety I ask not ; give me one  
To live perpetually upon.  
The person Love does to us fit,  
Like manna, has the taste of all in it.

---

*The Same.*

I.

FOR Heav'n's sake, what do' you mean to do ?  
Keep me, or let me go, one of the two ;  
Youth and warm hours let me not idly lose,  
The little time that love does choose ;  
If always here I must not stay,  
Let me be gone whilst yet 't is day,  
Lest I, faint and benighted, lose my way.

II.

'Tis dismal one so long to love  
In vain, till to love more as vain must prove ;  
To hunt so long on nimble prey, till we  
Too weary to take others be :  
Alas 't is folly to remain,  
And waste our army thus in vain,  
Before a city which will ne'er be ta'en.

III.

At several hopes wisely to fly,  
Ought not to be esteem'd inconstancy ;  
'Tis more inconstant always to pursue  
A thing that always flies from you ;  
For that at last may meet a bound,  
But no end can to this be found ;  
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitless round.

IV.

When it does hardness meet, and pride,  
My love does then rebound t' another side ;  
But if it ought, that's soft and yielding hit  
It lodges there, and stays in it.  
Whatever 't is shall first love me,

That it my heav'n may truly be,  
I shall be sure to give it eternity.

---

*The Discovery.*

I.

**B**Y Heav'n I'll tell her boldly that 't is she;  
Why should she aham'd or angry be  
To be belov'd by me?  
The gods may give their altars o'er,  
They'll smoke but seldom any more,  
If none but happy men must them adore.

II.

The lightning which tall oaks oppose in vain,  
To strike sometimes does not disdain  
The humble furzes of the plain.  
She being so high, and I so low,  
Her pow'r by this does greater shew,  
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.

III.

Compar'd with her, all things so worthless prove,  
That nought on earth can tow'rs her move,  
Till it be exalted by her love.  
Equal to her, alas! there's none;  
She like a deity is grown,  
That must create, or else must be alone.

IV.

If there be man who thinks himself so high  
As to pretend equality,  
He deserves her less than I;  
For he would cheat for his relief,  
And one would give with lesser grief  
To' an undeserving beggar than a thief.

---

*Against Fruition.*

No; thou'rt a fool, I'll swear, if e'er thou grant;  
Much of my veneration thou must want,  
When once thy kindness puts my ign'rance out,  
For a learn'd age is always least devout.  
Keep still thy distance; for at once, to me,  
Goddeſs and woman, too, thou canst not be.  
Thou'rt queen of all that sees thee, and, as such,  
Must neither tyrannize nor yield too much.  
Such freedoms give as may admit command,  
But keep the forts and magazines in thine hand.  
Thou'rt yet a whole world to me, and dost fill  
My large ambition; but 't is dang'rous still,  
Lest I like the Pellæan prince should be,  
And weep for other worlds, having conquer'd  
thee.

When love has taken all thou hast away,  
His strength, by too much riches, will decay.  
Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand  
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;  
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,  
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee.  
Thy sweetness is so much within me plac'd,

That shouldst thou nectar give, 't would spoil the  
taste.

Beauty at first moves wonder and delight;  
'Tis Nature's juggling trick to cheat the sight:  
W' admire it whilst unknown, but after, more  
Admire ourselves for liking it before.  
Love, like a greedy hawk, if we give way,  
Does overgorge himself with his own prey;  
Of very hopes a surfeit he'll sustain,  
Unless by fears he cast them up again:  
His spirit and sweetness dangers keep alone;  
If once he lose his sting, he grows a drone.

---

*Love undiscovered.*

I.

SOME others may with safety tell  
The mod'rate flames which in them dwell,  
And either find some med'cine there,  
Or cure themselves ev'n by despair:  
My love's so great, that it might prove  
Dang'rous to tell her that I love:  
So tender is my wound, it must not bear  
Any salute, tho' of the kindest air.

II.

I would not have her know the pain,  
The torments, for her I sustain,  
Lest too much goodness make her throw  
Her love upon a fate too low.  
Forbid it, Heav'n! my life should be  
Weigh'd with her least conveniency:  
No, let me perish rather with my grief,  
Than to her disadvantage find relief.

III.

Yet when I die, my last breath shall  
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all;  
Like cov'tous men who ne'er descry  
Their dear hid treasures till they die,  
Ah! fairest Maid! how will it cheer  
My ghost, to get from thee a tear!  
But take heed; for if me thou pitiest then,  
'Twenty to one but I shall live again.

---

*The Given Heart.*

I.

I wonder what those lovers mean who say  
They have giv'n their hearts away:  
Some good kind lover tell me how,  
For mine is but a torment to me now.

II.

If so it be one place both hearts contain,  
For what do they complain?  
What courtesy can Love do more,  
Than to join hearts that parted were before?

III.

Wo to her stubborn heart, if once mine come  
Into the self-same room;

'Twill tear and blow up all within,  
Like a grenado shot into a magazine.

IV.

Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts  
Of both our broken hearts;  
Shall out of both one new one make,  
From her's the alloy, from mine the metal, take:

V.

For of her heart he from the flames will find  
But little left behind:  
Mine only will remain entire;  
No dross was there to perish in the fire.

---

*The Prophet.*

I.

TEACH me to love? go teach thyself more wit;  
I chief professor am of it.  
Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews;  
Teach boldness to the stewes;  
In tyrants' courts teach supple flattery;  
Teach Jesuits, that have travell'd far, to lie;  
Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow;  
Teach restless fountains how to flow;  
Teach the dull earth fix'd to abide;  
Teach woman-kind inconstancy and pride:  
See if your diligence here will useful prove;  
But, prithee, teach not me to love.

II.

The god of Love, if such a thing there be,  
May learn to love from me.  
He who does boast that he has been  
In every heart since Adam's sin,  
I'll lay my life, nay, Mistress, on 't, that's more,  
I'll teach him things he never knew before;  
I'll teach him a receipt to make  
Words that weep, and tears that speak;  
I'll teach him sighs, like those in death,  
At which the souls go out, too, with the breath:  
Still the soul stays, yet still does from me run,  
As light and heat does with the sun.

III.

'Tis I who Love's Columbus am; 't is I  
Who must new worlds in it descry;  
Rich worlds, that yield of treasure more  
Than all that has been known before:  
And yet, like his, I fear, my fate must be,  
'To find them out for others, not for me.  
Me times to come, I know it, shall  
Love's last and greatest Prophet call;  
But, ah! what's that, if she refuse  
To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse?  
If to my share the Prophet's fate must come,  
Hereafter fame, here martyrdom?

---

*The Resolution.*

I.

THE devil take those foolish men  
Who gave you first such pow'rs;

We stood on even grounds till then;  
If any odds, creation made it ours.

II.

For shame! let these weak chains be broke;  
Let's our slight bonds like Samson tear,  
And nobly cast away that yoke  
Which we nor our forefathers e'er could bear.

III.

French laws forbid the female reign,  
Yet Love does them to slav'ry draw:  
Alas! if we'll our rights maintain,  
'Tis all mankind must make a Salique law.

---

*Called inconstant.*

I.

HA! ha! you think you 'ave kill'd my fame  
By this not understood, yet common name;  
A name that 's full and proper when assign'd  
To womankind;  
But when you call us so,  
It can at best but for a metaphor go.

II.

Can you the shore inconstant call,  
Which still, as waves pass by, embraces all,  
That had as lief the same waves always love,  
Did they not from him move;  
Or can you fault with pilots find  
For changing course, yet never blame the wind?

III.

Since drunk with vanity you fell,  
The things turn round to you that steadfast dwell;  
And you yourself, who from us take your flight,  
Wonder to find us out of sight;  
So the same error seizes you,  
As men in motion think the trees move too.

---

*The Welcome.*

I.

GO! let the fatted calf be kill'd,  
My prodigal's come home at last,  
With noble resolutions fill'd,  
And fill'd with sorrow for the past:  
No more will burn with love or wine,  
But quite has left his women and his swine.

II.

Welcome, ah! welcome, my poor Heart!  
Welcome; I little thought, I'll swear,  
( 'Tis now so long since we did part )  
Ever again to see thee here:  
Dear Wanderer! since from me you fled,  
How often have I heard that thou wert dead

III.

Hast thou not found each woman's breast  
(The lands where thou hast travelled)  
Either by savages possess'd,  
Or wild, and uninhabited?  
What joy couldst take, or what repose,  
In countries so unciviliz'd as those?

IV.

Lust, the scorching dogstar, here  
Rages with immoderate heat,  
Whilst Pride, the rugged Northern Bear,  
In others makes the cold too great :  
And where these are temp'rate known,  
The soil is all barren sand or rocky stone.

V.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view  
A rich well-govern'd heart,  
Like China, it admitted you  
But to the frontier-part.  
From Paradise shut out for evermore,  
What good is 't that an angel kept the door?

VI.

Well fare the pride, and the disdain,  
And vanities with beauty join'd,  
I ne'er had seen this heart again,  
If any fair one had been kind :  
My dove, but once let loose, I doubt  
Would ne'er return, had not the flood been out.

---

*The Heart fled again.*

I.

FALSE, foolish Heart! didst thou not say  
That thou wouldst never leave me more?  
Behold again 't is fled away.  
Fled as far from me as before :  
I strove to bring it back again ;  
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

II.

Ev'n so the gentle Tyrian dame,  
When neither grief nor love prevail,  
Saw ~~her~~ object of her flame,  
Th' ingrateful Trojan, hoist his sail ;  
Aloud she call'd to him to stay ;  
The wind bore him and her lost words away.

III.

The doleful Ariadne so  
On the wide shore forsaken stood ;  
" False Theseus! whither dost thou go?"  
Afar false Theseus cut the flood.  
But Bacchus came to her relief ;  
Bacchus himself 's too weak to ease my grief.

IV.

Ah! senseless Heart! to take no rest,  
But travel thus eternally !  
Thus to be froz'n in every breast,  
And to be scorch'd in ev'ry eye !  
Wand'ring about like wretched Cain,  
Thrust out, ill us'd by all, but by none slain !

V.

Well, since thou wilt not here remain,  
I'll e'en to live without thee try ;  
My head shall take the greater pain,  
And all thy duties shall supply ;  
I can more eas'ly live, I know,  
Without thee, than without a Mistress thou.

*Women's superstitions.*

I.

OR I'm a very dunce, or womankind  
Is a most unintelligible thing ;  
I can no sense, nor no contexture find,  
Nor their lose parts to method bring.  
I know not what the learn'd may see,  
But they're strange Hebrew things to me.

II.

By customs and traditions they live,  
And foolish ceremonies of antique date ;  
We lovers new and better doctrines give,  
Yet they continue obstinate :  
Preach we, Love's prophets, what we will,  
Like Jews, they keep their old law still.

III.

Before their mothers' gods they fondly fall,  
Vain idol-gods that have no sense nor mind :  
Honour's their Ashtaroth, and pride their Baal,  
The thund'ring Baal of womankind,  
With twenty other devils more,  
Which they, as we do them, adore.

IV.

But then, like men both cov'tous and devout,  
Their costly superstition loth t' omit,  
And yet more loth to issue monies out,  
At their own charge to furnish it,  
To these expensive deities  
The hearts of men they sacrifice.

---

*The Soul.*

I.

SOME dull philos'pher, when he hears me say  
My Soul is from me fled away,  
Nor has of late inform'd my body here,  
But in another's breast does lie,  
That neither is nor will be I,  
As a form servient and assisting there ;

II.

Will cry, Absurd! and ask me how I live,  
And syllogisms against it give.  
A curse on all your vain philosophies,  
Which on weak Nature's law depend,  
And know not how to comprehend  
Love and religion, those great mysteries.

III.

Her body is my Soul ; laugh not at this,  
For by my life I swear it is :  
'Tis that preserves my being and my breath ;  
From that proceeds all that I do,  
Nay, all my thoughts and speeches too,  
And separation from it is my death.

---

*Echo.*

I.

THR'D with the rough denials of my prayer,  
From that hard she whom I obey,

I come, and find a nymph much gentler here,  
That gives consent to all I say.  
Ah! gentle Nymph! who lik'st so well  
In hollow solitary caves to dwell;  
Her heart being such, into it go,  
And do but once from thence answer me so.

II.

Complaisant Nymph! why dost thus kindly share  
In griefs whose cause thou dost not know?  
Hadst thou but eyes, as well as tongue and ear,  
How much compassion wouldst thou shew!  
Thy flame, whilst living, or a flower,  
Was of less beauty, and less rav'ning power;  
Alas! I might as easily  
Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.

III.

By repercussion beams engender fire,  
Shapes by reflection shapes beget;  
The voice itself, when stopp'd, does back retire,  
And a new voice is made by it.  
Thus things by opposition  
The gainers grow; my barren love alone  
Does from her stony breast rebound,  
Producing neither image, fire, nor sound.

---

*The rich Rival.*

I.

THEY say you're angry, and rant mightily,  
Because I love the same as you;  
Alas! you're very rich, 't is true;  
But, prithee, Fool! what's that to love and me?  
You 'ave land and money, let that serve;  
And know you 'ave more by that than you deserve.

II.

When next I see my fair one, she shall know  
How worthless thou art of her bed;  
And, Wretch! I'll strike thee dumb and dead,  
With noble verse not understood by you;  
Whilst thy sole rhetoric shall be  
Jointure and jewels, and our friends agree.

III.

Pox o' your friends, that dote and domineer;  
Lovers are better friends than they;  
Let's those in other things obey;  
The Fates, and stars, and gods, must govern here.  
Vain names of Blood! in love let none  
Advise with any blood but with their own.

IV.

'Tis that which bids me this bright maid adore;  
No other thought has had access;  
Did she now beg, I'd love no less,  
And were she an empress, I should love no more;  
Were she as just and true to me,  
Ah! simple Soul! what would become of thee?

---

*Against Hope.*

I.

HOPe, whose weak being ruin'd is,  
Alike if it succeed and if it miss,

Whom good or ill does equally confound,  
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound;  
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite,  
But at full noon and perfect night!  
The stars have not a possibility  
Of blessing thee:

If things, then, from their end we happy call,  
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

II.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,  
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it  
quite!

Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,  
By clogging it with legacies before!  
The joys which we entire should wed,  
Come deflow' red virgins to our bed.  
Good fortunes without gain imported be,  
Such mighty customs paid to thee:  
For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;  
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

III.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!  
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;  
Fond Archer! Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,  
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!  
Thin empty cloud, which th' eye deceives  
With shapes that our own fancy gives!  
A cloud which gilt and painted now appears,  
But must drop presently in tears!  
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,  
By *ignes fatui* for North-stars we sail.

IV.

Brother of Fear! more gayly clad;  
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite mad;  
Sire of Repentance! child of fond Desire!  
That blow'st the chemic's and the lover's fire!  
Leading them still insensibly on  
By the strange witchcraft of Anon!  
By thee the one does changing Nature through  
Her endless labyrinths pursue,  
And th' other chases woman, whilst ~~she~~ goes  
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

---

*For Hope.*

I.

HOPe, of all ills that men endure,  
The only cheap and universal cure!  
Thou captive's freedom! and thou sick man's  
health!  
Thou loser's vict'ry! and thou beggar's wealth!  
Thou manna, which from heav'n we eat,  
To ev'ry taste a sev'ral meat!  
Thou strong retreat! thou sure entail'd estate,  
Which nought has pow'r to alienate!  
Thou pleasant, honest Flatterer! for none  
Flatter unhappy men but thou alone!

II.

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!  
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!  
Thou good preparative, without which our joy  
Does work too strong, and whilst it cures, destroy;

Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,  
And art a blessing still in hand!  
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,  
We certain are to gain,  
Whether she her bargain break or else fulfil;  
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

## III.

Brother of faith! 'twixt whom and thee  
The joys of heav'n and earth divided be!  
Though Faith be heir, and have the fix'd estate,  
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.  
Happiness itself is all one  
In thee or in possession!  
Only the future is thine, the present his!  
Thine is the more hard and noble bliss;  
Best apprehender of our joys, which hast  
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

## IV.

Hope! thou sad lover's only friend!  
Thou way, that may'st dispute it with the end!  
For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight  
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.  
Fruition more deceitful is  
Than thou canst be when thou dost miss;  
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee  
Some other way again to thee:  
And that 's a pleasant country, without doubt,  
To which all soon return that travel out.

---



---

*Love's Ingratitude.*

## I.

**I** LITTLE thought, thou fond ungrateful sin?  
When first I let thee in,  
And gave thee but a part  
In my unwary heart,  
That thou wouldst e'er have grown  
So fauc or strong to make it all thine own.

## II.

At mine own breast with care I feed thee still,  
Letting thee suck thy fill.  
And daintily I nourish'd thee  
With idle thoughts and poetry!  
What ill returns dost thou allow?  
I fed thee then, and thou dost starve me now.

## III.

There was a time when thou wast cold and chill,  
Nor had'st the pow'r of doing ill;  
Into my bosom did I take  
This frozen and benumbed snake,  
Not fearing from it any harm;  
But now it stings that breast which made it warm.

## IV.

What cursed weed 's this love! but one grain sow,  
And the whole field 't will overgrow;  
Straight will it choke up and devour  
Each wholesome herb and beauteous flow'r;  
Nay, unless something soon I do,  
'Twill kill, I fear, my very laurel too.

## V.

But now all's gone; I now, alas! complain,  
Declare, protest, and threat, in vain;

Since by my own unforc'd consent  
The traitor has my government,  
And is so settled in the throne,  
That 't were rebellion now to claim mine own.

---



---

*The Frailty.*

## I.

**I** KNOW 't is sordid, and 't is low,  
(All this as well as you I know)  
Which I so hotly now pursue;  
(I know all this as well as you)  
But whilst this cursed flesh I bear,  
And all the weakness and the baseness there,  
Alas! alas! it will be always so.

## II.

In vain, exceedingly in vain,  
I rage sometimes and bite my chain;  
For to what purpose do I bite  
With teeth which ne'er will break it quite?  
For if the chiefest Christian head,  
Was by this sturdy tyrant buffeted,  
What wonder is it if weak I be slain?

---



---

*Goldness.*

## I.

**A**S water fluid is, till it do grow  
Solid and fix'd by cold;  
So in warm seasons Love does loosely flow,  
Frost only can it hold:  
A woman's rigour and disdain  
Does his swift course restrain.

## II.

Though constant and consistent now it be,  
Yet when kind beams appear,  
It melts, and glides apace into the sea,  
And looses itself there:  
So the Sun's am'rous play  
Kisses the ice away.

## III.

You may in vulgar loves find always this,  
But my substantial love  
Of a more firm and perfect nature is;  
No weathers can it move;  
Though heat dissolve the ice again,  
The crystal solid does remain.

## I.\*

**T**HEN like some wealthy island thou shalt lie,  
And like the sea about it I;  
Thou like fair Albion to the sailor's sight,  
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white;  
Like the kind Ocean I will be,  
With loving arms for ever clasping thee.

\* This poem has no title in any of the editions.

ii.

But I'll embrace thee gentler far than fo,  
As their fresh banks soft rivers do;  
Nor shall the proudest planet boast a pow'r  
Of making my full love to ebb one hour;  
It never dry or low can prove,  
Whilst thy unwaisted fountain feeds my love.

iii.

Such heat and vigour shall our kisses bear,  
As if like doves we' engender'd there.  
No bound nor rule my pleasures shall endure;  
In love there's none too much an epicure.  
Nought shall my hands or lips controul;  
I'll kiss thee through; I'll kiss thy very soul.

iv.

Yet nothing but the night our sports shall know;  
Night, that is both blind and silent too.  
Alphæus found not a more secret trace,  
His lov'd Sicilian fountain to embrace,  
Creeping so far beneath the sea,  
Than I will do t' enjoy and feast on thee.

v.

Men out of wisdom, women out of pride,  
The pleasant thefts of love do hide.  
That may secure thee; but thou' art yet from me  
A more infallible security;  
For there's no danger I should tell  
The joys which are to me unspeakable.

*Sleep.*

i.

In vain, thou drowsy God! I thee invoke;  
For thou, who dost from fumes arise,  
Thou, who man's soul dost overshadow  
With a thick cloud by vapours made,  
Canst have no pow'r to shut his eyes,  
Or passage of his sp'rits to choke,  
Whose flame's so pure that it sends up no smoke.

ii.

Yet how do tears but from some vapours rise?  
Tears that bewinter all my year?  
The fate of Egypt I sustain,  
And never feel the dew of rain,  
From clouds which in the head appear,  
But all my too much moisture owe  
To overflowings of the heart below.

iii.

Thou who dost men (as nights to colours do)  
Bring all to an equality;  
Come, thou just God! and equal me  
Awhile to my disdainful she:  
In that condition let me lie,  
Till Love does me the favour shew;  
Love equals all a better way than you.

iv.

Then never more shalt thou b' invoc'd by me;  
Watchful as spirits and gods I'll prove:  
Let her but grant, and then will I  
Thee and thy kinsman Death defy:  
For betwixt thee and them that love

Never will an agreement be;  
Thou scorn'st th' unhappy, and the happy thee.

*Beauty.*

i.

BEAUTY! thou wild fantastic ape,  
Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape!  
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there  
white;  
Thou Flatt'rer! which comply'st with ev'ry sight!  
Thou Babel! which confound'st the eye  
With unintelligible variety!  
Who hast no certain what nor where,  
But vary still, and dost thyself declare  
Inconstant, as thy she-professors are.

ii.

Beauty! Love's scene and masquerade,  
So gay by well-plac'd lights and distance made!  
False coin! with which th' impostor cheats us still!  
The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!  
Which light or base we find, when we  
Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!  
For though thy being be but shew,  
'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow.  
And chuse t' enjoy thee when thou least art thou.

iii.

Beauty! thou active, passive ill!  
Which dy'st thyself as fast as thou dost kill!  
Thou tulip! who thy stock in paint dost waste,  
Neither for physic good, nor smell, nor taste.  
Beauty; whose flames but meteors are,  
Short liv'd and low, though thou wouldst seem a  
Who dar'st not thine own home descry, [star,  
Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,  
When thou, alas! dost in thy fancy lie.

iv.

Beauty! whose conquests still are made  
O'er hearts by cowards kept, or else betray'd;  
Weak victor! who thyself destroy'd must be,  
When Sickness storms, or Time besieges thee!  
Thou unwholesome thaw to frozen age!  
Thou strong wine which youth's fever dost enrage!  
Thou tyrant! which leav'st no man free!  
Thou subtle thief! from whom nought safe can be!  
Thou murd'rer, which hast kill'd! and devil,  
which wouldst damn me!

*The Parting.*

i.

As men in Greenland left beheld the sun  
From their horizon run,  
And thought upon the sad half year  
Of cold and darkness they must suffer there:

ii.

So on my parting Mistress did I look,  
With such swol'n eyes my farewell took:  
Ah! my fair Star! said I; [fly!  
Ah! those bless'd lands to which bright thou dost

iii.

In vain the men of learning comfort me,  
And say I 'm in a warm degree;  
Say what they please, I say and swear  
'Tis beyond eighty, at least, if you're not here.

iv.

It is, it is; I tremble with the frost,  
And know that I the day have lost;  
And those wild things which men they call,  
I find to be but bears or foxes all.

v.

Return, return, gay Planet of mine East!  
Of all that shines thou much the best!  
And as thou now descend'st to sea,  
More fair and fresh rise up from thence to me.

vi.

Thou who, in many a propriety,  
So truly art the sun to me,  
Add one more likeness, which I 'm sure you can,  
And let me and my sun beget a man.

---



---

*My Picture.*

i.

HERE, take my likeness with you, whilst 't is so;  
For when from hence you go,  
The next sun's rising will behold  
Me pale, and lean, and old.  
The man who did this picture draw,  
Will swear next day my face he never saw.

ii.

I really believe, within a while,  
If you upon this shadow smile,  
Your presence will such vigour give,  
(Your presence, which makes all things live)  
And absence so much alter me,  
This will the substance, I the shadow, be.

iii.

When from your well-wrought cabinet you take it,  
And your bright looks awake it,  
Ah! be not frightened if you see  
The new-soul'd Picture gaze on thee,  
And hear it breathe a sigh or two;  
For those are the first things that it will do.

iv.

My rival image will be then thought blest'd,  
And laugh at me as disposst'd;  
But thou who, (if I know thee right)  
I' th' substance dost not much delight,  
Wilt rather send again for me,  
Who then shall but my picture's picture be.

---



---

*The Concealment.*

i.

No; to what purpose should I speak?  
No; wretched Heart! swell till you break!  
She cannot love me if she would,  
And, to say truth, 't were pity that she should.

No; to the grave thy sorrows bear,  
As silent as they will be there:  
Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,  
So handsomely the thing contrive,  
That she may guiltless of it live:  
So perish, that her killing thee  
May a chance-medley, and no murder, be.

ii.

'Tis nobler much for me that I  
By her beauty, not her anger, die:  
This will look justly, and become  
An execution, that a martyrdom.  
The cens'ring world will ne'er refrain  
From judging men by thunder slain.  
She must be angry sure if I should be  
So bold to ask her to make me,  
By being her's, happier than she.  
I will not; 'tis a milder fate  
To fall by her not loving than her hate.

iii.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,  
Will ominous to her appear,  
When, found in ev'ry other part,  
Her sacrifice is found without an heart:  
For the last tempest of my death  
Shall sigh out that, too, with my breath:  
Then shall the world my noble ruin see,  
Some pity, and some envy me;  
Then she herself, the mighty she!  
Shall grace my fun'ral with this truth,  
'Twas only love destroy'd the gentle youth.

---



---

*The Monopoly.*

i.

WHAT mines of sulphur in my breast do lie,  
That feed the eternal burnings of my heart?  
Not Ætna flames more fierce or constantly,  
The sounding shop of Vulcan's smoky art;  
Vulcan his shop has placed there,  
And Cupid's forge is set up here.

ii.

Here all those arrows' mortal heads are made  
That fly so thick unseen thro' yielding air;  
The Cyclops here, which labour at the trade,  
Are Jealousy, Fear, Sadness, and Despair.  
Ah! cruel God! and why to me  
Gave you this curs'd Monopoly?

iii.

I have the trouble, not the gains of it;  
Give me but the disposal of one dart,  
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)  
Heat as you please your furnace in my heart:  
So sweet's revenge to me, that I  
Upon my foe would gladly die.

iv.

Deep into her bosom would I strike the dart,  
Deeper than woman e'er was struck by thee;  
Thou giv'st them small wounds, and so far from  
the heart,  
They flutter still about inconstantly.

Curse on thy goodness, whom we find  
Civil to none but womankind!

v.

Vain God! who women dost thyself adore!  
Their wounded hearts do still retain the pow'rs  
To travel and to wander as before;  
Thy broken arrows 'twixt that sex and our's  
So unjustly are distributed,  
They take the feathers, we the head.

---

*The Distance.*

I.

I'AVE follow'd thee a year, at least,  
And never stopp'd myself to rest;  
But yet can thee o'ertake no more  
Than this day can the day that went before.

II.

In this our fortunes equal prove  
To stars, which govern them above;  
Our stars that move for ever round,  
With the same distance still betwixt them found.

III.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive  
The wheel of Fate faster to drive,  
Since, if around it swiffter fly,  
She in it mends her pace as much as I.

IV.

Hearts by Love strangely shuffled are,  
That there can never meet a pair!  
Famelier than worms are lovers slain;  
The wounded heart ne'er turns to wound again.

---

*The Increase.*

I.

I THOUGHT, I'll swear, I could have lov'd no more  
Than I had done before;  
But you as eas'ly might account  
Till to the top of numbers you amount,  
As cast up my love's score.  
Ten thousand millions was the sum;  
Millions of endless millions are to come.

II.

I'm sure her beauties cannot greater grow;  
Why should my love do so?  
A real cause at first did move,  
But mine own fancy now drives on my love,  
With shadows from itself that flow.  
My love, as we in numbers see,  
By cyphers is increas'd eternally.

III.

So the new-made and untry'd spheres above  
Took their first turn from th' hand of Jove,  
But are since that beginning found  
By their own forms to move for ever round.  
All violent motions short do prove,  
But by the length 'tis plain to see  
That love's a motion natural to me.

*Love's Visibility.*

I.

WITH much of pain, and all the art I knew,  
Have I endeavour'd hitherto  
To hide my love, and yet all will not do.

II.

The world perceives it, and it may be she,  
Tho' so discreet and good she be,  
By hiding it, to teach that skill to me.

III.

Men without love have oft' so cunning grown,  
That something like it they have shewn,  
But none who had it ever seem'd t' have none.

IV.

Love's of a strangely open, simple, kind,  
Can no arts or disguises find,  
But thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

V.

The very eye betrays our inward smart;  
Love of himself left there a part,  
When thorough it he pass'd into the heart.

VI.

Or if by chance the face betray not it,  
But keep the secret wisely, yet  
Like drunkenness, into the tongue 'twill get.

---

*Looking on, and discoursing with, his Mistress.*

I.

THESE full two hours now have I gazing been,  
What comfort by it can I gain?  
To look on heav'n, with mighty gulfs between,  
Was the great miser's greatest pain;  
So near was he to heav'n's delight,  
As with the bless'd converse he might,  
Yet could not get one drop of water by't.

II.

Ah! Wretch! I seem to touch her now; but, oh  
What boundless spaces do us part?  
Fortune, and friends, and all earth's empty shew,  
My lowness, and her high desert:  
But these might conquerable prove;  
Nothing does me so far remove,  
As her hard soul's aversion from my love.

III.

So travellers that lose their way by night,  
If from afar they chance t' espy  
Th' uncertain glimm'rings of a taper's light,  
Take flatt'ring hopes, and think it nigh;  
Till, wearied with the fruitless pain,  
They sit them down and weep in vain,  
And there in darkness and despair remain.

---

*Resolved to love.*

I.

I WONDER what the grave and wife  
Think of all us that love;  
Whether our pretty fooleries  
Their mirth or anger move;

They understand not breath that words does want ;  
Our sighs to them are insignificant.

II.

One of them saw me th' other day,  
Touch the dear hand which I admire,  
My soul was melting straight away,  
And dropp'd before the fire.  
This silly wife man who pretends to know,  
Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so ?

III.

Another from my Mistress' door  
Say me with eyes all wat'ry come,  
Nor could the hidden cause explore,  
But thought some smoke was in the room :  
Such ign'rance from unwounded Learning came,  
He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.

IV.

If learn'd in other things you be,  
And have in love no skill,  
For God's sake keep your arts from me,  
For I'll be ign'rant still.  
Study or action others may embrace ;  
My love's my business, and my books her face.

V.

These are but trifles, I confess,  
Which me, weak Mortal ! move ;  
Nor is your busy seriousness  
Less trifling than my love.  
The wisest king who from his sacred breast  
Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

---

*My Fate.*

I.

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,  
To which with trembling reverence it does bend ;  
Go bid the stones a journey upward make ;  
Go bid the ambitious flame no more ascend ;  
And when these false to their old motions prove,  
Then shall I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

II.

The fast-link'd chain of everlasting Fate  
Does nothing tie more strong than me to you ;  
My fix'd love hangs not on your love or hate,  
But will be still the same whate'er you do.  
You cannot kill my love with your disdain ;  
Wound it you may, and make it live in pain.

III.

Me mine example let the Stoics use,  
Their sad and cruel doctrine to maintain,  
Let all Predestinators me produce,  
Who struggle with eternal bonds in vain :  
'This fire I'm born to ; but 'tis she must tell  
Whether 't be beams of heav'n, or flames of hell.

IV.

You who men's fortunes in their faces read,  
To find out mine, look not, alas ! on me ;  
But mark her face, and all the features heed,  
For only there is writ my destiny :  
Or if stars shew it, gaze not on the skies,  
But study th' astrology of her eyes.

V.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,  
What Mars or Saturn threaten I'll not fear ;  
I well believe the fate of mortal days  
Is writ in heaven, but, oh ! my heav'n is there.  
What can men learn from stars they scarce can  
see ?  
Two great lights rule the world, and her two me.

---

*The Heart-breaking.*

I.

It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke ;  
In vain it something would have spoke ;  
The love within too strong for't was,  
Like poison put into a Venice-glass.

II.

I thought that this some remedy might prove,  
But, oh ! the mighty serpent, Love,  
Cut by this chance in pieces small,  
In all still liv'd, and still it stung in all.

III.

And now, alas ! each little broken part  
Feels the whole pain of all my heart,  
And every smallest corner still  
Lives with the torment which the whole did kill.

IV.

Ev'n so rude armies, when the field they quit,  
And into several quarters get,  
Each troop does spoil and ruin more,  
Than all join'd in one body did before.

V.

How many loves reign in my bosom now ?  
How many loves ! yet all of you ;  
Thus have I chang'd, with evil fate,  
My monarch-love into a tyrant-state.

---

*The Usurpation.*

I.

Thou 'adst to my soul no title or pretence ;  
I was mine own, and free,  
Till I had giv'n myself to thee ;  
But thou hast kept me slave and pris'ner since.  
Well, since so insolent thou'rt grown,  
Fond Tyrant ! I'll depose thee from thy throne ;  
Such outrages must not admitted be  
In an elective monarchy.

II.

Part of my heart by gift did to thee fall ;  
My country, kindred, and my best  
Acquaintance, were to share the rest ;  
But thou, their cov'tous neighbour, drav'st out all ;  
Nay, more, thou mak'st me worship thee,  
And wouldst the rule of my religion be.  
Was ever tyrant claim'd such pow'r as you,  
To be both Emp'ror and Pope too ?

III.

The public mis'ries and my private fate  
Deserve some tears ; but greedy thou

(Insatiate Maid!) wilt not allow  
That I one drop from thee should alienate :  
Nor wilt thou grant my sins a part,  
Tho' the sole cause of most of them thou art ;  
Counting my tears thy tribute and thy due,  
Since first mine eyes I gave to you.

IV.

Thou all my joys and all my hopes dost claim ;  
Thou ragest like a fire in me,  
Converting all things into thee ;  
Nought can resist or not increase the flame :  
Nay, every grief and every fear  
Thou dost devour, unless thy stamp it bear.  
Thy presence, like the crowned basilisk's breath,  
All other serpents puts to death.

V.

As men in hell are from diseases free,  
So from all other ills am I ;  
Free from their known formality ;  
But all pains eminently lie in thee.  
Alas ! alas ! I hope in vain  
My conquer'd soul from out thine hands to gain,  
Since all the natives there thou 'st overthrow,  
And planted garrisons of thine own.

---

*Maidenhead.*

I.

Thou worst estate ev'n of the sex that's worst,  
Therefore by Nature made at first  
To attend the weakness of our birth !  
Slight outward curtain to the nuptial bed !  
Thou case to buildings not yet finished !  
Who, like the centre of the earth,  
Dost heaviest things attract to thee,  
Though thou a point imaginary be.

II.

A thing God thought for mankind so unfit,  
That his first blessing ruin'd it.  
Cold frozen nurse of fiercest fires !  
Who, like the parched plains of Afric's sand,  
(A sterile and a wild unlovely land)  
Art always scorched with hot desires,  
Yet barren quite, didst thou not bring  
Monsters and serpents forth, thyself to sting !

III.

Thou that bewichest men, whilst thou dost dwell  
Like a close conjurer in his cell !  
And fear'st the Day's discov'ring eye !  
No wonder 't is at all that thou shouldst be  
Such tedious and unpleas'ant company,  
Who liv'st so melancholily !  
Thou thing of subtle, slippery kind,  
Which women lose, and yet no man can find !

IV.

Altho' I think thou never found wilt be,  
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee ;  
The search itself rewards the pains :  
So though the chymic his great secret miss,  
(For neither in it art nor nature is)  
Yet things well worth his toil he gains,  
And does his charge and labour pay  
With good unfought experiments by the way.

V.

Say what thou wilt, chastity is no more  
Thee, than a porter is his door.  
In vain to honour they pretend, [walls ;  
Who guard themselves with ramparts and with  
Them only Fame the truly valiant calls,  
Who can an open breach defend.  
Of thy quick loss can be no doubt,  
Within so hated, and so lov'd without.

---

*Impossibilities.*

I.

IMPOSSIBILITIES ! Oh, no, there's none ;  
Could mine bring thy heart captive home,  
As eas'ly other dangers were o'erthrown,  
As Cæsar, after vanquish'd Rome,  
His little Asian foes did overcome.

II.

True lovers oft' by Fortune are envy'd,  
Oft' earth and hell against them strive ;  
But Providence engages on their side,  
And a good end at last does give ;  
At last just men and lovers always thrive.

III.

As stars, (not pow'ful else) when they conjoin,  
Change, as they please, the world's estate ;  
So thy heart in conjunction with mine  
Shall our own fortunes regulate,  
And to our stars themselves prescribe a fate.

IV.

'Twould grieve me much to find some bold ro-  
mance  
That should two kind examples shew,  
Which before us in wonders did advance ;  
Not that I thought that story true,  
But none should fancy more than I would do.

V.

Thro' spite of our worst enemies, thy friends,  
Thro' local banishment from thee ;  
Thro' the loud thoughts of less-concerning ends,  
As easy shall my passage be,  
As was the am'rous youth's o'er Helle's sea.

VI.

In vain the winds, in vain the billows, roar ;  
In vain the stars their aid deny'd ;  
He saw the Saffian tow'r on th' other shore ;  
Shall th' Hellespont our loves divide ?  
No, not th' Atlantick ocean's boundless tide.

VII.

Such seas betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are ;  
But, gentle Maid ! do not deny  
To let thy beams shine on me from afar,  
And still the taper let me espy ;  
For when thy light goes out, I sink and die.

---

*Silence.*

I.

CURSE on the tongue that has my heart betray'd,  
And his great secret open laid !

For of all persons chiefly she  
Should not the ills I suffer know,  
Since 't is a thing might dang'rous grow,  
Only in her to pity me ;  
Since 't is for me to lose my life more fit,  
Than 't is for her to save and ransom it.

## II.

Al! never more shall thy unwilling ear  
My helpless story hear.  
Discourse and talk awake does keep  
The rude unquiet pain  
That in my breast does reign ;  
Silence, perhaps, may make it sleep :  
I'll bind that sore up I did ill reveal ;  
The wound, if once it close, may chance to heal.

## III.

No, 't will ne'er heal ; my love will never die,  
Though it should speechless lie.  
A river, e'er it meet the sea,  
As well might stay its source  
As my love can his course,  
Unless it join and mix with thee.  
If any end or stop of it be found,  
We know the flood runs still, though under ground.

*The Dissembler.*

## I.

UNHURT, untouch'd, did I complain,  
And terrify'd all others with the pain ;  
But now I feel the mighty evil ;  
Ah! there's no fooling with the devil !  
So wanton men, whilst others they would fright,  
Themselves have met a real sprite.

## II.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome lie  
Had been no sin at all in poetry ;  
But now I suffer an arrest  
For words were spoke by me in jest.  
Dull, sottish God of Love! and can it be  
Thou understand'st not raillery ?

## III.

Darts, and wounds, and flame, and heat,  
I nam'd but for the rhyme or the conceit,  
Nor meant my verse should raised be  
To this sad fame of prophesy ;  
Truth gives a dull propriety to my style,  
And all the metaphors does spoil.

## IV.

In things where fancy much does reign,  
'Tis dang'rous too cunningly to feign ;  
The play at last a truth does grow,  
And custom into nature go.  
By this curs'd art of begging I became  
Lame, with counterfeiting lame.

## V.

My lines of amorous desire  
I wrote to kindle and blow others' fire ;  
And 't was a barbarous delight  
My fancy promis'd from the fight :  
But now, by love, the mighty Phalaris !  
My Burning Bull the first do try.

*The Inconstant.*

## I.

I NEVER yet could see that face  
Which had no dart for me ;  
From fifteen years to fifty's space,  
They all victorious be.  
Love! thou'rt a devil, if I may call thee one ;  
For sure in me thy name is Legion.

## II.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face ;  
Goodness or wit, in all I find ;  
In motion or in speech a grace ;  
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind ;  
And I'm so weak, the pistol need not be  
Double or treble charg'd to murder me.

## III.

If tall, the name of Proper slays ;  
If fair, she is pleasant as the light ;  
If low, her prettiness does please ;  
If black, what lover loves not night ?  
If yellow-hair'd, I love, lest it should be  
Th' excuse to others for not loving me.

## IV.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart ;  
The lean, with love makes me, too, so ;  
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart  
To me ; if crooked, 'tis his bow.  
Nay, Age itself does me to rage incline,  
And strength to women gives, as well as wine.

## V.

Just half as large as Charity  
My richly-landed love's become,  
And judg'd aright is Constancy  
Tho' it takes up a larger room :  
Him who loves always one, why should they call  
More constant than the man loves always all ?

## VI.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee  
Thro' all love's gardens and his fields,  
And like the wise industrious bee,  
No weed but honey to me yields !  
Honey still spent this diligence still supplies,  
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

## VII.

My soul at first indeed did prove  
Of pretty strength against a dart,  
Till I this habit got of love ;  
But my consum'd and wasted heart,  
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire,  
Since that by every spark is set on fire.

*The Constant.*

## I.

GREAT and wise Conqu'ror! who where'er  
Thou com'st, dost fortify and settle there !  
Who canst defend as well as get,  
And never hadst one quarter beat up yet ;  
Now thou art in, thou ne'er wilt part  
With one inch of my vanquish'd heart ;

THE MISTRESS,

For since thou took'st it by assault from me,  
'Tis garrison'd so strong with thoughts of thee,  
It fears no beauteous enemy.

II.

Had thy charming strength been less,  
I'd serv'd e'er this an hundred Mistresses.  
I'm better thus, nor would compound  
To leave my pris'n to be a vagabond:  
A pris'n in which I still would be,  
Though ev'ry door stood ope to me.  
In spite both of thy coldness and thy pride,  
All love is marriage on thy lover's side,  
For only death can them divide.

III.

Close, narrow chain, yet soft and kind,  
As that which sp'rits above to good does bind:  
Gentle and sweet necessity,  
Which does not force, but guide our liberty!  
Your love on me were spent in vain,  
Since my love still could but remain  
Just as it is; for what, alas! can be  
Added to that which hath infinity  
Both in extent and quality?

*Her Name.*

I.

With more than Jewish reverence as yet  
Do I the sacred Name conceal;  
When, ye kind Stars! ah! when will it be fit  
'This gentle myst'ry to reveal?  
When will our love be nam'd, and we possess  
'That christ'ning as a badge of happiness?

II.

So bold as yet no verse of mine has been,  
To wear that gem on any line;  
Nor, till the happy nuptial Muse be seen,  
Shall any stanza with it shine.  
Rest, mighty Name! till then; for thou must be  
Laid down by her e'er taken up by me.

III.

Then all the fields and woods shall with it ring;  
Then Echo's burden it shall be;  
Then all the birds in sev'ral notes shall sing,  
And all the rivers murmur thee;  
Then ev'ry wind the sound shall upwards bear,  
And softly whisper 't to some angel's ear.

IV.

Then shall thy Name through all my verse be  
spread,  
Thick as the flow'rs in meadows lie,  
And when in future times they shall be read,  
(As sure, I think, they will not die)  
If any critic doubt that they be mine,  
Men by that stamp shall quickly know the coin.

V.

Meanwhile I will not dare to make a Name  
To represent thee by;  
Adam (God's nomenclator) could not frame  
One that enough should signify.  
Astræa or Celia as unfit would prove  
For thee, as 'tis to call the Deity Jove.

*Weeping.*

I.

See where she sits, and in what comely wise  
Drops tears more fair than others' eyes!  
Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see  
Th' attire thy sorrow wears,  
Nor know the beauty of thy tears,  
For she'll still come to dress herself in thee.

II.

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy  
In ev'ry drop, methinks, her eye:  
The baby which lives there, and always plays  
In that illustrious sphere,  
Like a Narcissus does appear,  
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

III.

Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious weather  
As this sunshine and rain together;  
Pray Heav'n her forehead, that pure hill of snow,  
(For some such fountain we must find  
To waters of so fair a kind)  
Melt not, to feed that beauteous stream below.

IV.

Ah! mighty Love! that it were inward heat  
Which made this precious limbeck sweat!  
But what, alas! ah! what does it avail,  
That she weeps tears so wond'rous cold,  
As scarce the ass's hoof can hold;  
So cold, that I admire they fall not hail?

*Discretion.*

I.

DISCREET! what means this word Discreet.  
A curse on all Discretion!  
This barbarous term you will not meet  
In all Love's Lexicon.

II.

Jointure, portion, gold, estate,  
Houfes, household-stuff, or land,  
(The low conveniencies of Fate)  
Are Greek no lovers understand.

III.

Believe me, beauteous One! when love  
Enters into a breast,  
The two first things it does remove  
Are friends and interest.

IV.

Passion's half blind, nor can endure  
The careful scrup'lous eyes,  
Or else I could not love, I'm sure,  
One who in love were wise.

V.

Men in such tempests toss'd about  
Will, without grief or pain,  
Cast all their goods and riches out,  
Themselves their port to gain.

VI.

As well might martyrs, who do choofe  
That sacred death to take,  
Mourn for the clothes which they must lose,  
When they're bound naked to the stake.

*The Waiting-Maid.*

I.

THY Maid! Ah! find some nobler theme  
Whereon thy doubts to place,  
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme  
The glories of thy face.

II.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,  
So exquisitely bright,  
That her dim lamp must disappear  
Before thy potent light.

III.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee  
Maliciously are spent,  
And make that beauty tyranny,  
That's else a civil government.

IV.

Th' adorning thee with so much art  
Is but a barb'rous skill;  
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,  
Too apt before to kill.

V.

The min'st'ring angels none can see;  
'Tis not their beauty or their face,  
For which by men they worshipp'd be,  
But their high office and their place.  
Thou art my goddess, my saint she;  
I pray to her only to pray to thee.

*Counsel.*

I.

AH! what advice can I receive?  
No, satisfy me first;  
For who would physic-potions give  
To one that dies with thirst?

II.

A little puff of breath, we find,  
Small fires can quench and kill,  
But when they're great, the adverse wind  
Does make them greater still.

III.

Now, whilst you speak, it moves me much,  
But straight I'm just the same;  
Alas! th' effect must needs be such  
Of cutting through a flame.

*The Cure.*

I.

COME, Doctor! use thy roughest art,  
Thou canst not cruel prove;  
Cut, burn, and torture every part,  
To heal me of my love.

II.

There is no danger; if the pain  
Should me to a fever bring,

Compar'd with heats I now sustain;  
A fever is so cool a thing,  
(Like drink which feverish men desire)  
That I should hope 'twould almost quench my fire.

*The Separation.*

I.

ASK me not what my love shall do or be  
(Love! which is soul to body, and soul of me)  
When I am sep'rated from thee,  
Alas! I might as eas'ly shew  
What after death the soul will do;  
'Twill last, I'm sure, and that is all we know.

II.

The thing call'd Soul will never stir nor move,  
But all that while a lifeless carcass prove,  
For 'tis the body of my love;  
Not that my love will fly away,  
But still continue, as they say  
Sad troubled ghosts about their graves do stray.

*The Tree.*

I.

I chose the flour'ring'st Tree in all the park,  
With freshest boughs and fairest head;  
I cut my love into his gentle bark,  
And in three days behold 'tis dead;  
My very written flames so violent be,  
They 'ave burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

II.

How should I live myself, whose heart is found  
Deeply engraven every where  
With the large history of many a wound,  
Larger than thy trunk can bear?  
With art as strange as Homer in the Nut,  
Love in my heart has volumes put.

III.

What a few words from thy rich stock did take  
The leaves and beauties all?  
As a strong poison with one drop does make  
The nails and hairs to fall.  
Love (I see now) a kind of witchcraft is,  
Or characters could ne'er do this.

IV.

Pardon, ye Birds and Nymphs! who lov'd this  
And pardon me, thou gentle Tree! [shade;  
I thought her name would thee have happy made,  
And blessed omens hop'd from thee;  
Notes of my love, thrive here, said I, and grow,  
And with ye let my love do so.

V.

Alas! poor youth! thy love will never thrive!  
This blasted Tree predestines it;  
Go, tie the dismal knot, (why shouldst thou live?)  
And by the lines thou there hast writ  
Deform'dly hang in, the sad picture be  
To that unlucky history.

*Her Unbelief.*

I.

It is a strange kind of ign'rance this in you,  
That you your vict'ries should not spy,  
Victories gotten by your eye!  
That your bright beams, as those of comets do,  
Should kill, but not know how nor who.

II.

That truly you my idol might appear,  
Whilst all the people smell and see  
The odorous flames I offer thee,  
Thou sit'st, and dost not see, nor smell, nor hear,  
Thy constant zealous worshipper.

III.

They see't too well who at my fires repine;  
Nay, th' unconcern'd themselves do prove  
Quick-ey'd enough to spy my love;  
Nor does the cause in thy face clearer shine,  
Than the effect appears in mine.

IV.

Fair infidel! by what unjust decree  
Must I, who with such restless care  
Would make this truth to thee appear;  
Must I, who preach it, and pray for it, be  
Damn'd by thy incredulity?

V.

I by thy Unbelief am guiltless slain:  
Oh! have but faith, and then that you  
May know that faith for to be true,  
It shall itself by a miracle maintain,  
And raise me from the dead again.

VI.

Mean-while my hopes may seem to be o'erthrown;  
But lovers' hopes are full of art,  
And thus dispute, that since my heart,  
Tho' in thy breast, yet is not by thee known;  
Perhaps thou may'st not know thine own.

*The Gazers.*

I.

COME let's go on where Love and Youth does  
I've seen too much if this be all. [call;  
Alas! how far more wealthy might I be  
With a contented ign'rant poverty?  
To shew such stores, and nothing grant,  
Is to enrage and vex my want:  
For Love to die an infant is lesser ill,  
Than to live long, yet live in childhood still.

II.

We've both sat gazing only hitherto,  
As man and wife in picture do.  
The richest crop of joy is still behind,  
And he who only sees in love is blind.  
So at first Pygmalion lov'd,  
But th' amour at last improv'd;  
The statue itself at last a woman grew,  
And so at last, my Dear! should you do too.

III.

Beauty to man the greatest torture is,  
Unless it lead to farther bliss;  
Beyond the tyrannous pleasures of the eye,  
It grows too serious a cruelty,

Unless it heal as well as strike;  
I would not, salamander-like,  
In scorching heats always to live desire,  
But like a martyr pass to heav'n through fire.

IV.

Mark how the lusty sun salutes the Spring,  
And gently kisses every thing:  
His loving beams unlock each maiden flow'r,  
Search all the treasures, all the sweets devour;  
Then on the earth with bridegroom-heat,  
He does still new flow'rs beget:  
The Sun himself, although all eye he be,  
Can find in love more pleasure than to see.

*The Incurable.*

I.

I TRY'D if books would cure my love, but found  
Love made them nonsense all:  
I apply'd receipts of bus'ness to my wound,  
But stirring did the pain recall.

II.

As well might men who in a fever fry,  
Mathematic doubts debate;  
As well might men, who mad in darkness lie,  
Write the dispatches of a state.

III.

I try'd devotion, sermons, frequent pray'r,  
But those did worse than useles prove;  
For pray'rs are turn'd to sin in those who are  
Out of charity, or in love.

IV.

I try'd in wine to drown the mighty care,  
But wine, alas! was oil to th' fire;  
Like drunkards' eyes, my troubled fancy there  
Did double the desire.

V.

I try'd what mirth and gaiety would do,  
And mix'd with pleasant companies;  
My mirth did graceless and insipid grow,  
And 'bove a clinch it could not rise.

VI.

Nay, God forgive me for't, at last I try'd  
'Gainst this some new desire to stir,  
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I espy'd  
Some faint resemblances of her.

VII.

The physic made me worse with which I strove  
This mortal ill t' expel;  
As wholesome med'cines the disease improve  
There where they work not well.

*Honour.*

I.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;  
There's then, at last, no more to do:  
The happy work's entirely done;  
Enter the town, which thou hast won;

S iiij

The fruits of conquest now begin;  
To, triumph! enter in.

II.

What is this, ye Gods! what can it be?  
Remains there still an enemy?  
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,  
And would yet capitulate;  
Have I o'ercome all real foes,  
And shall this phantom me oppose?

III.

Noisy Nothing! stalking Shade!  
By what witchcraft wert thou made?  
Empty cause of solid harms!  
But I shall find out countercharms  
Thy airy devilship to remove  
From this circle here of love.

IV.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee  
By the night's obscurity,  
And obscurer secrecy:  
Unlike to ev'ry other sprite,  
Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,  
Nor appear'st but in the light,

---

*The innocent III.*

I.

Though all thy gestures and discourses be  
Coin'd and stamp'd by Modesty;  
Tho' from thy tongue ne'er slipp'd away  
One word which nuns at th' altar might not say;  
Yet such a sweetness, such a grace,  
In all thy speech appear,  
That what to th' eye a beauteous face,  
That thy tongue's to th' ear:  
So cunningly it wounds the heart,  
It strikes such heat through ev'ry part,  
That thou a ~~more~~ worse than Satan art.

II.

Though in thy thoughts scarce any tracks have been  
So much as of original sin,  
Such charms thy beauty wears, as might  
Desires in dying confess'd faints excite:  
Thou with strange adultery  
Dost in each breast a brothel keep:  
Awake, all men do lust for thee,  
And some enjoy thee when they sleep.  
Ne'er before did woman live  
Who to such multitudes did give  
The root and cause of sin, but only Eve.

III.

Though in thy breast so quick a pity be,  
That a fly's death's a wound to thee;  
Though savage and rock-hearted those  
Appear, that weep not ev'n romances' woes;  
Yet ne'er before was tyrant known  
Whose rage was of so large extent,  
The ills thou dost are whole thine own,  
Thou'rt principal and instrument;  
In all the deaths that come from you,  
You do the treble office do  
Of judge, of tort'ner, and of weapon, too.

IV.

Thou lovely instrument of angry Fate,  
Which God did for our faults create!  
Thou pleasant universal ill,  
Which sweet as health, yet like a plague dost kill!  
Thou kind, wellnatur'd tyranny!  
Thou chaste committer of a rape!  
Thou voluntary destiny,  
Which no man can or would escape!  
So gentle, and so glad to spare,  
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,  
(We know) ev'n the destroying angels are.

---

*Dialogue.*

I.

SHE. WHAT have we done? what cruel passion  
mov'd thee  
Thus to ruin her that lov'd thee?  
Me thou 'ast robb'd, but what art thou  
Thyself the richer now?  
Shame succeeds the short-liv'd pleasure; [fare.  
So soon is spent and gone this thy ill-gotten trea-

II.

NE. We 'ave done no harm, nor was it theft in  
But noblest charity in thee. [me,  
I'll the well-gotten pleasure  
Safe in my mem'ry treasure;  
What though the flow'r itself do waste, [last.  
The essence from it drawn does long and sweeter

III.

SHE. No: I'm undone; my honour thou hast  
And nothing can restore 't again: [flair,  
Art and labour to bestow  
Upon the carcass of it now,  
Is but to embalm a body dead;  
The figure may remain, the life and beauty's fled.

IV.

NE. Never, my Dear! was honour yet undone  
By love, but indiscretion.  
To the wise it all things does allow,  
And cares not what we do, but how;  
Like tapers shut in ancient urns,  
Unless it let in air, for ever shines and burns.

V.

SHE. Thou first, perhaps, who didst the fault  
Wilt make thy wicked boast of it: [commit,  
For men, with Roman pride, above  
The conquest do the triumph love;  
Nor think a perfect vict'ry gain'd,  
Unless they through the streets their captive lead  
enchain'd.

VI.

NE. Whoe'er his secret joys has open laid,  
The bawd to his own wife is made.  
Beside, what boast is left for me,  
Whose whole wealth is a gift from thee?  
'Tis you the conqueror are, 'tis you  
Who 'ave not only ta'en, but bound and gagg'd me

VII.

SHE. Though public punishment we escape, the  
Will rack and torture us within: [fit

Guilt and sin our bosom bears,  
 And though fair yet the fruit appears,  
 That worm which now the core does waste,  
 When long 't has gnaw'd within, will break the  
 skin at last.

VIII.

HE. That thirsty drink, that hungry food I sought,  
 That wounded balm, is all my fault;  
 And thou in pity didst apply  
 The kind and only remedy:  
 The cause absolves the crime; since me  
 So mighty force did move, so mighty goodness thee.

IX.

SHE. Curse on thine arts! methinks I hate thee  
 And yet I'm sure I love thee too! [now,  
 I'm angry, but my wrath will prove  
 More innocent than did thy love.  
 Thou hast this day undone me quite, [night.  
 Yet will undo me more shouldst thou not come at

---

*Verses lost upon a Wager.*

I.

As soon hereafter will I Wagers lay  
 'Gainst what an oracle shall say:  
 Fool that I was! to venture to deny  
 A tongue so us'd to victory!  
 A tongue so bless'd by Nature and by Art,  
 That never yet it spoke but gain'd an heart;  
 Though what you said had not been true,  
 If spoke by any else but you:  
 Your speech will govern Destiny,  
 And Fate will change rather than you should lie.

II.

'Tis true, if human reason were the guide,  
 Reason, methinks, was on my side;  
 But that's a guide, alas! we must resign,  
 When th' authority's divine.  
 She said, she said herself, it would be so;  
 And I, bold unbeliever, answer'd, No.  
 Never so justly sure before,  
 Error the name of Blindness bore,  
 For whatsoever the question be  
 There's no man that has eyes would bet for me.

III.

If Truth itself (as other angels do  
 When they descend to human view)  
 In a material form would deign to shine,  
 'T would imitate or borrow thine:  
 So dazzling bright, yet so transparent clear,  
 So well-proportion'd would the parts appear,  
 Happy the eye which Truth could see  
 Cloth'd in a shape like thee;  
 But happier far the eye  
 Which could thy shape naked like Truth espy!

IV.

Yet this lost Wager costs me nothing more  
 Than what I ow'd to thee before.  
 Who would not venture for that debt to play,  
 Which he were bound howe'er to pay?  
 If nature gave me pow'r to write in verse,  
 She gave it me thy praises to rehearse!

Thy wondrous beauty and thy wit  
 Has such a sov'reign right to it,  
 That no man's Muse for publick vent is fit,  
 Till she has paid her customs first to thee.

---

*Bathing in the River.*

I.

THE fish around her crowded, as they do  
 To the false light that treach'rous fishers show,  
 And all with as much ease might taken be  
 As she at first took me.  
 For ne'er did light so clear  
 Among the waves appear,  
 Though ev'ry night the sun himself set there.

II.

Why to mute fish shouldst thou thyself discover,  
 And not to me, thy no less silent lover?  
 As some from men their buried gold commit  
 To ghosts, that have no use of it!  
 Half their rich treasures so  
 Maids bury, and, for ought we know,  
 (Poor Ignorants!) they're mermaids all below.

III.

The am'rous waves would fain about her stay,  
 But still new am'rous waves drive them away,  
 And with swift current to those joys they haste,  
 That do as swiftly waste;  
 I laugh'd the wanton play to view,  
 But 'tis, alas! at land so too,  
 And still old lovers yield the place to new.

IV.

Kiss her, and as you part, you am'rous waves!  
 (My happier rivals, and my fellow-slaves)  
 Point to your flow'ry banks, and to her shew  
 The good your bounties do;  
 Then tell her what your pride doth cost,  
 And how your youth and beauty's ~~lost~~  
 When rig'rous Winter binds you up with frost.

V.

Tell her, her beauties and her youth, like thee,  
 Haste without stop to a devouring sea,  
 Where they will mix'd and undistinguish'd lie  
 With all the meanest things that die:  
 As in the ocean thou  
 No privilege dost know  
 Above th' impurest streams that thither flow.

VI.

Tell her, kind Flood! when this has made her mad,  
 Tell her there is yet one rem'dy to be had;  
 Shew her how thou, though long since past, dost find  
 Thyself yet still behind.  
 Marriage, say to her, will bring  
 About the self-same thing:  
 But she, fond Maid! shuts and seals up the spring.

---

*Love Given Over.*

I.

IT is enough; enough of time and pain  
 Hast thou consum'd in vain;

Leave, wretched Cowley ! leave  
 Thyself with shadows to deceive ;  
 Think that already lost which thou must never

II.

Three of thy lustiest and thy freshest years,  
 ('Toss'd in storms of hopes and fears)  
 Like helpless ships that be  
 Set on fire i' th' midst o' the sea, [in tears.  
 Have all been burnt in love, and all been drown'd

III.

Resolve then on it, and by force or art,  
 Free thy unlucky heart ;  
 Since Fate does disapprove  
 Th' ambition of thy love,  
 And not one star in heav'n offers to take thy part.

IV.

If e'er I clear my heart from this desire,  
 If e'er it home to its breast retire,

[gain.

It ne'er shall wander more about,  
 Though thousand beauties call'd it out :  
 A lover burnt like me for ever dreads the fire

V.

The pox, the plague, and ev'ry small disease,  
 May come as oft' as ill Fate please ;  
 But Death and Love are never found  
 To give a second wound :  
 We're by those serpents bit ; but we're devour'd  
 by these,

VI.

Alas ! what comfort is't, that I'm grown  
 Secure of being again o'erthrown ?  
 Since such an enemy needs not fear  
 Lest any else should quarter there,  
 Who has not only sack'd, but quite burnt down  
 the town.

# O D E S.

## Ode. Of Wit.

I.

TELL me, O tell! what kind of thing is Wit,  
Thou who master art of it :  
For the first matter loves variety less ;  
Less women love it, either in love or dress :  
A thousand diff'rent shapes it bears,  
Comely in thousand shapes appears :  
Yonder we saw it plain, and here 'tis now,  
Like spirits, in a place, we know not how.

II.

London, that vends of false ware so much store,  
In no ware deceives us more :  
For men, led by the colour and the shape,  
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.  
Some things do through our judgment pass,  
As through a multiplying-glass ;  
And sometimes, if the object be too far,  
We take a falling meteor for a star.

III.

Hence 'tis Wit, that greatest word of Fame,  
Grows such a common name ;  
And wits by our creation they become,  
Just so as tit'lar bishops made at Rome.  
'Tis not a tale, 't is not a jest,  
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,  
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain ;  
The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

IV.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet  
With their five gouty feet :  
All ev'ry where, like man's, must be the soul,  
And reason the inferior pow'rs controul.  
Such were the numbers which could call  
The stones into the Theban wall.  
Such miracles are ceas'd ; and now we see  
No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

V.

Yet 't is not to adorn and gild each part ;  
That shews more cost than art.  
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear ;  
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.  
Several lights ~~will~~ not be seen,  
If there be nothing else between.  
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,  
If those be stars which paint the Galaxy.

VI.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,  
Jests for Dutchmen and English boys ;

In which who finds out Wit, the same may see  
In anagrams and acrostics poetry.  
Much less can that have any place  
At which a virgin hides her face ;  
Such dross the fire must purge away ; 't is just  
The author blush there where the reader must.

VII.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage,  
When Bajazet begins to rage :  
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombast way,  
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca :  
Nor upon all things to obtrude,  
And force some odd similitude.  
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,  
We only can by negatives define ?

VIII.

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,  
Yet all things there agree :  
As in the Ark, join'd without force or strife,  
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life.  
Or as the primitive forms of all,  
(If we compare great things with small)  
Which without discord or confusion lie,  
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

IX.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,  
Makes me forget and injure you.  
I took you for myself, sure, when I thought  
That you in any thing were to be taught.  
Correct my error with thy pen,  
And if any ask me then  
What thing right Wit, and height of genius is,  
I'll only shew your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

## Ode.

I.

HERE 's to thee, Dick : this whining love despise :  
Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'st  
It sparkles brighter far than she ; [wife.  
'Tis pure and right, without deceit,  
And such no woman e'er will be ;  
No ; they are all sophisticate.

II.

With all thy servile pains what canst thou win,  
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly sin ?  
A thing so vile, and so shortliv'd,  
That Venus' joys as well as she

With reason may be said to be  
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

III.

Whom would that painted toy, a beauty, move;  
Whom would it e'er persuade to court and love;  
Could he a woman's heart have seen,  
(But, oh! no light does thither come)  
And view'd her perfectly within,  
When he my shut up in her womb?

IV.

Follies they have so numberless in store,  
That only he who loves them can have more.  
Neither their sighs nor tears are true;  
Those idly blow, these idly fall,  
Nothing like to our's at all:  
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

V.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown'd,  
Let the glass walk till all things, too, go round:  
Again; till these too lights be four;  
No error here can dang'rous prove;  
Thy passion, man! deceiv'd thee more;  
None double see like men in love.

*Ode, in imitation of Horace's Ode,*

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa,  
Persuasus, &c. Lib. I. ode v.*

I.

To whom now, Pyrrha! art thou kind?  
To what heart-ravish'd lover  
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,  
Thy hidden sweets discover,  
And with large bounty open set  
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

II.

Ah! ~~simple~~ mouth! how oft' will he  
Of thy chang'd faith complain?  
And his own fortunes find to be  
So airy and so vain,  
Of so cameleon-like an hue,  
That still their colour changes with it too?

III.

How oft', alas! will he admire  
The blackness of the skies?  
Trembling to hear the winds sound high'r  
And see the billows rise:  
Poor unexperienc'd he,  
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at sea!

IV.

He enjoys thy calm sunshine now,  
And no breath stirring hears  
In the clear heav'n of thy brow  
No smallest cloud appears.  
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,  
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

V.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy! he  
'T' whom thou untry'd dost shine!  
But there's no danger now for me,  
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,  
In witness of the shipwreck past,  
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

*Ode on Orinda's poems.*

I.

We allow'd you beauty, and we did submit  
To all the tyrannies of it:  
Ah! cruel Sex! will you depose us too in wit?  
Orinda does in that, too, reign.  
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,  
And cancel great Apollo's Salique law.  
We our old title plead in vain;  
Man may be head, but woman's now the brain.  
Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore;  
In Beauty's camp it was not known;  
'Too many arms besides that conqu'ror bore:  
'Twas the great cannon we brought down  
'T' assault a stubborn town;  
Orinda first did a bold sally make,  
Our strongest quarter take,  
And so successful prov'd, that she  
Turn'd upon Love himself his own artillery.

II.

Women, as if the body were their whole,  
Did that, and not the soul,  
Transmit to their posterity:  
If in it sometime they conceiv'd,  
Th' abortive issue never liv'd.  
'Twere shame and pity, Orinda! if in thee  
A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,  
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.  
But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd  
The fair and fruitful field,  
And 't is a strange increase that it does yield.  
As when the happy gods above  
Meet all together at a feast,  
A secret joy unspeakably does move  
In their great mother Cybele's contented breast:  
With no less pleasure thou, methinks, should see  
This thy no less immortal progeny:  
And in their birth thou no one touch dost find  
Of th' ancient curse to womankind;  
Thou bring'st not forth with pain;  
It neither travail is, nor labour of the brain:  
So easily they from thee come,  
And there is so much room  
In th' inexhausted and unfathom'd womb,  
That, like the Holland Countess, thou may'st bear  
A child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

III.

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy raise.  
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise,  
Where'er I see an excellence,  
I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,  
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,  
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as  
'Tis solid, and 't is manly all, [thine eye.  
Or rather 't is angelical;  
For as in angels, we  
Do in thy verses see  
Both improv'd sexes eminently meet;  
They are than man more strong, and more than  
woman sweet.

IV.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,  
Female chimeras that o'er poets reign;  
I ne'er could find that fancy true,  
But have invoc'd them oft' I'm sure in vain;

hey talk of Sappho, but, alas! the shame!  
 In manners so the lustre of her fame.  
 Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,  
 That, like a lantern's fair inclosed light,  
 It through the paper shines where she does write.  
 Honour and friendship, and the generous scorn  
 Of things for which we were not born,  
 (Things that can only by a fond disease,  
 Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs please)  
 Are the instructive subjects of her pen,  
 And as the Roman victory  
 Taught our rude lands arts and civility,  
 At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters, men.

## V.

But Rome, with all her arts, could ne'er inspire  
 A female breast with such a fire.  
 The warlike Amazonian train,  
 Who in Elysium now do peaceful reign,  
 And Wit's mild empire before arms prefer,  
 Hope 't will be settled in their sex by her.  
 Merlin the seer (and sure he would not lie  
 In such a sacred company)  
 Does prophesies of learn'd Orinda shew,  
 Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.  
 Ev'n Boadicea's angry ghost  
 Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,  
 And to her injur'd daughters now does boast,  
 That Rome's o'ercome at last by a woman of her  
 race.

*Ode, upon occasion of a copy of verses of my Lord  
 Broghill's.*

## I.

BEGONE, said I, ungrateful Muse! and see  
 What others thou canst fool as well as me:  
 Since I grew man, and wiser ought to be,  
 My bus'ness and my hopes I left for thee;  
 For thee (which was more hardly giv'n away)  
 I left, ev'n when a boy, my play.  
 But say, ungrateful Mistress! say,  
 What for all this, what didst thou ever pay?  
 Thou 'lt say, perhaps, that riches are  
 Not of the growth of lands where thou dost trade,  
 And I as well my country might upbraid,  
 Because I have no vineyard there.  
 Well; but in love thou dost pretend to reign,  
 There thine the pow'r and lordship is;  
 Thou had'st me write, and write, and write again;  
 'Twas such a way as could not miss.  
 I, like a fool, did thee obey,  
 I wrote, and wrote, but still I wrote in vain;  
 For after all my' expense of wit and pain,  
 A rich, unwriting hand, carry'd the prize away.

## II.

Thus I complain'd, and straight the Muse reply'd,  
 That she had given me fame;  
 Bounty immense! and that, too, must be try'd  
 When I myself am nothing but a name.  
 Who now, what reader does not strive  
 To invalidate the gift whil'st we're alive?  
 For when a poet now himself doth shew,

All draw upon him, all around,  
 And ev'ry part of him they wound;  
 Happy the man that gives the deepest blow;  
 And this is all, kind Muse! to thee we owe.  
 Then in a rage I took,  
 And out at window threw  
 Ovid and Horace, all the chiming crew;  
 Homer himself went with them too;  
 Hardly escap'd the sacred Mantuan book:  
 I my own offspring, like Agave, tore,  
 And I resolv'd, nay, and I think I swore,  
 That I no more the ground would till and sow,  
 Where only flow'ry weeds instead of corn did grow.

## III.

When (see the subtle ways which Fate does find  
 Rebellious man to bind,  
 Just to the work for which he is assign'd)  
 The Muse came in more cheerful than before,  
 And had me quarrel with her now no more.  
 "Lo, thy reward! look here and see,  
 "What I have made," said she,  
 "My lover, and belov'd, my Broghill! do for thee.  
 "Though thy own verse no lasting fame can give,  
 "Thou shalt at least in his for ever live.  
 "What critics, the great Hectors now in wit,  
 "Who rant and challenge all men that have writ,  
 "Will dare t' oppose thee, when  
 "Broghill in thy defence has drawn his conqu'ring  
 I rose, and bow'd my head, [pen]  
 And pardon ask'd for all that I had said;  
 Well satisfy'd and proud,  
 I straight resolv'd, and solemnly I vow'd,  
 That from her service now I ne'er would part;  
 So strongly large rewards work on a grateful heart.

## IV.

Nothing so soon the drooping sp'rits can raise,  
 As praises from the men whom all men praise:  
 'Tis the best cordial, and which only those  
 Who have at home th' ingredients can compose:  
 A cordial that restores our fainting breath,  
 And keeps up life ev'n after death:  
 The only danger is, lest it should be  
 Too strong a remedy;  
 Lest, in removing cold, it should beget  
 Too violent a heat,  
 And into madness turn the lethargy.  
 Ah! gracious God! that I might see  
 A time when it were dangerous for me  
 To be o'erheat with praise!  
 But I within me bear, alas! too great allays.

## V.

'Tis said Apelles, when he Venus drew,  
 Did naked women for his pattern view,  
 And with his pow'rful fancy did refine  
 Their human shapes into a form divine;  
 None who had fat could her own picture see,  
 Or say one part was drawn for me.  
 So, though this nobler painter, when he writ,  
 Was pleas'd to think it fit  
 That my Book should before him sit,  
 Not as a cause, but an occasion to his wit;  
 Yet what have I to boast, or to apply,  
 To my advantage out of it, since I,  
 Instead of my own likeness, only find

*Ode. Mr. Cowley's Book presenting itself to the University Library of Oxford.*

I.

**HAIL**, Learning's Pantheon! hail, the sacred Ark!  
Where all the world of Science does embark!  
Which ever shall withstand, and last so long with-  
Insatiate Time's devouring flood. [stood  
**Hail!** tree of Knowledge! thy leaves fruit! which  
Dost in the midst of Paradise arise, [well  
**Oxford!** the muse's paradise,  
From which may never sword the bless'd expel.  
**Hail!** Bank of all past ages! where they lie  
T' enrich with interest posterity!  
**Hail!** Wit's illustrious Galaxy!  
Where thousand lights into one brightness spread;  
**Hail!** living University of the dead!

II.

Unconfus'd Babel of all tongues, which e'er  
The mighty linguist, Fame, or Time, the mighty  
That could speak, or this could hear; [traveller,  
Majestic monument and pyramid,  
Where still the shapes of parted souls abide,  
Embalin'd in verse, exalted Souls! which now  
Enjoy those arts they woo'd so well below;  
Which now all wonders plainly see  
That have been, are, or are to be,  
In the mysterious Library,  
The beatific Bodley of the Deity.

III.

Will you into your sacred throng admit  
The meanest British wit?  
You Gen'ral Council of the Priests of Fame!  
Will you not murmur and disdain  
That I a place among you claim,  
The humblest deacon of her train?  
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?  
The chain of ornament which here  
Your noble prisoners proudly wear;  
~~The chain~~ which will more pleasant seem to me  
Than all my own Pindaric liberty?  
Will ye to bind me with those mighty names submit,  
Like an Apocrypha with Holy Writ?  
Whatever happy book is chained here,  
No other place or people need to fear;  
His chain's a passport to go ev'ry where.

IV.

As when a feat in heav'n  
Is to an unmalicious sinner giv'n,  
Who casting round his wond'ring eye,  
Does none but patriarchs and apostles there espy,  
Martyrs who did their lives bestow,  
And faints who martyrs liv'd below;  
With trembling and amazement he begins  
To recollect his frailties past, and sins;  
He doubts almost his station there,  
His Soul says to itself, How came I here?  
It fares not otherwise with me,  
When I myself, with conscious wonder see,  
Amidst this purify'd elected company:  
With hardship they, and pain,  
Did to this happiness attain;  
No labour I, nor merits, can pretend;  
I think Predestination only was my friend.

V.

Ah! that my author had been ty'd like me  
To such a place and such a company!  
Instead of sev'ral countries, sev'ral men,  
And business which the Muses hate,  
He might have then improv'd that small estate  
Which Nature sparingly did to him give:  
He might, perhaps, have thriven then,  
And settled upon me, his child, somewhat to live  
It had happier been for him as well as me;  
For when all, alas! is done,  
We books, I mean, you Books, will prove to be  
The best and noblest conversation:  
For though some errors will get in,  
Like tinctures of orig'nal sin,  
Yet, sure, we from our fathers' wit  
Draw all the strength and spirit of it,  
Leaving the grosser parts for conversation,  
As the best blood of man's employ'd in generatior

*Ode. Sitting and drinking in the Chair made out of the Relic of Sir Francis Drake's Ship.*

I.

**CHEER** up, my Mates! the wind does fairly blow  
Clap on more sail, and never spare;  
Farewell all lands, for now we are  
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.  
Bless me! 't is hot: another bowl of wine,  
And we shall cut the burning line. [know  
Hey, Boys! she scuds away, and by my head  
We round the world are sailing now.  
What dull men are those who tarry at home,  
When abroad they might wantonly roam,  
And gain such experience, and spy too,  
Such countries and wonders as I do?  
But, prithee, good Pilot! take heed what you do,  
And sail not to touch at Peru;  
With gold there the vessel we'll store,  
And never, and never be poor;  
No, never be poor any more.

II.

What do I mean? what thoughts do me misguide  
As well upon a staff may witches ride  
Their fancied journies in the air,  
As I sail round the ocean in this Chair:  
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you see  
For all its quiet now and gravity,  
Has wander'd and has travell'd more  
Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree, be  
In ev'ry air and ev'ry sea 't has been, [fore  
'T has compass'd all the earth, and all the heav'n  
't has seen.

Let not the Pope's itself with this compare;  
This is the only universal Chair.

III.

The pious wand'rer's fleet, sav'd from the flame,  
(Which did the relics still of Troy purifye,  
And took them for its due)  
A squadron of immortal nymphs became;

Still with their arms they row about the seas,  
 And still make new and greater voyages :  
 Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece  
 (Though now a star she so triumphant shew,  
 And guide her sailing successors below,  
 Bright as her ancient freight, the shining Fleece)  
 Yet to this day a quiet harbour found,  
 The tide of heav'n still carries her around :  
 Only Drake's sacred vessel, which before  
 Had done, and had seen more  
 Than those have done or seen,  
 Ev'n since they goddesses and this a star has been,  
 As a reward for all her labour past,  
 Is made the seat of rest at last.  
 Let the case now quite alter'd be,  
 And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,  
 Let the world now come to see thee.

IV.

The world will do't ; for curiosity  
 Does, no less than devotion, pilgrims make ;  
 And I myself, who now love quiet, too,  
 As much almost as any Chair can do,  
 Would yet a journey take  
 An old wheel of that chariot to see  
 Which Phaeton so rashly brake : [of Drake ?  
 Yet what could that say more than these remains  
 Great Relic ! thou, too, in this port of ease,  
 Hast still one way of making voyages ;  
 The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,  
 (The greater trade-wind which ne'er does fail)  
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt  
 As long around it as the sun. [run  
 The Straights of Time too narrow are for thee,  
 Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,  
 And steer the endless course of vast eternity ;  
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy pilot me.

Ode upon Dr. Harvey.

I.

Coy Nature, (which remain'd, though aged  
 A beauteous virgin still, enjoy'd by none, [grown,  
 Nor seen unveil'd by any one)  
 When Harvey's violent passion she did see,  
 Began to tremble and to flee,  
 Took sanctu'ry, like Daphne, in a tree :  
 There Daphne's lover stopp'd, and thought it  
 The very leaves of her to touch ; [much  
 But Harvey ! our Apollo, stop'd not so,  
 Into the bark and root he after her did go :  
 No smallest fibres of a plant, [want,  
 For which the eye beam's point doth sharpness  
 His passage after her withstood. [wood  
 What should she do ? through all the moving  
 Of lives endow'd with sense she took her flight ;  
 Harvey pursues and keeps her still in sight :  
 But as the deer long hunted takes a flood, [blood ;  
 She leap'd at last into the winding streams of  
 Of man's meander all the purple reaches made,  
 Till at the heart she stay'd,

Where turning head, and at a bay, [say :  
 Thus, by well-purg'd ears, was she o'erhead to

II.

" Here, sure, shall I be safe," said she,  
 " None will be able, sure, to see  
 " This my retreat, but only he  
 " Who made both it and me.  
 " The Heart of man what art can e'er reveal ?  
 " A wall impervious between  
 " Divides the very parts within, [conceal."  
 " And doth the Heart of man even from itself  
 She spoke ; but e'er she was aware,  
 Harvey was with her there,  
 And held this slipp'ry Proteus in a chain,  
 Till all her mighty mysteries he descry'd,  
 Which from his wit th' attempt before to hide,  
 Was the first thing that nature did in vain.

III.

He the young practice of new Life did see,  
 Whilst, to conceal its toilsome poverty,  
 It for a living wrought both hard and privately,  
 Before the liver understood  
 The noble scarlet dye of blood,  
 Before one drop was by it made,  
 Or brought into it to set up the trade ;  
 Before the untaught Heart began to beat  
 The tuneful march to vital heat,  
 From all the souls that living buildings rear,  
 Whether imply'd for earth, or sea, or air,  
 Whether it in the womb or egg be wrought,  
 A strict account to him is hourly brought  
 How the great fabric does proceed,  
 What time and what materials it does need :  
 He so exactly does the work survey,  
 As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

IV.

Thus Harvey sought for truth in Truth's own [book,  
 The creatures, which by God himself was writ ;  
 And wisely thought 't was fit  
 Not to read comments only upon it,  
 But on the original itself to look.  
 Methinks in Art's great circle others stand  
 Lock'd up together hand in hand,  
 Ev'ry one leads as he is led,  
 The same bare path they tread,  
 And dance, like fairies, a fantastic round,  
 But neither change their motion nor their ground :  
 Had Harvey to this road confin'd his wit, [yet.  
 His noble Circle of the blood had been untrodde  
 Great Doctor ! the art of curing's cur'd by thee ;  
 We now thy patient, Physic, see  
 From all inveterate diseases free,  
 Purg'd of old errors by thy care,  
 New-dieted, put forth to clearer air ;  
 It now will strong and healthful prove :  
 Itself before lethargic lay, and could not move.

V.

These useful secrets to his pen we owe,  
 And thousands more 't was ready to bestow,  
 Of which a barb'rous war's unlearned rage  
 Has robb'd the ruin'd age.  
 O cruel loss ! as if the Golden Fleece,  
 With so much cost and labour bought,  
 And front afar by a great hero brought,

Had sunk ev'n in the parts of Greece,  
 O cursed War! who can forgive thee this?  
 Houses and towns may rise again,  
 And ten times easier it is  
 To rebuild St. Paul's than any work of his.  
 That mighty task none but himself can do;  
 Nay, scarce himself, too, now;  
 For though his wit the force of Age withstand,  
 His body, alas! and time, it must command;  
 And Nature now, so long by him surpass'd,  
 Will, sure, have her revenge on him at last.

*Ode. Acme and Septimus, out of Catullus.*

Acme Septimus suos amores  
 Tenens in gremio, &c.

WHILST on Septimus' panting breast  
 (Meaning nothing less than rest)  
 Acme lean'd her loving head,  
 Thus the pleas'd Septimus said:

" My dearest Acme! if I be  
 " Once alive, and love not thee  
 " With a passion far above  
 " All that e'er was called love,  
 " In a Lybian desert may  
 " I become some lion's prey;  
 " Let him, Acme! let him tear  
 " My breast when Acme is not there."

The god of love who stood to hear him,  
 (The god of Love was always near him)  
 Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,  
 Sneez'd aloud; and all around  
 The little Loves that waited by,  
 Bow'd, and blest'd the augury.  
 Acme, inflam'd with what he said,  
 Rear'd her gently-bending head,  
 And her purple mouth with joy  
 Stretching to the delicious boy,  
 Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)  
 She kiss'd his drunken rolling eyes.

" My little Life! my all!" said she,  
 " So may we ever servants be  
 " To this best god, and ne'er regain  
 " Our hated liberty again;  
 " So may thy passion last for me,  
 " As I a passion have for thee,  
 " Greater and fiercer much they can  
 " Be conceiv'd by thee, a man;  
 " Into my marrow it is gone,  
 " Fix'd and settled in the bone:  
 " It reigns not only in my heart,  
 " But runs, like life, through ev'ry part."

She spoke; the God of Love aloud  
 Sneez'd again, and all the crowd  
 Of little Loves, that waited by,  
 Bow'd, and blest'd the augury.

This good omen, thus from heav'n,  
 Like a happy signal giv'n,  
 Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,  
 And hand in hand run all the race.

The poor Septimus (who did now  
 Nothing else but Acme grow)  
 Acme's bosom was alone  
 The whole world's imperial throne,  
 And to faithful Acme's mind  
 Septimus was all humankind.

If the gods would please to be  
 But advis'd for once by me,  
 I'd advise 'em, when they spy  
 Any illustrious piety,  
 To reward her, if it be she,  
 To reward him, if it be he,  
 With such a husband, such a wife,  
 With Acme's and Septimus' life.

*Ode. Upon his Majesty's restoration and return.*

Quod optanti divum promittere nemo  
 Auderat, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

VIRG

I.

Now blessings on you all, ye peaceful Stars!  
 Which meet at last so kindly, and dispense  
 Your universal gentle influence [wars.  
 To calm the stormy world, and still the rage of  
 Nor whilst around the Continent  
 Plenipotentiary beams ye sent,  
 Did your pacific lights disdain,  
 In their large treaty, to contain  
 The world apart, o'er which do reign  
 Your sev'n fair brethren of great Charles his Wane;  
 No star amongst ye all did, I believe,  
 Such vigorous assistance give  
 As that which thirty years ago,  
 At Charles his birth \*, did, in despite  
 Of the proud Sun's meridian light,  
 His future glories and this year foreflew:  
 No less effects that these we may  
 B' assur'd of from that pow'ful ray  
 Which could outface the sun, and overcome the day.

II.

Auspicious Star! again arise,  
 And take thy noontide station in the skies;  
 Again all heav'n prodigiously adorn,  
 For, lo! thy Charles again is born:  
 He then was born with and to pain,  
 With and to joy he's born again:  
 And wisely for this second birth,  
 By which thou certain wert to bless  
 The land with full and flourishing happiness,  
 Thou mad'st of that fair month thy choice,  
 In which heav'n, air, and sea, and earth,  
 And all that's in them, all does smile and does re-  
 joice.

'Twas a right season, and the very ground  
 Ought with a face of paradise to be found,  
 Then when we were to entertain  
 Felicity and Innocence again.

\* The star that appeared at noon the day of the King's birth, just as the King his father was riding to St. Paul's to give thanks to God for that blessing.

## III.

Shall we again (good Heav'n!) that blessed pair  
 behold,  
 Which the abused people fondly fold  
 For the bright fruit of the forbidden tree,  
 By seeking all like gods to be?  
 Will peace her halcyon nest venture to build  
 Upon a shore with shipwrecks fill'd,  
 And trust that sea where she can hardly say,  
 She has known, these twenty years, one calm day?  
 Ah! mild and galleas Dove!  
 Which dost the pure and candid dwellings love,  
 Canst thou in Albion still delight?  
 Still canst thou think it White?  
 Will ever fair Religion appear  
 In these deformed ruins? will she clear  
 Th' Augean stables of her churches here?  
 Will Justice hazard to be seen,  
 Where a high-court of justice e'er has been?  
 Will not the tragic scene,  
 And Bradshaw's bloody ghost, affright her there,  
 Her who shall never fear?  
 Then may Whitehall for Charles his seat be fit,  
 If Justice shall endure at Westminster to sit.

## IV.

Of all, methinks, we least should see  
 The cheerful looks again of Liberty.  
 That name of Cromwell! which does freshly fill  
 The curses of so many suff'ers fill,  
 Is still enough to make her stay,  
 And jealous for a while remain,  
 Left, as a tempest carried him away,  
 Some hurricane should bring him back again.  
 Or she might justlier be afraid  
 Lest that great serpent, which was all a tail,  
 (And in his poisonous folds whole nations pris'ners  
 made)  
 Should a third time perhaps prevail  
 To join again, and with worse sting arise,  
 As it had done when cut in pieces twice.  
 Return, return, ye sacred Four  
 And dread your perish'd enemies no more;  
 Your fears are causeless all, and vain,  
 Whilst you return in Charles's train;  
 For God does him, that he might you restore;  
 Nor shall the world him only call  
 Defender of the Faith, but of ye all.

## V.

Along with you plenty and riches go,  
 With a full tide to ev'ry port they flow,  
 With a warm fruitful wind o'er all the country  
 blow.  
 Honour does, as ye march, her trumpet sound,  
 The arts encompass you around,  
 And, against all alarms of Fear,  
 Safety itself brings up the rear:  
 And in the head of this angelic band,  
 Lo! how the goodly Prince at last does stand  
 (Oh! righteous God!) on his own happy land.  
 'Tis happy now, which could with so much ease,  
 Recover from so desp'rate a disease;  
 A various complicated ill,  
 Whose ev'ry symptom was enough to kill,  
 In which one part of three frenzy possess'd,  
 And le'chary the rest.

'Tis happy which no bleeding does endure,  
 A surfeit of such blood to cure.

'Tis happy which beholds the flame,  
 In which by hostile hands it ought to burn,  
 Or that which, if from Heaven it came,  
 It did but well deserve, all into bonfire turn.

## VI.

We fear'd (and almost touch'd the black degree  
 Of instant expectation)  
 That the three dreadful angels we,  
 Of famine, sword, and plague, should here estab-  
 lish'd see;  
 (God's great triumvirate of desolation)  
 To scourge and to destroy the sinful nation.  
 Justly might Heav'n Protectors such as those,  
 And such Committees, for their safety impose  
 Upon a land which scarcely better chose.  
 We fear'd that the fanatic war,  
 Which men against God's houses did declare,  
 Would from th' almighty enemy bring down  
 A sure destruction on our own.  
 We read th' instructive histories, which tell  
 Of all those endless mischiefs that beset  
 The sacred Town which God had lov'd so well,  
 After that fatal curse had once been said,  
 "His blood be upon ours, and on our children's  
 head."  
 We knew, though there a greater blood was spilt,  
 'Twas scarcely done with greater guilt.  
 We know those mis'ries did befall,  
 Whilst they rebell'd against the Prince, whom all  
 The rest of mankind did the Love and Joy of man-  
 kind call.

## VII.

Already was the shaken nation  
 Into a wild and deform'd chaos brought,  
 And it was hastening on (we thought)  
 Ev'n to the last of ills, annihilation;  
 When in the midst of this confused night,  
 Lo! the bless'd Spirit mov'd, and "there was  
 light!"  
 For in the glorious General's previous ray  
 We saw a new-created day:  
 We by it saw, though yet in mists it shone,  
 The beautiful work of order moving on.  
 Where are the men who bragg'd that God did  
 bless,  
 And with the marks of good success  
 Sign his allowance of their wickedness?  
 Vain Men! who thought the divine power to find  
 In the fierce thunder and the violent wind:  
 God came not till the storm was past;  
 In the still voice of peace he came at last.  
 The cruel business of destruction  
 May by the claws of the great fiend be done.  
 Here, here we see the Almighty's hand indeed,  
 Both by the beauty of the work we see 't, and  
 by the speed.

## VIII.

He who had seen the noble British heir,  
 Ev'n in that ill disadvantageous light  
 With which misfortune strives to abuse our sight;  
 He who had seen him in his cloud so bright;  
 He who had seen the double crown fair,  
 Of brothers, heav'nly good, and sister, heav'nly

Might have perceiv'd, methinks, with ease,  
 (But wicked men see only what they please)  
 That God had no intent t' extinguish quite  
 The pious King's eclipsed right.  
 He who had seen how, by the Pow'r divine,  
 All the young branches of this royal line  
 Did in their fire, without consuming, shine;  
 How thro' a rough Red-sea they had been led,  
 By wonders guarded, and by wonders fed;  
 How many years of trouble and distress  
 They 'ad wander'd in their fatal wilderness,  
 And yet did never murmur or repine,  
 Might, methinks, plainly understand  
 That, after all these conquer'd trials pass'd,  
 Th' Almighty mercy would at last,  
 Conduct them, with a strong unerring hand,  
 To their own promis'd land;  
 For all the glories of the earth  
 Ought to b' entail'd by right of birth,  
 And all Heav'n's blessings to come down  
 Upon his race, to whom alone was giv'n  
 The double royalty of earth and heav'n,  
 Who crown'd the kingly with the martyrs' crown.

## IX.

The martyrs' blood was said, of old, to be  
 The seed from whence the church did grow:  
 The royal blood which dying Charles did sow,  
 Becomes no less the seed of royalty:  
 'Twas in dishonour sown,  
 We find it now in glory grown:  
 The grave could but the dross of it devour:  
 'Twas sown in weakness, and 't is rais'd in pow'r.  
 We now the question well decided see,  
 Which Eastern wits did once contest  
 At the great monarch's feast,  
 "Of all on earth what things the strongest be?"  
 And some for women, some for wine did plead;  
 That is, for folly and for rage,  
 Two things which we have known, indeed,  
 Strong in this latter age;  
 But as 't is prov'd by heav'n at length;  
 The King and Truth have greatest strength;  
 When they their sacred force unite,  
 And twine into one right,  
 No frantic commonwealths or tyrannies,  
 No cheats, and perjuries, and lies,  
 No nets of human policies,  
 No stores of arms or gold, (though you could join  
 Those of Peru to the great London mine)  
 No towns, no fleets by sea, or troops by land,  
 No deeply entrench'd islands can withstand,  
 Or any small resistance bring,  
 Against the naked Truth and the unarmed King.

## X.

The foolish lights which travellers beguile,  
 End the same night when they begin;  
 No art so far can upon nature win,  
 As e'er to put out stars, or long keep meteors in.  
 Where is now that *ignis fatuus* which e'erwhile,  
 Misled our wand'ring isle?  
 Where 's the impostor Cromwell gone?  
 Where 's now that falling star, his son?  
 Where 's the large comet now, whose raging flame  
 So fatal to our monarchy became?

Which o'er our heads in such proud horror stood,  
 Infatiate with our ruin and our blood?  
 The fiery tail did to vast length extend,  
 And twice, for want of fuel, did expire;  
 And twice renew'd the dismal fire;  
 Though long the tail, we saw at last its end:  
 The flames of one triumphant day,  
 Which, like an anti-comet here,  
 Did fatally to that appear,  
 For ever frighted it away.  
 Then did th' allotted hour of dawning right  
 First strike our ravish'd sight,  
 Which malice, or which art no more could stay,  
 Than witches' charms can a retardment bring  
 To the resuscitation of the day,  
 Or resurrection of the spring.  
 We welcome both, and with improv'd delight,  
 Bless the preceding winter and the night.

## XI.

Man ought his future happiness to fear,  
 If he be always happy here;  
 He wants the bleeding mark of grace,  
 The circumcision of the chosen race.  
 If no one part of him supplies  
 The duty of a sacrifice,  
 He is (we doubt) reserv'd entire,  
 As a whole victim for the fire.  
 Besides, ev'n in this world below,  
 To those who never did ill fortune know,  
 The good does nauseous or insipid grow.  
 Consider man's whole life, and you'll confess,  
 The sharp ingredient of some bad success  
 Is that which gives the taste to all his happiness.  
 But the true method of felicity,  
 Is when the worst  
 Of human life is plac'd the first,  
 And when the soul's correction proves to be  
 The cause of perfecting the man.  
 Let our weak days lead up the van;  
 Let the brave second and Triarian band  
 Firm against all impression stand:  
 The first we may defeated see,  
 The virtue and the force of these are sure of victory.

## XII.

Such are the years, great Charles! which now we  
 Begin their glorious march with thee; [see  
 Long may their march to heav'n, and still tri-  
 umphant be.  
 Now thou art gott'en once before,  
 Ill fortune never shall o'ertake thee more.  
 To see it again, and pleasure in it find  
 Cast a disdainful look behind,  
 Things which offend, when present, and affright,  
 In memory, well painted, move delight.  
 Enjoy, then, all thy afflictions now;  
 Thy royal father's came at last;  
 Thy martyrdom is already pass'd,  
 And diff'rent crowns to both ye owe.  
 No gold did e'er the kingly temples bind  
 Than thine more try'd and more refin'd.  
 As a choice medal for heav'n's treasury,  
 God did stamp first upon one side of thee,  
 The image of his suffering humanity;

On th' other side, turn'd now to fight, does shine  
The glorious image of his power divine.

XIII.

So when the wisest poets seek,  
In all their liveliest colours, to set forth  
A picture of heroic worth,  
(The pious Trojan, or the prudent Greek)  
They choose some comely prince of heav'nly birth,  
(No proud gigantic son of earth,  
Who strives t' usurp the gods' forbidden feat)  
They feed him not with nectar, and the meat  
That cannot without joy be ate, [chance,  
But in the cold of want, and storms of adverse  
They harden his young virtue by degrees:  
The beauteous drop first into ice does freeze,  
And into solid crystal next advance,  
His murder'd friends and kindred he does see,  
And from his flaming country flee.  
Much is he toss'd at sea, and much at land,  
Does long the force of angry gods withstand:  
He does long troubles and long wars sustain,  
E'er he his fatal birthright gain.  
With no less time or labour can  
Destiny build up such a man,  
Who is with sufficient virtue fill'd,  
His ruin'd country to rebuild.

XIV.

Nor without cause are arms from heav'n  
To such a hero by the poets giv'n.  
No human metal is of force t' oppose  
So many and so violent blows,  
Such was the helmet, breastplate, shield,  
Which Charles in all attacks did wield:  
And all the weapons Malice e'er could try,  
Of all the several makes of wicked Policy,  
Against this armour struck, but at the stroke,  
Like swords of ice, in thousand pieces broke.  
To angels and their brethren sp'rits above  
No shew on earth can, sure, so pleasant prove,  
As when they great misfortunes see  
With courage borne, and decency.  
So were they borne, when Worcester's dismal day  
Did all the terrors of black Fate display:  
So were they borne, when no disguises cloud  
His inward royalty could shroud;  
And one of th' angels whom just God did send  
To guard him in his noble fight,  
(A troop of angels did him then attend)  
Assur'd me, in a vision, th' other night,  
That he (and who could better judge than he?)  
Did then more greatness in him see,  
More lustre and more majesty, [eye,  
Than all his coronation pomp can shew to human

XV.

Him and his royal brothers when I saw  
New marks of honour and of glory  
From their affronts and suff'rings draw,  
And look like heav'nly saints ev'n in their pur-  
gatory;  
Methought I saw the three Judean youths,  
(Three unhurt martyrs for the noblest truths)  
In the Chaldean furnace walk;  
How cheerfully and unconcern'd they talk!  
No hair is sing'd, no smallest beauty blasted;  
Like painted lamps they shine unwasted.

The greedy fire itself dares not be fed  
With the bless'd oil of an anointed head.  
The honourable flame  
(Which rather light we ought to name)  
Does, like a glory, compass them around,  
And their whole bodies crown'd  
What are those two bright creatures which we  
see

Walk with the royal three  
In the same ordeal fire,  
And mutual joys inspire?  
Sure they the beauteous sisters are,  
Who, whilst they seek to bear their share,  
Will suffer no affliction to be there.  
Less favour to those three of old was shewn;  
To solace with their company  
The fiery trials of adversity, [ons,  
Two angels join with these, the others had but

XVI.

Come forth, come forth, ye Men of God! beloved!  
And let the pow'r now of that flame,  
Which against you so important became,  
On all your enemies be prov'd.  
Come, mighty Charles! desire of nations! come;  
Come, you triumphant Exile! home.  
He's come, he's safe at shore; I hear the noise  
Of a whole land, which does at once rejoice;  
I hear th' united people's sacred voice;  
The sea, which circles us around,  
Ne'er sent to land so loud a sound;  
The mighty shout sends to the sea a gale,  
And swells up ev'ry sail;  
The bells and guns are scarcely heard at all,  
The artificial joy 's drown'd by the natural.  
All England but one bonfire seems to be,  
One Aetna shooting flames into the sea.  
The starry worlds, which shine to us afar,  
Take ours at this time for a star.  
With wine all rooms, with wine the conduits flow;  
And we, the priests of a poetic rage,  
Wonder that, in this Golden Age,  
The rivers, too, should not do so.  
There is no stoic, sure, who would not now,  
Ev'n some excess allow;  
And grant that one wild fit of cheerful folly  
Should end our twenty years of dismal melan-  
choly.

XVII.

Where is now the royal mother, where,  
To take her mighty share  
In this so ravishing fight, [light?  
And with the parts she takes to add to the de-  
Ah! why art thou not here,  
Thou always best, and now the happiest queen,  
To see our joy, and with new joy be seen?  
God has a bright example made of thee,  
To shew that womankind may be  
Above that sex which her superior seems,  
In wisely managing the wide extremes  
Of great affliction, great felicity.  
How well those diff'rent virtues thee become,  
Daughter of Triumphs! wife of Martyrdom!  
Thy princely mind with so much courage bore  
Affliction, that it dares return no more;  
With so much goodness us'd felicity,

That it cannot refrain from coming back to thee ;  
'Tis come and seen to-day in all its bravery.

## XVIII.

Who's that heroic person leads it on,  
And gives it, like a glorious bride,  
(Richly adorn'd with nuptial pride)  
Into the hands now of thy son ?  
'Tis the good General, the man of praise,  
Whom God at last, in gracious pity,  
Did to th' enthral'd nation raise,  
Their great Zerubbabel to be,  
To loose the bonds of long captivity,  
And to rebuild their temple and their city.  
For ever bless'd may he and his remain,  
Who, with a vast, tho' less-appearing gain,  
Preferr'd the solid great above the vain,  
And to the world this princely truth has shewn,  
That more 't is to restore than to usurp a crown.  
Thou worthiest person of the British story,  
(Tho' 't is not small the British glory)  
Did I not know my humble verse must be  
But ill-proportion'd to the height of thee,  
Thou and the world should see  
How much my Muse, the foe of flattery,  
Does make true praise her labour and design ;  
An Iliad or an Æneid should be thine.

## XIX.

And ill should we deserve this happy day,  
If no acknowledgements we pay  
To you, great Patriots! of the two  
Most truly other Houses now,  
Who have redeem'd from hatred, and from shame,  
A Parliament's once venerable name ;  
And now the title of a House restore,  
To that which was but slaughterhouse before.  
If my advice, ye Worthies! might be ta'en,  
Within those reverend places,  
Which now your living presence graces,  
Your marble statues always should remain,  
'To keep alive your useful memory,  
And to your successors the example be  
Of Truth, Religion, Reason, Loyalty.  
For tho' a firmly-settled peace  
May shortly make your public labours cease,  
The grateful nation will with joy consent  
'That in this sense you should be said  
(Tho' yet the name sounds with some dread)  
To be the long, the endless Parliament.

---

*Ode upon Liberty.*

## I.

FREEDOM with Virtue takes her seat ;  
Her proper place, her only scene,  
Is in the golden mean ;  
She lives not with the poor, nor with the great ;  
The wings of those Necessity has clipp'd,  
And they're in Fortune's Bridewell whipp'd  
To the laborious task of bread ;  
These are by various tyrants captives led,

Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,  
Rides, reigns, and spurs them, like th' unruly  
horse ;

And servile Av'rice yokes them now,  
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough ;  
And sometimes Lust, like the misguiding light,  
Draws them thro' all the labyrinths of night.  
If any few among the great there be  
From these insulting passions free,  
Yet we ev'n those, too, fetter'd see,  
By custom, business, crowds, and formal De-  
cency ;  
And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they  
go,

Impertinencies round them flow.  
These are the small uneasy things  
Which about Greatness still are found,  
And rather it molest than wound ;  
Like gnats, which too much heat of summer  
brings ;  
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have  
stings :  
As when the honey does too open lie,  
A thousand wasps about it fly,  
Nor will the master ev'n to share admit ;  
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of  
it.

## II.

'Tis morning ; well ; I fain would yet sleep on :  
You cannot now ; you must begone  
To Court, or to the noisy Hall :  
Besides, the rooms without are crouded all ;  
The stream of business does begin,  
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.  
Ah! cruel Guards! which this poor pris'ner  
keep !

Will they not suffer him to sleep ?  
Make an escape, out at the postern fly,  
And get some blessed hours of liberty.  
With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,  
And much of mirth, and mod'rate wine.  
To thy bent mind some relaxation give,  
And steal one day out of thy life to live.  
Oh! happy Man! he cries, to whom kind Heav'n  
Has such a freedom always giv'n!  
Why, mighty Madman! what should hinder  
From being ev'ry day as free? [thee

## III.

In all the freeborn nations of the air,  
Never did bird a spirit so mean and fordid bear,  
As to exchange his native liberty,  
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,  
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,  
When, and wherever he thought good,  
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,  
For a more plentiful or constant food :  
Nor ever did ambitious rage  
Make him into a painted cage,  
Or the false forest of a well-hung room,  
For honour and preferment come.  
Now, blessings on ye all, ye heroic Race!  
Who keep their primitive powers and rights so  
well,  
Tho' men and angels fell.  
Of all material lives the highest place,

To you is justly giv'n,  
 And ways and walks the nearest heav'n;  
 Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think  
 To boast that we look up to it. [fit  
 Ev'n to the universal tyrant Love,  
 You homage pay but once a-year:  
 None so degenerate and unbirdly prove,  
 As his perpetual yoke to bear:  
 None but a few unhappy household fowl,  
 Whom human Lordship does control;  
 Who from their birth corrupted were  
 By bondage, and by man's example here.

## IV.

He's no small prince who ev'ry day  
 Thus to himself can say,  
 Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,  
 Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance  
 talk:

This will I do, here I will stay,  
 Or if my fancy call me' away,  
 My man and I will presently go ride  
 (For we before have nothing to provide,  
 Nor after are to render an account)  
 To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish Mount.  
 If thou but a short journey take,  
 As if thy last thou wert to make,  
 Bus'ness must be dispatch'd e'er thou canst part;  
 Nor canst thou stir, unless there be  
 A hundred horse and men to wait on thee,  
 And many a mule and many a cart;  
 What an unwieldy man thou art!  
 The Rhodian Colossus so  
 A journey, too, might go.

## V.

Where honour, or where conscience does not  
 bind,  
 No other law shall shackle me;  
 Slave to myself I will not be:  
 Nor shall my future actions be confin'd  
 By my own present mind.  
 Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand  
 For days that yet belong to Fate,  
 Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate  
 Before it falls into his hand.  
 The bondman of the cloister so  
 All that he does receive does always owe;  
 And still as time comes in, it goes away,  
 Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.  
 Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell!  
 Which his hour's work, as well as hours, does tell!  
 Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell.

## VI.

If life should a well-order'd poem be,  
 (In which he only hits the white  
 Who joins true profit with the best delight)  
 The more heroic strain let others take,  
 Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;  
 The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and  
 It shall not keep one scuttled pace of time; [free;  
 In the same tune it shall not always chime,  
 Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme:  
 A thousand liberties it shall dispense,  
 And yet shall manage all without offence,

Or to the sweetness of the sound or greatness of the  
 Nor shall it never from one subject start, [sense:  
 Nor seek transitions to depart,  
 Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,  
 Nor thorough lanes a compass take,  
 As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,  
 When the wide air's a road for it.  
 So the imperial Eagle does not stay  
 Till the whole carcass it devour  
 That is fall'n into its pow'r;  
 As if his gen'rous hunger understood  
 That he can never want plenty of food,  
 He only sucks the tasteful blood,  
 And to fresh game flies cheerfully away; [prey:  
 To kites and meaner birds he leaves the mangled

*Christ's Passion. Taken out of a Greek Ode, written  
 by Mr. Masters, of New-College in Oxford.*

## I.

ENOUGH, my Muse! of earthly things,  
 And inspirations but of wind;  
 Take up thy lute, and to it bind  
 Loud and everlasting strings,  
 And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,  
 The happy mournful stories,  
 The lamentable glories,  
 Of the great crucify'd King.  
 Mountainous heap of wonders! which dost rise  
 Till earth thou joinest with the skies!  
 Too large at bottom, and at top too high,  
 To be half seen by mortal eye.  
 How shall I grasp this boundless thing?  
 What shall I play? what shall I sing?  
 I'll sing the mighty riddle of mysterious love,  
 Which neither wretched men below, nor blessed  
 sp'rits above,  
 With all their comments, can explain, [disdain:  
 How all the whole world's Life to die did not

## II.

I'll sing the searchless depths of the compassion  
 The depths unfathom'd yet [divine;  
 By Reason's plummet, and the line of Wit;  
 Too light the plummet, and too short the line,  
 How the eternal Father did bestow  
 His own eternal Son as ransom for his foe:  
 I'll sing aloud, that all the world may hear  
 The triumph of the bury'd Conqueror;  
 How Hell was by its pris'ner captive led,  
 And the great slayer Death, slain by the dead.

## III.

Methinks I hear of murder'd men the voice,  
 Mix'd with the murderers' confused noise,  
 Sound from the top of Calvary;  
 My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and see  
 Who 'tis hangs there, the midmost of the three.  
 Oh, how unlike the others he!  
 Look how he bends his gentle head with blessings  
 from the tree!

His gracious hands, ne'er stretch'd but to do good,  
Are nail'd to the infamous wood;  
And sinful man does fondly bind [kind.  
The arms which he extendst' embrace all human-

## IV.

Unhappy Man! canst thou stand by and see  
All this as patient as he!  
Since he thy sins does bear,  
Make thou his sufferings thine own,  
And weep, and sigh, and groan,  
And beat thy breast, and tear  
Thy garments, and thy hair,  
And let thy grief, and let thy love,  
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.  
Dost thou not see thy Prince in purple clad all o'er,  
Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore,  
But made at home with richer gore?  
Dost thou not see the roses which adorn  
The thorny garment by him worn?  
Dost thou not see the livid traces  
Of the sharp scourge's rude embraces?  
If yet thou feelest not the smart  
Of thorns and scourges in thy heart,  
If that he yet not crucify'd, [side  
Look on his hands, look on his feet, look on his

## V.

Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,  
And let 'em call  
Their flock of moisture forth, where'er it lies,  
For this will ask it all.  
'Twould all, alas! too little be,  
Though thy salt tears came from a sea:  
Canst thou deny him this, when he  
Has open'd all his vital springs for thee?  
Take heed; for by his side's mysterious flood  
May well be understood,  
That he will still require some waters to his blood.

## HORACE, Lib. III. ODE I.

*Odi profanum vulgus, &c.*

## I.

HENCE, ye Profane! I hate ye all,  
Both the great vulgar, and the small. [hold  
To virgin Minds, which yet their native whiteness  
Not yet discolour'd with the love of gold,  
(That jaundice of the soul  
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul)  
To you, ye very few! these truths I tell;  
The Muse inspires my song; hark, and observe it  
well.

## II.

We look on men, and wonder at such odds  
'Twixt things that were the same by birth;  
We look on kings as giants of the earth;  
These giants are but pigmies to the gods.  
The humblest bush and proudest oak  
Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.  
Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and  
Have their short flourishing hour, [pow'r,

And love to see themselves, and smile,  
And joy in their pre-eminence awhile;  
Ev'n so in the same land  
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flow'rs, together stand;  
Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial  
hand.

## III.

And all you men, whom greatness does so please,  
Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles:  
If you your eyes could upwards move,  
(But you, I fear, think nothing is above)  
You would perceive by what a little thread  
The sword still hangs over your head:  
No tide of wine would drown your cares,  
No mirth or music over-noise your fears:  
The fear of death would you so watchful keep,  
As not t' admit the image of it, Sleep.

## IV.

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,  
And yet so humble, too, as not to scorn  
The meanest country cottages;  
His poppy grows among the corn.  
The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest  
In any stormy breast:  
'Tis not enough that he does find  
Clouds and darkness in their mind;  
Darkness but half his work will do;  
'Tis not enough, he must find quiet too.

## V.

The man who in all wishes he does make,  
Does only Nature's counsel take,  
That wife and happy man will never fear  
The evil aspects of the year,  
Nor tremble though two comets should appear:  
He does not look in almanacks, to see  
Whether he fortunate shall be:  
Let Mars and Saturn in the heav'ns conjoin,  
And what they please against the world design,  
So Jupiter within him shine.

## VI.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,  
God to your cares and fears will set no bound.  
What would content you who can tell?  
Ye feat so much to lose what you have got,  
As if you lik'd it well;  
Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.  
Go, level hills, and fill up seas,  
Spare nought that may your wanton fancy please;  
But, trust me, when you 'ave done all this,  
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

*A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's Third Book,  
beginning thus: Inthesam Danaen turris abenea.*

## I.

A TOW'ER of brass, one would have said,  
And locks, and bolts, and iron bars,  
And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,  
Might have preserv'd one innocent maidenhead.  
The jealous father thought he well might spare  
All further jealous care;

And, as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,  
 To think how Venus' arts he had beguil'd;  
 And when he slept, his rest was deep,  
 But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep:  
 She taught the am'rous Jove  
 A magical receipt in love,  
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him  
 more,  
 Than all his thunder did, and his almightyship  
 before.

## II.

She taught him Love's elixir, by which art  
 His godhead into gold he did convert;  
 No guards did then his passage stay;  
 He pass'd with ease; Gold was the word;  
 Subtile as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,  
 Gold through doors and walls did pierce;  
 And as that works sometimes upon the sword,  
 Melted the maidenhead away,  
 Ev'n in the secret scabbard where it lay.  
 The prudent Macedonian king,  
 To blow up towns a golden mine did spring:  
 He broke through gates with this petar;  
 'Tis the great art of peace, the engine 'tis of war,  
 And fleets and armies follow it afar;  
 The ensign 'tis at land, and 'tis the seaman's star.

## III.

Let all the world slave to this tyrant be,  
 Creature to this disguised deity,  
 Yet it shall never conquer me;  
 A guard of virtues will not let it pass,  
 And wisdom is a tow'r of stronger brass.

The Muses' laurel round my temples spread,  
 Does from this lightning's force secure my head:  
 Nor will I lift it up so high,  
 As in the violent meteor's way to lie.  
 Wealth for its pow'r do we honour and adore?  
 'The things we hate, ill fate, and death, have more.

## IV.

From towns and courts, camps of the rich and  
 'The vast Xerxean army, I retreat, [great,  
 And to the small Laconic forces fly,  
 Which hold the streights of Poverty:  
 Cellars and granaries in vain we fill  
 With all the bounteous summer's store,  
 If the mind thirst and hunger still;  
 The poor rich man's emphatically poor.  
 Slaves to the things we too much prize,  
 We masters grow of all that we despise.

## V.

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,  
 Is all the wealth by Nature understood.  
 The monarch on whom fertile Nile bestows  
 All which that grateful earth can bear,  
 Deceives himself, if he suppose  
 That more than this falls to his share.  
 Whatever an estate does beyond this afford,  
 Is not a rent paid to the lord,  
 But is a tax illegal and unjust,  
 Exacted from it by the tyrant Lust.  
 Much will always wanting be  
 To him who much desires: Thrice happy he  
 To whom the wise indulgency of Heav'n  
 With sparing hand, but just enough, has giv'n,

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# PINDARIC ODES.

Written in imitation of the  
STYLE AND MANNER OF THE ODES OF PINDAR.

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Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

HOR. Ep. I. 1. 3.

## P R E F A C E.

If a man should undertake to translate Pindar, word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal translation of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry, (*quod nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider, in Pindar, the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries, and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance; and, lastly, (which were enough, alone, for my purpose) we must consider that our ears are strangers to the music of his numbers, which sometimes, (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet. For though the grammarians and critics have laboured to reduce his verses into regular feet and measures, (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin Comedies) yet, in effect, they are little better than prose to our ears: and I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poetry could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit and invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is, in some measure, to be applied to all translations; and the not observing of it is the cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens, too, in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation, which being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poetry, much more beautiful than their natural objects;

but I never saw a copy better than the original, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the grammarians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name Translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this in defence of my manner of translating or imitating or (what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words, as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David, (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poetry) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which, (even Mr. Sands himself; for in despite of popular error I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that, methinks, they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes, in my opinion, no less short of David than his country does of Judaea. Upon this ground, I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Pancirolo's, among the lost inventions of Antiquity. This Essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit; for which experiment I have chosen one of his Olympic, and another of his Nemeæan Odes, which are as followeth.

## THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF PINDAR.

WRITTEN in praise of Theron, Prince of Agrigentum, (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors) who, in the seventy-seventh Olympic, won the Chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race, (whose story is often touched on) from his great riches, (an ordinary common place in Pindar) from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the Poet) consists more in digressions than in the main subject; and the reader must not be shocked to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

I.

QUEEN of all harmonious things,  
Dancing words and speaking strings,  
What god, what hero, wilt thou sing?  
What happy man to equal glories bring?  
Begin, begin thy noble choice,  
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy  
Pisa does to Jove belong, [voice.  
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.  
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympic Games,  
Alcides offer'd up to Jove;  
Alcides, too, thy strings may move,  
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy  
prove?  
Join Theron boldly to th'ir sacred names;  
Theron the next honour claims;  
Theron to no man gives place,  
Is first in Pisa's and in Virtue's race;  
Theron there, and he alone,  
Ev'n his own swift forefathers has outgone.

II.

They through rough ways, o'er many stops, they  
Till on the fatal bank at last [pass'd,  
They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye  
Of fair-fac'd Sicily,  
Which does itself i' th' river by  
With pride and joy espy:  
Then cheerful notes their painted years did sing,  
And Wealth was one, and Honour the other  
wing:  
Their genuine virtues did more sweet and clear  
In Fortune's graceful drefs appear:  
'Fo which, great son of Rhea! say  
The firm word which forbids things to decay.  
If in Olympus' top, where thou  
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred shew,  
If in Alpheus' siver sight,  
If in my verse thou dost delight,  
My verse, O Rhea's son! which is  
Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

III.

For the past sufferings of this noble race  
(Since things once past, and fled out of thine hand  
Hearken no more to thy command)  
Let present joys fill up their place,  
And with Oblivion's silent stroke deface  
Of foregone ills the very trace.  
In no illustrious line  
Do these happy changes shine  
More brightly, Theron! than in thine.  
So in the crystal palaces  
Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,  
Ino her endless youth does please,  
And thanks her fall into the seas.  
Beauteous Semele does no less  
Her cruel midwife Thunder bless,  
Whilst sporting with the gods on high,  
Sh' enjoys secure their company,  
Plays with lightnings as they fly,  
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity.

IV.

But death did them from future dangers free;  
What god, alas! will caution be  
For living man's security,  
Or will ensue our vessel in this faithless sea?  
Never did the sun as yet  
So healthful a fair day beget,  
That travelling mortals might rely on it.  
But Fortune's favour and her spite  
Roll with alternate waves, like day and night:  
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,  
E'er since the fatal son his father flew,  
And did old oracles fulfil [own will.  
Of gods that cannot lie, for they foretel but their

V.

Erinnys saw it, and made in her own seed  
The innocent parricide to bleed;  
She slew his wrathful sons with mutual blows;  
But better things did then succeed, [past, arose:  
And brave Thersander, in amends for what was

Brave Thesander was by none  
 In war or warlike sports outdone.  
 Thou, Theron! his great virtues dost revive,  
 He in my verse and thee again does live;  
 Loud Olympus, happy thee,  
 Isthmus and Nemea, does twice happy see:  
 For the well-nam'd honour there  
 Which with thy brother thou didst share,  
 Was to thee double grown  
 By not being all thine own;  
 And those kind pious glories do deface  
 The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

## VI.

Greatness of mind, and fortune too,  
 Th' Olympic trophies shew  
 Both their several parts must do  
 In the noble chafe of fame; [lame.  
 This without that is blind, that without this is  
 Nor is fair virtue's picture seen aright  
 But in Fortune's golden light.  
 Riches alone are of uncertain date,  
 And on short man long cannot wait;  
 The virtuous make of them the best,  
 And put them out to fame for interest;  
 With a frail good they wisely buy  
 The solid purchase of eternity. [and know  
 They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well,  
 Th' account they must hereafter give below:  
 Whereas the unjust and covetous above,  
 In deep unlovely vaults,  
 By the just decrees of Jove,  
 Unrelenting torments prove,  
 The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults.

## VII.

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light  
 O'er which the godlike Sun's unwearied light  
 Ne'er winks in clouds or sleeps in night,  
 And endless spring of age the good enjoy,  
 Where neither want does pinch nor plenty cloy;  
 There neither earth nor sea they plough,  
 Nor ought to labour owe  
 For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,  
 And in the lamp of life consumes away.  
 Thrice had these men through mortal bodies  
 pass'd,  
 Did thrice the trial undergo,  
 Till all their little drofs was purg'd at last,  
 The furnace had no more to do.  
 Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state  
 Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,  
 The Muse-discovered world of Islands Fortunate.

## VIII.

Soft-footed winds, with tuneful voices, there  
 Dance through the perfum'd air:  
 There silver rivers through enamell'd meadows  
 And golden trees enrich their side: [glide,  
 Th' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,  
 And jewels for their fruit they bear,  
 Which by the bless'd are gathered  
 For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.  
 Here all the heroes and their poets live,  
 Wife Radamanthus did the sentence give,  
 Who, for his justice, was thought fit  
 With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.

Peleus here, and Cadmus reign;  
 Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more,  
 Since his bless'd mother (who before  
 Had try'd it on his body in vain)  
 Dipp'd now his soul in Stygian lake,  
 Which did from thence a divine hardness take,  
 That does from passion and from vice invulnerable  
 make.

## IX.

To Theron, Muse! bring back thy wand'ring song,  
 Whom those bright troops expect impatiently;  
 And may they do so long.  
 Now, noble Archer! do thy wanton arrows fly  
 At all the game that does but cross thine eye?  
 Shoot, and spare not, for I see  
 Thy sounding quiver can ne'er emptied be;  
 Let Art use method and good husbandry;  
 Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;  
 Nature herself has unexhausted store,  
 Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,  
 That no vulgar eye can trace.  
 Art, instead of mounting high,  
 About her humble food does hov'ring fly;  
 Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love,  
 Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,  
 Now bears loud thunder; and anon, with silent joy,  
 The beautiful Phrygian boy  
 Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,  
 And sometimes basks in th' open flames of day,  
 And sometimes, too, he shrouds  
 His soaring wings among the clouds.

## X.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving flight,  
 To thy loud string the well-fletch'd arrow put;  
 Let Agrigentum be the butt,  
 And Theron be the white:  
 And lest the name of verse should give  
 Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,  
 By the Castalian waters swear,  
 (A sacred oath no poets dare  
 To take in vain,  
 No more than gods do that of Styx profane)  
 Swear in no city e'er before  
 A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born,  
 Swear that Theron, sure, has sworn  
 No man near him should be poor;  
 Swear that none e'er had such a graceful art,  
 Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart  
 With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.

## XI.

But in this thankless world the givers  
 Are envy'd ev'n by the receivers:  
 'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion  
 Rather to hide than pay the obligation.  
 Nay, 'tis much worse than so;  
 It now an artifice does grow  
 Wrongs and outrages to do,  
 Lest men should think we owe.  
 Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found,  
 But all the malice they profess,  
 Thy secure honour cannot wound;  
 For thy vast bounties are so numberless,  
 That them or to conceal or else to tell,  
 Is equally impossible.

## THE FIRST NEMEÆAN ODE OF PINDAR.

CHROMIUS, the son of Agefidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the Chariot-race in the Nemeæan games, (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius, and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia, (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge) though the title of the Ode call him Ætnean Chromius, perhaps because he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius his person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the Ode with that history.

### I.

BEAUTEous Ortygia, the first breathing-place  
Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race,  
Fair Delos' sister, the childbed  
Of bright Latona, where she bred  
The original new-moon, [grown;  
Who saw 'st her tender forehead e'er the horns were  
Who, like a gentle scion, newly started out,  
From Syracuse's side dost sprout:  
'Thee first my song does greet  
With numbers smooth and fleet  
As thine own horses' airy feet,  
When the young Chromius' chariot drew,  
And o'er the Nemeæan race triumphant flew.  
Jove will approve my song and me;  
Jove is concern'd in Nemea and in thee.

### II.

With Jove my song, this happy man,  
Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;  
From hence came his success;  
Nor ought he, therefore, like it less,  
Since the best fame is that of happiness;  
For whom should we esteem above  
The men whom gods do love?  
'Tis them alone the Muse, too, does approve.  
Lo, how it makes this vict'ry shine  
O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!  
The torches which the mother brought,  
When the ravish'd maid she sought,  
Appear'd not half so bright,  
But cast a weaker light [heavenly vault.  
Through earth, and air, and seas, and up to th'

### III.

To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,  
Said Jove, and as he said  
Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.  
And thou, O isle! said he, for ever thrive,  
And keep the value of our gift alive:  
As heav'n with stars, so let  
The country thick with towns be set,  
And, numberless as stars,  
Let all the towns be then  
Replenish'd thick with men  
Wife in peace and bold in wars:  
Of thousand glorious towns the nation,  
Of thousand glorious men each town a constellation.  
Nor let their warlike laurel scorn  
With the Olympic Olive to be worn, [adorn.  
Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of Peace

### IV.

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse! and wait  
At Chromius' hospitable gate;  
'I will open wide to let thee in,  
When thy lyre's voice shall but begin:  
Joy, Plenty, and free Welcome, dwells within.  
The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready dress'd,  
The ivory table crowded with a feast.  
The table which is free for ev'ry guest  
No doubt will thee admit,  
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it:  
Chromius and thou art met aright,  
For as by Nature thou dost write,  
So he by Nature loves, and does by Nature fight.

v.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was,  
Sow'd strength and beauty through the forming  
They mov'd the vital lump in ev'ry part, [mas;]  
And carv'd the members out with wondrous art:  
She fill'd his mind with courage and with wit,  
And a vast bounty, apt and fit  
For the great dowry which Fortune made to it.  
'Tis madness, sure, treasures to hoard,  
And make them useless, as in mines, remain,  
To lose the occasion Fortune does afford  
Fame and public love to gain.  
Ev'n for self-concerning ends  
'Tis wiser much to hoard up friends.  
Though happy men the present goods possess,  
Th' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less.

vi.

How early has young Chromius begun  
The race of virtue, and how swiftly run,  
And borne the noble prize away,  
Whilst other youths yet at the barrier stay?  
None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he;  
The God his father's blood nought could restrain,  
'Twas ripe at first, and did disdain  
The slow advance of dull humanity.  
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,  
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurses' hands,  
Wrapp'd in purple swaddling bands;  
When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands  
Two dreadful serpents come  
Rolling and hissing loud into the room;  
To the bold babe they trace their hidden way,  
Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went;  
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues like thun-  
derbolts present.

vii.

Some of th' amazed women dropp'd down dead  
With fear, some wildly fled  
About the room, some into corners crept,  
Where silently they shook and wept.  
All naked from her bed the passionate mother leap'd,  
To save or perish with her child;  
She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant  
The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd [smil'd;  
At his gay gilded foes;  
And as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,  
With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd,  
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,  
In vain their armed tails they twist,  
And angry circles cast about;  
Black blood, and fiery breath, and pois'nous fowl,  
he squeezes out

viii.

With their drawn swords  
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords:  
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,  
They saw the conqu'ring boy  
Laugh and point downward to his prey,  
Where in death's pangs and their own gore they  
When wife Tiresias this beginning new, [folding lay.  
He told with ease the things t' ensue,  
From what monsters he should free  
The earth, the air, and sea;  
What mighty tyrants he should slay,  
Greater monsters far than they;

How much at Phlægra's field the distress'd gods  
To their great offspring here below, [should owe  
And how his club should there outdo [too.  
Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder

ix.

And that the grateful gods at last,  
The race of his laborious virtue pass'd,  
Heav'n, which he sav'd, should to him give,  
Where, marry'd to eternal Youth, he should for  
ever live,  
Drink nectar with the gods, and all his senses please  
In their harmonious golden palaces;  
Walk with ineffable delight  
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,  
And as he walks affright  
The Lyon and the Bear, [there.  
Bull, Centaur, Scorpion, all the radiant monsters

*The praise of Pindar, in imitation of Horace his  
second Ode, B. iv.*

*Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.*

i.

PINDAR is imitable by none:  
The phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.  
Whoe'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,  
And neither sink too low nor soar too high?  
What he who follow'd claim,  
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,  
And by his fall a sea to name?  
Pindar's unnavigable song  
Like a swollen flood from some steep mountain pours  
The ocean meets with such a voice [along.  
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noise.

ii.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll  
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,  
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,  
Which neither banks nor dikes control.  
Whether th' immortal gods he sings,  
In a no less immortal strain,  
Or the great acts of god-descended kings,  
Who in his numbers still survive and reign;  
Each rich embroidered line  
Which their triumphant brows around  
By his sacred hand is bound,  
Does all their starry diadems outshine.

iii.

Whether at Pisa's race he please  
To carve in polish'd verse the conquerors' images;  
Whether the swift, the skillful or the strong,  
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous, song;  
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate  
In words worth dying for he celebrate,  
Such mournful and such pleasing words  
As joy t' his mother's and his mistress' grief affords,  
He bids him live and grow in fame,  
Among the stars he sticks his name:  
The grave can but the drops of him devour,  
So small is Death, so great the Poet's power.

iv.

Lo! how th' obsequious wind and swelling air  
 The Theban swan does upwards bear  
 Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,  
 And with extended wings opens his liquid way;  
 Whilst, alas! my tim'rous Muse  
 Unambitious tracks pursues;  
 Does with weak unballast wings,  
 About the mossy brooks and springs,  
 About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,  
 About the gardens' painted beds,  
 About the fields and flow'ry meads,  
 And all inferior beauteous things,  
 Like the laborious bee,  
 For little drops of honey fly,  
 And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

---

*The Resurrection.*

i.

Not winds to voyagers at sea,  
 Nor show'rs to earth more necessary be,  
 (Heav'n's vital seed cast on the womb of earth,  
 To give the fruitful year a birth)  
 Than verse to virtue, which can do  
 The midwife's office and the nurse's too;  
 It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,  
 And when it dies, with comely pride  
 Embalms it, and erects a pyramid  
 That never will decay  
 Till heav'n itself shall melt away,  
 And nought behind it stay.

ii.

Begin the song and strike the living lyre!  
 Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-  
 fitted quire!  
 All hand and hand do decently advance,  
 And to my song with smooth and equal measures  
 Whilst the dance lasts, how long foe'er it be, [dance.  
 My Music's voice shall bear it company,  
 Till all gentle notes be drown'd  
 In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.  
 That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,  
 Untune the universal string:  
 Then all the wide-extended sky,  
 And all th' harmonious worlds on high,  
 And Virgil's sacred work, shall die;  
 And he himself shall see in one fire shine [divine.  
 Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands

iii.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,  
 And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,  
 And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,  
 Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,  
 This mightier sound shall make  
 When dead to arise,  
 And open tombs, and open eyes,  
 To the long sluggards of five thousand years!  
 This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears:  
 Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come  
 Back to their ancient home,  
 Some from birds, from fishes some,

Some from earth, and some from seas,  
 Some from beasts, and some from trees;  
 Some descend from clouds on high,  
 Some from metals upwards fly,  
 And where th' attending soul naked and shiv'ring  
 Meet, salute, and join their hands; [stands  
 As dispers'd soldiers at the trumpet's call,  
 Haste to their colours all:  
 Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,  
 Their joints new-set, to be new-rack'd again:  
 To mountains they for shelter pray,  
 The mountains shake, and run about no less con-  
 fus'd than they.

iv.

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vig'rous heat,  
 Kindled at a hint so great:  
 Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,  
 Which does to rage begin,  
 And this steep hill would gallop up with violent  
 'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse, [course;  
 Fierce and unbroken yet,  
 Impatient of the spur or bit;  
 Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place,  
 Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,  
 Conscious and proud of his own natural force,  
 'Twill no unskillful touch endure,  
 But flings writer and reader, too, that fits not sure.

---

*The Muse.*

i.

Go, the richest chariot instantly prepare;  
 The queen, my Muse, will take the air;  
 Unruly Fancy with strong judgment trace,  
 Put in nimble-footed Wit,  
 Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it,  
 Sound Memory with young Invention place,  
 Harness all the winged race:  
 Let the postilion, Nature, mount, and let  
 The coachman, Art, be set;  
 And let the airy footman running all beside,  
 Make a long row of goodly pride;  
 Figures, conceits, raptures, and sentences,  
 In a well-worded dress;  
 And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and use-  
 In all their gaudy liveries; [ful Lies.  
 Mount, glorious Queen! thy travelling throne,  
 And bid it to put on,  
 For long, though cheerful is the way,  
 And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

ii.

Where never foot of man or hoof of beast  
 The passage press'd,  
 Where never fish did fly,  
 And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;  
 Where bird with painted oars did ne'er  
 Row through the trackless ocean of the air;  
 Where never yet did pry  
 The busy Morning's curious eye,  
 The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,  
 And all is an open road to thee;  
 Whatever God did say  
 Is all thy plain, and smooth, uninterrupted way:

Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known;  
Thou hast thousand worlds, too, of thine own:  
Thou speak'st, great Queen! in the same style as he,  
And a new world leaps forth when thou say'st, Let  
it be.

## III.

Thou fathom'st the deep gulph of ages past,  
And canst pluck up with ease  
The years which thou dost please;  
Like shipwreck'd treasures by rude tempests cast  
Long since into the sea,  
Brought up again to light and public use by thee:  
Nor dost thou only dive so low,  
But fly,  
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,  
Where fates among the stars do grow;  
There into the close nests of Time dost peep,  
And there, with piercing eye,  
Through the firm shell and the thick white dost spy  
Years to come, a-forming lie,  
Close in their sacred secondine asleep,  
Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital heat,  
Which o'er them yet does brooding set,  
They life and motion get,  
And ripe at last, with vigorous might [flight.  
Break through the shell, and take their everlasting

## IV.

And sure we may  
The same, too, of the present say,  
If past and future times do thee obey.  
Thou stopp'st this current, and dost make  
This running river settle like a lake:  
Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery snake:  
The fruit which does so quickly waste,  
Men scarce can see it, much less taste,  
Thou consistest in sweets to make it last.  
This shining piece of ice  
Which melts so soon away  
With the Sun's ray,  
Thy verse does solidate and crystallize,  
Till it a lasting mirror be:  
Nay, thy immortal rhyme  
Make this one short point of time  
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

*To Mr. Hobbes.*

## I.

VAST bodies of philosophy  
I oft have seen and read,  
But all are bodies dead,  
Or bodies by art fashioned;  
I never yet the living soul could see,  
But in thy books and thee:  
'Tis only God can know  
Whether the fair idea thou dost shew  
Agree entirely with his own or no.  
This I dare boldly tell.  
'Tis so like truth, 't will serve our turn as well.  
Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,  
As full of concord their variety,  
As firm the parts upon their centre rest,

And all so solid are, that they at least,  
As much as Nature emptiness detest.

## II.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain  
The universal intellectual reign,  
Saw his own country's short liv'd Leopard slain;  
The stronger Roman Eagle did outfly,  
Oft'ner renew'd his age, and saw that die.  
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet, possess'd,  
And, chas'd by a wild deluge from the East,  
His monarchy new-planted in the West:  
But as in time each great imperial race  
Degenerates, and gives some new one place,  
So did this noble empire waste,  
Sunk by degrees from glories pass'd,  
And in the schoolmen's hands it perish'd quite at  
Then nought but words it grew, [last.  
And those all barb'rous too:  
It perish'd and it vanish'd there; [air.  
The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty

## III.

The fields which answer'd well the Ancients  
Spent and outworn return to harvest now; [plough,  
In barren age wild and inglorious lie,  
And boast of past fertility,  
The poor relief of present poverty:  
Food and fruit we must now want,  
Unless new lands we plant:  
We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands,  
Old rubbish we remove;  
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,  
And with fond divining wands,  
We search among the dead  
For treasures buried,  
Whilst still the liberal earth does hold  
So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

## IV.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,  
And slender-lim'd Mediterranean,  
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit  
For the poor wretched fisherboats of wit:  
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,  
And nothing sees but seas and skies,  
Till unknown regions it descries.  
Thou great Collumbus of the golden lands of new  
Thy talk was harder much than his, [philosophies,  
For thy learn'd America is  
Not only found out first by thee,  
And rudely left to future industry,  
But thy eloquence and thy wit  
Has planted, peopled, built, and civilized, it.

## V.

I little thought before,  
(Nor, being my ownself so poor,  
Could comprehend so vast a store)  
That all the wardrobe of rich eloquence  
Could have afforded half enough,  
Of bright, of new, and lasting, stuff,  
To clothe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic sense:  
Thy solid reason, like the shield from heav'n  
To the Trojan hero given,  
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,  
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part, [Art.  
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of

A shield that gives delight  
Ev'n to the enemies' fight,  
Then when they're sure to lose the combat by it.

VI.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed  
Upon thy rev'rend head,  
Quench or allay the noble fires within,  
But all which thou hast been,  
And all that youth can be, thou art yet,  
So fully still dost thou  
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of wit,  
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too.  
So contraries on Ætna's top conspire,  
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire.  
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep,  
Th' embolden'd snow next to the flames does sleep:  
And if we weigh, like thee,  
Nature and causes, we shall see  
That thus it needs must be.  
To things immortal Time can do no wrong,  
And that which never is to die, for ever must be  
young.

*Destiny.*

Hoc quoque; fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. MANIL.

I.

STRANGE and unnatural! let us stay and see  
This pageant of a prodigy.  
Lo! of themselves the enlivened chessmen move,  
Lo! the unbred ill-organ'd pieces prove,  
As full of art and industry,  
Of courage and of policy,  
As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise  
Here a proud pawn I admire, [but we.  
That, still advancing high'r,  
At top of all became  
Another thing and name.  
Here I'm amaz'd at th' actions of a knight,  
That does bold wonders in the fight:  
Here I the losing party blame  
For those false moves that break the game, [bring,  
That to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd pieces  
And, above all, th' ill conduct of the mated king.

II.

Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy  
And sense or reason tell said I,  
These things have life, election, liberty;  
'Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,  
Their faults and virtues make their fate:  
They do, they do, said I, but straight,  
Lo! from my' enlight'ned eyes the mists and sha-  
That hinder spirits from being visible; [dows fell,  
And, lo! I saw two angels play'd the mate.  
With man, alas! no otherwise it proves,  
An unseen hand makes all their moves;  
And some are great, and some are small;  
Some climb to good, some from good fortune fall;  
Some wise men, and some fools we call;  
Figures, alas! of speech, for Dest'ny plays us all.

III.

Me from the womb the midwife Muse did take;  
She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head  
With her own hand she fashioned;  
She did a cov'nant with me make,  
And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake;  
"Thou of my church shalt be:  
"Hate and renounce," said she,  
"Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for me:  
"Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,  
"Nor at th' Exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrang-  
ling bar:  
"That neglected verse does raise."  
She spake, and all my years to come  
Took their unlucky doom.  
Their several ways of life let others choose,  
Their several pleasures let them use,  
But I was born for love, and for a Muse,

IV.

With Fate what boots it to contend?  
Such I began, such am, and so must end.  
The star that did my being frame  
Was but a lambent flame,  
And some small light it did dispense,  
But neither heat nor influence.  
No matter, Cowley: let proud Fortune see  
That thou canst her despise no less than she does  
Let all her gifts the portion be [thee;  
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,  
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,  
Murder, Infidelity,  
Rebellion, and Hypocrisy;  
Do thou not grieve nor blush to be  
As all th' inspir'd tuneful men,  
And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer  
down to Ben.

*Brutus.*

I.

EXCELLENT Brutus! of all human race  
The best, till Nature was improv'd by grace,  
Till men above themselves faith raised more  
Than reason above beasts before.  
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence  
Did silently and constantly dispense  
The gentle vigorous influence  
To all the wide and fair circumference;  
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,  
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,  
That none could discord or disorder see  
In all their contrariety:  
Each had his motion natural and free, [could be,  
And the whole no more mov'd than the whole world

II.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst  
(Mistaken honest men) in Cæsar's blood; [swerve  
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve  
From him who kill'd himself rather than serve?  
Th' heroic exaltations of good  
Are so far from understood,  
We count them vice: alas! our fight 's so ill,  
That things which swiftest move seem to stand still.

We look not upon Virtue in her height,  
On her supreme idea, brave and bright,  
In the original light;  
But as her beams reflected pass  
Through our own nature or ill Custom's glass:  
And 't is no wonder so,  
If with dejected eye  
In standing pools we seek the sky,  
That stars so high above should seem to us below.

## III.

Can we stand by and see  
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,  
Yet not to her assistance stir,  
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ra-  
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before [visiter?  
The cancell'd name of friend he bore?  
Ungrateful Brutus do they call?  
Ungrateful Cæsar who could Rome intrall!  
An act more barb'rous and unnatural  
(In th' exact balance of true virtue try'd)  
Than his successor Nero's parricide!  
There 's none but Brutus could deserve  
That all men else should wish to serve,  
And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him should proffer;  
None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the  
offer.

## IV.

Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,  
And wrapp'd itself i' th' terrors of the night:  
"I'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sp'rit;  
"I'll meet thee there," saidst thou,  
With such a voice and such a brow  
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight;  
It vanish'd as a taper's light  
Goes out when spirits appear in fight.  
One would have thought it had heard the morning  
Or seen her well-appointed star [crow,  
Come marching up the eastern hill afar.  
Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,  
But, unseen, attack'd thee there:  
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,  
Thou wouldst have forc'd it back upon thy foes,  
Or slain it like Cæsar, though it be  
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

## V.

What joy can human things to us afford,  
When we see perish thus by odd events,  
Ill men, and wretched accidents,  
The best cause and best man that ever drew a  
When we see [sword?  
The false Octavius, and wild Antony,  
Godlike Brutus, conquer thee?  
What can we say but thine own tragic word,  
That virtue, which had worshipp'd been by thee  
As the most solid good, and greatest deity,  
By this fatal proof became  
An idol only, and a name.  
Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain  
The bold voice of thy generous disdain:  
These mighty gulfs are yet  
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.  
The time's set forth already which shall quell  
Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;  
Which these great secrets shall unseal,  
And new philosophies reveal.

A few years more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,  
Would have confounded human virtue's pride,  
And shew'd thee a God crucify'd.

To Dr. Scarborough.

## I.

How long, alas! has our mad nation been  
Of epidemic war the tragic scene,  
When Slaughter all the while  
Seem'd, like its sea, embracing round the isle,  
With tempests and red waves, noise and affright?  
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from White!  
What province or what city did it spare?  
It, like a plague, infected all the air.  
Sure the unpeopled land  
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,  
Had God's almighty hand  
At the same time let loose Diseases rage,  
Their Civil wars in man to wage:  
But thou by Heav'n wert sent  
This desolation to prevent,  
A medicine and a counter-poison to the age:  
Scarce could the sword dispatch more to the grave  
Than thou didst save;  
By wondrous art, and by successful care,  
The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair.

## II.

The inundations of all liquid Pain,  
And deluge dropfy thou dost drain:  
Fever so hot, that one would say  
Thou mightst as soon hell-fires allay,  
(The damn'd scarce more incurable than they)  
Thou dost so temper, that we find,  
Like gold, the body but refin'd,  
No unhealthful dross behind:  
The subtle Ague, that, for sureness' sake,  
Takes its own times th' assault to make,  
And at each battery the whole fort does shake,  
When thy strong guards and works it spies,  
Trembles for itself, and flies.  
The cruel Stone, that restless pain,  
That's sometimes roll'd away in vain,  
But still, like Sisyphus his stone, returns again,  
Thou break'st and meltest by learned juices' force,  
(A greater work, though short the way appear,  
Than Hannibal's by vinegar)  
Oppress'd Nature's necessary course  
It stops in vain, like Moses, thou  
Strik'st but the rock, and straight the waters flow.

## III.

The Indian son of Lust, (that foul disease  
Which did on this his new-found world but lately  
Yet since a tyranny has planted here, [seize,  
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)  
Is so quite rooted out by thee,  
That thy patients seem to be  
Restor'd, not to health only, but virginity.  
The plague itself, that proud imperial ill,  
Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,

If thou but succour the besieged heart,  
Calls all its poisons forth, and does depart,  
As if it fear'd no less thy art  
Than Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart.  
What need there here repeated be by me  
The vast and barbarous lexicon  
Of man's infirmity?  
At thy strong charms it must be gone, [gion.  
Though a disease, as well as devil, were called Le-

IV.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou  
Dost all the pow'rs and several portions know,  
Which father-Sun and mother-Earth below  
On their green infants here bestow,  
Caust all these magic virtues from them draw,  
That keep Disease and Death in awe;  
Who, whilst thy wond'rous skill in plants they see,  
Fear lest the tree of life should be found out by  
thee:

And, thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give  
No less account of th' empire sensitive,  
Chiefly of man, whose body is  
That active soul's metropolis.  
As the great artist, in his sphere of glass,  
Saw the whole scene of heav'nly motions pass,  
So thou know'st all so well that 's done within,  
As if some living crystal man thou 'dst seen.

V.

Nor does this science make thy crown alone,  
But whole Apollo is thine own:  
His gentler arts, belov'd in vain by me,  
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.  
Thou 'rt by this noble mixture free  
From the physician's frequent malady,  
Fantastic incivility:  
There are who all their patients' chagrin have,  
As if they took each morn worse potions than they  
And this great race of learning thou hast run, [gave:  
E'er that of life be half yet done:  
Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,  
And like t' enjoy the conquests long.  
The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,  
Did he live now, he would revoke,  
And better things of man report;  
For thou dost make life long, and art but short.

VI.

Ah! learned Friend! it grieves me when I think  
That thou, with all thy art, must die  
As certainly as I;  
And all thy noble reparations sink  
Into the sure-wrought mine of treach'rous morta-  
Like Archimedes, honourably in vain, [lity.  
Thou holdst out towns that must at last be ta'en,  
And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.  
Let 's e'en compound, and for the present live,  
'Tis all the ready money Fate can give;  
Unbend sometimes thy restless care,  
And let thy friends so happy be  
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:  
Some hours at least to thine own pleasure spare;  
Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,  
Bestow it not all in charity.  
Let Nature and let Art do what they please,  
When all is done, life 's an incurable disease.

*Life and Fame.*

I.

OH, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!  
So like, that one might take one for the other  
What 's Somebody, or Nobody?  
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,  
We no such nice distinction woven see  
As 't is to be, or Not to be.  
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made  
From the False glories of the gay-reflected bow,  
Is a more solid thing than thou.  
Vain, weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise  
Up betwixt two eternities,  
Yet can't not wave nor wind sustain, [meet again:  
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans

II.

And with what rare inventions do we strive  
Ourselves them to survive?  
Wife subtle arts, and such as well besit  
That nothing; man's no wit;  
Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,  
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.  
Here lies the great—False Marble! where?  
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.  
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,  
The fools and architects to please;  
A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:  
So he who on the Egyptian shore  
Was slain so many hundred years before,  
Lives still, (oh! life most happy and most dear!  
Oh! life that Epicures envy to hear!)  
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

III.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim  
In the seraphic entity of Fame:  
He, since that toy his death,  
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.  
'Tis time the two immortal syllables remain,  
But, oh! ye learned Men! explain,  
What essence, what existence, his,  
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,  
In six poor letters is?  
In those alone does the great Cæsar live,  
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.  
We poets madder yet than all,  
With a refin'd fantastic vanity,  
Think we not only have, but give eternity.  
Fain would I see that prodigal,  
Who his to-morrow would bestow,  
For all old Homer's life e'er since he dy'd till now,

*The Ecstasy.*

I.

I LEAVE mortality and things below;  
I have no time in compliments to waste;  
Farewell to ye all in haste,  
For I am call'd to go.  
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,  
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;

U

And, lo! I mount, and lo! [shew!  
How small the biggest parts of earth's proud title

II.

Where shall I find the noble British land?  
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,  
Which in the sea does lie,  
And seems a grain of th' sand!  
For this will any sin or bleed?  
Of Civil wars is this the need?  
And is it this, alas! which we,  
Oh irony of words! do call Great Britannie?

III.

I pass by th' arched magazines which hold  
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;  
Dry and secure I go,  
Nor shake with fear or cold.  
Without affright or wonder,  
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,  
And lightnings in my way, [play  
Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples

IV.

Now into' a gentle sea of rolling flame  
I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,  
As flames mount up through air.  
So perfect, yet so tame,  
So great, so pure, so bright, a fire  
Was that unfortunate desire  
My faithful breast did cover  
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

V.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,  
Where I behold distinctly, as I pass,  
The hints of Galileo's glass,  
I touch'd at last the spangled sphere:  
Here all th' extended sky  
Is but one Galaxy.  
'Tis all so bright and gay,  
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

VI.

Where am I now? angels and God is here;  
An unexhausted ocean of delight  
Swallows my senses quite,  
And drowns all what, or how, or where.  
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,  
And this great world's Columbus was,  
The tyrannous pleasure could express.  
O! 't is too much for man! but let it ne'er be less.

VII.

The mighty' Elijah mounted so on high,  
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all  
The rest of mankind fall,  
And went not downwards to the sky;  
And went not downwards to the sky;  
With much of pomp and shew  
(As conqu'ring kings in triumph go)  
Did he to heav'n approach, [coach.  
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his

VIII.

'Twas gaudy all, and rich in every part;  
Of essences, of gems, and spirit of gold  
Was its substantial mould;  
Drawn forth by chemic angels' art.  
Here with moon-beams 't was silver'd bright,  
There double-gilt with the sun's light,  
And mystic shapes cut round in it,  
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

IX.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,  
Of all that in heav'n's beauteous pastures feed,  
The noblest, sprightfull'st breed,  
And flaming manes their necks array'd:  
They all were shod with diamond,  
Not such as here are found,  
But such light solid ones as shine  
On the transparent rocks o' th' heav'nly crystalline.

X.

Thus mounted the great Prophet to the skies:  
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,  
Or that which so they call,  
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise:  
The soft clouds melted him away,  
The snow and frosts which in it lay  
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore.  
The wheels and horses' hoofs hiss'd as they pass'd  
them o'er.

XI.

He pass'd by th' moon and planets, and did fright  
All the worlds there, which at this meteor gaz'd,  
And their astrologers amaz'd  
With th' unexampled sight;  
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,  
Till phoenix Nature, aged grown,  
To a better being do aspire,  
And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

---

To the New Year.

I.

GREAT Janus! who dost, sure, my myst'ries view  
With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few,  
If thy foreface do see  
No better things prepar'd for me  
Than did thy face behind;  
If still her breast must shut against me be  
(For 't is not peace that temple's gate does bind)  
Oh! let my life, if thou so many deaths a-coming  
With thine old year its voyage take, [find,  
Borne down that stream of time which no return  
can make.

II.

Alas! what need I thus to pray?  
Th' old avaricious year,  
Whether I would or no, will bear  
At least a part of me away:  
His well-hors'd troops, the months, and days, and  
Tho' never any where they stay, [hours;  
Make in their passage all their prey:  
The months, days, hours, that march i' th' rear,  
Nought of value left behind: [can find  
All the good wine of life our drunken youth de-  
Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink, [vours,  
Remain for latter years to drink,  
Until some one, offended with the taste, [at last.  
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relics run

III.

If then, young Year! thou needs must come  
(For in Time's fruitful womb

The birth beyond its time can never tarry,  
 Nor ever can miscarry)  
 Choose thy attendants well; for 't is not thee  
 We fear, but 't is thy company.  
 Let neither loss of friends, or fame, or liberty,  
 Nor pining sickness, nor tormenting pain,  
 Nor sadness, nor uncleanly poverty,  
 Be seen among thy train;  
 Nor let thy livery be,  
 Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:  
 Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!  
 Let not so much as Love be there,  
 Vain fruitless Love, I mean; for, gentle Year!  
 Altho' I fear  
 There's of this caution little need,  
 Yet, gentle Year! take heed  
 How thou dost make  
 Such a mistake:  
 Such love I mean alone  
 As by thy cruel predecessors has been shewn;  
 For tho' I have too much cause to doubt it,  
 I fain would try for once if life can live without it.

IV.

Into the future times why do we pry,  
 And seek to antedate our misery?  
 Like jealous men, why are we longing still  
 To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?  
 'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 't were a sight,  
 That would even happiest men affright,  
 And something still they'd spy that would destroy  
 The past and present joy:  
 In whatsoever character  
 The book of Fate is writ,  
 'Tis well we understand not it;  
 We should grow mad with little learning there:  
 Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,  
 Undecently and foolishly  
 We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture  
 The fatal flood to enter:  
 Since willing or unwilling we must do it,  
 They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once  
 into it.

## Life.

Nascentes morimur.

MANIL.

I.

WE'RE ill by these grammarians us'd:  
 We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd;  
 From the maternal tomb  
 To the grave's fruitful womb  
 We call here Life; but Life's a name  
 That nothing here can truly claim:  
 This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,  
 We call our Dwelling-place;  
 We call one step a Race:  
 But angels in their full-enlighten'd state,  
 Angels who live, and know what 'tis to be;  
 Who all the nonsense of our language see,  
 Who speak things, and our words their ill-drawn  
 When we by a foolish figure say, [picture scorn.  
 Behold an old man dead! then they  
 speak properly, and cry, Behold a manchild born.

II.

My eyes are open'd, and I see  
 Through the transparent fallacy:  
 Because we seem wisely to talk  
 Like men of business, and for business walk  
 From place to place,  
 And mighty voyages we take,  
 And mighty journies seem to make  
 O'er sea and land, the little point that has no space  
 Because we fight, and battles gain;  
 Some captives call, and say the rest are slain;  
 Because we heap up yellow earth, and so  
 Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to grow;  
 Because we draw a long nobility  
 From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,  
 And impudently talk of a posterity;  
 And, like Egyptian chroniclers,  
 Who write of twenty thousand years,  
 With maravedies make th' account,  
 That single time might to a sum amount;  
 We grow at last by custom to believe  
 That really we live;  
 Whilst all these shadows that for things we take,  
 Are but the empty dreams which in death's sleep  
 we make.

III.

But these fantastic errors of our dream  
 Lead us to solid wrong;  
 We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,  
 And wish uncharitably for them  
 To be as long a-dying as Methusalem.  
 The ripen'd soul longs from his pris'n to come,  
 But we would seal and sew up, if we could, the  
 We seek to close and plaster up by art [womb.  
 The cracks and breaches of the extended shell,  
 And in that narrow cell  
 Would rudely force to dwell  
 The noble vigorous bird already wing'd to part.

## Chap. xxxiv. of the Prophet Isaiah.

I.

AWAKE, and with attention hear,  
 Thou drowsy World! for it concerns thee near;  
 Awake, I say, and listen well,  
 To what from God, I his loud prophet, tell.  
 Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,  
 And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.  
 Be still thou Sea! be still thou Air and Earth!  
 Still as old Chaos before Motion's birth;  
 A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,  
 In strength and number more  
 Than e'er was rais'd by God before, [about.  
 To scourge the rebel world, and march it round

II.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,  
 And from it streams a dismal ray;  
 I see the scabbard cast away:  
 How red, anon, with slaughter will it prove!  
 How will it sweat and reek in blood!  
 How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with  
 And devour all the mighty feast! [his food!

Nothing soon but bones will rest.  
 God does a solemn sacrifice prepare,  
 But not of oxen nor of rams,  
 Not of kids nor of their dams,  
 Not of heifers nor of lambs : [are.  
 The altar all the land, and all men in it the victims  
 Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,  
 The beasts so long have sacrificed been,  
 Since men their birthright forfeit still by sin,  
 'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,  
 And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

III.

So will they fall, so will they flee,  
 Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,  
 When, at the final doom.  
 Nature and time shall both be slain,  
 Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,  
 And the whole world their funeral pile become ;  
 The wide stretch'd scroll of heav'n, which we  
 Immortal as the Deity think,  
 With all the beauteous characters that in it [writ,  
 With such deep sense by God's own hand were  
 Whose eloquence tho' we understand not we ad-  
 Shall crackle and the parts together shink [mire,  
 Like parchment in a fire :  
 Th' exhausted sun to th' moon no more shall lend,  
 But truly then headlong into the sea descend ;  
 The glitt'ring host now in such fair array,  
 So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,  
 Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,  
 Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,  
 Thick as ripe fruit or yellow leaves in autumn fall,  
 With such a violent storm as blows down tree  
 and all.

IV.

And thou, O cursed Land !  
 Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost  
 Tho' thou stand'st just upon the brink, [stand,  
 Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt  
 Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so [drink :  
 With human blood o'erflow,  
 That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse away,  
 Which in the fields around unburied lay, [prey.  
 And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their  
 The rotting corpse shall so infect the air,  
 Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,  
 That by thine own dead shall be slain  
 All thy few living that remain.  
 As one who buys surveys a ground,  
 So the destroying angel measures it around ;  
 So careful and so strict he is,  
 Left any nook or corner he should miss ;  
 He walks about the perishing nation,  
 Ruin behind him stalks, and empty Desolation.

V.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place  
 Be chok'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grass ;  
 The serpents thro' thy streets shall roil,  
 And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,  
 And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the  
 And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air, [owl,  
 Tho' no new ills can be foreboded there.  
 The lion then shall to the leopard say,  
 Brother Leopard ! come away ;  
 Behold a land which God has giv'n us in prey !

Behold a land from whence we see  
 Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy !  
 The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not  
 stay.

VI.

The glutt'd vultures shall expect in vain  
 New armies to be slain ;  
 Shall find at last the business done,  
 Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone.  
 Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,  
 The Satyrs laugh to hear them groan ;  
 The evil spirits that delight  
 To dance and revel in the mask of night,  
 The moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall af-  
 And if of lost mankind [fright :  
 Ought happen to be left behind,  
 If any relics but remain, [shall reign.  
 They in the dens shall lurk, beasts in the palace

### The Plagues of Egypt.

I.

Is this thy brav'ry, Man ! is this thy pride !  
 Rebel to God, and slave to all beside !  
 Captiv'd by ev'ry thing ! and only free  
 To fly from thine own liberty !  
 All creatures the Creator said were thine ;  
 No creature but might since say man is mine !  
 In black Egyptian slavery we lie,  
 And sweat and toil in the vain drudgery  
 Of tyrant Sin,  
 To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our  
 In building up the monuments of death. [breath  
 We, the choice race, to God and angels kin !  
 In vain the prophets and apostles come  
 To call us home,  
 Home to the promis'd Canaan above, (ney flow,  
 Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant her-  
 And ev'n i' th' way to which we should be fed  
 With angels' tasteful bread ;  
 But we, alas ! the flesh-pots love.  
 We love the very leeks and sordid roots below.

II.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see ;  
 In vain did God to descend hither deign,  
 He was his own ambassador in vain,  
 Our Moses and our guide himself to be.  
 We will not let ourselves to go,  
 And with worse harden'd hearts, do our own Pha-  
 Ah ! left at last we perish so. [roars grow ;  
 Think, stubborn Man ! think of th' Egyptian  
 prince,

(Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou)  
 Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince  
 The feeble arguments that human pow'r could  
 shew ;

Think what plagues attend on thee, [Moses he.  
 Who Moses' God dost now refuse more oft' than

III.

" If from some God you come," said the proud  
 With half a smile and half a frown, [king,  
 But what God can to Egypt be unknown ?

I

“ What sign, what pow’rs, what credence do you  
 “ Behold his seal! behold his hand!” [bring?”  
 Cries Moses, and casts down the almighty wand:  
 Th’ almighty wand scarce touch’d the earth,  
 When, with an undiscerned birth,  
 Th’ almighty wand a serpent grew,  
 And his long half in painted folds behind him  
 Upwards his threat’ning tail he threw, [drew:  
 Upwards he cast his threat’ning head,  
 He gap’d and hiss’d aloud,  
 With flaming eyes survey’d the trembling crowd,  
 And, like a basilisk, almost look’d the assembly  
 dead: [fled.  
 Swift fled th’ amazed king, the guards before him

iv.

James and Jambres stopp’d their flight,  
 And with proud words allay’d th’ affright.  
 “ The God of slaves!” said they, “ how can he be  
 “ More pow’rful than their master’s deity!”  
 And down they cast their rods,  
 And mutter’d secret sounds that charm the servile  
 The evil spirits their charms obey, [gods,  
 And in a subtle cloud they snatch the rods away,  
 And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay:  
 Serpents in Egypt’s monstrous land  
 Were ready still at hand,  
 And all at th’ Old Serpent’s first command:  
 And they, too, gap’d, and they, too, hiss’d,  
 And they their threat’ning tails did twist;  
 But straight on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,  
 Broke both their active backs, and both it flew,  
 And both almost at once devour’d;  
 So much was overpow’r’d  
 By God’s miraculous creation [generation.  
 His servants Nature’s slightly wrought and feeble

v.

On the fam’d bank the prophets stood,  
 ‘Touch’d with their rod, and wounded all the flood;  
 Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid  
 The helpless fish were found [blood;  
 In their strange current drown’d;  
 The herbs and trees wash’d by the mortal tide  
 About it blash’d and dy’d:  
 Th’ amazed crocodiles made haste to ground;  
 From their vast trunks the dropping gore they  
 spied,  
 Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they  
 Nor all thy priests, nor thou, [cried:  
 O King! couldst ever shew  
 From whence thy wand’ring Nile begins his course;  
 Of this new Nile thou seest the sacred source,  
 And as thy land that does o’erflow,  
 Take heed lest this do so.  
 What plague more just could on thy waters fall?  
 The Hebrew infants’ murder stains them all.  
 The kind, instructing punishment, enjoy;  
 Whom the Red river cannot mend, the Red-sea  
 shall destroy.

vi.

The river yet gave one instruction more,  
 And from the rotting fish and unconcocted gore,  
 Which was but water just before,  
 A loathsome host was quickly made,  
 That seal’d the banks, and with loud noise did all  
 the country invade,

As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed.  
 (But like a friend he visits all the land  
 With welcome presents in his hand)  
 So did this living tide the fields o’erspread.  
 In vain th’ alarmed country tries  
 To kill their noisome enemies, [arise:  
 From th’ unexhausted source still new recruits  
 Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice;  
 The towns and houses they possess,  
 The temples and the palaces,  
 Nor Pharoah nor his gods they fear,  
 Both their importune croakings hear:  
 Unfatiate yet they mount up high’r,  
 Where never sun-born frog durst to aspire,  
 And in the silken beds their slimy members place,  
 A luxury unknown before to all the wat’ry race.

vii.

The water thus her wonders did produce,  
 But both were to no use: [cure.  
 As yet the Sorcerer’s mimic power serv’d for ex-  
 Try what the earth will do, said God, and, lo!  
 They struck the earth a fertile blow,  
 And all the dust did straight to stir begin,  
 One would have thought some sudden wind it had  
 But, lo! ’t was nimble Life was got within! [been  
 And all the little springs did move,  
 And ev’ry dust did an arm’d vermine prove,  
 Of an unknown and new-created kind,  
 Such as the magic gods could neither make or find.  
 The wretched shameful foe allow’d no rest  
 Either to man or beast;  
 Not Pharoah from th’ unquiet plague could be,  
 With all his change of raiments, free;  
 The devils themselves confess’d  
 This was God’s hand; and ’t was but just [dust.  
 To punish thus man’s pride, to punish dust with

viii.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,  
 And swarming clouds of insects fill the air;  
 With fullen noise they take their flight,  
 And march in bodies infinite;  
 In vain ’tis day above, ’tis still beneath them night,  
 Of harmful flies the nations numberless  
 Compos’d this mighty army’s spacious host;  
 Of different manners, different languages,  
 And different habits, too, they wore,  
 And different arms they bore;  
 And some, like Scythians, liv’d on blood,  
 And some on green, and some on flow’ry food,  
 And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various  
 Houses secure not men; the populous ill [host,  
 Did all the houses fill:  
 The country all around,  
 Did with the cries of tortur’d cattle sound;  
 About the fields enrag’d they flew,  
 And wish’d the plague that was t’ ensue.

ix.

From poisonous stars a mortal influence came,  
 (The mingled malice of their flame)  
 A skilful angel did th’ ingredients take,  
 And with just hands the sad composure make,  
 And over all the land did the full vial shake.  
 Thirst, giddiness, faintness, and putrid heats,  
 And pining pains, and shivering sweats,  
 On all the cattle, all the beasts, did fall;

With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.  
 The labouring ox drops down before the plough;  
 The crowned victims to the altar led  
 Sink, and prevent the lifted blow:  
 The generous horse from the full manger turns his  
 Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn, [head,  
 Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,  
 Nor can his lifeless nostril please  
 With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled  
 The starving sheep refuse to feed, [mistresses;  
 They bleat their innocent souls out into air;  
 The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;  
 Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his  
 tuneful reed.

x.

Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die;  
 God did on man a gentler medicine try,  
 And a disease for physic did apply.  
 Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took,  
 The Sorcerers did with wonder on him look,  
 And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd spell  
 Which no Egyptian rituals tell.  
 He flings the pregnant ashes thro' the air,  
 And speaks a mighty pray'r,  
 Both which the minist'ring winds around all Egypt  
 As gentle western blasts, with downy wings [bear,  
 Hatching the tender springs,  
 To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,  
 Ye living Buds why do ye stay?  
 The passionate buds break thro' the bark their  
 So wheresoe'er this tainted wind but blew, [way;  
 Swelling pains and ulcers grew;  
 It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,  
 And to them added new; [sprout.  
 A noisome spring of sores as thick as leaves did

xi.

Heav'n itself is angry next;  
 Wo to man when Heav'n is vex'd;  
 With fullen brow it frown'd,  
 And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound;  
 Till Moses, lifting up his hand,  
 Waves the expected signal of his wand,  
 And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged squa-  
 And fill the spacious plains above; [drons move,  
 Thro' which the rolling thunder first does play,  
 And opens wide the tempest's noisy way:  
 And straight a stony shower  
 Of monstrous hail does downwards pour,  
 Such as ne'er Winter yet brought forth,  
 From all her stormy magazines of the North:  
 It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,  
 O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay;  
 The houses and strong body'd trees it broke,  
 Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke;  
 The thunder but for terror through it flew,  
 The hail alone the work could do.  
 The dismal lightnings all around,  
 Some flying through the air, some running on the  
 Some swimming o'er the waters' face, [ground,  
 Fill'd with bright horror every place; [seen  
 One would have thought their dreadful day to have  
 The very hail and rain itself had kindled been.

xii.

The infant corn, which yet did scarce appear,  
 Escap'd this general massacre

Of ev'ry thing that grew,  
 And the well-stor'd Egyptian year  
 Began to clothe her fields and trees anew;  
 When lo! a scorching wind from the burnt coun-  
 And endless legions with it drew [tries blew,  
 Of greedy locusts, who, where'er  
 With sounding wings they flew,  
 Left all the earth depopulate and bare,  
 As if Winter itself had march'd by there.  
 Whate'er the Sun and Nile  
 Gave with large bounty to the thankful soil,  
 The wretched pillagers bore away,  
 And the whole Summer was their prey;  
 Till Moses with a prayer,  
 Breath'd forth a violent western wind,  
 Which all these living clouds did headlong bear  
 (No stragglers left behind)  
 Into the purple sea, and there bestow  
 On the luxurious fish a feast they ne'er did know.  
 With untaught joy Pharoah the news does hear,  
 And little thinks their fate attends on him and his  
 so near.

xiii.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er  
 Like this undocile king's appear?  
 Whate'er but that which now does represent  
 And paint the crime out in the punishment?  
 From the deep baleful caves of hell below,  
 Where the old mother Night does grow,  
 Substantial Night, that does disclaim  
 Privation's empty name,  
 Through secret conduits monstrous shapes arose,  
 Such as the sun's whole force could not oppose;  
 They with a solid cloud  
 All heav'n's eclipsed face did shroud; [earth,  
 Seem'd with large wings spread o'er the sea and  
 To brood up a new Chaos his deformed birth;  
 And every lamp, and every fire,  
 Did, at the dreadful sight, wink and expire,  
 To th' empyrean source all streams of light seem'd  
 to retire. [ried,  
 The living men were in their standing houses bu-  
 But the long night no slumber knows,  
 But the short death finds no repose.  
 Ten thousand terrors thro' the darkness fled,  
 And ghosts complain'd, and spirits murmured,  
 And fancies multiplying fight  
 View'd all the scenes invisible of night.

xiv.

Of God's dreadful anger these  
 Were but the first light skirmishes;  
 The shock and bloody battle now begins,  
 The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.  
 It was the time when the still moon  
 Was mounted softly to her noon,  
 And dewy sleep, which from Night's secret springs  
 Gently as Nile the land o'erflows; [arose,  
 When, lo! from the high countries of refined day,  
 The golden heaven without allay,  
 Whose dross, in the creation purg'd away,  
 Made up the sun's adulterate ray,  
 Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,  
 Swift as the journies of the light,  
 Swift as the race of light, [sk  
 And with his winged will cuts thro' the yieldin

He pass'd through many a star, and as he pass'd  
Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there  
Than they did in their sphere :  
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last,  
And a mild look of sacred pity cast  
Down on the sinful land where he was sent  
To inflict the tardy punishment,  
" Ah! yet," said he, " yet, stubborn King! re-  
" Whilst thus unarm'd I stand, [pent,  
" E'er the keen sword of God fill my commanded  
" Suffer but yet thyself and thine to live; [hand;  
" Who would, alas! believe  
" That it for man, said he,  
" So hard to be forgiv'n should be,  
" And yet for God so easy to forgive!"

xv.

He spoke, and downwards flew,  
And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he  
Made of the blackest fleece of night, [threw  
And close-wrought to keep in the pow'ful light;  
Yet, wrought so fine, it hinder'd not his flight,  
But thro' the key-holes and the chinks of doors,  
And thro' the narrowest walks of crooked pores,  
He pass'd more swift and free  
Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee :  
He took a pointed pestilence in his hand,  
The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made  
The strongly-temper'd blade, [land :  
The sharpest sword that e'er was laid  
Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked  
Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he took,  
And as he march'd the sacred first-born struck  
Of every womb; none did he spare; [their.  
None from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple

xvi.

The swift approach of endless night  
Breaks ope the wounded sleepers's rolling eyes;  
They awake the rest with dying cries,  
And darkness doubles the affright.  
The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,  
And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and  
fear.

Louder than all the shrieking women's voice  
Pierces this chaos of confused noise;  
As brighter lightning cuts a way,  
Clear, and distinguish'd thro' the day :  
With less complaints the Zoan temples sound,  
When the adored heifer's drown'd,  
And no true mark'd successor to be found ;  
While health, and strength, and gladness, does  
The festal Hebrew cottages; [possess  
The bless'd destroyer comes not there,  
To interrupt the sacred cheer,  
That new begins their well-reformed year,  
Upon their doors he read and understood  
God's protection writ in blood;  
Well was he skill'd i' th' character divine,  
And tho' he pass'd by it in haste,  
He bow'd and worshipp'd as he pass'd,  
The mighty mystery thro' its humble sign.

xvii.

The sword strikes now too deep and near,  
Linger with its edge to play,  
No diligence or cost they spare  
To haste the Hebrews now away,  
Pharoah himself chides their delay;

So kind and bountiful is fear :  
But, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,  
Is but like fire struck out of stone,  
So hardly got, and quickly gone,  
That it scarce outlives the blow.  
Sorrow and fear soon quit the tyrant's breast,  
Rage and revenge their place possess'd :  
With a vast host of chariots and of horse,  
And all his pow'ful kingdom's ready force,  
The travelling nation he pursues, [news.  
Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal war re-  
Fill'd with proud hopes, " At least," said he,  
" The Egyptian gods, from Syrian magic free,  
" Will now revenge themselves and me;  
" Behold what passless rocks on either hand,  
" Like prison walls, about them stand!  
" Whilst the sea bounds their flight before,  
" And in our injur'd justice they must find  
" A far worse stop than rocks and seas behind ;  
" Which shall with crimson gore  
" New paint the water's name, and double dye  
" the shore."

xviii.

He spoke; and all his host  
Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast ;  
A hidden wind bore his vain words away,  
And drown'd them in the neighb'ring sea.  
No means t' escape the faithless travellers spy,  
And with degenerate fear to die,  
Curse their new-gotten liberty :  
But the great Guide well knew he led them right,  
And saw a path hid yet from human sight :  
He strikes the raging waves; the waves on either  
Unloose their close embraces, and divide, [side  
And backwards press, as in some solemn show  
The crowding people do,  
(Tho' just before no space was seen)  
To let the admired triumph pass between.  
The wond'ring army saw, on either hand,  
The no less wond'ring waves like rocks of crystal  
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod [land.  
The secret paths of God :  
And here and there, all scatter'd in their way,  
The seas old spoils and gaping fishes lay  
Deserted on the sandy plain :  
The Sun did with astonishment behold  
The inmost chambers of the open'd main,  
For whatsoever of old  
By his own priests, the poets, has been said,  
He never sunk till then into the Ocean's bed,

xix.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,  
To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came,  
And saw behind th' unguided foe  
March disorderly and slow :  
The prophet straight from th' Idumean strand  
Shakes his imperious wand ;  
The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,  
The beck'ning wand espy ;  
Straight their first right-hand files begin to move,  
And with a murmuring wind  
Give the word march to all behind ;  
The left hand squadrons no less ready prove,  
But with a joyful louder noise,  
Answer their distant fellows' voice,  
And haste to meet them make,

U iij

As several troops do all at once a common signal  
take.

What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can  
tell,

Which on the Chamian army fell,  
When on both sides they saw the roaring main  
Broke loose from his invisible chain?

They saw the monstrous death and wat'ry war,  
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar;

In vain some backward and some forwards fly  
With helpless haste, in vain they cry  
To their celestial beasts for aid;  
In vain their guilty king they' upbraid,  
In vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call,  
With a repentance true too late;  
They're compass'd round with a devouring fate  
That draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea up-  
on them all.

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# ANACREONTICS.

OR,

*Some Copies of Verses translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon.*

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## I. *Love.*

I'll sing of heroes, and of kings,  
In mighty numbers, mighty things.  
Begin, my Muse! but, lo! the strings  
To my great song rebellious prove;  
The strings will sound of nought but love,  
I broke them all, and put on new;  
'Tis this or nothing, sure, will do.  
These, sure, said I will me obey;  
These, sure, heroic notes will play.  
Straight I began with thund'ring Jove,  
And all th' immortal powers but Love;  
Love smil'd, and from my' enfeebled lyre  
Came gentle airs, such as inspire  
Melting love, soft desire.  
Farewell then heroes, farewell kings,  
And mighty numbers, mighty things;  
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

## II. *Drinking.*

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.  
The plants suck in the earth, and are  
With constant drinking fresh and fair.  
The sea itself, which one would think  
Should have but little need of drink,  
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,  
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy sun, and one would guess  
By's drunken fiery face no less)  
Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done,  
The moon and stars drink up the sun.  
They drink and dance by their own light,  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
But an eternal health goes round.  
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high  
Fill all the glasses there, for why  
Should ev'ry creature drink but I;  
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

## III. *Beauty.*

LIBERAL Nature did dispense  
To all things arms for their defence;  
And some she arms with sin'wy force,  
And some with swiftness in the course;  
Some with hard hoofs, or forked claws,  
And some with horns, or tusked jaws;  
And some with scales, and some with wings,  
And some with teeth, and some with stings:  
Wisdom to man she did afford,  
Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword:  
What to beauteous womankind,  
What arms, what armour, has she assign'd?  
Beauty is both; for with the fair  
What arms, what armour, can compare?  
What steel, what gold, or diamond,  
More impassible is found?  
And yet what flame, what lightning e'er  
So great an active force did bear?  
They are all weapon, and they dart,  
Like porcupines, from ev'ry part.  
Who can, alas! their strength express,  
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,  
Cape-à-pè with nakedness.

## IV. *The Duel.*

es, I will love then, I will love,  
I will not now Love's rebel prove;  
Tho' I was once his enemy;  
Tho' ill-advis'd and stubborn, I  
Did to the combat him defy.  
An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,  
Like some new Ajax I did wield.  
Love in one hand his bow did take,  
In th' other hand a dart did shake;  
But yet in vain the dart did throw,  
In vain he often drew the bow;  
So well my armour did resist,  
So oft' by sight the bow I miss'd;

But when I thought all danger past,  
 His quiver empty'd quite at last,  
 Instead of arrow or of dart,  
 He shot himself into my heart ;  
 The living and the killing arrow  
 Ran thro' the skin, the flesh, the blood,  
 And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,  
 No trench or work of life withstood.  
 In vain I now the walls maintain,  
 I set out guards and scouts in vain,  
 Since th' en'my does within remain ;  
 In vain a breastplate now I wear,  
 Since in my breast the foe I bear ;  
 In vain my feet their swiftness try,  
 For from the body can they fly ?

V. *Age.*

OF T' am I by the women told,  
 Poor Anacreon ! thou grow'st old,  
 Look how thy hairs are falling all ;  
 Poor Anacreon ! how they fall !  
 Whether I grow old or no,  
 By th' effects I do not know ;  
 This I know without being told,  
 'Tis time to live if I grow old ;  
 'Tis time short pleasures now to take,  
 Of little life the best to make,  
 And manage wisely the last stake.

VI. *The Account.*

WHEN all the stars are by thee told,  
 (The endless fums of heav'nly gold)  
 Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,  
 From sickly Autumn's head that fall,  
 Or when the drops that make the sea,  
 Whilst all her sands thy counters be,  
 Thou then, and thou alone, must prove  
 Th' arithmetician of my love.  
 An hundred loves at Athens score,  
 At Corinth write an hundred more ;  
 Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,  
 So few is an escaping there.  
 Write then at Chios seventy-three,  
 Write then at Lesbos (let me see) ;  
 Write me at Lesbos ninety down,  
 Full ninety loves, and half a one ;  
 And next to these let me present  
 The fair Ionian regiment ;  
 And next the Carian company,  
 Five hundred both effectively ;  
 Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete ;  
 Three hundred 'tis, I am sure, complete ;  
 For arms at Crete each face does bear,  
 And ev'ry eye's an archer there.  
 Go on, this stop why dost thou make ?  
 Thou think'st, perhaps, that I mistake.  
 Seems this to thee too great a sum ?  
 Why, many thousands are to come ;  
 The mighty Xerxes could not boast  
 Such diff'rent nations in his host.  
 On ; for my love, if thou be't weary,  
 Must find some better secretary.  
 I have not yet my Persian told,  
 Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd ;

Nor Indian nor Arabian,  
 Nor Cyprian loves nor African,  
 Nor Scythian nor Italian flames ;  
 There's a whole map behind of names,  
 Of gentle loves i' th' Temp'rate Zone,  
 And cold ones in the Frigid one,  
 Cold frozen loves with which I pine,  
 And parched loves beneath the Line.

VII. *Gold.*

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,  
 And 'tis a pain that pain to miss ;  
 But of all pain the greatest pain  
 It is to love, but love in vain.  
 Virtue now, nor noble blood,  
 Nor wit, by love is understood ;  
 Gold alone does passion move,  
 Gold monopolizes love !  
 A curse on her, and on the man,  
 Who this traffic first began !  
 A curse on him who found the ore !  
 A curse on him who digg'd the store !  
 A curse on him who did refine it !  
 A curse on him who first did coin it !  
 A curse, all curses else above,  
 On him who us'd it first in love !  
 Gold begets in brethren hate,  
 Gold in families debate ;  
 Gold does friendship separate,  
 Gold does Civil wars create ;  
 These the smallest harms of it !  
 Gold, alas ! does love beget.

VIII. *The Epicure.*

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,  
 Around our temples roses twine,  
 And let us cheerfully awhile,  
 Like the wine and roses smile ;  
 Crown'd with roses we contemn  
 Gyges' wealthy diadem.  
 To-day is ours ; what do we fear ?  
 To-day is ours, we have it here ;  
 Let us treat it kindly, that it may  
 Wish, at least, with us to stay ;  
 Let us banish bus'ness, banish sorrow ;  
 To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IX. *Another.*

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,  
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid,  
 With od'rous oils my head o'erflowing,  
 And around it roses growing,  
 What should I do but drink away  
 The heat and troubles of the day ?  
 In this more than kingly state,  
 Love himself shall on me wait.  
 Fill to me, Love ! nay fill it up,  
 And mingled cast into the cup  
 Wit and mirth, and noble fires,  
 Vigorous health, and gay desires.  
 The wheel of life no less will stay  
 In a smooth than rugged way ;

Since it equally doth flee,  
 Let the motion pleasant be.  
 Why do we precious ointments show'r,  
 Nobler wines why do we pour?  
 Beauteous flow'rs why do we spread,  
 Upon the mon'ments of the dead?  
 Nothing they but dust can shew,  
 Or bones that hasten to be so.  
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,  
 Now your wines and ointments give;  
 After death I nothing crave,  
 Let me alive your pleasures have,  
 All are Stoics in the grave.

X. *The Grasshopper.*

HAPPY insect! what can be  
 In happiness compar'd to thee?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy Morning's gentle wine!  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant cup does fill;  
 'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,  
 Nature's self 's thy Ganymede  
 Thou dost drink, and dance and sing,  
 Happier than the happiest king!  
 All the fields which thou dost see,  
 All the plants, belong to thee;  
 All that summer-hours produce,  
 Fertile made with early juice:  
 Man for thee does sow and plow;  
 Farmer he, and landlord thou!  
 Thou dost innocently joy,  
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.  
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
 More harmonious than he.  
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripen'd year!  
 Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire;  
 Phoebus is himself thy fire.  
 To thee of all things upon earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
 Happy insect! happy thou,  
 Dost neither age nor winter know:  
 But when thou 'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung  
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,  
 (Voluptuous, and wise withal,  
 Epicurean animal!)  
 Sated with thy summer feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI. *The Swallow.*

FOOLISH Prater! what dost thou  
 So early at my window do  
 With thy tuneless serenade?  
 Well it had been had Tereus made  
 Thee as dumb as Philomel;  
 There his knife had done but well.  
 In thy undiscover'd nest  
 Thou dost all the winter rest,  
 And dreamest o'er thy summer joys  
 Free from the stormy season's noise;

Free from th' ill thou' st done to me;  
 Who disturbs or seeks out thee?  
 Hadst thou all the charming notes  
 Of the woods' poetic throats,  
 All thy art could never pay  
 What thou 'st ta'en from me away.  
 Cruel Bird! thou' st ta'en away  
 A dream out of my arms to-day;  
 A dream that ne'er must equall'd be  
 By all that waking eyes may see:  
 Thou this damage to repair,  
 Nothing half so sweet or fair,  
 Nothing half so good can' st bring,  
 Tho' men say thou bring' st the Spring.

*Elegy upon Anacreon, who was choaked by a grape-  
 stone. Spoken by the God of Love.*

How shall I lament thine end,  
 My best servant and my friend?  
 Nay, and if from a deity  
 So much deify'd as I,  
 It sound not too profane and odd,  
 Oh! my Master, and my God!  
 For 't is true, most mighty Poet!  
 (Tho' I like not men should know it)  
 I am in naked Nature less,  
 Less by much than in thy dress.  
 All thy verse is softer far  
 Than the downy feathers are  
 Of my wings, or of my arrows,  
 Of my mother's doves or sparrows  
 Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,  
 Or their riper following blisses,  
 Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,  
 All with Venus' girdle bound,  
 And thy life was all the while  
 Kind and gentle as thy style:  
 The smooth pac'd hours of ev'ry day  
 Glided num'rously away;  
 Like thy verse each hour did pass,  
 Sweet and short, like that it was.  
 Some do but their youth allow me,  
 Just what they by Nature owe me,  
 The time that's mine, and not their own,  
 The certain tribute of my crown;  
 When they grow old, they grow to be  
 Too busy or too wise for me.  
 Thou wert wiser, and didst know  
 None too wise for love can grow.  
 Love was with thy life entwin'd,  
 Close as heat with fire is join'd;  
 A pow'ful brand prescrib'd the date  
 Of thine, like Meleager's fate.  
 Th' antiperistasis of age  
 More inflam'd thy amorous rage;  
 Thy silver hairs yielded me more  
 Than even golden curls before.  
 Had I the power of creation,  
 As I have of generation,  
 Where I the matter must obey,  
 And cannot work plate out of clay,  
 My creatures should be all like thee;  
 'T is thou shouldst their idea be.

They, like thee, should thoroughly hate  
 Bus'ness, honour, title, state :  
 Other wealth they should not know  
 But what my living mines bestow :  
 The pomp of kings they should confess  
 At their crownings to be less  
 Than a lover's humblest gift,  
 When at his mistress' feet he lies.  
 Rumour they no more should mind  
 Than men safe-landed, do the wind.  
 Wisdom itself they should not hear  
 When it presumes to be severe.  
 Beauty alone they should admire,  
 Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,  
 Nor ask what parents it can shew ;  
 With dead or old it has nought to do.  
 They should not love yet all, or any,  
 But very much, and very many.  
 All their life should gilded be  
 With mirth, and wit, and gaiety,  
 Well rememb'ring, and applying  
 The necessity of dying.  
 Their cheerful heads should always wear  
 All that crowns the flow'ry year.  
 They should always laugh and sing,  
 And dance, and strike th' harmonious string.  
 Verse should from their tongue so flow,  
 As if it in the mouth did grow ;  
 As swiftly answ'ring their command,  
 As tunes obey the artful hand :  
 And whilst I do thus discover  
 Th' ingredients of a happy lover,  
 'Tis, my Anacreon ! for thy sake  
 I of the Grape no mention make  
 Till my Anacreon by thee fell,

Cursed Plant ! I lov'd thee well,  
 And 't was oft my wanton use  
 To dip my arrows in thy juice.  
 Cursed Plant ! 'tis true I see  
 Th' old report that goes of thee,  
 That with giants' blood th' earth  
 Stain'd and poison'd gave thee birth.  
 And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite  
 On men in whom the gods delight.  
 Thy patron Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,  
 Was brought forth in flames and thunder ;  
 In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,  
 Worse than his tigers he delights ;  
 In all our heav'n, I think there be  
 No such ill-natur'd god as he.  
 Thou pretendest, trait'rous Wine !  
 To be the Muses' friend and mine :  
 With love and wit thou dost begin,  
 False fires, alas ! to draw us in ;  
 Which, if our course we by them keep,  
 Misguide to madness or to sleep :  
 Sleep were well : thou hast learn'd a way  
 To death itself now to betray.  
 It grieves me when I see what fate  
 Does on the best of mankind wait.  
 Poets or lovers let them be,  
 'Tis neither love nor poesy  
 Can arm against Death's smallest dart  
 The poet's head or lover's heart ;  
 But when their life in its decline  
 Touches th' inevitable line,  
 All the world's mortal to 'em then,  
 As wine is aconite to men :  
 Nay, in Death's hand the Grape-stone proves  
 As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

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# THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO

HIS FIRST BOOK OF PLANTS.

PUBLISHED BEFORE THE REST.

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CONSIDERING the incredible veneration which the best poets always had for gardens, fields, and woods, insomuch that in all other subjects they seemed to be banished from the Muses' territories, I wondered what evil planet was so malicious to the breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inspired tribe to celebrate their beauty and admirable virtues; certainly a copious field of matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of fruit, where each particular, besides its pleasant history, (the extent whereof every body, or, to speak more truly, nobody, can sufficiently understand) contains the whole fabric of the human frame, and a complete body of physic: from whence I am induced to believe, that those great men did not so much think them improper subjects of poetry, as discouraged by the greatness and almost inexplicable variety of the matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a work which they despaired of finishing. I, therefore, who am but a pigmy in learning, and scarce sufficient to express the virtues of the vile sea-weed, attempt that work which those giants declin'd! Yet wherefore should I not attempt? forasmuch as they disdain'd to take up with less than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering some part. I shall think it reputation enough for me to have my name carved on the barks of some Trees or (what is reckoned a royal prerogative) inscribed upon a few Flowers. You must not, therefore, expect to find so many Herbs collected for this fardel as sometimes go to the compounding of one single medicine; these two little Books are therefore offered as small pills made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightness of style; in the choice whereof I have not much laboured but took them as they came to hand, there being none amongst them which contained not plenty of juice, if it were drawn out according to art; none so insipid that would not afford matter for a whole book, if well contracted. The method which I judged most genuine and proper for this Work; was not to press out their liquid crude, in a simple

enumeration, but as it were in a limbeck, by the gentle heat of poetry, to distil and extract their spirits: nor have I chosen to put them together which had affinity in nature, that might create a disgust for want of variety; I rather connected those of the most different qualities, that their contrary colours, being mixed, might the better set off each other.

I have added short Notes, not for ostentation of learning, (whereof there is no occasion here offered; for what is more easy than to turn over one or two herbalists) but because that, beside physicians, (whom I pretend not to instruct, but divert) there are few so well versed in the history of Plants as to be acquainted with the names of them all: it is a part of philosophy that lies out of the common road of learning. To such persons I was to supply the place of a lexicon. But for the sake of the very Plants themselves, lest the treating of them in a poetical way might derogate from their real merit, and that should seem not to attribute to them those faculties wherewith Nature has endued them, (who studies what is best to be done, not what is most capable of verbal ornaments) but to have feigned those qualities which would afford the greatest matter for pomp and empty pleasure: for, because poets are sometimes allowed to make fictions, and some have too excessively abused that liberty, trust is so wholly denied to us, that we may not without hesitation be believed when we say,

*O Laertiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.* Hor. Serm. 25.

I was therefore willing to cite proper witnesses, that is, such as wrote in loose and free prose, which, compared with verse, bears the authority of an oath. I have yet contented myself with two of those, (which is the number required by law) Pliny and Fernelius I have chiefly made choice of, the first being an author of unquestioned Latin, and the latter amongst the Moderns of the truest sentiments, and no ill master of expression. If any except against the former as too credulous of the Greekish idle tales, that he may not safely be cre-

dited, he will find nothing in this subject mentioned by him which is not represented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the reader, because I have made my Plants to discourse, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's grove) to expect oracles, which, I fear, my verses will only resemble in this, that they are as bad metre as what the gods of old delivered from their temples to those who consulted them.

Having given you this account, if any shall light upon this Book, who have read my former, published not long since by me in English, I fear they may take occasion, from thence, of reprehending some things, concerning which it will not be impertinent briefly to clear myself before I proceed. In the first place, I foresee that I shall be accused by some of too much delicacy and levity, in that having undertaken great subjects, and after a day or two's journey, I have stop't, through laziness and despondency of reaching home; or possessed with some new frenzy, have started into some other road, insomuch that not only the half, as they say, but the third part of the task has been greater than my whole performance: "Away," they cry, "with this desultory writer: yet with what spirit, what voice, threatening mighty matters, he begins,

*Of war and turns of Fate I sing,*

"Thou sing of wars, thou Dastard! who throwest away thy arms so soon, or betakest thyself to the enemy's camp, a renegade, before the first charge is sounded! or if at any time thou adventur'est to engage, it is like the ancient Gauls, making the onset with more than the courage of a man, and presently retreating with more than that of coward; whereas he that has once applied himself to a poem, as if he had married a wife, should stick to it for better for worse; whether the matter be grateful and easy, or harsh and almost intractable, ought neither to quit it for tirefomeness, nor be diverted by new loves, nor think of a divorce, or at any time to relinquish, till he has brought it to a conclusion, as wedlock terminates with life." This is imputed to me as a fault; and since I cannot deny the charges, whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us examine.

In the first place, therefore, that which is most truly asserted of human life is too applicable to my poetry; that it is best never to have been born, or, being born, forthwith to die; and if my Essays should be carried on to their Omega, (to which the works of Homer, by a peculiar felicity, were continued vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend trifles, or make them tolerable, is, that they give off seasonably, that is, suddenly; for that author goes very much too far who leaves his reader tired behind him. These considerations, if I write ill, will excuse my brevity, though not so easily excuse the undertaking; nor shall my inconstancy in not finishing what I have begun, be so much blamed, as my constancy in ceasing not continually to begin, and being, like Fortune, constant in levity. But if, Reader, (as it is my desire) we have fur-

nished you with what is agreeable to your appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have used such moderation as neither to send you away hungry, nor cloy your stomach with too much satiety: to this you must add, that our attempts, such as they are, may excite the industry of others, who are enabled by a greater genius and strength to undertake the very same, or more noble subjects: as Agesilaus of old, who thought he had made no great progress into Asia, yet being the first in that adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire conquest. Lastly, (to confess to thee as a friend, for such I will presume thee) I thus employed myself not so much out of design, as carried on by a warmth of mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diversion of my troubles; therefore through a wearisomeness of human affairs, to these more pleasing solaces of literature (made agreeable to me by custom and Nature) my sick mind betakes itself; and not long after, from an irksomeness of the same things, it changes its course, and turns off to some other theme. But they press more dangerously upon me, and, as it were, stab me with my own weapon, who bring those things to my mind which I declaimed so vehemently against, the use of exote and interpolated repetitions of old fables in poetry, when Truth itself, in the Sacred Books of God, and awful registers of the Church, has laid open a new, more rich, and ample world of poetry, for the wits of men to be exercised upon.

"When thou thyself," say they, "hast thus declared, with the approbation of all good men, and given an example, in thy Davideis, for others to imitate, dost thou, like an apostate Jew, loathing manna, return to the leeks and garlic of Egypt? After the appearance of Christ himself in thy verse, and imposing silence on the oracles of demons, shall we again hear the voice of Apollo from thy profane tripod? After the restoration of Sion, and the purgation of it from monsters, shall it again be possessed by the dreary ghosts of antiquated deities; and what the prophet threatened, as the extremity of evils? Your Muse is in this no less an object of shame and pity than if Magdalen should backslide again to the brothel. Behold how the just punishment does not (as in other offenders) follow your crime, but even accompanies it. The very lowness of your subject has retrenched your wings: you are fastened to the ground with your Herbs, and cannot soar as formerly to the clouds; nor can we more admire at your halting, than at your fabulous Vulcan, when he had fallen from the skies."

A heavy charge indeed, and terrible at the first sight: but I esteem that which celebrates the wonderful works of Providence not to be far distant from a sacred poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the virtues of several Plants; therefore, amongst other things of a most noble strain, the divine poet upon that account praises the Deity, "who brings forth grass upon the mountains, and herbs for the use of man." *Psalms civ. ver. 14.* Nor do I think the liberty im-

modest, where I introduce Plants speaking, to whom the Sacred Writ itself does speak as to intelligent beings: "Bless the Lord, all ye green things upon the earth; praise and exalt him for ever," *Dan. ch. iii. ver. 54. Apocr.* Those fictions are not to be accounted for lies which cannot be believed, nor desire to be so. But that the names of Heathen deities and fabulous transformations are sometimes intermixed, the matter itself compelled me against my will, being no other way capable of embellishment; and it is well if, by that means, we are so. No painted garb is to be preferred to the native dress and living colours of truth; yet in some persons, and on some occasions, it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not misbecome a king to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his coronation-robcs. You are not, therefore, to expect in a work of this nature, the majesty of an heroic style, (which I never found any Plant to speak in) for I propose not here to fly, but only to walk in my garden, partly for health's sake, and partly for recreation.

There remains a third difficulty, which will not, perhaps, so easily be solved. I had some time since been resolved in myself to write more verses, and made thereof such public and solemn protestation as almost amounts to an oath:

*Si quidem hercle possim nil prius, neque fortius.*

*Eunuch, Scen. I*

When, behold! I have set in anew. Concerning which matter, because I remember myself to have formerly given an account in metre, I am willing (and Martial affirms it to be a poet's right) to close my Epistle therewith; they were written to a learned and a most ingenious friend, who laboured under the very same disease, tho' not with the same dangerous symptoms.

*More poetry! you'll cry. Dost thou return,  
Fool! Man! to the disease thou hast forsworn?*

*It has reach'd thy marrow, seiz'd thy inmost sense,  
And force or reason cannot draw it thence.  
Think'st thou that Heav'n thy liberty allows,  
And laughs at poets' as at lovers' vows?  
Forbear, my Friends! to wound with sharp discourse  
A wretched man that feels too much remorse,  
Fate drags me on against my will, in vain  
I struggle, fret, and try to break my chain.  
Thrice I took hellebore, and, must confess,  
Hop'd I was fairly quit of the disease;  
But the Moon's pow'r to which all Herbs must yield,  
Bids me be mad again, and gains the field:  
At her command for pen and ink I call,  
And in one morn three hundred rhymes let fall;  
Which, in the transport of my frantic fit,  
I throw, like stones, at the next man I meet:  
E'en thee, my Friend! Apollo-like I wound,  
The arrows fly, the string and bow resound.  
What methods canst thou study to reclaim  
Whom nor his own nor public griefs can tame?  
Who in all seasons keep my chirping strain,  
A grasshopper that sings in frost and rain.  
Like her whom boys, and youths, and elders, knew,  
I see the path my judgment should pursue,  
But what can naked I 'gainst armed Nature do?  
I'm no Tytides, whom a pow'r divine  
Could overcome; I must, I must resign.  
E'en thou, my Friend! (unless I much mistake)  
Whose thund'ring sermons make the pulpit shake,  
Unfold the secrets of the world to come,  
And bid the trembling earth expect its doom,  
As if Elias were come down in fire;  
Yet thou at night does to thy glass retire  
Like one of us, and (after mod'rate use  
Of th' Indian fume, and European juice)  
Sett'st into rhyme, and dost thy Muse caress,  
In learn'd conceits and harmless wantonness:  
'Tis therefore just thou shouldst excuse thy friend  
Who's none of those that trifle without end:  
I can be serious, too, when bus'ness calls,  
My frenzy still has lucid intervals.*

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# O F P L A N T S.

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## BOOK I. OF HERBS.

TRANSLATED BY J. O.

LIFE'S lowest but far greatest sphere I sing;  
Of all things that adorn the gaudy Spring;  
Such as in deserts live, whom, unconfined,  
None but the simple laws of Nature bind;  
And those who, growing tame by human care,  
The wellbred citizens of gardens are;  
Those that aspire to Sol their fire's bright face,  
Or stoop into their mother-Earth's embrace;  
Such as drink streams or wells, or those, dry fed,  
Who have Jove only for their Ganymede;  
And all that Solomon's lost work of old,  
(Ah! fatal loss!) so wisely did unfold,  
Tho' I the oak's vivacious age should live,  
I ne'er to all their names in verse could give.

Yet I the rise of groves will briefly shew  
In verses like their trees, rang'd all a-row;  
To which some one, perhaps, new shades may join,  
Till mine at last become a grove divine.  
Assist me, Phœbus! wit of Heav'n, whose care  
So bounteously both Plants and Poets share:  
Where'er thou com'st, hurl light and heat around,  
And with new life enamel all the ground;  
As when the Spring feels thee, with magic light,  
Break thro' the bonds of the dead Winter's night;  
When thee to Colchis the gilt Ram conveys,  
And the warm'd North rejoices in thy rays.  
Where shall I first begin? for with delight  
Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite.  
Myself to slavish method I'll not tie,  
But, like the bee, where'er I please, will fly,  
Where I the glorious hopes of honey see,  
Or the free wing of Fancy carries me.  
Here no fine garden-emblems shall reside,  
In well-made beds to prostitute their pride;  
But we rich Nature, who her gifts bestows,  
Unlimited (nor the vast treasure knows)  
And various plenty of the pathless woods  
Will follow; poor men only count their goods.  
Do thou, bright Phœbus! guide me luckily  
To the first Plant by some kind augury.

The omen's good; so we may hope the best;  
The god's mild looks our grand design have bless'd:

For thou, kind Betony! at the first we see,  
And opportunely com'st, dear Plant! for me;  
For me, because the brain thou dost protect;  
See, if ye're wise, my brain you don't neglect;  
For it concerns you that in health that be;  
I sing thy sisters, Betony! and thee;  
But who, bless'd Plant! can praise thee to thy  
Or number the perfections you inherit? [merit,  
The trees he in th' Hercynian woods as well,  
Or roses that in Pæstum grow, may tell.  
Musa \* at large, they say, thy praises writ,  
But I suppose did part of them omit.  
Cæsar his triumphs would recount; do thou,  
Greater than he, a Conquerer! do so now.

### Betony †.

To know my virtues briefly you in vain  
Desire, all which this whole Book can't contain.  
O'er all the world of man great I preside,  
Where'er red streams thro' milky meadows glide;  
O'er all you see throughout the body spread,  
Between the distant poles of heel and head;  
But in the head my chief dominions are,  
The soul commits her palace to my care:  
I all the corners purge, refresh, secure.  
Nor let it be, for want of light, obscure: [dorn.  
That soul that came from heav'n, which stars a-  
Her God's great daughter, by Creation born,  
Alas! to what a frail apartment now,  
And ruined cottage does she bow!  
Her very mansion to infection turns,  
And in the place wherein she lives she burns.  
When falling sickness thunderstrikes the brain,  
Oft' men, like victims, fall, as thunderlain;  
Oft' does the head with a swift whimsy reel,  
And the soul's turned, as on Ixion's wheel:  
Oft' pains i' th' head an anvil seem to beat,  
And like a forge the brain-pan burns with heat.

\* Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus.  
† Betony is hot and dry in the second degree: wine or vinegar impregnated with it is excellent for the stomach and sight. The smell of it alone refreshes the brain. It is an Italian proverb, *He has as many virtues as Betony*; i. e. innumerable.

Some parts the palsy oft' of sense deprives  
 And motion, (strange effect!) one side survives  
 The other. This Mezentius' fury quite  
 Ours does; in this disease dead limbs unite  
 With live ones. Some, with lethargy oppress'd,  
 Under Death's weight seem fatally to rest.  
 Ah! Life! thou art Death's image, but that thee  
 In nought resembles save thy brevity,  
 Vain phantoms oft' the mind distracted keep,  
 And roving thoughts possess the place of sleep.  
 Oft' when the nerves for want of juice grow dry,  
 (That heav'nly juice, unknown to th' outward eye)  
 Each feeble limb as 't were grows loose, and quakes,  
 Yea, the whole fabric of the body shakes,  
 These, and all evils which the brain infest,  
 (For numerous faucy griefs that part molest)  
 Me Phœbus bade by constant war restrain,  
 Saying, "My kingdom, Child! see you maintain."  
 And straight he gave me arms well-forg'd from  
 Like those to Æneas or Achilles giv'n. [heav'n,  
 One wondrous leaf he wisely did create  
 'Gainst all the darts of sickness and of Fate,  
 And into that a sov'reign myrtle juice,  
 With subtle heat from heav'n, he did infuse.  
 'Tis not in vain, bright Sire! that you bestow  
 Such arms on me, nor shall they rusty grow:  
 No; from that crime not the just head alone  
 Acquits me, but th' inferiour limbs will own  
 I'm guiltless. When the lungs, with phlegm  
 oppress'd,  
 Want air to fan the heart, and cool the breast,  
 A fainty cough strives to expel the foe,  
 But seeks the help of pow'ful medicines too;  
 It comes to me, I my assistance lend,  
 Open th' obstructed pores, and gently send  
 Refreshment to the heart. Cool gales abate  
 Th' internal heat, and it grows temperate.  
 The quartan ague its dry holes forsakes,  
 As adders do; dropics, like water-snakes,  
 With liquid aliment no longer fed,  
 By me are forc'd to fly their wat'ry bed.  
 I loss of appetite repair, and heat  
 The stomach, to concoct the food men eat.  
 Torturing gripes I in the guts allay,  
 And send out num'ring blasts the backward way.  
 I wash the saffron jaundice off the skin,  
 And ease the kidneys of dire stones within.  
 Thick blood that stands in women's veins I soon  
 Force to flow down, more pow'ful than the moon:  
 But then th' unnatural floods of whites arise;  
 Ah me! that common filth will not suffice.  
 I likewise stop the current, when the blood  
 Thro' some new channel seeks a purple flood.  
 I all the tumults of the womb appease,  
 And to the head, which that disturbs, give ease.  
 Women's conceptions I corroborate,  
 And let no births their time anticipate;  
 But in the sacred time of labour I  
 The careful midwife's hands with help supply.  
 The lazy Gout my virtue swiftly shuns,  
 Whilst from the joints with nimble heels it runs.  
 All poisons I expel that men annoy,  
 And baneful serpents by my pow'r destroy;  
 My pointed odour thro' its marrow flies,  
 And of a secret wound the adder dies.

So Phœbus, I suppose, the Python slew,  
 And with my juice his arrows did imbrue.  
 From ev'ry limb all kinds of ach and pain  
 I banish, never to return again.  
 The weary'd clown I with new vigour bless,  
 And pains as pleasant make as idleness.  
 Nor do I only life's fatigue relieve,  
 But t' is adorn'd with what I freely give:  
 I make the colour of the blood more bright,  
 And clothe the skin with a more graceful white.  
 Spain in her happy woods first gave me birth,  
 Then kindly banish'd me o'er all the earth;  
 Nor gain'd she greater honour when she bore  
 Trajan to rule the world, and to restore  
 Rome's joys. 'Tis true, he justly might compare  
 With my deserts; his virtues equal were:  
 But a good prince is the short grant of Fate,  
 The world's soon robb'd of such a vast estate:  
 But of my bounty men for ever taste,  
 And what he once was, I am like to last.

*Maidenhair, or Venushair\*.*

I BEING the chief of all the Hairy state,  
 Me they have chosen for their advocate,  
 To speak on their behalf: now we, you know,  
 Among the other Plants make no small shew;  
 And fern, too, far and near which does preside  
 O'er the wild fields, is to our kind ally'd.  
 Some hairy comets also hence derive,  
 And marriages of stars with Plants contrive:  
 But we such kindred do not care to own;  
 Rather than rude relations, we'll have none.  
 My hair of parentage far better came;  
 'Tis not for nought it has Love's gentle name.  
 Beauty herself my debtor is, she knows,  
 And of my threads Love does his nets compose.  
 Their thanks to me the beauteous women pay  
 For wanton curls, and shady locks, that play  
 Upon their shoulders. Friend! whoe'er thou art,  
 (If thou'rt in love) to me perform thy part:  
 Keep thy hair florid, and let dangling toils  
 Around thy head make ladies' hearts thy spoils;  
 For when your head is bald, or hair grows thin,  
 In vain you boast of treasures lodg'd within:  
 The women won't believe you, nor will prize  
 Such wealth: all lovers ought to please the eyes.  
 So I to Venus my assistance lend,  
 (I'm pleas'd to be my heav'nly namesake's friend.)  
 Tho' I am modest, and content to go  
 In simple weeds, that make no gaudy shew;  
 For I am cloth'd as when I first was born,  
 No painted flow'rs my rural head adorn:  
 But above all, I'm sober; I ne'er drink  
 Sweet streams, nor does my thirst make rivets sink.  
 When Jove to Plants begins an health in show'rs,  
 And from the sky large bowls of water pours,  
 You see the Herbs quaff all the liquor up,  
 When they ought only modestly to sup: [Rhine,  
 You'd think the German drunkards, near the  
 Were keeping holyday with them in wine;

\* The name it bears, because it tinges the hair, and is to this purpose boiled in wine with parsley seed, and plenty of oil, which tender's the hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. It is always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in summer, but withers not in winter. *Flu.*

Meanwhile I blush, shake from my trembling  
leaves  
The drops, and Jove my thanks in drought receives.  
But I no topers envy; for my mien  
Is always gay, and my complexion green:  
Winter itself does not exhaust the juice  
That makes me look so verdant and so spruce:  
Yet the physicians sleep me cruelly  
In hateful water, which I drink and die.  
But I ev'n dead on humours operate,  
Such force my ashes have beyond my fate.  
I thro' the liver, spleen, and reins, the foe  
Pursue, whilst they with speed before me flow:  
Ten thousand maladies down with 'em they,  
Like monsters fell, in brackish waves convey.  
For this I might deserve, above the air,  
An higher place than Berenice's hair;  
But if into the sea the stars turn round,  
Rather than heav'n itself I'd choose dry ground.

## Sage ¶.

SAGE! who by many virtues gain'st renown,  
Sage! whose deserts all happy mortals own,  
Since thou, dear Sage! preserv'st the memory;  
I cannot, sure, forgetful prove of thee:  
Thee! who Mnemosyne dost recreate,  
Her daughter Muses ought to celebrate,  
Nor sh'ldst thou'er complain that they're ingrate. }  
High on a mount the soul's firm mansion stands,  
And with a view the limbs below commands:  
Sure some great architect this pile design'd,  
Where all the world is to a span confin'd.  
A mighty throng of spirits here reside,  
Which to the soul are very near ally'd:  
Here the grand council's held; hence to and fro  
The spirits scout to see what news below;  
Buly as bees thro' ev'ry part they run,  
Thick as the rays stream from the glittering sun:  
Their subtle limbs silk, thin as air, arrays,  
And therefore nought their rapid journey stays;  
But with much toil they weary grow; at length  
Perpetual labour tires the greatest strength.  
Oft, too, as they in pains bestow their hours,  
The airy vagrants hostile heat devours,  
Oft in venereal raptures they expire,  
Or burnt by wine, and drown'd in liquid fire.  
Then leaden sleep does on the senses seize,  
And with dull drowsiness the vitals freeze.  
Cold floods of dire distempers swiftly roll,  
For want of dams and fences, o'er the soul:  
Then are the nerves dissolv'd, each member quakes,  
And the whole ruined fabric shakes:  
You'd think the hands fear'd poison in the cup,  
They tremble so, and cannot lift it up.  
Hence, Sage! 'tis manifest what thou canst do,  
And glorious dangers beg relief from you.  
The foe, by cold and humours so enclos'd,  
From his chill throne by thy strong heat's depos'd,  
And to the spirits thou bring'st fresh recruits,  
When they are wearied in such long disputes:

¶ The virtues of Sage are highly celebrated in all authors, particularly the writers of *Behon's Salernitana*, who may be consulted. It is hot in the first, and dry in the second degree. It is easily astrigent, and stays bleeding. It strengthens the stomach and brains, and renews a dull appetite; but its peculiar faculty is to corroborate the nerves, and to oppose all diseases incident to them: hence it hath the highest reputation among medicaments for the memory.

To life, whose body was almost its urn,  
New life (if I may say it) does return:  
The members by the nerves are steady ty'd;  
A pilot, not the waves, the vessel guide.  
You all things fix: who this for truth would take,  
That thy weak fibres such strong bonds should  
make!

Loose teeth thou fasten'st, which at thy comma  
Well-riveted in their firm sockets stand:  
May that fair useful bulwark ne'er decay,  
Nor the mouth's iv'ry fences e'er give way  
Conceptions women by thy help retain,  
Nor does the injected seed flow back again.  
Ah! Death! do not life itself anticipate;  
Let a man live before he meets his fate;  
Thou'rt too severe, if, in the very dock,  
Our ship, before 'tis built, strikes on a rock.  
Of thy perfections this is but a taste;  
You bring to view things absent, and what's past  
Recal: such tracks i' th' mind of things you make,  
None can the well-form'd characters mistake;  
And lest the colours there should fade away,  
Your oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

## Baum ¶.

HENCE, Cares! my constant troublesome com-  
pany;  
Begone! Melissa's come, and smiles on me:  
Smiling she comes, and courteously my head  
With chaplets binds from ev'ry fragrant bed,  
Bidding me sing of her, and for my strains  
Herself will be the guerdon of my pains. [grown,  
My heart, methinks, is much more lightsome  
And I thy influence, kind Plant! must own:  
Justly thy leaves may represent the heart,  
For that, among its wealth, counts thee a part:  
As of kings' heads guineas th' impression bear,  
That princely part you in effigy wear.  
All storms and clouds you banish from the mind,  
But leave serenity and peace behind.  
Bacchus himself not more revives our blood,  
When he infuses his hot purple flood;  
When in full bowls he all our sorrow drowns,  
And flatt'ring hopes with short-liv'd riches crowns,  
But those enjoyments some disturbance bring,  
And such delights flow from a muddy spring;  
For Bacchus does not kill, but wound the foe,  
Whose rage and strength increases by the blow:  
But without force or dregs thy pleasures flow,  
Thy joys no afterclaps of torments know:  
Thy honey, gentle Baum! no pointed stings,  
Like bees, thy great admirers, with it brings.  
Oh! heav'nly gift to sickly humankind,  
All goddes, if from care thou free'st the mind:  
All plagues annoy, but cares the whole man seize,  
Whene'er we labour under this disease:  
These, though in prosp'rous affluence we live,  
To all our joys a bitter tincture give:  
Frail human nature its own poison breeds,  
And life itself thy healing virtue needs.

¶ Baum is hot and dry, in the first degree. It is excellent against melancholy, and the evil arising therefrom. It causes cheerfulness, a good digestion, and a florid colour. The leaves are said, by those who mind signatures, to resemble a heart.

*Scurvygrass* ¶

A MALADY there is that runs through all  
The northern world, which they the Scurvy call,  
Thrive happy Greece! that scorns the barb'rous  
Nor in its tongue a nearer does afford. [word,  
Destructive Monster! God ne'er laid a curse  
On man like this, nor could he send a worie.  
A thousand horrid shapes the monster wears,  
And in as many hands fierce arms it bears.  
This water-serpent in the belly's bred,  
By muddy fens and sulph'rous moistures fed.  
Him either sloth, or too much labour breeds,  
He both from ease and pain itself proceeds;  
Lost from a dying fever he receives  
His birth, and in the ashes of it lives.  
Of him just born you easily may dispose,  
Then he's a dwarf, but soon a giant grows.  
That a small egg should feed a crocodile  
Of such vast bulk and strength, the wond'ring Nile  
Thinks that as much amaz'd he ought to stand,  
As men, when he o'erflows the drowned land.  
With nasty humours and dry salts he's fed,  
By stinking wind and vapours nourished.  
Even in his cradle he unlucky grows:  
(Though he be son of Sloth, no sloth this shews)  
His toils no sooner Hercules began;  
Monsters now ape that monster-murd'ring man.  
E'er he's well born, the limbs he does oppress,  
And they are tir'd with very idleness;  
They languish, and deliberating stand,  
Loath to obey the active soul's command.  
Nor does it to your wilder'd sense appear  
Where their pain is, 'cause 'tis ev'ry where.  
When men for want of breath can hardly blow,  
Nor purple streams in azure channels flow,  
Then the bold enemy shews he is too nigh;  
One so mischievous cannot hidden lie.  
The teeth drop out, and noisome grows the breath,  
The man not only smells, but looks like Death.  
Qualms, vomiting, and torturing gripes within,  
Besides unseemly spots upon the skin,  
His other symptoms are; with clouds the mind  
He overcasts, and, fettering the sense,  
To life itself makes living an offence.

This monster Nature gave me to subdue,  
(Such feats with Herbs t' accomplish 'tis not new)  
So the fierce Bull, and watchful Dragon too,  
On Colchis' shore the valiant Jason slew;  
But whether those defeated monsters fell  
By virtue of my juice I cannot tell;  
But them he conquer'd, and then back he row'd  
O'er the proud waves; nor was it only gold  
He got; he brought away a royal maid  
Beside, (may all physicians so be paid.)  
The hardness of my talk my courage fir'd,  
A pow'ful foe was that I most desir'd.  
I love to be commended, I must own,  
And that my name in physic-books be shewn.  
I envy them whom Galen deigns to name,  
Or old Hippocrates, great sons of Fame.  
Achilles Alexander envy'd; why,  
If he complain'd so justly, may not I;

¶ *Scurvygrass* is reckoned among the medicines peculiar to this  
disease. It opens, penetrates, renders volatile the crude and gross  
humours, purges by urine and sweat, and strengthens the cuticles.

When Grecian names did other Plants adorn,  
And were by them as marks of honour born,  
I grew inglorious on the British coast,  
(For Britain then no reason had to boast)  
Hapless I on the Gothic shore did lie,  
Nor was the sea-weed less esteem'd than I.  
Now sure 'tis time those losses were regain'd,  
Which in my youth and fame so long I have sus-  
tain'd:

'Tis time, and so they are; now I am known,  
Thro' all the universe my fame has flown:  
Who my deserts denies, when by my hands  
That tyrant falls that plagues the northern lands?  
Sing Iō Pæan; yea, thrice Iō sing.  
And let the Gothic shore with triumphs ring;  
That wild disease which such disturbance gave,  
Is led before my chariot like a slave.

*Dodder.*

THOU neither leaf, nor stalk, nor root, can't shew  
How, in this pensile posture, dost thou grow?  
Thou'rt perfect magic: and I cannot now  
Those things you do for miracles allow;  
Those wonders, if compar'd to you, are none,  
Since you yourself are a far greater one.  
To make the strength of other Herbs thy prey,  
The huntress thou thyself for nets dost lay.  
Live, Riddle! he that would thy mysteries  
Unfold, must with some Oedipus advise.  
No wonder in your arms the Plants you hold.  
Thou being all arms must needs them so infold:  
For thee large threads the Fatal Sisters spin,  
But to your work, nor wool, nor web, put in:  
Hence 'tis that you so intricately twine  
About the flax which yields so long a line.  
Oh! spouse most constant to a Plant most dear,  
Than whom no couple e'er more loving were.  
No more let Love of wanton ivy boast,  
Her kindness is th' effect of naught but lust:  
Another she enjoys; but that her love  
And she are two, many distinctions prove.  
Their strength and leaves are diff'rent, and her fruit  
Puts all the difference beyond disputè.  
The likeness to the parent does profess  
That she in that is no adulteress.  
Her root with different juices is supply'd,  
And she her maiden-name bears, tho' a bride:  
But Dodder on her spouse depends alone,  
And nothing in herself can call her own:  
Fed with his juice, she on his stalk is born,  
And thinks his leaves her head full well adorn.  
Whoe'er he be, she loves to take his name,  
And must with him be ev'ry way the same.  
Alceste and Evadne, thus inflam'd,  
Are, with some others, for their passion fam'd:  
So, Dodder! for thy husband Flax thou'dst die,  
I guess, but may'st thou speed more luckily.  
This is her living passion, but she grows  
Still more renown'd for kindness which she shews  
To mortal men when she 'as resign'd her breath,  
For she of them is mindful even in death.  
The liver and the spleen most faithfully  
Of all oppressions she does ease and free.

Where has so small a Plant such strength and  
store  
Of virtues, when her husband 's weak and poor?  
Who 'd think the liver should assistance need,  
A noble part, from such a wretched weed?  
Use, therefore, little things, nor take it ill  
That men small things preserve, for less may kill.

*Wormwood* \*.

'MONG children I a baneful weed am thought,  
By none but hags or fiends desir'd or sought:  
They think a doctor is in jest, or mad,  
If he agrees not that my juice is bad.  
The women also I offend, I know,  
Tho' to my bounteous hands so much they owe.  
Few palates do my bitter taste approve;  
How few, alas! are well inform'd by Jove?  
Sweet things alone they love: but in the end  
They find what bitter gusts those sweets attend.  
Long nauseousness succeeds their short-liv'd joys,  
And that which so much pleas'd the palate cloy,  
The palate justly suffers for the wrong  
She 'as done the stomach, into which so long  
All tasteful food she cram'd, till now, quite tir'd,  
She loaths the dainties she before admir'd.  
A grievous stench does from the stomach rise,  
And from the mouth Lernæan poison flies:  
Then they 're content to drink my harsher juice,  
Which for its bitterness they ne'er refuse.  
It does not idle in the stomach lie,  
But, like some god, gives present remedy.  
(So the warm sun my vigour does restore,  
When he returns, and the cold winter 's o'er.)  
There I a jakes out of a stable throw,  
And Hercules's labour undergo.  
The stomach eas'd, its office does repeat,  
And with new-living fire concocts the meat:  
The purple tincture soon it does devour,  
Nor does that chyle the hungry veins o'erpower.  
The visage by degrees fresh roses stain,  
And the perfumed breath grows sweet again.  
The good I do Venus herself will own;  
She, tho' all sweets, yet loves not sweets alone;  
She wisely mixes with my juice her joys,  
And her delights with bitter things alloys.  
We Herbs to different studies are inclined,  
And every faction does its author find:  
Some Epicurus' sentiments defend,  
And follow pleasure as their only end:  
It is their pride and boast sweet fruits to bear,  
And on their heads they flow'ry chaplets wear;  
Whilst others, courting rigid Zeno's sect,  
In virtue fruitful, all things else neglect:  
They love not pomp, or what delights the sense,  
And think all 's well if they give no offence.  
And none a greater Stoic is than I,  
The Stoa's pillars on my stalk rely.  
Let others please, to profit is my pleasure,  
The love I slowly gain 's a lasting treasure.  
In towns debauch'd he 's the best officer  
Who most censorious is and most severe:  
Such I am, and such you, dear Cato! were.

\* It strengthens the stomach and purges it of cholera, wind, and crudities. It is good against the dropsy and worms, which occasioned the name, Wormwood.

But I no dire revengeful passion shew,  
Our schools in wise men anger don't allow.  
No fault I punish more than that which lies  
Within my province, wherefore from my eye  
Choler with hasty speed before me flies:  
As soon as me it in the stomach spies,  
Preparing for a war in martial guise,  
Not daring in its lurking holes to stay,  
It makes a swift escape the backward way:  
I follow him at the heels, and by the scent  
Find out which way the noisome en'my went.  
Of water, too, I drain the flesh and blood,  
When Winter threatens a devouring flood.  
The Dutchmen with less skill their country drain,  
And turn the course of waters back again.  
Sometimes th' obstructed reins too narrow grow,  
And the salt floods back to their fountains flow:  
Unhappy state! the neighb'ring members quake,  
And all th' adjacent country seems to shake:  
Then I begin the waters thus to chide;  
"Why, sluggish Waters! do you stop your tide?  
"Glide on with me, I'll break the rampires  
down  
"That stop the channel where you once have  
"flow'n."  
This all the members does rejoice and cheer,  
Who of a dismal deluge stood in fear.  
Men-eating worms I from the body scare,  
And conqu'ring arms against the plague pre-  
pare.  
(Voracious Worm! thou wilt most certainly  
Heir of our bodies be whene'er we die;  
Defer a while the meal which, in the grave,  
Of human viands thou e'er long must have.)  
Those vermine infants' bowels make their food,  
And love to suck their fill of tender blood:  
They cannot stay till Death serves up their feast,  
But greedily snatch up the meat undress'd.  
Why should I speak of fleas? such foes I hate,  
So basely born, ev'n to enumerate;  
Such dust-born, skipping points of life, I say,  
Whose only virtue is to run away.  
My triumphs to such numbers do amount,  
That I the greater ones can hardly count:  
To such a bulk the vast account does swell,  
That I some trophies lose which I should tell.  
Oft' wand'ring Death is scatter'd thro' the skies,  
And thro' the elements infection flies:  
The earth below is sick, the air above;  
Slow rivers prove they 're sickly whilst they move:  
All things Death's arms in cold embraces catch,  
Life even the vital air away doth snatch.  
To remedy such evils God took care,  
Nor me as least of med'cines did prepare.  
Oft', too, they say, I (tho' no giant neither)  
Have born the shock of three strong foes together:  
Not without reason, therefore, or in vain,  
Did conqu'ring Rome my honour so maintain:  
The conqueror a triumphal draught of me  
Drank as the guerdon of his victory;  
Holding the crowned goblet in his hand,  
He cry'd aloud, "This cup can health command;  
"Nor does it 'cause 'tis bitter please me less;  
"My toils were so in which I met success."

*Waterlily* \*.

**D**YE flight me, 'cause a bog my belly feeds,  
 And I am found among a crowd of reeds?  
 I'm no green vulgar daughter of the Earth,  
 But to the noble Waters owe my birth.  
 I was a goddess of no mean degree,  
 But Love, alas! depos'd my deity:  
 He bade me love, and straight my kindled heart  
 In Hercules's triumphs bore a part.  
 I with his fame and actions fell in love,  
 And limbs, that might become his father Jove;  
 And, by degrees, me a strong impulse hur'd,  
 That man t' enjoy who conquer'd all the world.  
 To tell you true, that night I most admir'd  
 When he got fifty sons, and was not tir'd.  
 Now, blushing, such deeds hate I to profess;  
 But 't was a night of noble wickedness.  
 He (to be short) my honour stain'd, and he  
 Had the first flower of my virginity:  
 But he, by his father Jove's example led,  
 Rambled, and could not brook a single bed.  
 Fierce monstrous beasts, and tyrants, worse than  
 they,  
 All o'er the world he ran to seek and slay;  
 But he, the tyrant, for his guerdon still  
 A maid requires, if he a monster kill.  
 All womankind to me his harlots are,  
 Ev'n goddesses in my suspicion share.  
 Perish me, let the sun this water dry,  
 And may I scorch'd in this burnt puddle die,  
 If I of Juno were not jealous grown,  
 And thought I shew'd her hatred in my own;  
 (Perhaps, said I, my passion he derides,  
 And I'm the scorn of all his virtuous brides.  
 Grief, anger, shame, and fury vex my mind,  
 But, maugre all, Love's darts those passions blind)  
 If I from tortures of eternal grief  
 Did not design by death to seek relief.  
 But goddesses in love can never die;  
 Hard fate! our punishment 's eternity.  
 Meantime, I'm all in tears both night and day,  
 And as they drop, my tedious hours decay.  
 Into a lake the standing showers grow,  
 And o'er my feet th' united waters flow:  
 Then (as the dismal boast of misery)  
 I triumph in my grief's fertility,  
 'Till Jove at length, in pity, from above,  
 Said I should never from that fen remove.  
 His word my body of its form bereft,  
 And straight all vanish'd that my grief had left.  
 My knotty root under the earth does sink,  
 And makes me of a club too often think.  
 My thirsty leaves no liquor can suffice;  
 My tears are now return'd into my eyes.  
 My form its ancient whiteness still retains,  
 And pristine paleness in my cheeks remains.  
 Now in perpetual mirth my days I pass;  
 We Plants, believe me, are an happy race;  
 We truly feel the sun's kind influence,  
 Cool winds and warmer air refresh our sense.  
 Nectar in dew does from Aurora rise,  
 And earth ambrosia untill'd supplies.

\* It takes away morpheus and freckles. It is cold in the second degree. Its root and seed are drying, but the flower moistens. Being applied to the forehead and nostrils, it cures the headach arising from phlegm, and is very cooling. For.

I pity man, whom thousand cares perplex,  
 And cruel love, that greatest plague, does vex;  
 Whilst mindful of the ills I once endur'd,  
 His flames by me are quench'd, his wounds are  
 I triumph that my victor I o'erthrow; [cur'd.  
 Such changes tyrants' thrones should undergo.  
 Don't wonder, Love! that thee thy slave should  
 Alcides' monsters taught me to defeat: [beat  
 And lest, unhappy Boy! thou shouldst believe  
 All handsome folks thy cruel yoke receive,  
 I have a wash that beautifies the face,  
 Yet chastly look in my own wat'ry glass.  
 Diana's mien, and Venus' face I lend,  
 So to both deities I prove a friend:  
 But lest that god should artfully his flame  
 Conceal, and burn me in another's name,  
 All heats in general I resist, nay I  
 To all that's hot am a sworn enemy.  
 Whether distracting flames with fury fly  
 Thro' the burnt brain, like comets thro' the sky  
 Or whether from the belly they ascend,  
 And fumes all o'er the body swiftly send;  
 Whether with sulph'rous fire the veins within  
 They kindle, or just singe the outward skin;  
 Whate'er they are, my awful juice they fly,  
 When glimmering through the pores they run and  
 die.

Why wink'st thou? why dost so with half an eye  
 Look on me! Oh! my sleepy root 's too high:  
 Besides, my tedious discourse might make  
 Any man have but little mind to wake [take  
 Without that's help; thus then our leaves we }

*Spleenwort; or, Miltwaste* †.

Me cruel Nature, when she made me, gave  
 Nor stalk, nor seed, nor flow'r, as others have.  
 The sun ne'er warms me, nor will Nature allow  
 I should in cultivated gardens grow;  
 And, to augment the torment of my years,  
 No lovely colour in my leaves appears.  
 You'd think me heav'n's aversion, and the earth  
 Had brought me forth at some chance spurious  
 birth:

Vain outward gaudy shews mankind surprise,  
 And they resign their reason to their eyes.  
 To gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,  
 For there, God wot, the painted tulip reigns;  
 But the wise gods mind no such vanity;  
 Phœbus, above all tulips, values me;  
 So does that Coan, old Hippocrates,  
 Who the next place to Phœbus challenges:  
 For when the members Nature did divide,  
 And over such or such bade Herbs preside,  
 I of the savage and unruly spleen,  
 A stubborn province, was created queen:  
 I that restrain, though it resist my power,  
 And bring its swelling rebel humour lower:  
 The passages with rampires it in vain  
 Obstructs: I quickly break them down again.  
 All commerce I with speedy force restore,  
 And the ways open all my kingdom o'er.

† The virtues of this Herb are told in its name. Vitruvius says, that in Crete, where this Herb abounds, the swine have no spleen.

If I don't take that course, it furious grows,  
 And into every part contagion throws:  
 With pois'nous vapours it infects the blood,  
 And life itself drinks of a ven'mous flood.  
 Foul leprosy upon the skin appears,  
 And the chang'd visage Death's pale colours wears:  
 Hence watchfulness, distracting cares and tears,  
 And pain proceeds, with hasty killing fears:  
 Hence halters, cruel Love! our necks release  
 From thy more fatal yoke, and daggers ease  
 Our souls of life's incurable disease.  
 May no such monstrous evils good men hurt;  
 Jove and my virtue all such things avert!  
 The treasurer Trajan rightly to the spleen  
 Compar'd; for when that swells, the body's lean.  
 Why do you laugh? is it because that I  
 Pretend to know the Roman history?  
 I a dull stock, and not a Plant, should be,  
 Having so long kept doctors' company,  
 If their discourse should not advantage me.  
 It has, and I great wonders could relate,  
 But I'm a Plant that ne'er was given to prate.  
 But, to return from whence I have digress'd,  
 I many creatures ease by spleen oppress'd.  
 Crete, though so us'd to lie, you may believe,  
 When for their swine their thanks to me they give.  
 The wretched ass, whom constant labour tires,  
 Sick of the spleen my speedy aid desires.  
 Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain)  
 He cheerfully resumes his work again.  
 Now, if you can, vain painted flow'rs admire,  
 Delights scarce sooner born than they expire;  
 They're fair, 'tis true, they're cheerful, and  
 they're green;  
 But I, though sad, procure a gladsome mien.

*Lettuce.*

SOME think your commendation you deserve,  
 Cause you of old Augustus <sup>¶</sup> did preserve.  
 Why did you still prolong that fatal breath  
 That banish'd Ovid, and was Tully's death?  
 But I suppose that neither of 'em you,  
 Nor orator, nor poet ever knew;  
 Wherefore I wonder not you should comply,  
 And the world's tyrant so far gratify.  
 Thou truly to all tyrants art of use,  
 Their madness flies before thy pow'ful juice;  
 Their heads with better wreaths, I prithee, crown,  
 And let the world in them thy kindness own.  
 At thy command forth from its scorched heart,  
 Of tyrants Love, the greatest does depart;  
 False love, I mean, for thou ne'er try'st to expel  
 True Love, who, like a good king, governs well:  
 Justly that dogstar, Cupid, thou do'st hate,  
 Whose fire kills Herbs, and monsters does create.

*Upon the same.*

FAR me with bread and oil, you'll ne'er repine,  
 Or say in summer you want meat to dine.  
 The world's first Golden Age such viands bleis'd,  
 I was the chief ingredient at a feast:

Large bodies for the demi-gods my juice,  
 And blood proportionable, did produce:  
 Then neither fraud, nor force, nor lust, was known;  
 Such ills their rise from too much heat must own.  
 Let their vile name religiously be curs'd,  
 Who to base glutt'ny gave dominion first;  
 For thence sprang vice, whose train distempers  
 were,

And death did in new ghastly shapes appear.  
 Shun cruel tables, that with blood are dy'd,  
 And banquets by destructive Death supply'd.  
 Sick, if not well, thou 'lt Herbs desire, and we  
 Shall prove, if not thy meat, thy remedy.

*Eyebright.*

ENTER, sweet Stranger! to my eyes reveal  
 Thyself, and gratefully thy poet heal,  
 If I of Plants have any thing deserv'd,  
 Or in my verse their honour be preserv'd.  
 Thus, lying on the grass, and sad, pray'd I,  
 Whilst nimbly Eyebright came and stood just by:  
 I wonder'd that so noble an Herb so soon  
 Rose by my side like a champignon;  
 I saw her not before, nor did she appear,  
 For any thing I knew, to be so near.  
 On a black stalk, nine inches long, she grew,  
 With leaves all notch'd, and of a greenish hue;  
 While pretty flowers on her top she bore,  
 With yellow mix'd and purple streaks all o'er:  
 I knew her straight, her name and visage suit,  
 And my glad eyes their patroness salute. [stalk,  
 Strange news! to me she bow'd with flow'r and  
 And thus, in language fit for her, did talk:  
 'Twas low for Herbs that modest custom love,  
 Hoarse murmurs of the trees they don't approve:  
 "Thou only Bard! (said she) o' th' verdant race,  
 Who in thy songs do'st all our virtues trace;  
 All men are not allow'd our voice to hear,  
 Tho' such respect to you, our friend, we bear;  
 We hate the custom which with men obtains,  
 To slight a kind ingenuous poet's pains.  
 I wish my root could heal you, and I'm sure  
 Our nation all would gladly see the cure;  
 But if by Nature's self it be withstood,  
 The pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good:  
 Nature's injunctions none of us withstands,  
 We're slaves to all her Ladyship's commands.  
 Let what she gives your appetite suffice,  
 Nor grumble when she any thing denies,  
 For she with sparing hands large gifts supplies:  
 But if some malady impair the sight,  
 Or wine, or love that's blind, and hates the light;  
 Or surfeits, watchful cares, or putrid air,  
 Or numerous other things that hurtful are,  
 Then am I useful. If you would engage  
 To count my conquests, or the wars I wage,  
 The evening-star much sooner would go down,  
 And all the fields in dewy nectar drown.  
 Oit' a salt flood, which from the head descends,  
 With the eyes' fresher streams its current blends,  
 That pain which causes many wat'ry eyes,  
 From its own tears itself does here arise.  
 Oit' times the channels of a paler flood  
 Are fill'd, and swell with strange unnatural blood,

<sup>¶</sup> Augustus is said to have been preserved in his sickness by Lettuce. *Flu.*

And by a guest who thither lately came,  
The house is set all on a raging flame.  
Take care, if your small world's bright sun appear  
Blood-red, or he'll soon leave your hemisphere.  
Oft' fumes and wand'ring flies obscure the eye,  
And in those clouds strange monsters seem to fly.  
Come! what does thy dull sooty visage here?  
I see no fire, that thou shouldst be so near:  
Or what (with a mischief) means the troublesome  
I'd as soon have the god of Flies as night [fly?  
Oft' times the sight is darken'd with false snow,  
And night itself in blanched robes does go:  
Whilst shapes of distant things that real were,  
In different colours, or in none, appear.  
Tumours and cancers, pustules, ulcers, why  
Should I recount those torments of the eye?  
Or thousands more, which I'm afraid to name,  
Lest when I tell them they my tongue inflame,  
Or that which from its hollow length men call  
Pistula [Pipe] a name too musical.  
All these I tame, the air my virtue clears,  
Whilst the clouds vanish, and the day appears.  
The joyful face smiles with diffused light,  
What comeliness is mix'd with that delight!  
You know Arnoldus (if you 'ave read him o'er)  
Did fight by me to men stoneblind restore.  
'Tis true; and my known virtue ought to be  
The more esteem'd for that strange prodigy.  
With my kind leaves he bids you tinge your wines,  
And profit with your pleasure wisely joins.  
Those light will truly give, and sacred bowls,  
Bacchus, will dwell in your enlarged souls:  
Then call thy boy with a capacious cup,  
And with that wine be sure to fill it up,  
Till thou hast drunk for all the amorous dames  
An health to ev'ry letter of their names:  
Then drink an health to th' eyes, they won't refuse  
(I'm confident) to pledge you in my juice.  
But we lose time; go; carefully rehearse  
What I have said in never-dying verse."  
She spake, then vanishing away she flew;  
I, Reader! tell you nothing but what 's true.

*Winter-Cherries* ¶.

WHEN I stand musing (as I often do)  
I'm fill'd with shame and noble anger too,  
To think that all we Plants (except some few  
Whom Phœbus with more vigour did endue)  
Cannot away with Winter's nipping fare,  
But more effeminate than mankind are.  
From father-Sun and mother-Earth in vain  
We sprang; they both your figure still retain.  
To our delights why don't the seasons yield,  
And banish Winter from each verdant field?  
Why in Elysian gardens don't we grow,  
Where no chill blasts may on our beauties blow?  
We're halcyons forsooth, and can't with ease  
Bring forth, unless the world be all at peace.  
Nor is this softness only to be found  
Among small Herbs, still creeping on the ground;  
Great elms and oaks themselves it does control,  
In their hard bark they wear a tender soul.

¶ It is excellent against the stone, and all diseases of the bladder  
thence in Latin called *Vesicaria*.

These huffs effeminacy count no crime;  
You'd think in summer they to heav'n would climb;  
But if the year its back upon them turn,  
Each giant creeps back into th' earth his urn;  
Here lies—you on his bulky trunk may write.  
For shame! there lie; let not the mold lie light.  
But I, who very hardly dare receive  
The name of Shrub (though Pliny gives me leave)  
The dreadful Winter to the combat dare;  
Though heav'n itself should fall, I'd take no care.  
The Winter comes, and I'm by storms alarm'd,  
She comes with legions numberless, well-arm'd;  
Then I my fruit produce, and having first  
Expos'd them to her, cry, Now, do thy worst;  
Pour, pour upon them all the rain i' th' sky,  
It will not waste away their scarlet dye;  
Pour snow, their purple thence will grow more  
bright,

Some red in a white vessel gives delight:  
So the red lip the ivory teeth befriends,  
And a white skin the rosy cheeks commends.  
With such like rudiments do I inure  
My virtue, and the force of it secure;  
I who rebellious Sickness must subdue,  
And ev'ry day fresh victories pursue.  
Thus did I learn vast stones to break in twain,  
And ice, at first, put me to little pain:  
For I not only water do expel,  
(That other weaker Plants can do as well)  
But such hard rocks of adamant I break,  
As Hannibal to pass would prove too weak.  
Unhappy he who on this rock is toss'd,  
And shipwreck'd, is in his own waters lost!  
Ev'n Sisyphus might pity and bemoan  
The wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred stone.  
How does he envy, ah! how much, the dead,  
Whose corpse with stones are only covered!  
Would I not help him? might the earth divide  
And swallow me if I my aid deny'd;  
Then I myself child of some rock must own,  
And that my roots were veins of hardest stone:  
But truly I do pity such a man,  
And the obdurate matter quickly can  
Dissolve; my piercing liquor round it lies,  
And straight into a thousand parts it flies;  
The long-obstructed streams then glide away,  
And fragments with them of the stone convey.

*Sunderw; or, Lustwort* ¶.

To say the truth, Nature's too kind to thee,  
For all thy days thou spend'st in luxury.  
Thy flow'rs are silver, and a purple down  
Covers thy body like a filken gown;  
Whilst, to increase thy pomp and pride, each vein  
Of thine a golden humour does contain.  
Each leaf is hollow made, just like a cup,  
Which liquor always to the brim fills up.  
The drunken sun cannot exhaust thy bowl;  
Nor Sirius himself, that thirsty soul.  
Full thou survey'st the parched fields around,  
And enviously in thy own floods art drown'd:  
Drinking, the thirsty months thou laugh'st away,  
The hydra of thy spring's reviv'd each day.

¶ Vulgarly called also *Rosa Solis*.

Thy Nile from secret sources moistens thee,  
And bids thee merry, though Jove angry be.

*Upon the same.*

Thy conquer'd ivy, Bacchus! now throw down,  
And of this Herb make a far nobler crown.  
This Herb with Plenty's bounteous current feeds;  
Plenty, which constantly itself succeeds:  
So thy extended guts thy godship swills,  
And its own self thy tilted hoghead fills:  
So at Jove's table gods the goblet drain,  
But straight with nectar it grows full again.  
Nor do the cups the Phrygian stripling need  
To fill them, each is his own Ganymede.  
So in the heart that double lusty bowl,  
(In which the soul itself drinks life and soul)  
That heav'nly bowl, made by an heav'nly hand,  
With purple nectar always crown'd does stand:  
Of what she spends Nature ne'er feels the lack,  
What one throws out, another brings it back.  
Bless'd Plant! brimful of moisture radical!  
No wonder thou the spirits, lest they fall,  
Support'st, or that consumptive bodies you,  
And the firm limbs, bind with a lasting glue;  
Or that life's lamp, which ready is to die,  
With such vivacious oil you can supply:  
No wonder to the lungs thou grateful art,  
Thy constant waters feed that spongy part.  
You Venus also loves, for though you're wet,  
Your inside, like your outside, is burnt with heat.  
These are Lust's elements, of heat she makes  
A soul, and moisture for her body takes.

*Sorebread ¶.*

The dropping bloody nose you gently bind,  
But loosen the close hemorrhoids behind;  
And 'tis but nat'ral that who shuts the fore,  
Should at the same time open the backdoor.

*Upon the same.*

See how with pride the grovelling potherb swells,  
And saucily the generous vine repels:  
Her, that great emp'ors oft' in triumph drew,  
A base unworthy Colewort does subdue:  
But though o'er that the wretch victorious be,  
It cannot stand, puissant Plant! near thee:  
For me no me'ntines still must give the place,  
That feeds diseases, which away these chase.  
You bravely men and other Plants outvie,  
Who no kind office do until they die.  
Thy virtues thou, yet living, do'st impart,  
And ev'n to thy own garden physic art.  
Though on me Greece bestow'd a graceful name,  
Which well the figure of my leaves became,  
Th' apothecaries have a new one found,  
(Dull knaves! that hate the very Greek word's  
found)  
And from a nasty sow, (whose very name  
sinks on my tongue) have stigmatiz'd my fame:

As Colewort is said to kill the vine, and is itself killed by this

But I to them more than to swine give bread;  
They are the hogs by my large bounty fed.

*Upon the same.*

My virtue dries all ulcerous running sores,  
And native softness to the skin restores:  
My pow'r hard tumours cannot, if I list,  
Either with water or with fire resist.  
Of scars, by burning caus'd, I clear the face,  
Nor let smallpox the countenance disgrace.  
My conqu'ring hand pimpenets cannot shun,  
Nor blackish yellow spots the face o'errun;  
Morphew departs, and out each freckle flies,  
Though from our god himself they had their rise.  
Nor leave I ought upon the cheeks of lasses,  
To make 'em shy of looking in their glasses.  
Nor doubt I but that sex much thanks will give,  
For that the pangs of childbirth I relieve.

*Upon the same.*

In my fire that false gold, the jaundice, I  
Consume, (true gold scarce does more injury)  
Black blood, at my command, the back way flows;  
Nasty itself, through nasty holes it goes.  
Choler and phlegm yellow and white, I drain;  
They wear the dear metals colours both in vain.  
All meteors from the eyes I drive away,  
And whatso'er obscures the small world's day.  
I of the gout remove the very seed,  
And all the humours which that torment breed.  
Thorns, splinters, nails, I draw, who wond'ring  
stand  
How they could so come forth without an hand.  
This is the least: all poisons I expel,  
And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell.  
Infants that know not what it is to live,  
Before they're wretched, from the womb I drive.  
Oh, Heav'ns! says the ign'rant amaz'd world,  
what's this?  
Is 't a distemper to be born? Yes, 'tis;  
For if we make a true account, 'tis more  
Advantage life to hinder than restore.

*Duck's-Meat.*

A LUSTY frog a duck swears is such meat  
(Fatten'd by me) as Jove himself may eat;  
And if the learn'd Apicius knew that dish,  
He'd hungry grow, though dead, and life would  
wish.  
By this our value's in some measure shewn;  
But I'm not born to fatten ducks alone,  
Nor o'er green ponds did Nature carpets strow,  
That she to slimy frogs good will might shew.  
From me great benefits all the world must own,  
Tho' long time hid, they're many yet unknown.  
In a small ring the wits of learned men  
Run, and the same, confin'd, trace o'er agen.  
The Plants which Nature through the universe  
In various shapes and colours does disperse,  
Why should I mention? this their ign'rance shews,  
That ev'n of me mankind so little knows:

Something they do, and more I would reveal,  
Which Phœbus and the Fates bid me conceal :  
But this I'll tell you ; dry blew cankers I  
An icholeric fire of hot St. Anthony,  
Do soon extinguish, and all other flames,  
Whatever are their natures or their names.  
My native cold and wat'ry temper shew  
Who my chill parent is, and where I grow :  
Thus when the water in the joints inclos'd  
Bubbles, by pain and natural heat oppos'd,  
The boiling caldron my strong virtue rules,  
And sprinkled with my dew the fury cools,

*Rosemary. Touching the bite of the Tarantula.*

DAUNIAN Arachne ! who spinn'ft all the day,  
Nor to Minerva will it ev'n yet give way ;  
Whilst thy own bowels thou to lawn dost weave,  
What pleasure canst thou from such pains receive ?

Why thy sad hours in such base deeds dost spill,  
Or do things so ridiculously ill ?  
Why dost thou take delight to stop our breath,  
Or act the serious sports of cruel Death ?  
Whom thou scarce touchest straight to rave he's  
found ;

He raves although he hardly feels thy wound.  
One atom of thy poison in the veins  
Dominion soon o'er all the body gains ;  
Within upon the soul herself it preys,  
Which it distracts a thousand cruel ways :  
One's silent, whilst another roars aloud ;  
He's fearful, th' other fights with th' gazing  
crowd :

This cries, and this his sides with laughter shakes,  
A thousand habits this same fury takes ;  
But all with love of dancing are possess'd,  
All day and night they dance, and never rest ;  
As soon as music from struck strings rebounds,  
Or the full pipes breathe forth their magic sounds,  
The stiff old woman straight begins a round,  
And the lethargic sleeper quits the ground :

The poor lame fellow, though he cannot prance  
So nimble as the rest, he hops a dance :  
The old man, whom this merry poison fires,  
Satyrs themselves with dancing almost tires.  
To such a sad frenetic dance as this  
A Siren, sure, the fittest minstrel is.

Cruel distemper ! thy wild fury proves  
Worst master of the revels which it loves ;  
When this sad Pyrrhic measure they begin,  
Ah ! what a weight hangs on their hearts within.  
Tell me, Physicians ! which way shall I ease  
Poor mortals of this strange unknown disease ?  
For me may Phœbus never more protect  
(Whose godhead you and I so much respect)  
If I know any more (to tell you true)

Whence this dire mischief springs, than one of you:  
But to the heart (you know it) and the brain,  
Those distant provinces in which I reign,  
(To you, my Friends ! I no false stories feign.) }  
Auxiliary troops of spirits I

Send, and the camp with fresh recruits supply.  
Many kind Plants besides me to the war

The merry Baum and Rue with serpents kills,  
Cent'ry, and Saffron, from Cilician hills,  
And thou, kind Birthwort ! whose auspicious name  
From thy good deeds to teeming women came ;  
The kind Pomegranate also does engage,  
With her bright arms, and my dear sister Sage.  
Berries of Laurel, Myrtle, Tamarisk,  
Ivy nor Juniper are very brisk :  
Lavender and sweet Marjoram march away,  
Southernwood and Angelica do n't stay :  
Plantain, the Thistle which they Blessed call,  
And useful Wormwood, in their order fall ;  
Then Carrot, Anise, and white Cumin seed,  
With Gith, that pretty, chaste, black rogue,  
proceed :

Next Vipers'-grafs, a Plant but lately known,  
And Tormentil, and Roses red, full blown ;  
To which I Garlic may, and Onions, join ;  
All these to fight I lead ; go, give the sign.  
With indignation I am vex'd, and hate  
Soft music that great praise should arrogate.  
Poets will say, 'tis true (they 're giv'n to lie)  
Willing their mistrefs so to gratify ;  
But food I say it does, not physic, prove  
To madmen, (witness all that are in love !)  
She to a shortliv'd folly does supply  
Constant additions of new vanity ;  
And here (to shew her wit and courage too)  
Flatters the tyrant whom she should subdue.  
It is the greatest part of the disease,  
That she does so immoderately please ;  
'Tis part of the disease, that so they throw  
And toss themselves, which does for physic go,  
This plague itself is plagu'd so night and day,  
That tir'd with labour, it flies quite away.  
I also lend an hand to ease her grief,  
When from her own strength Nature seeks relief.  
'Tis something that I do ; but truly I  
Think the disease is its own remedy.

*Mint.*

TAKE my advice, Men ! and no riddles use ;  
Why will not you rather to speak plainly choose ?  
If you 're afraid your secrets should be told,  
Your tongues you (that 's the surest way) may  
hold.

Why should we Sense, with barbarous cruelty,  
Put to the rack, to make it tell a lie ?  
Of this just reason I have to complain ;  
Old dubious saws long since my fame do stain.  
How many ill conjectures grounded are  
On this, that I must ne'er be set in war ¶.  
The reader of a thing obscure will be  
Inclin'd to carp, and to take liberty :  
Hence one says Mint Mars does entirely hate,  
And Mint to Venus also is ingrate.  
Mars loves as well to get as to destroy  
Mankind, the booty of his fierce employ.  
Mint from the seed all seminal virtue takes,  
And of brisk men dull frigid eunuchs makes.

¶ Aristotle gave the world a rule, Neither eat Mint nor plant it in time of war ; which being variously understood by his followers, the said Herb does, in his fourth book, make out that it can neither

And then (to make the spreading error creep  
Farther and farther still) they hear I keep  
Their milk from thick'nings; but how this I do,  
I'll tell you on these terms alone, that you  
Shall me before resolve how first you gain  
Notions of things, then how you them retain.  
This I dare boldly say, the fire of love  
With genial heat I gently do improve;  
Though constantly the noble human feed  
That sacred lamp with vital oil does feed:  
For what to Venus e'er will faithful seem,  
If heat itself an enemy you esteem?  
Whether I know her Proserpine can tell,  
I by my punishment am clear'd too well.  
Besides, nought more the stomach rectifies,  
Or strengthens the digestive faculties.  
Such, such a Plant, that feeds the am'rous flame,  
If Venus loves not, she is much to blame;  
And with ingratitude the seed I may  
Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.  
But other causes others have assign'd,  
Who make the reason which they cannot find.  
They say wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew,  
And I wound wounds themselves; 't is very true;  
For I a dry astringent pow'r retain,  
By which all ulcers of their gore I drain:  
I bloody-fluxes stop; my virtues sure  
The wounds that Nature's self has made to cure:  
On bites of serpents and mad dogs I seize,  
And them (war's hurts are slight) I heal with ease.  
I scarce dare mention that from galling I,  
If in the hand I'm born, preserve the thigh.  
D' ye laugh? laugh on, so I with laughter may  
Requite the scandals which on me you lay;  
Of which some I omit, and the true cause  
Of all will tell, (and then she made a pause.)  
Though I abhor my sorrows to recall,  
(And here the tears down her green cheeks did  
I did not always in your gardens grow, [fall,  
But once a comely virgin's face could shew,  
Black though I was, (Cocytus was my fire)  
Yet beauty had to kindle amorous fire.  
Lest any one should think this is a lie,  
Ovid will tell you so, as well as I.  
My father had a pleasant shady grove,  
Where he perpetually to walk did love;  
There mournful yew and fun'ral cypress grow,  
Whose melancholy greens no Winter know,  
With other trees whose looks their sorrow shew. }  
Here Pluto (Jove of th' infernal throne)  
Saw me as I was walking all alone;  
He saw me, and was pleas'd; for his desire  
At any face, or white or black, takes fire.  
Ah! if you knew him but so well as I,  
He is an unsatiable deity;  
He never stands a tender maid to woo,  
But cruelly by violence falls to.  
He caught me, though I fled till out of breath  
I was; I thought he would have been my death.  
What could I do? his strength was far above  
Mine; he the strength has of his brother Jove.  
In short, me to a secret cave he led,  
And there the ravisher got my maidenhead;  
But in the midst of all his wickedness,  
(How it fell out the poets don't express,

Nor can you think that I, poor creature, well  
The cause, at such a time as that, could tell)  
Lo! Proserpine, his wife, came in, and found  
My wretched limbs all prostrate on the ground.  
She no excuse would hear, nor me again  
Let rise; but said, there fix'd I should remain.  
She spake, and straight my body I perceiv'd  
(Each limb dissolv'd) of all its strength bereav'd  
My veins are all straight rooted in the earth.  
(From whence my ruddy stalk receives its birth)  
A blushing crown of flow'rs adorn my head,  
My leaves are jagged, of a darkish red;  
And so a lovely bed of Mint I make  
In the same posture that she did me take.  
But the infernal ravisher my fate  
('T would move a devil) did commiserate;  
And his respect for what I was to shew,  
Great virtue on my leaves he did bestow:  
Rich qualities to humble me he gave,  
Of which my fragrant smell's the least I have  
All this the Ancients understood was true,  
And thence their great religious caution grew:  
They thought me sacred to th' Infernal King,  
And that 't was ominous for me to spring  
In times of death and danger, nor would let  
Me in the midst of war and blood be set:  
But they mistaken were; for I take care  
That others be not caught in his strong snare,  
Nor pass the Stygian lake without grey hair.

*Misseltoe.*

WELCOME, thrice welcome, sacred Misseltoe!  
The greatest gift Teutates † does bestow:  
With more religion Druid priests invoke  
Thee, than thy sacred sturdy fire the oak:  
Raise holy altars from the verdant ground,  
And strow your various flow'rs all around;  
Next let the priest, when to the gods he 'as paid  
All due devotion, and his orisons made,  
Cloth'd all in white, by the attendants be  
With hands and necks rais'd to the sacred tree;  
Where, that he may more freely it receive,  
Let him first beg the shrub's indulgent leave,  
And when he 'as cut it with a golden hook,  
Let the expecting crowd, that upward look,  
Array'd in white, the falling treasure meet,  
And catch it in a pure, clean, snowy sheet;  
Then let two spotless bulls before him lie,  
And with their grateful blood the altars dye;  
Which when you 'ave done, then feast, and dance,  
and sing,  
And let the wood with their loud voices ring.  
Such honour had the Misseltoe, which hate  
And envy to it did in gods create.  
Th' Egyptian temples do not louder sound,  
When there again the adored heifers found;  
Nor did she seem less majesty to wear  
(If any tree there Misseltoe did bear)  
When in Dodona's grove upon an oak  
She grew, that in its hollow oracles spoke;  
For this one Plant the Ancients, above all  
Protectress of their life did think and call;  
She only from the earth loaths to be born,  
And on the meaner ground to tread thinks scorn;

† Teutates and Hesus were the two greatest gods of the Gauls.

Nor did she from prolific matter come, [womb.  
 But, like the world, from Nothing's fruitful  
 Others are fet, and grow by human care,  
 Her leaves the product of mere Nature are;  
 Hence serpents she of their black stings disarms,  
 And baffles (man's worst poison) magic charms,  
 Besides all other kinds of maladies  
 (How numberless, alas!) that on us seize,  
 Nor wonder that all other ills it beats,  
 Since the Herculean sickness it defeats;  
 Than which none more chimera-like appears,  
 One part of it is dead, the other raves and tears.  
 This monster she subdues, hence 't was believ'd  
 (And truly though it was false, it was receiv'd  
 On no bad grounds) that lesser monsters she  
 Could make the trophies of her victory.  
 The Ancients thought so in the infancy  
 O' th' world, they then knew nought of fallacy:  
 Nor was she then thought only to defend  
 And guard life's fort, but life itself to lend,  
 Ev'n the womb's fruitful soil to improve and mend:  
 For what soil barren to that Plant can be,  
 Which without seed has its nativity?  
 Or what to her close shut and lock'd can seem,  
 That makes th' obdurate oak's hard entrails teem?  
 That from a tree comes forth in pangs and pain,  
 Like the Athenian goddess from Jove's brain?  
 But if that's true, which ancient bards have writ,  
 (For though they 're ancient bards, I question it)  
 I wonder not that Mistletoes so kind  
 To us, since her the ties of Nature bind:  
 For men of old (if you'll believe 'twas so)  
 Born out of oaks, were the first Mistletoe.

*Calandine* ¶.

SEE how the yellow gall the delug'd eyes,  
 And saffron-jaundice, the whole visage dyes!  
 That colour which on gold we think so fair,  
 That hue which most adorns the tress'd hair,  
 When, like a tyrant it unjustly gains,  
 Another's throne, and there usurping reigns,  
 It frightful grows, and far more beauty lacks  
 Than, with their saddle-noses, dusky Blacks?  
 So, I suppose, to the gods' eyes the soul  
 O' th' miser looks as yellow and as foul:  
 For, if with gold alone the soul's inflam'd,  
 It has th' *aurigo* from the metal nam'd.  
 This the almighty gods can only cure,  
 And reason, more than Herbs, our minds secure.  
 But th' outward jaundice does our help implore,  
 When with gall-floods the body's dy'd all o'er.  
 I cannot tell what others do, but I  
 Give to that jaundice present remedy;  
 Nor do I rashly undertake the cure,  
 I an assistant have that makes me sure,  
 Nature's own patent gives me my command;  
 See, here's her own sign manual, here's her hand:  
 Thro' leaves, and stalk, and roots themselves, it goes,  
 The yellow blood through my whole body flows:  
 Whoever me dissects, would think, nay swear,  
 O'erflown with gall I sick o' the jaundice were;

¶ A decoction hereof with white wine and annise-seeds, is said to be excellent against the jaundice. Matthioli says it will cure the same, being applied to the soles of the feet.

Mean-time my skin all o'er is fresh and green,  
 And colour good, as in an Herb you 'ave seen,

*Upon the same.*

TEN thousand blessings may the gods bestow  
 Upon thee, tuneful swallow! and ne'er shew  
 They bear the least repentment of that crime  
 Which thou hast suffer'd for so long a time:  
 For that the use of a choice Plant thou 'st taught,  
 Which ne'er before blind ¶ man had seen or sought,  
 Of thee large rent now ev'ry house receives  
 For th' nests which they to thee let under th' caves.  
 The painted Spring's whole train on thee attend,  
 Yet nought thou see'st which thou canst more com-  
 For this it is that makes thee all things see, [mend:  
 This plant a special favour has for thee;  
 When thou com'st, th' others come; that wont suf-  
 At thy return, away this with thee flies; [flee:  
 Yet we to it must more engagements own;  
 'Tis a small thing to heal the eyes alone;  
 Ten thousand torments of our life it cures,  
 From which good Fortune you, bless'd Birds! ¶  
 The gripes \* by its approach it mitigates, [cures:  
 And tortures of an aching tooth abates;  
 The golden jaundice quickly it defeats,  
 And with gilt arms at his own weapons beats  
 Jaundice, which *morbus regius* they call  
 From a king, but falsely; 'tis tyrannical.  
 Foul ulcers too, that from the body bud,  
 This dries and drains of all their putrid blood.  
 A gaping wound's one lip, like any brother,  
 Approaches nearer, and salutes the other.  
 Nor do thy shankers now, foul Lust! remain,  
 But all thy shelling scabs rub off again.  
 The burning cancer, and the tetter, fly,  
 Whilst all hot, angry, red biles, sink and dry.  
 Diseases paint wears off, and places where  
 The Sun once printed kisses, disappear;  
 Purg'd of all blemishes, the smiling face  
 Is cleaner far, and smoother, than its glass.  
 Kind friend to th' eyes! who gives not only sight,  
 But with it also objects that delight;  
 She may be seen, as well as come to see,  
 Whatever woman's doubly bless'd by thee.  
 The gaudy Spring by thy approach is known,  
 And blooming beauties thy arrival own.

*Rocket* ¶.

YOU! who in sacred wedlock coupled are,  
 (Where all joys lawful, all joys seemly are)  
 Be not shy to eat of my leaves heartily;  
 They do not hunger only satisfy;  
 They'll be a banquet to you all the night,  
 On them the body chews with fresh delight.  
 But you! chaste lads and girls, that lie alone,  
 And none of love's enjoyments yet have known,  
 Take care, and stand aloof, if you are wise  
 Touch not this Plant, Venus her sacrifice;  
 I bring a poison for your modesties.

¶ The extraordinary faculty of this Herb in healing the eyes is said to have been found out by the Swallow, who cures its young thereof with.

\* Its other virtues.

¶ Rocket hot and dry in the third degree, of a contrary nature to Lettuce, a friend to Venus and her affairs.

In my gras, like a snake, blind Cupid lies,  
 And with my juice his deadly weapons dyes,  
 The god of Gardens no Herb values more,  
 Or courts, presents, or does himself devour.  
 This is the reason, hot Priapus! why  
 (As I suppose) you itch so constantly,  
 And that your arms still ready are to do  
 The wicked business that you put 'em to.  
 Let him who love would shun from me remove,  
 Says Naso, that Hippocrates in love;  
 Yet to his table I was duly serv'd,  
 Who me, choice dainty! to himself reserv'd.  
 Prove that from love he ever would be free,  
 More chaste than Lettuce I'll consent to be.  
 The praise of chastity let others keep,  
 And gratify the widow'd bed with sleep,  
 Action's my task, bold lovers to engage,  
 And to precipitate the sportive rage.  
 Frankly I own my nature, I delight  
 In love unmix'd and restless appetite.  
 From curing maladies I seek no fame  
 (Tho' ev'n for that I might put in my claim)  
 Fuel I bring that pleasure may not cease:  
 Take that from life, and life is a disease.  
 If thus you like me, make me your repast,  
 I would not gratify a Stoic's taste;  
 If morals gross and crude be your delight,  
 Marsh-weeds can best oblige your appetite.  
 Go from my Book, foul bawd of Pleasure! go,  
 (For what have I, lewd Bawd! with thee to do?)  
 From these chaste Herbs and their chaste poet flee;  
 Us thou offend'st, and we're asham'd of thee.  
 With such a prostitute to come in view,  
 Chaste matrons think a sin and scandal too;  
 Blushes pale Waterlilies' cheeks o'erspread,

To be with thee in the same volume read,  
 Who still the sad remembrance does retain  
 How, when a nymph, in thee she gorg'd her base;  
 That very night to Alcides' arms betray'd,  
 Through thy deceitful force, the yielding maid  
 While I but mention thee (who would believe?)  
 And but thy image in my thoughts conceive,  
 Through all my bones I felt thy lightning move,  
 The sure forerunner of approaching Love.  
 With this, of old, he us'd t' attack my sense,  
 Before the dreadful fight he did commence;  
 But love and lust I now alike detest,  
 My Muse and mind with nobler themes possess'd.  
 Lascivious Plant! some other Poet find,  
 For Ovid's or Catullus' verse design'd,  
 For thou in mine shalt have no place at all,  
 Or in the list of pois'nous Herbs shalt fall.  
 The flames of Lust of fuel have no need;  
 His appetite without thy sauce can feed.  
 Love, in our very diet, finds his way,  
 And makes the guards that should defend, betray.  
 Our other ills permit our Herbs to cure,  
 Venus! who plague enough in thee endure;  
 Those Plants which Nature made of sex devoid,  
 Improperly are in thy work employ'd;  
 Yet Venus, too, much skill'd in impious arts,  
 These foreign aids to her own use converts [ply'd,  
 Who'd think green Plants, with constant dew sup-  
 (Life's friends design'd) such mortal flame should  
 hide  
 What wonder, therefore, if, when monarchs feast,  
 Lust is of Luxury the constant guest?  
 When he ¶ who with the herd on herbage fed,  
 Could find her lurking in the verdant bed.

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# O F P L A N T S.

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## BOOK II. OF HERBS.

TRANSLATED BY J. O.

CYBELE'S † holy mysteries now begin :  
Hence, all you Males! for you it is a sin  
One moment in this hallow'd place to stay,  
You gibing Males! who no devotion pay :  
Into the female secrets do not pry,  
Or them at least pretend you do'nt descry :  
'Tis rude that sex to inspect too narrowly,  
Whose outside with such beauty treats the eye.  
Auspicious glory of th' enlighten'd sky,  
More sacred than thy brother's deity,  
With thy whole horns, kind Luna! favour me,  
And let thy crescent face look luckily.  
Thee many names and offices adorn ;  
By thy kind aid poor tender babes are born \* ;  
Thou eatest women when their labour's hard,  
And the womb's vital gates you, Jana, guard,  
Thee menstruous courses you bring down, and them  
Changing, convert into a milky stream.  
Women inconstant as the sea, you bind  
To rules ; both flow according to thy mind.  
Oh ! may the rivulets of my fancy glide  
By the same secret force which move the tide ;  
Be thou the midwife to my teeming brain,  
And let it fruitful be as free from pain.  
It was the time when April decks the year,  
And the glad fields in pompous garbs appear,  
That the recruited Plants now leave their beds,  
And at the Sun's command dare shew their heads.  
How pleas'd they are the heav'ns again to see !  
And that from Winter's fetters free !  
The world around, and sisters whom they love,  
They view ; such objects sure their smiles must  
move,  
Straight their great work the diligent nation ply,  
And bus'ness mind amidst their luxury.  
Each one contends, with all her might and main,  
Each day an higher verdant crown to gain ;

Each one does leaves with beauteous flow'rs pro-  
And hastens to be fit for human use. [duce,  
Equipp'd, they make no stay, but, one and all,  
Intent upon th' affair, a council call.  
Each tribe (for there are many) as of old  
Their custom was, a separate council hold.  
They 're near a thousand tribes ; their minutes well  
An hundred clerk-like tongues can scarcely tell,  
Nor could I know them (for they don't reveal  
Their sacred acts, but cautiously conceal)  
Had not my Laurel told me (whose tribe's name  
The Female's still'd) which summon'd, thither  
The secrets of the house she open laid, [came :  
Telling how each Herb spoke, and what it said.  
Ye gentle, florid part of humankind !  
(To you and not to men I speak) pray mind  
My words, and them most stedfastly believe,  
Which from the Delphic Laurel you receive.  
'Twas midnight (whilst the moon at full shone  
bright,  
And her cheeks seem'd to swell with moisten'd  
light)  
When on their loosen'd roots the Plants that grow  
In th' Oxford Gardens did to council go,  
And such I mean, as succour women's pains ;  
Orpheus, you 'd think, had mov'd them by his  
strains.  
They met upon a bed, neat, smooth, and round,  
And softly sat in order on the ground.  
Mugwort first took her place, (at that time she  
The President of the Council chanc'd to be)  
Birthwort, her predecessor in the chair,  
Next sat, whose virtues breeding women share ;  
Then Baum, with smiles and pleasure in her face,  
Without regard to dignity, took place ; [ly,  
Thyme, Sav'ry, Wormwood, which looks rugged-  
'Sparagus, Southernwood, both he and she,  
And Crocus, too, glad still soft maids to cheer,  
Once a sad lover, merry does appear ;  
And thou, Amaracus! who a trifling ill [spill  
Didst mourn, when thou the fragrant box didst

† This book treating only of female plants, is dedicated to Cybele, at whose mysteries no man ought to be present.  
\* The moon is called Lucina, the goddess of Midwifery ; and Jana, as the sun, Janus ; and Mena, as she is the governess of women's menstruous courses.

Of ointment in this place, now far more sweet  
 Than the occasion of thy death dost meet :  
 There Lilies with red Peonies find a room,  
 And purple Violets the place perfume ;  
 Yea, noisome Devil's-turd, because she knows  
 Her worth, into that sweet Assembly goes ;  
 The milky Lettuce, too, does thither move,  
 And Waterlily, though a foe to love ;  
 Sweet Ladies-glove with stinking Horehound come,  
 And kind Germander, which relieves the womb ;  
 Poley and Calamint, which on mountains dwell,  
 But against frost and snow are guarded well ;  
 Next vital Sage, well-join'd with wholesome Rue,  
 And Flower-de-luce, nam'd from its splendid hue ;  
 Then Hartwort (much more grateful to the deer  
 Than Dittany), with Wild-carots, enters there ;  
 Confound and Plantain, frugal Herbs are they,  
 Who all things keep safe under lock and key ?  
 And Masterwort, whose name dominion wears,  
 With her who an Angelic title bears ;  
 Lavender, Corn-rose, Pennyroyal fat,  
 And that which cats esteem so delicate ;  
 After a while, slow-pac'd, with much ado, [too,  
 Ground-pine, with her short legs, crept thither  
 Behind the rest Camomile could not stay,  
 Through stones and craggy rocks she cut her way ;  
 From Spanish woods the wholesome Vett'ny came,  
 The only glory of the Vettons' name ;  
 Minerva's Plant did likewise thither hie,  
 And was companion to Mercury ;  
 There scarlet Madder, too, a place did find,  
 Drawing a train of its long root behind ;  
 Thither at last, too, Dittany did repair,  
 Half-starv'd, and griev'd to leave the Cretan air ;  
 With her the bold strong Sowbread came along,  
 And hundreds more, in short, to them did throng ;  
 Many, besides, from th' Indies cross'd the main,  
 Plants that of our chill clime did much complain ;  
 But Oxford's fame through both the Indies told,  
 Eas'd all their cares, and warm'd the nipping cold.  
 The Pigmy and gigantic sons o' th' Wood  
 Betwixt all these in equal spaces stood,  
 Spreading their verdant glories round above,  
 Which did delight and admiration move.  
 The scarlet Oak, that worms for fruit brings forth,  
 Which the Hesperian fruit exceed in worth,  
 Was there, good women's maladies to ease,  
 And sprains, which we as truly call disease ;  
 Her treacherously the Ivy does embrace,  
 And kills the tree, with kindness in her face ;  
 Hardly in nobler scarlet clad, the Rose,  
 The envy of those stately berries grows ;  
 Near which the Birch her rigid arms extends,  
 And Savin, which kind sinners much befriends ;  
 Next them the Beech, with Buds so strong and  
 large,  
 With the Bush purchas'd at so small a charge ;  
 Nor did the golden Quince herself conceal,  
 Or Myrrh, whose wounds distemper'd mortals heal ;  
 Lastly (ye Plants ! whom I forget to name,  
 Excuse me) Juniper, too, thither came,  
 And Laurel, sacred to the sons of Fame :  
 Such rev'rend heads did the green Senate fill,  
 The night was calm, all things were hush'd and  
 still,

Each Plant, with list'ning leaves, stood mute to  
 hear  
 Their Pres'dent speak, and these her dictates were.

*Mugwort (the President) begins.*

ARTER long cold, grave Matrons ! in this place,  
 For the good of our's (I hope) and human race,  
 'This sacred Garden we, whilst others sleep,  
 Bless'd April's sacred nights come here to keep.  
 Our thanks to thee, great father-Sun ! we pay,  
 And to thee, Luna ! for thy nursing ray,  
 Who the bright witness art of what we say. }  
 But the short moments of our liberty  
 (Who fetter'd at daybreak again must lie)  
 Let us improve, and our affairs attend,  
 Nor festal hours, like idle mortals, spend.  
 'Tis fit at this time we should truly live,  
 When winter us of half our life deprive.  
 Come then, from useful pains make no delay,  
 Winter will give you too much time to play.  
 How many foes Jove has to you assign'd,  
 And what a task you in the conquest find,  
 By numerous and great fatigues you 'ave try'd,  
 And to th' oppress'd kind aid have oft' supply'd.  
 You 're generous, noble, Female Plants ! nor ought  
 The glory of your sex cheap to be bought :  
 The fellsame battles you must wage again,  
 Which will as long as teeming wombs remain :  
 But that to war you may securer go,  
 'Tis fit the foe's and your own strength you know.  
 Call the bright Moon to witness what you say,  
 Whilst each such tributes to their country pay :  
 Let each one willingly both teach and learn,  
 Nor let that move their envy or their scorn.  
 And first, I think, upon the menstruous source,  
 My constant task, 'tis fit me should discourse ;  
 From what orig'nal spring that Nilus goes,  
 Or by what influx it so oft' o'erflows ;  
 What will restrain, and what drive on, the tide,  
 And what goods or what mischiefs in it glide :  
 See you its secret mysteries disclose,  
 A thing so weighty 'tis no shame to expose.  
 She spake, the rest began, and hotly all  
 (As scholars use) upon the bus'ness fall.

*Pennyroyal.*

FIRST Pennyroyal, to advance her fame,  
 (And from her mouth a grateful odour came)  
 Tells 'em, they say, how many ills that source  
 Threatens, when'er it stops its purple course :  
 That foggy dulness in the limbs attends,  
 And under its own weight the body bends.  
 Things ne'er so pleasant once, now will not please,  
 And life itself becomes a mere disease :  
 Ulcers and inflammations, too, it breeds,  
 And dreadful bloody vomiting succeeds. [breath,  
 The womb now lab'ring seems to strive for  
 And the soul struggles with a short-liv'd death :  
 The lungs oppress'd hard respiration make,  
 And breathless coughs soon all the fabric shake ;  
 Yea, the proud foes the capitol, in time,  
 And all the mind's well-guarded towers, climb :

Hence watchful nights, but frightful dreams proceed,  
 And minds that suffer true, false evils breed.  
 Dropsy at last the wearied life o'erflows,  
 Which floating from its shipwreck'd vessel goes.  
 How oft', alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids!  
 (Before Love's pow'r their kinder hearts invades)  
 Does this sad malady with clouds o'ercast,  
 Which all the longing lover's passion blast?  
 The face looks green, the ruddy lips grew pale,  
 Like roses tinctur'd by a sulph'rous gale:  
 To ashes, coals, and lime; their appetite  
 (A loathsome treat) their stomach does invite:  
 But 'tis a sin to say the ladies eat  
 Such things; those are the vile distemper's meat.  
 Thus Pennyroyal spake, (more passionate  
 In words than human voice can e'er relate)  
 At which, they say, the whole Assembly mov'd,  
 Wept o'er the loss of beauty once belov'd:  
 So that good company, when day returns,  
 The setting of the Moon, their mistress, mourns.  
 She told the means, too, by what secret aid  
 That conqu'ring ill did all the limbs invade;  
 Through the wombs arteries, said she, it goes,  
 And unto all the noted passies flows;  
 (Whether the womb's magnetic pow'r's the cause,  
 As the whole body's floods the kidney draws,  
 Or that the Moon, the queen of fluid things,  
 Directs and rules that like the ocean's springs)  
 But if the gates it finds so fortify'd,  
 That the due current that way be deny'd,  
 It rages and it swells; the gross part stays,  
 And in the neighb'ring parts dire revels plays,  
 Whilst the more liquid parts does upward rise,  
 And into veins of purer nature flies:  
 It taints the rosy channels as it goes,  
 And all the soil's corrupted where it flows:  
 The bane its journey through the *aorta* takes,  
 And fierce attacks upon the liver makes;  
 And heart, whose right-side avenue it commands,  
 Whilst that for fear amaz'd and trembling stands;  
 But the left region so well guarded seems,  
 That in her walls safe she herself esteems;  
 Nor stops it there, but on the lungs does seize,  
 Where drawing breath itself grows a disease;  
 Thence through a small propontis carried down,  
 It makes the port, and takes the left-side town.  
 What will suffice that covetous disease,  
 Which all the heart's vast treasures cannot please?  
 But avarice still craves for more and more,  
 And if it all things don't enjoy is poor.  
 Th' *aorta* its wild legions next engage,  
 Bless me! how uncontroll'd in that they rage!  
 The distant head and heel no safety knows,  
 Through ev'ry part th' unbounded victor flows;  
 But as the blood through all the body's us'd  
 To run, this plague through all the blood's diffus'd.  
 They all agreed; for none of them e'er doubt,  
 How life in purple circles wheels about;  
 That Plant they'd hiss out of their company,  
 Which Harvey's circulation should deny.

## Dittany.

DITTANY, though cold winds her lips did close,  
 Put on her winter-gown, and up she rose;

For what can hinder Grecian Plants to be  
 Rhetorical, when they occasion see?  
 For Pennyroyal painting that disease,  
 Her nice and quainter fancy did not please.  
 She spake to what the other did omit,  
 And pleas'd herself with her own prating wit.  
 If this dire poison's force their duller eyes  
 Can't see whilst in the body warm it lies,  
 Think with yourselves how it offends the sense,  
 When all alone, (nay dead) if driv'n thence;  
 Let dogs or men by chance but taste of it,  
 (But on dogs rather let such mischiefs light)  
 Madness the tainted soul invades within,  
 And sordid leprosy roughcasts the skin;  
 Whilst panting dogs quite raving-mad appear,  
 And thirst for water, but the water fear.  
 It stabs an half-man by abortive birth,  
 And from the womb (Oh, horrid!) drags it forth.  
 Now fancy children born of such base blood,  
 Which gives the embryo poison 'stead of food:  
 Nor is this all; for corn and vines too know  
 Its baneful force, by which fields barren grow.  
 A tree, once us'd to bear, its fruit denies;  
 If young it fades, and if new born it dies.  
 Witness the Ivies: ('tis no shame) to you  
 What good does their med'cinal virtue do?  
 Thee also, Rue! who all things dost o'ercome,  
 From this strong venom must receive thy doom.  
 Plants dry and yellow, as in autumn, grow,  
 And Herbs as if they had the jaundice shew.  
 Offended bees with one small touch it drives  
 (Though murmur'ing to be exil'd) from their hives:  
 The wretched creatures leave their golden store,  
 And sweet abodes, which they must see no more;  
 Nor do strong vats their vines within defend,  
 Which in their very youth draw to their end;  
 But I name things of little eminence;  
 The warlike sword itself makes no defence;  
 And metals which so oft' have won the field,  
 To this effeminate distemper yield.  
 For frequent bloodshed, blood now vengeance takes,  
 And mortal wounds ev'n in the weapons makes.  
 Beauty, the thing for which we women love,  
 Th' occasion of keen swords does often prove;  
 Let then the female-plague those swords rebate,  
 Yea, ev'n the mem'ry of what's so ingrate.  
 Maids with proud thoughts, alas! themselves de-  
 Whilst each herself a goddess does believe; [ceive;  
 Like tyrants they misuse the pow'r they have,  
 And make their very worshipper their slave:  
 But if they truly would consider things,  
 And think what filth each month returning brings,  
 If they their cheating glasses then would mind,  
 (Which now they think so faithful and so kind) }  
 How beautiful they are they needs must find.  
 The smooth corrupter of their looks they taint,  
 Which long and certain signs at that time paint;  
 Each maid in that still suffers the disgrace  
 Of being pois'ner to her own sweet face.  
 What an unnatural distemper 's this,  
 Which ev'n to their own shadows mortal is?  
 Thus she; and as much more she was about  
 To say, the whole Assembly gave a shout:  
 Through all the boughs, and all the leaves around  
 There went an angry, loud, and murmur'ing  
 sound.

For they of women's honour tender are,  
Though she thereof had seem'd to take no care.

*Plantain; or Waybread ¶.*

NEXT Waybread rose, propt by her seven nerves,  
Who th' honour of a noble house preserves.  
Her nature is astringent, which great hate  
Of her among blood-letters does create.  
But her no quarrels more than words engage,  
Nor does she ever, like mad mortals, rage.  
I envy not the praises which to you,  
Ye num'rous race of Leachy kind! are due:  
The purple tyrant wisely you expel,  
And banishing such murdering blood do well;  
Proudly he o'er the vital spirits reigns,  
And cruelly insults in all the veins;  
Arms he of dreadful poison bears about,  
And leads of maladies a mighty rout.  
But why should you such vain additions make,  
And ills already great for greater take?  
Whilst you so tragically paint the foe,  
More dreadful, but less credible they grow.  
He lessens, that would raise an hero's fame  
By lies, false praises cloud a glorious name.  
One Geryon slew, (a mighty feat) and he  
Three bodies had; in this I can't agree;  
You any monster easily subdue,  
But I scarce think such monstrous lies are true.  
Greek poets, Ditt'ny! you who of 'em have read,  
Keep up their art of lying though they 're dead;  
But what their countrymen once said of you  
Pray mind it, for I fear 'tis very true.  
Let that which blasts the corn a goddess be,  
I cannot think her courses e'er could be  
So hurtful to the grain; and then, I'm sure,  
A vat of lusty wine is more secure  
From danger, where a thousand damsels sit,  
Than if one drunken beldam come at it. [had  
None, 'cause a taste of that rank blood they 'ave  
But for the place from whence it comes run mad.  
Madness of dogs most certainly it cures,  
As thy own author Pliny us assures.  
Whether by women's touch the bee's annoy'd  
I cannot tell; but maids should bees avoid.  
Rue ought to let the fatal blood remain  
Within its vessel, and ne'er force the vein,  
If for her pains nought but her death she gain. }  
Thou, Ivy! too, more careful ought 'st to be  
Both of thyself and thy great deity. }  
But when she says swords' edges it rebates,  
I could rejoice, methinks, and bless the Fates, }  
If that be all the mischief it creates. }  
I only wish a beauty might remain  
Perfect, till that the looking-glass would stain.  
But I waste time.—By this sufficiently }  
'These Grecian wonders are o'erthrown, that I }  
No woman see of this dread poison die. }

At which the Bramble rose, (whose fluent tongue  
With thorny sharpnels arm'd is neatly hung)  
And said, All serpents have the gift to be,  
As much as these, from their own venom free;  
Nor would the basilisk, whose baneful eye  
All other kills, by his own image die.

¶ The many virtues of Plantain are to be read in Pliny and Fernelius. The old physician Thomson wrote a whole volume concerning it.

This mov'd 'em, and they quaver'd with a smile,  
Some wind you would have thought pass'd by the  
while;

For by that Cynic shrub great freedom 's shewn,  
Which he by constant use has made his own.

Waybread at this took pet, displeas'd that she  
By such an one should interrupted be,  
And sat her down; when straight before 'em all  
These words the Rose from her fair lips let fall,  
Whilst modest blushes beautify'd her face,  
Like those in spring that blooming flowers grace.

*The Rose.*

You, Cretan Dittany! who such poisons mix  
(For on my kinsman Wild-rose I'll not fix)  
With women's blood, see what a sprightly grace  
And ardent scarlet decks their lovely face!  
No flower, no, not Flora's self to fight  
Or touch than them appears more soft and white;  
But at the same time also take a view  
Of man's rough prickly limbs and rusty hue:  
You'll say with Butchers'-broom sweet Violets  
grow,  
And mourn that Lilies should with Brambles go:  
Then let their eyes and reason testify  
Whether pure veins their purer limbs supply.  
You cannot say that dying-vat is bad  
From whence a florid colour may be had;  
But this, you'll say, committed some offence,  
Or the just Moon had never driv'n it thence.  
No; you're mistaken; it has done no wrong,  
But all the fault lies in its copious throng;  
'Tis therefore from the rest, by the great law  
Of public safety, order'd to withdraw.  
So, if a nation to such numbers rise,  
That them their native country can't suffice,  
To seek new lands some part of them are sent,  
And suffer, for their country, banishment.  
But why does womankind so much abound;  
Oh! think not Nature e'er was lavish found;  
Nor does she lay up riches to the end  
(Like prodigals) she more may have to spend.  
Whate'er she does is good; what then remains?  
No room for doubt, the thing itself explains.  
This bloody vintage, see, lasts all the year,  
And the fresh chyle duly does life repair;  
The presses still with juice swell to the brink,  
Of which their fill the hot male-bodies drink;  
But temperate women seem to kiss the cup,  
Nor does their heat suck all the liquor up.  
A vital treasure for great uses he  
Lays up, lest Nature should a bankrupt be;  
Lest both the parents' shares of mingled love  
'Too little to beget a child should prove;  
Unless the mother some addition made,  
To perfect the design they both had laid;  
One part of it is red, the other white as snow,  
And both from springs of the same colour flow;  
One wood you 'd think, and th' other stones did  
Whilst out of both a living house they build; [yield  
The former of such poisoning arts accus'd,  
In which you fancy venom is infus'd,  
(Perhaps with this the fatal robe was dy'd  
Which Hercules had sent him from his bride)

The tender embryo's body does compose,  
 And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.  
 Nor is this all; but on the mother's breast  
 Again it meets the little infant guest;  
 Then chang'd, it comes both in its hue and course,  
 Like Arethusa through a secret source;  
 Then from the paps it flows in double tides,  
 Far whiter than the banks in which it glides.  
 The Golden Age, of old, such rivers drank,  
 That sprang from dogs of ev'ry happy bank.  
 The candour and simplicity of men  
 Deserv'd the milky food of th' infants then.  
 How just and prudent is Dame Nature's care!  
 Who for each age does proper food prepare?  
 Before the liver's form'd, the mother's blood  
 Supplies the babe with necessary food:  
 And when to work the novice Heat first goes,  
 In its new shop, and scarce its bus'ness knows,  
 Its first employment is in scarlet-grain  
 (A childish task for learners) milk to stain;  
 At last in ev'ry kind its skill it tries,  
 And spends itself in curiosities.  
 Now say it venom in the members breeds,  
 With which her child the careful mother feeds.  
 Their bane to infants cruel stepdames give,  
 Whilst mothers suck from better springs derive.  
 But how, you'll say, does that which infants love  
 So prejudicial to their mothers prove?  
 'Tis lively whilst i' th' native womb it lies,  
 But by the veins flung out, decays and dies;  
 Then shipwreck'd on the neighb'ring shore it lies,  
 And gasping wishes for its obsequies;  
 This being deny'd, new strength it does recover,  
 And flies in vapours all the body over.  
 But what first taste fruits from the tree receive,  
 When rotten they no natural sign can give;  
 So in pure seed the life's white mansion stands,  
 But surely Death corrupted seed commands.  
 Of Life Death's no good witness: do not think  
 A living man can like a carcase stink.  
 But you a running stream (that duly flows,  
 And no corruption by long standing knows)  
 To be as hurtful in their nature hold,  
 As if from some corrupted springs they roll'd:  
 But now do you go on, (for much you know,  
 Part false, I think, part very true) and shew  
 If any hurtful seeds you can descry  
 In human bodies, (where they often lie)  
 How quickly Nature's orders they obey,  
 When to the blood the flood-gates once give way.  
 The courses this, perhaps, may putrify,  
 'Tis dangerous to keep bad company.  
 Is this the blood's fault? I'm no witch, I hope,  
 Though with my juice a man should poison hope.  
 She spake, and with ambrosial odours clo'd  
 Her speech, which many there, they say, oppos'd.  
 At last the Laurel's thoughts they all desir'd;  
 Th' oracular Laurel's words they all admir'd.

*Laurel.*

THAT fate which frequently attends on all  
 Great men, does thee, egregious Blood! befall.  
 Some praise what others too much disaprove,  
 Excessive in their hatred is their love.  
 This man in prej'dice, that in favour lies,  
 Whilst to their ears a various rumour flies.

Hear Dittany; she says each woman's known  
 The moon to bring each month with poisons down  
 Nor need we mingle Herbs or charms, each one  
 Medea proves in her own blood alone.  
 Yet the fair Rose, if all be true she said,  
 Each woman has in that a goddess made  
 From thence, she says, life spins its purple thread,  
 And tells you how the half-form'd embryo's fed.  
 But if my dear Apollo be not unkind,  
 Nor I in vain his sacred temples bind,  
 Such blood, nor form, nor nourishment, supplies  
 And so that triumphs in false victories.  
 The many reasons here I need not tell,  
 Which me induce, this one will serve as well:  
 Woman's the only animal we know  
 Whose veins with such immoderate courses flow  
 Yet every beast produces young, we see,  
 And outdoes mankind in fertility.  
 How many do small mice at one time breed!  
 Scorning the product of the Trojan steed,  
 With what a bulk does your vast el'phant come!  
 She seems to have a castle in her womb.  
 Thy circuits, Luna! comes almost tell,  
 By kindling, near like these their bellies swell;  
 And yet their young no bank of blood maintains,  
 Or nourishment that flows from gaping veins:  
 For when i' th' amorous war a couple vies,  
 A living spark from the male's body flies,  
 Which the womb's thirsty jaws, when they begin  
 To feel and taste, immediately suck in  
 Into recesses, which so turn and wind,  
 That them dissector's eyes can hardly find:  
 In the same chambers part o' th' female life  
 Keeps a brisk virgin, fit to make a wife;  
 Them Venus joins, and with connubial love  
 In mingled flames they both begin to move.  
 There redness, caus'd by motion, you may see,  
 And blood, the sign of lost virginity,  
 Of their invention, blood, they're mighty glad,  
 And to inventions easy 'tis to add:  
 The smallest spark 't is easy to augment  
 If you can get it proper nutriment.  
 You need not introduce new flames besides,  
 Th' elixir by this touch rich store provides.  
 All fires, (provide them fuel) think it shame,  
 To yield to Vesta's never-dying flame.  
 Thus the first generous drop of blood is bred,  
 Which proudly scorns hereafter to be fed.  
 With the sea's native white at first 't is fill'd,  
 And takes delight with its own stock to build;  
 But when that fails, then life grows burdensome,  
 And all it wisely borrows from the womb;  
 Herself the stuff she borrows, purifies,  
 And of a rosy scarlet colour dyes;  
 From whom the womb's full paps, with thirsty lips  
 Into its veiny mouths it daily sips.  
 Look where a child's new-born, how soon it goes,  
 And that food swallows, which of old it knows:  
 Kindly it plays, and smiles upon the breast,  
 O'erjoy'd again to find its former feast.  
 Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?  
 No; that can't be their elemental food;  
 That, sure, would make them savage, were it so,  
 And all mankind fierce Cannibals would grow:  
 I Nero's acts could hardly then dispraise,

Nor would Orestes' fury wonder raise,  
 If mother's blood for wretched infants first  
 By Heav'n's design'd, to satisfy their thirst.  
 Yet still that flux's cause we don't reveal,  
 Which does so cautiously its spring conceal.  
 A female brute whate'er her womb contains  
 Cherishes, yet no moon dissolves her veins.  
 Some qual'ty then we for the cause must find,  
 Which is peculiar to the female kind.  
 This is the only thing which I can tell,  
 That man in form and softness they excel.  
 No horse a mare outdoes, nor bull a cow,  
 If through this lo, through that Jove may low.  
 The lions savage are both he and she,  
 And in their aspect equally agree.  
 The she is no neater lick'd than rough he-bears,  
 Nor fitter to adorn the stary spheres.  
 She-tigers have not than males more spotted charms,  
 And sows are clean as boars whom thunder arms.  
 No painted bird for want of feathers scorns  
 Her mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.  
 The swans (who are so downy, soft, and white)  
 Leda can scarce distinguish by the sight.  
 In fishes you no difference can see,  
 Both in the glitt'ring of their scales agree;  
 Venus in them, arm'd by their naked sex,  
 The darts of beauty needed not t' annex;  
 In them no killing eyes the conquest gain,  
 Their smell alone their triumphs can maintain.  
 But human race in flames more bright are try'd,  
 By reason and resplendent heat supply'd;  
 Nor is fruition their original,  
 (A paltry, shortliv'd joy) oh, may they all  
 Perish who that alone true pleasure call. }  
 Kind Nature beauty has on maids bestow'd,  
 And with a thousand charms all o'er endow'd;  
 Men she with golden fetters chose to bind,  
 And with sweet force their roving souls confin'd:  
 Nor women made for bestial delight,  
 But with chaste pleasure, too, to rape the sight:  
 Hence all that blood which after pressing squeeze  
 Out of the grosser chyle, as dregs or lees,  
 And that which on the body and the chin  
 With dusky clouds o'ercasts the hairy skin,  
 From their fair bodies constantly she drains,  
 And Luna her commission for 't obtains:  
 But if those slimy floods, by chance suppress'd,  
 Excessive heats to nutriment digest.  
 Manlike in time the women's cheeks become,  
 And they, poor Iphis! undergo thy doom.  
 So Phaëthusa, once so smooth and fair,  
 Wonder'd to feel her face o'ergrown with hair;  
 Her hand she often blam'd, and for a glass  
 She call'd, to look how 't was; but there, alas!  
 A bearded chin and lips she found, and then,  
 Blaming the glass, felt with her hands agen:  
 Long looking, she her own strange visage fear'd,  
 And started when an unknown voice she heard.  
 Thus and much more (but who can all relate)  
 Apollo's Laurel did expatiate:  
 Hence to the wonders of the teeming bed  
 The way itself their grave discourses led:  
 Then Birthwort, Juno's Plant, the court com-  
 mands  
 To speak, who women lends her midwife hands

Willing enough to talk, her stalk she rais'd,  
 And her own virtues very boldly prais'd.

*Birthwort.*

GREEN berries I, and seed, and flowers, bear;  
 And Patroness o' th' womb's my character:  
 But deeper yet my great perfection lies,  
 For as my chiefest fruit my root I prize.  
 This Nature did with the womb's figure seal,  
 Nor suffer'd me its virtues to conceal:  
 Thence am I call'd Earth's Apple; such a one  
 As in th' Hesperian gardens there are none.  
 Had this, fair Atalanta! then been thrown  
 Before you, when you ran, (I know you'll own)  
 Now you are married, it has so sweet a face,  
 You for this sooner would have slack'd your pace,  
 Than that for which you lost your maiden race. }  
 Hence in her own embraces mother-Earth  
 Retains and hugs it where she gave it birth, }  
 Nor trusts dull trees with things of so much  
 worth. }  
 Easing all births, 'tis I the wonder prove  
 O' th' earth our universal parents' love.  
 That poet was no fool, nor did he lie,  
 Who said each Herb could shew a Deity.  
 Nor should we Egypt's piety despise,  
 Which to green gods paid daily sacrifice.  
 Rome! why dost jeer? "They are in gardens  
 "And vegetable gods the fields adorn." [born;  
 What's Ceres else but corn, and Bacchus vines?  
 And every holy plain with godheads shines.  
 And I Lucina am; for I make way,  
 And life's straight folding-doors wide open lay.  
 Oh! pardon, Luna! what I rashly spoke,  
 That from my lips such impious words have broke.  
 In me, in me, Lucina! you remain,  
 And in disguise a goddess I contain;  
 For in my root's small circle you inclose  
 Part of those virtues which your wisdom knows.  
 Triumphant conquests over Death I make;  
 Arms from myself, but power from thee, I take:  
 O'erseer o' thy ways, the body's roads I clear,  
 And streets, as I that city's edile were.  
 Straight passages I widen, stops remove,  
 And every obstacle down headlong shove:  
 The soul and her attendants nothing stays,  
 But they may freely come and go their ways.  
 I also dry each sink and fenny flood,  
 Lest the swift messengers should stick i' th' mud.  
 But to my stricter charge committed is  
 The pleasant, sacred way, that leads to bliss.  
 When dawning Life Cimmerian night would leave,  
 And its relation, Day's bright rays, perceive,  
 I keep Death off the womb's straight passages,  
 That them the watchful foe can ne'er possess.  
 You'd wonder (for great Nature, when she shews  
 Her greatest wonders, nothing greater does)  
 Which way the narrow womb, so void of pain,  
 Such an unwieldy weight could e'er contain;  
 How such a bulk, forc'd from its native place,  
 Through such a narrow avenue should pass.  
 When such cross motions teeming wombs attain,  
 First to delate, then fold themselves again;

What knots unties, and solid bones divides,  
 And what again unites the distant sides;  
 But this I cannot do; nor all the earth,  
 Wherever pow'ful Plants receive their birth.  
 'Tis true, both I and you, my Sisters! share  
 In this great work, and humble handmaids are;  
 But God, you know, performs the chiefest part;  
 'This work is fit for the Almighty art:  
 He to the growing embryo bids the womb  
 Extend, and bids the limbs for that make room.  
 He parts the meeting rocks, and with his hand  
 They gently forth at open order stand.  
 Mean-time th' industrious infant loath to stay,  
 Struggles, and with his head would make its way;  
 Whilst the tormented labouring wretch would fain  
 Be eas'd, both of her burden and her pain.  
 'Them, too, my piercing heat both instigates,  
 And the inclining quarters separates.  
 Sometimes within his mother's fatal womb,  
 Before he's born, the infant finds his tomb.  
 Life from her native soil Death's terrors chase,  
 Who fertile is herself in such a place.  
 Th' included carcase breathes forth dire perfumes,  
 And its own grave the buried corpse consumes.  
 Strange! the preposterous child's his mother's  
 death,  
 And, dead, deprives his living tomb of breath.  
 From that sad fate, ye Gods! chaste women guard,  
 And let it be adultery's reward.  
 As far as in me lies I save the tree,  
 And take the rotten thing away with me.  
 The goods to drown 'tis the best way I think,  
 Lest in a storm the ship and all should sink.  
 Rash infants often make escapes, unbind  
 Their cords, and leave their luggage all behind;  
 Their thicker coats and thinner shirts they leave,  
 And that sweet cake where they their food receive.  
 Lucina twice poor women then implore,  
 Their throes return, although the birth be o'er.  
 Here to the womb again my aid I lend,  
 And hard as well as noisome work attend.  
 What I to cleanse the passage undergo  
 You wot, but let no man, I pray you, know;  
 For if he do, 't will Cupid's power impair,  
 Nor will he such an awe o'er mortals bear.  
 But tho' in me a secret virtue lie,  
 Of pulling darts from deepest wounds, yet I  
 Thy pleasant darts, kind Cupid! never strove  
 To draw; that me no friend to the womb would  
 prove.

In me one virtue I myself admire,  
 (Ah! who can know themselves as they desire)  
 For 'tis a riddle; wherefore I would know  
 How I so oft' have done the thing I do:  
 For though I life to human creatures give,  
 Yet if he eats of me, no fish can live;  
 As soon as me they taste, away they fly  
 Under the water, and in silence die.  
 What may the cause of this strange quarrel be?  
 I know them not, nor have they injur'd me:  
 No animals than these more fruitful prove,  
 Whom yet I hate, though fruitfulness I love.  
 'Th' effect is plain and easy to be found,  
 But deep the cause lies rooted under ground.

*The Mastic Tree.*

THEN Chian Mastic thus began. Said she,  
 This suits not with this opportunity.  
 To fishes, Sister, do whate'er you please,  
 Depopulate and poison all the seas;  
 This let that Herb beware, who back again  
 Made Glaucus' fishes bounce into the main,  
 Which with new forms the wat'ry world supplies,  
 And changes men into sea-deities.  
 But these are trifles; since curs'd Savin here  
 Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear,  
 She who the altars of the womb profanes,  
 And deep in blood that living temple stains;  
 Impatient to be wicked, she destroys  
 The naked hopes of thousand future boys.  
 'Tis one of War's extreme and greatest harms  
 To snatch an infant from his mother's arms;  
 But here the womb (oh, strange!) close shut and  
 The mother's very bowels are no guard. [barr'd,  
 Whilst poisons only in a civil rage,  
 And ling'ring ills the step-dames' hands engage  
 Oh! simple Colchis, rude and ignorant,  
 Who the new arts of wickedness dost want!  
 Medea, Savin knows a better way  
 Than thy Medea-children to destroy.  
 Thou, Progne! know'st not how revenge to take;  
 Let Itys live; thy stay amends will make.  
 Lie with thy husband, though against thy will,  
 Let thy swell'd womb with hopes fierce Tereus fill:  
 When you are ripe for hate, let Savin come,  
 And dress the fatal banquet in your womb;  
 'The recking bits let thy curs'd husband take,  
 And meat of thine and his own bowels make.  
 Abortion caus'd, for spite's a generous crime,  
 'Th' effect of pleasure at the present time;  
 Officious Savin is at the expence  
 Of so much wit and so much diligence  
 To make the lewdest whore most chaste appear,  
 That of her crimes no token she may wear.  
 To make her lechery frugal, and provide  
 That thy apartment, Lust! be not made too wide,  
 'The wrinkles from her belly to remove,  
 Which with disgrace may her a mother prove.  
 If men should all conspire with such a Plant,  
 The whole world soon inhabitants would want;  
 You then the brutes alone in vain would see,  
 And no employment for your art would be.  
 But you, who snatch the rapid wheeling days,  
 And Fate beguile with art and sweet delays;  
 You verdant Constellations here below,  
 To whom their birth and fate all mortals owe;  
 Do you take care this tree-like hag to burn,  
 Who makes the womb the infant's living urn;  
 Let Nature's mortal foe receive her doom,  
 And with moist Laurel purge the tainted room:  
 Or let her live in Crete, her native home,  
 And with her virtues purge Pasiphae's womb:  
 'There two miscarriages she might have made  
 At once; oh! prize now never to be had!  
 But I suppose she never would have torn,  
 Or kept that hopeful monster from being born;  
 For seven boys, whose death to her was dear,  
 That half-man was to swallow ev'ry year.

Haste, Savin! home to Crete; we won't complain  
Though Ditt'ny, too, with thee return again.

At this they were divided, and the sound  
Of various murmurs flew the court around;  
Whilst sharpen'd leaves did Savin's anger shew,  
As when a lion bristles at his foe:  
Those three degrees of heat which she before  
From Nature had, her anger now made four.

*Savin.*

Thou wretched Shrub! (in passionate tones)  
Dost thou pretend to be my enemy? [said she,  
Dost thou, a Plant which through the world is  
known,

Disparage? All mankind my virtues own,  
Whilst thou for hollow teeth a medicine art,  
And scarcely bear'st in barbers' shops a part.  
Go, hang thy tables up, to shew thy vows,  
And with thy trophies load thy bending boughs:  
Among the monuments of thy chivalry,  
The greatest some old rotten tooth will be.  
What? 'cause thy tears stops weeping rheum, and  
A dam, which currents of defluction stays, [says  
Dost thou think thy force can keep the womb so right,  
As to restrain conception's liquid flight?  
No, sure; but thou by cheats a name hast sought,  
And would'st, though vile thou art, too dear be  
bought.

By false pretences you on Fame impose,  
But I the truth of what I am disclose.  
Children, I own, I from the belly wrest;  
Go now, of my confession make your best.  
I own, I say, nor canst thou for thy heart,  
Though thou more tender than the mother wert, }  
Prevent me with thy tears, or all thy art.  
Thee let the pregnant mother eat, and fence  
With thee her womb, with pitch and frankincense;  
A loadstone, too, about her let her bear:  
(That, I suppose, does thy great virtues wear)  
For that, we know, fix'd to their native place,  
Retains the iron-seeds of human race ¶:  
Let emeralds and coral her adorn,  
And many jaspers on her fingers worn;  
With diamonds and pearl, child of a shell,  
Whose fish herself and that secures so well;  
But, above all, let her the eagle's stone  
Carry, and two of them, not only one;  
For nothing strengthens Nature more than that,  
Nothing the womb does more corroborate;  
Let her do all, yet all shall prove in vain,  
If once access to her my juices gain.  
I own it, nor will I ungrateful be  
To bounteous Nature, lest I anger thee, }  
Though thou hast done thy worst to anger me.  
'Tis Nature's gift, whose wisdom I esteem  
Much more than thine, though thou a Cato seem.  
Into the womb by stealth I never creep,  
Nor force myself on women whilst they sleep:  
I'd rather far, untouch'd, uncropp'd, be seen  
In gardens always growing, fresh and green.  
I'm gather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow  
Must give, which I myself first undergo.

You justly blame Medea, but, for shame,  
The guiltless knife she cut with do not blame.  
The sifting trees will think thee drunk with wine,  
If thou of drunkenness accuse the vine.  
Nor this bare pow'r do I to Heaven owe,  
Which greater virtues did on me bestow;  
For I the courses and the after-birth,  
With the dead member's deadly weight, bring  
Poor infants from their native goal I free, [forth,  
And with astonish'd eyes the sun they see.  
But nothing can they find worth so much pain,  
And would return into the dark again;  
They wish my fatal draught had come before,  
Ere the great work of life was yet quite o'er.  
That which you call a crime I own to be,  
But you must lay 't on men, and not on me.  
Ah! what at first would tender infants give  
(When newly form'd they scarce began to live)  
For this, if possibly they could but know,  
Through what a passage they must after go?  
Ah! why did Heav'n (with reverence let me say)  
Into this world make such a narrow way?  
You'd think the child by his pains to heav'n  
should go,  
Whilst he through pain is born to a world of wo.  
Through deadly strugglings, he receives his breath,  
And pangs in th' birth resemble those of death.  
Mothers the name of mothers dearly buy,  
And purchase pleasure at a rate too high.  
But thou, childbearing Woman! who no ease  
Canst find, (tormented with a dear disease)  
Whose tortur'd bowels that sweet viper gnaws,  
(That living burden, of thy rack the cause)  
Take but my leaves, with speed their virtue try,  
(In them, believe me, sov'reign juices lie)  
Thy barriers they by force soon open lay,  
And out o' th' world 't is scarce a wider way.  
The infant ripe, drops from the bows, and cries,  
The whilst his half-dead mother silent lies;  
But hearing him, she soon forgets her pain,  
And thinks to do that pleasant trick again.  
But thou, on whom the silver Moon's moist rays  
(For the womb's night its Lady-moon obeys)  
No influence have; I charge thee do not take  
My leaves, but haste, though loaded, from 'em  
make.

Down from the trees, by my force shaken, all  
The fruits, though ne'er so green and sour, fall:  
(This I foretel you, lest, when you're aggriev'd,  
You then should say, by me you are deceiv'd)  
For innocent girls sin fore against their will,  
None ever wish'd her womb a child might fill.  
Yet if I were not in the world, they would  
Incline to do the fact, but never could.  
But many other plants the same can do,  
Wherefore if banishment you think my due,  
Companions in it I shall have I know,  
And into Crete a troop of us shall go.  
Thou, Myrrh! for one shalt go, who heretofore  
For lewdness punish'd, now deserv'st the more:  
But thou, though lewd, did'st not prevent the  
birth ¶,  
Though 't was a crime to bring the infant forth;

¶ Sennertus, and other physicians, recommend these stones to be held in the hand, or otherwise apply'd, to those who fear abortion.

¶ Plants that procure abortion.

And All-heal too, who Death affrights, must pack,  
 With Galbanum and Gum-armoniac;  
 And Benzoin, to Cyrenians never sold,  
 Unless they brought the sweeter smell of gold:  
 Ground-pine and Saffron, too, will exiles prove,  
 Saffron, once Crocus, yellow-dy'd by Love;  
 Maddar and Coloquintida with me,  
 And Dragon too, the Cretan shore must see;  
 And Sowbread too, whose secret darts are found  
 Childbearing women distantly to wound;  
 And Rue, as noble a Plant as any is here,  
 Physic to other things, is poison there.  
 What should I name the rest? we make a throng;  
 Thou, Birthwort! too, with us must troop along;  
 Nor must you, President! behind us stay,  
 Rise then, and into exile come away.  
 She ended with great favour and applause,  
 And there's no doubt but she obtain'd her cause.  
 The Mugwort next began, whose awful face  
 Check'd all their stirs, and silence fill'd the place.

*Mugwort [the President].*

If the Green nation, Sister! banish thee,  
 I'll go along, and bear thee company:  
 If we for women's faults must bear disgrace,  
 We the Ecbolics\*, are a wretched race.  
 On her head let it, (if a woman shall  
 To her own bowels prove inhuman) fall,  
 Not part of death's sad penalties, but all.  
 Why are we sent for at untimely hours;  
 That day when lucky Juno† comes is ours.  
 She's wicked, and deserves the worst of fates,  
 Who to ill ends that time anticipates;  
 For the admitted juice knows no delay,  
 But torpid as it is will force its way:  
 Nor is it hard a fabric to confound,  
 Ill fix'd within itself, or to the ground.  
 A ship well tackled, which the winds may scorn,  
 Ill rigg'd, away by ev'ry gust is born.  
 The elements of life what can't o'erthrow?  
 No wonder, life itself's an empty shew.  
 Sometimes it smells a candle's snuff and dies\*\*;  
 The weaker fume before the stronger flies.  
 Let Cæsar round the globe with his Eagles fly,  
 And grieve with Jove to share equality;  
 Yet what a trifle might have been his death,  
 Preventing all his triumphs with his breath?  
 One farthing candle, by its dying flame,  
 Would have depriv'd the world of his great name;  
 Nor had we had such numerous supplies  
 Of mighty lords and new-found deities.  
 Thou, Alexander! too, might'st so have dy'd,  
 (How well the world that smell had gratify'd!)  
 Thou! who, a petty king of th' universe,  
 Thought'st with thyself alone thou did converse;  
 Yea, the same chance might have remov'd from us  
 Both thee, Jove's son, and thy Bucephalus;  
 And if thy groom † his candle out had slept,  
 Bucephala he from being built had kept.

\* Ecbolics, i. e. such medicines as bring away dead children, or cause abortion.

† The goddess of Childbearing.

\*\* The smell of a candle's snuff, it is said, will make women miscarry.

† The stink of the snuff of a candle is said also to cause abortion in mares.

So slight a stink you'd scarce think this could do,  
 Unless the niceness of the womb you knew;  
 How shy it is of an ungrateful smell,  
 You by its secret coyness know full well.  
 (But that's no prudence in it, since that place  
 For pleasure no good situation has)  
 But greedily sweet things it meets half way,  
 And into its own bosom does convey:  
 The secret cause of which effect to find  
 Is hard, nor have the learned it assign'd.  
 Let's see if any thing farther we can say;  
 The night grows late, and now 'tis toward day,  
 Wherefore a thousand wonders that remain  
 Concerning childbirth, us may entertain  
 I' th' next Assembly, when we meet again.  
 You, Myrrh! who from a line of monarchs came,  
 The glory of their angry fathers' name,  
 Sacred and grateful to the gods, again  
 A virgin, and shalt always so remain;  
 You know the secrets of the female kind,  
 And what you know, I hope, can call to mind:  
 Then, surely, you the nature of a smell,  
 Among rich odours born, must clearly tell:  
 Besides, when formerly their reason strove,  
 Weak as it was, to cope with conqu'ring Love,  
 You in the middle of the fight would fall,  
 They say, and lie in fits hysterical.  
 Come, then, let's hear what you at last can say:  
 Speak, modest Myrrh! why do you so delay?  
 Why do the tears run down thy bark so fast?  
 Thou need'st not blush for faults so long time past:  
 Ah! happy faults, that can such tears produce,  
 Which to the world are of such sov'reign use.  
 No woman e'er deserv'd, before this time,  
 So much for virtue as thou for a crime.

*Myrrh.*

At last when Myrrh had wip'd her od'rous tears,  
 Putting aside her leaves, her face and head she  
 rears:  
 Then she began, but blush'd and stopp'd anon,  
 Nor could she be entreated to go on.  
 So a dry pump at first will hardly go,  
 From whence a river by and by will flow.  
 'Tis known the female tribe, of all that live,  
 Above the rest is far more talkative,  
 And that a Plant, who was a maid before,  
 Speaks faster much than all the rest, and more.  
 Her story, therefore, gently she begins,  
 And with her art upon the audience wins.  
 Her wars with unchaste Love she reckon'd o'er;  
 For fear of doing ill, what ills she bore!  
 She told how oft' her breasts her hands had try'd  
 To stab, whilst chaste fair Myrrha might have  
 How long and oft' unequally with Love, [dy'd;  
 Who even goddeesses subdu'd, she strove;  
 And many things besides, which I'll not name,  
 Since Ovid with more wit has said the same:  
 Then of the womb's intolerable pains  
 (She 'ad felt them) sadly she, 'tis said, complains.  
 Had I an hundred fluent women's tongues,  
 Or made of sturdy oak a pair of lungs,  
 The kinds, and forms, and names, of cruel Fate,  
 And monstrous shapes, I hardly could relate.

What meant the gods, Life's native feat to fill  
 With such a numerous host, so arm'd to kill?  
 What is it, Pleasure! guards man's happiness,  
 If thy chief city, Pain, thy foe possess?  
 But me my Laurel told, then most she rail'd  
 When the sad fits o' th' mother she bewail'd.  
 Wo to the body's wretched town, said she,  
 When the womb's fort contains the enemy!  
 Thence baneful vapours ev'ry way they throw,  
 Which rout the conquer'd soul where'er they go;  
 The troops of flying spirits they destroy,  
 As stench from Avernus birds annoy.  
 If they the stomach seize, the appetite is gone,  
 And tasks design'd for veins lie by half done.  
 No meats it now endures, much less requires,  
 And the crude kitchen cools for want of fires.  
 If they the heart invade, that's walls they shake,  
 And in the vital work confusion make;  
 New waves they thither bring, but those the vein  
 Which *vena cava* is call'd, bears back again.  
 The art'ries by weak pulsings notify,  
 Or else by none, the soul's then passing by.  
 By that black cloud all joy's extinguish'd quite,  
 And hopes, that make the mind look gay and  
 bright:  
 So when grim Stygian shades, they say, appear,  
 The candles tremble, and go out for fear.  
 Grief, fear, and hatred of the light, invade  
 Their heart, the soul a scene of trouble's made:  
 Then straight the jaws themselves, the tort'ring  
 With deadly strangling vapours strives to fill. [ill.  
 T' ethereal air it never shews desire,  
 But, salamander like, lives all on fire.  
 Sometimes these restless plagues the head do seize,  
 And rife all the soul's rich palaces  
 In barbarous triumph led, then Reason stands,  
 Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands;  
 For the poor wretch a merry madness takes,  
 And her sad sides with doleful laughter shakes.  
 Her dreams (in vain awake) she tells, and those,  
 If nobody admire, amaz'd she shews,  
 She fears or threatens ev'ry thing she spies;  
 A pitcous she, and dreadful, object lies;  
 One seems to rave, and from her sparkling eyes  
 Fierce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries:  
 Some Death's exactest image seizes, so  
 That sleep compar'd to that like life would shew:  
 A solid dullness all the senses keeps  
 Lock'd up; no soul of trees more soundly sleeps.  
 Her breath, if any from her nostrils go,  
 The down from Poppy-tops would hardly blow.  
 If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd say,  
 Two dead ones there, or two hysteric lay.  
 But then ('tis strange, and yet we must believe  
 What we from long experience receive)  
 Under her nose strong-smelling odours lay,  
 The other vapours these will chase away:  
 Burn partridge feathers, hair of man or beast,  
 Horns, leather, warts, that horse's legs molcst,  
 All these are good, but what strange accident  
 First found them out, or could such cures invent?  
 Burn oil, that nature from hard rocks distils,  
 And sulphur, which all things with odour fills,  
 To which the stinking assa you may add,  
 And oil which from the beaver's bones is had:

Through pores, nerves, arteries, and all they go,  
 And thron'g t' invade the lab'ring womb below:  
 But that each avenue, which upward lies,  
 With mounds and strong-built rampires fortifies;  
 Then being contracted to a narrower place,  
 (For force decays, spread in too wide a space)  
 No humours foul, or vapours, there must stay,  
 But out it purges them the lower way.  
 On foreign parts now no assaults she makes,  
 But care of her domestic safety takes.  
 Carthage to Hann'bal now sends no supply,  
 To break the force of distant Italy,  
 When from their walls with horror they descry  
 The threat'ning Roman darts and Eagles fly.  
 This for the nose; the womb, then, you must please  
 With such sweet odours as the gods appease;  
 With Cinnamon, and Goat-bread, Laudanum,  
 With healing Balsam, and my oily Gum;  
 Civet, and Musk, and Amber, too, apply,  
 (Scarce yet well known to human industry)  
 With all that my rich native soil supplies,  
 Such fumes as from the phoenix' nest arise;  
 Nor fear from gods to take their Frankincense;  
 In such a pious case 'tis no offence:  
 Then shalt thou see the limbs faint motions make,  
 A certain sign that now the soul's awake;  
 Then will the guts, with an unusual noise,  
 The enemy o'erthrown, seem to rejoice;  
 Blood will below the secret passage stain,  
 And arteries recruited beat again.  
 Oft', glad to see the light, themselves the eyes  
 Lift up; the face returning purple dies;  
 One jaw from th' other, with a groan, retires;  
 And the disease itself, like life, expires.  
 Tell me, sweet Odours! tell me what have you  
 With parts so distant from the nose to do?  
 Or what have you, ill Smells! so near the nose  
 To do, since that and you are mortal foes?  
 And why dost thou, abominable stench!  
 Upon remote dominions so intrench?  
 Say by what secret force you sling your darts,  
 Whom from your bow, the nose, such distance  
 For some believe that to the brain alone [parts?  
 They fly, through ways which in the head are  
 known;  
 And that the brain to the related womb  
 Sends (good and bad) all smells that to it come.  
 The womb, too, oft' rejoices for that's sake,  
 And when that's griev'd, does all its griefs partake.  
 The womb is Orestes, Pylades the brain,  
 And what to one to th' other is a pain.  
 I don't deny the native sympathy,  
 And like respects, in which these parts agree:  
 Each its conception has, and each its birth,  
 And both their offsprings like the fire come forth;  
 Still to produce both have a constant vein,  
 And their straight bosoms mighty things contain.  
 Much I omit in both; but know, that this  
 O' th' body, that o' th' soul, the matrix is;  
 But th' womb has this one proper faculty,  
 Its actions oft' from head and nose are free;  
 Oft', when it strives to break its bonds in vain,  
 (And often nought its fury can contain)  
 A sweet perfume apply'd (unknown to the nose)  
 Does with a grateful glew its body close;

But when oppress'd with weight the womb falls  
down,

(As sometimes it, when weak, does with its own)

With dreadful weapons arm'd, a noisome smell

Meets it, and upward quickly does repel :

So when th' Helvetians<sup>¶</sup> their own land forfook,

(People which in their neighbours terror strook)

A stronger foe, their wand'ring to restrain,

To their old quarters beat 'em back again.

Here different reasons different authors shew,

But none worth speaking of, I'm sure, you know.

What can I add? You, learn'd President! please

To bid me speak; the case says hold your peace :

Yet you I must obey; Heav'n is so kind

To let us seek that truth we cannot find.

This truth must be i' th' well's dark bottom fought,

Pardon me if I make an heavy draught.

You see the wond'rous wars and leagues of things

From whence the world's harmonious consort  
springs;

This he that thinks from th' elements may be had,

Is a grave sot, and studiously mad :

Here many causes branch themselves around,

But to 'em all one only root is found;

For those which mortals the four elements call,

In the world's fabric are not first of all;

Treasures in them wise Nature laid, as store,

Ready at hand, of things that were before;

Whence she might principles draw for her use,

And mixtures new eternally produce.

Infinite seeds in those small bodies lie

To us, but number'd by the Deity :

Nor is the heat to fire more natural,

Nor coldness more to water's share does fall,

Than either bitter, sweet, or white, or black,

Or any smells that noses e'er attack.

Our purging or astringent quality

Have proper points of matter where they lie.

With earth, air, water, fire, Heav'n all things bore;

Why do I faintly speak? they were before :

For what earth, air, fire, water, now we call,

Are compounds from the first original :

For---but a sudden fright her senses shock'd,

And stopp'd her speech; she heard the gate un-  
lock'd;

And Rue from far the gard'ner saw come in,

Trembling, as she an Aspen leaf had been,

(For Rue, a sov'reign Plant to purge the eyes,

Remotest objects easily descries)

She softly whisper'd, Hence, make haste away;

Here's Robert ¶ come; make haste; why do we  
stay?

Day was not broken, but 'twas almost light,

And Luna swiftly roll'd the wheeling night;

Nor was the fellow us'd so soon to rise,

But him a sudden chance did then surprize :

His wife in pangs of childbed loudly roar'd,

And gentle Juno's present aid implor'd :

But he who Plants that in his garden grew,

Than forty Junos of more value knew,

Came thither Sowbread, all in haste together,

That he with greater ease might prove a father

Soon as they saw the man; straight up they got.

With gentle haste, and stood upon the spot,

When briefly Mugwort, I this Court adjourn;

What we have left we'll do at our return.

Without tumultuous noise away they fled,

And ev'ry Plant crept to her proper bed.

¶ The name of the gardener of the Physic-garden in Oxford.

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# O F P L A N T S.

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## BOOK III. OF FLOWERS.

TRANSLATED BY C. CLEVE.

### *Flora.*

Now Muse! if ever, now look brisk and gay,  
The Spring's at hand; blithe looks like that display:

Use all the schemes and colours now of speech,  
Use all the flow'rs that poetry enrich;  
Its glories all, its blooming beauties, bring,  
As may resemble the returning Spring:  
Let the same music through thy verse resound,  
As in the woods and shady groves is found:  
Let ev'ry line such fragrant praise exhale,  
As rises up from some sweet-smelling vale:  
Let lights and shades, as in the woods, appear,  
And shew in painted verse the season of the year.  
Come then away, for the first welcome morn  
Of the spruce month of May begins to dawn.  
This day, so tells the poet's sacred page,  
Bright Chloris did in nuptial bands engage;  
This very day the knot was ty'd, and thence  
The lovely maid a goddess did commence:  
The signs of joy did ev'ry where appear,  
On earth, in heav'n, throughout the sea and air;  
No wand'ring cloud was seen in all the sky,  
And if there were, 'twas of a curious dye.  
The air serene, not an ungentle blast  
Ruffled the waters with its rude embrace;  
The wind that was, breath'd odours all around,  
And only fann'd the streams, and only kiss'd the ground.

Of unknown Flow'rs now such a num'rous birth  
Appear'd, as ever astonish'd mother-Earth.  
The Lily grew 'midst barren Heath and Sedge,  
And the Rose blush'd on each unprickly hedge;  
The purple Violet and the Daffodil,  
The places now of angry nettles fill.  
This great and joyful day, on which she knew  
What 'twas to be a wife and goddess too,  
The grateful Flora yearly did express  
In shews, religious pomp, and gaudiness,  
Long as she thriv'd in Rome, and reign'd among  
The other gods, a vast and num'rous throng;

But when the sacred tribe was forc'd from Rome,  
Among the rest an exile she became,  
Stripp'd of her plays, and of her fame bereft,  
Nought of the grandeur of a goddess left:  
Since then no more ador'd on earth by men,  
But forc'd o'er flowers to preside and reign,  
The best she can she still keeps up the day,  
Not as of old, when blest'd with store she lay;  
When with a lavish hand her bounties flew;  
She 'as not the heart and means to do it now;  
But in a way fitting her humble state  
She always did, and still does celebrate:  
And now that she the better may attend  
The Flow'ry empire under her command,  
To all the world, at times, she does resort,  
Now in this part, now that, she keeps her cour  
And so the seasons of the year require,  
For here 'tis spring, perhaps 'tis autumn there.  
With ease she flies to the remotest shores,  
And visits in the way a world of Flow'rs:  
In Zephyr's painted car she cuts the air,  
Pleas'd with the way, her spouse the charioteer.  
It was the year, (thrice blest'd that beautiful  
Year!)

Which mighty Charles's sacred name did bear;  
A golden year the heavens brought about  
In high procession with a joyful shout;  
A year that barr'd up Janus' brazen gates,  
That brought home Peace, and laid our monstrous  
heats:

A greater gift, blest'd Albion! thou did'st gain,  
It brought home godlike Charles, and all his  
peaceful train,

Compos'd our chaos, cover'd o'er the scars,  
And clos'd the bleeding wounds of twenty years.  
Nor felt the gown alone the fruits of peace,  
But gardens, woods, and all the Flow'ry race.  
This year to ev'ry thing fresh honours brought,  
Nor 'midst these were the learned Arts forgot.  
Poor exil'd Flora, with the sylvan gods,  
Came back again to their old lov'd abodes.

I saw her (through a glass my Muse vouchsaf'd)  
Plac'd on the painted bow securely waft;  
Triumphantly she rode, and made her course  
Towards fair Albion's long-forfaken shores.  
That she our goddess was, to me was plain  
From the gay various colours of her train:  
She light, renowned Thames! upon thy shore,  
Long time belov'd, and known to her before:  
'Twas here the goddess an appointment set  
For all the Flow'rs: accordingly they met;  
Those that are parch'd with heat, or pinch'd with  
cold,

Or those which a more temp'rate clime does hold,  
Those drunk with dew the sun just rising sees,  
Or those, when setting, with a face like his;  
All sorts that East and West can boast were there,  
But not such Flow'rs as you see growing here,  
Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious still to harms,  
Which quickly die out of their mother's arms,  
But those that Plato saw, Ideas nam'd,  
Daughters of Jove, for heav'nly extract fam'd:  
Ethereal Plants! what glories they disclose,  
What excellence the first celestial Rose;  
What blush, what smell! and yet on many scores,  
The learned say, it much resembles ours;  
Only 'tis ever fresh, with long life blest'd,  
Not in your fading mortal colours dress'd.  
This Rose the image of the heav'nly mind,  
The other growing on our earth we find,  
Which is the image of that image, then  
No wonder it appears less fresh and fine.  
These heav'n-born species of the Flow'ry race  
Assembled all the wedding-morn to grace.

Phœbus! do thou the pencil take, the same  
With which thou gild'st the world's great checker'd  
frame;

Light's pencil take; try if thou canst display  
The various scenes of this resplendent day:  
And yet I doubt thy skill, though all must bow  
To thee as god of Plants and Poets too:  
I'm sure 'tis much too hard a task for me,  
Yet some I'll touch in passing, like the bee:  
Where the whole garden can't be had, we know  
A nossegay may, and that, if sweet, will do.

Now when a part of this triumphant day  
In sacred pompous rites had pass'd away,  
Rites which no mortal tongue can duly tell,  
And which, perhaps, 'tis not lawful to reveal;  
At length the sporting goddess thought it best  
(Though sure the humour went beyond a jest)  
A pleasant sort of trial to propose,  
And from among the Plants a queen to choose  
Which should preside over the Flow'ry race,  
Be a vice-goddess, and supply her place:  
Each Plant was to appear, and make its plea,  
To see which best deserv'd the dignity. [stood,  
The scene arch'd o'er with wreathing branches  
Which like a little hollow temple shew'd;  
The shrubs and branches darting from aloof  
Their pretty fragrant shades, compos'd the roof;  
Red and white Jasmine, with the Myrtle-tree,  
The favourite of the Cyprian deity;  
The Golden Apple-tree with silver bud,  
Both sorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew flood;

There was the twining Woodbine to be seen,  
And Yellow Hather, Roses mix'd between.  
Each Plant its notes and known distinctions  
brought,

With various art the gaudy scene was wrought.  
Just in the nave of this new-modell'd fane,  
A throne the judging goddess did sustain,  
Rob'd in a thousand several sorts of leaves,  
And all the colours which the garden gives,  
Which join'd together trim in wondrous wise,  
With their deluding figures mock'd your eyes.  
A noble checker'd-work, which real seems,  
And firmly set with glistering stones and gems,  
It real seem'd, though gods such bodies wear  
For weight, as Flow'rs upon their down may bear.  
The goddess, seated in majestic-wise,  
With all the pride the wealthy Spring supplies,  
Had Ariadne's crown, and such a vest  
With which the rainbow on bright days is dress'd;  
Before her throne did the officious band  
Of Hours, Days, Months, in goodly order stand:  
The Hours upon soft-painted wings were born,  
Painted, but swift, alas! and quickly gone;  
The Days with nimble feet advanc'd apace,  
And then the Month, each with a different face;  
On Cynthia's orb they tend with constant care,  
In monthly courses whirling round her sphere.  
First Spring, a rosy-colour'd youngster, stood,  
With looks enough to bribe a judging god;  
Summer appear'd, rob'd in a yellow gown,  
Full ears of ripen'd corn compos'd her crown;  
Then Autumn, proud of rich Pomona's store,  
And Bacchus, too, treading the blushing floor;  
Poor half-starv'd Winter shivering in the rear,  
The Stoical and fullen part o' th' year:  
Yet not by step-dame Nature wholly left  
Of every grace is winter time bereft;  
Some friends it has in this afflicted state,  
Some Plants that faith and duty don't forget:  
Some Plants the winter-season does supply,  
Born purely for delight and luxury,  
Which brave the frost and cold, and merit claim,  
Though few, indeed, and of a lower frame.  
The New Year did him this peculiar grace,  
And Janus favouring with his double face,  
That he should first be heard, and have the pow'r  
To draw forth all his poor and slender store.  
Winter obeys, and tanks 'em, best he can,  
More trusting to the worth, than number' of his  
Just in the front of Winter's scanty band, [men.  
Two lofty Plants, or Flow'ry giants, stand;  
Spurge-olive one, th' other a kind of Bay,  
Both high, and largely spreading ev'ry way;  
But did they in a milder season sprout,  
Whether they e'er could pass for Flow'rs, I doubt;  
But now they do, and such their looks and smell,  
The place they hold they seem to merit well.  
Next Wolfs'-bane, us'd in step-dames' poisoning  
Born of the foam of Pluto's porter said; [trade,  
A baneful Plant, springing in craggy ground,  
Thence its hard name, itself much harder found;  
Briskly its gilded crest it does display,  
And boldly stares i' th' face the god of Day,  
Which Cerberus, its fire, durst ne'er assay.

The Plant call'd Snowdrop, next in course appear'd,  
 But trembling, by its frightful neighbour scar'd;  
 Yet clad in white herself, like fleecy snow,  
 Near her bad neighbour finer she does shew.  
 The noble Liverwort does next appear,  
 Without a speck, like the unclouded air,  
 A Plant of noble use and endless fame,  
 The liver's great preserver, thence its name;  
 The humble Plant conscious of inbred worth,  
 In winter's hardest frost and cold shoots forth:  
 Let other Plants, said she, for seasons wait,  
 For summer gales, or the sun's kindly heat,  
 She scorns delay; naked, without a coat,  
 As 'twere in haste, the noble Plant comes out.  
 Next the blue Primrose, which in winter blows,  
 But wears the spring both in its name and clothes;  
 The Saffron then, and tardy Celandine;  
 To these our Lady's-seal and Sowbread join;  
 But these appearing out of season, were  
 Bid to their homes and proper tribes repair:  
 There now remain'd of Winter's genuine store  
 And offspring, Bear's-foot, or the Christmas Flow'r,  
 The pride of Winter, which in frost can live,  
 And now alone for empire dar'd to strive:  
 On its black stalk it rear'd itself, and then  
 With pale, but fearless face to plead began.

*Helleborus Niger; or, Christmas Flower.*

I MEAN not now my beauty to oppose  
 To that of Lilies or the blushing Rose;  
 Old Prætus' daughters me from that do scare,  
 Who once with Juno durst their face compare,  
 Mad with conceit, each thought herself a cow;  
 Just judgment! teaching all themselves to know:  
 My noble Plant banish'd this wild caprice,  
 And gave 'em back their human voice and speech.  
 Melampus by my aid soon brought relief,  
 And for the cure had one of 'em to wife:  
 And none will charge me with that madness, sure,  
 Or the same folly I pretend to cure.  
 The goddesses above a beauty claim,  
 Lasting and firm as their immortal frame,  
 Which time can't furrow, or diseases wrong;  
 'To be immortal is to be forever young.  
 Flow'rs' or girls' beauty is a transient thing;  
 Expect as well the whole year will be spring.  
 Ye Flow'ry race! that open to the sky,  
 And there have seen a cloud of curious dye,  
 The gaudy phantom now with pride appears,  
 Look up again, 'tis straight dissolv'd in tears;  
 Such is the short-liv'd glory Flowers have,  
 Bending, they point still tow'rd's their womb and  
 grave;  
 The wind and rain aim at their tender head;  
 Besides, the stars their baneful influence shed;  
 Like the fam'd Semele, they die away  
 In the embraces of the god of Day:  
 Expos'd to air, to heat an open prey,  
 Colds through their tender fibres force their way.  
 The swallow or the nightingale abhors  
 Not winter more than do th' whole race of Flow'rs.  
 If among these a Flow'r you can descry  
 (Fitter to be transplanted to the sky)

Which is so hardy as to stand the threat  
 Of storms and tempests that around her beat;  
 That with contending winds dare boldly strive,  
 Scorns cold, and under heaps of snow can live,  
 To this, great goddess! to this noble Plant  
 You ought the empire of the garden grant.  
 Kings are Jove's image; and, if that be true,  
 To virtue only sovereign sway is due.  
 Trusting to this, and not the empty name  
 Of beauty, I the Flow'ry empire claim:  
 Nor will this soft, luxurious, pamper'd race  
 Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me  
 place;  
 For, lo! the winter's come; what change is there,  
 What looks, what dismal aspect of the year!  
 The winds, from prison broke, no mercy yield,  
 But spoil the native glories of the field:  
 First on the infant-boughs they spend their rage,  
 And scarcely spare the poor trunk's rev'rend age;  
 Either with swelling rains the ground below  
 Is drown'd, or cover'd thick in beds of snow;  
 Or stiff with frost, the streams, all iced o'er,  
 Are pent within a bank unknown before.  
 Each nymph complains, and ev'ry river-god  
 Feels on his shoulders an unusual load;  
 Nature, a captive now to Frost become,  
 Lies fairly buried in a marble tomb.  
 And can you wonder then that Flow'rs should die,  
 Or, hid within their beds, the danger fly?  
 D'ye see the sun, how faint his looks, that tell  
 The god of Plants himself is not o'er-well.  
 Now let me see the Violet, Tulip, Rose,  
 Or any of 'em their fine face disclose;  
 Ye Lilies! with your snowy tresses, now  
 Come forth, this is the proper time for snow.  
 Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,  
 But close in bed they lie, half-dead with fear;  
 I only in this universal dread  
 Of Nature dare exalt my fearless head:  
 Winter, with thousand several arms prepar'd  
 To be my death, still finds me on my guard.  
 Great umpire then of all this harmless fray,  
 If you are fix'd to crown some Plant to-day,  
 Let all appear and take the field, let all  
 Agree to give the chiefest Plant the ball;  
 Yet let it be in winter, I desire;  
 That season does a hardy chief require.  
 If any of these tender, dainty, dames,  
 Deck'd with their rich perfumes and gaudy names,  
 Dare but at such a time shew half an eye,  
 I'll frankly yield, and straight let fall my plea.  
 Not a Plant's seen, I'll warrant you; they hate  
 To gain a kingdom at so dear a rate;  
 They fear the unequal trial to sustain;  
 None dare appear but those that fill my train,  
 And none of these are so ambitious grown  
 To stand themselves, but beg for me the crown.  
 These num'rous hardships I can undergo;  
 I'll tell you now, fair Judge, what I can do,  
 My virtue active is, and passive too.  
 Kings get no fame by conquering at home;  
 That from some foreign vanquish'd land must  
 come.  
 If equal to my triumphs names I bore,  
 And ev'ry vanquish'd foe increas'd the store,

Old Rome's most haughty champion I'd defy  
 With me in honours, titles, names, to vie.  
 I act such wonders, I may safely say,  
 The twelve Herculean labours were mere play.  
 The spreading cancer my blest'd Plant does chase,  
 And new-skins o'er the leper's monstrous face;  
 The ling'ring quartan fever I oblige  
 To draw his forces off, and raise the siege:  
 Swimmings i' th' head that do from vapours come,  
 I exercise straight by my counter fume:  
 In ev'ry swelling part, when dropsies reign,  
 I dry the fen, the standing waters drain:  
 The falling-sickness, too, to wave the rest,  
 Though sacred that disease by some confess'd.  
 Why in these cures thus trifle I my breath?  
 Death yields to me, the apoplectic death;  
 Into each part my Plant new vigour sends,  
 And quickly makes the soul and body friends.  
 These are great things, you'll say, and yet the rest  
 That follow must much greater be confess'd.  
 I do compose the mind's distracted frame,  
 A gift the gods and I alone can claim;  
 Madmen and fools are cast beneath my pow'r;  
 What to my grandeur can the gods add more?  
 Who thus can do, the world his province is,  
 Cæsar can't boast a larger sway than this.

She spoke; her train with shouts the area fill'd,  
 Nay, Winter (if you will believe it) smil'd.

Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike  
 bands,

Which to the scene a grateful shadow lends.  
 Homer, though well the Grecian camp he paints,  
 Would fail, I fear, in mustering up these Plants.  
 Bright Spring! what various nations dost thou  
 boast?

The Xerxes of a numerous Flow'ry host,  
 Which could (since Flow'rs without due moisture  
 Like his, I fancy, drink whole rivers dry. {die)  
 His Flow'ry troops made the same stately shew,  
 Whose painted arms a dazzling lustre threw.  
 Then a gay Flow'r, for shape the Trumpet nam'd,  
 Blew thrice, and with a strenuous voice proclaim'd,  
 That all but-candidates should quit the place,  
 First, as they went, bowing with awful grace.

And now, the pleasure of the goddess known,  
 The Herb call'd Ragwort pass'd before the throne;  
 A bunchy stalk, and painted bees she bore,  
 With sev'ral foolish fancies on her Flow'r.  
 Ragwort the Satyrs and Priapus love,  
 Venus herself and the fair Judge approve.  
 Dog's-tooth pass'd next, to Ragwort near ally'd,  
 A faithful friend to love, and often try'd;  
 Next Hyacinths, of violet-kind, proceed,  
 A noble, pow'rful, and a num'rous breed;  
 They wanted courage, though, to keep the place  
 Lab'ring, alas! under a late disgrace;  
 Of noble house themselves they did pretend,  
 From Ajax' blood directly to descend;  
 The cause in Flora's court of chivalry {plea;  
 Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their  
 They bore no coat of arms, nor could they shew  
 Those mournful notes said from his blood to flow:  
 The next a-kin, a Flow'r which Greeks of old  
 From excrements of birds descended hold,

Which Britain, nurse of Plants, a milder clime,  
 Gentilely calls the Star of Bethlehem;  
 The Daisy next march'd off in modest wife,  
 Dreading to wait the issue of the prize,  
 Tho' the Spring don't a trustier party know,  
 After, before, and in the spring they grow,  
 Quick in the charge, and in retreating slow;  
 They dare not venture, though the sons of Art  
 The name of Binders to 'em do impart;  
 They cure all wounds, yet make none, which you  
 Is the true office of a warlike Plant. [grant  
 Next spotted Sanicle and Navelwort,  
 Tho' both have signs of blood, forsake the court;  
 Moonwort goes next, borne on its reddish stalk,  
 And after that does gentle Cranebill walk;  
 They all gave way; 't is natural in a Flow'r  
 More in its form to trust than worth and pow'r;  
 Nay, more than that, the Cornflag quits the field,  
 Tho' made sword-wise, does to the Tulip yield;  
 Tho', like some tyrant, rounded with the farms,  
 Yet to affected empire waves all claim;  
 How much this Swordflow'r differs as to harm  
 From those which we on mortal anvils form!  
 Nature on this an unguent has bestow'd,  
 Which when our's make it issue, stops the blood.  
 Next you might see the gaudy Columbine,  
 Call'd sometimes Lion's-mouth, desert the scene,  
 Though of try'd courage and of high renown  
 In other things, curing diseases known;  
 The Seagull Flow'r express'd an equal fear,  
 The tigers more and prettier spots don't bear;  
 These beauty-spots she ought to prize like gold,  
 Citron held her's at dearer rates of old:  
 The Persian Lily, of a ruddy hue,  
 And next the Lily of the Vale, withdrew;  
 Lilies o' th' Vale such looks and smell retain,  
 They're fit to furnish snuff for gods and men;  
 Nor a plant kinder to the brain does live;  
 A glass of wine does less refreshment give.  
 Next Periwinkle, or the Lady's-bow'r,  
 Weakly, and halting, crept along the floor;  
 All kinds of Crowfoot pass'd, and bow'd their  
 head,

The worst ran wild, the best in gardens bred;  
 Daylily next, the root by Hesiod lov'd,  
 Although not for the chiefest dish approv'd;  
 Then came a flow'r of a far diff'ring look,  
 Which on it thy lov'd name, Adonis! took;  
 But Celandine, thy genuine offspring styl'd,  
 They tell us at the proud usurper smil'd;  
 Stockgilly flow'r the year's companion is,  
 Which the sun scarce in all his rounds does miss,  
 Officious Plant! which ev'ry month can bring,  
 But rather would be reckon'd to the spring;  
 This pass'd along with a becoming mien,  
 And in her train the Wallflow'r would be seen:  
 The constant Marigold next these went out,  
 And Lady's-flipper, fit for Flora's foot; [peep,  
 Then Goat's-beard, which each morn abroad does  
 But shuts its Flow'r at noon, and goes to sleep;  
 Then Oxeye did its rolling eyeball sh' read,  
 Such as Jove's wife and sifter had, they said;  
 Next Viper-grass, full of a milky juice,  
 Good against poison, which curs'd step-dames use;

Then Hollowroot, cautious and full of fear,  
 Which neither summer's heat nor cold can bear,  
 Comes after spring, before it does retire ;  
 Then Satin-flow'r, and Mothmullen withdraw,  
 Worthy a nobler title to enjoy :  
 The Lady's-smock, and Lugwort, went their way,  
 With sev'ral more, too tedious here to say ;  
 With many an humble Shrub that took their leaves,  
 To which the garden entertainment gives ;  
 As Honeyfuckle, Rosemary, and Broom,  
 That Broom which does of Spanish parents come ;  
 Both sorts of Pipe-tree, neat in either dress,  
 White or sky-colour'd, whether please you best ;  
 Next the round-headed Elder-rose, which wears  
 A constellation of your little stars ;  
 The Cherry ; our's and Persian Apple add,  
 Proud of the various Flow'rs adorn'd its head ;  
 Nature has issue, eunuch-like, deny'd,  
 But (like them too) by a fine face supply'd :  
 These, and a thousand more, were fain to yield,  
 And left the candidates to keep the field ;  
 Each Flow'r appear'd with all its kindred, dress'd,  
 Each in its richest robes of gaudiest vest :  
 The Violet first, Spring's usher, came in view,  
 From whose sweet lips these pleasing accents flew,

*The Violet.*

THE Ram now ope the golden portal throws,  
 Which holds the various seasons of the year,  
 And on his shining fleece the Spring does bear ;  
 Ye Mortals ! with a shout salute him as he goes.  
 (Ho, triumph !) now, now the spring comes on  
 In solemn state and high procession,  
 Whilst I, the beauteous Violet, still before him go,  
 And usher in the gaudy shew :  
 As it becomes the child of such a sire,  
 I'm wrapp'd in purple ; the first-born of Spring  
 The marks of my legitimation bring,  
 And all the tokens of his verdant empire wear :  
 Clad like a princely babe, and born in state,  
 I all your regal titles hate,  
 Nor priding in my blood and mighty birth,  
 Unnatural Plant, despise the lap of mother Earth.  
 Love's goddess smiles upon me just new-born,  
 Rejoicing at the year's return :  
 The swallow is not a more certain sign  
 That love and warm embraces now begin,  
 To the lov'd babe a thousand kisses  
 The goddess gives, a thousand balmy blisses.  
 Besides, my purple lips  
 In sacred nectar dips :  
 Hence 'tis no sooner does the Violet burst,  
 By the warm air to a just ripeness nurs'd,  
 But from my opening, blooming head,  
 A thousand fragrant odours spread.  
 I do not only please the smell,  
 And the most critic taste beguile,  
 Not only with my pretty dye  
 Impose a cheat upon the eye ;  
 But more for profit than for pleasure born,  
 I furnish out a wholesome juice,  
 Which the fam'd Epicurus did not scorn,  
 Upon a time, when sick, to use.

O'er pressing and vexatious pain  
 I such a silent vict'ry gain,  
 That though the body be the scene,  
 It scarcely knows whether a fight has been.  
 The fever's well-known valour I invade,  
 Which blushes with mere rage to yield  
 To one that ne'er knew how to tread a field,  
 But only was for fights and nuptial banquets made ;  
 It yields, but in a grumbling way,  
 Just as the winds obedience pay,  
 When Neptune from the flood does peep,  
 And silences those troublers of the deep.  
 What though some Flow'rs a greater courage know,  
 Or a much finer face can shew  
 That does but still the fancy feed,  
 Whilst I for bus'ness fit, in real worth exceed.  
 Search over all the globe, you'll find  
 The glory of a princely Flower  
 Consists not in tyrannic power,  
 But in a majesty with mildness join'd.

She spoke, and from her balmy lips did come  
 A sweet perfume that scented all the room ;  
 The smell so long continued, that you'd swear  
 The Violet, though you heard no sound, was  
 there.

Quitting the stage, the next that took her place  
 Were Oxlips, Puggles, with their num'rous race ;  
 A party-colour'd tribe, of various hue,  
 Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blue :  
 The Primrose and the Cowslip, too, were there,  
 Both of 'em kin, but not so handsome far ;  
 Bear's-ear, so call'd, did the whole party head,  
 And Yellow, claiming merit, needs would plead ;  
 Tossing her hundred heads in flanting rate,  
 Each had a mouth, and could at pleasure prate.

*Auricula Ursi ; Bear's-ear.*

GREAT QUEEN of Flow'rs ! why is thy snowy  
 breast  
 With such a sight of various posies dress'd ?  
 Whereas one stalk of mine  
 Alone a nosegay is, alone can make thee fine.  
 A lovely, harmless monster, I  
 Gorgon's many heads outvie ;  
 Others, as single stars, may glory beam ;  
 Take me, for I a constellation am :  
 Let those who subjects want pursue the flow'ry  
 A flow'ry nation I alone ; [crown,  
 Nor did kind nature thus in vain  
 So many heads to me align ;  
 I for a man's head, life's chiefest seat,  
 Am set apart and wholly consecrate :  
 The mind's imperial tow'r, the brain,  
 (A poor apartment for so great a queen) [shines,  
 The light-house where man's reason stands and  
 Maugre the malice of contending winds,  
 I guard the sacred place, repel the rout,  
 And keep the everlasting fire from going out.  
 Go now, and mock me with this monstrous name  
 Which the late barbarous age did coin and frame ;  
 The true and proper names of things of old,  
 Through a religious silence ne'er were told :

Thus guardian gods' true names were seldom known,  
Lest some invading foe might charm 'em from the town,

**Impudent Fool!** that first styl'd beauteous Flow'rs  
By a detested name, the Ears of Bears;  
Worthy himself of asses' ears, a pair  
Fairer than Midas once was said to wear.

At this rate singing (for your merry Flow'rs  
Still sing their words, not bring 'em forth like  
The Daffodil succeeded, once a youth, [our's]  
(As many poets tell, a sacred truth)  
And all his clients and his kindred came,  
A numerous train, to vote and poll for him;  
All of 'em, pale or yellow, did appear,  
The livery which wounded lovers wear.  
Though Virgil purple honours has assign'd  
And bluish dye, too liberal and kind,  
The Chalcedonic, with white Flow'r, thought best  
To be the mouth, and sing for all the rest.

*The Daffodil; Narcissus.*

WHAT once I was, a boy, not ripen'd to a man,  
My roots of one year's growth explain;  
A lovely boy, of killing eyes,  
Where ambuscading witchcraft lies,  
Which did at last the owner's self surprize:  
Of fatal beauty, such as could inspire  
Love into coldest breasts, in water kindle fire.  
Me the hotbeds of sand in Libya burn,  
Or Ister's frozen banks to ruin turn.  
I, when a boy, among the boys  
Had still the noblest place;  
The same my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,  
And is the garden's ornament and grace;  
Become a Flow'r, I cannot tell  
Why my face should not please me still;  
Downward I lean my bending head,  
Longing my looks in the same glass to read;  
Shew me a stream, that liquid glass  
Will put me in the selfsame case.  
In the colour with the same nymphs I'm dress'd,  
Who wear me in their snowy breast,  
Who with my Flow'rs their pride maintain,  
And wish I were a boy again.  
She spoke: Anemone her station took,  
To whom the goddess deign'd a smiling look;  
For with the Tulip's leave, I needs must say,  
No race more numerous, none more fine or gay.  
The Purple, with its large and spreading leaf,  
Was chosen, by consent, to be their chief;  
Of fair Adonis' blood undoubted strain,  
And to this hour it shews the dying stain:  
As soon as Zephyr had unloos'd its tongue,  
The beauteous Plant after this manner sung.

*Anemone, or Femonies.*

THOU, gentle Zephyr! who didst Flora wed  
Thrice worthy of the goddess' bed;  
Who in a winged chariot, hurl'd  
With breezing airs, dost fan this nether world,  
Which kind refreshing motion far  
I before lazy rest prefer;

That air with which thou ev'ry thing dost cheer  
Inspire into the goddess' ear,  
That the fair Judge would mindful be  
Of her lov'd consort and of me;  
For since I take my name from thee,  
Nay, of thy kindred said to be;  
Since I with thee do sympathize,  
Who in Æolian dungeon captive lies,  
And viewing Zephyr's doleful state,  
All dress and ornament I hate,  
And locking up my mournful Flow'r, [dure  
Myself a pris'ner make, the same restraint en-  
Since I have change of suits and gaudy vests,  
Which in my various Flowers are express'd;  
In brief, since I'm a-kin to gods above,  
All these together, sure, may favour move;  
Sprung from the fair Adonis' purple tide,  
And Venus' tears, to both I am ally'd;  
The rosy youth, the lov'd Adonis, stood  
The pride and glory of the wood, [blood  
Till a boar's fatal tusk let out the precious  
Into each flowing drop that still'd,  
A falling tear the goddess spill'd,  
Which to a bloody torrent swell'd:  
The lovers' tears and blood combine,  
As if they would in marriage join.  
From such fair parents, and that wedding morn  
Was I, their fairer offspring, born.  
My force and pow'r, perhaps, you question now:  
My power? why, I a handsome face can shew;  
Besides, my heav'nly extract I can prove,  
And that I'm sister to the god of Love.

The Crown Imperial (as she stepp'd aside)  
Advanc'd with stately but becoming pride;  
Not buskin'd heroes strut with nobler pride,  
Nor gods in walking use a finer stride;  
No friends or clients made her train, not one;  
Conscious of native worth she came alone;  
With an erect and sober countenance  
In following terms she did her plea commence.

*The Imperial Crown.*

WITH furious heats and unbecoming rage,  
Ye Flow'ry Nations! cease t' engage;  
Since on my stately stem  
Nature has plac'd th' Imperial diadem,  
Why all these words in vain? why all this noise?  
Be judg'd by Nature, and approve her choice.  
Perhaps it does your envy move,  
And to my right may hurtful prove,  
That I an upstart novel Flower am,  
Who have no rumbling hard Greek name,  
Perhaps I may be thought  
In some plebeian bed begot,  
Because my lineage wears no stain,  
Nor does romantic shameful stories feign  
That I am sprung from Jove, or from his bastard  
strain.  
I freely own I have not been  
Long of your world a denizen;  
But yet I reign'd for ages pass'd,  
In Persia and in Bactria plac'd,  
The pride and joy of all the gardens of the East.

My Flow'r a large-siz'd golden head does wear, }  
 Much like the ball kings in their hands do bear, }  
 Denoting sov'reign rule, and striking fear.  
 My purple stalk I, like some sceptre, wield,  
 Worthy in regal hands to shine,  
 Worthy of thine, great god of Wine!  
 When India to thy conquering arms did yield.  
 Besides all this, I have a Flow'ry crown  
 My royal temples to adorn,  
 Whose buds a sort of honey-liquor bear,  
 Which round the crown like stars or pearls appear;  
 Silver threads around it twine,  
 Saffron, like gold, with them does join;  
 And over all

My verdant hair does neatly fall.  
 Sometimes a threefold rank of Flowers  
 Grows on my top, like lofty towers.  
 Imperial ornaments I scorn,  
 And, like the Pope, affect a triple crown;  
 The Heav'ns look down, and envy earth  
 For teeming with so bright a birth;  
 For Ariadne's starry crown  
 By mine is far outshone,  
 And as they have reason, let 'em envy on.  
 She thunder'd out her speech, and walk'd to greet  
 The Judge, not falling meanly at her feet,  
 But as one goddess does another meet.

A Flow'r that would too happy be and bless'd,  
 Did but its odour answer all the rest,  
 The Tulip! next appear'd, all over gay,  
 But wanton, full of pride, and full of play;  
 The world can't shew a dye but here has place,  
 Nay, by new mixtures she can change her face.  
 Purple and gold are both beneath her care,  
 The richest needle-work she loves to wear;  
 Her only study is to please the eye,  
 And to outshine the rest in finery;  
 Off' of a mode or colour weary grown,  
 By which their family had long been known,  
 They'll change their fashion straight, I know not  
 how,

And with much pain in other colours go;  
 As if Medea's furnace they had pass'd,  
 (She without Plants old Æson ne'er new-cast),  
 And tho' they know this change will mortal prove,  
 They'll venture yet--to change so much they  
 love.

Such love to beauty, such the thirst of praise,  
 That welcome death before inglorious days!  
 The cause by all was to the White assign'd,  
 Whether, because the rarest of the kind,  
 Or else, because ev'ry petitioner,  
 In ancient times, for office, white did wear.

*The Tulip.*

SOMEWHERE in Horace, if I don't forget,  
 (Flow'rs are no foes to poetry and wit,  
 For us that tribe the like affection bear,  
 And of all men the greatest Florists are)  
 We find a wealthy man  
 Whose wardrobe did five thousand suits contain;  
 He counted that a vast prodigious store,  
 But I that number have twice told, and more.

Whate'er in spring the teeming earth commands;  
 What colours e'er the painted pride of birds,  
 Or various lights the glist'ring gem affords,  
 Cut by the artful lapidary's hands;  
 Whate'er the curtains of the heav'ns can shew,  
 Or light lays dyes upon the varnish'd bow,  
 Rob'd in as many vests I shine,  
 In ev'ry thing bearing a princely mien.  
 Pity I must the Lily and the Rose,  
 (And the last blushes at her threadbare clothes)  
 Who think themselves so highly bless'd,  
 Yet have but one poor tatter'd vest.  
 These studious, unambitious things, in brief,  
 Would fit extremely well a college-life,  
 And when the god of Flow'rs a charter grants,  
 Admission shall be given to these Plants:  
 Kings should have plenty and superfluous store,  
 Whilst thriftiness becomes the poor.  
 Hence Spring himself does chiefly me regard:  
 Will any Flow'r refuse to stand to his award?  
 Me for whole months he does retain,  
 And keeps me by him all his reign;  
 Caress'd by Spring, the season of the year  
 Which before all to Love is dear.

Besides, the god of Love himself's my friend,  
 Not for my face alone, but for another end;  
 Lov'd by the god upon a private score,  
 I know for what--but say no more.  
 But why should I  
 Become so silent or so shy?  
 We Flow'rs were by no peevish fire begot,  
 Nor from that frigid sullen tree did sprout,  
 So fam'd in Ceres' sacred rites;  
 Nor in morose Flora's self delights.  
 My root, like oil in ancient games, prepares  
 Lovers for battle, or those softer wars;  
 My quick'ning heat their sluggish veins inspires  
 With vigorous and sprightly fires;  
 Had but chaste Lucrece us'd the same,  
 The night before bold Tarquin try'd his flame,  
 Upon record she ne'er a fool had been,  
 But would have liv'd to reap the pleasure once again.

The goddess, conscious of the truth, a while  
 Contain'd, but then was seen to blush and smile.  
 The Flower-de-luce next loos'd her heav'nly  
 tongue,  
 And thus, amidst her sweet companions, sung.

*Iris; or, The Flower-de-luce.*

IF empire is to beauty due,  
 (And that in Flow'rs, if any where, holds true)  
 Then I by nature was design'd for reign,  
 Else nature made a beauteous face in vain.  
 Besides, I boast a sparkling gem,  
 And brighter goddess of my name.  
 My lofty front towards the heav'ns I bear,  
 And represent the sky, when 'tis serene and clear.  
 To me a godlike pow'r is given  
 With a mild face resembling heav'n;  
 And in the kingly style no dignity  
 Sounds better than Serenity!  
 Beauty and Envy oft' together go;  
 Handsome myself, I help make others so\*;

\* The juice of the root takes away freckles and morpheus.

Both gods and men of the most curious eyes  
 With secret pleasure I surprize;  
 Nor do I less oblige the nose  
 With fragrance from my root that blows.  
 Not Sibaris or soft Capua did know  
 A choicer Flow'r for smell or shew,  
 Though both with pleasure of all kinds did flow. }  
 I own the Violet and the Rose  
 Divinest odours both disclose;  
 The Saffron and Stockgillyflower,  
 With many more;  
 But yet none can so sweet a root produce \*.  
 My upper parts are trim and fair,  
 My lower breathe a grateful air.  
 I am a Flow'r for fight, a drug for use.  
 Soft as I am, amidst this luxury,  
 Before me rough diseases fly.  
 Thus a bold Amazon with virgin-face,  
 Troops of dastard men will chase:  
 Thus Mars and Venus often greet,  
 And in single Pallas meet:  
 Equal to her in beauty's charms,  
 And not to him inferior in arms.  
 By secret virtue and resistless power  
 Those whom the jaundice seizes, I restore;  
 Though moist with unguent, and inclin'd to love,  
 I rather was for luxury design'd;  
 And yet, like some enraged lions,  
 Before my painted arms the yellow foe does haste.  
 The Dropsy headlong makes away  
 As soon as I my arms display,  
 The Dropsy, which man's microcosm drowns,  
 Pulling up all the fluices in its rounds;  
 I follow it through ev'ry winding vein,  
 And make it quit in haste the delug'd man.  
 The nation of the Jews, a pious folk,  
 Though our gods they don't invoke,  
 And not to you, ye Plants! unknown  
 E' th' days of that great florist Solomon,  
 Tell us that Jove, to cheer the drooping ball,  
 After the flood a promise past,  
 That so long as earth should last,  
 No future deluge on the world should fall;  
 And as a seal to this obliging grant,  
 The rainbow in the sky did plant.  
 I am that bow, in poor hydropic man  
 The same refreshing hopes contain;  
 I look as gay, and shew as fine,  
 I am the thing of which that only is the sign:  
 My Plant performs the same,  
 Towards man's little worldly frame;  
 And when within him I appear,  
 He needs no deluge from a dropsy fear.

The Peony then, with large red Flow'r, came on,  
 And brought no train but his lov'd mate alone;  
 Numbers could not make him the cause espous'd,  
 'Las! the whole nation made but one poor house;  
 Nor did her costly wardrobe pride inspire,  
 All dress'd alike, all did one colour wear;  
 And yet he wanted not for majesty,  
 Appearing with a sober gravity;  
 For he advanc'd his purple forehead, which  
 A Flower with thousand foldings did enrich:

\* Of the root is made that called Powder of Cyprus, or Orris Powder.

Some love to call it the Illustrious Plant,  
 And we may well, I think, that title grant;  
 Physicians in their public writing shew  
 What praise is to the first inventor due.  
 Pæon \* was doctor to the gods, they say,  
 By the whole college honour'd to this day:  
 With her own merits, and this mighty name,  
 Hearten'd and buoy'd, she thus maintain'd her claim:

*Pæonia; the Peony.*

If the fond Tulip, swell'd with pride,  
 In her fool's coat of motely colours dy'd;  
 If lov'd Adonis' Flower, the Celandine,  
 Would proudly be preferr'd to mine,  
 Then let Jove's bird, the eagle, quit the field,  
 The thunder to the painted peacock yield;  
 Then let the tyrant of the woods be gone,  
 The lion yield to the cameleon,  
 You'll say, perhaps, the nymphs make much of you;  
 They gather me for garlands too:  
 And yet, do ye think I value that?  
 Not I, by Flora! not a jot.  
 Virtue and courage are the valuable things  
 On difficult occasions shewn:  
 Not painted arms ennoble kings;  
 Virtue alone gives lustre to a crown.  
 Hence I the known Herculean disease,  
 The falling-sickness, cure with ease,  
 Which, like the club that here once did wear,  
 Down with one single blow mankind does bear.  
 I fancy hence the story rise,  
 That Pluto, wounded once by Hercules,  
 My juice, infus'd by Pæon, gave him ease,  
 And did the groaning god appease. }  
 Pæon was fam'd, I'm sure, for curing this disease.  
 Pluto is god of Hell; it should seem  
 Prince of inexorable Death;  
 Now this disease is death! but not like him,  
 Without a sting, plac'd in the shades beneath.  
 I should be vain, extremely vain, indeed,  
 A quarrel on punctilios to breed,  
 Since a more noble Flow'r than I  
 The Sun in all his journey does not spy:  
 Nor do I go in Physic's beaten road, }  
 By other Plants before me trod,  
 But in a way worthy a healing god.  
 I never with the foe come hand to hand;  
 My odour death does at a distance send;  
 Hung round the neck straight, without more ado,  
 I put to flight the rampant foe:  
 I neither come (what think you, Cæsar! now)  
 Nor view the camp, and yet can overthrow.  
 She spoke, and bow'd, and so the court forsook.  
 Her consort follow'd with a blushing look;  
 When straight a fragrant air of strong perfume,  
 And a new lustre, darted through the room.  
 No wonder, for the Rose did next appear;  
 Spring wisely plac'd his best and choicest troops i'  
 the rear.  
 Some wild in woods, yet worth and beauty shew,  
 Such as might in Hesperian gardens grow.

\* Homer says, Pæon cur'd Pluto with this Plant when he was wounded by Hercules.

Nought by experience than the Wood Rose  
found,  
Better to cure a mad dog's pois'nous wound :  
This brings away the gravel and the stone,  
And gives you ease though to a quarry grown.  
The beauteous Garden Rose she did not shame,  
Though better bred, and of a softer name ;  
Which in four squadrons drawn, the Damask Rose,  
In name of all the rest maintain'd the cause ;  
Which sprung, they say, from Syrian Venus'  
blood ¶,  
Long time the pride of rich Damascus stood.

*The Rose.*

AND who can doubt my race, says she,  
Who on my face Love's token see !  
The god of Love is always soft, and always young ;  
I am the same ; then to his blood what wrong ?  
My brother winged does appear ;  
I leaves instead of wings do wear :  
He's drawn with lighted torches in his hand ;  
Upon my top bright flaming glories stand.  
The Rose has prickles, so has Love,  
Though these a little sharper prove :  
There's nothing in the world above, or this below,  
But would for Rosy-colour'd go ;  
This is the dye that still does please  
Both mortal maids and heav'nly goddesses :  
I am the standard by which beauty's try'd,  
The wish of Chloe, and immortal Juno's pride.  
The bright Aurora, queen of all the East,  
Proud of her Rosy fingers is confess'd ;  
When from the gates of Light the rising Day  
Breaks forth, his constant rounds to go,  
The winged Hours prepare the way,  
And Rosy clouds before him strow.  
The windows of the sky with Roses shine ;  
I am Day's ornament as well as sign ;  
And when the glorious pomp and tour is o'er,  
I greet it posting to the Western shore.  
The god of Love, we must allow,  
Should tolerably beauty know :  
Yet never from those cheeks he goes,  
Where he can spy the blushing Rose.  
Thus the wise bee will never dwell  
(That, like the god of Love, has wings ;  
That, too, has honey, that has stings)  
On vulgar Flow'rs that have no grateful smell.  
Tell me, bless'd Lover ! what's a kiss,  
Without a Rosy lip create the bliss ?  
Nor do I only charming sweets dispense,  
But bear arms in my own and man's defence :  
I, without the patient's pain,  
Man's body, that Augean stable, clean ;  
Not with a rough and pressing hand,  
As thunder-storms from clouds command,  
But as the dew and gentle showers  
Dissolving light on Herbs and Flowers :  
Nor of a short and fading date,  
Was I the less design'd for rule and state ;

Let proud ambitious Floramour,  
Usurping on the gods' immortal name,  
Joy to be styl'd the Everlasting Flower,  
I ne'er knew yet that plant that near to Nestor  
came.

We too, too bless'd, too pow'ful should be grown,  
Which would but envy raise,  
If we could say our beauty were our own,  
Or boast long life and many days.  
But why should I complain of Fate  
For giving me so short a date ?  
Since Flowers, the emblems of mortality,  
All the same way and manner die :  
But the kind gods above forbid  
That Virtue e'er a grave should find ;  
And though the Fatal Sisters cut my thread,  
My odour, like the soul, remains behind.  
To a dead lion a live worm's prefer'd,  
Though once the king of all the savage herd.  
After my death I still excel  
The best of Flowers that are alive and well :  
If that the name of dead will bear,  
From whose mere corpse does come,  
(Like the dead body's still-surviving heir)  
So sweet a smell and strong perfume.  
Let them invent a thousand ways  
My mangled corpse to vex and squeeze,  
Though in a sweating limbeck pent,  
My ashes shall preserve their scent.  
Like a dead monarch to the grave I come,  
Nature embalms me in my own perfume.  
She spoke ; a virgin blush came o'er her face,  
And an ambrosian scent flew round the place ;  
But that which gave her words a finer grace,  
Not without some constraints she seem'd to tell  
her praise.

Her rivals trembled ; for the Judge's look  
A secret pleasure and much kindness spoke.  
The virgin did not for wellwishers lack,  
Her kindred-squadrons stood behind her back :  
The Yellow nearest stood, unfit for war,  
Nor did the spoils of cur'd diseases bear ;  
The White was next, of great and good renown,  
A kind assistant to the eye-sight known,  
The third, a mighty warrior, was the Red,  
Which terribly her bloody banner spread :  
She binds the flux with her restraining arts,  
And stops the humours' journey to those parts ;  
She brings a present and a sure relief  
To head and heart, the fountains both of life :  
The fever's fires by her are mildness taught,  
And the hagg'd man to sweet composure brought.  
By help of this, Jason of old, we read,  
Yok'd and subdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed :  
One dose to sleep the watchful Dragon sent,  
By which no more but an high fever's meant.  
Between this squadron and the White, we're told,  
A long and grievous strife commenc'd of old ;  
Strife is too soft a word for many years'  
Cruel, unnatural, and bloody, wars :  
The fam'd Pharsalian fields, twice dy'd in blood,  
Ne'er of a nobler quarrel witness stood ;  
The thirst of empire, ground of most our wars,  
Was that which solely did occasion theirs ;

¶ The rose is said at first to have grown white only, till Venus, running after Adonis, scratched her legs upon its thorns, and stained the flowers red with her blood.

For the Red Rose could not an equal bear,  
 And the White would of no superior hear:  
 The chiefs by York and Lancaster ¶ upheld,  
 With civil rage harraſs'd the British field.  
 What madneſs drew ye, Roſes! to engage,  
 Kin againſt kin, to ſpend your thorns and rage?  
 Go, turn your arms where you may triumph gain,  
 And ſame, unſully'd with a bluſhing ſtain;  
 See the French Lily ſpoils and waſtes your ſhore;  
 Go, conquer there, where you 'ave twice beat  
 before:

Whiſt the Scotch Thistle, with audacious pride,  
 Taking advantage, gores your bleeding ſide.  
 Do Roſes no more ſenſe and prudence own,  
 Than to be fighting for domeſtic crown?  
 From Venus you much of the mother bear,  
 You both take pleaſure in the god of War;

¶ The Civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, of which the firſt bore the White Roſe, and the other the Red, coſt more Engliſh blood than did twice conquering France.

I now begin to think the fable true,  
 That Mars ſprung from a Flow'r, fulfill'd by you.  
 War ravages the field, and like the furious boar,  
 That turns up all the garden's beauteous ſtore,  
 O'erthrows the trees and hedges, and does wound  
 With his ungentle tuſk the bleeding ground;  
 Roots up the Saffron and the Violet bed,  
 And feaſts upon the gaudy Tulip's head:  
 You'd grieve to ſee a beauteous plat ſo ſoon  
 Into confuſion by a monſter thrown.

But, oh, my Muſe! oh, whither do'ſt thou tow'r!  
 This is a flight too high for thee to ſoar;  
 The harmleſs ſtrife of Plants, their wanton play,  
 Thy pipe perhaps may well enough eſſay;  
 But for their wars, that is a theme ſo great,  
 Rather for Lucan's martial trumpet ſit;  
 To him that ſung the Theban brothers' death,  
 To Maro, or ſome ſuch, that taſk bequeath.

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# O F P L A N T S.

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## BOOK IV. OF FLOWERS.

TRANSLATED BY N. TATE.

HAPPY the man whom, from ambition free'd,  
A little field and little garden feed :  
The field does frugal Nature's wants supply,  
The garden furnishes for luxury :  
What farther specious clogs of life remain,  
He leaves for fools to seek, and knaves to gain.  
This happy life did th' old Corycian choose,  
A life deserving Maro's noble Muse ;  
This happy life did wise Abdol'm'nus charm,  
The mighty monarch of a little farm.  
While hoeing weeds that on his walks encroach'd,  
Great Alexander's messenger approach'd ;  
"Receive," said he, "the ensigns of a crown  
"A sceptre, mitre, and Sidonian gown."  
To empire call'd, unwillingly he goes,  
And longing looks back on his cottage throws.  
Thus Aglaus' farm did frequent visits find  
From gods, himself a stranger to mankind.  
Gyges, the richest king of former times,  
(Wicked, and swelling with successful crimes)  
"Is there," said he, "a man more blest'd than I?"  
Thus challeng'd he the Delphic deity.  
"Yes, Aglaus," the plain-dealing god reply'd :  
"Aglaus! who's he?" the angry monarch cry'd.  
"Say, is there any king so call'd?" "There's none ;  
"No king was ever by that title known,  
"Or any great commander of that name,  
"Or hero, who with gods does kindred claim ;  
"Or any who does such vast wealth enjoy ;  
"As all his luxury can ne'er destroy.  
"Renown'd for arms, for wealth, or birth, no man  
"Was found call'd Aglaus : who's this Aglaus,  
"then?"  
At last, in the retir'd Arcadian plains,  
(Silence and shades surround Arcadian swains)  
Near Ptophis town (where he but once had been)  
At plough this man of happiness was seen ;  
In this retirement was that Aglaus found,  
Envy'd by kings, and by a god renown'd.  
Almighty Pow'r! if lawful it may be,  
Amongst fictitious gods to mention thee,

Before encroaching age too far intrude,  
Let this sweet scene my life's dull farce con-  
clude !  
With this sweet close my useless toil be blest'd,  
My long toss'd bark in that calm station rest.  
Once more my Muse in wild digression strays,  
Ne'er satisfy'd with dear Retirement's praise.  
A pleasant road—but from our purpose wide ;  
'Turn off, and to our point directly guide.  
Of Summer-flow'rs a mighty host remain,  
With those which Autumn musters on the plain,  
Who with joint forces fill the shining field,  
Grudging that Spring should equal numbers yield.  
To both their lists, or, 'cause some Plants had been  
Under the service of both seasons seen.  
Of these, my Muse! rehearse the chief, (for all,  
Though Mem'ry's daughter thou can'st ne'er re-  
call)  
The spikes of Summer's corn thou may'st as well,  
Or ev'ry grape of fruitful Autumn tell.  
The flamy Pansy ushers Summer in,  
His friendly march with Summer does begin ;  
Autumn's companion too, (so Proserpine  
Hides half the year, and half the year is seen)  
The Violet is less beautiful than thee,  
That of one colour boasts, and thou of three :  
Gold, silver, purple, are thy ornament, [scent.  
Thy rivals thou might'st scorn, hadst thou but  
The Hesperis assumes a Violet's name,  
To that which justly from the Hesper came ;  
Hesper does all thy precious sweets unfold,  
Which coyly thou didst from the day withhold :  
In him more than the sun thou tak'st delight ;  
To him, like a kind bride, thou yield'st thy sweet  
at night.  
The Anthemis, a small but glorious Flow'r,  
Scarce rears his head, yet has a giant's tow'r ;  
Forces the lurking fever to retreat,  
(Enscor'd, like Cacus' in his smoky feat)  
Recruits the feeble joints, and gives them ease ;  
He makes the burning inundation cease ;

And when his force against the stone is sent,  
He breaks the rock, and gives the waters vent.  
Not thunder finds through rocks so swift a course,  
Nor gold the rampir'd town so soon can force.

Bluebottle, thee my numbers fain would raise,  
And thy complexion challenges my praise;  
Thy countenance, like Summer-skies, is fair  
But, ah! how different thy vile manners are!  
Ceres for this excludes thee from my song,  
And swains, to gods and me a sacred throng:  
A treach'rous guest, destruction thou dost bring  
To th' hospitable field where thou dost spring:  
Thou blunt'st the very reaper's sickle, and so  
In life and death becom'st the farmer's foe.

The Fenel Flow'r does next our song invite,  
Dreadful at once, and lovely to the sight:  
His beard all bristly, all unkenb'd his hair,  
Ev'n his wreath'd horns the same rough aspect  
His visage, too, a wat'rish blue adorns, [bear  
Like Achelous, e'er his head wore horns:  
Nor without reason, (prudent Nature's care  
Gives Plants a form that might their use declare)  
Dropfies it cures, and makes moist bodies dry,  
It bids the waters pass, the frighted waters fly;  
Does through the body's secret channels run,  
A water-goddes in the little world of man.

But say, Corn Violet, why thou dost claim  
Of Venus' Looking-glass the pompous name?  
Thy studded purple vies, I must confess,  
With the most noble and Patrician dress;  
Yet wherefore Venus' Looking-glass? that name  
Her offspring Rose did ne'er presume to claim.

Antirrhinon, more modest, takes the style  
Of Lion's-mouth, sometimes of Calf-snout vile,  
By us Snapdragon call'd, to make amends,  
But say what this chimera name intends?  
Thou well deserv'st it, if, as old wives say,  
Thou driv'st nocturnal ghosts and sprights away.

Why does thy head, Napellus! armour wear?  
Thy guilt, perfidious Plant! creates thy fear:  
Thy helmet we could willingly allow,  
But thou, alas! hast mortal weapons too!  
But wherefore arm'd, as if for open fight,  
Who work'st by secret poison all thy spite?

Helmet 'gainst helmet justly thou dost wear,  
Blue Anthora, upon thy lovely hair; [shield;  
This covering from fell wounds thy front does  
With such a headpiece Pallas goes to field.  
What God to thee such baneful force allow'd,  
With such heroic piety endow'd?  
Thou poison'st more than e'er Medea slew,  
Yet no such antidote Medea knew.  
Nor pow'rful only 'gainst thy own dire harms,  
Thy virtue ev'ry noxious Plant disarms:  
Serpents are harmless creatures made by thee,  
And Africa itself is from poison free.

Air, earth, and seas, with secret taint oppress'd,  
Discharge themselves of the unwelcome guest;  
Or wretched us they shed the deadly bane,  
Who die by them that should our life maintain:  
Then Nature seems to 'ave learnt the pois'ning  
trade,

Our common parent our stepmother made:  
'Tis then the sickly world perceives thy aid;  
By thy prevailing force the plague is staid.

A noble strife 'twixt Fate and thee we find,  
That to destroy, thou to preserve mankind.

Into thy lists, thou martial Plant! admit  
Goat's-rue, Goat's-rue is for thy squadrons fit.

Thy beauty, Champion! very much may claim,  
But of Greek Rose how didst thou gain the name?  
The Greeks were ever privileg'd to tell  
Untruths, they call thee Rose, who hast no smell:  
Yet formerly thou wast in garlands worn,  
Thy starry beams our temples still adorn.  
'Thou crown'st our feasts, where we in mirth sup-  
pose,

And in our drink allow, thee for a Rose

The Chalcedonian soil did once produce  
A Lychnis of much greater size and use;  
Form'd like a sconce, where various branches rise,  
Bearing more lights than Juno's bird has eyes:  
Like those, in palaces, whose golden light  
Strikes up, and makes the gilded roofs more bright:  
This great men's tables serves, while that's pre-  
ferr'd

To altars, and the god's celestial board.

Should Maro ask me in what region springs  
The race of Flow'rs inferib'd with names of kings?  
I answer, that of Flow'rs deserv'dly crown'd  
With royal titles many may be found;  
The Royal Loose-strife, Royal Gentian, grace  
Our gardens, proud of such a princely race.

Soapwort! though coarse thy name, thou dost  
excel

In form, and art enrich'd with fragrant smell:

As great in virtue, too, for thou giv'st ease  
In dropfies and fair Venus' foul disease;  
Yet dost not servile offices decline,  
But condescend'st to make our kitchens shine.  
Rome's great Dictator thus, his triumph pass'd,  
Return'd to plough, nor thought his pomp de-  
bas'd;

The same right-hand guides now the humble stive,  
And oxen yokes that did fierce nations drive.

Next comes the Flow'r in figure of a bell;  
Thy sportive meaning, Nature! who can tell?  
In these what music, Flora! dost thou find?  
Say for what jocund rites they are design'd.  
By us these bells are never heard to sound  
Our ears are dull, and stupid is our mind;  
Nature is all a riddle to mankind.

Some Flow'rs give men as well as gods delight,  
These qualify, nor smell, nor taste, nor sight;  
Why, therefore, should not our fifth sense be serv'd?  
Or is that pleasure for the gods reserv'd?

But of all Bell-flow'rs Bindweed does surpass,  
Of brighter metal than Corinthian brass.

My muse grows hoarse, and can no longer sing,  
But Throatwort hastes her kind relief to bring;  
The Colleges with dignity instal  
This Flow'r; at Rome he is a Cardinal.

The Foxglove on fair Flora's hand is worn,  
Left while she gathers Flow'rs she meet a thorn.

Loveapple, though its Flow'r less fair appears,  
Its golden fruit deserves the name it bears:  
But this is new in love, where the true crop  
Proves nothing; all the pleasure was i' th' hope.

The Indian Flow'ry Reed in figure vies,  
And lustre, with the Cancer of the Skies.

The Indian Cress our climate now does bear,  
Call'd Lark's-heel, 'cause he wears a horseman's  
spur.

This gilt-spur knight prepares his course to run,  
'Taking his signal from the rising sun,  
And stimulates his Flow'r to meet the day;  
So Castor mounted, spurs his steed away.  
'This warrior, sure, has in some battle been,  
For spots of blood upon his breast are seen.  
Had Ovid seen him, how would he have told  
His history, a task for me too bold?  
His race at large and fortunes had express'd,  
And whence those bleeding signals on thy breast:  
From later bard's such mysteries are hid,  
Nor does the god inspire as heretofore he did.

With the same weapon, Larkspur! thou dost  
mount

Amongst the Flow'rs, a knight of high account;  
'To want those warlike ensigns were a shame  
For thee, who kindred dost with Ajax claim:  
Of unarm'd Flow'rs he could not be the fire,  
Who for the loss of armour did expire.  
Of th' ancient Hyacinth thou keep'st the form,  
Those lovely creatures, that ev'n Phoebus charm;  
In thee those skilful letters still appear,  
That prove thee Ajax his undoubted heir.  
'That upstart Flow'r that has usurp'd thy fame,  
O'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his claim.  
'The Lily too, would fain thy rival be,  
And brings, 'tis true, some signs that well agree. }  
But in complexion differs much from thee.  
At spring thou may'st adorn the Asian bow'rs;  
We reap thee here among our Summer-flow'rs:  
But Martagon a bolder challenge draws,  
And offers reason to support his cause;  
Nor did Achilles' armour e'er create  
'Twixt Ajax and Ulysses such debate,  
So fierce, so great, as at this day we see,  
For Ajax' spoils, 'twixt Martagon and thee.  
'That bastard Dittany, of sanguine hue,  
From Hector's reeking blood conception drew;  
I cannot say but still a crimson stain  
'Tinctures its skin, and colours every vein.  
In man the three chief seats it does maintain,  
Defends the heart, the stomach, and the brain:  
But all in vain thy virtue is employ'd  
To save a town must be at last destroy'd;  
In vain thou fight'st with Heav'n and Destiny,  
Our Troy must fall, and thou our Hector die.

Next comes the Candy-tufts, a Cretan Flower,  
'That rivals Jove in country and in power.

The Pellitory healing fire contains,  
'That from a raging tooth the humour drains;  
At bottom red, above 'tis white and pure,  
Resembling teeth and gums, for both a certain cure.

The Sowbread does afford rich food for swine,  
Physic for man, and garlands for the shrine.  
Mouse-ear, like to its namesake, loves t' abide  
In places out o' the way, from mankind hid;  
It loves the shade, and Nature kindly lends  
A shield against the darts that Phoebus sends:  
'Tis with such silky bristles cover'd o'er,  
'The tend'rest virgin's hand may crop the Flow'r:  
From all its numerous darts no hurt is found;  
Its weapons know to cure, but not to wound.

Sweetwilliam small, has form and aspect bright,  
Like that sweet Flower that yields great Jove  
delight:

Had he majestic bulk, he'd now be styl'd  
Jove's Flower; and if my skill is not beguil'd, }  
He was Jove's Flower when Jove was but a child. }  
'Take him with many Flow'rs in one conferr'd,  
He's worthy Jove ev'n now he has a beard.

The Catchfly with Sweetwilliam we confound,  
Whose nets the stragglers of the swarm surround;  
Those viscous threads that hold th' entangled prey  
From its own treach'rous entrails force their way.

Three branches in the Barrenwort are found,  
Each branch again with three less branches crown'd;  
The leaves and Flowers adorning each are three;  
This frame must needs contain some sacred mystery.

Small are thy blossoms, Double Pellitory,  
Which yet united are the garden's glory:  
Sneezing thou dost provoke, and Love for thee,  
When thou wert born, sneez'd most auspiciously.

But thou that from fair Mella tak'st thy name,  
Thy front surrounded with a starlike flame,  
Scorn not the meads, for from the meads are borne  
Wreaths, which the temples of the gods adorn;  
Kind sustenance thou yields the labouring bee,  
When scarce thy mother-Earth affords it thee:  
Thy winter store in hardest months is found,  
And more than once with Flow'rs in summer  
crown'd;

Thy root supplies the place of Flow'rs decay'd,  
And fodder for the fainting hive is made.

Behold a monster loathsome to the eye,  
Of slender bulk, but dang'rous policy;  
Eight legs it bears, three joints in every limb,  
That nimbly move, and dex'trouly can climb;  
Its trunk (all belly) round, deform'd, and swell'd,  
With fatal nets and deadly poison fill'd;  
For gnats and wand'ring flies she spreads her toils,  
And, robber-like, lives high on ravish'd spoils:  
'The city-spider, as more civiliz'd,  
With this less hurtful practice is suffic'd.

With greater fury the tarantula,  
Tho' small itself, makes men and beasts its prey, }  
'Takes first our reason, then our life away. }  
Thou, spiderwort! dost with the monster strive,  
And from the conquer'd foe thy name derive.  
Thus Scipio, when the world's third part he won,  
While to the spoils the meaner captains run,  
The only plunder he desir'd was fame,  
And from the vanquish'd foe to take his name.

The Marvail of the World comes next in view,  
At home, but styl'd the Marvail of Peru:  
(Boast not too much, proud Soil! thy mines of gold,  
Thy veins much wealth, but more of poison hold)  
Bring o'er the root, our colder earth has power  
In its full beauty to produce the Flower;  
But yields for issue no prolific seed,  
And scorns in foreign lands to plant and breed.

The holyhoc disdains the common size  
Of Herbs, and like a tree does proudly rise;  
Proud she appears, but try her, and you'll find }  
No Plant more mild, or friendly to mankind; }  
She gently all obstructions does unbind.

The Africans their rich leaves closely fold,  
Bright as their country's celebrated gold;

Each hollow leaf, envelop'd, does impart  
The form of a gilt pipe, and seems a work of art :  
Would kind Apollo once these pipes inspire,  
They'd give such sounds as should surpass his lyre.  
A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,  
And sees a month completed ere she dies.  
These only Fate permits so long to stand,  
And crops 'em then with an unwilling hand.  
The calyx where her fertile seeds are laid  
In likeness of a painted quiver made,  
With store of arrows, too, this quiver's grac'd,  
And decently on Flora's shoulder plac'd.  
When she in gardens hunts the butterfly,  
In vain the wretch his sunburnt wings does try,  
Secure enough, did fear not make him fly :  
Himself would seem a Flow'r, if motionless,  
And cheat the goddess with his gaudy drefs ;  
Retreating, the keen spike his sides does goad,  
To earth he falls, a light and unfeelt load.

Such was the punie Caltha, which of yore,  
Of Juno's Rose the lofty title bore :  
Of famous Carthage, now by Fate bereft,  
This last (and surely) greatest pride is left.  
How vain, O Flow'rs ! your hopes and wishes be,  
Borne like yourselves by rapid winds away :  
Once you had hopes, at Hannibal's return  
From vanquish'd Rome, his triumphs to adorn,  
And ev'n imperious Carthage's head surround,  
When she the Mistress of the World was crown'd ;  
Presum'd that Flora would for you declare,  
Though she that time a Larian goddess were :  
But now, alas ! reduc'd to private state, [fate.  
Thou shar'st, poor Flow'r ! thy captive country's

Why, Hollyrose ! dost thou, of slender frame,  
And without scent, assume a Rose's name ?  
Fate on thy pride a swift revenge does bring,  
The day beholds thee dead that sees the spring ;  
Yet to the shades thy soul triumphant goes,  
Boasting that thou didst imitate the Rose.

A better claim Sweet Cistus may pretend,  
Whose sweating leaves a fragrant balsam send.  
To crop this Plant the wicked goat presumes,  
Whose fetid beard the precious balm perfumes ;  
But in revenge of the unhallow'd theft,  
The caitiff is of his larded beard bereft.  
Balm is thou dost redress, nor are we sure  
Whether the beard or balsam gives the cure.

Thy ointment, Jessamine ! without abuse  
Is gain'd, yet grave old sots condemn the use ;  
Though Jove himself, when he is most enrag'd,  
With thy ambrosial odour is assuag'd.  
Capricious men ! why should that scent displease,  
That is so grateful to the deities ?

Flora herself to th' Orange-tree lays claim,  
Calls it her own, Pomona does the same ;  
Hard words ensue (for under sense of wrong  
Ev'n goddesses themselves can find a tongue)  
If apples please you so, Pomona cries,  
Take your Loveapple, and let that suffice ;  
To claim another's right is harlots' trade,  
So may a goddess of an harlot made.

And on what score, Flora, incens'd, reply'd,  
Were you by kind Vertumnus deify'd ?  
You kept (no thanks) your maiden-virtue, when  
He was a matron, when a youth--what then ?

Such fragrant fruits as these may Flow'rs be call'd :  
And henceforth with that name shall be install'd.  
On sundry sorts of pulse we do bestow  
That title, though in open field they grow,  
As others oft' are in the garden seen,  
Witness the Everlasting Pease and Scarlet Bean.

The vulgar Bean's sweet scent who does not  
prize ?

With iv'ry forehead, and with jet-black eyes,  
Amongst our garden-beauties may appear,  
If gardens only their cheap crop did bear.  
Pythagoras, not rightly understood,  
Has left a scandal on the noble food.  
Take care, henceforth, ye Sages ! to speak true ;  
Speak truth, and speak intelligibly too.

Lupine, unsteep'd, to harshnets does incline,  
And, like old Cato, is of temper rough,  
But drench the pulse in water, him in wine,  
They'll lose their sourness, and grow mild enough.  
These Flowers, and thousands more, whose num'rous  
tribe

And pompous march 'twere endless to describe.  
The Mandrake only imitates our walk,  
And on two legs erect is seen to stalk.  
This monster struck Bellona's self with awe,  
When first the man-resembling Plant she saw.

The Waterlily still is wanting here ;  
What cause can Waterlily have to fear,  
Where beauties of inferior rank appear ?  
Her form excels, and, for stability,  
The whole Assembly might her vassals be :  
A water-nymph she was, Alcides' bride,  
(Who sprung from gods, himself now deify'd)  
This cost her dear--by love of him betray'd,  
The water-goddess a poor Plant was made :  
From this misfortune she does triffling prove,  
And to this hour she hates the name of Love :  
All freedom she renounces, mirth and play,  
That to more close embraces lead the way :  
And since our Flora's former pranks are known,  
(if in a goddess we such crimes may own)  
In life the common mistress of the town :  
She scorns at the tribunal to be seen,  
Nor would on terms so scandalous be queen :  
To be from earth divorc'd she'd rather choose,  
And to the Sun her wither'd root expose.

Thee, Maracot ¶ ! a much more sacred cause  
From these profane ridic'ulous rites withdraws ;  
With signals of a real god adorn'd,  
Poets' and painters' gods by thee are scorn'd.  
T' unfold the emblems of this mystic Flower,  
'Fraucend-, alas ! my feeble Muse's power ;  
But Nature, sure, by chance did ne'er bestow  
A form so diff'rent from all Plants that grow.  
Enrob'd with ten white leaves, the proper dress  
Of Virgins chaste, and sacred priestesses,  
Twice round her twofold selvage you may view  
A purple ring, the sacred martyr's hue :  
Thick sprouting stems of ruddy Saffron-grain  
Strive to conceal the Flow'r, but strive in vain.  
This coronet, of ruby spikes compos'd,  
The thorny blood-stain'd crown may be suppos'd ;

¶ "Flos Passionis Christi." The Passion Flower; or Virginia Climber. The first of these names was given it by the Jesuits, who pretended to find in it all the instruments of our Lord's passion; not so easily discerned by men of senses not so fine as they.

The blood-stain'd pillar, too, a curious eye  
 May there behold, and if you closely pry, [spy,  
 The sponge, the nails, the scourge, thereon you'll  
 And knobs resembling a crown'd head descry.  
 So deep in earth the root descends, you'd swear  
 It meant to visit hell, and triumph there:  
 In ev'ry soil it grows, as if it meant  
 To stretch its conquest to the world's extent.

Beside the foreman'd candidates, but few  
 Remain'd, and most of them were modest too;  
 But where such fragrant rivals did appear,  
 Who would have thought to find rank Moly there?  
 Amongst competitors of such fair note,  
 Sure Garlic only will for Moly vote:  
 Yet something 't was (and Plants themselves con-  
 The honour great) that Homer did express. [less  
 Her famous name in his immortal song:  
 Swell'd with this pride, she presses through the  
 throng.

Deep silence o'er the whole assembly spreads,  
 Whilst with unfav'ry breath her title thus she  
 pleads.

*Moly.*

To find a name for me the gods took care,  
 A mystic name, that might my worth declare:  
 They call me Moly: dull grammarians' sense  
 Is puzzled with the term——  
 But Homer held divine intelligence.  
 In Greek and Latin both my name is Great;  
 The term is just, but Moly sounds more neat:  
 My pow'rs prevented Circe's dire design;  
 Ulysses but for me had been a swine;  
 In vain had Mercury inspir'd his brain  
 With craft, and tipp'd his wheedling tongue in vain,  
 Had I not enter'd timely to his aid.  
 Thus Moly spoke, and would much more have said;  
 But by mischance (as if some angry power  
 Had ow'd her long a shame) a belch most foul  
 Broke from her throat, perfuming all the Court,  
 And made her rivals unexpected sport.  
 Her pompous name no longer can take place,  
 Her odour proves her of the Garlic race;  
 Forthwith, with one consent the gibing throng  
 Set up their notes, and sung the well known song.

“ He that to cut his father's throat  
 “ Did heretofore presume,  
 “ To'ave Garlic cram'd into his gut  
 “ Receiv'd the dreadful doom.”

Flora, to silence the tumultuous jest,  
 (Though secretly she smil'd amongst the rest)  
 That she herself would speak, a sign express'd;  
 Then with sweet grace into these accents broke,  
 Th' unhallow'd place perfuming while she spoke.

*Flora.*

HOMER, I will not vain or careless call,  
 Though he no mention makes of me at all;  
 'That he blameworthy was in this 'tis true,  
 But the Blind Bard gives other gods their due.

To doubt his truth were piety to slight;  
 Ev'n what of Moly he affirms is right.  
 I once had such a Flower, but now bereft  
 O' the happiness, the name is only left.  
 No sooner men its wondrous virtue knew,  
 But jealous gods the pow'rful plant withdrew.  
 'Tis said that Jove did Mercury chastise  
 For shewing to Ulysses such a prize.  
 To say I saw him do it, I'll not presume,  
 But witness am of Moly's unjust doom.  
 E'en to the shades below her root strikes down,  
 As she would make th' infernal world her own;  
 As from their native seats the fiends she'd drive,  
 And, spite of flames and blasting sulphur, thrive.  
 Jove saw it, and said, “ Since fire can't stop thy  
 course,

“ We'll try some magic-water's stranger force.”  
 Then calling Lympha to him, thus at large  
 Unfolds his mind, and gives the goddess charge:  
 “ Thou know'st,” said he, “ where Cicones reside,  
 “ There runs a marvellous petrifying tide;  
 “ Take of that stream (but largely take) and throw  
 “ Where'er thou seest the wicked Moly grow;  
 “ Our empire is not safe, her pow'r so large;  
 “ Whole rivers therefore on her head discharge.”

Lympha with lib'ral hand the liquor pours,  
 While thirstily Moly her own bane devours:  
 Her stem forthwith is turn'd (O prodigy!)  
 Into a pillar; where her Flower should be  
 The sculpture of a Flow'r is only shewn.  
 Poor Moly, thus transform'd to marble-stone,  
 The story of her fate does still present,  
 And stands in death her own sad monument.  
 Here ended little Moly's mighty reign,  
 By jealous gods for too much virtue slain.

What wonder, then, if that bold Flow'r doth prove  
 The object of his wrath that rivall'd Jove;  
 That to embrace chaste Juno did aspire,  
 Gallant to a Goddess, of a god the fire?  
 The vigorous Herb begat a deity,  
 A god like Jove himself for majesty,  
 And one that thunders, too, as loud as he:  
 With one short moment's touch begot him too,  
 That's more than ever threshing Jove could do.  
 The Flow'r itself appears with warrior's mien,  
 (As much as can in growing Plants be seen)  
 With stabbing point and cutting edge 'tis made,  
 Like warlike weapon, and upon its blade  
 Are ruddy stains, like drops of blood, display'd.  
 Its spikes of falchion-shape, are sanguine too,  
 Its stem and front is all of bloody hue:  
 The root in form of any shield is spread,  
 A crested helmet's plac'd upon its head:  
 Upon his stalk, springs, bow and arrows grow,  
 A horseman's spur upon his heel below.  
 Minerva I would have this warrior wed,  
 A warrior fit for chaste Minerva's bed;  
 So might she teem, yet keep her maidenhead.  
 My garden had but one of these, I own,  
 And therefore by the name of Phoenix known.  
 The herb that could increase Jove's mighty breed,  
 'T' itself an eunuch was, and wanted seed.  
 Grieving that earth so rich a prize should want,  
 I try'd all means to propagate the plant.

What cannot wit, what cannot art fulfil?  
 At least where pow'rs divine would shew their skill.  
 One tender bulb another did succeed,  
 And my fair Phoenix now began to breed;  
 But mark th' event: Shall I expecting sit,  
 Cries Jove, till this young sprout more gods beget?  
 To have a rival in my heav'n, and see  
 An herb-race mingle with Jove's progeny?  
 A dreadful and blind monster then does make,  
 That on his rival dire revenge might take;  
 Though less of size, shap'd like a forest boar,  
 And turns him loose into my garden's store.  
 What havoc did the savage make that day?  
 (I weep to think what flow'ry ruins lay)  
 With sulphur's fume I strove to drive him thence;  
 The fume of sulphur prov'd too weak defence:  
 Great Spurge and Asafœtida I try'd,  
 In vain, in vain, strong Moly's scent apply'd;  
 Small vermine did his ancestors suffice,  
 When they could catch a beetle 'twas a prize,  
 But such coarse fare this salvage does despise.  
 He like a swine of Epicurus' breed,  
 On the best dainties of my soil must feed.  
 Tulips of ten pounds price (so large and gay  
 Adorn'd my bow'r) he'd eat me ten a-day:  
 For twice the sum I could not now supply  
 The like, though Jove himself should come to buy.  
 Yet like a goddess I the damage bore  
 With courage, trusting to my art for more:  
 While, therefore, I contrive to trap the foe,  
 The wretch devours my precious Phoenix too:  
 Nor to devour the fire is satisfy'd,  
 But tears the tender offspring from his side.  
 O impious fact!--Here Flora paus'd a while,  
 And from her eyes the crystal tears distil;  
 But, as became a goddess, check'd her grief,  
 And thus proceeds in language sweet and brief.  
 Thee, Moly! Homer did perhaps devour, [poor,  
 For, to Heav'n's shame be't spoke, the Bard was  
 But in thy praise would ne'er vouchsafe to speak;  
 From these examples, Moly! warning take:  
 To fatal honours seek not then to rise,  
 'Tis dangerous claiming kindred with the skies;  
 Thou honest Garlic art, let that suffice:  
 Of country-growth own then thy earthly race,  
 Nor bring by pride on plants or man disgrace.  
 She said--and to the Lily, waiting by,  
 Gave sign that she her title next should try.

*White Lily.*

Such as the lovely swan appears,  
 When rising from the Trent or Thame,  
 And as aloft his plumes he rears,  
 Despises the less beauteous stream;  
 So when my joyful Flow'r is born,  
 And does its native glories shew,  
 Her clouded rival she does scorn;  
 They're all but foils where Lilies grow.  
 Soon as the infant comes to light,  
 With harmless milk alone 'tis fed,  
 That from the innocence of white  
 A gentle temper may be bred.

The milky teat is first apply'd  
 To fiercest creatures of the earth;  
 But I can boast a greater pride,  
 A goddess' milk produc'd my birth\*.  
 When Juno, in the days of yore,  
 Did with this great Alcides teem,  
 Of milk the Goddess had such store,  
 The nectar from her breast did stream:  
 Whit'ning beyond the pow'r of art  
 The pavement where it lay,  
 Yet through the crevices some part  
 Made shift to find its way.

The earth forthwith did pregnant prove,  
 With Lily-flow'rs supply'd,  
 That scarce the Milky-way above  
 With her in whiteness vy'd.

Thus did the race of man arise,  
 When sparks of heav'nly fire,  
 Breaking through crannies in the skies,  
 Did earth's dull mass inspire.

Happy those souls that can, like me,  
 Their native white retain,  
 Preserve their heav'nly purity,  
 And wear no guilty stain.

Peace in my habit comes array'd,  
 My dress her daughters wear;  
 Hope and Joy in white are clad,  
 In fable weeds Despair.

Thus Beauty, Truth, and Chastity,  
 Attir'd we always find;

These in no female meet but me;  
 From me are ne'er disjoin'd.

Nature on many flow'rs beside  
 Bestows a muddy white;  
 On me she plac'd her greatest pride,  
 All over clad in light.

Thus Lily spoke, and needless did suppose,  
 Secure of form, her virtues to disclose.

Then follow'd Lilies of a diff'rent hue,  
 Who ('cause their beauty less than her's they  
 knew)

From birth and high descent their title drew.  
 Of these the Martagon chief claim did bring,  
 (The noble Flow'r that did from Ajax spring)  
 But from the noblest hero's veins to flow,  
 Seem'd less than from a goddess' milk to grow,  
 At last the drowsy Poppy rais'd her head,  
 And sleepily began her cause to plead:  
 Ambition ev'n the drowsy Poppy wakes,  
 Who thus to urge her merit undertakes.

*Poppy.*

O SLEEP! the gentle ease of grief,  
 Of care and toil the sweet relief;  
 Like sov'reign balm thou can't restore,  
 When doctors give the patient o'er.  
 Thou to the wretched art a friend,  
 A guest that ne'er does harm intend;

\* Jupiter, in order to make Hercules immortal, clapped him to Juno's breasts while she was asleep. The lusty little rogue sucked so hard, that too great a gush of milk coming forth, some spilt upon the sky, which made the Galaxy, or Milky-way, and out of some which fell to the earth arose the Lily.

In cottages mak'ſt thy abode;  
 To th' innocent thou art a god.  
 On earth with Jove bear'ſt equal ſway,  
 Thou rul'ſt the night, as Jove the day;  
 A middle ſtation thou doſt keep,  
 'Twixt Jove and Pluto, pow'rful Sleep!  
 As thou art juſt, and ſcorn'ſt to lie,  
 Confels before this company,  
 That by the virtue of my Flow'r  
 Thou holdeſt thy nocturnal pow'r.  
 Why do we call thee Loiterer,  
 Who fly'ſt ſo nimbly through the air?  
 The birds on wing confels thy force,  
 And ſtop in the middle of their courſe.  
 Thy empire, as the ocean wide,  
 Rules all that in the deep reſide;  
 That moving iſland of the main,  
 The whale, is fetter'd in thy chain.  
 The deſert lands thy pow'r declare,  
 Thou rul'ſt the lion, tiger, bear;  
 To mention theſe, alas! is vain,  
 O'er city-tyrants thou doſt reign.  
 The baſiliſk, whoſe looks deſtroy,  
 And nymph more fatal, if ſhe's coy;  
 Whoſe glances furer death impart  
 To her tormented lover's heart:  
 When Sleep commands, their charms give way,  
 His more prevailing force obey;  
 Their killing eyes they gently cloſe,  
 Diſarm'd by innocent reſoſe.  
 That careful Jove does always wake,  
 The Poets ſay; a foul miſtake!  
 For when to pow'r the wicked riſe,  
 Can Jove look on with open eyes.  
 When Blood to Heav'n for vengeance calls,  
 So loud it ſhakes his palace-walls,  
 Yet docs unheard, unanſwer'd ſue,  
 Muſt Jove not ſleep, and ſoundly too?  
 That Ceres with my flow'r is griev'd,  
 Some think, but they are much deceiv'd;  
 For where her richeſt corn ſhe ſows,  
 The inmate Poppy ſhe allows.  
 Together both our ſeeds does ſling,  
 And bids us both together ſpring;  
 Good cauſe, for my ſleep-giving juice  
 Does more than corn to life conduce.  
 On us the mortals freely feed;  
 Of other plants there's little need;  
 Full of Poppy, full of corn,  
 Th' Hesperian garden you may ſcorn.  
 Bread's more reſreſhing, mix'd with me\*;  
 Honey and I with bread agree;  
 Our taſte ſo ſweet, it can excite  
 The weak or ſated appetite.  
 In Ceres' garland I am plac'd;  
 Me ſhe did firſt vouchſafe to taſte,  
 When for her daughter loſt ſhe griev'd,  
 Nor in long time had food receiv'd.  
 'Bove all, ſhe does extol my plant;  
 For if ſuſtaining corn you want,  
 From me ſuch kind ſupplies are ſent,  
 As give both ſleep and nourishment.

\* In old times, the ſeed of the White Poppy, parched, was ſerved up as a deſert.

The reaſon therefore is moſt plain  
 Why I was made the fruitfull'ſt grain;  
 The Perſian brings not to the field  
 Such armies as my camp does yield.  
 Diſeaſes in all regions breed,  
 No corner of the world is freed;  
 Hard labour ev'ry where we find  
 The conſtant portion of mankind.  
 Sick Earth great Jove beheld with grief,  
 And ſent me down to her relief;  
 And 'cauſe her ills ſo faſt did breed,  
 Endu'd me with more fertile ſeed.  
 Thus Poppy ſpoke, nor did, as I ſuppoſe,  
 So ſoon intend her bold harangue to cloſe;  
 But, ſeiz'd with ſleep, here finiſh'd her diſcourſe,  
 Nor could reſiſt her own lethargic force.  
 I tell ſtrange things, (but nothing ſhould deter,  
 Since 'tis moſt certain truth what I aver)  
 Nor would I ſacred hiſtory profane,  
 As poets uſe with what is falſe and vain.  
 While Poppy ſpoke—  
 Th' Aſſembly could no longer open keep  
 Their eyes; ev'n Flora's ſelf fell faſt aſleep.  
 So Daſſodils, with too much rain oppreſs'd,  
 Recline their drooping heads upon their breaſt.  
 Zephyr not long could bear this foul diſgrace;  
 With a briſk breeze of air he ſhook the place:  
 Flora, who well her huſband's kiſſes knew,  
 Wak'd firſt, but rear'd her head with much ado:  
 With heavy motion to her drowſy eyes  
 Her fingers liſts, and, "What's a clock?" ſhe cries.  
 At which the reſt (all by degrees) unfold  
 Their eyelids, and the open day behold.  
 The Sunflow'r, thinking 't was for him foul ſhame  
 To nap by daylight, ſtrove t' excuſe the blame;  
 It was not ſleep that made him nod, he ſaid,  
 But too great weight and largeneſs of his head;  
 Maſtiffic then before the Court he ſtands,  
 And ſilence with Phœbean voice commands.

#### Sunflower.

If by the rules of Nature we proceed,  
 And likeneſs to the fire muſt prove the breed,  
 Believe me, Sirs, when Phœbus looks on you,  
 He ſcarce can think his ſpouſe, the Earth, was true,  
 No ſooner can his eye on me be thrown,  
 But he by Styx will ſwear I am his own.  
 My orblike golden aſpect bound with rays,  
 The very picture of his face diſplays.  
 Among the ſtars, long ſince, I ſhould have place,  
 Had not my mother been of mortal race.  
 Preſume not then, ye Earthborn Muſhroom brood!  
 To call me brother—I derive my blood  
 From Phœbus' ſelf, which by my form I prove,  
 And, more than by my form, my filial love.  
 I ſtill adore my fire with proſtrate face,  
 Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace:  
 Who ſeeing this, (all things he ſees) decreed  
 To you, his doubtful, if not ſpurious breed,  
 Theſe poorer climes to be in dow'r enjoy'd,  
 Of that divine Phœbean metal void;  
 On me that richer ſoil he did beſtow,  
 Where gold, the product of his beams, does grow.

Amongst his treasures well might he assign  
A place for me, his like and living coin.

He said, and bowing twice his head with grace  
To Flora, thrice to his fire, resum'd his place.  
To him succeeds a Flow'r of greater name,  
Who from high Jove himself deriv'd his claims.

*Julyflower.*

How this pretender, for no med'cine good,  
Can be allow'd the son of Physic's god,  
I leave to the wise judgment of the Court;  
With better proofs my title I support.  
Jove was my sire, to me he did impart  
(Who best deserv'd) the empire of the heart:  
Let him with golden aspect please the eye,  
A sov'reign cordial to the heart am I.  
Not Tagus, nor the treasures of Peru,  
Thy boasted foil, can grief, like me, subdue.  
Should Jove once more descend in golden show'r,  
Not Jove could prove so cordial as my Flow'r.  
One golden coat thou hast, I do confess,  
That's all, poor Plant! thou hast no change of dress:  
Of sev'ral hues I sev'ral garments wear,  
Nor can the Rose herself with me compare:  
The gaudy Tulip and the Emony  
Seem richly coated, when compar'd with thee:  
View both their stocks, my wardrobe has the same,  
The very Cræsus I of colours am.  
Rich but in dress they are, in virtue poor,  
Or keep, like misers, to themselves their store;  
Most lib'rally my bounty I impart;  
'Tis joy to mine to ease another's heart.  
Some Flow'rs for physic serve, and some for smell,  
For beauty some—but I in all excel.

While thus the spake, her voice, scent, dress, and  
port,  
Majestic all, drew rev'rence from the Court.  
Well might th' inferior Plants concern'd appear,  
The very Rose herself began to fear.  
Her next of kin, a fair and numerous host,  
Of their alliance to Carnation boast:  
Then divers more, who, though to fields remov'd,  
From Garden-Julyflow'r their lineage prov'd.  
They of the Saffron house next took their course,  
Of dwarfish stature, but gigantic force:  
Led by the Purple chief, who dares appear,  
And stand the flock of the declining year:  
In Autumn's stormy months he shews his head,  
When tainted skies their baneful venom shed.  
He scarce began to speak, when, looking round,  
The Colchic tribe amongst his train he found:  
Hence, ye Profane! he cry'd, nor bring disgrace  
On my fair title, I disown your race;  
Repair to Circe's or Medea's tent,  
When on some fatal mischief they are bent;  
To baneful Pontus fly, seek kindred there,  
You who of Flow'rs, earth, heav'n, the scandal are.  
Thus did he storm; for though by nature mild,  
Against the pois'nous race his choler boil'd;  
His sacred virtue the intruders knew,  
And from th' Assembly consciously withdrew.

*Saffron.*

WHILST others boast their proud original,  
And Sol or Jove their parents call,  
I claim (contented with such slender Flow'rs  
No kindred with almighty pow'rs.  
I from a constant lover took my name,  
And dare aspire no greater fame:  
Whom after all the toils of anxious life,  
'Twi't hopes and fears a tedious strife,  
Great Jove, to quit me of my hopeless fire,  
(My patron he, though not my sire)  
'Transform'd me to a smiling Flow'r at last,  
To recompense my sorrows past.  
"Live cheerful now," he said, "nor only live  
"Merry thyself, but gladness give."  
Then to my sacred Flow'r with skill be join'd  
Stems three or four, of starlike kind,  
Made them the magazines of mirth and joy,  
Whate'er can fullen grief destroy.  
Gay humours there, conceit, and laughter, lie,  
Venus' and Cupid's armoury.  
Bacchus may, like a quack, give present ease,  
That only strengthens the disease:  
You crush, alas! the serpent's head in vain,  
Whose tail survives to strike again.  
All noxious humours from the heart I drive,  
And spite of poison keep alive.  
The heart secur'd, through all the parts beside  
Fresh life and dancing spirits glide.  
But still 'tis vain to guard th' imperial seat,  
If to the lungs the foe retreat;  
If of those avenues he's once possess'd,  
Famine will soon destroy the rest.  
I watch and keep those passages open too,  
For vital air to come and go:  
Ungrateful to his friend that breath must be,  
That can abstain from praising me.  
But having been an instance of Love's pow'r,  
To females still a sacred flow'r,  
'Tis just that I should now the womb defend,  
And be to Venus' feat a friend.  
'Gainst all that would the teeming part annoy,  
My ready succour I employ:  
I ease the lab'ring pangs, and bring away  
The birth that past its time would stay.  
If this Assembly then my claim suspend,  
Who am to Nature such a friend,  
Who all that's good protect, and ill confound,  
If you refuse to have me crown'd,  
If you decline my gentle, cheerful, sway,  
Let my pretended kinsman come in play,  
Punish your folly, and my wrongs repay.

He said, and shaking thrice his fragrant head,  
Through all the Court a cordial flavour spread,  
While of his scatter'd sweets each Plant partakes,  
And on th' ambrosial scent a banquet makes.  
Touch'd with a sense of joy, his rivals smil'd,  
Ev'n them his virtue of their rage beguil'd;  
Ev'n Poppy's self, refresh'd, erects her head,  
Who had not heard one word of what he said.  
Flow'r-gentle last, on lofty stem, did rise,  
And seem'd the humble saffron to despise:

On his high name and stature he depends,  
And thus his title to the crown defends.

*Amaranth; Flower-Gentle\*.*

WHAT can the puling Rose or Violet say,  
Whose beauty flies so fast away?  
Fit only such weak infants to adorn,  
Who die as soon as they are born.

Immortal gods wear garlands of my Flow'rs,  
Garlands eternal as their pow'rs;  
Nor time, that does all earthly things invade,  
Can make a hair fall from my head.

Look up, the gardens of the sky survey,  
And stars that there appear so gay,  
If credit may to certain truth be giv'n,  
They are but th' Amaranths of heav'n.

A transient glance sometimes my Cynthia throws  
Upon the Lily or the Rose,  
But views my Plant, astonish'd, from the sky,  
That she should change, and never I.

Because with hair instead of leaves adorn'd,  
By some, as if no Flow'r, I'm scorn'd;  
But I my chiefest pride and glory place  
In what they reckon my disgrace:  
My priv'lege 'tis to differ from the rest;  
What has its like can ne'er be best;  
Nor is it fit immortal plants should grow  
In form of fading plants below.

That gods have flesh and blood we cannot say;  
That they have something like to both, we may:  
So I resembling an immortal power,  
Am only as it were a Flower.

Their pleas thus done, the sev'ral tribes repair,  
And stand in ranks about the goddess' chair,  
Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.  
Flora, who was of temper light and free,  
Puts on a personated gravity,  
As with the grave occasion best might suit,  
And in this manner finish'd the dispute.

\* *Amaranthus*, that never withers.

*Flora.*

AMONGST the miracles of ancient Rome,  
When Cineas thither did as envoy come,  
Th' august and purpled Senate he admir'd,  
View'd them, and if they all were kings inquir'd?  
So I in all this num'rous throng must own  
I see no head but what deserves a crown.  
On what one Flow'r can I bestow my voice,  
Where equal merits so distract my choice?  
Be rul'd by me, the envious title wave;  
Let no one claim what all deserve to have.  
Consider how from Roman race we spring,  
Whose laws, you know, would ne'er permit a king.  
Can I, who am a Roman deity,  
A haughty Tarquin, in my garden see?  
Ev'n your own tribes, if I remember right,  
Rejoic'd when they beheld the tyrant's flight.  
With Sabine slaughter big, think how he slew  
The fairest Flow'rs that in his platforms grew;  
Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,  
And both with sportive cruelty destroy'd.  
You who are lords of earth as well as they,  
Should freeborn Romans' government display.  
Rest ever, then, a Commonwealth of Flow'rs,  
Compos'd of people and of senators.  
This, I presume, the best for you and me,  
With sense of men and gods does best agree.  
Lily and Rose this year your Consuls be,  
The year shall so begin auspiciously.  
Four Prætors to the seasons four I make,  
The vernal Prætorship, thou, Tulip! take:  
Jove's Flow'r the Summer; Crocus Autumn sway  
Let Winter warlike Hellebore obey.  
Honour's the sole reward that can accrue;  
Though short your office, to your charge be true,  
Your life is short—the goddess ended here;  
The chosen with her verdict pleas'd appear,  
The rest with hope to speed another year.

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# O F P L A N T S.

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## BOOK V. OF TREES.

TRANSLATED BY N. TATE.

### *Pomona.*

LET now my Muse more lofty numbers bring,  
Proportion'd to the lofty theme we sing,  
The race of Trees, whose tow'ring branches rise  
In open air, and almost kiss the skies.  
Too light those strains that tender Flow'rs desir'd,  
Too low the verse that humbler Herbs requir'd;  
Those weaklings near the surface of the earth  
Reside, nor from the soil that gave them birth  
Dare launch too far into the airy main,  
The winds' rough shock unable to sustain:  
These to the skies with heads erected go,  
Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.  
Not man, the earth's proud lord, so high can raise  
His head; they touch those heav'ns which he sur-  
veys.

Between th' Herculean bounds and golden soil  
By great Columbus found, there lies an isle,  
Of those call'd Fortunate, the fairest seat  
Indulg'd by Heav'n, and Nature's bless'd retreat:  
A constant settled calm the sky retains,  
Disturb'd by no impetuous winds or rains:  
Zephyr alone with fragrant breath does cheer  
The florid earth, and hatch the fruitful year:  
No clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,  
But fatt'ning dews instead from heav'n distil,  
And friendly stars with vital influence fill:  
No cold invades the temp'rate summer there,  
More rich than autumn, and than spring more fair:  
The months without distinction, pass away,  
The Trees at once with leaves, fruit, blossoms,  
gay;  
The changing moon all these, and always, does  
survey.

Nature some fruits does to our soil deny,  
Not what we have can ev'ry month supply;  
But ev'ry sort that happy earth does bear,  
All sorts it bears, and bears 'em all the year.

This seat Pomona now is said to prize,  
And fam'd Alcinous' gardens to despise:

Betwixt th' Old world and New makes this retreat,  
Of her Green empire the imperial seat;  
And wisely too, that Plants of ev'ry sort  
May from both worlds repair to fill her court.  
Hedges instead of walls this place surround,  
Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound,  
With Hawthorn, that does magic spells confound,  
The well-rang'd trees within broad walks display,  
Through which her verdant city we survey:  
In th' midst her palace stands, of bow'rs compos'd,  
With twining branches and green walls inclos'd;  
By Nature deck'd with fruits of various kind,  
You'd swear some artist had the work design'd.

When Autumn's reign begins, the goddess here,  
(Autumn with us, eternal summer's there)  
When Scorpio with his venom blasts the year,  
The goddess her Vertumnal rites prepares,  
(So call'd from various forms Vertumnus wears)  
No cost she spares those honours to perform,  
(For no expence can that rich goddess harm)  
She then brings forth her garden's choice delights,  
To treat the rural gods whom she invites.  
The twelve, of heav'nly race, her guests appear,  
Wanton Priapus too, is present there,  
The fair host more attracts him than the fare.  
Then Pales came, and Pan, Arcadia's god;  
On his dull ass the fat Silenus rode,  
Lagging behind; the Fauni next advance,  
With nimble feet, and to the banquet dance;  
Nor heav'n's inferior pow'rs were absent thence,  
Whose altars seldom smoke with frankincense.  
Picumnus, who the barren land manures;  
Tutanus, too, who gather'd fruit secures;  
Collina from the hills; from vallies low  
Vallonia came; Rurina from the plough,  
With whom a hundred rustic nymphs appear,  
Who garments form'd of leaves or bark did wear:  
To these strange pow'rs from new-found India  
came,  
Most dreadful in their aspect, form, and name.

The hundred mouths of Fame could ne'er suffice  
 To taste or tell that banquet's rarities.  
 With change of fruits the table still was stor'd,  
 For ready servants waited at the board;  
 In various dress the Months attending too,  
 In number twelve, twelve times the feast renew:  
 Of apples, pears, and dates, they fill'd the juice;  
 The Indian Nut supply'd the double use  
 Of drink and cup: the more luxuriant Vine  
 Afforded various kinds of sprightly wine,  
 Canaria's neighb'ring isle the most divine.  
 Of this glad Bacchus fills a bowl, and cries,  
 O sacred Juice! O wretched Deities!  
 Who absent hence of sober nectar take  
 Dull draughts, nor know the joys of potent sack.  
 The rest, who Bacchus' judgment could not doubt,  
 Pledg'd him in course, and sent the bowl about.  
 Venus and Flora Chocolate alone  
 Would drink--the reasons to themselves best  
 known.

The gods (who surely were too wise to spare,  
 When they both knew their welcome and their  
 Fell freely on; till now discourse began, (fare)  
 And one, exclaiming, cry'd, "O foolish man!  
 "That grossly feeds on flesh, when ev'ry field  
 "Does easy and more wholesome banquets yield;  
 "Who in the blood of beasts their hands imbrue,  
 "And eat the victims to our altars due."  
 From hence the rest occasion take at last  
 The goddesses to extol, and her repast:  
 The Orange one, and one the Fig commends,  
 Another the rich fruit that Persia sends:  
 Some cry the Olive up above the rest,  
 But by the most the Grape was judg'd the best.  
 The Indian god, who heard them nothing say  
 Of fruits that grow in his America,  
 (Of which her soil affords so rich a store,  
 Her golden mines can scarce be valu'd more)  
 Thus taxes their unjust partiality,  
 As well he might, the Indian Bacchus he.  
 "Can prejudice," said he, "corrupt the pow'rs  
 "Of this Old world? far be that crime from our's.  
 "If when, to furnish out a noble treat,  
 "You seek our fruits, the banquet to complete,  
 "(Which I with greediness have seen you eat)  
 "Are these your thanks, ingrateful Deities!  
 "Your tongues reproach what did your palates  
 please:  
 "You only praise the growth of your own soil,  
 "Because the product of long Age's toil;  
 "But had not fortune been our country's foe,  
 "And parent nature's self forsook us too;  
 "Had not your armed Mars in triumph rode  
 "O'er our Ocheus, a poor naked god;  
 "Had not your Neptune's floating palaces  
 "Sunk our tall Ocheus' fleet of hollow trees,  
 "Nor thund'ring Jove made Viracoha yield,  
 "Nor Spaniards, yet more fierce, laid waste our  
 field,  
 "And left alive no tiller to recruit  
 "The breed of Plants, and to improve the fruit,  
 "Our products soon had silenc'd this dispute:  
 "But as it is, my climate I'll defend,  
 "No soil can to such num'rous fruits pretend;

"We still have many, to our conqu'ror's shame,  
 "Of which you are as yet to learn the name,  
 "So little can you boast to shew the same.  
 "This I assert, if any be so vain  
 "To contradict the truth that I maintain,  
 "Since from both worlds this feast has hithe  
 brought  
 "All fruits with which our diff'rent climes ar  
 fraught)  
 "The deities that are assembled here  
 "Shall judge which world the richest will appear  
 "In fruits I mean; for that our lands excel  
 "In gold, you to our sorrow know too well."  
 His comrade gods in this bold challenge join,  
 Nor did our pow'rs the noble strife decline;  
 Minerva in her Olive safe appear'd;  
 Bacchus, who with a smile the boaster heard,  
 As in the East his conquest had been shewn,  
 Now reckons the West-Indies, too, his own.  
 His courage with ten bumpers first he cheer'd;  
 Then all agree to have the table clear'd,  
 And each respective Tree to plead her worth;  
 The goddesses one by one commands them forth.  
 She summon'd first the Nut, of double race,  
 And Apple, which in our Old World have place,  
 Of each the noblest breeds, for to the name  
 A thousand petty families lay claim.

The Nut Tree's name at first the Oak did grace,  
 Who in Pomona's garden then had place,  
 Till her nice palate Acorns did decline,  
 Scorning in diet to partake with swine:  
 At last the Philbert, and the Chesnut sweet,  
 Were scarce admitted to her verdant seat;  
 The airy Pine, of form and stature proud,  
 With much intreaty was at length allow'd.

The Hazel with light forces marches up,  
 The first in field, upon whose Nutty top  
 A squirrel sits, and wants no other shade  
 Than what by his own spreading tail is made;  
 He culls the soundest, dex'trously picks out  
 The kernels sweet, and throws the shells about.  
 "You see," Pomona cries, "the cloister'd fruit  
 "That with your tooth, Silenus! does not suit:  
 "That therefore useless 'tis you cannot say,  
 "It serves our youths at once for food and play;  
 "But while such toys, my Lads! you use too long,  
 "Expecting virgins think you do 'em wrong;  
 "Tis time that you these childish sports forsake,  
 "Hymen for you has other Nuts to crack."  
 "O Plant! most fit for boys to patronize,"  
 Cries Bacchus, "who my gen'rous juice despise;  
 "A restive fruit, by Nature made to grace  
 "The monkey's jaws, and humour the grimace."

The sudden gibe made sober Pallas smile,  
 Who thus proceeds in a more serious style.  
 "A strong and wondrous enmity we find  
 "In Hazel Tree 'gainst poisons of all kind!  
 "More wondrous their magnetic sympathy,  
 "That secret beds of metals can descry †,  
 "And point directly where hid treasures lie.  
 "In search of golden mines a Hazel wand  
 "The wise diviner takes in his right-hand;

† Of this is made the divining-rod with which they pretend to discover mines.

" In vain, alas! he casts his eyes about,  
 " To find the rich and secret mansions out,  
 " Which yet, when near, shall with a force divine  
 " The top of the suspended wand incline :  
 " So strong the sense of gain, that it affects  
 " The very lifeless twig, who straight reflects  
 " His trembling head, and eager for th' embrace,  
 " Directly tends to the magnetic place.  
 " What wonder, then, so strange effects confound  
 " The minds of men, in mists of error drown'd?  
 " It puzzled me, who was at Athens bred,  
 " Ev'n me, the offspring of great Jove's own head ;  
 " Let Phœbus then unfold this mystery :  
 " Much more than man we know, but Phœbus  
 more than we."

She said---Apollo, with th' enigma vex'd,  
 And scorning to be pos'd in words perplex'd,  
 Strove to disguise his ignorance, and spent  
 Much breath on atoms, and their wild ferment :  
 Of sympathy he made a long discourse,  
 And long insisted on self-acting force ;  
 But all confus'd, and distant from the mark,  
 His Delphic oracle was ne'er so dark :  
 'Twas mirth for Jove to see him tug in vain,  
 At what his wisdom only could explain ;  
 For those profounder mysteries to hide  
 From gods and men, is sure Jove's greatest pride.

The shady Chestnut next her claim puts in,  
 Though seldom she is in our gardens seen :  
 So coarse her fare, that 'tis no small dispute  
 If Nuts or Acorns we should call her fruit ;  
 So vile, the gods from mirth could not forbear  
 To see such kernels such strong armour wear ;  
 First, with a linty wad wrapp'd close about,  
 (Useful to keep green wounds from gushing out)  
 Her next defence of solid wood is made,  
 The third has spikes that can her foes invade :  
 Thermites, sure, no greater sport could make,  
 With Ajax's sev'nfold shield upon his back.

The Pine with awful rev'rence next did rise,  
 Above contempt, and almost touch'd the skies :  
 Carv'd in his sacred bark, he wore beside  
 Great Maro's words to justify his pride :  
 Pan own'd th' approaching Plant, and, bowing low  
 His Pine-wreath'd head, but just respect did shew :  
 Were Neptune present, he had done the same,  
 To that fair Plant that in his Isthmian game  
 The victor crown, whose loud applauses he  
 With equal transport hears in either sea.  
 Neptune of other Plants no lover seems,  
 But with good reason he the pine esteems ;  
 The Pine alone has courage to remove  
 From's native hills (where long with winds he  
 In youth) on wat'ry mountains to engage [strove  
 With's naked timber fiercer tempests' rage.  
 In vain were floods to Plants and men deny'd,  
 In vain design'd for fishers to reside,  
 Since Nature's laws by Art are overcome,  
 And men with ships make seas their native home.

But of all Pines Mount Ida bears the best,  
 By Cybele preferr'd above the rest.  
 This Plant a lovely boy was heretofore,  
 Belov'd by Cybele, upon whose score  
 He sacrific'd to Chastity, but now

His fruit delaying, Venus now excites,  
 His wood affords the torch which Hymen lights.  
 Ia, for whom her father of White Thorn  
 A torch prepar'd e'er Pine by brides was borne,  
 When she should meet her long-expected joy,  
 Embrac'd the Pine Tree for her lovely boy ;  
 Dire Change! yet cannot from his trunk retire,  
 But languishes away with vain desire ;  
 Till Cybele afforded her relief,  
 (Her rival once, now partner in her grief)  
 Transform'd her to the bitter Almond Tree,  
 Whose fruit seems still with sorrow to agree.  
 Her sister, who the dreadful change did mark,  
 Strove with her hands to stop the spreading bark,  
 But while the pious office she perform'd,  
 In the same manner found herself transform'd ;  
 But as her grief was less severe, we find  
 Her Almond sweet, and of a milder kind.  
 Thus did this plant into her arms receive  
 Th' unfortunate, and more than once relieve.  
 Poor Phyllis thus Demophoon's absence mourn'd,  
 Till she into an Almond Tree was turn'd ;  
 Thus Phyllis vanish'd ; Ceres saw her bloom,  
 And prophesy'd a fruitful year to come.

The firm Pistacho next appear'd in view,  
 Proud of her fruit, that serpents can subdue.

The Walnut then approach'd, more large and  
 tall,  
 His fruit, which we a Nut, the gods an Acorn,  
 call ;

Jove's Acorn, which does no small praise confess,  
 To 'ave call'd it Man's Ambrosia had been less.  
 Nor can this head-like Nut, shap'd like the brain  
 Within, he said that form by chance to gain,  
 Or Caryon call'd by learned Greeks in vain :  
 For membranes, soft as silk, her kernel bind,  
 Whereof the inmost is of tend'rest kind,  
 Like those which on the brain of man we find ;  
 All which are in a seam-join'd shell inclos'd ;  
 Which of this brain the skull may be suppos'd :  
 This very skull envelopp'd is again  
 In a green coat, his pericranium :  
 Lastly, that no objection may remain  
 To thwart her near alliance to the brain,  
 She nourishes the hair, rememb'ring how  
 Herself deform'd without her leaves does shew ;  
 On barren scalps she makes fresh honours grow.  
 Her timber is for various uses good ;  
 The carver she supplies with lasting wood ;  
 She makes the painter's fading colours last ;  
 A Table she affords us, and repast ;  
 Ev'n while we feast her oil our lamp supplies ;  
 The rankest poison by her virtue dies,  
 The mad dog's foam, and taint of raging skies  
 The Pontic king, who liv'd where poisons grew,  
 Skilful in antidotes, her virtues knew ;  
 Yet envious Fates, that still with merit strive,  
 And man ingrateful from the orchard drive.  
 This sov'reign Plant excluded from the field,  
 Unless some useless nook a station yield ;  
 Defenceless in the common road she stands,  
 Expos'd to restless war of vulgar hands :  
 By neighb'ring clowns and passing rabble torn,  
 Batter'd with stones by boys, and left forlorn.

To her did all the Nutty tribe succeed,  
A hardy race, that makes weak gums to bleed,  
But to the banquets of the gods prefer'd,  
Are said to open of their own accord  
'Twixt these and juicy fruits of painted coat,  
Such as on sunny apples we may note,  
Advanc'd the tribe of those with rugged skin,  
More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a-kin.

Pomegranate, chief of these, whose blooming  
flow'r

(Pomona's pride) may challenge Flora's bow'r;  
The Spring Rose seems less fair when she is by,  
Nor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;  
Nor scarlet robes by proudest monarchs worn,  
Nor purple streaks that paint the rising morn,  
Nor blushes that consenting maids adorn. }  
In the Eubean isle did stand of old  
Great Juno's image, form'd of massy gold;  
In one right hand she held a sceptre bright,  
(For with the pow'rs divine both hands are right)  
Her Carthage lovely fruit the other grac'd,  
And fitly in Lucina's hand was plac'd,  
Whose orb within so many cells contains,  
In form of wombs, and stor'd with feedy grains;  
But Proserpine implacable remain'd  
Against this Plant, for former wrongs sustain'd;  
Nor Ceres yet her hatred could disguise,  
But from Pomegranate turn'd her weeping eyes:  
For the Flysian fields (whence Fates permit  
Nought to return) what tree can be more fit  
Than this restraining Plant ¶? a single taste  
Of three small grains kept Ceres' daughter fast.

Orange and Lemon next, like lightning bright,  
Came in, and dazzled the beholders' sight.  
These were the fam'd Hesperian fruits of old; }  
Both plants alike ripe fruit and blossoms hold;  
This shines with pale, and that with deeper gold. }  
Planted by Atlas, who supports the skies,  
Proud at his feet to see these brighter stars to rise.  
To keep them safe the utmost care he took,  
He fenc'd 'em round with walls of solid rock;  
Nor with Priapus' custody content,  
A watchful Dragon for their guard he sent.  
Let vulgar Apples boys and beggars fear,  
These worth Alcides' stealing did appear;  
From lands remote he came, and thought his toils  
Were more than recompens'd in these rich spoils:  
He only priz'd 'em for their taste and hue,  
For half their real worth he never knew;  
Nor could his tutor Mars to him impart  
The noble secrets of Apollo's art.  
Had he but known their juice 'gainst poison good,  
'The Hydra's venom, mix'd with Centaur blood,  
Had never made Mount Oeta hear his cries,  
Nor th' oft-slain monster more had power to rise.

The Plums came next, by Cherry led, whose  
Th' expecting gard'ner early does salute; [fruit  
To pay his thanks impatient does appear,  
And with red berries first adorns the year.  
May, rich in drefs, but in provision poor,  
Admires, and thinks his early fruit a Flow'r;  
To wait for Summer's rip'ning heat disdain,  
Nor puts the planter to immoderate pains.

He loves the cooler climes; Egyptian Nile  
Could ne'er persuade him on her banks to smile.  
He scorns the bounty of a two months' tide,  
That leaves him thirsting all the year beside.  
Proud Rome herself this plant can scarcely rear;  
Ev'n to this day he seems a captive there:  
Pris'ner of war, from Cerasus he came;  
(From's native Cerasus ¶ he took his name)  
From thence transplanted to the Italian soil,  
Lucullus' triumph brought no richer spoil:  
Loud pæans to your noble gen'ral sing,  
Italian plants! that such a prize did bring.  
The conqu'rors laurels, as in triumph, wear  
The blushing fruit, and captive Cherries bear.  
Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native home,  
Ere long thou shalt a denizen become }  
Amongst the plants of world-commanding Rome. }

A num'rous host of Plums did next succeed,  
Diff'ring in colour, and of various breed:  
The Damask-prune most ancient, led the van,  
Who in Damascus first his reign began:  
Time out of mind he had subdu'd the East;  
'Twas long ere he got footing in the West;  
But now in Northern climates he is known,  
A hardy plant makes ev'ry soil his own.

Next him th' Armenian Apricot took place,  
Not much unlike, but of a nobler race;  
Of richer flavour, and of taste divine,  
Whose golden vestments streak'd with purple shine.

Then came the glory of the Persian field,  
And to Armenia's pride disdain'd to yield;  
The Peach, with silken vest and pulpy juice,  
Of meat and drink at once supplies the use:  
But take him while he's ripe, he'll soon decay;  
For next day's banquet he disdain's to stay:  
Of fruits the fairest, as the rose of flow'rs,  
But, ah! their beauties have but certain hours.

A fruit there is on whom the Rose confers  
Her name, of smell and colour too like her's:  
A Plum that can itself supply the board,  
To hungry stomachs solid food afford;  
To please our gust, and stomach to recruit,  
He thinks sufficient tribute for his fruit.  
For physic's use his other parts are good;  
His leaves, his blossoms, ev'n his gum and wood,  
Does to us health and joy alike restore;  
Friend to our pleasure, to our health much more.

Not so the Cornel Tree design'd for harms,  
Her wood supplies dire Mars with impious arms  
For such a plant our gardens are too mild,  
Harsh is her fruit, and fit for deserts wild.

With her the Jujube Tree, a milder plant,  
Which (though offensive thorns she does not want  
In peace and mirth alone does pleasure take,  
Her flow'rs at feasts the genial garlands make, }  
Her wood the harp that keeps the guests awake. }

Next comes the Lote Tree, in whose dusky hue  
Her black and sunburnt country you might view  
To whom th' assembly all rose up (from whence  
Came this respect?) and paid her reverence.  
Priapus only, with a downcast look,  
And conscious blushes, at her presence shook.

¶ Pomegranate, a most powerful restraining, used in all immoderate evacuations.

¶ The Cherry Tree, in Latin called Cerasus, a town in Cappadocia, from whence it was brought into Italy by Lucullus, An. Urb. 630.

'Tis all-seeing gods, through that obscure disguise,  
Nymph Lot's law, conceal'd from human eyes;  
They knew how, on the Hellespontic shore,  
To escape the dreadful dart Priapus wore;  
And, zealous to preserve her chastity,  
She lost her form, and chang'd into a tree.  
Though now no more a nymph, a better fate  
She does enjoy, and lives with longer date;  
A longer date than Oaks she does enjoy,  
Those long-liv'd Oaks that call'd old Nestor Boy;  
She calls 'em girls: green branches she display'd  
When Rome was built, and when in ashes laid.  
'Tis true she did not long survive the fire,  
(With grief and flames at once fore'd to expire)  
Almost nine hundred years were pass'd away,  
Yet then she grudg'd to die before her day.  
Evn after death her trunk appears to live,  
Does vocal pipes and breathing organs give,  
And fitly, like us poets, may be said  
To make the greatest noise when she is dead.  
A thousand years are since elaps'd, yet still  
She flourishes in praise, and ever will.

Her Tree's rich fruit, with which she charm'd  
mankind,  
Shew'd, when a nymph, the sweetness of her mind:  
These sounds express the music of her tongue,  
More sweet than Circe's or the Syren throng.

But, Nymph! retire, triumphant Palm appears,  
She rises the more the greater weight she bears,  
No pressure for her courage is too hard,  
Of virtue both th' example and reward.  
She flourish'd once in Solymean ground,  
Fam'd Joshua's and Jephthas' sacred triumphs  
crown'd;

But since that land was curs'd, the gen'rous plant  
Grieves to continue her inhabitant.  
Pisa bears Olives, Delphos Laurel yields,  
Naxos smallage, Pines the Isthmian fields;  
But all breed Palms, the prize of victory,  
All lands in honour of the palm agree;  
And 'tis but the just tribute of her worth,  
Virtue no fairer image has on earth.

Her verdure she inviolate does hold,  
In spite of summer's heat and winter's cold.  
Oppress'd with weight, she from the earth does rise,  
And bears her load in triumph to the skies.  
What various benefits does she impart  
To humankind? her wine revives the heart,  
Her dates rich banquets to our tables send,  
At once to pleasure and to health a friend ¶.

A lover true, and well to love and serve  
Is Virtue's noble talk, and does the Palm deserve.  
Evadne, who a willing victim prov'd,  
Nor chaste Accis, to her husband lov'd,  
As does the female Palm her male; her arms  
To him are stretch'd with most endearing charms.  
Nor stops their passion here; like lovers they  
To more retir'd endearments find the way;  
In earth's cold bed their am'rous roots are found,  
In close embraces twining under ground.

Let arms to learning yield: the Palm resign,  
The conqu'ring Palm, to Olive, more divine.

¶ Strabo relates, that the Babylonians used a song that recited  
the several and many benefits of the plant of Date Tree.

Peace all prefer to war -- Thus Pallas spoke,  
And in her hand a peaceful Olive shook:  
'Twas with this branch that she the triumph gain'd  
(The greatest that can be by gods obtain'd)  
On learned Athens to confer her name,  
A right which she, most learn'd of pow'rs might  
claim.

Not gods in heav'n without ambition live,  
But who shall be poor mortals' patrons strive.

First, Neptune with his trident struck the ground;  
The warlike steed no sooner heard the found,  
But starts from his dark mansion, shakes his hair,  
His nostrils snort the unaccustom'd air,  
Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted noise is proud,  
With his insulting feet his native field is  
plough'd,

Intrepid he beholds of gods the circling crowd.  
Pallas, on th' other side, with gentle stroke  
Of her strong spear, earth's tender surface broke,  
Through which small breach a sudden Tree shoots  
Evn at his birth with rev'rend hoary top, [up.  
And vig'rous fruit; the gods applaud the plant,  
And to Minerva the precedence grant:

The vanquish'd steed and god in rage assail'd  
The victors, but ev'n so their malice fail'd;  
Wit's goddess and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.

Hail, sacred Plant! who well deserv'st to be  
By laws secur'd from wrong, as well as we;  
From war's wild rage respect thou dost command;  
When temples fall thou art allow'd to stand.  
Neptune's bold sen rev'ning the disgrace  
His fire sustain'd, fell dead upon the place;  
The whirling axe upon his head rebounds,  
The stroke design'd on thee himself confounds:  
The gods concern'd spectators stood, and smil'd  
To see his impious sacrilege beguil'd.

Such be his fate, whoe'er presumes to be  
A foe to Peace, and to her sacred Tree.  
Yet ev'n this peaceful plant upon our guard  
Warns us to stand, and be for war prepar'd;  
In peace delights; but when the cause is just,  
Permits not the avenging sword to rust:  
With suppling oil and conqu'ring wreaths supplies  
The martial schools of youthful exercise.

Nor is the strong propension she does bear  
To peace th' effect of luxury or fear:  
Earth's teeming womb affords no stronger birth,  
No soil manuring needs to bring her forth;  
Allow her but warm suns and temp'rate skies,  
The vig'rous plant in any soil will rise:  
Lop but a branch, and fix it in earth, you'll see  
She'll there take root, and make herself a Tree.

Her youth, 'tis true, by slow degrees ascends,  
But makes you with long flourishing years amends;  
Nature her care in this did wisely shew,  
That useful Olive long and easily should grow.  
Most sov'reign, taken inward, is her oil,  
And outwardly confirms the limbs for toil:  
Life's passages from all obstructions frees,  
Clears Nature's walks; to smarting wounds gives  
With easy banquets does the poor supply, [ease:  
And makes cheap herbs with royal banquets vie:  
The painter's flying colours it binds fast,  
Makes short-liv'd pictures long as statues last:

The student's friend; no labour can excel  
And last but of Minerva's lamp must smell.  
Nay, this does so!-----

Most justly, therefore, does this liquor rise  
O'er all in mixture, justly may despise  
T' incorporate with any other juice,  
Sufficient in himself for ev'ry use:

Most justly, therefore, did Judea's land,  
(Who best religious rites did understand)

Oil, potent, chaste, and sacred, oil, appoint  
Her kings, her priests, and prophets, to anoint.

Such was th' appearance which the Olive made,  
With noble fruit and verdant leaves array'd,  
From whom Minerva took, as she withdrew,  
A joyful branch, and with it wreath'd her brow.

Fresh armies then advanc'd into the plain;  
First those whose fruit did many stones contain;  
In their first lists the Medlar Tree was found,  
Proud of his putrid fruit, because 'twas crown'd\*.

Of Beauty's goddesses than the Plant more fair  
Whose fragrant motion so perfum'd the air,  
The smoke of gums when from their altars sent,  
Ne'er gave th' immortal guests † such a sweet content.

Let Phœbus' Laurel bloody triumphs lead,  
The Myrtle those where little blood is shed,  
Th' ovation of a bleeding maidenhead.  
No virgin-fort impregnable can be  
To him that crowns his brow with Venus' Tree.

The tribe of Pears and Apples next succeed,  
Of noble families, and num'rous breed:  
No monarch's table e'er despises them, [contemn:  
Nor they the poor man's board or earthen dish  
Supports of life as well as luxury,  
Nor, like their rivals, a few months supply,  
But see themselves succeeded e'er they die.  
Where Phœbus shines too faint to raise a Vine,  
They serve for grapes, and make the northern  
wine:

Their liquor for th' effects deserves that name,  
Love, valour, wit, and mirth, it can inflame;  
Care it can drown, lost health, lost wealth restore,  
And Bacchus' potent juice can do no more.

With Cyder stor'd, the Norman province sees,  
Without regret, the neighb'ring vintages.  
Of Pear and Apple kinds an army stood  
Before the Court, and seem'd a moving wood;  
On them Pomona smil'd as they went off,  
But flouting Bacchus was observ'd to scoff.

The Quince yet scorn'd to mingle with the  
crowd,  
Alone she came, of signal honours proud,  
With which by grateful Jove she was endow'd;  
A silky down her golden coat o'er spreads,  
Her ripening fruit a grateful odour sheds;  
Jove otherwise ingrateful had been styl'd,  
In honey steep'd she fed him when a child;  
In his most forward fits she stopp'd his cries,  
And now he eats ambrosia in the skies,  
Reflects sometimes upon his infant years,  
And just respect to Quince and honey bears.

The noblest of Wine-fruits brought up the rear,  
But all to reckon endless would appear;

\* The top thereof resembling a crown or coronet,  
† The Myrtle.

The Barberry and Currant must escape,  
Though her small clusters imitate the grape.  
The Raspberry, and prickled Gooseberry,  
Tree Strawberry, must all mention'd be,  
With many more, whose names we may decline;  
Not so the Mulberry, the Fig, and Vine,  
The stoutest warriors in our combat past,  
And of the present field the greatest hope and last.

But cautiously the Mulberry did move,  
And first the temper of the skies would prove,  
What sign the sun was in, and if she might  
Give credit yet to Winter's seeming flight.

She dares not venture on his first retreat,  
Nor trust her leaves and fruit to doubtful heat;  
Her ready sap within † bark confines,  
Till she of settled warmth has certain signs;  
But for her long delay amends does make,  
At once her forces the known signal take,  
And with tumultuous noise their fally make.

In two short months her purple fruit appears,  
And of two lovers ‡ slain the tincture wears:  
Her fruit is rich, but leaves she does produce  
That far surpass in worth and noble use:

The frame and colour of her leaves survey,  
And that they are most vulgar you must say;  
But trust not their appearance; they supply  
The ornaments of royal luxury:

The beautiful they make more beauteous seem;  
The charming sex owes half their charms to them;  
Effeminate men to them their vestments owe:  
How vain that pride which insect-worms bestow!

Such was the Mulberry, of wondrous birth!  
The Fig succeeds; but to recite her worth  
And various powers what numbers can suffice?  
Hail, Ceres! author of so great a prize.

By thee with food and laws we were supply'd,  
And with wild fare wild manners laid aside.  
With peace and bread our lives more blest'd before,  
And modest Nature could desire no more;

But thou ev'n for our luxury took'st care,  
And kindly didst this milky fruit prepare;  
The poor man's feast, but such delicious cheer  
Did never at Apicius' board appear.

The grateful Ceres † with this Plant is said  
Her hospitable host to have repaid,  
Yet with no vernal bloom the Tree supply'd;  
"To lighter plants," said she, "I leave that pride;

"To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy dress,  
"Who meretricious qualities confess,

"And who, like wanton prostitutes, expose  
"Their bloom to ev'ry hand, their sweets to ev'ry  
nose.

"My fruit like a chaste matron does proceed,  
"And has of painted ornament no need;  
"They study dress, but mine fertility,  
"Forcing her offspring from her solid Tree."

Thro' haste sometimes abortive births she bears,  
But ever makes amends in those she rears;  
For whom her full-charg'd veins supplies afford;  
Like a strong nurse, with milk she's ever stor'd.

Our voice by thee refresh'd, ungrateful 't were  
If, Fig-Tree! thy just praise it should forbear;

‡ Pyramus and Thisbe.  
† Phitalus, who kindly entertained her, and in return received from her the Fig Tree. Pausan.

The passages of our vital breath by thee  
Are smooth'd and clear'd, obstructed lungs set  
free;

Nor only dost to speech a friend appear;  
Ev'n for that speech thou dost unlock the ear,  
Sett'st ope the gate, and giv'st it entrance there.  
The foulest ulcers' putrid links are drain'd  
By thee; by thee the tumour's rage restrain'd;  
The gangrene, ringworm, scurf, and leprosy,  
King's-evil, cancers, warts, are cur'd by thee:  
Of flaming gout thou dost suppress the rage;  
Of dropsy thou the deluge dost assuage.

'Twere endless all thy virtues to recite;  
With all the hosts of poisons thou dost fight;  
Aided by Rue and Nut t' th' Africa to flight:  
Encounter'st the diseases of the air,  
When baneful mischiefs secret stars prepare.  
Whence does this vegetative courage rise?  
Even angry Jove himself thou dost despise;  
His lightning's furious sallies thou dost see,  
That spares not his own consecrated Tree;  
While he with temples does wild havoc make,  
While mountains rend, and Earth's foundations  
quake,

Of thy undaunted Tree no leaf is seen to shake. }  
Hail, Bacchus! hail, thou pow'ful god of Wine!  
Hail, Bacchus! hail, here comes thy darling Vine!  
Drunk with her own rich juice, she cannot stand,  
But comes supported by her husband's hand;  
The lolly Elm supports her stagg'ring Tree,  
My best-lov'd Plant! how am I charm'd with thee!  
Bow down thy juicy clusters to my lip,  
Thy nectar-sweets I would not lightly sip,  
But drink thee deep, drink till my veins were  
swell'd,

Drink till my soul with joys and thee were fill'd.  
What god so far a poet's friend will be,  
Who from great Orpheus draws his pedigree?  
(And tho' his Muse come short of Orpheus' fame  
Yet seems inspir'd, and may the Ivy claim)  
To place him on Mount Ismarus, or where  
Campanian hills the sweetest clusters bear,  
Where grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted, grow,  
With Phoebus' beams above, Vesuvius' flames below:  
Or in the fortunate Canarian isles,  
Or where Burgundia's purple vintage smiles:  
'Tis fit the poet should beneath their shade  
Transported lie, or on their hills run mad,  
His veins, his soul, swell'd with th' inspiring god,  
Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,  
And with his grateful voice discharge agen  
The deity which with his mouth he drank so  
largely in. }

O vital Tree! what blessings dost thou send?  
Love, Wit, and Eloquence, on thee attend;  
Mirth, sports, green hopes, ripe joys, and martial  
fire,

These are thy fruits, thy clusters these inspire. }  
The various poisons which ill fortune breeds,  
(Not Pontus so abounds with baneful weeds,  
Nor Africa so many serpents feeds)  
By thy rich antidote defeated are;  
'Tis true they'll rally, and renew the war,  
'Tis true, when thou, our cordial! art not by;  
They watch their time, and take us when we're dry.

Thou mak'st the captive to forget his chain;  
By thee the bankrupt is enrich'd again;  
The exile thou restor'st; the candidate  
Without the people's vote thou dost create,  
And mak'st him a Caninian magistrate. }  
Like kind Vespasian, thou mankind mak'st glad  
None from thy presence e'er departed sad.  
What more can be to Wisdom's school assign'd,  
Than from prevailing mists to purge the mind?  
From thee the best philosophy does spring;  
Thou canst exalt the beggar to a king:  
Th' unletter'd peasant who can compass thee,  
As much as Cato knows, and is as great as he.  
Thy transports are but short, I do confess,  
But so are the delights mankind possess;  
Our life itself is short, and will not stay,  
Then let us use thy blessing while we may,  
And make it in full streams of wine more smoothly  
pass away.

The Vine retires, with loud and just applause  
Of European gods.—As she withdraws  
Each in his hand a swelling cluster press'd,  
But Bacchus, much more sportive than the rest,  
Fills up a bowl with juice from Grape-stone  
And puts it in Omelichilus' hand: [drain'd  
"Take of this draught," said he, "if thou art wise  
" 'Twill purge thy Cannibal stomach's crudities."  
He, unaccustom'd to the acid-juice,  
Storm'd, and with blows had answer'd the abuse  
But fear'd t' engage the European guest,  
Whose strength and courage had subdu'd the East,  
He therefore chooses a less dang'rous fray,  
And summons all his country's Plants away:  
Forthwith in decent order they appear,  
And various fruits on various branches wear;  
Like Amazons they stand in painted arms,  
Coca alone appear'd with little charms,  
Yet led the van; our scoffing Venus scorn'd  
The shrub-like tree, and with no fruit adorn'd.  
"The Indian Plants," said she, "are like to speed."  
"In this dispute of the most fertile breed,  
"Who choose a dwarf and eunuch for their head?"  
Our gods laugh'd out aloud at what she said.

Pachamana defends her darling Tree,  
And said the wanton goddess was too free:  
"You only know the fruitfulness of Lust,  
"And therefore here your judgment is unjust:  
"Your skill in other offsprings we may trust.  
"With those chaste tribes that no distinction know  
"Of sex, your province nothing has to do.  
"Of all the plants that any soil does bear,  
"This Tree in fruits the richest does appear;  
"It bears the best, and bears 'em all the year.  
"Ev'n now with fruit 'tis stor'd—Why laugh you  
"Behold how thick with leaves it is beset; [yet?  
"Each leaf is fruit, and such substantial fare,  
"No fruit beside to rival it will dare.  
"Mov'd with his country's coming fate (whose  
"Must for her treasures be expos'd to spoil) [soil  
"Our Varicocha first his Coca sent,  
"Endow'd with leaves of wond'rous nourishment,  
"Whose juice suck'd in, and to the stomach ta'en,  
"Long hunger and long labour can sustain;

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† Caninius was Consul but seven hours, dying the same day he was chosen.

" From which our faint and weary bodies find  
 " More succour, more they cheer the drooping  
 mind,  
 " Than can your Bacchus and your Ceres join'd.  
 " Three leaves supply for six days march afford;  
 " The Quitoita with this provision stor'd,  
 " Can pass the vast and cloudy Andes o'er,  
 " The dreadful Andes plac'd 'twixt Winter's store  
 " Of winds, rains, snow, and that more humble  
 earth  
 " That gives the small but valiant Coca birth,  
 " This champion, that makes warlike Venus mirth.  
 " Nor Coca only useful art at home,  
 " A famous merchandise thou art become;  
 " A thousand Paci and Nicugni groan  
 " Yearly beneath thy loads, and for thy sake alone  
 " These spacious world's tons by commerce  
 known."

Thus spake the goddess, (on her painted skin  
 Were figures wrought) and next calls Hovia in,  
 That for its stony fruit may be despis'd,  
 But for its virtue next to Coca priz'd.  
 Her shade by wondrous influence can compose  
 And lock the senses in such sweet repose,  
 That oft' the natives of a distant soil  
 Long journies take of voluntary toil,  
 Only to sleep beneath her branches' shade,  
 Where in transporting dreams entranc'd they lie,  
 And quite forget the Spaniard's tyranny.

The plant (at Brasil Bacoua call'd) the name  
 Of th' Eastern Plane Tree takes, but not the same;  
 Bears leaves so large, one single leaf can shade  
 The swain that is beneath her covert laid;  
 Under whose verdant leaves fair apples grow,  
 Sometimes two hundred on a single bough:  
 They're gather'd all the year, and all the year  
 They spring, for like the hydra they appear;  
 To ev'ry one you take succeeds a golden heir.  
 'Twere loss of time to gather one by one,  
 Its boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done:  
 New-sprouting branches still the loss repair;  
 What would so soon return it were vain to spare.

The Indian Fig Tree next did much surpris'd,  
 With her strange figure, all our deities;  
 Amongst whom one too rashly did exclaim,  
 (For gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woeful shame)  
 " This is a cheat, a work of art," said he,  
 And therefore stretch'd his hand to touch the Tree:  
 At which the Indian gods laugh'd out aloud,  
 And our's, no less surpris'd, with wonder stood:  
 For, lo! the Plant, her trunk and boughs unclous'd,  
 Wholly of fruit and leaves appear'd compos'd;  
 New leaves, and still from them new leaves unfold,  
 A sight 'mongst prodigies to be inroll'd.

The Tuna, to the Indian Fig a-kin,  
 (The glory of Plascalla) next came in;  
 But much more wonderful her fruit appears  
 Than th' other leaves, for living fruit she bears.  
 To her alone great Varicocha gave  
 The privilege that she for fruit should have;  
 Live creatures, that with purple dye adorn  
 Th' imperial robe; the precious tincture's worn  
 With pride ev'n by the conquerors of the soil:  
 But, ah! we had not grudg'd that purple spoil;

Our cochineal they freely might have gain'd,  
 If with no other blood they had been stain'd.  
 Guatimala produc'd a fruit unknown  
 To Europe, which with pride she call'd her own;  
 Her Cocoa Nut with double use endow'd,  
 (For Chocolate at once is drink and food)  
 Does strength and vigour to the limbs impart,  
 Makes fresh the countenance and cheers the heart;  
 In Venus' combat strangely does excite  
 The fainting warrior to renew the fight:  
 Not all Potosi's silver groves can be  
 Of equal value to this useful Tree,  
 Nor could the wretched hungry owner dine,  
 Rich Cartama! upon thy golden mine.  
 Of old the wiser Indians never made  
 Their gold or silver the support of trade,  
 Nor us'd for life's support what well they knew  
 Useless to life at best, and sometimes hurtful too.  
 With nuts instead of coin they bought and sold;  
 Their wealth by Cocons, not by fums, they told;  
 One Tree, the growing treasure of the field,  
 Both food and clothes did to its owner yield;  
 Procur'd all utensils, and, wanting bread,  
 The happy hoarder on his money fed.  
 This was true wealth: those treasures we adore,  
 By custom valu'd, in themselves are poor,  
 And men may starve amidst their golden stores.  
 Too happy India! had this wealth alone,  
 And not thy gold, been to the Spaniard known.

The Aguacata no less is Venus' friend;  
 (To th' Indies Venus' conquest does extend)  
 A fragrant leaf the Aguacata bears,  
 Her fruit in fashion of an egg appears;  
 With such a white and spermy juice it swells,  
 As represents moist Life's first principles.  
 The Cocoa's owner any thing may buy,  
 But he that has the Metla may supply  
 Himself with almost all things he can want,  
 From Metla's almost all-sufficient Plant:  
 Metla to pass as money does despise,  
 Or traffic serve, itself is merchandise.  
 She bears no nuts for boys, nor luscious fruit,  
 That many with nice effeminate palates suit;  
 Her very Tree is fruit; her leaves, when young,  
 Are wholesome food; for garments serve when  
 Not only so, but, to make up the cloth,  
 They furnish you with thread and needle both.  
 What though her native soil with drought is curs'd?  
 Cut but her bark, and you may slake your thirst;  
 A sudden spring will in the wound appear, [clear;  
 Which thro' strait passages strain'd comes forth more  
 And though through long meanders of the veins  
 'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains,  
 Limpid and sweet the virgin-stream remains.  
 These gifts for nature might sufficient be,  
 But, bounteous Metla! seem'd too small for thee;  
 Thou gratify'st our very luxury.  
 For liqu'rish palates honey thou dost bear,  
 For those whose gust wants quick'ning vinegar.  
 But these are trifles; thou dost wine impart,  
 That drives dull care and trouble from the heart.

\* The thorn growing at the end of each leaf, which, together with  
 the stringy part joined to it, is used in a manner of a needle and thread  
 to sew withal.

If any wretch of poverty complains,  
 Thou pour'st a golden stream into his veins.  
 The poorest Indian still is rich in thee,  
 In spite of Spanish conquests still is free;  
 The Spaniard's king is not so blest'd as he.  
 If any doubts the liquor to be wine,  
 Because no crystal water looks more fine,  
 Let him but drink, he'll find the weak nymph fled,  
 And potent Bacchus enter'd in her stead.  
 To all these gifts of luxury and wealth,  
 Thou giv'st us sov'reign med'cines, too, for health:  
 Choice balm from thy concocted bark breaks forth:  
 Thou shedd'st no tear, but 'tis of greater worth  
 Than fairest gems; no lover can more prize  
 The tears in his consenting mistress' eyes,  
 When in his arms the panting virgin lies:  
 No antidote affords more present aid, {made.

'Gainst doubly mortal wounds by pois'nous arrows  
 Almost all needs, thou, Metla! dost supply,  
 Yet must not therefore bear thyself too high,  
 While th' all-sufficient Coccus Tree is by;  
 To Coccus thou must yield the victory.  
 While she preserves this Indian Palm alone,  
 America can never be undone;  
 Embowell'd, and of all her gold bereft,  
 Her liberty and Coccus only left;  
 She's richer than the Spaniard with his theft.  
 What senseless miser, by the gods abhorr'd,  
 Would covet more than Coccus doth afford?  
 House, garments, beds, and boards, ev'n while we  
 dine

Supplies both meat and dish, both cup and wine;  
 Oil, honey, milk, the stomach to delight,  
 And poignant sauce to whet the appetite.  
 Nor is her service to the land confin'd,  
 For ships entire compos'd of her we find;  
 Sails, tackle, timber, cables, ribs, and mast,  
 Wherewith the vessel fitted up, at last  
 With her own ware is freighted; all she bears  
 Is Coccus' growth, except her mariners:  
 Nor need we ev'n her mariners exclude,  
 Who from the Cocoa Nut have all their food.

The Indian gods, with wild and barb'rous voice,  
 And gestures rude, tumultuous, rejoice;  
 Our's as astonish'd, and with envious eyes,  
 Each other view'd, if, as weak men surmise,  
 Envy can touch immortal deities.

My modest Muse that censure does decline,  
 Nor dares interpret ill of pow'rs divine.  
 The Indian pow'rs (though yet they had not  
 shewn

The hundredth part of plants to India known)  
 Already did conclude the day their own;  
 Rash and impatient round the goddess throng,  
 And think her verdict is deferr'd too long.

Pomona, seated high above the rest,  
 Was cautiously revolving in her breast,  
 (The cause depending was no trifling toy,  
 That did the patrons of both worlds employ)  
 Express herself at large she did design,  
 And handsomely the sentence to decline;  
 (If I may guess at what the goddess meant)  
 But, lo! a slight and sudden accident  
 Puts all the Court into a wild ferment:

For, during th' trial, the most tippling brace,  
 Omelichilus of the Indian race,  
 And our Lenzus †, at whate'er was spoke  
 Or done that pleas'd him, a full bumper took,  
 And drank to th' other; him the Metla Tree  
 Supply'd with juice; thy Vine, Lenzus! thee;  
 Each bowl they touch'd they turn'd the bottom up,  
 And gave a brisk huzza at ev'ry cup;  
 Their heads at last the rising vapour gains,  
 And proves too hard for their immortal brains:  
 With mutual repartees they jok'd at first,  
 Till growing more incens'd, they swore and curs'd  
 Omelichilus does no longer dread  
 (With present Metla warm'd) the Grecian god,  
 But throws a Cocoa bowl at Bacchus' head,  
 Which spoil'd his draught, but left his forehead  
 sound,

And rests betwixt his horns without a wound.  
 Bacchus, enrag'd with wine and passion too,  
 With all his might his massy goblet threw,  
 Directly levell'd at the rustic's face,  
 That laid him bruis'd and sprawling on the place:  
 He in his native gibb'rish cries aloud,  
 And with his noise alarms the savage crowd;  
 Gnashing their foamy teeth, like beasts of prey,  
 Promiscuously they bellow, roar, and bray;  
 The frighted waves back to the deep rebound;  
 The very island trembles with the sound.

Next him Vitziliputli fat, in smoke  
 Of foul Tobacco almost hid, that broke  
 In belches from his gormandizing maw,  
 Where human flesh as yet lay crude and raw;  
 Throwing in rage his kindled pipe aside,  
 And snatching bow and darts, Arm! arm! he cry'd.  
 Tescalipuca (of the salvage band  
 The next in fierceness) took his spear in hand,  
 And all in arms the barb'rous legion stand.  
 The goddesses disperse, and sculk behind  
 The thickets; frighted Venus bore in mind  
 Her former wound, th' effect of mortal rage,  
 What must she then expect where gods engage?  
 Pallas, who only courage had to stay,  
 In vain her peaceful Olive did display;  
 The gods, with manly weapons in their hand,  
 Devoted to the dire encounter stand:  
 Most woful some had that day's battle found,  
 And long been main'd with many a smarting  
 wound,

(For to suppose th' immortals can be slain,  
 Though with immortals they engage, is vain)  
 Had not Apollo, in the nick of time,  
 Found out a stratagem to divert that crime,  
 Which with his double title did agree,  
 The god of wit, and healing deity.  
 None better knew than he to use the bow;  
 But now resolv'd his nobler skill to shew,  
 Sweet Music's pow'r, he takes his lyre in hand,  
 And does forthwith such charming sounds com-  
 mand,

As struck the ear of gods with new delight,  
 When Nature did this world's great frame unite,  
 When jarring elements their war did cease,  
 And danc'd themselves into harmonious peace.

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† Bacchus.

Such strains had rarely charm'd the Centaur's rage;  
 Such strains the raving billows could assuage;  
 Wild hurricanes had due obedience shewn,  
 And, to attend his sounds, suppress'd their own.  
 The wrangling guests at once appear bereft  
 Of ev'ry sense, their hearing only left.  
 Vitziliputi, fiercest of the crew,  
 While to the head his venom'd shaft he drew,  
 Lets fall both dart and bow; with lifted hands,  
 Astonish'd, and with mouth wide gaping stands;  
 So high to raise his greedy ears he's said,  
 As forc'd his feather'd diadem from his head.  
 Pomona's altar, hew'd from solid rock,  
 In both his hands hold Varicoca took,  
 Which, like a thunderbolt, he would have hurl'd;  
 (He is the Thund'rer in the Indian world)  
 But at the first sweet strain forgot his heat,  
 Laid down the stone, and us'd it for a seat;  
 His ravish'd ears the peaceful sounds devour,  
 His hundred victims never pleas'd him more.  
 Their magic force, in spite of his disgrace,  
 And gore yet streaming from his batter'd face,  
 Omelichilus' self did reconcile:  
 At first, 'tis true, he did but faintly smile,  
 But laugh'd anon as loud as any there;  
 For such the sacred charms of measures are,  
 The ambient air, struck with the healing sounds  
 Of Phœbus' lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds;  
 Ev'n of their own accord the breaches close,  
 For pow'ful music all things can compose.  
 Pleas'd with his art's success, Apollo smil'd,  
 To see the aukward mirth and gestures wild  
 Of his charm'd audience. Having thus subdu'd  
 Their ravish'd sense, his conquest he pursu'd,  
 And still to make the pleasing spell more strong,  
 Joins to his lyre his tuneful voice and song.  
 He sung how th' inspir'd hero's mind beheld  
 A world, that for long ages lay conceal'd.  
 Most happy thou! whose fancy could descry  
 A world, seen only by my circling eye:  
 Thou who alone in toils hast equal'd me;  
 Great Alexander is outdone by thee;  
 By thee! whose skill could find, and courage gain  
 That other world for which we wish'd in vain.  
 Not my own Poet's tales could thee deceive,  
 No credit to their fables thou didst give;  
 Me, weary'd with my day's hard course they feign  
 To reach each night in the Heliperian main.  
 Can Phœbus tire? my great Columbus! thou  
 Didst better judge, and Phœbus better know;  
 For I myself did then thy thoughts incline,  
 Inspir'd thy skill, and urg'd thy bold design.  
 Herculean limits could not thee contain,  
 Nor terror of an unexperienc'd main,  
 Nor Nature's awful darkness could restrain.  
 Thy native world's dear sight for three months lost,  
 For three long months on the wide ocean toss'd,  
 New stars, new floods, and monsters thou didst spy,  
 Unterrify'd thyself, new gods didst terrify;  
 Thou, only thou! undaunted didst appear,  
 While thy faint comrades half expir'd with fear:  
 They urge thee to return, and threaten high,  
 When, Guanahan! thy watch-light they descry,  
 Thy flaming beacon from afar they spy;

¶ Columbus.

Whose happy light to their transported eyes  
 Discloses a new world; with joyful cries  
 They hail the sign that to a golden soil  
 Unlock'd the gate. Forgetting now their toil,  
 They hug their guide, at whom they late repin'd.  
 From this small fire, and for small use design'd,  
 How great a light was open'd to mankind!  
 How easily did courage find the way,  
 By this approach, to seize the golden prey,  
 That in a secret world's dark entrail lay!  
 For Courage what attempt can be too bold?  
 Or rather, what for thirst of pow'r and gold?  
 While to the shore the Spanish navy drew,  
 The Indian natives with amazement view  
 Those floating palaces, which fondly they  
 Mistook for living monsters of the sea;  
 Wing'd whales—nor at the Spaniards less admire,  
 A race of men with beards, and strange attire,  
 Whose iron dress their native skin they deem'd;  
 The horseman mounted on his courser, seem'd  
 To them a Centaur of prodigious kind;  
 A compound monster, of two bodies join'd;  
 That could at once in sev'ral accents break,  
 Neigh with one mouth, and with the other speak,  
 But most the roaring cannon they admire,  
 Discharging sulph'rous clouds of smoke and fire;  
 Mock-thunder now they hear, mock-lightning  
 view,  
 With greater dread than e'er they did the true.  
 Ev'n thou, the Thund'rer of the Indian sky,  
 (Nor wilt thou, Varicocha! this deny)  
 Ev'n thou thyself astonish'd didst appear,  
 When mortals' louder thunder thou didst hear.  
 Strange figures, and th' unwonted face of things,  
 No less amazement to the Spaniards brings;  
 New forms of animals their sight surpris'd,  
 New plants, new fruits, new men, and deities;  
 Entirely a new nature meets their eyes:  
 But most transported with the glitt'ring mould,  
 And wealthy streams, whose sands were fraught  
 with gold, [behold.]  
 These they too much admire, with too much love  
 For these forthwith against their hosts engage  
 The treach'rous guests, in impious war and rage;  
 From these inhuman slaughter did ensue,  
 Which now I grieve to tell, as then I blush'd to  
 view.  
 By sudden force, like some demolish'd town,  
 I saw the Indian world at once o'erthrown.  
 What can this land by this dispute intend?  
 About his fruits she does in vain contend,  
 Who knows not how her entrails to defend!  
 Thy slaughters past do thou at length forget,  
 For with no small revenge thy wrongs have met,  
 And Heav'n will give thee greater comforts yet.  
 Enjoy thy fate, whose bitter part is o'er,  
 And all the sweet for thee reserv'd in store.  
 Here Phœbus his most cheerful airs employs,  
 And melts their savage hearts in promis'd joys;  
 They felt his music glide through ev'ry vein,  
 Their brawny limbs from dancing scarce refrain,  
 But fear'd to interrupt his charming strain.  
 That gold which Europe ravish'd from your  
 coast,  
 O'er Europe now a tyrant's power does boast

Already has more mischiefs brought on Spain,  
 Than from insulting Spaniards you sustain.  
 Where'er it comes, all laws are straight dissolv'd,  
 In gen'ral ruin all things are involv'd :  
 No land can breed a more destructive pest,  
 Grieve not that of your bane you're dispossest'd ;  
 Call in more Spaniards to remove the rest :  
 The fatal Helen drive from your abodes,  
 Th' Erinnyes that 'as set both worlds at odds.  
 Fire, sword, and slaughter, on her footsteps wait ;  
 Whole empires she betrays to utmost Fate.

Mean-while these benefits of life you reap,  
 Consider, and you'll find th' exchange was cheap.  
 Your former salvage customs are remov'd,  
 The manners of your men and gods improv'd ;  
 With human flesh no more they shall be fed,  
 Whether dire famine first that practice bred,  
 Or more detested luxury---

Not long shalt thou, Vitzilipuil ! feed  
 On bloody feasts, or smoke thy Indian weed ;  
 Ere long (like us) with pure ambrosial fare  
 Thou shalt be pleas'd, and taste celestial air.

To live by wholesome laws, you now begin  
 Buildings to raise, and fence your cities in ;  
 To plough the earth, to plough the very main,  
 And traffic with the universe maintain :  
 Defensive arms, and ornaments of dress,  
 All implements of life, you now possess ;  
 To you the arts of war and peace are known,  
 And whole Minerva is become your own.

Our Muses, to your fires an unknown band,  
 Already have got footing in your land,  
 And like the soil-----  
 Incas already have historians been,  
 And Inca poets shall ere long be seen.  
 But (if I fail not in my augury,  
 And who can better judge events than I ?)  
 Long rolling years shall late bring on the times  
 When, with your gold debauch'd, and ripen'd  
 crimes,

Europe (the world's most noble part) shall fall ;  
 Upon her banish'd gods and virtue call  
 In vain, while foreign and domestic war  
 At once shall her distracted bosom tear ;  
 Forlorn, and to be pity'd even by you---  
 Mean-while your rising glory you shall view ;  
 Wit, Learning, Virtue, Discipline of War,  
 Shall for protection to your world repair,  
 And fix a long illustrious empire there.  
 Your native gold (I would not have it so,  
 But fear th' event) in time will follow too :  
 O ! should that fatal prize return once more,  
 'Twill hurt your country, as it did before.

Late Destiny shall high exalt your reign,  
 Whose pomp no crowds of slaves, a needless train,  
 Nor gold (the rabble's idol) shall support,  
 Like Motezum's, or Guanapaci's court ;  
 But such true grandeur as old Rome maintain'd,  
 Where Fortune was a slave, and Virtue reign'd.

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# O F P L A N T S.

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## BOOK VI. OF TREES.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. A. BEHN.

### *Sylva.*

CEASE, O my Muse! the soft delights to sing  
Of Flow'ry Gardens in their fragrant spring,  
And trace the rougher paths of obscure woods,  
All gloom aloft, beneath o'ergrown with shrubs;  
Where Phœbus, once thy guide, can dart no ray  
To inspire thy sight, and make the scene look gay.

Courage, my Huntress! let us range the glades,  
And search the inmost grottos of the shades;  
Ev'n to the lone recesses let us pass,  
Where the green goddess rests on beds of moss;  
Let loose my fancy, swift of foot, to trace,  
With a sagacious scent, the noble chase,  
And with a joyful cry pursue the prey;  
'Tis hidden Nature we must rouse to-day.  
Set all your gins, let ev'ry toil be plac'd,  
Thro' all her tracks let flying Truth be chac'd,  
And seize her panting with her eager haste.  
Nor yet disdain, my Muse! in groves to range,  
Or humbler woods for nobler orchards change.

Here deities of old have made abode,  
And once secur'd great Charles, our earthly god.  
The royal youth, born to outbrave his fate,  
Within a neighb'ring Oak maintain'd his state:  
The faithful boughs in kind allegiance spread  
Their shel'ring branches round his awful head,  
Twin'd their rough arms, and thicken'd all the  
shade.

To thee, belov'd of Heav'n! to thee we sing  
Of sacred groves, blooming perpetual spring:  
May'st thou be to my rural verse and me  
A present and assisting deity:  
Disdain not in this leafy court to dwell,  
Who its lov'd Monarch did secure so well.  
Th' eternal oak, now consecrate to thee,  
No more thy refuge, but thy throne, shall be.  
We'll place the conqu'ror, now, and crown thy  
brows

With garlands made of its young gayest boughs,  
While from our oaten pipes the world shall know  
How much they to this sacred shelter owe.

And you, the soft inhabitants of the groves!  
You Woodnymphs! Hamadryades, and Loves!  
Satyrs and Fauns! who in these arbours play,  
Permit my song, and give my Muse her way:  
She tells of ancient woods the wondrous things,  
Of groves, long veil'd in sacred darkness, sings,  
And a new light into your gloom she brings.  
Let it be lawful for me to unfold  
Divine decrees that never yet were told;  
The harangues of the wood-gods to rehearse,  
And sing of flow'ry senates in my verse:  
Voices unknown to man he now shall hear,  
Who, always ignorant of what they were,  
Have pass'd 'em by with a regardless ear;  
Thought 'em the murmurings of the rustled trees,  
That mov'd and wanton'd with the sporting breeze.  
But Daphne knew the mysteries of the wood,  
And made discoveries to her am'rous god;  
Apollo ne inform'd, and did inspire  
My soul with his divine prophetic fire;  
And I, the priest of Plants, their sense expound;  
Hear. O ye Worlds! and listen all around.

'Twas now when Royal Charles, that Prince of  
Peace,

(That pious offspring of the olive race)  
Sway'd England's sceptre with a godlike hand,  
Scattering soft ease and plenty o'er the land;  
Happy 'bove all the neighb'ring kings, while yet  
Unruffled by the rudest storms of Fate;  
More fortunate the people, till their pride  
Disdain'd obedience to the sov'reign guide,  
And to a base plebeian Senate gave  
The arbitrary privilege to enslave;  
Who through a sea of noblest blood did wade,  
To tear the diadem from the sacred head.  
Now above envy, far above the clouds,  
The Martyr sits, triumphing with the gods.  
While Peace before did o'er the ocean fly,  
On our bless'd shore to find security,  
In British groves she built her downy nest,  
No other climate could afford her rest;

But warring winds o'er wretched Europe range,  
Threat'ning destruction, universal change :  
The raging tempest tore the aged woods,  
Shook the vast earth, and troubled all the floods.  
Nor did the fruitful goddess brood in vain,  
But here in safety hatch'd her golden train :  
Justice and Faith one cornucopia fill,  
Of useful med'cines known to many an ill.

Such was the Golden Age in Saturn's sway ;  
Easy and innocent it pass'd away ;  
But too much lux'ry and good fortune cloy,  
And virtues she should cherish she destroys.  
What we most wish, what we most toil to gain,  
Enjoyment palls, and turns the bliss to pain.  
Possession makes us shift our happiness  
From peaceful wives to noisy mistresses.  
The repetition makes the pleasure dull ;  
'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.  
O notion false ! O appetite deprav'd !  
That has the nobler part of man enslav'd :  
Man ! born to reason, dees that safety quit,  
To split upon the dang'rous rock of wit.  
Physicians say there's no such danger near  
As when, though no signs manifest appear,  
Self-tir'd, and dull, man knows not what he ails,  
And, without toil, his strength and vigour fails.

Such was the state of England, sick with ease,  
Too happy, if she knew her happiness.  
Their crime no ign'rance for excuse can plead,  
That wretched refuge for ingratitude.  
'Twas then that from the pitying gods there  
came

A kind admonishing anger to reclaim,  
In dreadful prodigies ¶ ; but, alas ! in vain.  
So rapid thunderbolts, before the flame,  
Fly the consuming vengeance to proclaim.  
I, then a boy, arriv'd to my tenth year,  
And still those horrid images I bear ;  
The mournful signs are present to my eyes :  
I saw o'er all the region of the skies  
The history of our approaching wars,  
Writ in the heav'n's in wondrous characters :  
The vaulted firmament with lightning burns,  
And all the clouds were kindled into storms,  
And form'd an image of th' infernal hell ;  
(I shake with the portentous things I tell)  
Like sulph'rous waves the horrid flames did roll,  
Whose raging tides were hurl'd from pole to pole ;  
Then suddenly the bursting clouds divide,  
A fire like burning mounts on either side,  
Discovering (to th' astonish'd world) within  
At once a dreadful and a beauteous scene :  
Two mighty armies clad in battle-array,  
Ready by combat to dispute the day ;  
Their waving plumes and glitt'ring armour shone,  
Mov'd by the winds, and gilded by the sun :  
So well in order seem'd each fearless rank,  
As they'd been marshall'd by our hero Monk ;  
Monk ! born for mighty things and great command,  
The glorious pillar of our falling land :  
Perhaps his Genius on the royal side  
One of those heav'nly figures did describe,

¶ This relation of prodigies Mr. Cowley assures to be true. "Ve-  
rum esse in me recipio," in the margin of the original.

Here pointed out to us his noble force,  
And form'd him conqueror on a flaming horse.  
We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,  
The signal giv'n by drum and trumpet sound ;  
We saw the fire-wing'd horses fiercely meet,  
And with their fatal spears each other greet :  
Here shining brandish'd pikes like lightning shook,  
While from ethereal guns true thunder broke :  
With gloomy mists they involv'd the plains of  
heav'n,

And to the cloud-begotten men was given  
A memorable fate——  
By the dire splendour which their arms display'd,  
And dreadful lightning that from cannons play'd,  
We saw extended o'er the aerial plain  
The wounded bodies of the numerous slain,  
(Their faces fierce with anger understood)  
Turning the sky red with their gushing blood :  
At last that army we the just esteem'd,  
And which adorn'd by noblest figures seem'd  
Of arms and men, alas ! was put to flight ;  
The rest was veil'd in the deep shades of night,  
And fates to come secur'd from human sight.

But stupid England, touch'd with no remorse,  
Beholds these prodigies as things of course :  
(With many more, which to the just appear'd  
As ominous presages) then who fear'd  
The monsters of the Caledonian woods,  
Or the hid ferments of schismatic crowds ?  
Nor had the impious Cromwell then a name,  
For England's ruin, and for England's shame :  
Nor were the gods pleas'd only to exhort  
By signs the restive City and the Court :  
Th' impending fates o'er all the thickets reign'd,  
And ruin to the English wood proclaim'd.  
We saw the sturdy Oaks of monstrous growth,  
Whose spreading roots, fix'd in their native earth,  
Where for a thousand years in peace they grew,  
Torn from the soil, though none but Zeph'rus  
blew.

But who such violent outrages could find  
To be th' effects of the soft Western wind ?  
The Dryads saw the right-hand of the gods  
O'erturn the noblest shelters of the woods ;  
Others their arms with baneful leaves were clad,  
That new unusual forms and colours had,  
Whence now no aromatic moisture flows,  
Or noble Mistletoe enrich the boughs ;  
But, bow'd with galls, within those boding hulls  
Lurk'd flies, diviners of ensuing ills,  
Whose fatal buzz did future slaughters threat,  
And confus'd murmurs full of dread repeat.  
When no rude winds disturb'd the ambient air,  
The Trees, as weary of repose, made war ;  
With horrid noise grappling their knotty arms,  
Like meeting tides they ruffle into storms :  
But when the winds to rattling tempests rise,  
Instead of warring Trees, we heard the cries  
Of warring men, whose dying groans around  
The woods and mournful echoes did resound.

The dismal shade with birds obscene were fill'd,  
Which, spite of Phœbus, he himself beheld.  
On the wild Ashes' tops, the bats and owls,  
With all night ominous and baneful fowls,

Sat brooding, while the screeches of these droves  
 Profan'd and violated all the groves.  
 If ought that poets do relate be true,  
 The strange Spinturnix (1) led the feather'd crew:  
 Of all the monsters of the earth and air,  
 Spinturnix bears the cruellest character.  
 The barbarous bird, to mortal eyes unknown,  
 Is seen but by the goddesses alone:  
 And then they tremble; for she always bodes  
 Some fatal discord ev'n among the gods.  
 But that which gave more wonder than the rest,  
 Within an Ash a serpent built her nest (2),  
 And laid her eggs, when once to come beneath  
 The very shadow of an Ash was death;  
 Rather, if chance should force, she through the fire,  
 From its fall'n leaves, so baneful, would retire.  
 But none of all the sylvan prodigies  
 Did more surprize the rural deities,  
 Than when the lightning did the Laurel blast;  
 The lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:  
 The Laurel! which by Jove's divine decree,  
 Since ancient time from injuring tempests free,  
 No angry threats from the celestial powers  
 Could make her fear the ruin of her bowers;  
 But always she enjoy'd a certain fate,  
 Which she could ne'er secure the victor yet.  
 In vain these signs and monsters were not sent  
 From angry Heav'n; the wife knew what they  
 meant:

Their coming by conjectures understood,  
 As did the Dryads of the British wood.  
 There is an ancient forest (3) known to Fanie,  
 On this side sep'rate from the Cambrian plain  
 By wand'ring Wye, whose winding current glides,  
 And murmur'ing leaves behind its flow'ry sides;  
 On that 'tis wash'd by nobler Severn's streams,  
 Whose beauties scarce will yield to famous Thames:  
 Of yore 'twas Arden call'd, but that great name,  
 As like herself, diminish'd into Dean:  
 The curst weapons of destructive war  
 In all their cruelties have made her share;  
 The iron has its noblest shades destroy'd,  
 Then to melt iron is its wood employ'd;  
 And so unhappy 'tis, as it presents  
 Of its own death the fatal instruments;  
 With industry its ruin to improve,  
 Bears minerals below, and trees above.  
 Oh, Poverty! thou happiness extreme,  
 (When no afflicting want can intervene)  
 And, oh! thou subtle treasure of the earth,  
 From whence all rapes and mischief take their birth.  
 And you, triumphing Woods! secur'd from spoil,  
 By the safe blessing of your barren soil,  
 Here, unconsum'd, how small a part remains  
 Of that rich store that once adorn'd the plains!  
 Yet that small part that has escap'd the ire  
 Of lawless steel, and avaricious fire,  
 By many nymphs and deities possess'd,  
 Of all the British shades continues still the best.  
 Here the long reverend Dryas (who had been  
 Of all those shady verdant regions queen,

(1) What this bird truly was is not known, but it was much  
 dreaded by the Auspices. Plin. Servius, &c.

(2) For the truth hereof take Phay's word, l. 16, 17.

(3) The Forest of Dean.

To which by conquest she had forc'd the sea  
 His constant tributary waves to pay)  
 Proclaim'd a gen'ral council through her court,  
 To which the sylvan nymphs should all resort.

All the wood-goddesses do straight appear,  
 At least who could the British climate bear,  
 And on a soft ascent of rising ground,  
 Their queen, their charming Dryas! they surround,  
 Who, all adorn'd, was in the middle plac'd,  
 And by a thousand awful beauties grac'd.

These goddesses alike were dress'd in green,  
 The ornaments and liv'ries of their queen.  
 Had travellers at any distance view'd  
 The beauteous order of this stately crowd,  
 They would not guess they 'ad been divinities,  
 But groves all sacred to the deities.  
 Such was the image of this leafy scene,  
 On one side water'd by a cooling stream,  
 Upon whose brink the Poplar took her place,  
 The Poplar! whom Alcides once did grace,  
 Whose double colour'd shadow'd leaves express  
 The labours of our Hero Hercules,  
 Whose upper sides are black, the under white,  
 To represent his toil and his delight.

The Phaetonian Alder next took place,  
 Still sensible of the burnt youth's disgrace;  
 She loves the purling streams, and often laves  
 Beneath the floods, and wantons with the waves.

Close by her side the pensive Willows join'd,  
 Chaste sisters all, to lovers most unkind,  
 Oleficarpian\* call'd, in youth severe,  
 Before the winter-age had snow'd their hair;  
 In rivers take delight, whose chilling streams  
 Mix'd with the native coldness of their veins,  
 Like salamanders can all heat remove,  
 And quite extinguish the quick fire of love:  
 Firm lasting bonds they yield to all beside,  
 But take delight the lovers to divide.

The Elders next, who, though they waters love,  
 The same from human bodies yet remove,  
 And quite disperse the humid moisture thence,  
 And parsley with the dropsy in this sense:  
 "Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood!  
 "This soil belongs to rivulets of blood.  
 "Why do you men torment, when many a shade,  
 "And honest Trees and Plants do want your aid?  
 "Begone, from human bodies quick begone,  
 "And back into your native channels run  
 "By every pore, by all the ways you can."  
 The moisture, frighten'd, flies at the command,  
 And awful terror of her pow'ful wand.

The hospitable Birch does next appear,  
 Joyful and gay in hot or frigid air;  
 Flowing her hair, her garments soft and white,  
 And yet in cruelty she takes delight;  
 No wild inhabitant o' th' woods can be  
 So quick in wrath, and in revenge, as she;  
 In houses great authority assumes,  
 And is the sole punisher of petty crimes;  
 But most of all her malice she employs  
 In schools, to terrify and awe young boys:  
 If she chastise, 'tis for the patient's good,  
 Though oft' she blushes with her tender blood.

\* That is, a tribe which early drops its seed; or which is an enemy to venery.

Not so the gen'rous Maples; they present  
Whate'er the city lux'ry can invent,  
Who with industrious management and pains  
Divide the labyrinth of their curious grains,  
And many necessary things produce,  
That serve at once for ornament and use.

But thou, O Pteleas! (1) to the swain allows  
Shades to his cattle, timber for his ploughs;  
Ennobled thou above the leafy race,  
In that an amorous god (2) does thee embrace.

Next thee the Oxias, (3) of herself a grove,  
Whose wide-spread shade the flocks and shepherds  
Whether thy murmurs do to sleep invite, [love;  
Or thy soft noise inspire the rural pipe,  
Alike thou'rt grateful, and canst always charm,  
In summer cooling, and in winter warm:

Tityrus, of yore, the nymph with garlands hung,  
And all his love-lays in her shadow sung.  
When first the infant-world her reign began,  
E'er pride and lux'ry had corrupted man,  
Before for gold the earth they did invade,  
The useful household-stuff of Beech was made;  
No other plate the humble sideboard dress'd,  
No other bowls adorn'd the wholesome feast,  
Which no voluptuous cookery could boast,  
The homebred kid or lamb was all the cost;  
The mirth, the innocence, and little care,  
Surpass'd the loaded boards of high-priz'd fare;  
There came no guest for int'rest or design,  
For guilty love, fine eating, or rich wine:  
The Beechen bowl without debauch went round,  
And was with harmless mirth and roses crown'd:  
In these—the Ancients in their happy state  
Their feasts and banquets us'd to celebrate:  
Fill'd to the brim with uncorrupted wine,  
They made libations to the powers divine,  
To keep 'em still benign; no sacrifice  
They need perform the angry gods t' appease;  
They knew no crimes the deities t' offend,  
But all their care was still to keep 'em kind:  
No poison ever did those bowls infect,  
Securley here the shepherd quench'd his thirst;  
'Twas not that any virtue in the wood  
Against the baneful liquor was thought good,  
But poverty and innocence were here  
The antidotes against all ills and fear.

Such was the Ash, the nymph was Melias nam'd,  
For peaceful use and lib'ral virtues fam'd;  
But when Achilles' spear was of her wood  
Fataly form'd, and drank of Hector's blood,  
O wretched glory! O unhappy power!  
She loves the rain and neighb'ring floods no more;  
No more the falling showers delight her now;  
She only thirsts to drink of bloody dew.

Philyra, (4) not inferior to her race,  
For her bel-taille, good mien, and handsome grace,  
For pious use and noblest studies fit,  
Minerva here might exercise her wit,  
And on the lasting vellum which she brings,  
May in small volumes write seraphic things;  
'Mongst all the nymphs and hymarades,  
None are so fair and so adorn'd as this:

All soft her body, innocent, and white,  
In her green flowing hair she takes delight;  
Proud of her perfum'd blossoms, far she spreads  
Her lovely, charming, odoriferous, shades:  
Her native beauties even excelling art,  
Her virtues many med'cines still impart;  
The dowry of each Plant in her does rest,  
And she deserv'dly triumphs o'er the best.

Next her Orcimelis and Achras [5] stood,  
Whose offspring is a sharp and rigid brood;  
A fruit no season e'er could work upon,  
Not to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening sun.

Hither the fair amphibious nymphs resort,  
Who both in woods and gardens keep their court;  
The Ovas, [6] but of no ignoble fame,  
Although she bears a base and servile name;  
Sharp Oxyacantha [7] next the Mulberry stood,  
The Mulberry dy'd in hapless lovers' [8] blood.

Craneia [9], a nymph too lean to be admir'd,  
But hard-gain'd Carya [1] is by all desir'd;  
The pretty Corylus, [2] so neat and trim,  
And Castanis, with rough and grateful skin.  
These nymphs, of all their race, live rich and }  
They taste the city golden luxury, [high, }  
And woods their country villas do supply.

Nor was the Hawthorn absent from this place,  
All soils are native to her harden'd race;  
Through her the fields and gardens do reject,  
She with a thorny hedge does both protect:  
Helvetia [3], rough with cold and stones, first bred }  
The nymph, who thence to other climates fled; }  
Of her a warlike sturdy race was born,  
Whose dress, nor court, nor city, can adorn,  
But with a faithful hand they both defend,  
While they upon no garrison depend;  
No shew, or noisy grandeur, they affect,  
But to their trust they're constant and exact:  
Should you behold 'em rang'd in battle-array, }  
All muster'd in due order, you would say }  
That no Militia were so fine and gay.  
Let the Ancients rashly then reproach,  
Who cut from hence thy hymeneal torch, [beasts,  
Since they such safeguard were 'gainst thieves and  
Which with an equal force their charge molests;  
And 'twas commanded they should always bear  
Their watchful twigs before the married pair.

With the Helvetian nymph a pretty train,  
All her companions to the circle came;  
The fruitful Ballace first, whose offspring are,  
Though harsh and sharp, yet moderately fair.  
The prickly Bramble, neat and lovely Rose,  
So nice and coy, they never will dispose  
Their valu'd favours, but some wounds they give  
To those who will their guarded joys receive.

No less a troop of those gay nymphs were seen,  
Who nobly flourish in eternal green;  
Unsubjected to the laws o' th' changing year,  
They want no aids of kindly beams or air;  
But happy in their own peculiar spring, [sing.  
While the pole weeps in showers, they laugh at  
The generous Pyxias [4], who a conquest gains  
O'er armed Winter, with her hosts of rains,

(1) The Elm.  
(2) The Beech,

(3) Bacchus; or, the Vine.  
(4) The Lime Tree,

[5] Service Tree [1] Walnuts  
[6] Wood Pear and Crab Apple [2] Small nuts  
[7] Barberry [3] Switzerland  
[8] Pyramus and Thisbe [4] The Box Tree  
[9] Cotoneaster Berry

All ages she subdues, devouring Time  
 In vain endeavours to destroy her prime;  
 Still in her youth and beauty she survives;  
 When all the spring is dead, she smiles and lives;  
 Yet though she's obstinate to time and storms,  
 She's kindly pliable to all curious forms:  
 To artful masters she obedience lends,  
 And to th' ingenious hand, with ease, she bends;  
 Into a thousand true love's knots she twines,  
 And with a verdant wall the flowers confines,  
 Still looking up with gay and youthful love  
 To th' triumphing flow'rs that reign above:  
 Or, if you please, she will advance on high,  
 And with the lofty Trees her stature vie;  
 And cheerfully will any figure take,  
 Whether man, lion, or a bird you make;  
 Or on her trunk like a green parrot shew,  
 Or sometimes like a Hercules she'll grow:  
 And hence Praxiteles fair statues forms,  
 When with green gods the gardens he adorns;  
 Nor yet, being dead, does of less use appear  
 To the industrious artificer:  
 From her the noblest figures do arise,  
 And almost are immortal deities;  
 Of her the Berecynthian pipe is made,  
 That charms its native mountain and its shade;  
 That in such tuneful harmonies expresses  
 The praises of their goddesses Cybeles.  
 With this the lovely females dress their hair,  
 That not least pow'rful beauty of the fair,  
 Their noblest ornament, and th' lover's snare.  
 This into form the beauteous nets still lay,  
 That the poor heedless gazer does betray.  
 Agrias (1) is content with easier spoils,  
 Only for silly birds she pitches toils:  
 The wanton bird she stops upon the wing,  
 And can forbid the insolence of men:  
 With a defence the garden she supplies,  
 And does perpetually delight the eyes;  
 Her shining leaves a lovely green produce,  
 And serve at once for ornament and use.  
 Deform'd December, by her posy-boughs  
 All deck'd and dress'd, like joyful April shews:  
 Cold-winter days she both adorns and cheers,  
 While she her constant springing livery wears.  
 Camaris (2) who in winter give their birth,  
 Not humbly creeping on the servile earth,  
 But rear aloft their nobler fruitful heads,  
 Whose sylvan food unhappy Janus feeds;  
 His hungry appetite he here destroys,  
 And both his rav'nous mouths at once destroys.  
 Phillyrea (3) here, and Pyracantha, rise,  
 Whose beauty only gratifies the eyes  
 Of gods and men; no banquets they afford  
 But to the welcome, though unbidden, bird;  
 Here, gratefully in winter they repay [gay.  
 For all the summer-songs that made their groves so  
 Next came the melancholy Yew, who mourns  
 With silent languor at the warrior's urns.  
 See, where she comes! all in black shadow veil'd;  
 Ah! too unhappy nymph, on every side assail'd!

Whom the Greek poets and historians blame,  
 (Deceiv'd by easy Faith and common Fame)  
 Thee as a guilty poisoner they present;  
 Oh! false aspersers of the innocent!  
 If poets may find credit when they speak,  
 (At least all those who are not of the Greek)  
 No baneful poison, no malignant dew,  
 Lurks in, or hangs about, the harmless Yew;  
 No secret mischief dares the nymph invade,  
 And those are safe that sleep beneath her shade:  
 Nor thou, Arceuthis ¶! art an enemy  
 To the soft notes of charming harmony:  
 Falsely the chief of poets would persuade  
 That evil's lodg'd in thy eternal shade;  
 Thy aromatic shade, whose verdant arms  
 Ev'n thy own useful fruits secures from harms:  
 Many false crimes to thee they attribute;  
 Would no false virtues, too, they would to thee  
 impute.

But thou, Sabina ♀! my impartial Muse  
 Cannot with any honesty excuse;  
 By thee the first new sparks of life, not yet  
 Struck up to shining flame, to mature heat,  
 Sprinkled by thy moist poison fade and die;  
 Fatal Sabina! nymph of infamy.  
 For this the Cypress thee companion calls,  
 Who piously attends at funerals;  
 But thou, more barbarous, dost thy pow'r employ:  
 And even the unborn innocent destroy.  
 Like Fate destructive thou, without remorse,  
 While she the death of ev'n that ag'd deploras.

Such Cyparissus was, that bashful boy,  
 Who was belov'd by the bright god of day;  
 Of such a tender mind, so soft a breast,  
 With so compassionate a grief oppress'd,  
 For wounding his lov'd dear, that down he lay  
 And wept, and pin'd his sighing soul away;  
 Apollo pitying it renew'd his fate,  
 And to the Cypress did the boy translate,  
 And gave his hapless life a longer date:  
 Then thus decreed the god—"And thou, oh Tree!  
 "Chief mourner at all funerals shalt be;  
 "And since so small a cause such grief could give,  
 "Be it still thy talent (pitying youth!) to grieve:  
 "Sacred be thou in Pluto's dark abodes,  
 "For ever sacred to th' infernal gods!"  
 This said, well skill'd in truth, he did bequeath  
 Eternal life to the dire Tree of death,  
 A substance that no worm can e'er subdue,  
 Whose never-dying leaves each day renew,  
 Whose figures, like aspiring flames, still rise,  
 And with a noble pride salute the skies.

Next the fair nymph that Phœbus does adore,  
 But yet as nice and cold as heretofore;  
 She hates all fires, and with aversion still  
 She chides and crackles, if the flame she feel:  
 Yet though she's chaste, the burning god no less  
 Adores, and makes his love his prophets;  
 And ev'n the murmurs of her scorn do now  
 For joyful sounds and happy omens go:  
 Nor does the humble, though the sacred Tree,  
 Fear wounds from any earthly enemy;  
 For she beholds, when loudest storms abound,  
 The flying thunder of the gods around:

¶ Juniper tree,

♀ Sabina,

[1] The Holly. Hereof birdlime is made

[2] Strawberry Tree

[3] Ever-green Privet, and Prickly Coral Tree,

Let all the flaming heav'ns threat as they will,  
Unmov'd th' undaunted nymph outbraves it still.  
Oh, thou!

Of all the woody nations happiest made,  
Thou greatest princess of the fragrant shade;  
But should the goddess Dryas not allow  
That royal title to thy virtue due,  
At least her justice must this truth confess,  
If not a princess, thou'rt a prophetess;  
And all the glories of immortal fame,  
Which conqu'ring monarchs so much strive to gain,  
Is but at best from thy triumphing boughs,  
To reach a garland to adorn their brows;  
And after monarchs poets claim a share,  
As the next worthy, thy priz'd wreaths to wear:  
Among that number do not me disdain,  
Me, the most humble of that glorious train:  
I by a double right thy bounties claim †,  
Both from my sex, and in Apollo's name:  
Let me with Sappho and Orinda be,  
Oh! ever sacred Nymph! adorn'd by thee,  
And give my verses immortality.

The tall Elate next, and Peuce stood,  
The stateliest sister-nymphs of all the wood;  
The flying winds sport with their flowing hair,  
While to the dewy clouds their lofty heads they rear.

As mighty hills above the vallies shew,  
And look with scorn on the descent below,  
So do these view the mountains where they grow,  
So much above their humbler tops they rise:  
So stood the giants that besieg'd the skies,  
The terror of the gods! they having thrown  
Huge Ossa on the leafy Pelion, [stands,  
The Fir, with the proud Pine, thus threat'ning  
Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands;  
In this vast prospect they with ease survey  
The various figur'd land and boundless sea;  
With joy behold the ships their timber builds,  
How they've with cities stor'd once spacious fields.

This grove of English nymphs, this noble train,  
In a large circle compass in their queen,  
The sceptre-bearing Dryas—  
Her throne a rising hillock, where she sat  
With all the charms of majesty and state,  
With awful grace the numbers she survey'd,  
Dealing around the favours of her shade.

If I the voice of the loud winds could take,  
Which the re-echoing Oaks do agitate,  
'Twould not suffice to celebrate thy name,  
Oh! sacred Dryas! of immortal fame.  
If we a faith can give Antiquity,  
That sings of many miracles, from thee,  
In the world's infant age, mankind broke forth,  
From thee the noble race receiv'd their birth;  
Thou then in a green tender bark wast clad,  
But in Deucalion's age a rougher covert had,  
More hard and warm, with crusted white all o'er,  
As noble authors sung in times of yore;  
Approv'd by some, condemn'd and argu'd down  
By the vain troop of sophists and the gown,  
The scoffing academy, and the school  
Of Pyrho, who traditions overrule:

† The translator's in her own person speaks.

But let 'em doubt, yet they must grant this truth,  
Those brawny men that then the earth brought forth

Did on thy acorns feed, and feast and thrive,  
And with this wholesome nourishment survive,  
In health and strength an equal age with thee,  
Secur'd from all the banes of luxury.  
Oh! happy Age! oh! nymph divinely good!  
That mak'st thy shade man's house, thy fruit his  
When only apples of the wood did pass [food.  
For noble banquets, spread on beds of grass,  
Tables not yet by any art debauch'd,  
And fruit that ne'er the grudger's hand reproach'd,  
Thy bounties, Ceres! were of little use,  
And thy sweet food ill manners did produce;  
Unluckily they did thy virtues find  
With that of the wild boar and hunted hind;  
With all wild beasts on which their lux'ry prey'd,  
While new desires their appetites invade;  
The natures they partake of what they eat,  
And salvage they become, as was their meat.

Hence the republic of the world did cease;  
Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace:  
The common good was now peculiar made  
A generous int'rest now became a trade, [vade:  
And men began their neighbours' rights t' in- }  
For now they measur'd out their common ground,  
And outrages commit t' enlarge their bound:  
Their own seem'd despicable, poor, and small;  
Each wants more room, and would be lord of all:  
The ploughman with disdain his field surveys,  
Forfakes the land, and ploughs the faithless seas:  
The fool in these deep furrows seeks his gain,  
Despising dangers, and enduring pain:  
The sacred Oak her peaceful mansion leaves,  
Transplanted to the mountains of the waves.

Oh! Dryas! patron to the industrious kind,  
If man were wise, and would his safety find,  
What perfect bliss thy happy shade would give,  
And houses that their masters would outlive?  
All necessaries thou afford'st alone  
For harmless innocence to live upon;  
Strong yokes for oxen, handles for the plough:  
What husbandry requires thou dost allow;  
But if the madness of desiring gain,  
Or wild ambition agitate the brain,  
Straight to a wand'ring ship they thee transfer,  
And none more fitly serves the mariner:  
Thou cutt'st the air, dost on the waves rebound,  
Wild death and fury raging all around;  
Disdaining to behold the manag'd wood,  
Outbrave the storms, and baffle the rude flood.

To swine, O richest Oak! thy acorns leave,  
And search for man whate'er the earth can give,  
All that the spacious universe brings forth,  
What land and sea conceals of any worth;  
Bring aromatics from the distant East,  
And gold, so dangerous, from the rifted West; }  
Whate'er the boundless appetite can feast.

With thee the utmost bounds of earth w' invade;  
By thee the unlock'd orb is common made:  
By thee  
The great republic of the world revives,  
And o'er the earth luxurious traffic thrives:

If Argos' ship were valued at that rate  
Which ancient poets so much celebrate,  
From neighb'ring Colchos only bringing home  
The Golden Fleece from seas whose tracts were  
known;

If of the dangers they so much have spoke  
(More worthy smiles) of the Cyanean rock,  
What oceans then of fame shall thee suffice?  
What waves of eloquence can sing thy praise?

O sacred Oak! that great Columbus bore,  
Io! thou hearer of a happier ore  
Than celebrated Argo did before.

And Drake's brave Oak that pass'd the world's  
unknown,

Whose toils, O Phæbus! were so like thy own.  
Who round the earth's vast globe triumphant rode,  
Deserves the celebration of a god.

O let the Pegaean ship no more  
Be worship'd on the too unworthy shore;  
After her wat'ry life, let her become

A fix'd star shining equal with the Ram:  
Long since the duty of a star she's done,  
And round the earth with guiding light has shone.

Oh! how has Nature blest'd the British land,  
Who both the valu'd Indies can command!  
What though thy banks the Cedars do not grace,

Those lofty beauties of fam'd Libanus,  
The Pine, or Palm of Idumean plains,  
Arab's rich wood, or its sweet-smelling greens,

Or lovely Plantain, whose large leafy boughs  
A pleasant and a noble shade allows?

She has thy warlike groves and mountains blest'd  
With sturdy Oaks, o'er all the world the best;  
And for the happy Island's sure defence,

Has wall'd it with a moat of seas immense;  
While to declare her safety and thy pride,  
With Oaken ships that sea is fortify'd.

Nor was that adoration vainly made,  
Which to the Oak the ancient Druids paid,  
Who reasonably believ'd a god within,

Where such vast wonders were produc'd and seen:  
Nor was it the dull piety alone,  
And superstition of our Albion,

Nor ignorance of the future age, that paid  
Honours divine to thy surprising shade;  
But they foresaw the empire of the sea [Thee.

Great Charles should hold from the triumphant  
No wonder, then, that age should thee adore,  
Who gav'st our sacred oracles heretofore;

The hidden pleasure of the gods was then  
In a hoarse voice deliver'd out to men.

So vapours, from Cyrrhean caverns broke,  
Inspir'd Apollo's priestess when she spoke,  
Whilst, ravish'd, the fair enthusiastic stood

Upon her tripods, raging with the god;  
So priest inspir'd with sacred fury shook,  
When the winds ruffled the Dodonean Oak,

And toss'd their branches, till a dreadful sound  
Of awful horror they proclaim around,  
Like frantic Bacchanals, and while they move,

Possess with trembling all the sacred grove;  
Their ruffled leaves the tempests bore away,  
And their torn boughs scatter'd on all sides lay;

The tortur'd thicket knew not that there came  
A god triumphant in the hurricane,

Till the wing'd wind, with an amazing cry,  
Deliver'd down the pressing deity,  
Whose thund'ring voice strange secrets did unfold,  
And wondrous things of worlds to come he told;  
But truths so veil'd in obscure eloquence,  
They amuse the adoring crowd with double sense.

But by divine decree the Oak no more  
Declares security, as heretofore,  
With words or voice; yet to the list'ning wood  
Her differing murmurs still are understood;  
For sacred divinations, while they sound,  
Informs all but humanity around:  
Nor e'er did Dryas murmur awful truth  
More clear and plain from the prophetic mouth,  
Than when she spoke to the Chaonian wood,  
While all the groves with eager silence stood,  
And with erected leaves themselves dispose  
To listen to the language of her boughs.

"You see, O my Companions! that the gods  
Threaten a dire destruction to the woods,  
And to all humankind. The black portents  
Are seen of many sinister events;

But lest their quick approach too much should press  
(O my astonish'd Nymphs!) your tenderness,  
The gods command me to foretel your doom,  
And prepossess ye with the fate to come.

With heedful rev'rence, then, their will observe,  
And in your bark's deep chinks my words preserve.  
Believe me, Nymphs! nor is your faith in vain,  
This Oaken trunk, in which conceal'd I am,

From a long honour'd ancient lineage came,  
Who in the fam'd Dodonean grove first spoke,  
When with astonish'd awe the sacred valley shook.

Know then that Brutus, by unlucky fate  
Murd'ring his sire, bore an immortal hate  
To his own kingdom, whose ungrateful shore

He leaves with vows ne'er to revisit more;  
Then to Epirus a sad exile came,

(Unhappy son, who hast a father slain,  
But happy father of the British name.)

There, by victorious arms, he did restore  
These sceptres, once the race of Priam bore;  
In their paternal thrones his kindred plac'd,

And by that piety his fatal crime defac'd.

There Jupiter disdain'd not to relate  
Thorough an Oaken mouth his future fate;  
Who for his grandfire's (great Æneas) sake,

Upon the royal youth will pity take;  
Whose toils to his shall this resemblance bear,  
A long and tedious wand'ring to endure.

'Tis said the deity-retaining Oak,  
Bursting her bark, thus to the hero spoke.  
Whose voice the nymphs surpris'd with awful

Who in Chaonian groves inhabited: [dread,  
'Oh! noble Trojan! of great Sylvia's blood,  
'Haste from the covert of this threat'ning wood;

'A mansion here the fates will not permit,  
'Vast toils and dangers thou'rt to conquer yet,  
'E'er for a murder'd father thou canst be

'Absolv'd, though innocently slain by thee,  
'But much must bear by land, and much by sea.  
'Then arm thy solid mind, thy virtues raise,

'And thro' thy rough adventures cut new ways.  
'Whose end shall crown thee with immortal bays.

‘ Though Hercules so great a fame achiev’d,  
 ‘ His conquests but to th’ western Coles arriv’d;  
 ‘ There finish’d all his glories and his toils,  
 ‘ He wish’d no more, nor sought more distant  
 spoils:

‘ But the great labours which thou hast begun,  
 ‘ Must, fearless of the ocean’s threats go on:  
 ‘ And this remember, at thy launching forth,  
 ‘ To set thy full-spread sails against the North:  
 ‘ In Charles’s Wain thy fates are born above,  
 ‘ Bright stars, descended from thy grandfire Jove,  
 ‘ Of motion certain, though they slowly move.  
 ‘ The Bear, too, shall assist thee in thy course  
 ‘ With all her constellations glittering force;  
 ‘ And as thou goest, thy right-hand shall destroy  
 ‘ Twice six Gom’ritish tyrants in thy way.  
 ‘ Though exil’d from the world, disdain all fear;  
 ‘ The gods another world for thee prepare,  
 ‘ Which in the bosom of the deep conceal’d  
 ‘ From ages past, shall be to thee reveal’d;  
 ‘ Reserv’d, O Brutus! to renown thy fame,  
 ‘ And shall be bless’d still with thy race and name.  
 ‘ All that the air surrounds the Fates decree  
 ‘ To Brutus’ and Æneas’ progeny,  
 ‘ Æneas all the land, and Brutus all the sea.’

This said, the god from the prophetic Oak,  
 Who, stretching out her branches, farther spoke:  
 ‘ Here, fill thy hands with acorns from my Tree,  
 ‘ Which in thy tedious toils of use shall be,  
 ‘ And witnesses of all I promise thee;  
 ‘ And when thy painful wand’ring shall be o’er,  
 ‘ And thou arriv’d on happy Britain’s shore,  
 ‘ Then in her fruitful soil these acorns sow,  
 ‘ Which to vast woods of mighty use shall grow:  
 ‘ Not their Chaonian mother’s sacred name  
 ‘ Shall o’er the world be sung with greater fame,  
 ‘ Then holy Druids thou shalt consecrate,  
 ‘ My honour and my rites to celebrate:  
 ‘ Teutates in the sacred Oak shall grow,  
 ‘ To give bless’d omens to the Mistletoe.’

Thus spake the Oak——with rev’rend awe  
 And in no one prediction was deceiv’d. [believ’d,

My Lineage from Chaonian acorns came,  
 I two descents from that first parent am,  
 And now oraculous truths to you proclaim,  
 My grandame Oak her blooming beauties wore,  
 When first the Danish fleet surpris’d our shore;  
 When Thor and Tuisco, and the Saxon gods,  
 Were angry with their once-belov’d abodes,  
 Her age two hundred years, a small account  
 To what our longliv’d numbers do amount:  
 Such prodigies then she saw as we behold,  
 And such our ruins as their signs foretold.  
 Now from the Caledonian mountains came  
 New-risen clouds that cover’d all the plain;  
 The quiet Tweed regards her bounds no more,  
 But, driv’n by popular winds, usurps the shore;  
 In her wild course a horrid murmur yields,  
 And frightens with her sound the English fields.  
 Nor did they hear in vain, or vainly fear  
 Those raging prologues to approaching war;  
 But silver show’rs did soon the foe subdue,  
 Weapons the noble English never knew:  
 The people, who for peace so lavish were,  
 Did after buy the merchandise more dear.

Curs’d Civil war ev’n Peace betray’d to guilt,  
 And made her blush with the first blood was spilt,  
 O cruel omens of those future woes,  
 Which now sat brooding in the Senate-house!  
 That den of mischief, where obscur’d she lies,  
 And hides her purple face from human eyes,  
 The working furies there lay unreveal’d,  
 Beneath the privilege of the house conceal’d;  
 There, by the malice of the great and proud,  
 And unjust clamours of the frantic crowd,  
 The great, the learned, Strafford met his fate;  
 O sacred Innocence! what can expiate  
 For guiltless blood but blood? and much must flow  
 Both from the guilty and the faultless too.  
 O Worcester! condemn’d by Fate to be  
 The mournful witness of our misery,  
 And to bewail our first intestine wars  
 By thy soft Severn’s murmurs and her tears;  
 Wars that more formidable did appear  
 Ev’n at their end than their beginnings were.

Me to Kintonian hills § some god convey,  
 That I the horrid valley may survey,  
 Which like a river seem’d of human blood,  
 Swell’d with the num’rous bodies of the dead.  
 What slaughters makes fierce Rupert round the field,  
 Whose conquests pious Charles with sighs beheld?  
 And had not Fate the course of things forbade,  
 This day an end of all our woes had made.

But our success the angry gods controul,  
 And stopp’d our race of glory near the goal,  
 Where’er the British empire did extend,  
 The tyrant War with barb’rous rigour reign’d;  
 From the remotest parts it riss’d Peace,  
 From the Belerian Horn ¶ ev’n to the Orcaes.  
 The fields oppress’d, no joyful harvests bear,  
 War ruin’d all the product of the year;  
 Unhappy Albion! by what fury stung?  
 What serpent of Eumenides has stung  
 His poison through thy veins? thou bleed’st all o’er,  
 Art all one wound, one universal gore.  
 Unhappy Newberry! (I thy fatal field,  
 Cover’d with mighty slaughters, thrice beheld,)  
 In horrors you Philippi’s fields outvy’d,  
 Which twice the civil gore of Romans dy’d.  
 Long mutual loss, and the alternate weight  
 Of equal slaughters, pois’d each others’ fate:  
 Uncertain ruin waver’d to and fro,  
 And knew not where to fix the deadly blow;  
 At last in northern fields like lightning broke,  
 And Naseby doubled ev’ry fatal stroke.  
 But, O ye Gods! permit me not to tell  
 The woes that after this the land besel;  
 O keep ’em to yourselves, lest they should make  
 Humanity your rites and shrines forsake:  
 To future ages let ’em not be known,  
 For wretched England’s credit and your own.

And take from me, ye Gods! futurity,  
 And let my oracles all silent lie,  
 Rather than by my voice they should declare  
 The dire events of England’s Civil war.  
 And yet my sight a confus’d prospect fills,  
 A chaos all deform’d, a heap of ills,  
 Such as no mortal eyes could e’er behold,  
 Such as no human language can unfold.

§ Kinton-fields, Edge-hill.

But now

The conqu'ring evil Genius of the wars,  
The impious victor, all before him bears;  
And Oh,---behold the sacred vanquish'd flies,  
And though in a Plebeian's mean disguise,  
I know his godlike face; the monarch, sure,  
Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal hour.  
But, O! he flies! distress'd, forlorn, he flies!  
And seeks his safety 'mong his enemies:  
His kingdoms all he finds hostile to be,  
No place to the vanquish'd proves a sanctu'ry.  
Thus Royal Charles

From his own people could no safety gain;  
Alas! the King (their guest) implores in vain.  
The pilot thus the burning vessel leaves,  
And trusts what most he fears, the threat'ning  
But, O! the cruel flood, with rude disdain, [waves;  
'Throws him all struggling to the flames again.  
So did the Scots; alas! what should they do?  
'That prize of war (the soldiers' int'rest now)  
By pray'rs and threat'nings back they strive to  
bring,

But the wise Scot will yield to no such thing,  
And England, to retrieve him, buys her King.  
O, shame to future worlds! who did command,  
As pow'rful lord of all the sea and land,  
Is now a captive slave expos'd to sale,  
And Villainy o'er Virtue must prevail.  
The servant his bought master bears away,  
O, shameful purchase of so glorious prey!  
But yet, O Scotland! far it be from me  
'To charge thee wholly with this infamy;  
Thy nation's virtues shall reverse that fate,  
And for the criminal few shall expiate;  
Yet for these few the inn'cent rest must feel  
The dire effects of the avenging steel.

But now, by laws to God and man unknown,  
Their sov'reign, God's anointed, they dethrone,  
Who to the Isle of Wight is pris'ner sent:  
What tongue, what cruel hearts, do not lament?  
'That thee, O Scotland! with just anger moves,  
And Kent, who valued liberty so loves;  
And thee, O Wales! of still as noble fame,  
As were the ancient Britons whence ye came.  
But why should I distinctly here relate  
All I behold, the many battles fought  
Under the conduct still of angry stars, [scars;  
Their new-made wounds, and old ones turn'd to  
The blood that did the trembling Ribba dye,  
Stopping its frighted stream, that strove to fly?  
Or thou, O Medway! swell'd with slaughters, borne  
Above the flow'ry banks that did thee once adorn:  
Or why, O Colchester! should I rehearse  
Thy brave united courage and thy force,  
Or deaths of those illustrious men relate,  
Who did, with thee, deserve a kinder fate?  
Or why the miserable murders tell  
Of captives who, by cooler malice, fell?  
Nor to your griefs will the addition bring  
The sad ideas of a martyr'd King;  
A King who all the wounds of Fortune bore,  
Nor will his mournful funerals deplore,  
Lest that celestial piety (of fame  
O'er all the world) should my sad accents blame:

Since death he still esteem'd, howe'er 'twas giv'n,  
The greatest good and noblest gift of Heav'n.  
But I deplore man's wretched wickedness,  
(O horrid to be heard, or to express)  
Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment  
With her eternal pains and punishment.

But, oh! what do I see? alas! they bring  
Their sacred master forth, their godlike King;  
There on a scaffold, rais'd in solemn state,  
And plac'd before the royal palace gate,  
'Midst of his empire the black deed was done,  
While day, and all the world were looking on,  
By common hangman's hands."—Here stopp'd the  
Oak,

When from the bottom of its root there broke  
A thousand sighs, which to the sky she lifts,  
Bursting her solid bark into a thousand clefts;  
Each branch her tributary sorrow gives,  
And tears run trickling from her mournful leaves;  
Such numbers after rainy nights they shed,  
When show'ring clouds, that did surround her head,  
Are, by the rising goddess of the morn,  
Blown off, and fly before th' approaching sun;  
At which the troop of the green nymphs'around,  
Echoing her sighs, in wailing accents groan'd,  
Whose piercing sounds from far were understood,  
And the loud tempest shook the wond'ring wood;  
And then a dismal silence did succeed,  
As in the gloomy mansions of the dead:  
But after a long awful interval  
Dryas assum'd her sad prophetic tale.

"Now Britanny, o'erwhelm'd with many a wound,  
Her head lopt off, in her own blood lies drown'd;  
A horrid carcass, without mind or soul:  
A trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul.  
And now who would have hop'd their should have  
After so much of death, a quiet scene? [been  
Or rather, with their monarch's funeral,  
Eternal sleep should not have seiz'd them all?  
But nothing less; for in the room of one,  
Who govern'd justly on his peaceful throne,  
A thousand heads sprang up, deform'd and base,  
With a tumultuous and ignoble race.

The vile, the vulgar offspring of the earth;  
Insects of pois'nous kinds, of monstrous birth,  
And rav'nous serpents, now the land infest,  
And Cromwell! viler yet than all the rest.  
'That serpent ev'n upon the marrow preys,  
Devouring kingdoms with insatiate jaws.  
Now right and wrong (mere words) confounded  
Rage sets no bounds to her impiety; [lie;  
And having once transgress'd the rules of shame,  
Honour or justice counts an empty name.  
In ev'ry street, as pastime for the crowd,  
Erected scaffolds reek'd with noble blood;  
Prisons were now th' apartments of the brave,  
Whom Tyranny commits, and only deaths re-  
trieve;

Whose paths were crowded ere the morning-dawn,  
Some to the dungeon, some to gibbets drawn.  
But tir'd out Cruelty pauses for a while,  
To take new breath amidst her barbarous toil.  
So does not avarice, she unwearied still,  
Ne'er stops her greedy hand from doing ill.

The warrior may a while his spear forsake,  
 But sequestrators will no respite take.  
 What a long race of kings laid up with care,  
 The gifts of happy Peace, and spoils of War;  
 Whatever lib'ral Piety did present,  
 Or the religion (all magnificent)  
 Of our forefathers to the church had giv'n,  
 And consecrated to the pow'rs of heav'n,  
 Altars, or whatsoe'er could guilty be  
 Of tempting wealth, or fatal loyalty,  
 Was not enough to satisfy the rage  
 Of a few earth-begotten tyrants of the age:  
 The impious rout thought it a trivial thing  
 To rob the houses of their God and King;  
 Their sacrilege, admitting of no bound,  
 Rejoic'd to see 'em level'd with the ground;  
 As if the nation (wicked and unjust)  
 Had ev'n in ruin found a certain lust.  
 On ev'ry side the lab'ring hammers sound,  
 And strokes from mighty hatchets do rebound;  
 On ev'ry side the groaning earth sustains  
 The pond'rous weight of stones and wond'rous  
 beams;

Fiercely they ply their work, with such a noise,  
 As if some mighty structure they would raise  
 For the proud tyrant: no, this clam'rous din  
 Is not for building, but demolishing. [see,  
 —When (my Companions) these sad things you  
 And each beholds the dead beams of her parent  
 Tree,

Long since repos'd in palaces of kings,  
 Torn down by furious hands, as uselefs things,  
 'Then know your fate is come; those hands that  
 could

From houses tear dead beams, and long-hewn  
 'Those cruel hands, by unresisted force, [wood,  
 Will for your living trunks find no remorse.

Religion, which was great of old, commands  
 No wood should be profan'd by impious hands;  
 'Those noble seminaries for the fleet,  
 Plantations that make towns and cities great;  
 'Those hopes of war and ornaments of peace,  
 Should live secure from any outrages,  
 Which now the barb'rous conq'ror would invade,  
 Tear up your roots, and rife all your shade;  
 For gain they'll sell you to the cov'tous buy'r,  
 A sacrifice to ev'ry common fire;  
 They'll spare no race of trees of any age,  
 But murder infant branches in their rage;  
 Elms, Beeches, tender Ashes, shall be fell'd,  
 And ev'n the grey and rev'rend bark must yield:  
 The soft, the murm'ring, troop shall be no more,  
 No more with music charm, as heretofore;  
 No more each little bird shall build her house,  
 And sing on her hereditary boughs,  
 But only Philomel shall celebrate,  
 In mournful notes, a new unhappy fate:  
 The banish'd Hamadryades must be gone,  
 And take their flight with sad, but silent moan;  
 For a celestial being ne'er complains,  
 Whatever be her grief, in noisy strains:  
 The wood-gods fly, and whither shall they go? }  
 Not all the British orb can scarce allow  
 A trunk secure from them to rest in now. }

But yet these wild Saturnals shall not last,  
 Oppressing Vengeance follows on too fast;  
 She shakes her brandish'd steel, and still denies  
 Length to immoderate rage and cruelties.  
 Do not despond, my Nymphs! that wicked birth  
 'Th' avenging powers will chase from off the  
 earth;

Let 'em hew down the wood, destroy and burn,  
 And all the lofty groves to ashes turn,  
 Yet still there will not want a Tree to yield  
 Timber enough old Tyburn to rebuild,  
 Where they may hang at last; and this kind one  
 Shall then revenge the woods of all their wrong.  
 In the mean time (for Fate not always shews  
 A swift compliance to our wish and vows)  
 The offspring of great Charles, forlorn and poor,  
 And exil'd from their cruel native shore,  
 Wander in foreign kingdoms, where in vain  
 They seek those aids, alas! they cannot gain;  
 For still their pressing Fate pursues 'em hard,  
 And scarce a place of refuge will afford.

O pious son of such a holy fire!  
 Who can enough thy fortitude admire?  
 How often toss'd, by storms of lands and sea,  
 Yet unconcern'd, thy fate thou didst survey,  
 And her fatigues still underwent with joy? }  
 O royal Youth! pursue thy just disdain,  
 Let Fortune and her furies frown in vain,  
 'Till, tir'd with her injustice, she give out,  
 And leaves her giddy wheel for thee to turn about,

Then that great sceptre, which no human hand  
 From the tenacious tyrant can command,  
 Scorning the bold usurper to adorn,  
 Shall, ripe and falling, to thy hand be borne.  
 But, O! he rouses now before his time!  
 Illustrious Youth! whose bravery is a crime,  
 Alas! what wilt thou do? Ah! why so fast?  
 The dice of Fate, alas! not yet are cast,  
 While thou, all fire, fearless of future harms,  
 And prodigal of life, assum'd'st thy arms,  
 And even provoking Fame, he cuts his way  
 Through hostile fleets, and a rude winter's sea:  
 But neither shall his daring course oppose;  
 Ev'n to those shores, so very late his foes,  
 And still to be suspected; but, mean while,  
 The Oliverian demons of the isle,  
 With all Hell's deities, with fury burn,  
 To see great Charles preparing to return;  
 They call up all their winds of dreadful force,  
 In vain, to stop his sacred vessel's course:  
 In vain their storms a ruin do prepare  
 For what Fate means to take peculiar care,  
 And, trembling, find great Cæsar safe at land,  
 By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortune's hand.

But, Scotland! you your king recal in vain,  
 While you your unchang'd principles retain;  
 But yet the time shall come when some small share  
 Of glory that great honour shall confer;  
 When you a conq'ring hero forth shall guide,  
 While Heav'n and all the stars are on his side,  
 Who shall the exil'd King in peace recall,  
 And England's Genius be esteem'd by all:  
 But this, not yet, my Nymphs! — But now's the  
 When the illustrious heir of Fergus' line, [time

From full a hundred kings shall mount the  
throne,  
Who now the temple enters, and at Scone,  
After the ancient manner, he receives the crown ;  
But, oh ! with no auspicious omens done ;  
The left-hand of the kingdom put it on.

But now th' insulting conqueror draws nigh,  
Disturbing the august solemnity ;  
When with revenge and indignation fir'd,  
And by a father's murder well inspir'd,  
The brave, the royal youth for war prepares ;  
O heir most worthy of thy hundred-sceptred an-  
cestors.

With thoughts all glorious now he fallies forth,  
Nor will he trust his fortune in the North,  
That corner of his realms, nor will his haste  
Lazily wait till coming winter's past ;  
He scorns that aid, nor will he hope t' oppose  
High mountains 'gainst the fury of his foes,  
Nor their surrounding force will here engage,  
Or stay the pressures of a shameful siege ;  
But boldly farther on resolves t' advance,  
And give a gen'rous loose to Fortune's chance,  
And shut from distant Tay, he does essay  
To Thames, ev'n with his death, to force his way ;  
Behind he leaves his trembling enemies  
Amaz'd at his stupendous enterprize.

And now the wish'd-for happy day appears,  
Sought for so long by Britain's pray'rs and tears ;  
The King returns, and, with a mighty hand,  
Avow'd revenger of his native land,  
And through a thousand dangers and extremes,  
Marches a conq'ror to Sabrina's streams ;  
(Ah ! would to Heav'n Sabrina had been  
Thames.)

So wish'd the King, but the persuasive force  
Of kind mistaken councils stopp'd his course.

Now, warlike England ! rouse at these alarms,  
Provide your horses, and assume your arms,  
And fall on the Usurper ; now for shame,  
If piety be not pretence and name,  
Advance the work Heav'n has so well begun ;  
Revenge the father, and restore the son ;  
No more let that old cant destructive be,  
Religion, Liberty, and Property ;  
No longer let that dear bought cheat delude,  
(O you too credulous senseless multitude !)  
Words only form'd more eas'ly to enslave,  
By every popular and pretending knave ;  
But now your bleeding land expects you should  
Be wise at the expence of so much blood :  
Rouse then ! and with awaken'd sense prepare  
To reap the glory of this holy war,  
In which your King and Heav'n have equal  
share ;

His right divine let ev'ry voice proclaim,  
And a just ardour every soul inflame ;  
But England's evil Genius, watchful still  
To ruin Virtue, and encourage ill,  
Industrious, even as Cromwell, to subvert  
Honour and loyalty in every heart,  
A baneful drug of fourfold poison makes,  
And an infernal sleepy asp he takes

Of cold and fearful nature, adds to this  
Opium, that binds the nerves with laziness,  
Mix'd with the venom of vile avarice ;  
Which all the spirits benumb'd, as when approach  
The chilling wonderful torpedo's touch :  
Next drops from Lethe's stream he does infuse,  
And ev'ry breast besprinkles with the juice,  
Till deep lethargy o'er all Britain came,  
Who now forget their safety and their fame.  
Yet still great Charles's valour stood the test,  
By Fortune though forsaken and oppress'd,  
Witness the purple-dy'd Sabrina's stream,  
And the Red Hill, not so call'd now in vain ;  
And, Worc'ster ! thou, who didst the misery bear,  
And saw'st the end of a long fatal war.

The King, though vanquish'd, still his fate out-  
braves,

And was the last the captiv'd city leaves ;  
Which from the neighb'ring hills he does survey,  
Where round about his bleeding numbers lay :  
He saw 'em rifled by th' insulting foe,  
And sighs for those he cannot rescue now ;  
But yet his troops will rally once again,  
Those few escap'd, all scatter'd o'er the plain ;  
Disdain and Anger now resolves to try  
How to repair this day's fatality.

The King has sworn to conquer or to die.  
Darby and Wilmot, chiefs of mighty fame,  
With that bold lovely youth, great Buckingham !  
Fiercer than lightning, to his monarch dear,  
That brave Achates, worth Æneas' care,  
Applaud his great resolve ! there's no delay,  
But toward the foe in haste they take their way,  
Not by vain hopes of a new vict'ry fir'd,  
But by a kind despair alone inspir'd :  
This was the King's resolve, and those great few  
Whom glory taught to die, as well as to subdue ;  
Who knew that death and the reposing grave  
No foes were to the wretched or the brave.

But oh ! this noble courage did not rest  
In each ungen'rous unconsidering breast ;  
They fearfully forsake their general,  
Who now in vain the flying cowards call ;  
Deaf to his voice, will no obedience yield,  
But in their hasty flight scour o'er the dreadful  
field.

O vainly gallant Youth ! what pitying god  
Shall free thee from this soul-oppressing load  
Of grief and shame ? abandon'd and betray'd  
By perjur'd slaves, whom thou hast fed and paid ;  
Press'd with more woes than mortal force could  
And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe : [bear,  
But yet that God---

To whom no wonders are impossible,  
Will, to preserve thee, work a miracle,  
And for the sacred father's martyrdom  
Will, with a crown, reward the injur'd son ;  
While thou, great Charles ! with a prevailing pray'r  
Dost to the gods commend the safety of thy heir,  
And the celestial court of pow'rs divine,  
With one consent, do in the chorus join.

But why, O why, must I reveal the doom  
(O my Companions ! ) of the years to come ?

And why divulge the mysteries that lie  
 Enroll'd long since in Heav'n's vast treasury,  
 In characters which no dreamer can unfold,  
 Nor ever yet prophetic rapture told;  
 Nor the small fibres of the victim'd beast,  
 Or birds which sacred auguries have express'd;  
 No stars, or any divination shews,  
 Made mystic by the murmurs of the boughs?  
 Yet I must on, with a divine presage,  
 And tell the wonders of the coming age,  
 In that far part where the rich Salop gains  
 An ample view o'er all the western plains,  
 A grove appears, which Boscobel they name,  
 Not known to maps, a grave of scanty fame,  
 Scarce any human thing does there intrude,  
 But it enjoys itself in its own solitude;  
 And yet henceforth no celebrated shade,  
 Of all the British groves, shall be more glorious  
 made.

Near this obscure and destin'd happy wood,  
 A sacred house of lucky omen stood,  
 White-Lady call'd; and old records relate  
 'Twas once—  
 To men of holy orders consecrate;  
 But to a king a refuge now is made,  
 The first that gives a wearied monarch bread;  
 O, present of a wondrous excellence!  
 That can relieve the hunger of a prince:  
 Fortune shall here a better face put on,  
 And here the King shall first the king lay down;  
 Here he dismisses all his mourning friends,  
 Whom to their kinder stars he recommends;  
 With eyes all drown'd in tears their fate to see,  
 But unconcern'd at his own destiny:  
 Here he puts off those ornaments he wore  
 Through all the splendour of his life before;  
 Ev'n his Blue Garter now he will discharge,  
 Nor keep the warlike figure of St. George;  
 That holy champion now is vanquish'd quite;  
 Alas! the Dragon has subdu'd the Knight;  
 His crown, that toilsome weight of glory, now  
 Dives its awhile from his more easy brow;  
 And all those charming curls that did adorn  
 His royal head—those jetty curls, are shorn:  
 Himself he clothes in a coarse ruffet weed;  
 Nor was the poor man feign'd, but so indeed.  
 And now the greatest king the world e'er saw  
 Is subject to the house's ancient law;  
 (A convent once, which poverty did profess,  
 Here he puts off all worldly pomp and dress)  
 And, like a Monk, a sad adieu he takes  
 Of all his friends, and the false world forsakes:  
 But yet, e'er long, even this humble state,  
 Alas! shall be deny'd him by his Fate;  
 She drives him forth even from this mean abode,  
 Who wanders now a hermit in the wood,  
 Hungry and tir'd, to rest and seek his food.  
 The dark and lonely shade conceals the King,  
 Who feeds on flow'rs, and drinks the murmur  
 spring;  
 More happy here than on a restless throne;  
 Could he but call those shades and springs his own:  
 No longer Fate will that repose allow,  
 Who, even of earth itself, deprives him now;

A Tree will hardly here a feat afford,  
 Amidst her boughs, to her abandon'd lord.  
 Then, (O my Nymphs!) you who your mo-  
 narch love,  
 To save your darling hasten to that grove;  
 (Nor think I vain prophetics do express)  
 In silence let each nymph her trunk possess;  
 O'er all the woods and plains let not a Tree  
 Be uninhabited by a deity,  
 While I the largest forest Oak inspire,  
 And with you to this leafy court retire:  
 There keep a faithful watch each night and day,  
 And with erected heads the fields survey,  
 Lest any impious soldier pass that way,  
 And should profanely touch that pledge of Heav'n  
 Which to our guarding shade in charge was giv'n.  
 Here then, my Nymphs! your King you shall re-  
 ceive,  
 And safety in your darkest coverts give.  
 But, ha! what rustic swain is that I see  
 Sleeping beneath the shade of yonder Tree,  
 Upon whose knotty root he leans his head,  
 And on the mossy ground has made his bed?  
 And why alone? alas! some spy, I fear,  
 For only such a wretch would wander here;  
 Who ev'n the winds and show'rs of rain defies;  
 Outdaring all the anger of the skies.  
 Observe his face, see his disorder'd hair  
 Is ruffled by the tempest-beaten air;  
 Yet look what tracks of grief have ag'd his face,  
 Where hardly twenty years have run their race,  
 Worn out with num'rous toils; and even in sleep  
 Sighs seem to heave his breast, his eyes to weep.  
 Nor is that colour of his face his own,  
 That sooty veil, for some disguise put on,  
 To keep the nobler part from being known;  
 For, 'midst of all—something of sacred light  
 Beams forth, and does inform my wond'ring  
 sight,  
 And now---arises to my view more bright.  
 Ha!--can my eyes deceive me, or am I  
 At last no true presaging deity?  
 Yet, if I am, that wretched rustic thing,  
 O Heav'n's, and all your Pow'rs! must be the King  
 ---Yes, 'tis the King! his image all divine  
 Breaks through that cloud of darkness, and a shine  
 Gilds all the sooty visor!--but, alas!  
 Who is it approaches him with such a pace?  
 O---'t is no traitor; the just gods, I find,  
 Have still a pitying care of humankind.  
 This is the gallant, loyal Careless! thrown  
 (By the same wreck by which the King's un-  
 done)  
 Beneath our shades; he comes in pious care,  
 (O happy Man! than Cromwell happier far  
 On whom ill fate this honour does confer)  
 He tells the King the woods are overspread  
 With villains arm'd, to search that prize, his head,  
 Now poorly set to sale---'t he foe is nigh,  
 What shall they do? ah! whither shall they fly?  
 They from the danger hasty counsel took,  
 And, by some god inspir'd, ascend my Oak;  
 My Oak, the largest in the faithful wood,  
 Whom to receive I my glad branches bow'd,  
 B b

And for the King a throne prepar'd, and spread  
 My thickest leaves a canopy o'er his head;  
 The Mistletoe commanded to ascend,  
 Around his sacred person to attend,  
 (Oh, happy omen!) straight it did obey,  
 The sacred Mistletoe attends with joy:  
 Here without fear their prostrate heads they bow,  
 The King is safe beneath my shelter now;  
 And you, my Nymphs! with awful silence may  
 Your adorations to your sovereign pay,  
 And cry, All hail! thou most belov'd of Heav'n,  
 To whom its chiefest attributes are giv'n;  
 But, above all, that godlike fortitude  
 That has the malice of thy Fate subdu'd.  
 All hail!

Thou greatest now of kings indeed, while yet  
 With all the miseries of life beset,  
 Thy mighty mind could death nor danger fear,  
 Nor yet even then of safety could despair.  
 This is the virtue of a monarch's soul, [troul.  
 Who above Fortune's reach can all her turns con-  
 Thus, if Fate rob you of your empire's sway,  
 You by this fortitude take her's away;  
 O brave reprisal! which the gods prefer,  
 That makes you triumph o'er the conqueror:  
 The gods, who one day will this justice do,  
 Both make you victor and triumpher too!  
 That day's at hand, O let that day come on,  
 Wherein that wondrous miracle shall be shewn;  
 May its gay morn be more than usual bright,  
 And rise upon the world with new-created light:  
 Or let that star, whose dazzling beams were hurl'd  
 Upon his birth-day, now inform the world;  
 That brave bold constellation, which in sight  
 Of mid-day's sun durst lift its lamp of light:  
 Now, happy Star! again at mid-day rise,  
 And with new prodigies adorn the skies;  
 Great Charles again is born; Monk's valiant hand  
 At last delivers the long lab'ring land. [forth,  
 This is the month, great Prince! must bring you  
 May pays her fragrant tributes at your birth;  
 This is the month that's due to you by Fate;  
 O month most glorious! month most fortunate!  
 When you between your royal brothers rode,  
 Amidst your shining train, attended like some god,  
 One would believe that all the world were met  
 To pay their homage at your sacred feet;  
 The wand'ring gazers numberless as these,  
 Or as the leaves on the vast forest Trees:  
 He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud din  
 Refounds to heav'n; and then, Long live the King.  
 And sure the shouts of their re-echo'd joys  
 Reach'd to the utmost bounds of distant seas,  
 Borne by the flying winds through yielding air,  
 And strike the foreign shores with awful fear.  
 O 'tis a wondrous pleasure to be mad;  
 Such frantic turns our nation oft' has had:  
 Permit it now, ye Stoics! ne'er till now  
 The frenzy you more justly might allow,  
 Since 'tis a joyful fit that ends the fears,  
 And wretched fury of so many years.  
 Nor will the Night her sable wings display  
 To obscure the lustre of so bright a day.

The whole isle seem'd to burn with joyful flames,  
 Whose rays gilt all the face of neighb'ring Thames.

But how shall I express the vulgar's joys,  
 Their songs, their feasts, their laughter, and their  
 cries?

How fountains run with the Vine's precious juice,  
 And such the flowing rivers should produce!

Their streams the richest nectar should afford;

The Golden Age seems now again restor'd.

See—smiling Peace does her bright face display,  
 Down through the air serene she cuts her way,  
 Expels the clouds, and rises on the day:

Long exil'd from our shores, new joy she brings,  
 Embracing Albion with her snowy wings;

Nor comes she unattended, but a throng

Of noble British matrons brings along;

Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modesty,

Religion, long since fled with Loyalty,

And in a decent garb the lovely Piety;

Justice, from Fraud and Perj'ry forc'd to fly,

Learning, fine Arts, and gen'rous Liberty:

Bless'd Liberty! thou fairest in the train,

And most esteem'd in a just prince's reign.

With these, as lov'd, great Mary, too, return'd,  
 In her own country who long exile mourn'd.

You, royal Mother! you, whose only crime

Was loving Charles, and sharing woes with him;

Now Heav'n repays, tho' slow, yet just and true,

For him revenge, and just rewards for you.

Hail, mighty Queen! form'd by the powers di-  
 vine,

The shame of our weak sex, and pride of thine;

How well have you in either fortune shewn?

In either, still your mind was all your own:

The giddy world roll'd round you long in vain,

Who fix'd in virtue's centre still remain.

And now, just Prince! thou thy great mind  
 shalt bring

To the true weighty office of a king.

The gaping wounds of War thy hand shall cure,

Thy royal hand, gentle alike, and sure!

And by insensible degrees efface

Of foregone ills the very scars and trace;

Force to the injur'd law thou shalt restore,

And all that majesty in Majesty it own'd before.

Thou long-corrupted manners shalt reclaim,

And faith and honour of the English name.

Thus long-neglected gardens entertain

Their banish'd master when return'd again:

All overrun with weeds he finds, but soon

Luxuriant branches carefully will prune;

The weaken'd arms of the sick Vine he'll raise,

And with kind hands sustain the loosen'd sprays.

Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,

And with his art and skill make all things new;

A work immense, yet sweet, and which in fu-  
 ture days,

When the fair Trees their blooming glories raise,

The happy gard'ner's labour overpays.

Cities and towns, great Prince! thy gardens, be

With labour cultivated worthy thee.

In decent order thou dost all dispose;

As young colonies of Trees thou dost replace,  
 In th' empty realms of our arboreal race,  
 Nay, ~~do~~ our reign extend to future days,  
 And bless'd Posterity, supinely laid,  
 Shall feast and revel underneath thy shade,  
 Cool summer arbours then thy gift shall be,  
 And their bright winter-fires they'll owe to thee:  
 To thee those beams their palaces sustain,  
 And all their floating castles on the main.  
 Who knows, great Prince! but thou this hap-  
 py day

For towns and navies may't foundations lay,  
 After a thousand years are roll'd away?  
 Reap thou those mighty triumphs, then, which  
 for thee grow,

And mighty triumphs for succeeding ages sow:  
 Thou Glory's craggy top shalt first essay,  
 Divide the clouds, and mark the shining way;  
 To Fame's bright temples shalt thy subjects guide,  
 Thy Britons bold, almost of night deny'd:  
 The foaming waves thy dread commands shall stay,  
 Thy dread commands the foaming waves obey:  
 The wat'ry world no Neptune owns but thee,  
 And thy three kingdoms shall thy trident be.

What madness, O Batavians! you possess'd,  
 That the sea's sceptre you'd from Britain wrest,  
 Which Nature gave, whom she with floods has  
 crown'd,

And fruitful Amphitrite embraces round:  
 The rest o' th' world's just kiss'd by Amphitrite;  
 Albion she embraces, all her dear delight.  
 You scarce th' insulting ocean can restrain,  
 Nor bear th' assaults of the besieging main,  
 Your grafts, and mounds, and trenches, all in  
 vain:

And yet what fond ambition spurs you on?  
 You dare attempt to make the seas your own;  
 O'er the vast ocean, which no limit knows,  
 The narrow laws of ponds and fens impose:  
 But Charles his lively valour this defies,  
 And this the sturdy British Oak denies.  
 O'er empty seas the fierce Batavian fleet  
 Sings triumphs, while there was no foe to meet.  
 But fear not, Belgian! he'll not tarry long,  
 He'll soon be here, and interrupt thy song;  
 Too late thou'lt of thy hasty joys complain,  
 And to thy native-shores look back in vain.  
 Great James, as soon the first whisper came,  
 Prodigal of his life, and greedy but of fame,  
 With eager haste returns, as fast as they,  
 After the dreadful fight, will run away.

And now the joyful English from afar,  
 Approaching saw the floating Belgian war.  
 Hark, what a shout they give! like those who come  
 From long East-India voyage rich laden home,  
 When first they make the happy British land,  
 The dear white rocks, and Albion's chalky strand.

The way to all the rest brave Rupert shew'd,  
 And through their fleet cuts out his flaming road;  
 Rupert! who now had stubborn Fate inclin'd,  
 Heav'n on his side engaging, and the wind,  
 Famous by land and sea, whose valour soon  
 Blunts both the Horns and the Batavian Moon.

Next comes illustrious James, and, where he goes,  
 To cowards leaves the crowd of vulgar foes:

To th' Royal Sovereign's deck he seems to grow,  
 Shakes his broad sword, and seeks an equal foe:  
 Nor did bold Opdam's mighty mind refuse  
 The dreadful honour which 't was death to choose:  
 Both Admirals with haste for fight prepare,  
 The rest might stand and gaze, themselves a war,

O whither, whither, Opdam! dost thou fly?  
 Can this rash valour please the Pow'rs on high?  
 It can't, it won't—or wouldst thou proudly die  
 By such a mighty hand? No, Opdam! no:  
 Thy fate's to perish by a nobler foe.  
 Heav'n only, Opdam! shall thy conqu'ror be,  
 A labour worth its while to conquer thee:  
 Heav'n shall be there to guard its best lov'd house,  
 And just revenge inflict on all your broken vows.  
 The mighty ship a hundred cannons bore,  
 A hundred cannons which like thunder roar;  
 Six times as many men in shivers torn,  
 E'er one broadside or single shot it had borne,  
 Is with a horrid crack blown up to the sky  
 In smoke and flames o'er all the ocean nigh;  
 Torn half-burnt limbs of ships, and scamen, scat-  
 ter'd lie.

Whether a real bolt from Heav'n was thrown  
 Among the guilty wretches is not known,  
 Though likely 't is; Amboyna's wickedness,  
 And broken peace and oaths, deserv'd no less;  
 Or whether fatal gunpowder it were,  
 By some unlucky spark enkindled there;  
 Ev'n Chance, by Heav'n directed, is the rod;  
 The fiery shaft of an avenging God.  
 The flaming wreck the hissing deep floats o'er,  
 Far, far away, almost to either shore,  
 Which ev'n from pious foes would pity draw,  
 A trembling pity mix'd with dreadful awe;  
 But pity yet scarce any room can find;  
 What noise, what horror, still remains behind?  
 On either side does wild confusion reign,  
 Ship grapples ship, and sink into the main.  
 The Orange, careless of lost Opdam's fate,  
 Worthy to perish at the selfsame rate,  
 Will next t' attack victorious James prepare;  
 But English guns sufficient thunder bear;  
 By English guns, and human fire o'erpow'r'd,  
 'Tis quickly in the hissing waves devour'd.  
 Three ships besides are burnt, if fame says true,  
 None of whose baser names the goddess knew,  
 As many more the Dolphin did subdue.  
 Their decks in show'rs of kindled sulphur steep,  
 And send 'em flaming to th' affrighted deep.  
 So burns a city, storm'd and fir'd by night,  
 The shades are pierc'd with such a dreadful light;  
 Such dusky globes of flame around 'em broke,  
 Through the dark shadow of the guns and smoke.

Can fire in water then such licence claim?  
 Justly the water hides itself for shame;  
 The dreadful wreck outstretching far away,  
 Vast ruins o'er its trembling bosom lay:  
 Here masts and rudders from their vessels torn,  
 Their sails and flags across the waves are borne;  
 A thousand floating bodies there appear,  
 As many half-dead men lie groaning here.  
 If any where the sea itself is reveal'd,  
 With horrid purple tracks the azure waves con-  
 ceal'd.

All sunk or took, 't were tedious to relate,  
 And all the sad variety of Fate  
 One day produces - With what art and skill  
 Ev'n Chance, ingenious, seems to save or kill,  
 To spare or to torment, whoe'er she will!  
 The vulgar deaths, below the Muse to heed,  
 Not only faith, but number too, exceed.  
 Three noble youths, by the same sudden death,  
 A brave example to the world bequeath;  
 Fam'd for high birth, but merits yet more high;  
 All at one fatal moment's warning die,  
 Torn by one shot; almost one body they,  
 Three brothers in one death confounded lay.  
 Who would not Fortune harsh and barb'rous call?  
 Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal;  
 For next to these -- I tremble still with fear,  
 My joy's disturb'd while such a danger's near;

Fearless, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral stood,  
 Stunn'd with the blow, and sprinkled with their  
 blood.  
 Fiercer he presses on, while they retir'd;  
 He presses on, with grief and anger fir'd.  
 Nor longer can the Belgian force engage  
 The English valour, warm'd with double rage;  
 Breaks with their losses and a cause so ill;  
 Their shatter'd fleet all the wide ocean fill,  
 Till trembling Rhine opens his harbours wide,  
 Seeing the wretches from our thunder fly;  
 From our hot chace their shatter'd fleet he'd hide,  
 And bends his conquer'd horns as we go by."  
 In sacred rage the Dryad this reveal'd,  
 Yet many future wond'rous things conceal'd:  
 But this to grace some future bard will serve,  
 For better poets this the gods reserve.

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# DAVIDEIS:

A SACRED POEM OF THE

## TROUBLES OF DAVID.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

---

Me verò primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,  
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,  
Accipiant, Cœliq; vias ac sidera monstrent.

VIRG. Georg. II.

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### BOOK I.

#### *The Contents.*

THE proposition. The invocation. The entrance into the history, from a new agreement between Saul and David. A description of Hell. The Devil's speech. Envy's reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the shape of Benjamin. Her speech, and Saul's to himself, after she was vanished. A description of Heaven. God's speech. He sends an angel to David. The angel's message to him. David sent for to play before Saul. A digression concerning music. David's Psalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His escape to his own house, from whence, being pursued by the king's guard, by the artifice of his wife Michal, he escapes, and flies to Naioh, the Prophet's College at Ramah. Saul's speech and rage at his escape. A long digression, describing the Prophet's College, and their manner of life there, and the ordinary subjects of their poetry. Saul's guards pursue David thither, and prophesy. Saul among the prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose song concludes the Book.

I SING the Man who Judah's sceptre bore  
In that right hand which held the crook before;  
Who from best poet, best of kings did grow,  
The two chief gifts Heav'n could on man bestow.  
Much danger first, much toil, he did sustain,  
Whilst Saul and Hell cross'd his strong fate in  
vain;  
Nor did his crown less painful work afford,  
Less exercise his patience or his sword;  
So long her conqueror Fortune's spite pursu'd,  
Till with unwearied virtue he subdu'd  
All homeward malice and all foreign boasts;  
Their strength was armies, his the Lord of Hosts.

Thou who didst David's royal stem adorn,  
And gav'st him birth from whom thyself wast  
born;  
Who didst in triumph at Death's court appear,  
And slew'st him with thy nails, thy cross, and spear,  
Whilst Hell's black tyrant trembled to behold  
The glorious light he forfeited of old; [pride,  
Who, Heav'n's glad burden now, and justest  
Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great Father's side,  
(Where hallowed flames help to adorn that head  
Which once the blushing thorns environed,  
Till crimson drops of precious blood hung down,  
Like rubies, to enrich thine humble crown)

Ev'n thou my breast with such blest rage inspire,  
As mov'd the tuneful strings of David's lyre :  
Guide my bold steps with thine old trav'ling  
flame,

In these untrodden paths to sacred fame ;  
Lo! with pure hands thy heav'nly fires to take,  
My well-chang'd Muse I chaste Vestal make !  
From earth's vain joys, and love's soft witchcraft  
I consecrate my Magdalene to thee ! [free  
Lo! this great work, a temple to thy praise,  
On polish'd pillars of strong verse I raise !  
A temple, where, if thou vouchsafe to dwell,  
It Solomon's and Herod's shall excel.  
Too long the Muses' land hath Heathen been ;  
Their gods too long were devils, and virtues  
sin ;

But thou, Eternal Word, hast call'd forth me,  
Th' apostle to convert that world to thee ;  
T' unbind the charms that in flight fables lie,  
And teach that truth is truest poetry.  
The malice now of jealous Saul grew less,  
O'ercome by constant virtue and success ;  
He grew at last more weary to command  
New dangers, than young David to withstand,  
Or conquer them ; he fear'd his mast'ring fate,  
And envy'd him a king's unpow'rful hate.  
Well did he know how palms by' oppression speed,  
Victorious, and the victor's sacred meed ;  
The burden lifts them higher : well did he know  
How a tame stream does wild and dangerous grow  
By unjust force : he now with wanton play  
Kisses the smiling banks and glides away ;  
But his known channel stopp'd, begins to roar,  
And swell with rage, and buffet the dull shore :  
His mutinous waters hurry to the war,  
And troops of waves come rolling from afar :  
Then scorns he such weak stops to his free source,  
And overruns the neighb'ring fields with violent  
course.

This knew the tyrant, and this useful thought  
His wounded mind to health and temper brought :  
He old kind vows to David did renew,  
Swore constancy, and meant his oath for true.  
General joy at this glad news appear'd,  
For David all men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.  
Angels and men did peace and David love,  
But Hell did neither him nor that approve :  
From man's agreement fierce alarms they take,  
And quiet here does there new business make.

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,  
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,  
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,  
Gold, which above more influence has than he ;  
Beneath the dens where unflinch't tempests lie,  
And infant winds their tender voices try ;  
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves,  
Beneath th' eternal fountain of all waves,  
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,  
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep ;  
There is a place deep, wonderous deep, below  
Which genuine night and horror does o'erflow ?  
No bound controls th' unwearied space, but Hell,  
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.  
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face

No dawning morn does her kind reds display ;  
One slight weak beam would here be thought the  
day ;

No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,  
Offend the ty'rannous and unquestion'd Night ;  
Here Lucifer the mighty captive reigns,  
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains ;  
Once general of a gilded host of sprights,  
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled Nights ;  
But down like lightning, which him struck, he  
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame : [came,  
Myriads of sp'rits fell wounded round him there ;  
With dropping lights thick shone the finged air ;  
Since when the dismal solace of their wo  
Has only been weak mankind to undo ;  
Themselves at first against themselves they' excite,  
(Their dearest conquest, and most proud delight)  
And if those mines of secret treason fail,  
With open force man's virtue they assail ;  
Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy,  
And where their poisons miss, the sword employ.  
Thus fought the tyrant fend young David's fall,  
And 'gainst him arm'd the pow'rful rage of Saul :  
He saw the beauties of his shape and face,  
His female sweetness, and his manly grace,  
He saw the nobler wonders of his mind, [sign'd ;  
Great gifts, which for great works he knew de-  
He saw (t'ashant the strength of man and hell,  
How by his young hands their Gathite champion  
He saw the reverend prophet boldly shed [fell.  
The royal drops round his enlarged head,  
And well he knew what legacy did place  
The sacred sceptre in bless'd Judah's race,  
From which th' Eternal Shilo was to spring,  
A knowledge which new hells to Hell did bring ;  
And though no less he knew himself too weak  
The smallest link of strong-wrought fate to break,  
Yet would he rage and struggle with the chain,  
Lov'd to rebel, though sure that 'twas in vain.  
And now it broke his form'd design, to find  
The gentle change of Saul's recov'ring mind :  
He trusted much in Saul, and rag'd and griev'd,  
(The great deceiver) to be himself deceiv'd.  
Thrice did he knock his iron teeth, thrice howl,  
And into frowns his wrathful forehead roll :  
His eyes dart forth red flames which scare the  
night,

And with worse fires the trembling ghosts affright :  
A troop of ghastly fiends compass him round,  
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd sound.

" Are we such nothings, then ?" said he ; " our  
will

" Cross'd by a shepherd's boy ? and you yet still  
" Play with your idle serpents here ? Dares none  
" Attempt what becomes furies ? are ye grown  
" Benum'd with fear, or virtue's sprightless cold,  
" You who were once (I'm sure) so brave and bold ?  
" Oh my ill chang'd condition ! oh, my fate !  
" Did I lose heav'n for this ?"

With that, with his long tail helash'd his breast,  
And horribly spoke out in looks the rest.  
The quaking pow'rs of Night stood in amaze,  
And at each other first could only gaze :  
A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,

Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before  
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the shore;  
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains, was known,  
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throng,  
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,  
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin  
Was almost dropp'd from the sharp bones within;  
And at her breast stuck vipers, which did prey  
Upon her panting heart both night and day,  
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,  
Both night and day they left fresh poisons there.  
Her garments were deep stain'd in human gore,  
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore  
A knotted whip and bowl, that to the brim  
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim;  
With which when she was drunk, she furious grew,  
And lash'd herself. Thus from the accursed crew  
Envy, the worst of fiends, herself presents,  
Envy! good only when she herself torments.

"Spend not, great King! thy precious rage,"  
said she,

"Upon so poor a cause; shall mighty we  
The glory of our wrath to him afford?  
"Are we not furies still? and you our lord?  
"At thy dread anger the fix'd world shall shake,  
"And frighted Nature her own laws forsake.  
"Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,  
"And thunder echo it to the trembling sky;  
"Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,  
"As shall the fire's proud element affright.  
"Th' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten way,  
"Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day;  
"The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,  
"And stubborn poles change their allotted place;  
"Heav'n's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,  
"Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere,  
"Nay, their God, too,---for fear he did, when we  
"Took noble arms against his tyranny,  
"So noble arms, and in a cause so great,  
"That triumphs they deserve for their defeat:  
"There was a day! oh, might I see 't again,  
"Though he had fiercer flames to thrust us in!  
"And can such pow'rs be by a child withstood?  
"Will flings, alas! or pebbles, do him good?  
"What th' untam'd lion, whet with hunger too,  
"And giants, could not, that my word shall do:  
"I'll soon dissolve this peace; were Saul's new love  
"(But Saul we know) great as my hate shall prove,  
"Before their sun twice more be gone about,  
"I and my faithful snakes would drive it out.  
"By me Cain offer'd up his brother's gore,  
"A sacrifice far worse than that before;  
"I saw him fling the stone, as if he meant  
"At once his murder and his monument,  
"And laugh to see (for 't was a goodly shew)  
"The earth by her first tiller fatten'd so.  
"I drove proud Pharaoh to the parted sea;  
"He and his host drank up cold death by me:  
"By me rebellious arms fierce Corah took,  
"And Moses (curse upon that name!) forsook:  
"Hither (ye know) almost alive he came.  
"Thro' the cleft earth; our's was his fun'ral flame.  
"By me---But I lose time, methinks, and should  
"Perform new acts, whilst I relate the old;

"David's the next our fury must enjoy;  
" 'Tis not thy God himself shall save thee, Boy!  
"No; if he do, may the whole world have peace:  
"May all ill actions, all ill fortune, cease,  
"And banish'd from this potent court below,  
"May I a ragged, contemn'd Virtue grow."

She spoke; all star'd at first, and made a pause;  
But straight the general murmur of applause  
Ran through Death's courts; she frown'd still, and  
To envy at the praise herself had won. [begun  
Great Belzebub starts from his burning throne  
To' embrace the fiend; but she, now furious  
grown

To act her part, thrice bow'd, and thence he fled;  
The snakes all hiss'd, the fiends all murmured.

It was the time when silent Night began  
To' enchain with sleep the busy sp'rits of man;  
And Saul himself, though in his troubled breast  
The weight of empire lay, took gentle rest:  
So did not Envy, but with haste arose,  
And as through Israel's stately towns she goes, [she,  
She frowns and shakes her head; "Shine on," says  
"Ruins e'er long shall your sole monuments be."

The silver moon with terror paler grew,  
And neigh'ring Hermon sweated flow'ry dew;  
Swift Jordan started, and straight backward fled,  
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head:  
Lo! at her entrance Saul's strong palace shook,  
And nimbly there the rev'rend shape she took  
Of Father Benjamin: so long her beard,  
So large her limbs, so grave her looks appear'd;  
Just like his statue which bestrid Saul's gate,  
And seem'd to guard the race it did create.  
In this known form she' approach'd the tyrant's  
And thus her words the sacred form bely'd. [side,

"Arise, lost King of Israel; can'st thou lie  
"Dead in this sleep, and yet thy last so nigh?  
"If King thou be'st, if Jesse's race as yet  
"Sit not on Israel's throne, and shall he sit;  
"Did ye for this from fruitful Egypt fly?  
"From the mild brickhill's nobler slavery?  
"For this did seas your pow'rful rod obey?  
"Did wonders guide and feed you on your way?  
"Could ye not there great Pharaoh's bondage  
bear,

"You who can serve a boy and minstrel here?  
"Forbid it God, if thou be'st just; this shame  
"Cast not on Saul's, on mine, and Israel's name.  
"Why was I else from Canaan's famine led?  
"Happy, thrice happy, had I there been dead,  
"Ere my full loins discharg'd this num'rous race;  
"This luckless tribe, ev'n crown'd to their dis-  
grace!

"Ah, Saul! thy servant's vassal must thou live?  
"Place to his harp must thy dread sceptre give?  
"What wants he now but that? Canst thou forget  
"(If thou be'st man thou canst not) how they met  
"The youth with songs? Alas! poor Monarch!  
"Your thousand only, he ten thousand, slew. [you  
"Him Israel loves, him neighb'ring countries fear;  
"You but the name and empty title bear:  
"And yet the traitor lives, lives in thy court,  
"The court that must be his, where he shall sport  
"Himself with all thy concubines, thy gold,  
"Thy costly robes, thy crown. Wert thou not told

" This by proud Samuel, when at Gilgal he  
 " With bold false threats from God affronted thee?  
 " The dotard ly'd; God said it not, I know:  
 " Not Baal or Moloch would have us'd thee so.  
 " Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth  
 " Exact the royal lot, and call it forth?  
 " Hast thou not since (my best and greatest Son)  
 " To him, and to his perishing nation, done  
 " Such lasting benefits as may justly claim  
 " A sceptre as eternal as thy fame? (invade!  
 " Poor Prince! whom madmen, priests, and boys,  
 " By thine own flesh, thy ungrateful son, betray'd!  
 " Unnatural fool! who can thus cheated be  
 " By Friendship's name against a crown and thee!  
 " Betray not, too, thyself: take courage, call  
 " Thy enchanted virtues forth, and be whole Saul.  
 " Lo! this great cause makes thy dead fathers rise,  
 " Breaks the firm seals of their clos'd tombs and  
 " Nor can their jealous ashes, whilst this boy [eyes:  
 " Survives, the priv'lege of their graves enjoy.  
 " Rise quickly, Saul! and take that rebel's breath  
 " Which troubles thus thy life, and ev'n our death.  
 " Kill him, and thou'rt secure; 'tis only he  
 " That has boldly interpos'd 'twixt God and thee.  
 " As earth's low globe robs the high moon of  
 light,  
 " When this eclipse is past thy fate's all bright.  
 " Trust me, dear Son! and credit what I tell;  
 " I've seen thy royal stars, and know them well.  
 " Hence fears, and dull delays. Is not thy breast  
 " (Yes, Saul! it is) with noble thoughts possess'd?  
 " May they beget like acts." With that she takes  
 One of her worst, her best beloved snakes;  
 " Softly, dear Worm! soft and unseen," said she,  
 " Into his bosom steal, and in it be  
 " My viceroy." At that word she took her flight,  
 And her loose shape dissolv'd into the night.  
 Th' infected king leap'd from his bed amaz'd,  
 Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,  
 And started back at piec'd-up shapes, which fear  
 And his distracted fancy painted there.  
 Terror froze up his hair, and on his face  
 Show'rs of cold sweat roll'd trembling down apace;  
 Then knocking with his angry hands his breast,  
 Earth with his feet, he cries, " Oh! 't is confess'd;  
 " I 'have been a pious fool, a woman-king;  
 " Wrong'd by a seer, a boy, every thing.  
 " Eight hundred years of death is not so deep,  
 " So unconcern'd, as my lethargic sleep;  
 " My patience ev'n a sacrilege becomes,  
 " Disturbs the dead, and opes their sacred tombs.  
 " Ah! Benjamin! kind Father! who for me  
 " This cursed world endur'st again to see!  
 " All thou hast said, great Vision! is so true,  
 " That all which thou command'st, and more  
 I'll do.  
 " Kill him! yes, mighty Ghost! the wretch shall die  
 " Though ev'ry star in heav'n should it deny,  
 " Nor mock th' assault of our just wrath again,  
 " Had he ten times his fam'd ten thousand slain.  
 " Should that bold popular madman, whose design  
 " Is to revenge his own disgrace by mine,  
 " Should my ungrateful son oppose th' intent,  
 " Should mine own heart grow scrup'lous and re-  
 lent;

" Curse me, just Heav'n! (by which this truth  
 " If I that seer, my son, or self, do spare. [swear)  
 " No, gentle Ghost! return to thy still home;  
 " Thither this day mine and thy foe shall come:  
 " If that curs'd object longer vex my sight,  
 " It must have learn'd to appear as thou to-night."  
 Whilst thus his wrath with threats the tyrant fed,  
 The threat'ned youth slept fearless on his bed.  
 Sleep on, rest quiet as thy conscience take,  
 For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.  
 Above the subtle foldings of the sky,  
 Above the well set orb's soft harmony,  
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night,  
 There is a place o'erflown with hallow'd light,  
 Where heav'n, as if it left itself behind,  
 Is stretch'd out far, nor its own bounds can find;  
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,  
 Nor can the glory' contain itself in th' endless space:  
 For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray  
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day;  
 No pale-fac'd moon does in stoll'n beams appear,  
 Or with dim taper scatters darkness there:  
 On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,  
 No circling motion doth swift time divide:  
 Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,  
 But an eternal Now does always last:  
 There sits the Almighty, First of all, and End,  
 Whom nothing but himself can comprehend:  
 Who with his word commanded all to be,  
 And all obey'd him, for that Word was he.  
 Only he spoke, and every thing that is  
 From out the womb of fertile Nothing rise.  
 Oh! who shall tell, who shall describe thy throne,  
 Thou Great Three-One?  
 There thou thyself dost in full presence shew,  
 Not absent from these meaner worlds below: [cease  
 No; if thou wert, the elements' league would  
 And all thy creature's break thy Nature's peace:  
 The sun would stop his course, or gallop back,  
 The stars drop out, the poles themselves would  
 crack;  
 Earth's strong foundation would be torn in twain,  
 And this vast work all ravel out again  
 To its first nothing; for his spirit contains  
 The well-knit mass: from him each creature gains  
 Being and motion, which he still bestows;  
 From him th' effect of our weak action flows:  
 Round him vast armies of swift angels stand,  
 Which seven triumphant generals command:  
 They sing loud anthems of his endless praise,  
 And with fix'd eyes drink in immortal rays,  
 Of these he call'd out one; all heaven did shake,  
 And silence kept, whilst its Creator spake.  
 Are we forgotten then so soon? can he  
 Look on his crown, and not remember me  
 That gave it? can he think we did not hear  
 (Fond Man!) his threats? and have we made the  
 To be accounted deaf? No, Saul! we heard, [ear  
 And it will cost thee dear: the ills thou'rt fear'd,  
 Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send:  
 Have we not spoke it? and dares man contend?  
 Alas! poor Dust! didst thou but know the day  
 When thou must lie in blood at Gilboa,  
 Thou and thy sons, thou wouldst not threaten still,  
 Thy trembling tongue would stop against thy will.

Then shall thine head fix'd in curs'd temples be,  
 And all their foolish gods shall laugh at thee.  
 That hand which thou on David's life would prey,  
 Shall then turn just, and its own master slay.  
 He whom thou hat'st, on thy lov'd throne shall sit,  
 And expiate the disgrace thou dost to it.  
 Haste, then, tell David what his King has sworn,  
 Tell him whose blood must paint this rising morn;  
 Yet bid him go securely when he fends:  
 'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.  
 The man who has his God no aid can lack,  
 And we who bid him go will bring him back.

He spoke; the heavens seem'd decently to bow,  
 With all their bright inhabitants; and now  
 The jocund spheres began again to play,  
 Again each spirit sung Halleluia;  
 Only that angel was straight gone. Even so  
 (But not so swift) the morning glories flow  
 At once from the bright sun, and strike the ground;  
 So winged lightning the soft air does wound:  
 Slow Time admires, and knows not what to call  
 The motion, having no account so small.

So flew this angel, till to David's bed  
 He came, and thus his sacred message said. [sworn:  
 "Awake, young Man! hear what thy King has  
 "He swore thy blood should paint this rising morn;  
 "Yet to him go securely when he fends:  
 "'Tis Saul that is your foe, and God your friends.  
 "The man who has his God no aid can lack,  
 "And he who bids thee go will bring thee back."

Up leap'd Jeffides, and did round him stare,  
 But could see nought, for nought was left but air.  
 Whilst this great vision labours in his thought,  
 Lo! the short prophecy t' effect is brought.  
 In treach'rous haste he's sent for to the King  
 And with him bid his charming lyre to bring.  
 The King, they say, lies in a raging fit,  
 Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit:  
 And true it was, soft music did appease  
 Th' obscure fantastic rage of Saul's disease.

Tell me, oh, Muse! (for thou or none canst tell  
 The mystic pow'rs that in blest numbers dwell;  
 Thou their great nature know'st, nor is it fit  
 This noblest gem of thine own crown t' omit)  
 Tell me from whence these heavenly charms arise;  
 Teach the dull world t' admire what they despise.

As first a various unform'd hint we find  
 Rise in some godlike poet's fertile mind,  
 Till all the parts and words their places take,  
 And with just marches verse and music make;  
 Such was God's poem, this world's new essay,  
 So wild and rude in its first draught it lay;  
 Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew,  
 An artless war from thwarting motions grew,  
 Till they to number and fix'd rules were brought  
 By the Eternal Mind's poetic thought.  
 Water and air he for the tenor chose,  
 Earth made the bass, the treble flame arose;  
 To th' active moon a quick brisk stroke he gave.  
 To Saturn's string a touch more soft and grave.  
 The motions straight, and round, and swift, and  
 flow,

And short, and long, were mixt and woven so,  
 Did in such artful figures smoothly fall,  
 As made this decent-measur'd dance of all.

And this is music; sounds that charms our ears  
 Are but one dressing that rich Science wears;  
 Though no man hear it, though no man it rehearse,  
 Yet will there still be music in my verse.  
 In this great world so much of it we see,  
 The lesser, man, is all o'er harmony:  
 Storehouse of all proportions! single quire!  
 Which first God's breath did tunefully inspire:  
 From hence blest music's heavenly charms arise,  
 From sympathy which them and man allies:  
 Thus they our souls, thus they our bodies win,  
 Not by their force, but party that's within:  
 Thus the strange cure on our spilt blood apply'd,  
 Sympathy to the distant wound does guide:  
 Thus when two brethren strings are set alike,  
 To move them both, but one of them we strike;  
 Thus David's lyre did Saul's wild rage control,  
 And tun'd the harsh disorders of his soul.

"When Israel was from bondage led  
 "Led by the Almighty's hand  
 "From out a foreign land,  
 "The great sea beheld and fled  
 "As men pursu'd, when that fear past they find,  
 "Stop on some higher ground to look behind,  
 "So whilst through wondrous ways  
 "The sacred army went,  
 "The waves afar stood up to gaze,  
 "And their own rocks did represent,  
 "Solid as waters are above the firmament.  
 "Old Jordan's waters to their spring  
 "Start back with sudden fright,  
 "The spring amaz'd at sight,  
 "Asks what news from sea they bring?  
 "The mountains shook; and to the mountains' side  
 "The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide;  
 "As young affrighted lambs,  
 "When they ought dreadful spy,  
 "Run trembling to their helpless dams,  
 "The mighty sea and river by  
 "Were glad, for their excuse, to see the hills too  
 "What ail'd the mighty sea to flee? [By-  
 "Or Why did Jordan's tide  
 "Back to his fountain glide?  
 "Jordan's tide, what ail'd thee?  
 "Why leap'd the hills? why did the mountains  
 "shake?  
 "What ail'd them their fix'd natures to forsake?  
 "Fly where thou wilt, O sea!  
 "And Jordan's current cease;  
 "Jordan there is no need of thee,  
 "For at God's word whene'er he please,  
 "The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead  
 "of these."

Thus sung the great Musician to his lyre,  
 And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire;  
 But envy's serpent still with him remain'd,  
 And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdain'd  
 Th' unthankful King, cur'd truly of his fit,  
 Seems to lie drown'd and bury'd still in it;  
 From his past madness draws this wicked use,  
 To sin disguis'd, and murder with excuse:  
 For whilst the fearless youth his cure pursues,  
 And the soft medicine with kind art renews,  
 The barb'rous patient casts at him his spear  
 (The usual sceptre that rough hand did bear)

Casts it with violent strength; but into the room  
An arm more strong and sure than his was come;  
An angel, whose unseen and easy might,  
Put by the weapon, and mislaid it right.  
How vain man's pow'r is! unless God command,  
The weapon disobeys his master's hand!  
Happy was now the error of the blow;  
At Gilboa it will not serve him so.

One would have thought, Saul's sudden rage to  
'ave seen,

He had himself by David wounded been;  
He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,  
And thought his honour now engag'd i' th' sin.  
A bloody troop of his own guards he sends  
(Slaves to his will, and safely call'd his Friends)  
To mend his error by a surer blow;  
So Saul ordain'd, but God ordain'd not so.  
Home flies the prince, and to his trembling wife  
Relates the new-past hazard of his life:  
Which she with decent passion hears him tell.  
For not her own fair eyes she lov'd so well.

Upon their palace top, beneath a row  
Of Lemon Trees, which there did proudly grow,  
And with bright stores of golden fruit repay  
The light they drank from the sun's neighb'ring  
(A small but artful paradise) they walk'd, [ray,  
And hand in hand sad gentle things they talk'd.

Here Michel first an armed troop espies  
(So faithful and so quick are loving eyes)  
Which march'd, and often glitter'd through a wood,  
That on right hand of her fair palace stood;  
She saw them, and cry'd out, "They're come to  
kill

"My dearest lord! Saul's spear pursues thee still:  
Behold his wicked guards: haste, quickly fly;  
For Heav'n's sake haste; my dear lord! do not  
die.

"Ah, cruel Father! whose illnatur'd rage  
Neither thy worth nor marriage can assuage!  
Will he part those he join'd so late before?  
Were the two hundred foreskins worth no more?  
He shall not part us; (then she wept between)  
At yonder window thou may'st 'scape unseen;  
This hand shall let thee down; slay not, but  
haste;

"Tis not my use to send thee hence so fast."  
"Best of all women," he replies—and this  
Scarce spoke, she stops his answer with a kiss.  
"Throw not away," said she "thy precious breath;  
Thou stay'st too long within the reach of death."  
Timely he obeys her wife advice, and straight  
To unjust force she opposes just deceit.

She meets the murd'ers with a virtuous lie  
And good-diffembling tears. "May he not die  
In quiet then?" said she: "will they not give  
That freedom who so fear lest he should live?  
Ev'n Fate does with your cruelty conspire,  
And spares your guilt, yet does what you desire.  
Must he not live? for that ye need not sin;  
My much-wrong'd husband speechless lies with-  
And has too little left of vital breath [in,  
To know his murderers, or to feel his death:  
"One hour will do your work."——

Here her well-govern'd tears drop'd down apace:  
Beauty and sorrow, mingled in one face,

Has such resistless charms, that they believe,  
And an unwilling aptness find to grieve  
At what they came for. A pale statue's head,  
In linen wrapp'd, appear'd on David's bed;  
Two servants mournful stand, and silent, by,  
And on the table med'cinal relics lie;  
In the close-room a well-plac'd taper's light  
Adds a becoming horror to the sight.

And for the impression God prepar'd their sense;  
They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.

How vain attempts Saul's unblest'd anger tries,  
By his own hands deceiv'd, and servants' eyes!

"It cannot be," said he: "no, can it? shall  
Our great ten thousand slayer idly fall?"

"The silly rout thinks God protects him still;

"But God, alas! guards not the bad from ill.

"Oh may he guard him! may his members be

"In as full strength and well-set harmony,

"As the fresh body of the first made man,

"E'er sin, or sin's just meed, disease began:

"He will be else too small for our vast hate,

"And we must share in our revenge with Fate.

"No; let us have him whole; we else may seem

"To 'ave snatch'd away but some few days from

"him,

"And cut that thread which would have dropp'd

"in two;

"Will our great anger learn to stoop so low?

"I know it cannot, will not: him we prize

"Of our just wrath the solemn sacrifice,

"That must not blemish'd be; let him remain

"Secure, and grow up to our stroke again:

"I will be some pleasure then to take his breath,

"When he shall strive and wrestle with his death.

"Go, let him live—and yet—shall I then stay

"So long? Good and great actions hate delay.

"Some foolish piety perhaps, or he

"That has been still mine honour's enemy,

"Samuel may change or cross my just intent,

"And I this formal pity soon repent.

"Besides, Fate gives him me, and whispers this,

"That he can fly no more, if we should miss.

"Miss! can we miss again? go bring him straight,

"Though gasping out his soul; if the wish'd date

"Of his accursed life be almost past,

"Some joy 't will be to see him breath his last."

The troop return'd, of their short virtue asham'd,  
Saul's courage prais'd, and their own weakness

blam'd:

But when the pious fraud they understood,  
Scarce the respect due to Saul's sacred blood,

Due to the sacred beauty in it reign'd,

From Michel's murder their wild rage restrain'd.

She alleg'd the holiest chains that bind a wife,

Duty and love; she alleg'd that her own life,

Had she refus'd that safety to her lord,

Would have incur'd just danger from his sword.

Now was Saul's wrath full grown; he takes no rest;

A violent flame rolls in his troubled breast,

And in fierce lightning from his eye does break;

Not his own fav'rites and best friends dare speak;

Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,

Fear where this cloud will burst, and thunder fall.

So when the pride and terror of the wood,

A lion, prick'd with rage and want of food,

Espies out from afar some well-fed beast,  
 And bristles up, preparing for his feast;  
 If that by swiftness 'scape his gaping jaws,  
 His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws  
 Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,  
 Lashing his angry tail, and roaring out;  
 Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;  
 Trees, though no wind be stirring, shake with fear;  
 Silence and horror fill the place around,  
 Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound.  
 'Midst a large wood that joins fair Rama's town  
 (The neighbourhood fair Rama's chief renown)  
 A College stands, where at great Prophets' feet  
 The prophets' sons with silent diligence meet,  
 By Samuel built and mod'rately endow'd,  
 Yet more to his lib'ral tongue than hands they  
 ow'd:

There himself taught, and his blest voice to hear,  
 Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.  
 The house was a large square, but plain and low;  
 Wife Nature's use Art strove not to outgo.  
 An inward square by well-rang'd trees was made,  
 And, midst the friendly cover of their shade,  
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome fountain rose,  
 Which no vain cost of marble did inclose,  
 Nor through carv'd shapes did the forc'd waters pass,  
 Shapes gazing on themselves i' the liquid glass:  
 Yet the chaste stream, that 'mong loose pebbles fell,  
 For cleanness, thirst, religion, serv'd as well.  
 The scholars, doctors, and companions, here,  
 Lodg'd all apart in neat small chambers were;  
 Well-furnish'd chambers, for in each their stood  
 A narrow couch, table, and chair of wood;  
 More is but clog, where use does bound delight,  
 And those are rich whose wealth's proportion'd  
 right  
 To their life's form: more goods would but be-  
 come

A burden to them, and contract their room.  
 A second court more sacred stood behind,  
 Built fairer, and to nobler use design'd;  
 The hall and schools one side of it possess'd,  
 The library and synagogue the rest:  
 Tables of plain-cut fir adorn'd the hall,  
 And with beasts' skins the beds were cover'd all.  
 The rev'rend doctors take their seats on high,  
 Th' elect companions in their bosoms lie;  
 The scholars far below upon the ground,  
 On fresh-strew'd rushes, place themselves around:  
 With more respect the wise and ancient lay,  
 But ate not choicer herbs or bread than they,  
 Nor purer waters drank, their constant feast,  
 But by great days and sacrifice increas'd.  
 The schools built round and higher, at the end  
 With their fair circle did this side extend;  
 To which their synagogue on th' other side,  
 And to the hall their library reply'd.  
 The midst tow'rd their large gardens open lay,  
 To admit the joys of spring and early day.  
 In the library a few choice authors stood;  
 Yet 'twas well stor'd, for that small store was good:  
 Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then  
 Itself, as now, grown a disease of men.  
 Learning (young virgin!) but few suitors knew;  
 The common prostitute the lately-crow'd

And with her spurious brood loads now the press,  
 Laborious effects of idleness!  
 Here all the various forms one might behold  
 How letters sav'd themselves from death of old:  
 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought plates,  
 Some cut in wood, some lightlier trac'd on slates;  
 Some drawn on fair palm-leaves, with shortliv'd  
 Had not their friend the cedar lent his oil; (oil,  
 Some wrought in silks, some writ in tender barks;  
 Some the sharp style in waxen tables marks;  
 Some in beasts' skins, and some in Biblos reed,  
 Both new rude arts, which age and growth did  
 need.

The schools were painted well with useful skill;  
 Stars, maps, and stories, the learn'd wall did fill:  
 Wife wholesome proverbs mix'd around the room,  
 Some writ, and in Egyptian figures some.  
 Here all the noblest wits of men inspir'd,  
 From earth's slight joys and worthless toils retir'd,  
 Whom Samuel's fame and bounty thither led,  
 Each day by turns their solid knowledge read.  
 The course and pow'r of stars great Nathan taught,  
 And home to man those distant wonders brought;  
 How tow'rd both poles the sun's fix'd journey  
 bends,

And how the year his crooked walk attends;  
 By what just steps the wand'ring lights advance,  
 And what eternal measures guide their dance:  
 Himself a prophet; but his lectures shew'd  
 How little of that art to them he ow'd.  
 Mahol th' inferior world's fantastic face,  
 Thro' all the turn's of Matter's maze did trace;  
 Great Nature's well-set clock in pieces took,  
 On all the springs and smallest wheels did took  
 Of life and motion; and with equal art  
 Made up again the whole of ev'ry part.  
 The prophet Gad in learned dust designs  
 Th' immortal solid rules of fancy'd lines;  
 Of numbers, too, th' innumber'd wealth he shews,  
 And with them far their endless journey goes:  
 Numbers, which still increase more high and wide  
 From one, the root of their turn'd pyramid.  
 Of men, and ages past, Scolaish read,  
 Embalm'd in long-liv'd History the dead;  
 Shew'd the steep falls, and slow ascent, of states;  
 What wisdom and what follies made their fates.  
 Samuel himself did God's rich law display,  
 Taught doubting men with judgment to obey;  
 And oft his ravish'd soul with sudden flight  
 Soar'd above present times and human sight.  
 These arts but welcome strangers might appear,  
 Music and verse seem'd born and bred up here;  
 Scarce the blest heav'n, that rings with angel's  
 voice,

Does with more constant harmony rejoice.  
 The sacred Muse does here each breast inspire;  
 Heman and sweet-mouth'd Asaphrule their quire;  
 Both charming poets, and all strains they play'd,  
 By artful breath or nimble fingers made.  
 The synagogue was dress'd with care and cost,  
 (The only place where that they esteem'd not  
 lost)

The glitt'ring roof with gold did daze the view,  
 The sides refresh'd with silk's of sacred blue.  
 Here thrice each day they read their sacred law

Thrice pray'rs from willing Heav'n a blessing  
draw ;  
Thrice in glad hymns swell'd with the great One's  
praise,  
The pliant voice on her sev'n steps they raise,  
Whilst all th' enliven'd instruments around  
To the just feet with various concord sound.  
Such things were Muses then, content'd low earth,  
Decently proud, and mindful of their birth  
'Twas God himself that here tun'd every tongue,  
And gratefully of him alone they sung :  
They sung how God spoke out the world's vast ball  
From nothing, and from no where call'd forth all ;  
No nature yet, or place for it to possess,  
But an unbottom'd gulf of emptiness.  
Full of himself th' Almighty sat, his own  
Palace, and without solitude, alone.  
But he was goodness whole, and all things will'd,  
Which e'er they were his active Word falsifi'd,  
And their astonish'd heads o' the sudden rear'd ;  
An unshap'd kind of something first appear'd,  
Confessing its new being, and undress'd,  
As if it step'd in haste before the rest :  
Yet buried in this matter's darksome womb,  
Lay the rich seeds of ev'ry thing to come.  
From hence the cheerful flame leap'd up so high,  
Close at its heels the nimble air did fly ;  
Dull earth with its own weight did downwards  
To the fix'd navel of the universe, [ Pierce  
And was quite lost in waters ; till God said  
To the proud sea, Shrink in your ins'lent head ;  
See how the gaping earth has made you place !  
That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace.  
Since when his bounds are set, at which in vain  
He foams, and rages, and turns back again.  
With richer stuff he bade heav'n's fabric shine ;  
And from him a quick spring of light divine  
Swell'd up the sun, from whence his cherishing  
flame  
Fills the whole world, like him from whom it came.  
He smooth'd the rough-cast moon's imperfect  
mould,  
And comb'd her beamy locks with sacred gold :  
" Be thou," said he, " queen of the mournful  
Night ;"  
And as he spoke, she' arose, clad o'er in light,  
With thousand stars attending on her train :  
With her they rise, with her they set again.  
Then herbs peep'd forth, new trees admiring stood,  
And smelling flow'rs painted the infant wood .  
Then flocks of birds through the glad air did flee,  
Joyful and safe before man's luxury,  
Teaching their Maker in their untaught lays :  
Nay, the mute fish witness no less his praise ;  
From those he made, and cloth'd with silver scales,  
From minoes to those living islands, whales.  
Beasts too, were his command ; what could he  
more !  
Yes, man he could, the bound of all before ;  
In him he all things with strange order hurl'd ;  
In him, that full abridgment of the world, [ told ;  
'This, and much more, of God's great works they  
His mercies, and some judgments, too, of old :  
How when all earth was deeply stain'd in sin, [ in :  
With an impetuous noise the waves came rushing

Where birds e'erwhile dwelt, and securely sung,  
There fish (an unknown net) entangled hung :  
The face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay ;  
The sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but sea.  
This men forgot, and burnt in lust again,  
Till show'rs, strange as their sin, of fiery rain,  
And scalding brimstone, dropp'd on Sodom's head ;  
Alive they felt those flames they try in dead .  
No better end rash Pharaoh's pride befell,  
When wind and sea wag'd war for Israel :  
In his gilt chariots amaz'd fishes sat,  
And grew with corpse of wretched princes fat.  
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies stain ;  
Nor was it since call'd the Red Sea in vain.  
Much, too, they told of faithful Abram's fame,  
To whose bless'd passage they owe still their name :  
Of Moses much, and the great seed of Nun,  
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won ;  
How many kings they slew, or captive brought ;  
They held the swords, but God and angels fought.  
Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their days,  
And their whole life was their dear Maker's praise :  
No minute's rest, no swiftest thought, they sold  
To that beloved plague of mankind, gold ;  
Gold ! for which all mankind with greater pains  
Labour tow'rds Hell, than those who dig its veins.  
Their wealth was the contempt of it, which more  
They valu'd than rich fools the shining ore.  
The silkworm's precious death they scorn'd to wear,  
And Tyrian dye appear'd but sordid there.  
Honour, which since the price of souls became,  
Seem'd to these great ones a low idle name.  
Instead of down, hard beds they chose to have,  
Such as might bid them not forget their grave.  
Their board dispeopled no full element ;  
Free Nature's bounty thriftily they spent,  
And spar'd the stock ; nor could their bodies say,  
We owe this crudeness t' excess yesterday.  
Thus souls live cleanly, and no soiling fear,  
But entertain their welcome Maker there :  
The Senses perform nimbly what they're bid,  
And honestly, nor are by Reason chid ;  
And when the down of sleep does softly fall,  
Their dreams are heav'nly then, and mystical :  
With hasty wings time present they outfly,  
And tread the doubtful maze of Destiny :  
There walk and sport among the years to come,  
And with quick eye pierce ev'ry cause's womb.  
Thus these wise saints enjoy'd their little all,  
Free from the spite of much-mistaken Saul :  
For if man's life we in just balance weigh,  
David deserv'd his envy less than they.  
Of this retreat the hunted prince makes choice,  
Adds to their quire his nobler lyre and voice :  
But long unknown ev'n here he could not lie,  
So bright his lustre, so quick Envy's eye !  
Th' offended troop, whom he escap'd before,  
Pursue him here, and fear mistakes no more :  
Belov'd revenge fresh rage to them affords :  
Some part of him all promise to their swords.  
They came, but a new sp'rit their hearts possess'd,  
Satt'ring a sacred calm through ev'ry breast :  
The furrows of their brow, so rough e'erwhile,  
Sink down into the dimples of a smile :

Their cooler veins swell with a peaceful tide,  
 And the chaste streams with even current glide :  
 A sudden day breaks gently through their eyes,  
 And morning-blushes in their cheeks arise :  
 The thoughts of war, of blood, and murder, cease ;  
 In peaceful tules they adore the God of Peace  
 Now messengers twice more the tyrant sent ;  
 And was twice more mock'd with the same event.  
 His heighten'd rage no longer brooks delay ;  
 It sends him there himself ; but on the way  
 His foolish anger a wise fury grew,  
 And blessings from his mouth unbidden flew :  
 His kingly robes he laid at Naioh down,  
 Began to understand and scorn his crown ;  
 Employ'd his mouning thoughts on nobler things,  
 And felt more solid joys than empire brings ;  
 Embrac'd his wond'ring son, and on his head  
 The balm of all past wounds, kind tears, he shed.

So cov'tous Balaam, with a fond intent  
 Of cursing the bless'd seed, to Moab went ;

But as he went, his fatal tongue to sell,  
 His ass taught him to speak, God to speak well :  
 " How comely are thy tents, oh Israel !"  
 Thus he began, " what conquests they foretel !  
 " Less fair are orchards in their autumn pride,  
 " Adorn'd with trees on some fair river's side ;  
 " Less fair are vallies, their green mantles spread,  
 " Or mountains with tall cedars on their head !  
 " 'Twas God himself (thy God who must not fear ?)  
 " Brought thee from bondage to be master here :  
 " Slaughter shall wear out these, new weapons  
     get,  
 " And Death in triumph on thy darts shall sit.  
 " When Judah's Lion starts up to his prey,  
 " The beasts shall hang their ears, and creep away :  
 " When he lies down, the woods shall silence keep,  
 " And dreadful tigers tremble at his sleep.  
 " Thy cursers, Jacob, shall twice cursed be,  
 " And he shall bless himself that blesses thee."

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# DAVIDEIS.

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## BOOK II.

### *The Contents.*

THE friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and, upon that occasion, a digression concerning the nature of love. A discourse between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter absents himself from court, and the former goes thither to inform himself of Saul's resolution. The feast of the New-moon; the manner of the celebration of it; and therein a digression of the History of Abraham. Saul's speech upon David's absence from the feast, and his anger against Jonathan. David's resolution to fly away. He parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a tree. A description of Fancy. An angel makes up a vision in David's head. The vision itself; which is a prophecy of all the succession of his race, till Christ's time, with their most remarkable actions. At his awaking, Gabriel assumes a human shape, and confirms to him the truth of his vision.

BUT now the early birds began to call  
The morning forth; up rose the sun and Saul:  
Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose;  
But both, alas! from restless labours rose:  
For in Saul's breast Envy, the toilsome sin,  
Had all that night active and tyrannous been:  
She' expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace,  
Of the past day no footstep left, or trace;  
The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,  
Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear.  
So near a storm wife David would not stay,  
Nor trust the glitt'ring of a faithless day:  
He saw the sun call in his beams apace,  
And angry clouds march up into their place:  
The sea itself smooths his rough brow awhile,  
Flatt'ring the greedy merchant with a smile;  
But he whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,  
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.  
Such is the sea, and such was Saul;  
But Jonathan his son, and only good,  
Was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood;  
Whose innocent stream, as it in silence goes,  
Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows  
On both his banks, to ev'ry flow'r and tree;  
The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see:  
But more than all, more than himself, he lov'd  
The man whose worth his father's hatred mov'd;  
For when the noble youth at Dammin stood,  
Adorn'd with sweat, and painted gay with blood,

Jonathan pierc'd him thro' with greedy eye,  
And understood the future majesty  
Then destin'd in the glories of his look:  
He saw, and straight was with amazement strook,  
To see the strength, the feature, and the grace,  
Of his young limbs; he saw his comely face,  
Where love and rev'rence so well-mingled were,  
And head, already crown'd with golden hair:  
He saw what mildness his bold sp'rit did tame,  
Gentler than light, yet pow'rful as a flame:  
He saw his valour by their safety prov'd;  
He saw all this, and as he saw, he lov'd.

What art thou, Love! thou great mysterious  
thing? [spring?  
From what hid stock does thy strange nature  
'Tis thou that mov'st the world through ev'ry part,  
And hold'st the vast frame close, that nothing start  
From the due place and office first ordain'd:  
By thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.  
Sometimes we see thee fully, and can say  
From hence thou took'st thy rise, and went'st  
that way;  
But oft'ner the short beams of Reason's eye  
See only there thou art, not how, nor why.  
How is the leadstone, Nature's subtle pride,  
By the rude iron woo'd, and made a bride?  
How was the weapon wounded? What hid flame  
The strong and conq'ring metal overcame?  
Love (this world's grace) exalts his natural state;  
He feels thee, Love! and feels no more his weight.

Ye learned Heads! whom ivy garlands grace,  
 Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?  
 The oak, for courtship most of all unfit,  
 And rough as are the winds that fight with it.  
 How does the absent pole the needle move?  
 How does his cold and ice beget hot love?  
 Which are the wings of lightness to ascend;  
 Or why does weight to the centre downwards  
 bend?

Thus creatures void of life obey thy laws,  
 And seldom we, they never, know the cause.  
 In thy large state, life gives the next degree,  
 Where sense and good apparent places thee;  
 But thy chief palace is man's heart alone;  
 Here are thy triumphs and full glories shewn:  
 Handsome desires, and rest, about thee flee,  
 Union, inheritance, zeal, and extasy,  
 With thousand joys, cluster around thine head,  
 O'er which a gail-less dove her wings does spread:  
 A gentle lamb, purer and whiter far  
 Than consciences of thine own martyrs are,  
 Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold  
 The mystic sceptre of a cross of gold.  
 Thus dost thou sit (like men, e'er sin had fram'd  
 A guilty blush) naked, but not ashamed.  
 What cause, then, did the fabulous Ancients find,  
 When first their superstition made thee blind?  
 'Twas they, alas! 't was they who could not see,  
 When they mistook that monster, Lust, for thee.  
 Thou art a bright, but not consuming, flame;  
 Such in th' amaz'd bush to Moses came,  
 When that, secure, its new-crown'd head did rear,  
 And did the trembling branches' needless fear.  
 Thy darts are healthful gold, and downwards fall,  
 Soft as the feathers that they're fletch'd withal.  
 Such, and no other, were those secret darts  
 Which sweetly touch'd this noblest pair of hearts:  
 Still to one end they both so justly drew,  
 As courteous doves together yok'd would do:  
 No weight of birth did on one side prevail;  
 Two twins less even lie in Nature's scale:  
 They mingled fates, and both in each did share;  
 They both were servants, they both princes were.  
 If any joy to one of them was sent,  
 It was most his to whom it least was meant;  
 And Fortune's malice betwixt both was cross'd,  
 For striking one, it wounded th' other most.  
 Never did marriage such true union find,  
 Or men's desires with so glad violence bind;  
 For there is still some tincture left of sin,  
 And still the sex will needs be stealing in.  
 Those joys are full of dross, and thicker far;  
 These, without matter, clear and liquid are.  
 Such sacred love does heav'n's bright spirits fill,  
 Where love is but to understand, and will,  
 With swift, and unseen motions such as we  
 Somewhat express in heighten'd charity.  
 O ye bless'd One! whose love on earth became  
 So pure, that still in heav'n 't is but the same!  
 There now ye sit, and with mix'd souls embrace,  
 Gazing upon great Love's mysterious face,  
 And pity this base world, where friendship's made  
 A bait for sin, or else at best a trade.  
 Ah! wond'rous Prince! who a true friend couldst be  
 When a crown flatter'd, and Saul threaten'd thee!

Who held'st him dear whose stars thy birth did  
 cross,  
 And bought'st him nobly at a kingdom's loss!  
 Israel's bright sceptre far less glory brings,  
 There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.  
 To this strong pitch their high affections flew,  
 Till Nature's self scarce look'd on them as two.  
 Hither flies David for advice and aid,  
 As swift as love and danger could persuade;  
 As safe in Jonathan's trust his thoughts remain,  
 As when himself but dreams them o'er again.  
 "My dearest Lord! farewell," said he, "Fare-  
 well;  
 "Heav'n bless the King; may no misfortune tell  
 "Th' injustice of his hate when I am dead;  
 "They're coming now; perhaps my guiltless  
 head,  
 "Here, in your sight, must then a-bleeding lie,  
 "And scarce your own stand safe for being nigh-  
 "Think me not fear'd with death, howe'er 't ap-  
 pear;  
 "I know thou canst not think so: it is a fear  
 "From which thy love and Dammin speaks me  
 free;  
 "I've met him face to face, and ne'er could see  
 "One terror in his looks to make me fly  
 "When virtue bids me stand; but I would die  
 "So as becomes my life, so as may prove  
 "Saul's malice, and at least excuse your love."  
 He stopp'd, and spoke some passion with his eyes.  
 "Excellent Friend!" the gallant prince replies;  
 "Thou hast so prov'd thy virtues, that they're  
 known  
 "To all good men, more than to each his own.  
 "Who lives in Israel that can doubtful be  
 "Of thy great actions? for he lives by thee.  
 "Such is thy valour, and thy vast success,  
 "That all things but thy loyalty are less;  
 "And should my father at thy ruin aim,  
 "I would wound as much his safety as his fame.  
 "Think them not coming, then, to slay thee here  
 "But doubt mishaps as little as you fear;  
 "For, by thy loving God, whose'er design  
 "Against thy life, must strike at it through mine,  
 "But I my royal father must acquit  
 "From such base guilt, or the low thought of it.  
 "Think on his softness, when from death he freed  
 "The faithless king of Am'lec's cursed seed;  
 "Can he t' a friend, t' a son, so bloody grow,  
 "He who ev'n sinn'd but now to spare a foe?  
 "Admit he could; but with what strength or art  
 "Could he so long close and seal up his heart?  
 "Such counsels jealous of themselves become,  
 "And dare not fix without consent of some;  
 "Few men so boldly ill, great sins to do,  
 "Till licens'd and approv'd by others too.  
 "No more (believe it) could he hide this from me,  
 "Than I, had he discover'd it, from thee."  
 Here they embraces join, and almost tears,  
 Till gentle David thus new-prov'd his fears.  
 "The praise you pleas'd, great Prince! on me to  
 spend,  
 "Was all outspoken, when you styl'd me Friend:  
 "That name alone does dang'rous glories bring,  
 "And gives excuse to th' envy of a king.

“ What did his spear, force, and dark plots, impart,  
 “ But some eternal rancour in his heart?  
 “ Still does he glance the fortune of that day  
 “ When, drown'd in his own blood, Goliath lay,  
 “ And cover'd half the plain; still hears the sound  
 “ How that vast monster fell, and strook the  
 “ ground :

“ The dance, and, David his ten thousand slew,  
 “ Still wound his sickly soul, and still are new.  
 “ Great acts t' ambitious princes treason grow,  
 “ So much they hate that safety which they owe.  
 “ Tyrants dread all whom they raise high in place;  
 “ From the good danger, from the bad disgrace.  
 “ They doubt the lords, mistrust the people's hate,  
 “ Till blood become a principle of state.  
 “ Secur'd not by their guards nor by their right,  
 “ But still they fear ev'n more than they affright.  
 “ Pardon me, Sir, your father's rough and stern;  
 “ His will too strong to bend, too proud to learn.  
 “ Remember, Sir, the honey's deadly sting!  
 “ Think on that savage justice of the King,  
 “ When the same day that saw you do before  
 “ Things above man, should see you man no more.  
 “ 'Tis true, th' accursed Agag mov'd his ruth;  
 “ He pity'd his tall limbs and comely youth;  
 “ Had seen, alas! the proof of Heav'n's fierce hate,  
 “ And fear'd no mischief from his pow'rless fate.  
 “ Remember how th' old seer came raging down,  
 “ And taught him boldly to suspect his crown.  
 “ Since then his pride quakes at th' Almighty's rod,  
 “ Nor dares he love the man belov'd by God.  
 “ Hence his deep rage and trembling envy springs;  
 “ Nothing so wild as jealousy of kings.  
 “ Whom should he counsel ask, with whom advise,  
 “ Who reason and God's counsel does despise?  
 “ Whose headstrong will no law or conscience  
 “ daunt,

“ Dares he not find you think without your grant?  
 “ Yes, if the truth of our fix'd love he knew,  
 “ He would not doubt, believe it, to kill ev'n you.”

The Prince is mov'd, and straight prepares to find  
 The deep resolves of his griev'd father's mind.  
 The danger now appears, love can soon shew it,  
 And force his stubborn piety to know it.  
 They agree that David should conceal'd abide,  
 Till his great friend had the Court's temper try'd;  
 Till he had Saul's most sacred purpose found,  
 And search'd the depth and rancour of his wound.

'Twas the year's seventh-born moon; the so-  
 lemn feast,

That with most noise its sacred mirth express'd.  
 From op'ning morn, till night shuts in the day,  
 On trumpets and shrill horns the Levites play:  
 Whether by this in mystic type we see  
 The new-year's day of great eternity, [make,  
 When the chang'd moon shall no more changes  
 And scatter'd death's by trumpets' sound awake;  
 Or that the law be kept in mem'ry still,  
 Giv'n with like noise on Sinai's shining hill;  
 Or that (as some men teach) it did arise  
 From faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice,  
 Who, whilst the Ram on Isaac's fire did fry,  
 His horn with joyful tunes stood founding by;

At the third hour Saul to the hallow'd tent,  
 'Midst a large train of priests and courtiers, went;  
 The sacred herd march'd proud and softly by,  
 Too fat and gay to think their deaths so nigh.  
 Hard fate of beasts more innocent than we!  
 Prey to our lux'ry and our piety!  
 Whose guiltless blood on boards and altars spilt,  
 Serves both to make and expiate, too, our guilt!  
 Three bullocks of free neck, two gilded rams,  
 Two well-wash'd goats, and fourteen spotless lambs,  
 With the three vital fruits, wine, oil, and bread,  
 (Small fees to Heav'n of all by which we're fed)  
 Are offer'd up: the hallowed flames arise,  
 And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the skies.  
 From thence the King to th' utmost court is brought,  
 Where heav'nly things an inspir'd prophet taught,  
 And from the sacred tent to his palace gates,  
 With glad kind shouts th' assembly on him waits;  
 The cheerful horns before him loudly play,  
 And fresh-strew'd flow'rs paint his triumphant way.  
 Thus in slow pace to th' palace hall they go,  
 Rich dress'd for solemn luxury and show:  
 Ten pieces of bright tap'stry hung the room,  
 The noblest work e'er stretch'd on Syrian loom,  
 For wealthy Adriel in proud Sidon wrought,  
 And giv'n to Saul when Saul's best gift he sought,  
 The bright-ey'd Merab; for that mindful day  
 No ornament so proper seem'd as they.

There all old Abram's story you might see,  
 And still some angel bore him company.  
 His painful but well-guided travels shew  
 The fate of all his sons, the church below.  
 Here beauteous Sarah to great Pharaoh came;  
 He blush'd with sudden passion, she with shame:  
 Troubled she seem'd, and lab'ring in the strife,  
 'T'wixt her own honour and her husband's life.  
 Here on a conqu'ring host, that careless lay,  
 Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,  
 The patriarch falls; well-mingled might you see  
 The confus'd marks of death and luxury.  
 In the next piece blest'd Salem's mystic King  
 Does sacred presents to the victor bring;  
 Like him whose type he bears, his rights receives,  
 Strictly requires his due, yet freely gives:  
 Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face,  
 The mild and great, the priest and prince, had place.  
 Here all their starry host the heav'n's display;  
 And, lo! an heav'nly youth! more fair than they,  
 Leads Abram forth; points upwards; “ Such,”  
 said he,

“ So bright and numberless thy seed shall be.”  
 Here he with God a new alliance makes,  
 And in his flesh the marks of homage takes:  
 Here he the three mysterious persons feasts,  
 Well paid with joyful tidings by his guests:  
 Here for the wicked town he prays, and near,  
 Scarce did the wicked town through flames appear:  
 And all his fate, and all his deeds, were wrought,  
 Since he from Ur to Ephron's cave was brought.  
 But none 'mongst all the forms drew then their eyes  
 Like faithful Abram's righteous sacrifice:  
 The sad old man mounts slowly to the place,  
 With Nature's pow'r triumphant in his face  
 O'erthaw'd courage: for, in spite of all,

The innocent boy his cruel burden bore  
 With smiling looks, and sometimes walk'd before,  
 And sometimes turn'd to talk : above was made  
 The altar's fatal pile, and on it laid  
 The hope of mankind : patiently he lay,  
 And did his life, as he his God, obey.  
 The mournful eye lifts up at last the knife,  
 And on one moment's string depends his life,  
 In whose young loins such brooding wonders lie.  
 A thousand spirits peep'd from th' affrighted sky,  
 Amaz'd at this strange scene, and almost fear'd,  
 For all those joyful prophecies they'd heard ;  
 Till one leap'd nimbly forth, by God's command,  
 Like lightning from a cloud, and stopp'd his hand.  
 The gentle spirit smil'd kindly as he spoke ;  
 New beams of joy through Abram's wonder broke.  
 The angel points to a tuft of bushes near,  
 Where an entangled Ram does half appear,  
 And struggles vainly with that fatal net,  
 Which, though but slightly wrought, was firmly set :  
 For, lo ! anon, to this sad glory doom'd,  
 The useful beast on Isaac's pile consum'd ;  
 Whilst on his horns the ransom'd couple play'd,  
 And the glad boy danc'd to the tunes he made.

Near this hall's end a Shittim table stood,  
 Yet well-wrought plate strove to conceal the wood ;  
 For from the foot a golden vine did sprout,  
 And cast his fruitful riches all about.  
 Well might that beauteous ore the grape express,  
 Which does weak man intoxicate no less.

Of the same wood the gilded beds were made,  
 And on them large embroider'd carpets laid,  
 From Egypt, the rich shop of follies, brought ;  
 But arts of pride all nations soon are taught.  
 Behold sev'n comely blooming youths appear,  
 And in their hands sev'n silver washpots bear,  
 Curl'd, and gay clad, the choicest sons that be  
 Of Gibcon's race, and slaves of high degree.  
 Sev'n beauteous maids march'd softly in behind,  
 Bright scarves their clothes, their hair fresh gar-  
 lands bind,

And whilst the princes wash, they on them shed  
 Rich ointments, which their costly odours spread  
 O'er the whole room ; from their small prisons free,  
 With such glad haste through the wide air they flee.  
 The King was plac'd alone, and o'er his head  
 A well-wrought heav'n of silk and gold was  
 spread,

Azure the ground, the sun in gold shone bright,  
 But pierc'd the wand'ring clouds with silver light.  
 The right hand bed the King's three sons did grace,  
 The third was Abner's, Adriel's, David's place :  
 And twelve large tables more were fill'd below,  
 With the prime men Saul's court and camp could  
 shew.

The palace did with mirth and music sound,  
 And the crown'd goblets nimbly mov'd around :  
 But though bright joy in ev'ry guest did shine,  
 The plenty state, music, and sprightly wine,  
 Were lost on Saul : an angry care did dwell  
 In his dark breast, and all gay forms expel.  
 David's unusual absence from the feast,  
 To his sick spirit did jealous thoughts suggest :  
 Long lay he still, nor drank, nor ate, nor spoke,  
 And thus at last his troubled silence broke.

" Where can he be ? " said he, " It must be so."  
 With that he paus'd awhile. " Too well we know  
 His boundless pride: he grieves, and hates to see  
 The solemn triumphs of my court and me.  
 Believe me, Friends ! and trust what I can shew  
 From thousand proofs ! th' ambitious David now  
 Does those vast things in his proud soul design,  
 That too much business give for mirth or wine.  
 He's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire  
 Among the tribes, and does ev'n now conspire  
 Against my crown, and all our lives, whilst we  
 Are loath ev'n to suspect what we might see.  
 By the Great Name 'tis true."

With that he strook the board, and no man there,  
 But Jonathan, durst undertake to clear [spoke,  
 The blameless Prince : and scarce ten words he  
 When thus his speech th' enraged tyrant broke.

" Disloyal Wretch ! thy gentle mother's shame !  
 Whose cold pale ghost ev'n blushes at thy name !  
 Who fears lest her chaste bed should doubted  
 be, [thee !

" And her white fame stain'd by black deeds of  
 Canst thou be mine ? A crown sometimes does  
 Ev'n sons against their parents to conspire ; [hire  
 But ne'er did story yet, or fable, tell  
 Of one so wild, who, merely to rebel,  
 Quitted the unquestion'd birthright of a throne,  
 And bought his father's ruin with his own.  
 Thou need'st not plead th' ambitious youth's  
 defence ;

" Thy crime clears his, and makes that innocence ;  
 Nor can his foul ingratitude appear,  
 Whilst thy unnatural guilt is plac'd so near.  
 In this that noble friendship you pretend ?  
 Mine, thine own foe, and thy worst en'my's  
 friend ?

" If thy low spirit can thy great birthright quit,  
 The thing's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it.  
 I, and thy brethren here, have no such mind,  
 Nor such prodigious worth in David find,  
 That we to him should our just rights resign,  
 Or think God's choice not made so well as thine.  
 Shame of thy house and tribe ! hence from mine  
 eye ;

" To thy false friend and servile master fly ;  
 He's, e'er this time, in arms expecting thee ;  
 Haste, for those arms are rais'd to ruin me.  
 Thy sin that way will nobler much appear,  
 Than to remain his spy and agent here.  
 When I think this, Nature, by thee forsook,  
 Forsakes me too." With that his spear he took  
 To strike at him : the mirth and music cease ;  
 The guests all rise this sudden storm t' appease.  
 The Prince his danger and his duty knew,  
 And low he bow'd, and silently withdraw.

To David straight, who in a forest nigh  
 Waits his advice, the royal friend does fly.  
 The sole advice, now, like the danger clear,  
 Was in some foreign land this storm t' outwear.  
 All marks of comely grief in both are seen,  
 And mournful kind discourses pass'd between.  
 Now gen'rous tears their hasty tongues restrain ;  
 Now they begin, and talk all o'er again :  
 A rev'rent oath of constant love they take,  
 And God's high name their dreaded witness make :

Not that at all their faiths could doubtful prove,  
 But 'twas the tedious zeal of endless love.  
 Thus, e'er they part, they the short time bestow  
 In all the pomp friendly and grief could shew.  
 And David now, with doubtful cares oppress'd,  
 Beneath a shade borrows some little rest;  
 When by command divine thick mists arise,  
 And stop the sense, and close the conquer'd eyes.  
 There is a place which man most high doth rear,  
 The small world's heav'n, where reason moves the  
 sphere;

Here in a robe which does all colours shew,  
 (Th' envy of birds, and the clouds' gaudy bow)  
 Fancy, wild dame, with much lascivious pride,  
 By twin-camelions drawn, does gaily ride:  
 Her coach there follows, and throngs round about,  
 Of shapes and airy forms an endless rout.  
 A sea rolls on with harnless fury here;  
 Straight 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear.  
 Here in a moment are vast armies made,  
 And a quick scene of war and blood display'd.  
 Here sparkling wines, and brighter maids come in,  
 The bawds for Sense, and lying baits of sin.  
 Some things arise of strange and quarrelling kind,  
 The forepart lion, and a snake behind.  
 Here golden mountains swell the cov'tous place,  
 And Centaurs ride themselves, a painted race.  
 Of these slight wonders Nature sees the store,  
 And only then accounts herself but poor.

Hither an angel comes in David's trance,  
 And finds them mingled in an antique dance;  
 Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,  
 And joins them wisely, and this vision makes.

First, David there appears in kingly state,  
 Whilst the Twelve Tribes his dread commands  
 await:

Strait to the wars with his join'd strength he goes,  
 Settles new friends, and frights his ancient foes.  
 To Solima, Canaan's old head, they came,  
 (Since high in note, then not unknown to Fame)  
 The blind and lame th' undoubted wall defend,  
 And no new wounds or dangers apprehend.  
 The busy image of great Joab there  
 Disdains the mock, and teaches them to fear:  
 He climbs the airy walls, leaps raging down,  
 New-minted shapes of slaughter fill the town.  
 They curse the guards their mirth and brav'ry  
 chose,

All of them now are slain, or made like those.  
 Far through an inward scene an army lay,  
 Which with full banners a fair Fish display.  
 From Sidon plains to happy Egypt's coast  
 They seem all met, a vast and warlike host.  
 Thither hastes David to his destin'd prey,  
 Honour and noble Danger lead the way.  
 The conscious trees shook with a rev'rent fear  
 Their unblown tops: God walk'd before him there.  
 Slaughter'd the weary'd Riphains' bosom fills,  
 Dead corpse emboss the vale with little hills.  
 On th' other side Sophenes' mighty king  
 Numberless troops of the bless'd East does bring;  
 Twice are his men cut off, and chariots ta'en;  
 Damascus and rich Adad help in vain.  
 Here Nabathrean troops in battle stand,  
 With all the lusty youth of Syrian land;

Undaunted Joab rushes on with speed,  
 Gallantly mounted on his fiery steed;  
 He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;  
 The Syrians leave, or possess dead, the ground.  
 On th' other wing does brave Abisshai ride,  
 Reeking in blood and dust: on ev'ry side  
 The perjurd sons of Ammon quit the field;  
 Some basely die, and some more basely yield.  
 Through a thick wood the wretched Hanun flies,  
 And far more justly than fears Hebrew spies.  
 Moloch, their bloody god, thrusts out his head,  
 Grinning thro' a black cloud: him they'd long fed  
 In his sev'n chambers, and he still did eat  
 New-roasted babes, his dear delicious meat.  
 Again they' arise, more anger'd and dismay'd;  
 Euphrates and swift Tigris sends them aid:  
 In vain they send it, for again they're slain,  
 And feast the greedy birds on Helay plain.  
 Here Rabba with proud tow'rs affronts the sky,  
 And round about great Joab's trenches lie:  
 They force the walls, and sack the helpless town;  
 On David's head shines Ammon's massy crown.  
 'Midst various torments the curs'd race expires;  
 David himself his severe wrath admires.

Next upon Israel's throne does bravely sit  
 A comely youth, endow'd with wond'rous wit:  
 Far, from the parched line, a royal dame,  
 To hear his tongue and boundless wisdom, came:  
 She carry'd back in her triumphant womb  
 The glorious stock of thousand kings to come.  
 Here brightest forms his pomp and wealth display;  
 Here they a temple's vast foundations lay;  
 A mighty work; and with fit glories fill'd,  
 For God t' inhabit, and that King to build.  
 Some from the quarries hew out massy stone,  
 Some draw it up with cranes; some breathe and  
 In order o'er th' anvil; some cut down [groan  
 Tall cedars, the proud mountains' ancient crown;  
 Some carve the trunks, and breathing shapes be-  
 stow,

Giving the trees more life than when they grow.  
 But, oh! alas! what sudden cloud is spread  
 About this glorious King's eclipsed head?  
 It all his fame benights, and all his store,  
 Wrapping him round; and now he's seen no more.

When straight his son appears at Sichern crown'd,  
 With young and headless council circled round;  
 Unseemly object! but a falling state  
 Has always its own errors join'd with Fate.  
 Ten Tribes at once forsake the Jessian throne,  
 And bold Adoram at his message stone;  
 "Brethren of Israel!"—More he fain would say,  
 But a flint stopp'd his mouth, and speech in th'  
 Here this fond king's disasters but begin; [way.  
 He's destin'd to more shame by' his father's sin.  
 Sufac comes up, and under his command  
 A dreadful army from scorch'd Afric's sand,  
 As numberless as that: all is his prey;  
 The temple's sacred wealth they bear away;  
 Adrazar's shields and golden loss they take;  
 Ev'n David in his dream does sweat and shake.  
 Thus fails this wretched prince; his loins appear  
 Of less weight now than Solomon's fingers were.

Abijah next seeks Israel to regain,  
 And wash in seas of blood his father's stain.

Ne'er saw the aged Sun so cruel fight;  
 Scarce saw he this, but hid his hashful light.  
 Nebat's curs'd son fled with not half his men;  
 Where were his gods of Dan and Bethel then?  
 Yet could not this the fatal strife decide;  
 God punish'd one, but bless'd not th' other side.

Asa, a just and virtuous prince, succeeds,  
 High rais'd by Fame for great and godly deeds:  
 He cut the solemn groves where idols stood,  
 And sacrific'd the gods with their own wood.  
 He vanquish'd thus the proud weak pow'rs of Hell;  
 Before him next their doting servants fell:  
 So huge an host of Zerah's men he slew,  
 As made ev'n that Arabia desert too.  
 Why fear'd he then the perjur'd Baasha's fight?  
 Or bought the dangerous aid of Syrian's might?  
 Conquest, Heav'n's gift, cannot by man be sold;  
 Alas! what weakness trusts he? man and gold.

Next Josaphat possess'd the royal state;  
 An happy prince, well worthy of his fate:  
 His oft' oblations on God's altar, made  
 With thousand flocks, and thousand herds, are paid,  
 Arabian tribute! What mad troops are those,  
 Those mighty troops that dare to be his foes?  
 He prays them dead; with mutual wounds they fall;  
 One fury brought, one fury slays them all.  
 Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win,  
 Never o'ercome but by his friend Ahab's sin;  
 On whose disguise Fate then did only look,  
 And had almost their God's command mistook:  
 Him from whose danger Heav'n securely brings,  
 And for his sake too ripely wicked kings.  
 Their armies languish, burnt with thirst, at Seere,  
 Sighs all their cold, tears all their moisture there:  
 They fix their greedy eyes on th' empty sky,  
 And fancy clouds, and so become more dry.

Elisha calls for waters from afar

To come; Elisha calls, and here they are.

In helmets they quaff round the welcome flood,  
 And the decrease repair with Moab's blood.

Jehoram next, and Ochoziah, throng  
 For Judah's sceptre; both shortliv'd too long.  
 A woman, too, from murder title claims;  
 Both with her sins and sex the crown she shames.  
 Proud, cursed Woman! but her fall at last  
 To doubting men clears Heav'n for what was past.

Joas at first does bright and glorious shew;  
 In life's fresh morn his fame did early crow:  
 Fair was the promise of his dawning ray,  
 But prophet's angry blood o'ercast his day:  
 From thence his clouds, from thence his storms,  
 It cries aloud, and twice lets Aram in. [begin,

So Amaziah lives, so ends his reign,  
 Both by their trait'rous servants justly slain.

Edom at first dreads his victorious hand;  
 Before him thousand captives trembling stand.  
 Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all;  
 The mimic shapes in several postures fall:

But then (mad Fool!) he does those gods adore,  
 Which when pluck'd down had worshipp'd him  
 before.

Thus all his life to come is loss and shame:  
 No help from gods, who themselves help'd not,  
 came.

All this Uzziah's strength and wit repairs,  
 Leaving a well built greatness to his heirs;  
 Till leprous scurf, o'er his whole body cast,  
 Takes him at first from men, from earth at last.  
 As virtuous was his son, and happier far;  
 Buildings his peace, and trophies grac'd his war:  
 But Achaz heaps up sins, as if he meant  
 To make his worst forefathers innocent:  
 He burns his son at Hinnon, whilst around  
 The roaring child drums and loud trumpets sound:  
 This to the boy a barb'rous mercy grew,  
 And snatch'd him from all mis'ries to ensue.  
 Here Peca comes, and hundred thousands fall;  
 Here Rezin marches up, and sweeps up all;  
 Till like a sea the great Belochus' son  
 Breaks upon both, and both does overrun.  
 The last of Adad's ancient stock is slain,  
 Israel captiv'd, and rich Damascus ta'en;  
 All his wild rage to revenge Judah's wrong;  
 But wo to kingdoms that have friends too strong!

Thus Hezekiah the torn empire took,  
 And Assur's king with his worse gods forsook;  
 Who to poor Judah worlds of nations brings,  
 There rages, utters vain and mighty things.  
 Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names,  
 Some of dear gold, and some of beauteous dames;  
 Whilst in the midst of their huge sleepy boast,  
 An angel scatters death through all the host.  
 Th' affrighted tyrant back to Babel hies,  
 There meets an end far worse than that he flies:  
 Here Hezekiah's life is almost done!

So good, and yet, alas! so short 'tis spun.  
 Th' end of the line was ravell'd, weak, and old;  
 Time must go back, and afford better hold,  
 To tie a new thread to it of fifteen years.  
 'Tis done; th' almighty pow'r of pray'r and tears!  
 Backward the Sun, an unknown motion, went;  
 The stars gaz'd on, and wonder'd what he meant.  
 Manasse next (forgetful man!) begins,  
 Enslav'd and sold to Ashur by his sins;  
 Till by the rod of learned Mis'ry taught,  
 Home to his God and country both he's brought.  
 It taught not Ammon, nor his hardness brake,  
 He's made th' example he refus'd to take.

Yet from this root a goodly cion springs,  
 Josiah! best of men, as well as kings.  
 Down went the calves, with all their gold and cost;  
 The priests then truly griev'd, Ofiris lost.  
 These mad Egyptian rites till now remain'd;  
 Fools! they their worser thraldom still retain'd!  
 In his own fires Moloch to ashes fell,  
 And no more flames must have besides his hell.  
 Like end Ariltartes' horned image found,  
 And Baal's spired stone to dust was ground.  
 No more were men in female habit seen,  
 Or they in men's by the lewd Syrian queen;  
 No lustful maids at Benos' temple sit,  
 And with their body's shame their marriage get.  
 The double Dagon neither nature saves,  
 Nor flies she back to th' Erythrean waves.  
 The trav'ling Sun sees gladly from on high  
 His chariots burn, and Nergal quenched lie.  
 The King's impartial anger lights on all,  
 From fly-blown Accaron to the thund'ring Baal.

Here David's joy unruly grows and bold,  
Nor could sleep's silken chain its violence hold,  
Had not the angel, to seal fast his eyes,  
The humours stirr'd, and bid more mists arise;  
When straight a chariot hurries swift away,  
And in it good Josiah bleeding lay:  
One hand's held up, one stops the wound; in vain  
They both are us'd. Alas! he's slain, he's slain.

Jehoiakim and Jehoiakim next appear;  
Both urge that vengeance which before was near.  
He in Egyptian fetters captive dies,  
This by more courteous Anger murder'd lies.  
His son and brother next to bonds sustain,  
Israel's now solemn and imperial chain.  
Here's the last scene of this proud city's state;  
All ills are met, ty'd in one knot of Fate.  
Their endless slav'ry in this trial lay;  
Great God had heap'd up ages in one day:  
Strong works around the walls the Chaldees build,  
The town with grief and dreadful bus'ness fill'd:  
To their carv'd gods the frantic women pray,  
Gods which as near their ruin were as they:  
At last in rushes the prevailing foe,  
Does all the mischief of proud conquest shew.  
The wond'ring babes from mother's breasts are  
rent,

And suffer ills they neither fear'd nor meant.  
No silver reverence guards the stooping age,  
No rule or method ties their boundless rage.  
The glorious temple shines in flames all o'er,  
Yet not so bright as in its gold before.  
Nothing but fire or slaughter meets the eyes;  
Nothing the ear but groans and dismal cries.  
The walls and towers are levell'd with the ground,  
And scarce aught now of that vast city's found,  
But shards and rubbish, which weak signs might  
keep,

Of forepast glory, and bid travellers weep.  
Thus did triumphant Assur homewards pass,  
And thus Jerus'lem left, Jerusalem that was!

Thus Zedechia saw, and this not all;  
Before his face his friends and children fall,  
The sport of ins'lent victors: this he views,  
A king and father once: ill Fate could use  
His eyes no more to do their master's spite;  
All to be seen she took, and next his sight.  
Thus a long death in prison he outwears,  
Ereft of grief's last solace, ev'n his tears.

Then Jeconiah's son did foremost come,  
And he who brought the captiv'd nation home;  
A row of Worthies in long order pass'd  
O'er the short stage; of all old Joseph last.  
Fair angels pass'd by next in seemly bands,  
All gilt, with gilded baskets in their hands.  
Some as they went the blue-ey'd violets strew,  
Some spotless lilies in loose order threw.  
Some did the way with full-blown roses spread,  
Their smell divine, and colour strangely red;  
Not such as our dull gardens proudly wear,  
Whom weathers taint, and winds rude kisses tear.  
Such, I believe, was the first rose's hue,  
Which, at God's word, in beauteous Eden grew;  
Queen of the flowers, which made that orchard  
gay,  
The morning-blushes of the Spring's new day.

With sober pace an heav'nly Maid walks in,  
Her looks all fair, no sign of native sin  
Through her whole body writ; Immod'rate Grace  
Spoke things far more than human in her face:  
It casts a dusky gloom o'er all the flow'rs,  
And with full beams their mingled light devours.  
An angel straight broke from a shin'g cloud,  
And press'd his wings, and with much reverence  
bow'd;

Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,  
And thus his sacred message sweetly said:

"Hail! full of grace! thee the whole world  
shall call

"Above all Bless'd; thee, who shall bless them all.  
"Thy virgin womb in wondrous sort shall shroud  
"Jesus the God;" (and then again he bow'd)  
"Conception the great Spirit shall breathe on thee:  
"Hail thou! who must God's wife, God's mo-  
ther be."

With that his seeming form to heav'n he rear'd,  
(She low obeisance made) and disappear'd.  
Lo! a new star three Eastern sages see;  
(For why should only earth a gainer be?)  
They saw this Phosphor's infant-light, and knew  
It bravely usher'd in a sun as new;  
They hasted all this rising sun t'adore;  
With them rich myrrh, and early spices, bore.  
Wise Men! no fitter gift your zeal could bring;  
You'll in a noisome stable find your King.  
Anon a thousand devils run roaring in;  
Some with a dreadful smile deform'dly grin;  
Some stamp their cloven paws, some frown, and  
tear

The gaping snakes from their black-knotted hair;  
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell  
Were doubled now, or that just now they fell:  
But when the dreaded Maid they ent'ring saw,  
All fled with trembling fear and silent awe:  
In her chaste arms th' Eternal Infant lies,  
Th' Almighty Voice chang'd into feeble cries.  
Heav'n contain'd virgins oft', and will do more;  
Never did virgin contain Heav'n before.  
Angels peep round to view this mystic thing,  
And halleluiah round, all halleluiah, sing.

No longer could good David quiet bear  
Th' unwieldy pleasure which o'erflow'd him here:  
It broke the fetter, and burst ope his eye;  
Away the tim'rous Forms together fly.  
Fix'd with amaze he stood, and time must take,  
To learn if yet he were at last awake.

Sometimes he thinks that Heav'n this vision sent,  
And order'd all the pageants as they went:  
Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,  
The loose and scatter'd relics of the day. [fair]

When Gabriel (no bless'd sp'rit more kind or  
Bodies and clothes himself with thicken'd air;  
All like a comely youth in life's fresh bloom,  
Rare workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly  
loom!

He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright  
That e'er the mid-day sun pierc'd thro' with light;  
Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,  
Wash'd from the morning beauty's deepest red;  
An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,  
And fell adown his shoulders with loose care:

He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,  
 Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;  
 This he with starry vapours spangles all,  
 Took in their prime e'er they grow ripe, and fall:  
 Of a new rainbow, e'er it fret or fade,  
 The choicest piece took out, a scarf is made;  
 Small streaming clouds he does for wings display,  
 Not virtuous lovers' sighs more soft than they;  
 These he gilds o'er with the sun's richest rays,  
 Caught gliding o'er pure streams on which he  
 plays.

Thus dress'd the joyful Gabriel posts away,  
 And carries with him his own glorious day  
 Through the thick woods; the gloomy shades  
 awhile

Put on fresh looks, and wonder why they smile;  
 The trembling serpents close and silent lie;  
 The birds obscene far from his passage fly;  
 A sudden spring waits on him as he goes,  
 Sudden as that which by creation rose.  
 Thus he appears to David; at first sight  
 All earth-bred fears and sorrows take their flight:

In rushes joy divine, and hope, and rest;  
 A sacred calm shines through his peaceful breast.  
 "Hail, Man belov'd! from highest heav'n,"  
 said he,  
 "My mighty Master sends thee health by me.  
 "The things thou saw'st are full of truth and  
 "light,  
 "Shap'd in the glass of the divine foresight.  
 "Ev'n now old Time is harnessing the Years  
 "To go in order thus: hence, empty fears!  
 "Thy fate's all white; from thy blest'd seed shall  
 "spring  
 "The promis'd Shilo, the great mystic King.  
 "Round the whole earth his dreaded Name shall  
 "sound,  
 "And reach to worlds that must not yet be found:  
 "The Southern clime him her sole Lord shall  
 "style,  
 "Him all the North, ev'n Albion's stubborn isle.  
 "My fellow-servant, credit what I tell"  
 Straight into shapeless air unseen he fell.

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# DAVIDEIS.

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## BOOK III.

### *The Contents.*

David's flight to Nob, and entertainment there by the High Priest; from thence to Gath in disguise, where he is discovered and brought to Achis. He counterfeits himself mad, and escapes to Adullam. A short enumeration of the forces which come thither to him. A description of the kingdom of Moab, whither David flies. His entertainment at Moab's court. A digression of the history of Lot, father of the Moabites, represented in picture. Melchor's song at the feast. Moab desires Joab to relate the story of David; which he does. His extraction. His excellency in poesy, and the effects of it in curing Saul's malady. The Philistines' army encamped at Dammin. The description of Goliath and his arms. His challenge to the Israelites. David's coming to the camp. His speech to Saul to desire leave to fight with Goliath. Several speeches upon that occasion. The combat and slaughter of Goliath, with the defeat of the Philistines' army. Saul's envy to David. The characters of Merab and Michal. The love between David and Michal. His song at her window. His expedition against the Philistines, and the dowry of two hundred foreskins for Michal, with whom he is married. The solemnities of the wedding. Saul's relapse, and the cause of David's flight into the kingdom of Moab.

**R**AIS'D with the news he from high Heav'n receives,  
Straight to his diligent God just thanks he gives.  
To divine Nob directs then his flight  
A small town, great in fame by Levi's right;  
Is there with sprightly wines and hallow'd bread  
(Put what's to hunger hallow'd?) largely fed.  
The good old priest welcomes his fatal guest,  
And with long talk prolongs the hasty feast;  
He lends him vain Goliath's sacred sword,  
(The fittest help just Fortune could afford)  
A sword whose weight without a blow might slay,  
Able unblunted to cut hosts away;  
A sword so great, that it was only fit  
To take off his great head who came with it.  
Thus he arms David; "I your own restore;  
"Take it," said he, "and use it as before.  
"I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest fight  
"that e'er these eyes ow'd the discov'ring light.  
"When you stepp'd forth, how did the monster  
    "rage,  
"In scorn of your soft looks and tender age!

"Some your high spirit did mad presumption call,  
"Some pity'd that such youth should idly fall:  
"Th' uncircumcis'd smil'd grimly with disdain;  
"I knew the day was your's; I saw it plain."  
Much more the rev'rend sire prepar'd to say,  
Wrapp'd with his joy; how the two armies lay;  
Which way the amaz'd foe did wildly flee:  
All that his hearer better knew than he;  
But David's haste denies all needless stay:  
To Gath, an enemy's land he hastes away,  
Not there secure, but where one danger's near,  
The more remote, though greater, disappear.  
So, from the hawk, birds to man's succour flee;  
So, from fir'd ships, man leaps into the sea.  
There in disguise he hopes unknown t' abide!  
Alas! in vain! what can such greatness hide?  
Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,  
But night itself does the rich gem betray.  
Tagal first spy'd him, a Philistian knight,  
Who erst from David's wrath by shameful flight  
Had sav'd the sordid remnant of his age;  
Hence the deep fore of envy mix'd with rage.

Straight with a band of soldiers, tall and rough,  
Trembling, for scarce he thought that band  
enough,

On him he seizes, whom they all had fear'd,  
Had the bold youth in his own shape appear'd.  
And now this wish'd-for, but yet dreadful prey,  
To Achis' court they led in haste away,  
With all unmanly rudeness which does wait  
Upon th' immod'rate vulgar's joy and hate.  
His valour now and strength must useless lie,  
And he himself must arts unusual try.  
Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does spare  
The goodly curls of his rich yellow hair:  
Sometimes a violent laughter screw'd his face,  
And sometimes ready tears dropp'd down apace:  
Sometimes he fix'd his staring eyes on ground,  
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round;  
More full revenge Philistines could not wish,  
But call 't the justice of their mighty Fist.  
They now in height of anger let him live,  
And freedom too, t' increase his scorn, they give.  
He, by wise madness freed, does homeward flee,  
And rage makes them all that he seem'd to be.

Near to Adullam, in an aged wood,  
An hill, part earth, part rocky stone, there stood,  
Hollow and vast within, which Nature wrought,  
As if by her scholar Art she had been taught:  
Hither young David with his kindred came.  
Servants and friends; many his spreading fame,  
Many their wants or discontents, did call;  
Great men in war, and almost armies all!  
Hither came wife and valiant Joab down,  
One to whom David's self must owe his crown;  
A mighty man, had not some cunning sin,  
Amidst so many virtues crowded in.  
With him Abishai came, by whom there fell  
At once three hundred; with him Afahel;  
Afahel! swifter than the Northern wind;  
Scarce could the nimble motions of his mind  
Outgo his feet: so strangely would he run,  
That Time itself perceiv'd not what was done.  
Oft' o'er the lawns and meadows would he pass,  
His weight unknown, and harmless to the grass;  
Oft' o'er the sands and hollow dust would trace,  
Yet no one atom trouble or displace.  
Unhappy Youth! whose end so near I see!  
'There's nought but thy ill fate so swift as thee.

Hither Jessides' wrongs Benaiah drew,  
He who the vast exceeding monster slew.  
Th' Egyptian like an hill himself did rear,  
Like some tall tree upon it seem'd his spear;  
But by Benaiah's staff he fell o'erthrown;  
The earth, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.  
Such was Benaiah; in a narrow pit  
He saw a lion, and leap'd down to it:  
As eas'ly there the royal beast he tore  
As that itself did kids or lambs before.  
Him Ira follow'd, a young lovely boy,  
But full of sp'rit, and arms was all his joy:  
Oft' when a child, he in his dream would fight  
With the vain air, and his wak'd mother fright;  
Oft' would he shoot young birds, and as they fall  
Would laugh, and fancy them Philistines all:  
And now at home no longer would he stay,  
Though yet the face did scarce his sex betray.

Dodo's great son came next, whose dreadful hand  
Snatch'd ripen'd glories from a conq'ring band.  
Who knows not Dammin, and that barley-field,  
Which did a strange and bloody harvest yield.  
Many besides did this new troop increase;  
Adan, whose wants made him unfit for peace;  
Eliel, whose full quiver did always bear  
As many deaths as in it arrows were;  
None from his hand did vain or inn'cent flee;  
Scarce Love or Fate could aim so well as he.  
Many of Judah took wrong'd David's side,  
And many of old Jacob's youngest Tribe;  
But his chief strength the Gadite soldiers are,  
Each single man able to o'ercome a war!  
Swift as the darts they sling through yielding air,  
And hardy all as the strong still they bear;  
A lion's noble rage sits in their face,  
Terrible comely! arm'd with dreadful grace!  
Th' undaunted Prince, though thus well guard-  
ed here,

Yet his stout soul durst for his parents fear;  
He seeks for them a safe and quiet seat,  
Nor trusts his fortune with a pledge so great.  
So when in hostile fire rich Asia's pride  
For ten years' siege had fully satisfy'd,  
Æneas stole an act of higher fame,  
And bore Atchises through the wand'ring flame;  
A nobler burden and a richer prey,  
Than all the Grecian forces bore away.  
Go, pious Prince! in peace, in triumph, go,  
Enjoy the conquest of thine overthrow;  
'To 'ave sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be;  
By this thou overcom'st their victory.  
Moab next Judah, an old kingdom, lies;  
Jordan their touch, and his curs'd sea, denies:  
They see north-stars from o'er Amoreus' ground,  
Edom and Petra their south part does bound:  
Eastwards the lands of Cush and Ammon lie,  
The morning's happy beams they first espy:  
The region with fat soil and plenty's bless'd,  
A soil too good to be of old possess'd  
By monstrous Emims; but Lot's offspring came,  
And conquer'd both the people and the name;  
Till Seon drave them beyond Arnon's flood,  
And their sad bounds mark'd deep in their own  
In Hesbon his triumphant court he plac'd, [blood;  
Hesbon! by men and Nature strangely grac'd:  
A glorious town, and fill'd with all delight  
Which peace could yield though well prepar'd for  
But this proud city, and her prouder lord, [fight.  
Felt the keen rage of Israel's sacred sword;  
Whilst Moab triumphed in her torn estate,  
To see her own become her conqu'ror's fate.  
Yet that small remnant of Lot's parted crown  
Did, arm'd with Israel's sins, pluck Israel down.  
Full thrice six years they felt fierce Eglon's yoke,  
Till Ehud's sword God's vengeful message spoke;  
Since then their kings in quiet held their own;  
Quiet, the good of a not-envy'd throne:  
And now a wife old prince the sceptre sway'd,  
Well by his subjects and himself obey'd:  
Only before his fathers' gods he fell;  
Poor wretched Man! almost too good for hell!  
Hither does David his bless'd parents bring;  
With humble greatness begs of Moab's king

A safe and fair abode, where they might live  
Free from those storms with which himself must  
strive.

The King with cheerful grace his suit approv'd,  
By hate to Saul and love to virtue mov'd.

"Welcome, great Knight, and your fair troop,"  
said he;

"Your name found welcome long before with me;

"That to rich Ophir's rising morn is known,

"And stretch'd out far to the burnt swarthy zone.

"Swift Fame, when her round journey she does  
make,

"Scorns not sometimes us in her way to take.

"Are you the man did that huge giant kill?

"Great Baal of Phegor! and how young he's still!

"From Ruth we heard you came; Ruth was born  
"here,

"In Judah sojourn'd, and, they say, match'd there

"To one of Bethleh'm, which I hope is true:

"Howe'er, your virtues here entitle you:

"Those have the best alliance always been;

"To gods as well as men they make us kin."

He spoke, and straight led in his thankful guests,

To a stately room prepar'd for shews and feasts:

The room with golden tap'stry glister'd bright,

At once to please, and to confound the sight,

Th' excellent work of Babylonian hands;

In midst a table of rich iv'ry stands,

By three fierce tigers and three lions borne,

Which grin, and fearfully the place adorn;

Widely they gape, and to the eye they roar,

As if they hunger'd for the food they bore,

About it beds of Lybian citron stood,

With cov'rings dy'd in Tyrian fishes blood,

They saw th' Herculean art; but most delight

Some pictures gave to David's learned sight.

Here several ways Lot and great Abram go,

There too much wealth, vast and unkind, does  
grow:

Thus each Extreme to equal danger tends;

Plenty as well as want can sep'rate friends.

Here Sodom's tow'rs raise their proud tops on  
high;

The tow'rs as well as men outbrave the sky:

By it the waves of rev'rend Jordan run,

Here green with trees, there gilded with the sun.

Hither Lot's household comes, a num'rous train,

And all with various bus'ness fill the plain:

Some drive the crowding sheep with rural hooks,

They lift up their mild heads and bleat in looks:

Some drive the herds: here a fierce bullock scorns

Th' appointed way, and rears with threat'ning  
horns;

In vain the herdman calls him back again;

The dogs stand off afar, and bark in vain.

Some lead the graining waggons, loaded high

With stuff, on top of which the maidens lie:

Upon tall camels the fair sisters ride,

And Lot talks with them both on either side.

Another picture to curs'd Sodom brings

Elam's proud lord, with his three servant kings;

They sack the town, and bear Lot bound away,

Whilst in a pit the vanquish'd Bera lay,

Bury'd almost alive for fear of death;

But Heav'n's just vengeance sav'd as yet his breath.

Abraham pursues and slays the victor's host;

Scarce had their conquest leisure for a boast.

Next this was drawn the reckless cities' flame,

When a strange hell pour'd down from heav'n  
there came.

Here the two angels from Lot's window look

With smiling anger; the lewd wretches strook

With sudden blindness, seek in vain the door;

Their eyes, first cause of lust, first vengeance bore;

Through liquid air heav'n's busy soldiers fly,

And drive on clouds where seeds of thunder lie.

Here the sad sky glows red with dismal streaks;

Here lightning from it with short trembling breaks:

Here the blue flames of scalding brimstone fall,

Involving swiftly in one ruin all:

The fire of trees and houses mounts on high,

And meets half-way new fires that show'r from sky.

Some in their arms snatch their dear babes away;

At once drop down the father's arms and they:

Some into waters leap with kindled hair,

And, more to vex their fate, are burnt ev'n there.

Men thought, so much a flame by art was shewn,

The picture's self would fall in ashes down.

Afar old Lot tow'rd little Zoar hies,

And dares not move (good Man!) his weeping

Behind his wife stood ever fix'd alone, [eyes.

No more a woman, not yet quite a stone:

A lasting death seiz'd on her turning head;

One cheek was rough and white, the other red,

And yet a cheek: in vain to speak she strove;

Her lips, though stone, a little seem'd to move.

One eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden night,

The other trembled still with parting light:

The wind admir'd, which her hair loosely bore,

Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.

To Heav'n she lifted up her freezing hands,

And to this day a suppliant pillar stands.

She try'd her heavy foot from ground <sup>to</sup> rear,

And rais'd the heel, but her toes rooted there.

Ah! foolish Woman! who must always be

A sight more strange than that she turn'd to see!

Whilst David sed with these his curious eye,

The feast is now serv'd in, and down they lie.

Moab a goblet takes of massy gold,

Which Zippor, and from Zippor all of old

Quaft to their gods and friends, an health goes  
round

In the brisk grape of Arnon's richest ground;

Whilst Melchor to his harp with wondrous skill

(For such were poets then, and should be still)

His noble verse through Nature's secrets lead;

He sung what sp'rit through the whole mass is  
spread,

Ev'ry where all; how heav'n's God's law approve,

And think it rest eternally to move:

How the kind sun usefully comes and goes,

Wants it himself, yet gives to man repose:

How his round journey does for ever last,

And how he baits at ev'ry sea in haste.

He sung how earth blots the moon's gilded wane,

Whilst foolish men beat sounding brass in vain;

Why the great waters her flight horri' obey,

Her changing horns, not constanter than they.

He sung how grisly comets hang in air

Why sword and plagues attend their fatal hair;

God's beacons for the world, drawn up so far,  
 To publish ill, and raise all earth to war:  
 Why contraries feed thunder in the cloud;  
 What motions vex it till it roar so loud;  
 How lambent fires become so wondrous tame,  
 And bear such shining winter in their flame:  
 What radiant pencil draws the watry bow;  
 What ties up hail, and picks the fleecy snow:  
 What palsy of the earth shakes up fix'd hills  
 From off her brows, and here whole rivers spills.  
 Thus did this Heathen Nature's secrets tell,  
 And sometimes miss'd the cause, but fought it well.

Such was the fauce of Moab's noble feast,  
 Till night far spent invites them to their rest:  
 Only the good old prince stays Joab there,  
 And much he tells, and much desires to hear:  
 He tells deeds antique; and the new desires;  
 Of David much, and much of Saul, inquires.  
 "Nay gentle Guest!" said he, "since now you're  
 The story of your gallant friend begin: [in,  
 "His birth, his rising tell, and various fate,  
 "And how he slew that man of Gath of late.  
 "What was he call'd? that huge and monstrous  
 "man."

With that he stopp'd, and Joab thus began:

"His birth great Sir! so much to mine is ty'd,  
 That praise of that might look from me like pride:  
 Yet without boast, his veins contain a flood  
 Of th' old Judæan Lion's richest blood.  
 From Judah Pharez, from him Esrom came,  
 Ram, Nafson, Salmon, names spoke loud by Fame.  
 A name no less ought Boaz to appear,  
 By whose blest'd match we come no strangers  
 here.  
 From him and your fair Ruth good Obed sprung,  
 From Obed Jesse, Jesse! whom Fame's kindest  
 tongue,  
 Counting his birth, and high nobil'ty, shall  
 Not Jesse of Obed, but of David, call,  
 David born to him seventh; the six births past,  
 Brave trials of a work more great at last.  
 Bless me! how swift and growing was his wit!  
 The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it!  
 Scarce past a child, all wonders would he sing  
 Of Nature's law, and power of Nature's King.  
 His sheep would scorn their food to hear his lay,  
 And savage beasts stand by as tame as they:  
 The fighting winds would stop there, and admire,  
 Learning consent and concord from his lyre:  
 Rivers, whose waves roll'd down aloud before,  
 Mute as their fish, would listen towards the shore.  
 'Twas now the time when first Saul God for-  
 took,

God Saul; the room in's heart wild passions took:  
 Sometimes a tyrant frenzy revell'd there,  
 Sometimes black sadness, and deep, deep despair.  
 No help from herbs or learned drugs he finds,  
 They cure but sometimes bodies, never minds.  
 Music alone those storms of soul could lay;  
 Not more Saul them, than music they obey.  
 David's now sent for, and his harp must bring;  
 His harp! that magic bore on ev'ry string.  
 When Saul's rude passions did most tumult keep,  
 With his soft notes they all dropp'd down asleep:

When his dull sp'rits lay drown'd in death and  
 night,  
 He with quick strains rais'd them to life and light.  
 Thus cheer'd he Saul, thus did his fury 'suage,  
 Till wars began, and times more fit for rage.  
 To Helah plain Philistian troops are come,  
 And War's loud noise strikes peaceful music  
 dumb.  
 Back to his rural care young David goes;  
 For this rough work Saul his stout brethren  
 chose;  
 He knew not what his hand in war could do,  
 Nor thought his sword could cure men's madness  
 too.  
 Now Dammin's destin'd for this scene of blood;  
 On two near hills the two proud armies stood;  
 Between a fatal valley stretch'd out wide,  
 And death seem'd ready now on either side;  
 When, lo! their host rais'd all a joyful shout,  
 And from the midst an huge and monstrous man  
 stepp'd out.  
 Aloud they shouted; at each step he took  
 We and the earth itself beneath him shook:  
 Vast as the hill down which he march'd he' ap-  
 pear'd,  
 Amaz'd all eyes, nor was their army fear'd.  
 A young tall squire (tho' then he seem'd not so)  
 Did from the camp at first before him go;  
 At first he did, but scarce could follow straight,  
 Sweating beneath a shield's unruly weight,  
 On which was wrought the gods' and giants'  
 fight,  
 Rare work! all fill'd with terror and delight.  
 Here a vast hill 'gainst thund'ring Baal was  
 thrown,  
 Trees and beasts on't fell burnt with lightning  
 One flings a mountain, and its river too, [down,  
 Torn up with it; that rains back on him that  
 threw.  
 Some from the main to pluck whole islands try;  
 The sea boils round with flames shot thick from  
 sky.  
 This he believ'd, and on his shield he bore,  
 And prais'd their strength, but thought his own  
 was more.  
 The valley now this monster seem'd to fill;  
 And we (methought) look'd up t' him from  
 our hill.  
 All arm'd in brass, the richest drefs of war,  
 (A dismal glorious sight) he shone afar.  
 The Sun himself started with sudden fright,  
 To see his beams return so dismal bright.  
 Brass was his helmet, his boots brass; and o'er  
 His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore;  
 His spear the trunk was of a lofty tree, [be;  
 Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should  
 The huge iron head six hundred shekels weigh'd,  
 And of whole bodies but one wound it made;  
 Able Death's worst command to overdo,  
 Destroying life at once, and carcass too.  
 Thus arm'd he stood, all direful, and all gay,  
 And round him flung a scornful look away.  
 So when a Scythian tyger gazing round,  
 An herd of kine in some fair plain has found,

\* Lolling secure, he swells with angry pride,  
 \* And calls forth all his spots on ev'ry side :  
 \* Then stops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,  
 \* In choice of some strong neck on which to fall,  
 \* Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a prey,  
 \* And grieves to see them trembling haste away.  
 \* "Ye men of Jury!" he cries, "if men you be,  
 \* And such dare prove yourselves to Fame and me,  
 \* Choose out 'mongst all your troops the boldest  
 \* " knight,  
 \* " To try his strength and fate with me in fight :  
 \* " The chance of war let us two bear for all,  
 \* " And they the conqu'rors serve whose knight  
 \* " shall fall."  
 \* At this he paus'd awhile; straight, "I defy  
 \* " Your Gods and you; dares none come down  
 \* " and die!  
 \* " Go back, for shame, and Egypt's slav'ry bear,  
 \* " Or yield to us, and serve more nobly here.  
 \* " Alas! ye've no more wonders to be done,  
 \* " Your forc'rer Moses now, and Josua, is gone ;  
 \* " Your magic trumpets then could cities take,  
 \* " And sounds of triu'ph did your battles make :  
 \* " Spears in your hands, and manly swords, are  
 \* " vain ;  
 \* " Get you your spells and conj'ring rods again.  
 \* " Is there no Samson here? oh! that there were!  
 \* " In his full strength and long enchanted hair ;  
 \* " This sword should be in the weak razor's stead ;  
 \* " It should not cut his hair off, but his head."  
 \* Thus he blasphem'd aloud; the vallies round,  
 \* Flatt'ring his voice, restor'd the dreadful sound :  
 \* We turn'd us trembling at the noise, and fear'd  
 \* We had behind some new Goliath heard.  
 \* 'Twas Heav'n, Heav'n, sure, (which David's  
 \* ' glory meant  
 \* Through this whole act) such sacred terror sent  
 \* To all our host; for there was Saul in place,  
 \* Who ne'er saw fear but in his enemies' face ;  
 \* His godlike son there in bright armour shone,  
 \* Who scorn'd to conquer armies not alone :  
 \* Fate her own book mistrusted at the sight,  
 \* On that side war, on this a single fight.  
 \* There stood Benaiah, and there trembled too,  
 \* He who th' Egyptian proud Goliath slew :  
 \* In his pale fright rage thro' his eyes shot flame,  
 \* He saw his staff, and blush'd with gen'rous shame  
 \* Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,  
 \* Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to fear.  
 \* Thus forty days he march'd down arm'd to  
 \* ' fight ;  
 \* Once ev'ry morn he march'd, and once at night.  
 \* Slow rose the sun, but gallop'd down apace,  
 \* With more than evening blushes in his face ;  
 \* When Jesse to the camp young David sent  
 \* His purpose low, but high was Fate's intent :  
 \* For when the monster's pride he saw and heard,  
 \* Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they  
 \* ' fear'd.  
 \* Anger and brave disdain his heart possess'd,  
 \* Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youthful  
 \* ' breast.  
 \* Much the rewards propos'd his spirit inflame,  
 \* Saul's daughter much, and much the voice  
 \* ' Fame,

\* These to their just intentions strongly move,  
 \* But chiefly God, and his dear country's love.  
 \* Resolv'd for combat, to Saul's tent he's brought,  
 \* Where thus he spoke as boldly as he fought :  
 \* " Henceforth no more, great Prince! your fa-  
 \* " cred breast  
 \* " With that huge talking wretch of Gath molest ;  
 \* " This hand alone shall end his curst breath ;  
 \* " Fear not, the wretch blasphemes himself to  
 \* " death ;  
 \* " And cheated with false weight of his own might,  
 \* " Has challeng'd Heav'n, not us, to single fight.  
 \* " Forbid it, God, that where thy right is try'd,  
 \* " The strength of man should find just cause for  
 \* " pride!  
 \* " Firm like some rock, and vast he seems to stand,  
 \* " But rocks, we know, were op'd at thy command.  
 \* " That soul which now does such large members  
 \* " sway, [way;  
 \* " Through one small wound will creep in haste a-  
 \* " And he who now dares boldly Heav'n defy,  
 \* " To ev'ry bird of Heav'n a prey shall lie :  
 \* " For 'tis not human force we ought to fear ;  
 \* " Did that, alas! plant our forefathers here?  
 \* " Twice fifteen kings did they by that subdue?  
 \* " By that whole nations of Goliaths flew?  
 \* " The wonders they perform'd may still be done;  
 \* " Moses and Josua is, but God's not gone. [skill:  
 \* " We've lost their rod and trumpets, not their  
 \* " Pray'rs and belief are as strong witchcraft still.  
 \* " These are more tall, more giants far than he,  
 \* " Can reach to heav'n, and thence pluck victory.  
 \* " Count this, and then, Sir! mine th' advantage  
 \* " is ;  
 \* " He's stronger far than I, my God than his."  
 \* " Amazement seiz'd on all, and shame to see  
 \* " Their own fears scorn'd by one so young as he.  
 \* " Brave Youth!" replies the King, " whose darling  
 \* " mind,  
 \* " E'er come to manhood, leaves it quite behind ;  
 \* " Reserve thy valour for more equal fight,  
 \* " And let thy body grow up to thy spright :  
 \* " Thou'rt yet too tender for so rude a foe,  
 \* " Whose touch would wound thee more than him  
 \* " thy blow.  
 \* " Nature his limbs only for war made fit,  
 \* " In thine, as yet, nought beside Love she 'as writ.  
 \* " With some less foe thy unlesh'd valour try ;  
 \* " This monster can be no first victory.  
 \* " The lion's royal whelp does not at first,  
 \* " For blood of Bafan bulls, or tigers, thirst ;  
 \* " In tim'rous deer he hantels his young paws,  
 \* " And leaves the rugged bear for firmer claws.  
 \* " So vast thy hopes, so unproportion'd be,  
 \* " Fortune would be asham'd to second thee."  
 \* He said, and we all murmur'd an assent ;  
 \* But nought moves David from his high intent.  
 \* It brave to him, and ominous, does appear,  
 \* To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here ; [age,  
 \* Which he resolves, " Scorn not," says he, " mine  
 \* " For vict'ry comes not like an heritage,  
 \* " At set years. When my father's lock'd up,  
 \* " A bear and lion, by fierce hunger led, [away;  
 \* " Broke from the wood, and snatch'd my lambs  
 \* " From their grim mouths I forc'd the want'ing prey :

" Both bear and lion ev'n this hand did kill,  
 " On our great oak the bones and jaws hang  
 " still.  
 " My God's the same, which then he was, to-day,  
 " And this wild wretch almost the same as they.  
 " Who from such danger sav'd my flock, will he  
 " Of Israel, his own flock, less careful be?"  
 " Be't so then," Saul bursts forth, " and Thou  
 " on high,  
 " Who oft' in weakness dost most strength descry,  
 " At whose dread beck Conquest expecting stands,  
 " And casts no look down on the fighters' hands,  
 " Assist what thou inspir'st; and let all see,  
 " As boys to giants, giants are to thee"  
 " Thus, and with trembling hopes of strange  
 " success,  
 " In his own arms he the bold youth does dress,  
 " On his head an helm of well-wrought brass is  
 " plac'd,  
 " The top with warlike plumes severely grac'd:  
 " His breast a plate cut with rare figures bore,  
 " A sword much practis'd in Death's art he wore:  
 " Yet David, us'd so long to no defence,  
 " But those light arms of spirit and innocence,  
 " No good in fight of that gay burden knows,  
 " But fears his own arms' weight more than his  
 " foe's.  
 " He lost himself in that disguise of war,  
 " And guarded seems, as men by prisons are.  
 " He, therefore, to exalt the wondrous fight,  
 " Prepares now, and disarms himself for fight.  
 " Gainst shield, helm, breastplate, and instead of  
 " those,  
 " Five sharp smooth stones from the next brook  
 " he chose,  
 " And fits them to his sling, then marches down;  
 " For sword, his enemy's he esteem'd his own.  
 " We all with various passion strangely gaz'd,  
 " Some sad, some sham'd, some angry, all amaz'd.  
 " Now in the valley he stands; through his  
 " youthful face  
 " Wrath checks the beauty, and sheds manly grace;  
 " Both in his looks so join'd, that they might  
 " move  
 " Fear ev'n in friends, and from an en'my love;  
 " Hot as ripe Noon, sweet as the blooming Day,  
 " Like July furious, but more fair than May.  
 " Th' accurs'd Philistine stands on th' other side,  
 " Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt rage and  
 " pride.  
 " The plagues of Dagon! A smooth boy," says he,  
 " A cursed, beardless foe, oppos'd to me!  
 " Hell! with what arms (hence, thou fond child!)  
 " he's come!  
 " Some friend his mother call to drive him home.  
 " Not gone yet? If one minute more thou stay,  
 " The birds of heav'n shall bear the dead away.  
 " Gods! a curs'd boy!" The rest then murmur'd  
 " out,  
 " He walks, and casts a deadly grin about.  
 " David, with cheerful anger in his eyes,  
 " Advances boldly on, and thus replies;  
 " Thou com'st, vain Man! all arm'd into the field,  
 " And trustest those war toys, thy sword and  
 " shield;

" Thy pride's my spear, thy blasphemies my sword;  
 " My shield thy Maker; Fool! the mighty Lord  
 " Of thee and battles; who hath sent forth me,  
 " Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer thee.  
 " In vain shall Dagon, thy false hope, withstand;  
 " In vain thy other god, thine own right-hand,  
 " Thy fall to man shall Heav'n's strong justice  
 " shew; [do.]  
 " Wretch! 'tis the only good which thou can'st  
 " He said; our host stood dully silent by,  
 " And durst not trust their ears against the eye.  
 " As much their champion's threats to him they  
 " fear'd, [heard.  
 " As when the monster's threats to them they  
 " His flaming sword th' enraged Philistine shakes,  
 " And haste to his ruin with loud curses makes.  
 " Backward the winds his active curses blew,  
 " And fatally round his own head they flew:  
 " For now from David's sling the stone is fled,  
 " And strikes, with joyful noise, the monster's  
 " head:  
 " It strook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there,  
 " As swiftly as it pierc'd before the air. [ground,  
 " Down, down he falls! and bites in vain the  
 " Blood, brain, and soul, crowd mingled through  
 " the wound.  
 " So a strong oak, which many years had stood,  
 " With fair and flourishing boughs, itself a wood,  
 " Though it might long the axe's violence bear,  
 " And play'd with winds which other trees did  
 " tear, [rent:  
 " Yet by the thunder's stroke from the root 'tis  
 " So sure the blows that from high Heav'n are sent.  
 " What tongue the joy and wonder can express,  
 " Which did that moment our whole host possess?  
 " Their jocund shouts th' air like a storm did tear,  
 " Th' amazed clouds fled swift away with fear;  
 " But far more swift th' accurs'd Philistines fly.  
 " And their ill fate to perfect, basely die. [strown,  
 " With thousand corpse the ways around are  
 " Till they, by the day's flight, secure their own.  
 " Now through the camp sounds nought but Da-  
 " vid's name;  
 " All joys, of several stamp and colours, came  
 " From several passions: some his valour praise,  
 " Some his free speech, some the fair pop'lar rays  
 " Of youth, and beauty, and his modest guise:  
 " Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the female eyes.  
 " Some wonder; some they thought it would be  
 " so swear;  
 " And some saw angels flying through the air:  
 " The basest spirits cast back a crooked glance  
 " On this great act, and fain would give it to  
 " Chance.  
 " Women our host with songs and dances meet,  
 " With much joy Saul, David with more, they  
 " greet.  
 " Hence the King's politic rage and envy flows,  
 " Which first he hides, and seeks his life to expose  
 " To gen'rous dangers, that his hate might clear,  
 " And Fate or Chance the blame, nay, David bear.  
 " So vain are man's designs! for Fate and Chance,  
 " And Earth and Heav'n, conspir'd to his advance:  
 " His beauty, youth, courage, and wondrous wit,  
 " In all mankind but Saul did love beget.

' Not Saul's own house, not his own nearest blood,  
 ' The noble cause's sacred force withstood.  
 ' You've met, no doubt, and kindly us'd the fame  
 ' Of godlike Jonathan's illustrious name;  
 ' A name which ev'ry wind to heav'n would bear,  
 ' Which men to speak, and angels joy to hear.  
 ' No Angel e'er bore to his brother-mind  
 ' A kindness more exalted and refin'd  
 ' Than his to David, which look'd nobly down,  
 ' And scorn'd the false alarms of a crown.  
 ' At Dammin field he stood; and from his place  
 ' Leap'd forth, the wond'rous conqu'ror to embrace;  
 ' On him his mantle, girdle, sword, and bow,  
 ' On him his heart and soul, he did bestow.  
 ' Not all that Saul could threaten or persuade,  
 ' In this close knot the smallest looseness made.  
 ' Oft' his wife care did the King's rage suspend,  
 ' His own life's danger shelter'd oft' his friend,  
 ' Which he expos'd, a sacrifice to fall,  
 ' By th' undiscerning rage of furious Saul.  
 ' Nor was young David's active virtue grown  
 ' Strong and triumphant in one sex alone;  
 ' Imperious beauty, too, it durst invade,  
 ' And deeper prints in the soft breast it made;  
 ' For there t' esteem, and Friendship's graver  
 ' Passion was pour'd like oil into the flame. [name,  
 ' Like two bright eyes in a fair body plac'd,  
 ' Saul's royal house two beauteous daughters  
 ' grac'd:  
 ' Merab the first, Michel the younger nam'd,  
 ' Both equally for different glories fam'd.  
 ' Merab with spacious beauty fill'd the sight,  
 ' But too much awe chastis'd the bold delight.  
 ' Like a calm sea, which to th' enlarged view  
 ' Gives pleasure, but gives fear and rev'rence too;  
 ' Michel's sweet looks clear and free joys did move  
 ' And no less strong, tho' much more gentle, love;  
 ' Like virtuous kings, whom men rejoice t' obey,  
 ' Tyrants themselves less absolute than they.  
 ' Merab appear'd like some fair princely tow'r;  
 ' Michel some virgin queen's delicious bow'r.  
 ' All beauty's stores in little and in great;  
 ' But the contracted beams shot fiercest heat.  
 ' A clean and lively brown was Merab's dye,  
 ' Such as the prouder colours might envy:  
 ' Michel's pure skin shone with such taintless  
 ' white,  
 ' As scatter'd the weak rays of human sight;  
 ' Her lips and cheeks a noble red did shew,  
 ' Than e'er on fruits or flow'rs Heav'n's pencil  
 ' drew.  
 ' From Merab's eyes fierce and quick lightnings  
 ' came;  
 ' From Michel's, the sun's mild, yet active, flame.  
 ' Merab's long hair was glossy chestnut brown,  
 ' Tresses of palest gold did Michel crown.  
 ' Such was their outward form; and one might  
 ' A difference not unlike it in the mind. [find  
 ' Merab, with comely majesty and state,  
 ' Bore high the advantage of her worth and fate:  
 ' Such humble sweetness did soft Michel shew,  
 ' That none who reach'd so high e'er stoop'd so  
 ' low.

' Merab rejoic'd in her wreck'd lover's pain,  
 ' And fortify'd her virtue with disdain:  
 ' The grief she caus'd gave gentle Michel grief;  
 ' She wish'd her beauties less for their relief;  
 ' Ev'n to her captive civil; yet th' excess  
 ' Of naked virtue guarded her no less. [vex,  
 ' Bus'ness and pow'r Merab's large thoughts did  
 ' Her wit disdain'd the fetters of her sex:  
 ' Michel no less disdain'd affairs and noise,  
 ' Yet did it not from ignorance, but choice.  
 ' In brief, both copies were more sweetly drawn,  
 ' Merab of Saul, Michel of Jonathan.  
 ' The day that David great Goliath slew,  
 ' Not great Goliath's sword was more his due  
 ' Than Merab: by Saul's public promise she  
 ' Was sold then, and betroth'd to Victory:  
 ' But haughty she did this just match despise;  
 ' Her pride debauch'd her judgment and her eyes.  
 ' An unknown youth, ne'er seen in court before,  
 ' Who shepherd's staff and shepherd's habit bore,  
 ' The seventh-born son of no rich house, were still  
 ' Th' unpleasent forms which her high thoughts  
 ' did fill;  
 ' And much aversion in her stubborn mind  
 ' Was bred, by being promis'd and design'd.  
 ' Long had the patient Adriel humbly borne  
 ' The roughest shocks of her imperious scorn;  
 ' Adriel the rich, but riches were in vain,  
 ' And could not set him free, nor her enchain.  
 ' Long liv'd they thus; but as the hunted deer,  
 ' Closely pursu'd, quits all her wonted fear,  
 ' And takes the nearest waves, which from the  
 ' She oft with horror had beheld before; [shore  
 ' So whilst the violent maid from David fled,  
 ' She leap'd to Adriel's long-avoided bed.  
 ' The match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd  
 ' straight;  
 ' So soon comply'd Saul's envy with her hate:  
 ' But Michel, in whose breast all virtues move,  
 ' That hatch the pregnant seeds of sacred love,  
 ' With juster eyes the noble object meets,  
 ' And turns all Merab's poison into sweets,  
 ' She saw, and wonder'd how a youth unknown  
 ' Should make all fame to come so soon his own:  
 ' She saw, and wonder'd how a shepherd's crook  
 ' Despis'd that sword at which the sceptre shook.  
 ' Though he seventh born, and though his house  
 ' but poor,  
 ' She knew it noble was, and would be more.  
 ' Oft' had she heard, and fancy'd oft' the sight,  
 ' With what a gen'rous calm he march'd to fight:  
 ' In the great danger how exempt from fear,  
 ' And after it from pride he did appear.  
 ' Greatness and goodness, and an air divine,  
 ' She saw through all his words and actions shine.  
 ' She heard his eloquent tongue, and charming  
 ' lyre,  
 ' Whose artful sounds did violent love inspire,  
 ' Though us'd all other passions to relieve:  
 ' She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,  
 ' When those strong thoughts attack'd her doubt-  
 ' ful breast,  
 ' His beauty no less active than the rest.  
 ' The fire, thus kindled, soon grew force and great,  
 ' When David's breast reflected back its heat.

' Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can love hidden lie  
 ' From any sight, much less the loving eye)  
 ' She conqu'ror was, as well as overcome,  
 ' And gain'd no less abroad than lost at home.  
 ' Ev'n the first hour they met (for such a pair,  
 ' Who in all mankind else so matchless were,  
 ' Yet their own equals, Nature's self does wed)  
 ' A mutual warmth through both their bosoms  
 ' spread.  
 ' Fate gave the signal; both at once began  
 ' The gentle race, and with just pace they ran.  
 ' Ev'n so (methinks) when two fair tapers come  
 ' From several doors, ent'ring at once the room,  
 ' With a swift flight that leaves the eye behind,  
 ' Their am'rous lights into one light are join'd.  
 ' Nature herself, were she to judge the case,  
 ' Knew not which first began the kind embrace.  
 ' Michel her modest flames sought to conceal,  
 ' But love ev'n th' art to hide it does reveal.  
 ' Her soft unpractis'd eyes betray'd the theft,  
 ' Love past through them, and there such foot-  
 ' steps left. [spoke  
 ' She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he  
 ' And suddenly her wand'ring answers broke,  
 ' At his name's sound, and when she heard him  
 ' prais'd. [rais'd  
 ' With concern'd haste her thoughtful looks she  
 ' Uncall'd-for sighs off' from her bosom flew,  
 ' And Adriel's active friend she' abruptly grew.  
 ' Oft' when the court's gay youth stood waiting  
 ' She strove to act a cold indifferency; [by,  
 ' In vain she acted so constrain'd a part,  
 ' For thousand nameless things disclos'd her heart.  
 ' On th' other side, David, with silent pain,  
 ' Did in respectful bounds his fires contain.  
 ' His humble fear t' offend, and trembling awe,  
 ' Impos'd on him a no less rig'rous law  
 ' Than modesty on her; and though he strove  
 ' To make her see it, he durst not tell his love.  
 ' To tell it first the tim'rous youth made choice  
 ' Of Music's bolder and more active voice;  
 ' And thus beneath her window did he touch  
 ' His faithful lyre, the words and numbers such  
 ' As did well worth my memory appear,  
 ' And may perhaps deserve your princely ear.'

i.

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!  
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale,  
 In sounds that may prevail;  
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire,  
 Though so exalted she,  
 And I so lowly be,  
 Tell her such diff'rent notes make all thy harmony.

ii.

Hark! how the strings awake!  
 And though the moving hand approach not near,  
 Themselves with awful fear  
 A kind of num'rous trembling make,  
 Now all thy forces try,  
 Now all thy charms apply,  
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

iii.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue, sure,  
 Is useless here, since thou art only found

To cure, but not to wound,  
 And she to wound but not to cure.  
 Too weak, too, wilt thou prove  
 My passion to remove;  
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

iv.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!  
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale  
 In sounds that will prevail,  
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;  
 All thy vain mirth lay by,  
 Bid thy strings silent lie. [die.  
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre! and let thy master

' She heard all this, and the prevailing sound  
 ' Touch'd with delightful pain her tender wound;  
 ' Yet tho' she joy'd th' authentic news to hear,  
 ' Of what she guess'd before with jealous fear,  
 ' She check'd her forward joy, and blush'd for  
 ' shame,  
 ' And did his boldness with forc'd anger blame.  
 ' The senseless rules which first false honour taught,  
 ' And into laws the tyrant custom brought,  
 ' Which women's pride and folly did invent,  
 ' Their lovers and themselves, too, to torment,  
 ' Made her next day a grave displeasure feign,  
 ' And all her words, and all her looks constrain  
 ' Before the trembling youth; who, when he saw  
 ' His vital light her wonted beams withdraw,  
 ' He curs'd his voice, his fingers, and his lyre,  
 ' He curs'd his too bold tongue, and bold desire;  
 ' In vain he curs'd the last, for that still grew;  
 ' From all things food its strong complexion drew:  
 ' His joy and hope their cheerful motions ceas'd,  
 ' His life decay'd, but still his love increas'd;  
 ' Whilst she whose heart approv'd not her disdain,  
 ' Saw and endur'd his pains with greater pain.  
 ' But Jonathan, to whom both hearts were known,  
 ' With a concernment equal to their own,  
 ' Joyful that Heav'n with his sworn love comply'd,  
 ' To draw that knot more fast which he had ty'd,  
 ' With well-tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,  
 ' Restor'd, and better'd soon the nice affair:  
 ' With ease a brother's lawful pow'r o'ercame  
 ' The formal decencies of virgin-shame.  
 ' She first with all her heart forgave the past,  
 ' Heard David tell his flames, and told her own  
 ' at last.  
 ' Lo! here the happy point of prosp'rous love,  
 ' Which ev'n enjoyment seldom can improve!  
 ' Themselves agreed, which scarce could fail alone,  
 ' All Israel's wish concurrent with their own,  
 ' A brother's pow'rful aid firm to the side,  
 ' By solemn vow the King and father ty'd;  
 ' All jealous fears, all nice disguises past,  
 ' All that in less-ripe love offends the taste,  
 ' In either's breast their souls both meet and wed,  
 ' Their heart the nuptial temple and the bed:  
 ' And tho' the grosser cates were yet not dress'd,  
 ' By which the bodies must supply this feast,  
 ' Bold hopes prevent slow pleasure's ling'ring  
 ' birth,  
 ' As fairs, assur'd of heav'n, enjoy 't on earth.  
 ' All this the King observ'd, and well he saw  
 ' What scandal and what danger it might draw,

'T' oppose this just and pop'lar match, but meant  
 To out-malice all refusals by consent. [prove ;  
 He meant the pois'nous grant should mortal  
 He meant to ensnare his virtue by his love :  
 And thus he to him spoke, with inore of art  
 And fraud than well became the kingly part.  
 " Your valour, David ! and high worth," said  
 " To praise is all men's duty, mine to see [he,  
 " Rewarded ; and we shall to our utmost powers  
 " Do with like care that part as you did your's.  
 " Forbid it, God ! we like those kings should  
 " prove, [love.  
 " Who fear the virtues which they're bound to  
 " Your piety does that tender point secure,  
 " Nor will my acts such humble thoughts endure.  
 " Your nearness to it rather supports the crown,  
 " And th' honours giv'n to you increase our own.  
 " All that we can, we'll give ; 'tis our intent,  
 " Both as a guard and as an ornament, [prove ;  
 " To place the next ourselves : Heav'n does ap-  
 " And my son's friendship, and my daughter's  
 " love,  
 " Guide fatally, methinks, my willing choice ;  
 " I see, methinks, Heav'n in it, and I rejoice.  
 " Blush not, my Son ! that Michel's love I name,  
 " Nor need she blush to hear it ; 'tis no shame  
 " Nor secret now ; Fame does it loudly tell,  
 " And all men but thy rivals like it well. [mine,  
 " If Merab's choice could have comply'd with  
 " Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine ;  
 " And her's, at last, should have with mine com-  
 " ply'd,  
 " Had I not thine and Michel's heart descry'd.  
 " Take whom thou lov'st, and who loves thee ;  
 " the last  
 " And dearest present made me be the chaste  
 " Ahinoam ; and unless she me deceive,  
 " When I to Jonathan my crown shall leave,  
 " 'Twill be a smaller gift.  
 " If I thy gen'rous thoughts may undertake  
 " To guess, they're what jointure thou shalt  
 " make  
 " Fitting her birth and fortune ; and since so  
 " Custom ordains, we mean to exact it too.  
 " The jointure we exact is that shall be  
 " No less advantage to thy fame than she.  
 " Go where Philistine troops infest the land ;  
 " Renew the terrors of thy conqu'ring hand ;  
 " When thine own hand, which needs must con-  
 " qu'ror prove,  
 " In this joint cause of honour and of love,  
 " An hundred of the faithless foe shall slay,  
 " And for a dower their hundred foreskins pay,  
 " Be Michel thy reward. Did we not know  
 " Thy mighty fate, and worth that makes it so,  
 " We should not cheaply that dear blood expose,  
 " Which we to mingle with our own had chose ;  
 " But thou'rt secure ; and since this match of thine  
 " We to the public benefit design,  
 " A public good shall its beginning grace,  
 " And give triumphant omens of thy race."  
 ' Thus spoke the King : the happy youth  
 ' bow'd low,  
 ' Modest and graceful his great joy did show ;

The noble task well pleas'd his generous mind,  
 And nought to except against it could he find,  
 But that his mistress' price too cheap appear'd ;  
 No danger but her scorn of it he fear'd.  
 She with much different sense the news receiv'd ;  
 At her high rate she trembled, blush'd, and  
 griev'd :  
 'Twas a less work the conquest of his foes,  
 Than to obtain her leave his life t' expose.  
 Their kind debate on this soft point would prove  
 Tedious and needless to repeat ; if love  
 (As sure it has) e'er touch'd your princely breast,  
 'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full suggest  
 All that was done or said ; the grief, hope, fears,  
 His troubled joys, and her obliging tears.  
 In all the pomp of passion's reign they part,  
 And bright prophetic forms enlarge his heart ;  
 Vict'ry and Fame, and that more quick delight  
 Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.  
 ' Tow'rd's Gath he went ; and in one month (so  
 A fatal and a willing work is done) [soon  
 A double dower, two hundred foreskins, brought,  
 Of choice Philistine knights with whom he  
 fought ;  
 Men that in birth and valour did excel,  
 Fit for the cause and hand by which they fell.  
 Now was Saul caught, nor longer could delay  
 The two resifless lovers' happy day.  
 Though this day's coming long had seem'd, and  
 slow,  
 Yet seem'd its stay as long and tedious now :  
 For now the violent weight of eager love  
 Did with more haste, so near its centre, move :  
 He curs'd the stops of form and state which lay,  
 In this last stage, like scandals in his way.  
 ' On a large gentle hill, crown'd with tall wood,  
 Near where the regal Gabath ~~trougly stood,~~  
 A tent was pitch'd, of green wrought ~~mark~~  
 made,  
 And seem'd but the ~~from~~ forest's nat'ral shade ;  
 Various, and vast within, on pillars borne  
 Of Shittim wood, that usefully adorn :  
 Hither, to grace the nuptial feast, does Saul  
 Of the Twelve Tribes th' Elders and Captains  
 call,  
 And all around the idle, busy crowd,  
 With shouts and blessings tell their joy aloud.  
 Lo ! the press breaks, and from their ~~fev'ral~~ homes  
 In decent pride the bride and bridegroom comes.  
 Before the bride, in a long double row,  
 With solemn pace, thirty choice virgins go,  
 And make a moving Galaxy on earth ;  
 All heav'nly beauties, all of highest birth,  
 All clad in liveliest colours, fresh and fair,  
 As the bright flow'rs that crown'd their bright-  
 er hair ;  
 All in that new-blown age which does inspire  
 Warmth in themselves, in their beholders fire.  
 But all this, and all else the sun did e'er,  
 Or Fancy, see, in her less bounded sphere,  
 The bride herself outshone ; and one would say  
 They made but the faint dawn to her full day.  
 Behind a numerous train of ladies went,  
 Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent ;

' Vain gems, and unregarded cost, they bore,  
 ' For all men's eyes were ty'd to those before.  
 ' The bridegroom's flourishing troop fill'd next  
   ' the place,  
 ' With thirty comely youths, of noblest race,  
 ' That march'd before, and Heav'n around his  
   ' head  
 ' The graceful beams of joy and beauty spread.  
 ' So the glad star which men and angels love,  
 ' Prince of the glorious host that shines above,  
 ' No light of heav'n so cheerful or so gay,  
 ' Lifts up his sacred lamp, and opens day.  
 ' The King himself, at the tent's crowned gate,  
 ' In all his robes of ceremony' and state,  
 ' Sat to receive the train: on either hand  
 ' Did the High Priest and the Great Prophet stand.  
 ' Adriel behind, Jonathan, Abner, Jesse,  
 ' And all the chiefs, in their due order press.  
 ' First Saul declar'd his choice, and the just cause  
 ' Avow'd by a gen'ral murmur of applause,  
 ' Then sign'd her dower, and in few words he  
   ' pray'd,  
 ' And bless'd, and gave the joyful trembling maid  
 ' T' her lover's hands, who with a cheerful look  
 ' And humble gesture the vast present took.  
 ' The nuptial hymn straight sounds, and musics  
   ' play,  
 ' And feasts and balls shorten the thoughtless day  
 ' To all but to the wedded; till at last,  
 ' The long-wish'd night did her kind shadow cast:  
 ' At last th' inestimable hour was come,  
 ' To lead his conqu'ring prey in triumph home.  
 ' To a palace near, dress'd for the nuptial bed,  
 ' (Part of her dower) he his fair princess led.

' Saul, the High Priest, and Samuel, here they  
   ' leave,  
 ' Who, as they part, their weighty blessings give.  
 ' Her veil is now put on; and at the gate  
 ' The thirty youths and thirty virgins wait  
 ' With golden lamps, bright as the flames they  
   ' bore,  
 ' To light the nuptial-pomp, and march before;  
 ' The rest bring home in state the happy pair  
 ' To that last scene of bliss, and leave them there,  
 ' All those free joys insatiably to prove,  
 ' Which with rich Beauty feasts the glutton Love.  
   ' But scarce, alas! the first sev'n days were past,  
 ' In which the public nuptial-triumphs last,  
 ' When Saul this new alliance did repent;  
 ' Such subtle cares his jealous thoughts torment,  
 ' He envy'd the good work himself had done,  
 ' Fear'd David less his servant than his son.  
 ' No longer his wild wrath could he command;  
 ' He seeks to stain his own imperial hand  
 ' In his son's blood; and that twice cheated too,  
 ' With troops and armies does one life pursue.  
 ' Said I but one? his thirsty rage extends  
 ' T' the lives of his kindred and his friends;  
 ' Ev'n Jonathan had dy'd for being so,  
 ' Had not just God put by th' unnat'ral blow.  
   ' You see, Sir, the true cause which brings us  
 ' No fullon discontent or groundless fear; [here;  
 ' No guilty act or end calls us from home,  
 ' Only to breathe in peace awhile we come,  
 ' Ready to serve, and in mean space to pray  
 ' For you, who us receive, and him who drives  
   ' away.

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# DAVIDEIS.

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## BOOK IV.

### *The Contents.*

MOAB carries his guests to hunt at Nebo; in the way falls in discourse with David, and desires to know of him the reasons of the change of government in Israel. How Saul came to the crown, and the story of him and Jonathan. David's speech, containing the state of the Commonwealth under the Judges. The motives for which the people desired a king. Their deputy's speech to Samuel upon that subject, and his reply. The assembling of the people at the Tabernacle, to inquire God's pleasure. God's speech. The character of Saul; his anointing by Samuel; and election by lot: the defection of his people. The war of Nahas king of Ammon against Jabes Gilcad. Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the town. Jonathan's character; his single fight with Nahas, whom he slays, and defeats his army. The confirmation of Saul's kingdom at Gilgal, and the manner of Samuel's quitting his office of Judge. The war with the Philistines at Macmas; their strength, and the weakness of Saul's forces; his exercising of the priestly function, and the judgment ~~denounced~~ by Samuel against him. Jonathan's discourse with his esquire; their falling alone upon the enemy's out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole army; the wonderful defeat of it. Saul's rash vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to death, but is saved by the people.

THOUGH state and kind discourse thus robb'd the night  
Of half her nat'ral and more just delight,  
Moab, whom temp'rance did still vig'rous keep,  
And regal cares had us'd to mod'rate sleep,  
Up with the sun arose; and having thrice  
With lifted hands bow'd towards his shining rise,  
And thrice towards Phegor, his Baal's holiest hill,  
(With good and pious pray'rs directed ill)  
Call'd to the chase his friends, who for him stay'd;  
The glad dogs bark'd, the cheerful horses neigh'd.  
Moab his chariot mounts, drawn by four steeds,  
The best and noblest that fresh Zerith breeds,  
All white as snow, and sprightly as the light,  
With scarlet trapp'd, and foaming gold they bite.  
He into it young David with him took,  
Did with respect and wonder on him look  
Since last night's story, and with greedier ear  
The man, of whom so much he heard, did hear.  
The well-born youth of all his flourishing court  
March gay behind, and joyful, to the sport.

Some arm'd with bows, some with straight  
jav'lins ride,  
Rich swords and gilded quivers grace their side.  
'Midst the fair troop David's tall brethren rode,  
And Joab, comely as a fancy'd god;  
They entertain'd th' attentive Moab lords  
With loose and various talk that chance affords,  
Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise King  
Did David's tongue to weightier subjects bring.  
"Much," said the King, "much I to Joab owe,  
"For the fair picture drawn by him of you:  
"Twas drawn in little, but did acts express  
"So great, that largest histories are less.  
"I see (methinks) the Gathian monster still,  
"His shape, last night, my mindful dreams did fill,  
"Strange tyrant Saul, with envy to pursue  
"The praise of deeds whence his own safety grew?  
"I've heard (but who can think it?) that his son  
"Has his life's hazard for your friendship run;  
"His matchless son! whose worth (if Fame be  
"true)  
"Lifts him 'bove all his countrymen but you,

" With whom it makes him one." Low David  
 But no reply Moab's swift tongue allows. [bows,  
 " And pray, kind Guest! whilst we ride thus,"  
 says he,  
 " (To gameful Nebo still three leagues there be)  
 " The story of your royal friend relate,  
 " And his ungovern'd fire's imperious fate:  
 " Why your great state that nameless family chose,  
 " And by what steps to Israel's throne they rose."  
 He stay'd; and David thus: " From Egypt's land  
 " You've heard, Sir, by what strong unarmed  
 " hand,  
 " Our fathers came; Moses their sacred guide,  
 " But he in fight of the giv'n country dy'd.  
 " His fatal promis'd Canaan was on high,  
 " And Joshua's sword must th' active rod supply.  
 " It did so, and did wonders.  
 " From sacred Jordan to the Western main,  
 " From well-clad Libanus to the Southern plain  
 " Of naked sands, his winged conquests went,  
 " And thirty kings to hell uncrown'd he sent.  
 " Almost four hundred years from him to Saul,  
 " In too much freedom pass'd, or foreign thrall.  
 " Oft' strangers' iron sceptres bruis'd the land,  
 " (Such still are those borne by a conqu'ring hand)  
 " Oft' pitying God did well-form'd spirits raise,  
 " Fit for the toilsome bus'ness of their days,  
 " To free the groaning nation, and to give  
 " Peace first, and then the rules in peace to live.  
 " But they, whose stamp of pow'r did chiefly lie  
 " In characters too fine for most men's eye,  
 " Graces and gifts divine, not painted bright  
 " With state to awe dull minds, and force t' affright,  
 " Were ill obey'd whilst living, and at death  
 " Their rules and pattern vanish'd with their  
 " breath.  
 " The heapy rich all near them did devour,  
 " Their judge was Appetite, and their law was  
 " Pow'r.  
 " Not Want itself could Luxury restrain,  
 " For what that empty'd, Rapine fill'd again.  
 " Robbery the field, Oppression sack'd the town;  
 " What the sword's reaping spar'd was gleaned by  
 " the Gown.  
 " At courts and seats of justice to complain,  
 " Was to be robb'd more vexingly again:  
 " Nor was their lust less active or less bold,  
 " Amidst this rougher search of blood and gold.  
 " Weak beauties they corrupt, and force the strong;  
 " The pride of old men that, and this of young.  
 " You've heard, perhaps, Sir, of lewd Gibeah's  
 " shame, [name;  
 " Which Hebrew tongues still tremble when they  
 " Alarm'd all by one fair stranger's eyes,  
 " As to a sudden war the town does rise;  
 " Shaking and pale, half dead e'er they begin  
 " The strange and wanton tragedy of their sin:  
 " All their wild lusts they force her to sustain,  
 " Till by shame, sorrow, weariness, and pain,  
 " She 'midst their loath'd and cruel kindness dies,  
 " Of monstrous Lust the innocent sacrifice.  
 " This did ('tis true) a civil war create,  
 " (The frequent curse of our loose govern'd state)  
 " All Gibeah's, and all Jabes' blood it cost;  
 " Near a whole tribe, and future kings we lost.

" Firm in this general earthquake of the land,  
 " How could religion, its main pillar, stand?  
 " Proud and fond man his father's worship hates;  
 " Himself, God's creature, his own god creates.  
 " Hence in each household sev'ral deities grew,  
 " And when no old one pleas'd, they fram'd a new.  
 " The only land which serv'd but one before,  
 " Did th' only then all nations' gods adore.  
 " They serv'd their gods at first, and soon their  
 " kings;  
 " Their choice of that this latter slav'ry brings;  
 " Till special men, arm'd with God's warrant, broke  
 " By justest force th' unjustly forced yoke:  
 " All matchless persons, and thrice worthy they  
 " Of power more great, or lands more apt t' obey.  
 " At last the priesthood, join'd in Ithamar's son,  
 " More weight and lustre to the sceptre won:  
 " But whilst mild Eli and good Samuel were  
 " Busy'd with age, and th' altar's sacred care,  
 " To their wild sons they their high charge commit;  
 " Who expose to scorn and hate both them and it.  
 " Eli's curs'd house th' exemplar vengeance bears  
 " Of all their blood, and all sad Israel's tears.  
 " His sons abroad, himself at home, lies slain,  
 " Israel's captiv'd, God's ark and law are ta'en.  
 " Thus twice are nations by ill princes vex'd;  
 " They suffer by them first, and for them next,  
 " Samuel succeeds. Since Moses, none, before,  
 " So much of God in his bright bosom bore.  
 " In vain our arms Philistian tyrants seiz'd;  
 " Heav'n's magazines he open'd when he pleas'd.  
 " He rains and winds for auxiliaries brought;  
 " He muster'd flames and thunders when he  
 " fought.  
 " Thus thirty years with strong and steady hand,  
 " He held th' unshaken balance of the land.  
 " At last his sons th' indulgent father chose  
 " To share that state which they were born to lose.  
 " Their hateful acts that change's birth did haste,  
 " Which had long growth i' th' womb of ages past.  
 " To this (for still were some great periods set,  
 " There's a strong knot of sev'ral causes met)  
 " The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring war,  
 " A mighty storm, long gath'ring from afar:  
 " For Ammon, heighten'd with mix'd nations' aid,  
 " Like torrents swoln with rain prepar'd the land  
 " t' invade.  
 " Samuel was old, and by his son's ill choice,  
 " Turn'd dotard in th' unskilful vulgar's voice:  
 " His sons, so scorn'd and hated, that the land  
 " Nor hop'd nor wish'd a vict'ry from their hand.  
 " These were the just and faultless causes why  
 " The gen'ral voice did for a Monarch cry.  
 " But God ill grains did in this incense smell;  
 " Wrapp'd in fair leaves he saw the canker dwell.  
 " A mutinous itch of change, a dull despair  
 " Of helps divine oft' prov'd: a faithless care  
 " Of common means; the pride of heart and scorn  
 " Of th' humble yoke under low Judges borne;  
 " They saw the state and glitt'ring pomp, which  
 " blest'd,  
 " In vulgar sense, the sceptres of the East;  
 " They saw not pow'rs true source, and scorn  
 " t' obey  
 " Persons that look'd no dreadfuler than they;

\* They mis'd courts, guards, a gay and num'rous  
 ' train;  
 \* Our Judges, like their laws, were rude and plain.  
 \* On an old bench of wood, her seat of state,  
 \* Beneath the well-known palm, wife Deb'rah sat:  
 \* Her maids with comely diligence round her spun,  
 \* And she, too, when the pleadings there were done.  
 \* With the same goad Samgar his oxen drives,  
 \* Which took, the sun before, six hundred lives  
 \* From his sham'd foes. he midst his work dealt  
 ' laws,  
 \* And oft' was his plough stopp'd to hear a cause.  
 \* Nor did great Gideon his old flail disdain,  
 \* After won fields, sack'd towns, and princes slain;  
 \* His sceptre that, and Ophra's threshing-floor,  
 \* The feat and emblem of his justice bore.  
 \* What should I Jair, the happiest father, name?  
 \* Or mournful Jephtha, known no less to Fame  
 \* For the most wretched: both at once did keep  
 \* The mighty flocks of Israel and their sheep:  
 \* Oft' from the field in haste they summon'd were,  
 \* Some weighty foreign embassy to hear;  
 \* They call'd their slaves, their sons, and friends,  
 ' around,  
 \* Who all at several cares were scatter'd found;  
 \* They wash'd their feet, their only gown put on,  
 \* And this chief work of ceremony was done.  
 \* These reasons, and all else that could be said,  
 \* In a ripe hour by factious Eloquence spread  
 \* Through all the tribes, made all desire a King;  
 \* And to their Judge selected deputies bring  
 \* This harsh demand, which Nacol for the rest  
 \* (A bold and artful mouth) thus with much grace  
 ' express'd. [rears  
 \* "We're come, most sacred Judge! to pay th' ar-  
 \* Of much-ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years  
 \* Of your just reign, and at your feet to lay  
 \* All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay  
 \* In unproportion'd words: for you alone  
 \* The not unfit reward, who seek for none:  
 \* But when our forepast ills we call to mind,  
 \* And sadly think how little's left behind  
 \* Of your important life, whose sudden date  
 \* Would disinherit th' unprovided state;  
 \* When we consider how unjust 'tis, you,  
 \* Who ne'er of pow'r more than the burden knew,  
 \* At once the weight of that and age should have,  
 \* Your stooping days press'd doubly tow'rd's the  
 " grave;  
 \* When we behold by Ammon's youthful rage,  
 \* Proud in th' advantage of your peaceful age,  
 \* And all th' united East, our fall conspir'd,  
 \* And that your sons, whom chiefly we desir'd  
 \* As stamps of you in your lov'd room to place,  
 \* By unlike acts that noble stamp deface;  
 \* 'Midst these new fears and ills we're forc'd to fly,  
 \* To a new, and yet unpractis'd, remedy;  
 \* A new one, but long promis'd and foretold  
 \* By Moses, and to Abraham shewn of old;  
 \* A prophecy long forming in the womb  
 \* Of teeming years, and now to ripeness come:  
 \* This remedy's a King; for this we all  
 \* With an inspir'd and zealous union call:  
 \* And in one sound when all men's voices join,  
 \* The music's tun'd, no doubt, by hand divine.

" 'Tis God alone speaks a whole nation's voice;  
 " That is his public language; but the choice  
 " Of what peculiar head that crown must bear,  
 " From you, who his peculiar organ are,  
 " We expect to hear; the people shall to you  
 " Their king, the king his crown and people owe.  
 " To your great name what lustre will it bring  
 " To have been our Judge, and to have made our  
 " King!"  
 \* He bow'd, and ended here; and Samuel straight,  
 \* Pausing awhile at this great question's weight,  
 \* With a grave sigh, and with a thoughtful eye,  
 \* That more of care than passion did desire,  
 \* Calmly replies: "You're sure the first," says he,  
 " Of free-born men that begg'd for slavery.  
 " I fear, my friends! with heav'nly manna fed,  
 " (Our old forefather's crime) we lust for bread.  
 " Long since by God from bondage drawn, I fear  
 " We build anew th' Egyptian brick-kiln here.  
 " Cheat not yourselves with words; for though  
 " a king  
 " Be the mild name, a tyrant is the thing:  
 " Let his power loose, and you shall quickly see  
 " How mild a thing unbounded man will be:  
 " He'll lead you forth your hearts' cheap blood  
 " to spill,  
 " Where'er his guideless passion leads his will.  
 " Ambition, lust, or spleen, his wars will raise,  
 " Your lives' best price his thirst of wealth or praise.  
 " Your ablest sons for his proud guards he'll take,  
 " And by such hands your yoke more grievous  
 " make.  
 " Your daughters and dear wives he'll force away,  
 " His lux'ry some, and some his lust, t'obey.  
 " His idle friends your hungry toils shall eat,  
 " Drink your rich wines, mix'd with your blood  
 " and sweat.  
 " Then you'll all sigh, but sighs ~~will precious be~~  
 " And not your griefs themselves, or looks, ~~will see~~.  
 " Robb'd even of hopes, when you these ills sustain,  
 " Your wat'ry eyes you'll then turn back in vain  
 " On your old Judges, and perhaps on me,  
 " Nay, ev'n my sons, howe'er th' unhappy be  
 " In your displeasure now; not that I'd clear  
 " Their guilt, or mine own innocence endear;  
 " Witness th' Unutterable Name, there's nought  
 " Of private ends into this question brought:  
 " But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?  
 " Why man your God, and passion made your  
 " law?"  
 " Methinks," (Thus Moab interrupts him here)  
 " The good old fear 'gainst kings was too severe.  
 " 'Tis jest to tell a people that they're free:  
 " Who, or how many, shall their masters be  
 " Is the sole doubt: laws guide, but cannot reign;  
 " And though they bind not kings, yet they re-  
 " strain.  
 " I dare affirm (so much I trust their love)  
 " That no one Moabite would his speech approve.  
 " But, pray, go on." 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;  
 " Yet men whom age and action renders wise,  
 " So much great changes fear, that they believe  
 " All evils will, which may, from them arrive.  
 " On men resolv'd these threats were spent in vain:  
 " All that his pow'r or eloquence could obtain

' Was to inquire God's will, e'er they proceed  
 ' To a work that would so much his blessing need.  
 ' A solemn day for this great work is set,  
 ' And at the Anointed Tent all Israel met  
 ' Expect th' event. Below fair bullocks fry  
 ' In hallow'd flames; above there mount on high  
 ' The precious clouds of incense; and, at last,  
 ' The sprinkling, pray'rs, and all due honours past,  
 ' Lo! we the sacred bells o' the sudden hear,  
 ' And in mild pomp grave Samuel does appear;  
 ' His ephod, mitre, well-cut diadem, on,  
 ' Th' oraculous stones on his rich breastplate shone:  
 ' Tow'rd's the blue curtains of God's holiest place  
 ' (The Temple's bright third heav'n) he turn'd  
 ' his face:  
 ' Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn music play'd,  
 ' And at third rest thus the great Prophet pray'd:  
 " Almighty God! to whom all men that be,  
 " Owe all they have, yet none so much as we;  
 " Who though thou fill'st the spacious world alone,  
 " Thy too small court, hast made this place thy  
 " throne;  
 " With humble knees, and humbler hearts, lo! here  
 " Bless'd Abraham's seed implores thy gracious ear:  
 " Hear them, great God! and thy just will inspire;  
 " From thee, their long known King, they a  
 " king desire:  
 " Some gracious sign of thy good pleasure send,  
 " Which, lo! with souls resign'd we humbly here  
 " attend."  
 ' He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about  
 ' Silence and reverend horror seiz'd the rout:  
 ' The whole tent shakes, the flames on th' altar by  
 ' In thick dull rolls mount slow and heavily:  
 ' The sev'n lamps wink; and what does most  
 ' dismay,  
 ' Th' orac'ous gems shut in their nat'ral day:  
 ' The Ruby's ~~beek~~ grew pale; the em'rald by  
 ' ~~red~~; a cloud o'erca'st the sapphire's sky;  
 ' The di'mond's eye look'd sleepy, and swift night  
 ' Of all those little suns eclips'd the light:  
 ' Sad signs of God's dread anger for our sin;  
 ' But straight a wondrous brightness from within  
 ' Strook through the curtains, for no earthly cloud  
 ' Could those strong beams of heav'nly glory  
 ' shroud:  
 ' The altar's fire burnt pure, and ev'ry stone  
 ' Their radiant parent, the gay sun, outshone:  
 ' Beauty th' illustrious vision did impart  
 ' To ev'ry face, and joy to ev'ry heart.  
 ' In glad effects God's presence thus appear'd,  
 ' And thus in wondrous sounds his voice was  
 ' heard:  
 This stubborn land sins still; nor is it thee, but us  
 (Who've been so long their King) they seek to  
 cast off thus.  
 Five hundred rolling yearshath this stiff nation strove  
 To exhaust the boundless stores of our unfathom'd  
 love.  
 Be't so then; yet, once more, are we resolv'd to try  
 T' outweary them through all their sins' variety;  
 Assemble, ten days hence, the num'rous people here,  
 To draw the royal lot which our hid mark shall  
 bear.

Dismiss them now in peace; but their next crime  
 shall bring  
 Ruin without redress on them, and on their King.  
 ' Th' Almighty spoke; th' astonish'd people part,  
 ' With various stamps impress'd on ev'ry heart:  
 ' Some their demand repented, others prais'd;  
 ' Some had no thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.  
 ' There dwelt a man, nam'd Kis, in Gibeah  
 ' town,  
 ' For wisdom much, and much for courage known:  
 ' More for his son; his mighty son was Saul,  
 ' Whom Nature, e'er the lots, to a throne did call.  
 ' He was much Prince, and when or wherefo'er  
 ' His birth had been, then had he reign'd and there.  
 ' Such beauty, as great strength thinks no disgrace,  
 ' Smil'd in the manly features of his face:  
 ' His large black eyes, fill'd with a sprightly light,  
 ' Shot forth such lively and illustrious night,  
 ' As the sunbeams on jet reflecting shew;  
 ' His hair as black, in long curl'd waves did flow:  
 ' His tall straight body amidst thousands stood,  
 ' Like some fair pine o'erlooking all th' ignobler  
 ' wood.  
 ' Of all our rural sports he was the pride;  
 ' So swift, so strong, so dext'rous, none beside.  
 ' Rest was his toil, labours his lust and game;  
 ' No nat'ral wants could his fierce diligence tame,  
 ' Not thirst nor hunger; he would journies go  
 ' Through raging heats, and take repose in snow.  
 ' His soul was ne'er unbent from weighty care,  
 ' But active as some mind that turns a sphere.  
 ' His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,  
 ' Nor stepp'd aside for dangers or delight,  
 ' Yet was he wise all dangers to foresee;  
 ' But born t'affright, and not to fear, was he.  
 ' His wit was strong, not fine; and on his tongue  
 ' An artless grace, above all eloquence, hung.  
 ' These virtues, too, the rich unusual dress  
 ' Of modesty adorn'd, and humbleness:  
 ' Like a clear varnish o'er fair pictures laid,  
 ' More fresh and lasting they the colours made:  
 ' Till pow'r and violent fortune, which did find  
 ' No stop or bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his mind;  
 ' Did, deluge-like, the nat'ral forms deface,  
 ' And brought forth unknown monsters in their  
 ' place.  
 ' Forbid it, God! my master's spots should be,  
 ' Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me!  
 ' But such he was; and now to Ramah went  
 ' (So God dispos'd) with a strange low intent;  
 ' Great God! he went lost asses to inquire,  
 ' And a small present, his small question's hire,  
 ' Brought simply with him to that man to give,  
 ' From whom high Heav'n's chief gifts he must  
 ' receive.  
 ' Strange play of Fate! when mightiest human things  
 ' Hang on such small imperceptible strings!  
 ' 'Twas Samuel's birth-day, a glad annual feast  
 ' All Ramah kept; Samuel his wond'ring guest  
 ' With such respect leads to it, and does grace  
 ' With the choice meats o' the feast, and highest  
 ' place:  
 ' Which done, him forth alone the Prophet brings,  
 ' And feasts his ravish'd ears with nobler things:

' He tells the mighty fate to him assign'd,  
 ' And with great rules fills his capacious mind :  
 ' Then takes the sacred vial and does shed  
 ' A crown of mistic drops around his head ;  
 ' Drops of that royal moisture which does know  
 ' No mixture, and disdains the place below.  
 ' Soon comes the kingly day, and with it brings  
 ' A new account of time upon his wings.  
 ' The people met, the rites and pray'rs all past,  
 ' Behold ! the Heav'n instructed lot is cast ;  
 ' 'Tis taught by Heav'n its way, and cannot miss ;  
 ' Forth Benjannin, forth leaps the house of Kis.  
 ' As glimm'ring stars just at th' approach of day,  
 ' Casheer'd by troops, at last drop all away ;  
 ' By such degrees all men's bright hopes are gone,  
 ' And, like the sun, Saul's lot shines all alone.  
 ' Ev'n here, perhaps, the people's shout was heard,  
 ' The loud long shout when God's fair choice ap-  
 ' pear'd.

Above the whole vast throng he' appear'd so tall,  
 ' As if by Nature made for the head of all ;  
 ' So full of grace and state, that one might know  
 ' 'Twas some wise eye the blind lot guided so :  
 ' But blind unguided lots have more of choice  
 ' And constancy than the flight vulgar's voice.  
 ' E'er yet the crown of sacred oil is dry,  
 ' Whilst echoes yet preserve the joyful cry,  
 ' Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miss,  
 ' Some envy Saul, some scorn the house of Kis :  
 ' Some their first mutinous wish, a king, repent,  
 ' As if, since that, quite spoil'd by God's consent.  
 ' Few to this prince their first just duties pay ;  
 ' All leave the old, but few the new obey.  
 ' Thus changes man, but God is constant still  
 ' To those eternal grounds that mov'd his will ;  
 ' And though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit  
 ' That stubborn men at last to him submit.

' As midst the main a low small island lies,  
 ' Assaulted round with stormy seas and skies,  
 ' Whilst the poor heartless natives ev'ry hour  
 ' Darkness and noise seems ready to devour ;  
 ' Such Israel's state appear'd, whilst o'er the West  
 ' Philistian clouds hung threat'ning, and from  
 ' th' East

' All nations' wrath into one tempest joins,  
 ' Through which proud Nahas like fierce lightning  
 ' Tigris and Nile to his assistance send ; [shines.]  
 ' And waters to swell'n Jaboc's torrent lend ;  
 ' Seir, Edom, Soba, Amalec, add their force,  
 ' Up with them march the three Arabias' horse ;  
 ' And 'mongst all these none more their hope or  
 ' pride

' Than those few troops your warlike land supply'd.  
 ' Around weak Jabes this vast host does lie,  
 ' Disdains a dry and bloodless victory.  
 ' The hopeless town for slav'ry does intreat,  
 ' But barb'rous Nahas thinks that grace too great.  
 ' He (his first tribute) their right eyes demands,  
 ' And with their faces' shame disarms their hands.  
 ' If unreliev'd seven days by Israel's aid,  
 ' This bargain for o'errated life is made.  
 ' Ah ! mighty God ! let thine own Israel be  
 ' Quite blind itself e'er this reproach it see !

' By his wanton people the new King forsook,  
 ' To homely rural care himself betook ;

' In private plenty liv'd, without the state,  
 ' Lustre and noise, due to a public fate.  
 ' Whilst he his slaves and cattle follows home,  
 ' Lo ! the sad messengers from Jabes come,  
 ' Implore his help, and weep, as if they meant  
 ' That way, at least, proud Nahas to prevent.  
 ' Mov'd with a kingly wrath, his strict command  
 ' He issues forth t' assemble all the land.  
 ' He threatens high, and disobedient they,  
 ' Wak'd by such princely terrors, learnt t'obey.  
 ' A mighty host is rais'd ; th' important cause  
 ' Age from their rest, youth from their pleasure,  
 ' draws ;

' Arm'd as unfurnish'd haste could them provide ;  
 ' But conduct, courage, anger, that supply'd.  
 ' All night they march, and are at th' early dawn  
 ' On Jabes heath in three fair bodies drawn.  
 ' Saul did himself the first and strongest band,  
 ' His son the next, Abner the third, command :  
 ' But pardon, Sir, if naming Saul's great son,  
 ' I stop with him a while e'er I go on.

' This is that Jonathan, the joy and grace,  
 ' The beautifull'st and best of human race ;  
 ' That Jonathan, in whom does mix'd remain  
 ' All that kind mothers' wishes can contain.  
 ' His courage such, as it no stop can know,  
 ' And vict'ry gains by astonishing the foe :  
 ' With lightning's force his en'mies it confounds,  
 ' And melts their hearts e'er it the bosom wounds :  
 ' Yet he the conquer'd with such sweetness gains,  
 ' As captive lovers find in beauty's chains.  
 ' In war the adverse troops he does assail  
 ' Like an impetuous storm of wind and hail :  
 ' In peace, like gentlest dew that does assuage  
 ' The burning months and temper Syrius' rage.  
 ' Kind as the sun's bless'd influence ; and wher-  
 ' e'er

' He comes, plenty and joy attend ~~from these~~  
 ' To help seems all his power ; his wealth  
 ' give ;

' To do much good his sole prerogative :  
 ' And yet this gen'ral bounty of his mind,  
 ' That with wide arms embraces all mankind,  
 ' Such artful prudence does to each divide,  
 ' With diff'rent measures all are satisfy'd :  
 ' Just as wise God his plenteous manna dealt,  
 ' Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt.  
 ' To all relations their just rights he pays,  
 ' And worth's reward above its claim does raise.  
 ' The tend'rest husband, master, father, son,  
 ' And those parts by his friendship far outdone.  
 ' His love to friends no bound or rule does know ;  
 ' What he to Heav'n, all that to him they owe.  
 ' Keen as his sword, and pointed, is his wit ;  
 ' His judgment, like best armour, strong and fit :  
 ' And such an eloquence to both these does join,  
 ' As makes in both beauty and use combine,  
 ' Through which a noble tincture does appear,  
 ' By learning and choice books imprinted there.  
 ' As well he knows all times and persons gone,  
 ' As he himself to the future shall be known :  
 ' But his chief study is God's sacred law,  
 ' And all his life does comments on it draw.  
 ' As never more by Heav'n to man was giv'n ;  
 ' So never more was paid by man to Heav'n ;

• And all these virtues were to ripeness grown,  
 • E'er yet his flow'r of youth was fully blown  
 • All autumn's store did his rich spring adorn :  
 • Like trees in Paradise, he with fruit was born.  
 • Such is his soul ; and if, as some men tell,  
 • Souls form and build those mansions where they  
 • Whoe'er but sees his body must confess [dwell,  
 • The architect no doubt, could be no less.  
 • From Saul his growth and manly strength he took,  
 • Chastis'd by bright Ahinoam's gentler look.  
 • Not bright Ahinoam, Beauty's loudest name,  
 • Till she to' her children lost, with joy, her fame,  
 • Had sweeter strokes, colours more fresh and fair,  
 • More darting eyes, or lovelier auburne hair.  
 • Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,  
 • And on this boundless subject stay so long,  
 • Where too much haste e'er to end it would be,  
 • Did not his acts speak what is untold by me.  
 • Though from the time his hands a sword could  
 • wield,  
 • He ne'er miss'd fame and danger in the field,  
 • Yet this was the first day that call'd him forth,  
 • Since Saul's bright crown gave lustre to his worth ;  
 • 'Twas the last morning whose uncheerful rise  
 • Sad Jabes was to view with both their eyes.  
 • Secure proud Nahas slept, as in his court,  
 • And dream'd, vain Man! of that day's barb'rous  
 • sport,  
 • Till noise and dreadful tumults him awoke,  
 • Till into' his camp our vi'lent army broke.  
 • The careless guards, with small resistance kill'd,  
 • Slaughter the camp, and wild confusion, fill'd.  
 • Nahas his fatal duty does perform,  
 • And marches boldly up to' outface the storm :  
 • Fierce Jonathan, he meets. as he pursues  
 • Th' Arabian horse, and a hot fight renews.  
 • Two of your troops behav'd themselves so well,  
 • In Uz and Jathan, their stout colonels, fell :  
 • 'Twas here our vict'ry stopp'd, and gave us cause  
 • Much to suspect th' intention of her pause.  
 • But when our thund'ring prince Nahas espy'd,  
 • Who with a courage equal to his pride  
 • Broke through our troops, and tow'rds him bold-  
 • ly press'd,  
 • A gen'rous joy leap'd in his youthful breast.  
 • As when a wrathful dragon's dismal light  
 • Strikes suddenly some warlike eagle's sight.  
 • The mighty foe pleases his fearless eyes,  
 • He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.  
 • With vain, though vi'lent force, their darts they  
 • flung ;  
 • In Ammon's plated belt Jonathan's hung,  
 • And stopp'd there : Ammon did his helmet hit,  
 • And gliding off, bore the proud crest from it.  
 • Straight with their swords to the fierce shock they  
 • came,  
 • Their swords, their armour, and their eyes, shot  
 • flame :  
 • Blows strong as thunder, thick as rain they dealt,  
 • Which more than they th' engag'd spectators felt.  
 • In Ammon force, in Jonathan address.  
 • (Though both were great in both to an excess)  
 • To the well-judging eye did most appear ;  
 • Honour and anger in both equal were.

• Two wounds our Prince receiv'd, and Ammon  
 • three,  
 • Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,  
 • Did his whole strength into one blow collect ;  
 • And as a spaniel, when we our aim direct  
 • To shoot some bird, impatiently stands by,  
 • Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly,  
 • Just as it drops upon the wounded prey :  
 • So waited Death itself to bear away  
 • The threaten'd life ; did glad and greedy stand  
 • At sight of mighty Ammon's lifted hand.  
 • Our watchful Prince by bending fav'd the wound,  
 • But Death in other coin his reck'ning found ;  
 • For whilst th' immod'rate stroke's miscarrying  
 • force  
 • Had almost borne the striker from his horse,  
 • A nimble thrust his active en'my made ;  
 • 'T'wixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,  
 • And open'd wide those secret vessels, where  
 • Life's light goes out when first they let in air.  
 • He falls ; his armour clanks against the ground ;  
 • From his faint tongue imperfect curses sound.  
 • His amaz'd troops straight cast their arms away ;  
 • Scarce fled his soul from thence more swift than  
 • they.  
 • As when two kings of neighbour hives (whom  
 • rage  
 • And thirst of empire in fierce wars engage,  
 • Whilst each lays claim to th' garden as his own,  
 • And seeks to usurp the bord'ring flowers alone)  
 • Their well-arm'd troops drawn boldly forth to  
 • fight,  
 • In th' air's wide plain dispute their doubtful right,  
 • If by sad chance of battle either king  
 • Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal sting,  
 • His army's hopes and courage with him die,  
 • They sheath up their faint swords, and routed fly :  
 • On th' other's sides at once, with like success,  
 • Into the camp great Saul and Abner press ;  
 • From Jonathan's part a wild mix'd noise they  
 • hear,  
 • And, whatso'er it mean, long to be there.  
 • At the same instant from glad Jabes' town  
 • The hasty troops march loud and cheerful down.  
 • Some few at first with vain resistance fall,  
 • The rest is slaughter, and vast conquest all.  
 • The fate by which our host thus far had gone,  
 • Our host with noble heat drove farther on ;  
 • Victorious arms through Ammon's land it bore,  
 • Ruin behind, and Terror march'd before.  
 • Where'er from Rabba's tow'rs they cast their  
 • fight,  
 • Smoke clouds the day, and flames make clear the  
 • night.  
 • This bright success did Saul's first action bring :  
 • The oil, the lot, and crown, less crown'd him king.  
 • The happy all men judge for empire fit,  
 • And none withstands where fortune does submit.  
 • Those who before did God's fair choice withstand,  
 • Th' excessive vulgar now to death demand ;  
 • But wiser Saul repeal'd their hasty doom,  
 • Conquest abroad with mercy crown'd at home ;  
 • Nor stain'd with civil slaughter that day's pride,  
 • Which foreign blood in nobler purple dy'd.

' Again the crown the assembled people give,  
 ' With greater joy than Saul could it receive :  
 ' Again th' old Judge resigns his sacred place,  
 ' God glorify'd with wonders his disgrace.  
 ' With decent pride, such as did well besit  
 ' The name he kept, and that which he did quit,  
 ' The long past row of happy years he shew'd.  
 ' Which to his heav'nly government they ow'd ;  
 ' How the torn state his just and prudent reign  
 ' Restor'd to order, plenty, power, again ;  
 ' In war what conqu'ring miracles he wrought ;  
 ' God then their King, was gen'ral when they  
   ' fought, [he,  
 ' Whom they depos'd with him.' " And that, said  
 " You may see God concern'd in it more than me,  
 " Behold how storms his angry presence shroud,  
 " Hark how his wrath in thunder threats aloud !"  
 " 'Twas now the ripen'd summer's highest rage.  
 " Which no faint cloud durst mediate to assuage :  
 " The earth hot with thirst, and hot with lust for  
   ' rain,  
 " Gap'd and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,  
 " Which straight were scatter'd, or devour'd by th'  
   ' sun,  
 " When, lo ! e'er scarce the active speech was done,  
 " A vi'lent wind rose from his secret cave.  
 " And troops of frighted clouds before it drave :  
 " Whilst with rude haste the confus'd tempest  
   ' crowds,  
 " Swift dreadful flames shot through th' encount'ring  
   ' clouds ;  
 " From whose torn womb th' imprison'd thunder  
   ' broke,  
 " And in dire sounds the Prophet's sense it spoke.  
 " Such an impetuous shower it downwards sent,  
 " As if the waters 'bove the firmament  
 " Were all let loose ; horror and fearful noise  
 " Fill'd the black scene, till the great Prophet's  
   ' voice,  
 " Swift as the wings of Morn, reduc'd the day ;  
 " Wind, thunder, rain, and clouds, fled all at once  
   ' away.  
 " Fear not," said he, " God his fierce wrath re-  
   ' moves,  
 " And though this state my service disapproves,  
 " My prayers shall serve it constantly. No more,  
 " I hope a pardon for past sins to implore,  
 " But just rewards from gracious Heav'n to bring  
 " On the good deeds of you and of our King.  
 " Behold him there ! and as you see, rejoice  
 " In the kind care of God's impartial choice.  
 " Behold his beauty, courage, strength, and wit !  
 " The honour Heav'n has cloth'd him with fits fit  
 " And comely on him. Since you needs must be  
 " Rul'd by a king, you're happy that 'tis he.  
 " Obey him gladly, and let him, too, know  
 " You were not made for him, but he for you,  
 " And both for God,  
 " Whose gentlest yoke, if once you cast away,  
 " In vain shall he command, and you obey ;  
 " To foreign tyrants both shall slaves become,  
 " Instead of King and subjects here at home."  
 ' The crown thus sev'ral ways confirm'd to Saul,  
 ' One way was wanting yet to crown them all ;

' And that was force, which only can maintain  
 ' The pow'r that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain.  
 ' Three thousand guards of big bold men he took,  
 ' Tall, terrible, and guards ev'n with their look ;  
 ' His sacred person two, and throne, defend,  
 ' The third on matchless Jonathan attend,  
 ' O'er whose full thoughts honour and youthful  
   ' heat  
 ' Sat brooding to hatch actions good and great.  
 ' On Geba first, where a Philistian band  
 ' Lies, and around torments the fetter'd land,  
 ' He falls, and slaughters all ; his noble rage  
 ' Mix'd with design, his nation to engage  
 ' In that just war, which from them long in vain  
 ' Honour and freedom's voice had strove t' obtain.  
 ' The accurs'd Philistian rous'd with this bold  
   ' blow,  
 ' All the proud marks of enrag'd power does shew,  
 ' Raises a vast, well-arm'd and glitt'ring host ;  
 ' If human strength might authorize a boast,  
 ' Their threats had reason here ; for ne'er did we  
 ' Ourselves so weak, our foe so potent see.  
 ' Here we vast bodies of their foot espy,  
 ' The rear outreaches far th' extended eye :  
 ' Like fields of corn their armed squadrons stand ;  
 ' As thick and numberless they hide the land.  
 ' Here with sharp neighs the warlike horses sound,  
 ' And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground,  
 ' Here with worse noise three thousand chariots pass,  
 ' With plates of iron bound, or louder brass :  
 ' About it forks, axes, and sithes, and spears,  
 ' Whole magazines of death each chariot bears.  
 ' Where it breaks in, there a whole troop it mows,  
 ' And with lopp'd panting limbs the field bestrows.  
 ' Alike the valiant and the cowards die ;  
 ' Neither can they resist, nor can these fly.  
 ' In this proud equipage at Michmash they  
 ' Saul in much different state at Gilgal, lay ;  
 ' His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd,  
 ' Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud :  
 ' The quick contagion, fear ran swift through all,  
 ' And into trembling fits th' infected fall.  
 ' Saul and his son (for no such faint disease  
 ' Could on their strong complexion'd valour seize)  
 ' In vain all parts of virtuous conduct shew'd,  
 ' And on deaf Terror gen'rous words bestow'd.  
 ' Thousands from thence fly scatter'd ev'ry day,  
 ' Thick as the leaves that shake and drop away,  
 ' When they th' approach of stormy winter find,  
 ' The noble tree all bare, expos'd to the wind,  
 ' Some to sad Jordan fly, and swim it for haste,  
 ' And from his farther bank look back at last :  
 ' Some into woods and caves their cattle drive,  
 ' There with their beasts on equal terms they live,  
 ' Nor deserve better ; some in rocks on high,  
 ' The old retreat of storks and ravens, lie ;  
 ' And, were they wing'd like them, scarce would  
   ' they dare  
 ' To stay, or trust their frighted safety there.  
 ' As th' host with fear, so Saul, disturb'd with care,  
 ' T' avert these ills by sacrifice and pray'r,  
 ' And God's bless'd will t' inquire, for Samuel  
   ' sends,  
 ' Whom he six days with troubled haste attends,

' But e'er the seventh unlucky day (the last  
 ' By Samuel set for this great work) was past,  
 ' Saul alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,  
 ' Impatient, e'er God's time, God's mind to know,  
 ' Sham'd and enrag'd to see his troops decay,  
 ' Jealous of an affront in Samuel's stay.  
 ' Scorning that any's presence should appear  
 ' Needful besides, when he himself was there,  
 ' And with a pride too nat'ral, thinking Heav'n  
 ' Had given him all, because much pow'r it had  
 ' giv'n,  
 ' Himself the sacrifice and off'rings made,  
 ' Himself did the high selected charge invade,  
 ' Himself inquir'd of God, who then spake nought,  
 ' But Samuel straight his dreadful answer brought;  
 ' For straight he came, and with a virtue bold,  
 ' As was Saul's sin, the fatal message told:  
 ' His soul ingratitude to Heav'n he chid,  
 ' To pluck that fruit which was alone forbid  
 ' The kingly pow'r, in all that plenteous land,  
 ' Where all things else submit to his command:  
 ' And as fair Eden's violated tree  
 ' To immortal man brought in mortality:  
 ' So shall that crown, which God eternal meant,  
 ' From thee," said he, "and thy great house, be  
 ' rent.  
 ' Thy crime shall death to all thine honours send,  
 ' And give thy immortal royalty an end."  
 ' Thus spoke the Prophet; but kind Heav'n, we  
 ' hope,  
 ' (Whose threats and anger know no other scope  
 ' But man's amendment) does long since relent,  
 ' And with repentant Saul itself repent,  
 ' Howe'er, (though none more pray for this than  
 ' we,  
 ' Whose wrongs and sufferings might some colour  
 ' To ~~his~~ (his) this speech we sadly find [be  
 ' Still extant, and still active in his mind;  
 ' But then a worse effect of it appear'd;  
 ' Our army, which before modestly fear'd,  
 ' Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,  
 ' Disbanded now, and fled in troops, away;  
 ' Base fear so bold and impudent does grow,  
 ' When an excuse and colour it can shew.  
 ' Six hundred only (scarce a princely train)  
 ' Of all his host, with distress'd Saul remain:  
 ' Of his whole host six hundred; and ev'n those  
 ' (So did wise Heav'n for mighty ends dispose,  
 ' Nor would that useless multitudes should share  
 ' In that great gift it did for one prepare)  
 ' Arm'd not like soldiers marching in a war,  
 ' But country-hinds alarmed from afar,  
 ' By wolves' loud hunger, when the well-known  
 ' sound  
 ' Raises the affrighted villages around.  
 ' Some goads, flails, ploughshares, forks, or axes,  
 ' bore,  
 ' Made for life's use and better ends before;  
 ' Some knotted clubs, and darts, or arrows dry'd  
 ' I' th' fire, the first rude arts that Malice try'd,  
 ' E'er man the sins of too much knowledge knew,  
 ' And death by long experience witty grew.  
 ' Such were the numbers, such the arms, which we  
 ' Had by fate left us for a victory

' O'er well-arm'd millions; nor will this appear  
 ' Useful itself, when Jonathan was there.  
 ' 'Twas just the time when the new ebb of night  
 ' Did the moist world unveil to human sight;  
 ' The prince, who all that night the field had beat  
 ' With a small party, and no en'my met,  
 ' (So proud and so secure the en'my lay,  
 ' And drench'd in sleep th' excesses of the day)  
 ' With joy this good occasion did embrace,  
 ' With better leisure, and at nearer space,  
 ' The strength and order of their camp to view;  
 ' Abdon alone his gen'rous purpose knew;  
 ' Abdon! a bold, a brave and comely youth,  
 ' Wellborn, wellbred, with honour fill'd, and  
 ' truth;  
 ' Abdon! his faithful squire, whom much he lov'd,  
 ' And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd;  
 ' Abdon! whose love to his master did exceed  
 ' What Nature's law of Passion's pow'r could breed;  
 ' Abdon alone did on him now attend,  
 ' His humblest servant, and his dearest friend.  
 ' They went, but sacred fury as they went  
 ' Chang'd swiftly, and exalted his intent.  
 ' "What may this be? (the Prince breaks forth)  
 ' "I find  
 ' "God or some pow'rful sp'rit invades my mind.  
 ' "From ought but Heav'n can never sure be  
 ' brought  
 ' "So high, so glorious, and so vast a thought:  
 ' "Nor would ill Fate, that meant me to surprize,  
 ' "Come cloth'd in so unlikely a disguise.  
 ' "Yon' host, which its proud Fishes spread so wide  
 ' "O'er the whole land, like some swell'n river's  
 ' "Which terrible and numberless appears, [tide,  
 ' "As the thick waves which their rough ocean bears,  
 ' "Which lies so strongly encamp'd, that one would  
 ' "say,  
 ' "The hill might be remov'd as soon as they;  
 ' "We two alone must fight with, and defeat:  
 ' "Thou'rt strook, and startest at a sound so great;  
 ' "Yet we must do it; God our weak hands hat  
 ' "chose  
 ' "T' ashame the boasted numbers of our foes,  
 ' "Which to his strength no more proportion'd be  
 ' "Than millions are of hours to his eternity.  
 ' "If when their careless guards espy us here,  
 ' "With sportful scorn they call to us to come  
 ' "near,  
 ' "We'll boldly climb the hill, and charge them all;  
 ' "Not they, but Israel's angel, gives the call."  
 ' He spoke, and as he spoke a light divine  
 ' Did from his eyes, and round his temples, shine;  
 ' Louder his voice, larger his limbs appear'd;  
 ' Less seem'd the num'rous army to be fear'd.  
 ' This saw, and heard with joy, the brave esquire,  
 ' As he with God's, fill'd with his master's fire:  
 ' "Forbid it, Heav'n," said he, "I should decline  
 ' "Or wish, Sir, not to make your danger mine;  
 ' "The great example which I daily see,  
 ' "Of your high worth, is not so lost on me:  
 ' "If wonder-struck, I at your words appear,  
 ' "My wonder yet is innocent of fear:  
 ' "Th' honour which does your princely breast in-  
 ' "flame, [name.  
 ' "Warms mine too, and joins there with duty's

If in this act ill Fate our tempter be,  
 May all the ill it means be aim'd at me.  
 But sure, I think, God leads, nor could you  
 bring  
 So high thoughts from a less exalted spring.  
 Bright signs through all your words and looks  
 are spread,  
 A rising vict'ry dawns around your head."  
 With such discourse blowing their sacred flame,  
 Lo, to the fatal place and work they came.  
 Strongly encamp'd on a steep hill's large head,  
 Like some vast wood the mighty host was spread,  
 Th' only access on neighb'ring Gabaa's side,  
 An hard and narrow way, which did divide  
 Two clifty rocks, Boses and Senes nam'd,  
 Much for themselves and their big strangeness  
 fam'd,  
 More for their fortune, and this stranger day;  
 On both their points Philistine outguards lay,  
 From whence the two bold spies they first  
 espy'd;  
 And, lo! the Hebrews!" proud Eleanor cry'd,  
 From Senes' top: lo! from their hungry caves  
 A quicker fate here sends them to their graves.  
 Come up, (aloud he cries to them below)  
 Ye Egyptian Slaves! and to our mercy owe  
 The rebel lives long since to our justice due."  
 Scarce from his lips the fatal omen flew,  
 When th' inspir'd Prince did nimbly understand  
 God, and his godlike virtues' high command.  
 It call'd him up, and up the steep ascent  
 With pain and labour, haste and joy, they went.  
 Eleanor laugh'd to see them climb, and thought  
 His mighty words th' affrighted suppliants  
 brought,  
 Did new affronts to the great Hebrew name,  
 (The barbarous!) in his wanton fancy frame.  
 Short was his sport; for swift as thunder's stroke  
 Rives the frail trunk of some heav'n-threat'ning  
 oak,  
 The Prince's sword did his proud head divide;  
 The parted scull hung down on either side.  
 Just as he fell, his vengeful steel he drew  
 Half way; no more the trembling joints could  
 do;  
 Which Abdon snatch'd, and dy'd it in the blood  
 Of an amazed wretch that next him stood.  
 Some close to earth shaking and grov'ling lie,  
 Like larks when they the tyrant hobby spy;  
 Some, wonder-struck, stand fix'd; some fly, some  
 arm  
 Wildly, at th' unintelligible alarm,  
 Like the main channel of an high-swoll'n flood,  
 In vain by dikes and broken works withstood:  
 So Jonathan, once climb'd th' opposing hill,  
 Does all around with noise and ruin fill;  
 Like some large arm of which, another way  
 Abdon o'erflows; him, too, no bank can stay:  
 With cries th' affrighted country flies before,  
 Behind the following waters loudly rear:  
 Twenty at least slain on this outguard lie,  
 To th' adjoin'd camp the rest distracted fly,  
 And ill mix'd wonders tell, and into it bear  
 Blind Terror, deaf Disorder, helpless Fear.

The conquerors, too, press boldly in behind,  
 Doubling the wild confusions which they find.  
 Hamgar at first, the Prince of Ashdod Town,  
 Chief 'mongst the Five in riches and renown,  
 And General then by course, oppos'd their way,  
 Till drown'd in death at Jonathan's feet he lay,  
 And curs'd the heav'ns for rage, and bit the  
 ground:  
 His life for ever spilt, stain'd all the grass around.  
 His brother, too, who virtuous haste did make  
 His fortune to revenge or to partake,  
 Falls grov'ling o'er his trunk on mother-Earth:  
 Death mix'd no less their bloods than did their  
 birth.  
 Meanwhile the well-pleas'd Abdon's restless  
 sword [lord.  
 Dispatch'd the following train t' attend their  
 On still o'er panting corpse great Jonathan led;  
 Hundreds before him fell, and thousands fled.  
 Prodigious Prince! which does most wondrous  
 shew,  
 Thy attempt or thy success? thy Fate, or thou?  
 Who durst alone that dreadful host assail,  
 With purpose not to die, but to prevail!  
 Infinite numbers thee no more affright  
 Than God, whose unity is infinite.  
 If Heav'n to men such mighty thoughts would  
 give,  
 What breast but thine capacious to receive  
 The vast infusion? or what soul but thine  
 Durst have believ'd that thought to be divine?  
 Thou follow'dst Heav'n in the design, and we  
 Find in the act 'twas Heav'n that follow'd thee.  
 Thou led'st on angels, and that sacred band  
 (The Deity's great Lieutenant) didst command.  
 'Tis true, Sir, and no figure, when I say  
 Angels themselves fought und~~er~~ ~~him that d~~  
 Clouds with ripe thunder charg'd some ~~... bag~~  
 drew,  
 And some the dire materials brought for new.  
 Hot drops of southern show'rs (the sweats of  
 death)  
 The voice of storms and winged whirlwinds'  
 breath,  
 The flames shot forth from fighting dragon's eyes,  
 The smokes that from scorch'd fevers' oven rise,  
 The reddest fires with which sad comets glow,  
 And Sodom's neighb'ring lake did sp'rits be-  
 stow  
 Of finest sulphur, amongst which they put  
 Wrath, fury, horror, and all mingled shut  
 Into a cold moist cloud, t' inflame it more,  
 And make th' enraged prisoner louder roar.  
 Th' assembled clouds burst o'er their army's  
 head; [spread,  
 Noise, darkness, dismal lightnings, round them  
 Another spirit, with a more potent wand  
 Than that which Nature fear'd in Moses' hand,  
 And went the way that pleas'd, the mountain  
 strook  
 The mountain felt it; the vast mountain shook,  
 Through the wide air another angel flew  
 About their host, and thick amongst them threw  
 Discord, despair, confusion, fear, mistake,  
 And all th' ingredients that swift ruin make.

' The fertile glebe requires no time to breed,  
 ' It quickens and receives at once the seed.  
 ' One would have thought, this dismal day t' have  
   ' seen,  
 ' That Nature's self in her death-pangs had been:  
 ' Such will the face of that great hour appear,  
 ' Such the distracted sinner's conscious fear.  
 ' In vain some few strive the wild flight to stay;  
 ' In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray:  
 ' Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lie,  
 ' Beneath the wretched feet of crowds that fly.  
 ' O'er their own foot trampled the vi'lent horse;  
 ' The guideless chariots with impetuous course  
 ' Cut wide through both; and all their bloody  
   ' way  
 ' Horses and men, torn, bruis'd, and mangled, lay.  
 ' Some from the rocks cast themselves down head-  
   ' long;  
 ' The faint weak passion grows so bold and strong,  
 ' To almost certain present death they fly,  
 ' From a remote and causeless fear to die.  
 ' Much diff'rent error did some troops possess,  
 ' And madness that look'd better, though no less:  
 ' Their fellow troops for th' enter'd foe they take,  
 ' And Israel's war with mutual slaughter make.  
 ' Meanwhile the king from Gabaa's hill did view,  
 ' And hear the thick'ning tumult as it grew  
 ' Still great and loud; and tho' he knows not why  
 ' They fled, no more than they themselves that  
   ' fly,  
 ' Yet by the storms and terrors of the air  
 ' Guessthes some vengeful spirits working there,  
 ' Obeys the loud occasion's sacred call,  
 ' And fiercely on the trembling host does fall.  
 ' At the same time their slaves and prisoners rise,  
 ' Nor does their much-wish'd liberty suffice  
 ' Without revenge; the scatter'd arms they seize,  
 ' And their proud vengeance with the memory  
   ' please  
 ' Of who so lately bore them. All about  
 ' From rocks and caves the Hebrews issue out  
 ' At the glad noise, joy'd that their foes had shewn  
 ' A fear that drowns the scandal of their own.  
 ' Still did the Prince 'midst all this storm appear;  
 ' Still scatter'd deaths and terrors ev'ry where;  
 ' Still did he break, still blunt his wearied sword;  
 ' Still slaughter new supplies to his hands afford.  
 ' Where troops yet stood, there still he hotly slew,  
 ' And till at last all fled, scorn'd to pursue.  
 ' All fled at last, but many in vain; for still  
 ' Th' insatiate conqu'ror was more swift to kill  
 ' Than they to save their lives; till, lo! at last  
 ' Nature, whose pow'r he had so long surpass'd,  
 ' Would yield no more, but to him stronger foes,  
 ' Drought, faintness, and fierce hunger, did op-  
   ' pose.  
 ' Reeking all o'er in dust, and blood, and sweat,  
 ' Burnt with the sun's and violent action's heat,  
 ' 'Gainst an old oak his trembling limbs he staid  
 ' For some short ease; Fate in th' old oak had laid  
 ' Provisions up for his relief; and, lo!  
 ' The hollow trunk did with bright honey flow.  
 ' With timely food his decay'd spirits recruit,  
 ' Strong he returns, and fresh to the pursuit;

' His strength and spirits the honey did restore,  
 ' But, oh! the bitter-sweet strange poison bore!  
 ' Behold, Sir! and mark well the treach'rous fate  
 ' That does so close on human glories wait;  
 ' Behold the strong and yet fantastic net  
 ' T' ensnare triumphant virtue darkly set!  
 ' Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought  
 ' The Prince who had alone that morning fought  
 ' A duel with an host, had th' host o'erthrown,  
 ' And threescore thousand hands disarm'd with one,  
 ' Wash'd off his country's shame, and doubly dy'd  
 ' In blood and blushes the Philistian pride;  
 ' Had sav'd and fix'd his father's tott'ring crown,  
 ' And the bright gold new burnish'd with re-  
   ' nown;  
 ' Should be e'er night, by's king and father's  
   ' breath,  
 ' Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?  
 ' Destin'd the bloody sacrifice to be  
 ' Of thanks himself for his own vict'ry?  
 ' Alone with various fate like to become  
 ' Fighting an host, dying an hecatomb?  
 ' Yet such, Sir, was his case:  
 ' For Saul, who fear'd lest the full plenty might  
 ' (In the abandon'd camp expos'd to fight)  
 ' His hungry men from the pursuit dissuade,  
 ' A rash but solemn vow to Heav'n had made;  
 ' "Curs'd be the wretch, thrice curst let him be,  
 ' "Who shall touch food this busy day," said he,  
 ' "Whilst the bless'd sun does with his sav'ring  
   ' light  
 ' "Assist our vengeful swords against their flight.  
 ' "Be he thrice curs'd; and if his life we spare,  
 ' "On us those curses fall that he should bear."  
 ' Such was the King's rash vow, who little  
   ' thought  
 ' How near to him Fate th' application brought.  
 ' The two-edg'd oath wounds deep; perform'd or  
   ' broke,  
 ' Ev'n perjury its least and bluntest stroke.  
 ' 'Twas his own son, whom God and mankind  
   ' lov'd,  
 ' His own victorious son, that he devov'd,  
 ' On whose bright head the baleful curses light;  
 ' But Providence, his helmet in the fight,  
 ' Forbids their entrance or their settling there;  
 ' They with brute sound dissolv'd into the air.  
 ' Him what religion or what vow could bind,  
 ' Unknown, unheard-of, till he his life did find  
 ' Entangled in it? Whilst wonders he did do,  
 ' Must he die now for not being prophet too?  
 ' To all but him this oath was meant and said;  
 ' He, afar off, the ends for which 'twas made  
 ' Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,  
 ' He grew half dead with toil of giving death.  
 ' What could his crime in this condition be,  
 ' Excus'd by ignorance and necessity?  
 ' Yet the remorseless King, who did disdain  
 ' That man should hear him swear or threat in  
   ' vain,  
 ' Though 'gainst himself, or Fate a way should see  
 ' By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be;  
 ' Who thought compassion female weakness here,  
 ' And equity injustice would appear,

' In his own cause; who falsely fear'd, beside,  
 ' The solemn curse on Jon'than did abide,  
 ' And the infected limb not cut away,  
 ' Would like a gangrene o'er all Israel stray,  
 ' Prepar'd this godlike sacrifice to kill,  
 ' And his rash vow more rashly to fulfil. [tell  
 ' What tongue can th' horror and amazement  
 ' Which on all Israel that sad moment fell?  
 ' Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,  
 ' Had the Philistian fate that day been theirs.  
 ' Not Saul's proud heart could master his swell'n  
 ' eye;  
 ' The Prince alone stood mild and patient by;  
 ' So bright his suff'rings, so triumphant shew'd,  
 ' Less to the best than worst of fates he ow'd.  
 ' A vict'ry now he o'er himself might boast;  
 ' He conquer'd now that conqueror of an host;  
 ' It charm'd through tears the sad spectators' sight,  
 ' Did rev'rence, love, and gratitude, excite,

' And pious rage; with which inspir'd, they  
 ' now  
 ' Oppose to Saul's a better public vow:  
 ' They all consent all Israel ought to be  
 ' Accurs'd, and kill'd themselves, rather than  
 ' he.  
 ' Thus with kind force they the glad King with-  
 ' stood,  
 ' And sav'd their wondrous saviour's sacred blood.'  
 Thus David spoke, and much did yet remain  
 Behind, th' attentive Prince to entertain;  
 Edom and Zoba's war, for what befel  
 In that of Moab, was known there too well;  
 The boundless quarrel with curs'd Amalec's land,  
 Where Heav'n itself did cruelty command,  
 And practis'd on Saul's mercy, nor did e'er  
 More punish innocent blood, than pity there.  
 But, lo! they arriv'd now at the appointed place,  
 Well chosen and well furnish'd for the chase.

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# IMITATIONS.

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## IN IMITATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM.

### MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. XXI.

*Si tecum mihi chare Martialis. &c.*

If, dearest friend! it my good fate might be  
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;  
If we for happiness could leisure find,  
And wand'ring Time into a method bind,  
We should not, sure, the great men's favour need,  
Nor on long hopes, the Court's thin diet, feed;  
We should not patience find daily to hear  
The calumnies and flatt'ries spoken there;  
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,  
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;  
But books and wise discourse, gardens and fields,  
And all the joys that unmix'd Nature yields,  
Thick summer-shades, where winter still does lie,  
Bright winter-fires, that summer's part supply,  
Sleep not control'd by cares, confin'd to night,  
Or bound in any rule but appetite;  
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,  
Rich wines to give it quick and easy birth;  
A few companions, which ourselves should choose,  
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse;  
Such, dearest Friend! such without doubt, should be  
Our place, our business, and our company:  
Now to himself, alas! does neither live,  
But sees good funs, of which we are to give  
A strict account, set and march thick away;  
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay?

### MARTIAL, LIB. II.

*Vota tui breviter, &c.*

Well, then, Sir, you shall know how far extend  
The pray'rs and hopes of your poetic friend;  
He does not palaces nor manors crave,  
Would be no lord, but less a lord would have:  
The ground he holds, if he his can can call,  
He quarrels not with Heaven because 't is small:  
Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,  
He loves of homely littleness the ease:  
Can any man in gilded rooms attend,  
And his dear hours in humble visits spend,

When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may  
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?  
If there be man, ye gods! I ought to hate,  
Dependence and attendance be his fate;  
Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,  
And very much a slave, and very proud:  
Thus he, perhaps, pow'rful and rich may grow  
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow;  
But let him peace and freedom never see;  
Let him not love this life who loves not me.

### MARTIAL, LIB. II.

*Vis fieri liber? &c.*

Would you be free? 'Tis your chief wish, you say:  
Come on; I'll shew thee, Friend! the certain way.  
If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,  
Whilst bounteous God does bread at home bestow;  
If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize,  
By thine own use, and not by others' eyes;  
If, only safe from weathers, thou canst dwell  
In a small house, but a convenient shell;  
If thou, without a sigh, or golden wish,  
Canst look upon thy beachen bowl and dish;  
If in thy mind such pow'r and greatness be,  
The Persian king's a slave compar'd with thee.

### MARTIAL, LIB. II.

*Quod te nomine? &c.*

That I do you with humble bows no more,  
And danger of my naked head, adore;  
That I, who lord and master cry'd e'erwhile,  
Salute you in a new and different style,  
By your own name, a scandal to you now,  
Think not that I forgot myself or you;  
By loss of all things by all others sought,  
This freedom, and the freeman's hat, is bought.  
A lord and master no man wants, but he  
Who o'er himself has no authority;  
Who does for honours and for riches strive,  
And follies, without which lords cannot live,  
If thou from Fortune dost no servant crave,  
Believe it, thou no master need'st to have.

## MARTIAL, LIB. II. EP. XC.

WONDER not, Sir, (you who instruct the town  
In the true wisdom of the sacred gown)  
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold  
Patiently out till I grow rich and old :  
Life for delays and doubts no time does give ;  
None ever yet made haste enough to live :  
Let him defer it whose prepost'rous care  
Omits himself and reaches to his heir ;  
Who does his father's bounded stores despise,  
And whom his own, too, never can suffice.  
My humble thoughts no glitt'ring roofs require,  
Or rooms that shine with ought but constant fire :  
I well content the av'rice of my sight  
With the fair giddings of reflected light :  
Pleasures abroad the sport of Nature yields,  
Her living fountains and her smiling fields ;  
And then at home what pleasure is 't to see  
A little cleanly cheerful family ?  
Which, if a chaste wife crown, no less in her  
Than Fortune, I the golden mean prefer :  
Too noble nor too wise she should not be ;  
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.  
Thus let my life slide silently away,  
With sleep all night, and quiet all the day.

## MARTIAL, LIB. V. EP. LIX.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry ;  
In what far country does this morrow lie,  
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive ?  
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?  
'Tis so far-fetch'd this morrow, that I fear  
'Twill be both very old and very dear.  
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say ;  
To-day itself's too late ; the wife liv'd yesterday.

## MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XLVII.

*Vitam que faciunt beatiorum, &c.*

SINCE, dearest Friend ! 'tis your desire to see  
A true receipt of happiness from me,  
These are the chief ingredients, if not all ;  
Take an estate neither too great nor small.  
Which *quantum sufficit* the doctors call :  
Let this estate from parents' care descend ;  
The getting it too much of life does spend.  
Take such a ground whose gratitude may be  
A fair encouragement for industry :  
Let constant fires the winter's fury tame,  
And let thy kitchens be a vestal flame :  
Thee to the Town let never suit at law,  
And rarely, very rarely, bus'ness draw :  
Thy active mind in equal temper keep,  
In undisturbed peace, yet not in sleep :  
Let exercise a vigorous health maintain,  
Without which all the composition's vain.  
In the same weight prudence and innocence take ;  
And of each does the just mixture make :  
But a few friendships wear, and let them be  
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee :  
Instead of art and luxury in food,  
Let mirth and freedom make thy table good :  
If any rares into thy daytime creep,  
At night, without wine's opium, let them sleep :  
Let rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,  
And not lust, recommend to thee thy bed.

Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art ;  
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part :  
Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,  
And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.

## MARTIAL, LIB. X. EP. XCVI.

ME who have liv'd so long among the great,  
You wonder to hear talk of a retreat,  
And a retreat so distant, as may shew  
No thoughts of a return when once I go.  
Give me a country, how remote soe'er,  
Where happiness a moderate rate does bear,  
Where poverty itself in plenty flows,  
And all the solid use of riches knows :  
The ground about the house maintains it there ;  
The house maintains the ground about it here.  
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board  
Devours the vital substance of the lord.  
The land itself does there the feast bestow,  
The land itself must here to market go.  
Three or four suits one winter here does waste,  
One suit does there three or four winters last.  
Here ev'ry frugal man must oft' be cold,  
And little lukewarm fires are to you sold.  
There fire's an element, as cheap and free  
Almost as any other of the three.  
Stay you then here, and live among the great ;  
Attend their sports, and at their tables eat :  
When all the bounties here of men you score,  
The place's bounty there shall give me more.

## HORAT. EPODON.

*Beatus ille qui procul, &c.*

HAPPY the man whom bounteous gods allow  
With his own hands paternal grounds to plough !  
Like the first golden mortals, happy he  
From bus'ness and the cares of money free :  
No human storms break off at land his sleep,  
No loud alarms of Nature on the deep ;  
From all the cheats of law he lives secure,  
Nor does th' affronts of palaces endure.  
Sometimes the beautiful marriageable Vine  
He to the lusty bridegroom Elm does join ;  
Sometimes he lops the barren trees around,  
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound ;  
Sometimes he shears his flock, and sometimes he  
Stores up the golden treasures of the bee :  
He sees his lowing herds walk o'er the plain,  
Whilst neighb'ring hills low back to them again ;  
And when the season rich, as well as gay,  
All her autumnal bounty does display,  
How is he pleas'd th' increasing use to see  
Of his well trusted labours bend the tree ?  
Of which large shares, on the glad sacred days,  
He gives to friends, and to the gods repays :  
With how much joy does he beneath some shade,  
By aged trees' reverend embraces made,  
His careless head on the fresh green recline,  
His head, uncharg'd with fear or with design ?  
By him a river constantly complains,  
The birds above rejoice with various strains,  
And in the solemn scene their orgies keep,  
Like dreams mix'd with the gravity of sleep :

Sleep, which does always there for entrance wait,  
And nought within against it shuts the gate.

Nor does the roughest season of the sky,  
Or fullen Jove, all sports to him deny;  
He runs the mazes of the nimble hare,  
His well-mouth'd dogs' glad concert rends the air;  
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more,  
He drives into a toil the foaming boar:  
Here flies the hawk t' assault, and there the net  
To intercept the travelling fowl is set:  
And all his malice, all his craft, is shewn  
In innocent wars on beasts and birds alone.  
This is the life from all misfortunes free,  
From thee the great one, tyrant Love! from thee;  
And if a chaste and clean, though homely wife,  
Be added to the blessings of this life,  
Such as the ancient sunburnt Sabines were,  
Such as Apulia, frugal still, does bear,  
Who makes her children and the house her care,  
And joyfully the work of life does share,  
Nor thinks herself too noble, or too fine,  
To pin the sheepfold, or to milk the kine,  
Who waits at door against her husband come,  
From rural duties, late, and weary'd home,  
Where she receives him with a kind embrace,  
A cheerful fire, and a more cheerful face,  
And fills the bowl up to her homely lord,  
And with domestic plenty loads the board;  
Not all the lustful shellfish of the sea,  
Dress'd by the wanton hand of Luxury,  
Nor ortolans, nor godwits, nor the rest  
Of costly names that glorify a feast,  
Are at the princely tables better cheer  
The lamb and kid, lettuce and olives, here.

*A paraphrase upon the*

TENTH EPISTLE OF HORACE, BOOK I.

*Horace to Fuscus Ariftius.*

HEALTH from the lover of the country, me;  
Health to the lover of the city, thee:  
A difference in our souls this only proves;  
In all things else we agree like marry'd doves.  
But the warm nest, and crowded dovehouse, thou  
Dost like; I loosely fly from bough to bough,  
And rivers drink, and all the shining day  
Upon fair trees or mossy rocks I play:  
In fine, I live and reign, when I retire  
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.  
Like one at last from the priests service fled,  
Loathing the honey'd cakes, I long for bread.  
Would I a house for happiness erect,  
Nature alone should be the architect:  
She'd build it more convenient than great,  
And, doubtless, in the country choose her feat.  
Is there a place doth better help supply  
Against the wounds of Winter's cruelty?  
Is there an air that gentler does assuage  
The mad celestial Dog's or Lion's rage?  
Is it not there that sleep (and only there)  
Nor noise without, nor cares within, does fear?  
Does art through pipes a purer water bring,  
Than that which Nature strains into a spring?  
Can all your tap'stries, or your pictures, shew  
More beauties than in herbs and flow'rs do grow?

Fountains and trees our weary'd pride do please,  
Ev'n in the midst of gilded palaces;  
And in your towns that prospect gives delight,  
Which opens round the country to our sight.  
Men to the good from which they rashly fly  
Return at last, and their wild luxury  
Does but in vain with those true joys contend,  
Which Nature did to mankind recommend.  
The man who changes gold for burnish'd brass,  
Or small right gems for larger ones of glass,  
Is not, at length, more certain to be made  
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,  
Than he who sells a solid good, to buy  
The painted goods of pride and vanity.  
If thou be wise, no glorious fortune choose,  
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose;  
For when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,  
With trifles, too, unwillingly we part.  
An humble roof, plain bed, and homely board,  
More clear untainted pleasures do afford  
Than all the tumult of vain greatness brings  
To kings, or to the favourites of kings.  
The horned deer, by Nature arm'd so well,  
Did with the horse in common pasture dwell;  
And when they fought, the field it always won,  
Till the ambitious horse begg'd help of man,  
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign  
Bravely alone, as lord of all the plain;  
But never after could the rider get  
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.  
So they, who poverty too much do fear,  
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear:  
That they might pow'r above their equals have,  
To cruel masters they themselves enslave;  
For gold their liberty exchange'd we see,  
That fairest flow'r which crowns humanity;  
And all this mischief does upon them light,  
Only because they know not how, aright,  
That great but secret happiness to prize,  
That's laid up in a little for the wise.  
That is the best and easiest estate  
Which to a man fits close, but not too strait:  
'Tis like a shoe; it pinches and it burns  
Too narrow, and too large it overturns.  
My dearest Friend! stop thy desires at last,  
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast;  
And if me still seeking for more you see,  
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.  
Money was made not to command our will,  
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.  
Shame and wo to us if we our wealth obey;  
The horse does with the horseman run away.

VIRG. GEORG. LIB. II.

*O fortunatos nimium, &c.*

*A translation out of Virgil.*

Oh happy (if his happiness he knows)  
The country swain on whom kind Heav'n bestows  
At home all riches that wise Nature needs,  
Whom the just earth with easy plenty feeds.  
'Tis true, no morning-tide of clients comes,  
And fills the painted channels of his rooms,  
Adoring the rich figures, as they pass,  
In tap'stries wrought, or on the wall display'd.

Nor to his wool superfluously dy'd  
 With the dear poison of Assyrian pride;  
 Nor do Arabian perfumes vainly spoil  
 The native use and sweetness of his oil:  
 Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,  
 Free from th' alarms of fear and storms of strife,  
 Does with substantial blessedness abound,  
 And the soft wings of Peace cover him round:  
 Through artless grotts the murmur'ing waters glide,  
 Thick trees both against heat and cold provide,  
 From whence the birds salute him, and his ground  
 With lowing herbs and bleating sheep does sound;  
 And all the rivers and the forests nigh,  
 Both food, and game, and exercise supply.  
 Here a well-harden'd active youth we see,  
 Taught the great art of cheerful poverty;  
 Here, in this place alone, there still do shine  
 Some streaks of love, both human and divine:  
 From hence Astræa took her flight, and here  
 Still her last footsteps upon earth appear.  
 'Tis true, the first desire which does control  
 All the inferior wheels that move my soul,  
 Is that the Muse me her high priest would make,  
 Into her holiest scenes of myst'ry take,  
 And open there to my mind's purged eye,  
 Those wonders which to sense the gods deny;  
 How in the moon such change of shapes is found,  
 The moon, the changing world's eternal bound:  
 What shakes the solid earth, what strong disease  
 Dares trouble the firm centre's ancient ease;  
 What makes the sea retreat, and what advance,  
 Varieties too regular for Chance;  
 What drives the chariot on of Winter's light,  
 And stops the lazy waggon of the Night:  
 But if my dull and frozen blood deny  
 To send forth sp'rits that raise a soul so high,  
 In the next place let woods and rivers be  
 My quiet, though inglorious destiny:  
 In life's cool vale let my low scene be laid,  
 Cover me, gods! with Tempe's thickest shade.  
 Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he  
 Who can through gross effects their causes see,  
 Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,  
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things,  
 But does his walk of virtue calmly go,  
 Through all the alarms of death and hell below.  
 Happy! but next such conquerors happy they,  
 Whose humble life lies not in Fortune's way;  
 They, unconcern'd, from their safe distant seat,  
 Behold the rods and sceptres of the great;  
 The quarrels of the mighty, without fear,  
 And the descent of foreign troops, they hear;  
 Nor can ev'n Rome their steady course misguide,  
 With all the lustre of her perishing pride.  
 Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw  
 Into the noisy markets of the law,  
 The camps of gowned war; nor do they live  
 By rules or forms that many madmen give:  
 Duty for Nature's bounty they repay,  
 And her sole laws religiously obey.

Some with bold labour plough the faithless main,  
 Some rougher storms in princes' courts sustain:  
 Some swell up their flight sails with pop'lar fame,  
 Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name:

Some their vain wealth to earth again commit;  
 With endless cares some brooding o'er it sit:  
 Country and friends are by some wretches sold,  
 To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold;  
 No price too high for profit can be shewn;  
 Not brother's blood, nor hazard's of their own:  
 Around the world, in search of it they roam,  
 It makes ev'n their antipodes their home:  
 Meanwhile the prudent husbandman is found  
 In mutual duties striving with his ground,  
 And half the year he care of that does take,  
 That half the year grateful returns does make:  
 Each fertile month does some new gifts present,  
 And with new work his industry content:  
 This the young lamb, that the soft fleece, doth  
 yield;  
 This loads with hay, and that with corn, the field:  
 All sorts of fruit crown the rich Autumn's pride,  
 And on a swelling hill's warm stony side,  
 The pow'rful princely purple of the vine,  
 Twice dy'd with the redoubled sun, does shine:  
 In th' evening to a fair ensuing day,  
 With joy he sees his flocks and kids to play,  
 And loaded kine about his cottage stand,  
 Inviting with known sound the milker's hand;  
 And when from wholesome labour he doth come,  
 With wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,  
 He meets at door the softest human blisses,  
 His chaste wife's welcome, and dear children's kisses.  
 When any rural holidays invite  
 His genius forth to innocent delight,  
 On earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,  
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,  
 He sings thee, Bacchus! patron of the vine,  
 The beechen bowl foams with a flood of wine,  
 Not to the loss of reason or of strength:  
 To active games and manly sport, at length,  
 Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd ~~wins~~ they see  
 Who can the best at better trials be.  
 Such was the life the prudent Sabines chose;  
 From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose;  
 Such Remus and the god his brother led;  
 From such firm footing Rome grew the world's  
 head:  
 Such was the life that ev'n till now does raise  
 The honour of poor Saturn's golden days,  
 Before men born of earth, and bury'd there,  
 Let in the sea their mortal fate to share,  
 Before new ways of perishing were sought,  
 Before unskilful Death on anvils wrought,  
 Before those beasts which human life sustain,  
 By men, unless to the gods' use, were slain.

SENECA, EX THYESTE, ACT. II. CHOR.

*Stet quicumque volat, potens  
 Jula culmine lubrico, &c.*

UPON the slippery tops of human state,  
 The gilded pinnacles of Fate,  
 Let others proudly stand, and, for a while  
 The giddy danger to beguile,  
 With joy and with disdain look down on all,  
 Till their heads turn, and down they fall;

Me, O ye Gods! on earth, or else so near  
 That I no fall to earth may fear,  
 And, O ye Gods! at a good distance, seat  
 From the long ruins of the great:  
 Here wrapp'd in th' arms of Quiet let me lie;  
 Quiet! companion of Obscurity:  
 Here let my life with as much silence slide,  
 As Time, that measures it, does glide:  
 Nor let the breath of Infamy or Fame,  
 From town to town echo about my name:  
 Nor let my homely death embroider'd be  
 With scutcheon or with elegy.  
 An old plebeian let me die,  
 Alas! all then are such as well as I.  
 To him, alas! to him I fear,  
 The face of Death will terrible appear,  
 Who in his life flatt'ring his senseless pride,  
 By being known to all the world beside,  
 Does not himself, when he is dying, know,  
 Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

HAPPY the man who his whole time doth bound  
 Within th' enclosure of his little ground:  
 Happy the man whom the same humble place  
 (Th' hereditary cottage of his race)

From his first rising infancy has known,  
 And by degrees sees gently bending down,  
 With natural propension to that earth  
 Which both preserv'd his life and gave him birth:  
 Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,  
 Could ever into foolish wand'rings get;  
 He never dangers either saw or fear'd;  
 The dreadful storms at sea he never heard:  
 He never heard the shrill alarms of war,  
 Or the worse noises of the lawyer's bar:  
 No change of Consuls marks to him the year;  
 The change of seasons is his calendar:  
 The cold and heat winter and summer shews,  
 Autumn by fruits, and spring by flow'rs, he knows  
 He measures time by landmarks, and has found  
 For the whole day the dial of his ground:  
 A neighb'ring wood, born with himself, he sees,  
 And loves his old contemporary trees:  
 He's only heard of near Verona's name,  
 And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame:  
 Does with a like concernment notice take  
 Of the Red sea, and of Benacus' lake:  
 Thus health and strength he to' a third age enjoys,  
 And sees a long posterity of boys.  
 About the spacious world let others roam,  
 The voyage life is longest made at home.

## F R A G M E N T S.

*In the Discourse, by way of wisdom, concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell.*

I.

**A**n! happy Isle! how art thou chang'd and curs'd  
Since I was born, and knew thee first!  
When Peace, which had forsok the world around,  
(Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound)  
Thee for a private place of rest,  
And a secure retirement, chose  
Wherein to build her halcyon nest;  
No wind durst stir abroad the air to discompose.

II.

When all the riches of the globe beside  
Flow'd into thee with ev'ry tide;  
When all that Nature did thy soil deny,  
The growth was of thy fruitful industry,  
When all the proud and dreadful sea,  
And all his tributary streams,  
A constant tribute paid to thee;  
When all the liquid world was one extended Thames.

III.

When Plenty in each village did appear,  
And Bounty was its steward there;  
When Gold walk'd free about in open view,  
E'er it one conqu'ring party's pris'ner grew;  
When the religion of our state  
Had face and substance with her voice,  
E'er she by her foolish loves of late,  
Like Echo, (once a nymph) turn'd only into noise.

IV.

When men to men respect and friendship bore,  
And God with reverence did adore;  
When upon earth no kingdom could have shewn  
A happier Monarch to us than our own,  
And yet his subjects by him were  
(Which is a truth will hardly be  
Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,  
A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.

V.

Thou dost a chaos, and confusion, now,  
A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow,  
And, like a frantic person, thou dost tear  
The ornaments and clothes which thou shouldst wear,

And cut thy limbs; and if we see  
(Just as thy barb'rous Britons did)  
Thy body with hypocrify [hid.]  
Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is

VI.

The nations which envy'd thee e'erwhile,  
Now laugh, (too little 'tis to smile)  
They laugh, and would have pity'd thee, alas!  
But that thy faults all pity do surpass.  
Art thou the country which didst hate,  
And mock the French inconstancy?  
And have we, have we seen of late [thee?]  
Less change of habits there, than governments in

VII.

Unhappy Isle! no ship of thine at sea  
Was ever tofs'd and torn like thee;  
Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,  
The rocks and banks around her ruin threat;  
What did thy foolish pilots ail,  
To lay the compass quite aside?  
Without a law or rule to sail, [guide?]  
And rather take the winds than heav'ns to be their

VIII.

Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,  
This floating Isle from shipwreck save,  
And though to wash that blood which does it stain,  
It well deserves to sink into the main;  
Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer  
(The Royal Martyr prays, we know)  
This guilty, perishing, vessel spare;  
Hear but his soul above, and not his blood below.

*'Ουχ' ὄσιον κλημῆσαι ἐπ' ἀνδρασι ἐν χειρῶσθαί.*

'Tis wicked, with insulting feet to tread  
Upon the monuments of the dead.

I.

Curs'd be the man (what do I wish? as though  
The wretch already were not so;  
But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it brave  
And great his country to enslave;  
Who seeks to overpoise alone  
The balance of a nation:  
Against the whole, but naked state, [weight,  
Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the

## II.

Who of his nation loves to be the first,  
 Though at the rate of being worst;  
 Who would be rather a great monster, than  
 A well-proportion'd man;  
 The sun of Earth, with hundred hands,  
 Upon his three-pil'd mountain stands,  
 Till thunder strikes him from the sky;  
 The son of Earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

## III.

What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain  
 A short and miserable reign?  
 In what oblique and humble creeping wise  
 Does the mischievous serpent rise?  
 But ev'n his forked tongue strikes dead,  
 When he's rear'd up his wicked head;  
 He murders with his mortal frown;  
 A basilisk he grows if once he get a crown.

## IV.

But no guards can oppose assaulting ears,  
 Or undermining tears;  
 No more than doors or clos'd curtains keep  
 The swarming dreams out when we sleep:  
 That bloody conscience, too, of his,  
 (For oh! a rebel red-coat 'tis)  
 Does here his early hell begin;  
 He fees his slaves without, his tyrant feels within.

## V.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine hand  
 Lift up this rod against our land:  
 A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,  
 And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.  
 What rivers stain'd with blood have been?  
 What storm and hailshot have we seen?  
 What sores deform'd the ulcerous state?  
 What darkness to be felt has bury'd us of late?

## VI.

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away!  
 And made even of our sons a prey!  
 What croaking sects and vermine has it sent  
 The restless nation to torment!  
 What greedy troops, what armed power  
 Of flies and locusts, to devour  
 The land, which ev'ry where they fill!  
 Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they devour it still.

## VII.

Come the eleventh plague rather than this should  
 Come sink us rather in the sea: [be  
 Come rather Pestilence, and reap us down;  
 Come God's sword rather than our own:  
 Let rather Roman come again,  
 Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:  
 In all the bonds we ever bore  
 We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd  
 before.

## VIII.

If by our sins the divine vengeance be  
 Call'd to this last extremity,  
 Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent  
 To try if England can repent:  
 Methinks at least some prodigy,  
 Some dreadful comet from on high,  
 Should terribly forewarn the earth,  
 As of good princes' deaths, so of a tyrant's birth.

THE Chartreux wants the warning of a bell  
 To call him to the duties of his cell:  
 There needs no noise at all to awaken sin;  
 Th' adult'rer and the thief his larum has within.

It is a truth so certain and so clear,  
 That to the first-born man it did appear:  
 Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,  
 By the fresh laws of Nature taught, disdain  
 That (though a brother) any one should be  
 A greater favourite to God than he?  
 He took him down, and so, said he, so fell  
 The sheep which thou didst sacrifice so well.  
 Since all the fullest sheaves which I could bring  
 Since all were blasted in the offering,  
 Let God should my next victim, too, despise,  
 The acceptable priest I'll sacrifice.  
 Hence coward Fears; for the first blood so spilt,  
 As a reward he the first city built.  
 'Twas a beginning generous and high,  
 Fit for a grandchild of the Deity:  
 So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he staid;  
 One step of glory more he should have made,  
 And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;  
 Had Adam, too, been kill'd, he might have reign'd  
 alone.

One brother's death what do I mean to name,  
 A small oblation to Revenge and Fame?  
 The mighty-soul'd Abimelec, to shew  
 What for high place a higher sp'rit can do,  
 A hecatomb almost of brethren slew,  
 And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd  
 ('To make it bold) his royal purple pride,  
 Why do I name the lordly creature man?  
 The weak, the mild, the coward woman, can,  
 When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,  
 All that oppose with manlike courage slay.  
 So Athalia, when she saw her son,  
 And with his life her dearer greatness gone,  
 With a majestic fury slaughter'd all  
 Whom high birth might to high pretences call:  
 Since he was dead who all her pow'r sustain'd,  
 Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.  
 In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,  
 In vain the sacred plea of David's Blood.  
 A noble and a bold contention she  
 (One woman) undertook with Destiny:  
 She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold,  
 (Oblig'd by holy oracles of old)  
 The great Jesean race on Judah's throne,  
 Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown;  
 Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got  
 by one.

Tell me not she herself at last was slain;  
 Did she not first sev'n years (a lifetime) reign?  
 Sev'n royal years, to a public spirit, will seem  
 More than the private life of a Methusalem.  
 'Tis godlike to be great; and as they say  
 A thousand years to God are but a day,  
 So to a man, when once a crown he wears,  
 The coronation day's more than a thousand years.

WHEN, lo! e'er the last words were fully spoke,  
 From a fair cloud, which rather op'd than broke,

A flash of light, rather than lightning, came  
So swift, and yet so gentle was the flame :  
Upon it rode, and in his full career  
Seem'd to my eyes no sooner there than here,  
The comeliest youth of all th' angelic race,  
Lovely his shape, ineffable his face.  
The frowns with which he strook the trembling  
fiend,

All smiles of human beauty did transcend ;  
His beams of locks fell part dishevell'd down,  
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral crown,  
Such as the British Monarchs us'd to wear,  
If gold might be compar'd with angel's hair :  
His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,  
They seem'd both made of woven silver light :  
Across his breast an azure ribbon went,  
At which a medal hung, that did present,  
In wondrous living figures, to the sight,  
The mystic champions and old Dragon's fight ;  
And from his mantle's side there shone afar  
A fix'd, and, I believe, a real star.

In his fair hand (what need was there of more?)  
No arms but th' English bloody Cross he bore,  
Which when he tow'rd the affrighted tyrant bent,  
And some few words pronounc'd, (but what they  
meant,

Or were, could not, alas ! by me be known,  
Only I well perceiv'd Jesus was one)  
He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away,  
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.  
Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes,  
(Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize)  
Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws  
The bleating lamb from out his rav'nous jaws ;  
The shepherd fain himself would he assail,  
But fear above his hunger does prevail :  
He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone ;  
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

*In several discourses by way of essays in verse and prose.*

I. *Of Liberty.*

Who governs his own course with steady hand,  
Who does himself with sov'reign pow'r com-  
mand ;  
Whom neither death nor poverty does fright,  
Who stands not awkwardly in his own light  
Against the truth ; who can, when pleasures  
knock  
Loud at his door, keep firm the bolt and lock ;  
Who can, though honour at his gate should stay  
In all her masking clothes, send her away,  
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to play. }

MAGNE Deus ; quod ad has vitæ brevis attenet  
horas,

Da mihi, da panem libertatemque, nec ultra  
Sollicitas effundo preces : si quid datur ultra,  
Accipiam gratus ; si non, contentus abibo.

For the few hours of life allotted me,  
Give me, great God ! but bread and liberty,  
I'll beg no more ; if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,  
I'll thankfully that overplus receive :  
If beyond this no more be freely sent,  
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

II. *Of Solitude.*

Sic ego secretis possum benè vivere silvis  
Quà nulla humano fit via trita pedè,  
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ  
Lumen, et in folis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,  
Where never human foot the ground has press'd ;  
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,  
And from a desert banish solitude.

ODI et amo, quanâm id faciam ratione requiris ?  
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

I HATE, and yet I love thee too ;  
How can that be ? I know not how ;  
Only that so it is I know,  
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

O VITA ! stulto longa, sapienti brevis !

O LIFE ! long to the fool, short to the wise !

I.

HAIL, old Patrician Trees, so great and good !  
Hail, ye Plebeian Underwood !  
Where the pætic birds rejoice,  
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food  
Pay with their grateful voice.

II.

Hail the poor Muse's richest Manor-seat !  
Ye country Houses and retreat,  
Which all the happy gods so love,  
That for you oft' they quit their bright and great  
Metropolis above.

III.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,  
Nature ! the fairest architect,  
Who those fond artists does despise  
That can the fair and living trees neglect,  
Yet the dead timber prize.

IV.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
Hear the soft winds above me flying,  
With all their wanton boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful birds to both replying ;  
Nor be myself, too, mute.

V.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,  
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,  
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,  
And see how prettily they smile,  
And hear how prettily they talk.

VI.

Ah ! wretched, and too solitary he,  
Who loves not his own company !  
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,  
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity  
To help to bear it away.

VII.

Oh, Solitude ! first state of humankind !  
Which bless'd remain'd till man did find  
Ev'n his own helper's company :  
As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,  
The serpent made up three.

VIII.

Though God himself, through countless ages, thee  
His sole companion chose to be,

Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,  
Before the branchy head of Number's tree  
Sprang from the trunk of one;

IX.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)  
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,  
Which else would know no settled pace,  
Making it move, well manag'd by thy art,  
With swiftness and with grace.

X.

Thou the faint beams of Reason's scatter'd light  
Dost, like a burning glass, unite,  
Dost multiply the feeble heat,  
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright  
And noble fires beget.

XI.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see  
The monster London laugh at me;  
I should at thee, too, foolish City!  
If it were fit to laugh at misery;  
But thy estate I pity.

XII.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,  
And all the fools that crowd thee so,  
Ev'n thou, who dost thy millions boast,  
A village less than Islington wilt grow,  
A solitude almost.

### III. Of Obscurity.

NAM neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,  
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque sefellit.  
*Hor. Epist. l. i. 18.*

God made not pleasures only for the rich:  
Nor have those men without their share, too, liv'd,  
Who both in life and death the world deceiv'd.

### IV. Of Agriculture.

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine Musas  
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.

THE Muses still love their own native place,  
It has secret charms which nothing can deface.

As well might corn as verse in cities grow;  
In vain the thankless glebe we plough and sow,  
Against the unnatural soil in vain we strive;  
'Tis not a ground in which these plants will thrive.

Νήπιοι, ἃ δ' ἴσασιν ὄσφ Πλεόν' Ἡμισυ Παντός,  
'Οὐδ' ὄσον ἐν μαλάσχη τε καὶ ἀσφοδίλῳ μέγ' ὄνειαρ,  
Κρύφαντες γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

UNHAPPY they to whom God has not reveal'd,  
By a strong light which must their sense control,  
That half a great estate's more than the whole;  
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lie  
Of roots and herbs the wholesome luxury.

—Hæc (inquit) limina victor  
Alcides subit, hæc illum regia cepit, [num  
Aude, Hospes! contemnere opes, et te quoq; dig-  
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.

THIS humble roof, this rustic court, said he,  
Receiv'd Alcides crown'd with victory:

Scorn not, great Guest! the steps where he has  
But contemn wealth, and imitate a god. [troq;

### THE COUNTRY LIFE.

#### Lib. IV. *Plantarum.*

Bless'd be the man (and blest'd he is) whom e'er  
(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear)  
A little field and little garden feeds;  
The field gives all that frugal Nature needs;  
The wealthy garden lib'rally bestows  
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.  
The specious inconveniencies that wait  
Upon a life of bus'ness and of state,  
His Pies (nor does the sight disturb his rest)  
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd  
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)  
The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days:  
Thus his wife life Abdolonymus spent:  
Th' ambassadors, which the great emp'ror sent  
To offer him a crown, with wonder found  
The rev'rend gard'ner hoeing of his ground:  
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,  
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;  
And oft' he stopp'd in his triumphant way,  
And oft' look'd back, and oft' was heard to say,  
Not without sighs, Alas! I there forefate  
A happier kingdom than I go to take.  
Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,  
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)  
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,  
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame:  
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,  
Presum'd at wife Apollo's Delphic seat,  
Presum'd to ask, oh! thou, the whole world's eye,  
Seest thou a man that happier is than I?  
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,  
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,  
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?  
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.  
And true it was, through the whole earth around  
No king of such a name was to be found.  
Is some old hero of that name alive,  
Who his high race does from the gods derive?  
Is it some mighty gen'ral, that has done  
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?  
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.  
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?  
After long search and vain inquiries past,  
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,  
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)  
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)  
This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,  
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,  
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,  
With his own hands, in his own little ground.  
So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be  
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)  
So let me act, on such a private stage,  
The last dull scenes of my declining age:  
After long toils and voyages in vain,  
This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain:  
Of heav'nly rest this earnest to me lend;  
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

V. *The Garden.*

AND there (with no design beyond my wall) whole  
and entire to lie,  
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.

I.

HAPPY art thou, whom God does bless  
With the full choice of thine own happiness;  
And happier yet, because thou'rt bless'd  
With prudence how to choose the best.  
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright,  
(Things which thou well dost understand,  
And both dost make with thy laborious taste  
Thy noble innocent delight;  
And in thy virtuous wife where thou again dost meet  
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;  
The fairest garden in her looks,  
And in her mind the wisest books.  
Oh! who would change these soft yet solid joys,  
For empty shews and senseless noise,  
And all which rank Ambition breeds,  
Which seem such beauteous flow'rs, and are such  
pois'nous weeds?

II.

When God did man to his own likeness make,  
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,  
By the great Potter's art refin'd,  
Could the divine impression take,  
He thought it fit to place him, where  
A kind of heav'n, too, did appear,  
As far as earth could such a likeness bear,  
That man no happiness might want  
Which earth to her first master could afford,  
He did a garden for him plant,  
By the quick hand of his omnipotent Word.  
As the chief help and joy of human life,  
He gave him the first gift, first ev'n before a wife.

III.

For God, the universal architect,  
It had been as easy to erect  
A Louvre or Escorial, or a Tower,  
That might with heav'n communication hold,  
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:  
He wanted not the skill or power;  
In the world's fabric those were shewn,  
And the materials were all his own:  
But well he knew what place would best agree  
With innocence and with felicity;  
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,  
If any part of either yet remain;  
If any part of either we expect,  
This may our judgment in the search direct;  
God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

IV.

Oh! blessed Shades! O gentle cool retreat  
From all th' immoderate heat  
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!  
This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;  
This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage:  
Ev'ry where else their fatal pow'r we see,  
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:  
They neither set nor disappear,  
But tyrannize o'er all the year,  
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.

The birds that dance from bough to bough,  
And sing above in ev'ry tree,  
Are not from fears and cares more free  
Than we who lie, or sit, or walk, below,  
And should by right be singers too.  
What prince's choir of music can excel  
That which within this shade does dwell?  
To which we nothing pay or give;  
They like all other poets live,  
Without reward or thanks for their obliging pains;  
'Tis well if they become not prey:  
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,  
And a grave bass the murm'ring fountains play;  
Nature does all this harmony bestow;  
But to our plants art's music too,  
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe;  
The lute itself, which once was green and mute,  
When Orpheus strook th' inspired lute,  
The trees danc'd round, and understood,  
By sympathy, the voice of wood.

V.

These are the spells that to kind sleep invite,  
And nothing does within resistance make,  
Which yet we moderately take:  
Who would not choose to be awake  
While he's encompass'd round with such delight  
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight?  
When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep  
A pris'ner in the downy hands of sleep,  
She od'rous herbs and flow'rs beneath him spread,  
As the most soft and sweetest bed;  
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his  
Who that has reason and has smell, [head.  
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,  
Rather than all his spirits choke  
With exhalations of dirt and smoke?  
And all th' uncleanness which does descend,  
In pestilential clouds, a populous town?  
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,  
Than all the female men or women there,  
Not without cause, about them bear.

VI.

When Epicurus to the world had taught  
That pleasure was the chiefest good,  
(And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly under-  
stood)  
His life he to his doctrine brought,  
And in a garden's shade that sov'reign pleasure  
fought.  
Whoever a true Epicure would be,  
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.  
Vitellius his table, which did hold  
As many creatures as the Ark of old;  
That fiscal table, to which ev'ry day  
All countries did a constant tribute pay,  
Could nothing more delicious afford  
Than Nature's liberality,  
Help'd with a little art and industry,  
Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.  
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,  
For which the grape or melon he would lose.  
Though all the inhabitants of sea and air  
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,  
Yet still the fruits of earth we see  
Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

## VII.

But with no sense the garden does comply;  
 None courts or flatters, as it does, the eye  
 When the great Hebrew king did almost strain  
 The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,  
 His royal southern guest to entertain;  
 Though she on silver floors did tread,  
 With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,  
 To hide the metal's poverty;  
 Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,  
 And nought around her could behold  
 But silk and rich embroidery,  
 And Babylonian tapestry,  
 And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;  
 Though Ophir's starry stones met ev'ry where  
 her eye;  
 Though she herself, and her gay host, were dress'd  
 With all the shining glories of the East;  
 When lavish Art her costly work had done,  
 The honour and the prize of bravery  
 Was by the garden from the palace won;  
 And ev'ry rose and lily there did stand,  
 Better attir'd by Nature's hand.  
 The case thus judg'd against the king we see,  
 By one that would not be so rich, though wiser  
 far than he.

## VIII.

Nor does this happy place only dispense  
 Such various pleasures to the sense:  
 Here Health itself does line,  
 That salt of life which does to all a relish give,  
 Its standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth, [health.  
 The body's virtue, and the soul's good fortune,  
 The tree of Life, when it in Eden stood,  
 Did its immortal head to heaven rear,  
 It lasted a tall cedar till the flood;  
 Now a small thorny shrub it does appear,  
 Nor will it thrive, too, ev'ry where;  
 It always here is freshest seen;  
 'Tis only here an evergreen.  
 If through the strong and beautiful fence  
 Of temperance and innocence,  
 And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,  
 Any diseases passage find,  
 They must not think here to assail  
 A land unarm'd, or without a guard:  
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,  
 Before they can prevail:  
 Scarce any plant is growing here  
 Which against death some weapon does not bear.  
 Let cities boast that they provide  
 For life the ornaments of pride;  
 But 'tis the country and the field  
 That furnish it with staff and shield.

## IX.

Where does the wisdom and the pow'r divine  
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?  
 Where do we finer strokes and colours see  
 Of the Creator's real poetry,  
 Than when we with attention look  
 Upon the third day's volume of the book?  
 If we could open and intend our eye,  
 We all, like Moses, should espy  
 Ev'n in a bush, the radiant Deity:

But we despise these his inferior ways,  
 (Though no less full of miracle and praise)  
 Upon the flow'rs of heav'n we gaze;  
 The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,  
 Though these, perhaps, do more than they,  
 The life of mankind sway:  
 Although no part of mighty Nature be  
 More stor'd with beauty, pow'r, and mystery;  
 Yet, to encourage human industry,  
 God has so order'd, that no other part  
 Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

## X.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,  
 As when it grafts or buds the tree:  
 In other things we count it to excel,  
 If it a docile scholar can appear  
 To Nature, and but imitate her well;  
 It overrules, and is her master here;  
 It imitates her Maker's power divine,  
 And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does  
 refine.

It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore  
 To it's blest'd state of Paradise before.  
 Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring hand  
 O'er all the vegetable world command?  
 And the wild giants of the wood receive  
 What law he's pleas'd to give?  
 He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce  
 The gentler apple's winy juice,  
 The golden fruit that worthy is  
 Of Galatea's purple kiss:  
 He does the savage hawthorn teach  
 To bear the medlar and the pear;  
 He bids the rustic plum to rear  
 A noble trunk, and be a peach;  
 Ev'n Daphne's coynefs he does mock,  
 And weds the cherry to her stock,  
 Though she refus'd Apollo's suit;  
 Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,  
 Now wonders at herself, to see  
 That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

## XI.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk  
 In the Salopian garden's noble shade,  
 Which by his own imperial hands was made:  
 I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk  
 With the ambassadors, who come in vain  
 T' entice him to a throne again.  
 If I, my Friends! (said he) should to you shew  
 All the delights which in these gardens grow,  
 'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,  
 Than tis that you should carry me away:  
 And trust me not, my Friends! if ev'ry day  
 I walk not here with more delight  
 Than ever, after the most happy fight,  
 In triumph to the Capitol I rode,  
 To thank the gods, and to be thought myself al-  
 most a god.

## VI. Of Greatness.

If ever I more riches did desire  
 Than cleanliness and quiet do require;

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,  
With any wish so mean as to be great;  
Continue, Heav'n! still from me to remove.  
The humble blessings of that life I love.

Was it for this that Rome's best blood he spilt,  
With so much falsehood, so much guilt?  
Was it for this that his ambition strove  
To equal Cæsar first, and after Jove?  
Greatness is barren, sure, of solid joys;  
Her merchandise, I fear, is all in toys;  
She could not else, sure, so uncivil be  
To treat his universal majesty,  
His new-created deity,  
With nuts, and bounding stones, and boys.

—Sed quantum vertice ad auras  
Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as up tow'rds heav'n the branches grow,  
As far the root sinks down to hell below.

AND what a noble plot was cross'd,  
And what a brave design was lost!

#### VII. Of Avarice.

AND, oh! what man's condition can be worse  
Than his whom plenty starves and blessings curse?  
The beggars but a common fate deplore;  
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I ADMIRE, Mæcenas! how it comes to pass  
That no man ever yet contented was,  
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state  
In which his own choice plants him, or his Fate.  
Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries.  
The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,  
Happy the soldier, one half hour to thee  
Gives speedy death or glorious victory.  
The lawyer, knock'd up early from his rest  
By restless clients, calls the peasant blest;  
The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,  
Envy's the mouth which only talk does feed.  
'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store  
Of instances, if here I add no more;  
They are enough to reach at least a mile  
Beyond long Crator Fabius his style.  
But, hold, you whom no fortune e'er endears,  
Gentlemen, male-contents, and mutineers,  
Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,  
Behold Jove's now resolv'd to please you all.  
Thou, soldier, be a merchant; merchant, thou  
A soldier be; and lawyer, to the plough.  
Change all their stations straight; why do they  
stay?

The devil a man will change now when he may.  
Were I in General Jove's abused case,  
By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race:  
But he's too good. Be all then as you were,  
However, make the best of what you are,  
And in that state be cheerful and rejoice,  
Which either was your fate or was your choice.  
No; they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,  
And very miserable be awhile;  
But 'tis with a design only to gain  
What may their age with plenteous ease maintain

The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,  
And industry to lazy mankind preach:  
The little drudge does trot about and sweat,  
Nor does he straight devour all he can get,  
But in his temp'rate mouth carries it home,  
A stock for winter, which he knows must come;  
And when the rolling world to creatures here  
Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the year,  
And shuts him in with storms, and cold, and  
wet,

He cheerfully does his past labours eat.  
O, does he so? your wise example, th' ant,  
Does not at all times rest and plenty want;  
But weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,  
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.  
Thee neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,  
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold:  
To th' Indies thou wouldst run, rather than see  
Another, though a friend, richer than thee.  
Fond Man! what good or beauty can be found  
In heaps of treasure bury'd under ground?  
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,  
Thou wouldst thyself, too, bury'd with them be.  
And what's the difference? Is it not quite as bad  
Never to use, as never to have had?

In thy vast barns millions of quarters store,  
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more  
Than mine does. Ev'ry baker makes much bread;  
What then? he's with no more than others fed.  
Do you within the bounds of nature live,  
And to augment your own you need not strive.  
One hundred acres will no less for you  
Your life's whole business than ten thousand do.  
But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store.  
What, Man! though you're resolv'd to take no  
more

Than I do from a small one? If your will  
Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill.  
To some great river for it must you go,  
When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?  
Give me the spring which does to human use  
Safe, easy, and untroubled stores produce:  
He who scorps these, and needs will drink at Nile  
Must run the danger of the crocodile.  
And of the rapid stream itself, which may  
At unawares bear him, perhaps, away.  
In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin  
Wash'd o'er in vain for ever dry within;  
He catches at the stream with greedy lips,  
From his touch'd mouth the wanton torrent slips.  
You laugh, now, and expand your careful brow;  
'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you?  
Change but the name, this fable is thy story;  
Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,  
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste;  
Th' abundance still, and still the want, does last.  
The treasures of the gods thou wouldst not spare,  
But when they're made thine own, they sacred  
are,

And must be kept with reverence as if thou  
No other use of precious gold didst know,  
But that of curious pictures, to delight,  
With the fair stamp, thy virtuous fight.  
The only true and genuine use is this,

To buy the things which Nature cannot miss  
Without discomfort; oil, and vital bread,  
And wine, by which the life of Life is fed,  
And all those few things else by which we live;  
All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.  
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,  
The bitter fruits be which fair Riches bear,  
If a new poverty grow out of store,  
The old plain way, ye Gods! let me be poor.

VIII. *The dangers of an honest man in much company.*

HONEST and poor, faithful in word and thought,  
What has thee, Fabian! to the City brought?  
Thou neither the buffoon nor bawd canst play,  
Nor with false whispers the innocent betray;  
Nor corrupt wives, nor from rich beldams get  
A living by thy industry and sweat;  
Nor with vain promises nor projects cheat,  
Nor bribe or flatter any of the great.  
But you're a man of learning, prudent, just;  
A man of courage firm, and fit for trust.  
Why, you may stay, and live unenvy'd here;  
But, faith, go back, and keep you where you were.

IX. *The Shortness of Life, and Uncertainty of Riches.*

INSERE nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites.

Go, Melibæus! now,  
Go graff thy orchards, and thy vineyards plant;  
Behold the fruit!

I.

WHY dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must  
Or, what is worse, be left by it? [quit,  
Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,  
Oh, Man! ordain'd to die?

II.

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,  
Thou who art under ground to lie?  
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,  
For Death, alas! is sowing thee.

III.

Suppose thou Fortune couldst to tameness bring,  
And clip or pinion her wing;  
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,  
As not to cut off thy entail;

IV.

Yet Death at all that subtilty will laugh;  
Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,  
Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff  
Upon a lasting stock.

V.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;  
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem:  
Fond Man! like a bought slave thou all the while  
Dost but for others sweet and toil.

VI.

Officious Fool! that needs must meddling be  
In bus'ness that concerns not thee;  
For when to future years thou' extend'st thy cares,  
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

vii.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were  
Children again, for age prepare;  
Provisions for long travel they design,  
In the last point of their short line.

viii.

Wisely the ant against poor Winter hoards  
The stock which Summer's wealth affords;  
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,  
How vain were such an industry?

ix.

Of pow'r and honour the deceitful light  
Might half excuse our cheated fight,  
If it of life the whole small time would stay,  
And be our sunshine all the day.

x.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud,  
(Though shining bright and speaking loud)  
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,  
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

xi.

Oh, scene of Fortune! which dost fair appear  
Only to men that stand not near:  
Proud Poverty that tinsel brav'ry wears,  
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

xii.

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep;  
In a weak boat trust not the deep;  
Plac'd beneath envy, above envying rise;  
Pity great men, great things despise.

xiii.

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,  
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark;  
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound,  
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

X. *The Danger of Procrastination.*

—Sapere aude,  
Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille  
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

BEGIN, be bold, and venture to be wise;  
He who defers this work from day to day,  
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,  
Till the whole stream, which stopp'd him, should  
be gone,  
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

JAM cras hesternum consumpsimus, ecce aliud cras  
Egerit hos annos.

OUR yesterday's to-morrow now is gone,  
And still a new to-morrow does come on.  
We by to-morrows draw up all our store,  
Till the exhausted well can yield no more.

XI. *Of Myself.*

—Nec vos dulcissima mundi  
Nomina, vos Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,  
Hortique sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

E c iij

Not by me e'er shall you,  
 You of all names the sweetest and the best,  
 You Muses, books, and liberty, and rest;  
 You gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,  
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.

## EPITAPHIUM

VIVI AUCTORIS.

*HIC, ô Viator! sub lare parvulo  
 Couleius hinc est conditus. Hinc jacet  
 Defunctus humani laboris  
 Sorte, supervacuâque vitâ.*

*Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,  
 Et non inertis nobilis otio,  
 Vanâq; dilectis popello  
 Divitiis animosus hostis.*

*Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,  
 En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!  
 Exempta sit curis, Viator,  
 Terra sit illa levis, precare.*

*Hic sparge flores, sparge brevis rosas,  
 Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,  
 Herbisque odoratis corona  
 Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.*

## THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

*Upon himself yet alive, but withdrawn from the busy  
 world to a country life; to be supposed written on  
 his house.*

HERE, Passenger! beneath this shade,  
 Lies Cowley, though entomb'd, not dead,  
 Yet freed from human toil and strife,  
 And all the impertinence of life;

Who in his poverty is neat,  
 And even in retirement great!  
 With gold, the people's idol, he  
 Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say he has resign'd  
 His breath, to this small cell confin'd?  
 With this small mansion let him have  
 The rest and silence of the grave.

Strew roses here as on his herse,  
 And reckon this his fun'ral verse:  
 With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn  
 The yet surviving Poet's urn.

*Latin Epitaph on the Author's Tomb in Westminster  
 Abbey.*

ABRAHAMUS COULEIUS,  
 Anglorum, Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,  
 Deliciæ, Decus, Desiderium Ævi sui,  
 Hic juxta situs est.

*Aurea dum volitant latè tua scripta per orbem,  
 Et Famâ eternum vivis, Divine Poeta,  
 Hic placidâ jaccas requie, Custodiat urnam  
 Cana Fides, vigilantq; perenni lampade Musa,  
 Sit sacer iste locus, Nec quis temerarius ausit  
 Sacrilega turbare manu Venerabile Bustum.  
 Intacti mancant, mancant per secula dulcis  
 Couleij cineres, ferveatq; immobile saxum.*

Sic Vovet;

Votumq; suum apud Posteròs sacratum esse voluit.  
 Qui Viro Incomparabili posuit sepulchrale marmor.

GEORGIUS DUX BUCKINGHAMIE.

*Excessit è vita Anno Ætis 49, et honorifica pompa elatus  
 ex Adibus Buckinghamianis, viris illustribus omnium  
 ordinum exsequias celebrantibus. Sepultus est Die 3<sup>o</sup>  
 M. Augusti A. D. 1667.*

## THE EPITAPH

*Transcribed from the Author's Tomb in Westminster-  
 Abbey, attempted in English.*

*Here under lies*

## ABRAHAM COWLEY,

THE PINDAR, HORACE, AND VIRGIL,

*Of the English nation.*

WHILE through the world, thy labours shine  
 Bright as thyself, thou Bard divine;  
 Thou in thy fame wilt live, and be  
 A partner with eternity.

Here in soft peace for ever rest,  
 (Soft as the love that fill'd thy breast :)  
 Let hoary Faith around thy urn,  
 And all the watchful Muses, mourn.

For ever sacred be this room;  
 May no rude hand disturb thy tomb,  
 Or sacrilegious rage and lust  
 Affront thy venerable dust.

Sweet Cowley's dust let none profane  
 Here may it undisturb'd remain:  
 Eternity not take, but give,  
 And make this stone for ever live.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND WALLER,

Containing his

MISCELLANIES,  
EPISTLES,  
SONGS,  
EPIGRAMS,

EPIGRAMS,  
FRAGMENTS,  
DIVINE POEMS,  
*&c. &c. &c.*

To which is prefixed,

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

---

When WALLER, kindling with celestial rage,  
View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,  
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;  
The Graces sung, and wore his myrtle wreath.—  
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,  
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,  
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove  
To waken all the tender pow'rs of love.—  
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,  
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray.—  
Maker and model of melodious verse!  
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse.

FENTON.

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*Anno 1792.*



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## LIFE OF WALLER.

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EDMUND WALLER was fortunately exempted from those usual concomitants of genius, obscurity in the commencement of life, and Poverty during its continuance,—his father having been a gentleman of family and fortune in Buckinghamshire, and his mother sister to the celebrated Hampden. The poet himself was born at Colehill in Hertfordshire on the 3d of March 1605.

His father dying in the infancy of his son, left him heir to an estate worth three thousand five hundred pounds a-year; an income more than equivalent to ten thousand pounds of our money at present.

He was educated at Eaton, whence he removed to King's College, Cambridge.

His *debut* both in politics and poetry was splendid and early; for he was chosen a member of parliament in his eighteenth year; and then too, gave a specimen to the world of his genius, in a copy of verses on the Prince's (Charles I.'s) escape at St. Andero, which at once displayed that correct taste and suavity of numbers for which he is so justly celebrated; and which he seems to have intuitively possessed, since no models existed at that time, in the English language, from which he could copy them.

Waller, happily for himself, being placed above the necessity of writing for subsistence, composed all his pieces occasionally, at different intervals, from his eighteenth to his eightieth year. Our poet indeed found a much shorter road for improving his fortune than that leading to Parnassus, having married a rich city heiress, though opposed by the interest of the court, who wished to provide for the lady a different husband. She dying in a short time, left him a widower of five and twenty, in the full enjoyment of health, wit, and affluence, to commence a fresh matrimonial engagement.

Young, rich, vain, amorous and ambitious, our poet became the suitor of the lady Dorothea Sydney, eldest daughter to the Earl of Leicester. To her we are indebted for those elegant effusions of poetical gallantry, in which she is celebrated under the name of Sacharissa; an appellation which unhappily did not accord with the lady's disposition; for, in spite of his beautiful verses, she treated his love with dignified disdain, and at once quashed his hopes and extinguished his passion, by bestowing her hand on the Earl of Sunderland.

Waller was not, however, driven to despair; but diverted his disappointment by transferring his affection and his poetry to new objects; and accordingly attached himself to Lady Sophia Murray, who is supposed to be the Amoret of some of his most pleasing pieces.

About the year 1640, he is thought to have taken a voyage to the islands of Bermudas, which supplied the incidents and imagery of his poem on the battle of the Whales, the most considerable for length of all his pieces. It displays his usual felicity of versification, with some vigorous passages; but it is not easy to determine whether it was intended for a serious or a mock heroic poem.

Between his twenty-eighth and thirty-fifth year he also composed several lesser pieces, such as that on the reduction of Sallee,—on the repairs of St. Paul's Church,—on the Navy, &c. In all these, the sweetness of his numbers are conspicuous; and he sometimes surpasses himself in energy of thought, and vivacity of expression.

Waller was not of a complexion to remain long without a mate. He obtained the hand of a lady of the name of Bresse, unaided by poetry. In reality poetry is no adjunct to domestic felicity. True home-felt bliss, like a deep stream, makes the least noise in its course; and that such Waller enjoyed in

in his second marriage, may be reasonably inferred from his wife's having brought him thirteen children.

Waller distinguished himself early in the ever memorable politics of the times. Connected by affinity with the principal leaders, in possession of an ample fortune, and gifted by nature with splendid talents,—had his virtue been equal to these endowments, he might have taken a principal lead in them. It does not usually happen, that similar powers for prose and poetical composition, unite in the same person. Cicero, with the most harmonious prose, was a wretched poet. In Waller, however, we find them eminently conjoined. His parliamentary speeches surpass all his contemporaries in eloquence and wit. Even at this day, when English oratory may dispute the palm with Greece and Rome, his language would not be deemed obsolete.

As Waller was related to Hampden and Cromwell, he outwardly embraced the republican side; but his real inclination tended to monarchy.

In 1643, we find him engaged with his brother-in-law Tomkyns and others, in a plot to restore the king: His plot was however discovered just as it was ripe for execution. Tomkyns was hanged; but the poet saved his life at the expence of his honour and of half his fortune; having accused several of the nobility, as being concerned with him, although unable to prove his allegations; and he paid a fine of ten thousand pounds, forfeited his seat in the house, and was banished his country. How forcible is the contrast between Waller and his kinsman Cromwell! and how wide the difference between acting and speaking! All the natural and acquired accomplishments of the one, aided by a powerful fortune and dazzling eloquence, were lost, because the possessor was destitute of fortitude, consistency, and active powers; while the other, wanting them all, and scarcely able to speak or write a sentence intelligibly, yet by an unparalleled energy of soul, and an intuitive perception of the human character, overturned an ancient monarchy, usurped the government, and ruled a nation of demagogues uncontrolled.

Waller chose Paris for his residence in exile, where he kept open table, and lived in splendor, till his fortune suffered so much, that he was obliged to sell his wife's jewels. At length he solicited and obtained permission from the protector, to return to his native country, where he was again received into favour and confidence. This kindness was not forgot; for on Cromwell's death, which happened soon after, he celebrated his memory in those fine lines, which are esteemed his *chef d'œuvre*, and which are considered as a model for a panygerical poem.

On the restoration, Waller, not less a pliant courtier, than an eloquent poet, offered his adulatory incense to Majesty restored, with the same facility that he had before done to Charles I. and to Cromwell. The king however, perceived and remarked, that the congratulatory verses to him were not equal to those on the death of Oliver. The address of Waller on the occasion, has been much celebrated, "Poets, Sir, (he replied,) succeed better in fiction than in truth."

Waller, during all this reign, served in parliament with his usual celebrity. His wit, cheerfulness, and social powers, continued unimpaired, and procured him the attention of all distinguished for rank or abilities: Nor was his fame confined to England only; for St. Evermond, with whom he kept up a confidential correspondence, diffeminated it over Europe.

He also took an active part in the persecution of Lord Clarendon, which was thought to arise rather from a vindictive spirit than a love for justice, because the chancellor refused to affix his seal to a grant given him by the king of the provostship of Eaton College, that place being generally filled by a clergyman.

These two great men, it is certain, bore no good will towards each other. Waller treated the earl with warmth and persevering asperity in the house: The earl on the other hand hath drawn the character of the poet, in his celebrated history, in no very favourable colours.

In 1685 he was again chosen, being then in his eightieth year, a representative in the first parliament of James II. with which monarch he continued to enjoy the same familiar confidence that he was honoured with by his predecessors.

Being now arrived at an age seldom the lot of a poet or a courtier, he began to feel the quick decay of his vital powers, while those of his mind continued unimpaired; for the compositions of the last year of his life possess all the excellencies of his former ones.

At length, on the 21st October 1687, he yielded up his breath, with the resignation and hope of a Christian; for in the principles of Christianity he ever continued steadfast. He was buried at Beaconsfield, where a monument is erected to his memory.

The political character of Waller will not bear a scrutiny. He was in truth a time-serving courtier; yet we cannot withhold an admiration, in contemplating those abilities which enabled him to steer in such security, in times so pregnant with danger, through the very midst of contending factions. We must be struck with that consummate address, those insinuating manners, and that conciliating pliability, by which he preserved his interests with sovereigns so very different in their tempers and in their views, as were James I. Charles I. Cromwell, Charles II. and James II.

The address of Atticus, in preserving the esteem of all amidst the most violent contentions of parties, has been loudly celebrated. That of Waller was no less dexterous, and perhaps too, as virtuous; for, if the boasted neutrality of the Roman be scrutinized, it will probably be found to be only a refined tergiversation.

The poetry of Waller, when we consider the time in which his first pieces (which are no ways inferior to his later ones) were written, displays a great elegance of taste, and a judgment almost congenially matured. One can scarcely believe, that but twenty years intervened between the last publication of Spencer, and the first of Waller; yet the former (who indeed affected the obsolete,) cannot be read without a glossary; whereas, the diction and turn of stile (save a few scattered expletives) of the latter, are so entirely modern, that they seem no otherwise different, than by conveying that superior weight and energy of sentiment, which so strongly mark the character of the older poetry, and which yet promises it a longer existence than its florid but feeble offspring can hope for.



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## MISCELLANIES.

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I.

### OF THE DANGER

#### HIS MAJESTY [BEING PRINCE]

ESCAPED IN THE ROAD AT ST. ANDERO.

Now had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,  
And reach'd the sphere of his own pow'r, the main:  
With British bounty in his ship he feasts  
Th' Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,  
To find that wat'ry wilderness exceed  
The entertainment of their great Madrid.  
Healts to both kings, attended with the roar  
Of cannons, echo'd from th' affrighted shore,  
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove  
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove;  
While to his harp divine Arion sings  
The loves and conquests of our Albion kings.

Of the Fourth Edward was his noble song,  
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:  
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head,  
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:  
Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,  
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side:  
Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,  
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state)  
Woos for his master; and with double shame,  
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,  
The Lady Bona, whom just anger burns,  
And foreign war with civil rage returns.  
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;  
Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same:  
When France shall boast of her, whose conqu'ring  
eyes

Have made the best of English hearts their prize;  
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,  
And change again the counsels of our state.

What the prophetic Muse intends, alone  
To him that feels the secret wound is known.

With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,  
About the keel delighted dolphins play,  
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,  
Which must anon this royal troop engage;  
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,  
Within the town commanded by our fleet,

These mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,  
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,  
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep  
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep,  
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war  
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.  
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try  
Their force at football, care of victory  
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,  
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;  
They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,  
Toss'd to and fro, is urged by them all:  
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and wind,  
And like effect of their contention finds.  
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;  
Charles and his virtue was their secret load;  
Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not  
give,

That the good boat this tempest should outlive.

But storms increase, and now no hope of grace  
Among them shines, save in the Prince's face;  
The rest resign their courage, skill, and fight,  
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.  
The gentle vessel (wont with state and pride  
On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)  
Wanders astonish'd in the angry main,  
As Titan's car did, while the golden reign  
Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous son;  
When the whole world an equal hazard run  
To this of ours, the light of whose desire  
Waves threaten now, as that was scar'd by fire.  
Th' impatient Sea grows impotent, and raves,  
That, Night assisting, his impetuous waves  
Should find resistance from so light a thing;  
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.  
Th' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,  
Only because assail'd on ev'ry side:  
So men with rage and passion set on fire,  
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,  
But that their wonder did divert their care,  
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more  
Than with the pleasures of their court before:  
Godlike his courage seem'd, whom nor delight  
Could soften, nor the face of death affright.

3 Phacton,

Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease  
 Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.  
 Great Mars could no greater tempest feign,  
 When the loud winds usurping on the main  
 For angry Juno, labour'd to destroy  
 The hated relics of confounded Troy :  
 His bold Æneas, on like billows tost  
 In a tall ship, and all his country lost,  
 Dissolves with fear ; and both his hands upheld,  
 Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had  
 In honourable fight ; our hero, set [quell'd  
 In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,  
 So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more  
 Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd wore ;  
 His loins yet full of ungot princes, all  
 His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall  
 That argues fear : if any thought annoys  
 The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys,  
 And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,  
 For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France ;  
 Where he had seen a brighter nymph than she \*  
 That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.  
 That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,  
 The conquer'd ocean could not make expire ;  
 Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above  
 Th' heroic Prince's courage or his love :  
 'Twas indignation, and not fear he felt,  
 The shrine should perish where that image dwelt.  
 Ah, Love forbid ! the noblest of thy train  
 Should not survive to let her know his pain ;  
 Who nor his peril minding nor his flame,  
 Is entertain'd with some less serious game,  
 Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,  
 All highly born, obsequious to her sport :  
 They roses seem, which in their early pride  
 But half reveal, and half their beauties hide ;  
 She the glad morning, which her beams does throw  
 Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so ;  
 Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray  
 Foretells the fervour of ensuing day,  
 And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat  
 To leafy shadows from the threaten'd heat.  
 From Cupid's string of many shafts, that fled,  
 Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had  
 shed,  
 As through the wond'ring world she flew, and told  
 Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold ;  
 Some had already touch'd the royal maid,  
 But Love's first summons seldom are obey'd :  
 Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown ;  
 She might not, would not, yet reveal her own ;  
 His glorious name had so possess'd her ears,  
 That with delight those antique tales she hears  
 Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,  
 As, with his story best resemblance hold.  
 And now she views, as on the wall it hung,  
 What old Mæzus so divinely sung ;  
 Which art with life and love did so inspire,  
 That she discerns and favours that desire ;  
 Which there provokes th' advent'rous youth to  
 And in Leander's danger pities him ; [swim,  
 Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks  
 To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.

For from the stern of some good ship appears  
 A friendly light, which moderates their fears :  
 New courage from reviving hope they take,  
 And climbing o'er the waves that taper make ;  
 On which the hope of all their lives depends,  
 As his on that fair hero's hand extends.  
 The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,  
 Breaks the proud billows which her large sides  
 knock ;  
 Whose rage restrained, foaming higher swells,  
 And from her port the weary barge repels.  
 Threat'ning to make her, forced out again,  
 Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.  
 Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain : the Fates  
 Would not be mov'd for our sister states.  
 For England is the third successful throw,  
 And then the genius of that land they know,  
 Whose prince must be (as their own books devise)  
 Lord of the scene where now his danger lies.  
 Well sung the Roman bard, " All human things  
 " Of dearest value hang on slender strings."  
 O see thee then sole hope, and in design  
 Of Heav'n, our joy, supported by a line !  
 Which for that instant was heav'n's care above,  
 The chain that's fix'd to the throne of Jove,  
 On which the fabric of our world depends,  
 One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

## II.

## OF HIS MAJESTY'S

RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

So earnest with thy God ! can no new care,  
 No sense of danger, interrupt thy pray'r ?  
 The sacred Wrestler, till a blessing given,  
 Quits not his hold, but halting, conquers Heav'n.  
 Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopp'd,  
 When from the body such a limb was lopp'd,  
 As to thy present state was no less main,  
 Though thy wife choice has since repair'd the same.  
 Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign  
 In his best pattern \* ; of Patroclus slain,  
 With such amusement as weak mothers use,  
 And frantic gesture, he receives the news.  
 Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance  
 Of war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance ;  
 Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand  
 Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.  
 The famous painter † could allow no place  
 For private sorrow in a prince's face :  
 Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,  
 He cast a veil upon supposed grief.  
 'Twas want of such a precedent as this  
 Made the old Heathen frame their gods amiss.  
 Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part  
 For the fair boy ‡, than he did for his hart ;  
 Nor blame for Hyacinthus' Fate his own,  
 That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou  
 been known.

He that with thine shall weigh good David's  
 Shall find his passion nor his love exceeds ; [deeds,

\* Achilles.

Recurs'd the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,  
 But let false Ziba with his heir divide;  
 Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends,  
 Like that of Heav'n, upon their feed descends.  
 Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,  
 God-like, unmov'd, and yet, like woman, kind!  
 Which of the ancient poets had not brought  
 Our Charles' pedigree from Heav'n, and taught  
 How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,  
 Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

III.  
 ON THE  
 TAKING OF SALLÉ.

Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies odd,  
 Light seem the tales Antiquity has told:  
 Such beasts and monsters as their force oppress,  
 Some places only, and some times, infest.  
 Sallé, that scorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,  
 Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,  
 And future ages threat'ning with a rude  
 And savage race successively renew'd;  
 Their king despising with rebellious pride,  
 And foes profess'd to all the world beside;  
 This pest of mankind gives our hero fame,  
 And through th' obliged world delates his name.

The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,  
 As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,  
 So shall the sword make thine, and with that word  
 He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword:  
 Just Charles like measure has return'd to these  
 Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas;  
 With ships they made the spoiled merchant mourn;  
 With ships their city and themselves are torn.  
 One squadron of our winged castles sent,  
 O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent:  
 For not content the dangers to increase,  
 And act the part of tempests in the seas,  
 Like hungry wolves, those pirate from our shore  
 While flocks of sheep, and ravish'd cattle bore.  
 Safely they might on other nations prey,  
 Fools to provoke the Sov'reign of the sea!  
 Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,  
 The herd of fair Alcmena's feed invades,  
 Who for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,  
 Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.

Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,  
 Save that his presence his affairs exact,  
 Had come in person to have seen and known  
 The injur'd world's revenger and his own.  
 Hither he sends the chief among his peers,  
 Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears;  
 To the renown'd for piety and force,  
 Poor captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

## IV.

UPON HIS

## MAJESTY'S REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

THAT shipwreck'd vessel which th' Apostle bore,  
 Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,  
 Than did his temple in the sea of time,  
 Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.

When first the Monarch of this happy isle,  
 Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,  
 The work of cost and piety begun,  
 To be accomplish'd by his glorious son,  
 Who all that came within the ample thought  
 Of his wife fire has to perfection brought;  
 He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap  
 Into fair figures from a confus'd heap;  
 For in his art of regiment is found

A pow'r like that of harmony in sound. [kings,  
 Those antique minstrels, sure, were Charles-like  
 Cities their lutes, and subjects hearts their strings,  
 On which with so divine a hand they strook,  
 Consent of motion from their breath they took:  
 So all our minds with his conspire to grace  
 The Gentles' great apostle, and deface  
 Those state-obscuring shades, that like a chain  
 Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;  
 Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,  
 As once the viper from his sacred hand:  
 So joys the aged oak, when we divide  
 The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame  
 Of some new structure, to have borne her name.  
 Two distant virtues in one act we find,  
 The modesty and greatness of his mind;  
 Which not content to be above the rage,  
 And injury of all-impairing age,  
 In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,  
 And things half swallow'd from the jaws of time  
 Reduce; an earnest of his grand design,  
 To frame no new church, but the old refine;  
 Which spouse like, may with comely grace com-  
 mand,

More than by force of argument or hand.  
 For doubtful reason few can apprehend,  
 And war brings ruin where it should amend;  
 But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds  
 A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.

Not ought which Sheba's wond'ring queen be-  
 Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd [held  
 His ships and building; emblems of a heart  
 Large both in magnanimity and art.

While the propitious heav'ns this work attend,  
 Long wanted showers they forget to send;  
 As if they meant to make it understood  
 Of more importance than our vital food.

The sun which riseth to salute the quire  
 Already finish'd, setting shall admire  
 How private bounty could so far extend:  
 The King built all, but Charles the western end.  
 So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,  
 At once it threatens and obliges heav'n!

Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,  
 Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,  
 Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,  
 Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.

Glad, though amaz'd, are our neighbour kings  
 To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:  
 They list not urge it to the dreadful field;  
 The task is easier to destroy than build.

---Sic gratia regum  
 Pieris tentata inouis----

HOR.

¶ King James I.

¶ Apollo

## V.

## OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build  
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;  
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)  
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play,  
Then strait she shews 'twas not for want of voice,  
Of pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice;  
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd  
'Tow'rd heav'n, as if from heav'n her note she  
fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,  
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;  
But since the light which now informs our age  
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,  
'Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,  
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

'Those sov'reign beams which heal the wounded  
soul,  
And all our cares, but once beheld, control!  
There the poor lover, that has long endur'd  
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion  
cur'd,

Fares like the man who first upon the ground  
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found  
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;  
For life it had, and like those jewels shone;  
He held it dear, 'till by the springing day  
Inform'd, he threw the worthless worm away.

She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,  
By cutting hope, like a lopp'd limb, away:  
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse  
High Heav'n, and these expostulations use:  
"Could Nature then no private woman grace,  
"Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,  
"Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,  
"Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?  
"Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,  
"What envious pow'r has plac'd this glorious  
"light?"

Thus in a starry night fond children cry  
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky,  
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,  
With light and influence relieve us here.  
All her affections are to one inclin'd;  
Her bounty and compassion to mankind;  
'To whom, while she so far extends her grace,  
She makes but good the promise of her face:  
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,  
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.  
Such guard and comfort the distressed find  
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,  
'That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,  
For all the miserable are made her's.  
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,  
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,  
shields:

The royal bird possesses all the boughs,  
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.  
Joy of our age, and safety of the next;  
For which so oft' thy fertile womb is next;  
Nobly contented, for the public good,  
'To waste thy spirits and diffuse thy blood,

What vast hopes may these islands entertain,  
Where monarchs, thus descended, are to reign?  
Led by commanders of so fair a line,  
Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.

A brave romance who would exactly frame,  
First brings his knight from some immortal dame,  
And then a weapon and a flaming shield,  
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.  
None might the mother of Achilles be,  
By the fair pearl and glory of the sea\*:  
'The man to whom great Maro gives such fame†,  
From the high bed of heav'nly Venus came;  
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design  
Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

## VI.

## 'THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

*For not approaching the lady who can do any thing but  
sleep when she pleaseth.*

My charge it is those breaches to repair  
Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:  
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer  
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her  
Whom Heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts  
have plac'd

Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.

Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she  
From all that may infringe delight is free;  
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,  
And not his mother with more haste obeys.  
Such real pleasures, such true joys suspense,  
What dream can I present to recompense?

Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,  
And make the clouds seem all at her command,  
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest  
Among th' immortals, who with nectar feast,  
That pow'r would seem, that entertainment, short  
Of the true splendour of her present court,  
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are  
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care,  
1, that of fumes and humid vapours made,  
Ascending, do the seat of sense invade,  
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,  
To overcast her ever-shining mind,  
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies,  
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;  
'That crystal heav'n, where Phœbus never shrouds  
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.  
But what so hard which numbers cannot force;  
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their  
course.

The bold Mæonian ‡ made me dare to sleep  
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep;  
And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,  
I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r  
Where Gloriana their great mistress lies,  
But gently taming those victorious eyes,  
Charm all her senses, till the joyful sun  
Without a rival half his course has run;  
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,  
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines:

\* Tantalus.

† Æneas.

‡ Homer.

## VII.

## PUERPERIUM.

You gods that have the pow'r  
To trouble and compose  
All that's beneath your bow'r,  
Calm silence on the seas, on earth impose.

Fair Venus! in thy soft arms  
The God of Rage confine;  
For thy whispers are the charms  
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?  
Thou the flame  
Kindled in his breast canst tame  
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess! give this thy sacred island rest;  
Make heav'n smile,  
That no storm disturb us while  
Thy chief care, our halcyon, builds her nest.

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!  
Bright as high heav'n is, and fertile as earth,  
Whose beauty relieves us,  
Whose royal bed gives us,  
Both glory and peace,  
Our present joy, and all our hopes increase.

## VIII.

## THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

## IN MOURNING.

—~~When~~ From black clouds no part of sky is clear,  
But just so much as lets the sun appear,  
Heav'n then would seem thy image, and reflect  
Those sable vestments and that bright aspect.  
A spark of virtue by the deepest shade  
Of sad adversity is fairer made;  
Nor less advantage doth thy beauty get,  
A Venus rising from a sea of jet!  
• Such was th' appearance of new-formed Light,  
While yet it struggled with eternal Night.  
Then mourn no more, lest thou admit increase  
Of glory by the noble Lord's decease.  
We find not that the laughter-loving dame  
Mourn'd for Anchises; 'twas enough she came  
To grace the mortal with her deathless bed,  
And that his living eyes such beauty fed:  
Had she been there, untimely joy through all  
Men's hearts diffus'd, had marr'd the funeral.  
Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well  
Bright Phœbus might affect in shades to dwell,  
As they to put on sorrow: nothing stands,  
But pow'r to grieve, exempt from thy commands.  
If thou lament, thou must do so alone;  
Grief in thy presence can lay hold on none.  
Yet still persist the memory to love  
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove,  
Who, by the pow'r of his enchanting tongue,  
Swords from the hands of threatening monarchs  
wrung.  
War he prevented, or soon made it cease,  
Instructing princes in the arts of peace;

\* Venus,

Such as made Sheba's curious queen resort  
To the large-hearted Hebrew's ¶ famous court.  
Had Homer sat amongst his wond'ring guests,  
He might have learn'd, at those stupendous feasts,  
With greater bounty, and more sacred state,  
The banquets of the gods to celebrate.  
But, oh! what elocution might he use,  
What potent charms, that could so soon infuse  
His absent master's love into the heart  
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part  
From her lov'd brother, country, and the sun,  
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run  
Into his arms? while the Parisian dames  
Mourn for the ravish'd glory; at her flames  
No less amaz'd than the amazed stars,  
When the bold charmer of Thessalia wars  
With heav'n itself, and numbers does repeat,  
Which call descending Cynthia from her seat.

## IX.

• In answer to one who writ a libel against the

## COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,  
With Diomed, to wound the Queen of Love?  
Thy mistress' envy, or thine own despair?  
Not the just Pallas in thy breast did move  
So blind a rage, with such a diff'rent fate;  
He honour won where thou hast purchas'd hate.

She gave assistance to his Trojan foe!  
Thou, that without a rival thou may'st love,  
Dost to the beauty of this Lady owe,  
While after her the gazing world does move.  
Canst thou not be content to love alone?  
Or is thy mistress not content with one?

Hast thou not read of Fairy Arthur's shield,  
Which but disclos'd amaz'd the weaker eyes  
Of proudest foes, and won the doubtful field?  
So shall thy rebel wit become her prize.  
Should thy lambics swell into a book,  
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heav'n be oblig'd that plac'd her in the skies;  
Rewarding Phœbus for inspiring so  
His noble brain, by likening to those eyes  
His joyful beams; but Phœbus is thy foe,  
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy sight,  
So ill thou rhym'st against so fair a light.

## X.

## OF HER CHAMBER.

THEY taste of death that do at heav'n arrive,  
But we this paradise approach alive.  
Instead of Death, the dart of Love does strike,  
And renders all within these walls alike.  
The high in titles, and the shepherd, here  
Forgets his greatness, and forgets his fear.  
All stand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,  
Lose thought of what themselves or others are;

¶ Solomon,

F f ij

Ambition lose, and have no other scope,  
Save Carlisle's favour, to employ their hope.  
The Thracian (1) could (though all those tales were  
true

The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do :  
Before his feet so sheep and lions lay,  
Fearless and wrathless while they heard him play.  
The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,  
Subdu'd alike, all but one passion have :  
No worthy mind but finds in her's there is  
Something proportion'd to the rule of his :  
While she with cheerful, but impartial grace,  
(Born for no one, but to delight the race  
Of men) like Phœbus so divides her light,  
And warns us, that she stoops not from her height.

XI.

ON MY

LADY DOROTHY SYDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' (2) fame!  
The matchless Sydney (3), that immortal frame  
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd,  
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd  
With such extremes of excellence, compose  
Wonders so distant in one face disclose!  
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,  
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate  
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see  
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.  
All the rich flow'rs through his Arcadia found,  
Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.  
Had but this copy (which the artist took  
From the fair picture of that noble book)  
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends (4) had jarr'd,  
And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.  
Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,  
In his own house thus practis'd what he taught.  
This glorious piece transcends what he could  
think,  
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

XII.

AT PENSHURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortals made  
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade  
Had held an altar to her pow'r that gave  
The peace and glory which these allies have ;  
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,  
That it became a garden of a wood.  
Her presence has such more than human grace,  
That it can civilize the rudest place ;  
And beauty too, and order, can impart,  
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor art.  
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,  
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre.  
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,  
They round about her into arbours crowd ;  
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,  
Like some well marshall'd and obsequious band.  
Amphion so made stones and timber leap  
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap :

(1) Orpheus. (2) Pamela. (3) Sir Philip Sydney.  
(4) Pyrocles and Musidorus.

And in the symmetry' of her parts is found  
A pow'r like that of harmony in sound.  
Ye lofty Beeches! tell this matchless dame,  
That if together ye fed all one flame,  
It could not equalize the hundredth part  
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!—  
Go, Boy, and carve this passion on the bark  
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark  
Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign,  
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,  
That there they cannot but for ever prove  
The monument and pledge of humble love ;  
His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher  
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

XIII.

OF THE LADY

WHO CAN SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASES.

No wonder sleep from careful lovers flies,  
To bathe himself in Sachariffa's eyes.  
As fair Astrea once from earth to heav'n,  
By strife and loud impiety was driv'n ;  
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,  
Wife Somnus to that paradise repairs ;  
Waits on her will, and wretches does forsake,  
To court the nymph for whom those wretches  
wake.

More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold,  
Is the soft God those softer limbs to hold ;  
Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the skies  
In dark'ning clouds, the pow'r to close her eyes ;  
Eyes which so far all other lights control,  
They warm our mortal parts, but these our souls—  
Let her free spirit, whose unconquer'd breast  
Holds such deep quiet and untroubled rest,  
Know that though Venus and her son should spare  
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care,  
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep,  
And for another's joy suspend her sleep.

XIV.

OF THE MISREPORT

OF HER BEING PAINTED.

As when a sort of wolves infest the night  
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light,  
The noise may chase sweet slumber from our eyes,  
But never reach the mistress of the skies ;  
So with the news of Sachariffa's wrongs,  
Her vexed servants blame those envious tongues ;  
Call Love to witness that no painted fire  
Can scorch men so, or kindle such desire ;  
While, unconcerned, she seems mov'd no more  
With this new malice than our loves before ;  
But from the height of her great mind looks down  
On both our passions, without smile or frown.  
So little care of what is done below  
Hath the bright dame whom Heav'n affecteth so !  
Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which  
spreads  
Like glorious colours through the flow'ry meads,  
When lavish Nature, with her best art,  
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.

Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn  
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;  
With the same art wherewith she gilded so  
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

## XV.

## OF HER PASSING

## ● THROUGH A CROWD OF PEOPLE.

As in old chaos (heav'n with earth confus'd,  
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruis'd)  
The sun his light no further could extend  
'Than the next hill, which on his shoulders lean'd;  
So in this throng bright Sacharissa far'd,  
Oppress'd by those who strove to be her guard;  
As ships, though never so obsequious, fall  
Foul in a tempest on their admiral.  
A greater favour this disorder brought  
Unto her servants than their awful thought  
Durst entertain; when thus compell'd, they prest  
The yielding marble of her snowy breast.  
While love insults, disguised in the cloud  
And welcome force of that unruly crowd.  
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,  
Just distance keeps from his desired palm;  
But when the wind her ravish'd branches throws  
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,  
Though loth he seems her tender leaves to prest,  
More loth he is that friendly storm should cease,  
From whose rude bounty he the double use  
At once receives, of pleasure and excuse.

## XVI.

THE STORY OF  
PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE

## APPLIED.

• THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,  
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:  
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;  
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!  
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,  
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!  
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,  
O'er craggy mountains, and through flow'ry  
Invok'd to testify the lover's care, [meads;  
Or form some image of his cruel fair,  
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,  
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,  
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,  
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.  
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,  
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:  
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,  
Attend his passion, and approve his song.  
Like Phœbus, thus acquiring unsought praise,  
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

## XVII.

## FABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNIS.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thyrsis, Phœbique sacerdos,  
Ingenti frustra Sacharissa ardebat amore.

Haud Deus ipse olim Daphni majora canebat;  
Nec fuit asperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:  
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem  
Per rupes, per saxa, volans per florida vates  
Pascua: formosam nunc his componere nympham.  
Nunc illis crudelem insanâ mente solebat.  
Audiit illa procul miserum, cytharamque sonantem;  
Audiit, at nullis respexit mota querelis! [tem;  
Ne tamen omnino caneret desertus, ad alta  
Sidera percussis referunt nova carmina montes.  
Sic, non quæsitus cumulatus laudibus, olim  
Elapsâ reperit Daphne sua laurea Phœbus.

## XVIII.

## AT PENSHURST.

WHILE in this park I sing, the list'ning deer  
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;  
When to the beeches I report my flame,  
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.  
To gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs  
With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs.  
To thee a wild and cruel soul is giv'n, [heav'n!  
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the  
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign  
Thyself a Sydney? from which noble strain  
He sprung (a), that could so far exalt the name  
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;  
That all we can of love or high desire  
Seems but the smoke of am'rous Sydney's fire.  
Nor call her mother who so well does prove  
One breast may hold both chastity and love.  
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring  
In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring  
One so destructive. To no human stock  
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock,  
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side  
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride  
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing springs (b)  
Which not more help than that destruction brings.  
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,  
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan  
Melt to compassion: now my trait'rous song  
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;  
While thus I suffer not myself to lose  
The memory of what augments my woes;  
Eat with my own breath still foment the fire,  
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!  
This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce  
Of just Apollo, president of verse;  
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring  
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:  
Thus he advis'd me: "On yon' aged tree  
" Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,  
" That there with wonders thy diverted mind  
" Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."  
Ah, cruel Nymph! from whom her humble swain  
Flies for relief into the raging main,  
And from the winds and tempests does expect  
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!  
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove  
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love  
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,  
But from those gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her

(a) Sir Philip Sydney.

(b) Tunbridge-Wells.

## XIX.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT  
SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

TELL me, lovely, loving Pair!  
Why so kind, and so severe?  
Why so careless of our care,  
Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,  
You the pow'r of Love control,  
While the Boy's deluded darts  
Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast  
Still beguiled Love does come,  
Where he finds a foreign guest,  
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like design,  
When they never mean to pay,  
That they may the law decline,  
To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,  
Yok'd in Cytherea's car,  
Not the wings that lift so high,  
And convey her son so far,

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,  
Or do more ennoble love;  
Are so choicely match'd a pair,  
Or with more consent do move.

## XX.

## A LA MALADE.

AH, lovely Amoret! the care  
Of all that know what's good or fair!  
Is heav'n become our rival too?  
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you  
So amply thence, the common end  
Of giving lovers—to pretend?

Hence to this pining sickness (meant  
To weary thee to a consent  
Of leaving us) no pow'r is giv'n  
Thy beauties to impair; for Heav'n  
Solicits thee with such a care,  
As roses from their stalks we tear,  
When we would still preserve them new  
And fresh as on the bush they grew.

With such a grace you entertain,  
And look with such contempt on pain,  
That, languishing, you conquer more,  
And wound us deeper than before.  
So lightnings which in storms appear,  
Scorch more than when the skies are clear.

And as pale sickness does invade  
Your frailer part, the breaches made  
In that fair lodging, still more clear  
Make the bright guest, your soul, appear.  
So nymphs o'er pathless mountains borne,  
Their light robes by the brambles torn,  
From their fair limbs, exposing new  
And unknown beauties to the view

Of following gods, increase their flame,  
And haste to catch the flying game.

## XXI.

UPON THE DEATH  
OF MY LADY RICH.

MAY those already curs'd Essexian plains,  
Where hasty death and pining sickness reigns,  
Prove all a desert! and none there make stay,  
But savage beasts, or men as wild as they!  
There the fair light which all our island grac'd,  
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,  
Such fate from the malignant air did find,  
As that expos'd to the boist'rous wind.

Ah, cruel Heav'n! to snatch so soon away  
Her for whose life, had we had time to pray,  
With thousand vows and tears we should have  
fought

That sad decree's suspension to have wrought.  
But we, alas! no whisper of her pain  
Heard, till 'twas sin to wish her here again.  
That horrid word, at once, like lightning spread,  
Strook all our ears,—The Lady Rich is dead!  
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to those few  
Who her resemble, and her steps pursue;  
That Death should license have to range among  
The fair, the wife, the virtuous, and the young!

The Paphian Queen (1) from that fierce battle  
With gored hand, and veil so rudely torn, [borne,  
Like terror did among th' immortals breed,  
Taught by her wound that goddesses may die, —

All stand amazed! but beyond the rest  
Th' heroic dame (2) whose happy womb she blest,  
Mov'd with just grief, expostulates with Heav'n,  
Urging the promise to th' obsequious giv'n,  
Of longer life; for ne'er was pious soul  
More apt t' obey, more worthy to control.  
A skilful eye at once might read the race  
Of Caledonian monarchs in her face,  
And sweet humility: her look and mind  
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.  
There dwelt the scorn of vice, and pity too,  
For those that did what she disdain'd to do;  
So gentle and severe, that what was bad,  
At once her hatred and her pardon had.  
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,  
So fast, so faithful, loyal, and so true,  
That a bold hand as soon might hope to force  
The rolling lights of heav'n, as change her course.

Some happy angel, that beholds her there,  
Instruct us to record what she was here!  
And when this cloud of sorrow's overblown,  
Through the wide world we'll make her graces  
known.

So fresh the wound is, and the grief so vast,  
That all our art and pow'r of speech is waste.  
Here passion sways, but there the Muse shall raise  
Eternal monuments of louder praise.

There our delight complying with her fame,  
Shall have occasion to recite thy name,  
Fair Sacharissa!—and now only fair!  
To sacred friendship we'll an altar rear,

(1) Venus, (2) Christian Countess of Devonshire.

(Such as the Romans did erect of old)  
Where on a marble pillar shall be told  
The lovely passion each to other bare,  
With the resemblance of that matchless pair.  
Narcissus to the thing for which he pin'd  
Was not more like than your's to her fair mind,  
Save that she grac'd the sev'ral parts of life,  
A spotless virgin, and a faultless wife.  
Such was the sweet converse 'twixt her and you,  
As that she holds with her associates now.

How false is Hope, and how regardless Fate,  
That such a love should have so short a date!  
Lately I saw her, sighing, part from thee:  
(Alas that the last farewell should be!)  
So look'd Astræa, her remove design'd,  
On those distressed friends she left behind.  
Consent in virtue knit your hearts so fast,  
That still the knot, in spite of death, does last;  
For as your tears, and sorrow-wounded soul,  
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole,  
So all we know of what they do above,  
Is that they happy are, and that they love.  
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,  
Content themselves our frailer thoughts to have:  
Well chosen love is never taught to die,  
But with our nobler part invades the sky.  
Then grieve no more that one so heav'nly shap'd,  
The crooked hand of trembling age escap'd:  
Rather, since we beheld her not decay,  
But that she vanish'd so entire away,  
Her wondrous beauty and her goodness merit  
We should suppose that some propitious spirit  
In that celestial form frequented here,  
And is not dead, but ceases to appear.

XXII.  
OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,  
Itself discharges on our foes;  
And sorrow too, finds some relief  
In tears, which wait upon our grief:  
So ev'ry passion, but fond love,  
Unto its own redress does move;  
But that alone the wretch inclines  
To what prevents his own designs;  
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,  
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;  
Postures which render him despis'd,  
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.  
For women, (born to be control'd)  
Stoop to the forward and the bold;  
Affect the haughty and the proud,  
The gay, the frolic and the loud.  
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,  
Not kneeling did salute the beast;  
But with high courage, life, and force,  
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East  
Pity, supposing them oppress'd  
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,  
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:  
Each nymph, but moderately fair,  
Commands with no less rigour here.  
Should some brave Turk, that walks among  
His twenty lasses, bright and young,

And beckons to the willing dame,  
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,  
Behold as many gallants here,  
With modest guise and silent fear,  
All to one female idol bend,  
While her high pride does scarce descend  
To mark their follies, he would swear  
That these her guard of eunuchs were,  
And that a more majestic queen,  
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,  
In vain I struggled with the yoke  
Of mighty Love: that conq'ring look,  
When next beheld, like lightning strook  
My blasted soul, and made me bow  
Lower than those I pity'd now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink  
Of some smooth stream about to drink,  
Surveying there his armed head,  
With shame remembers that he fled  
The scorned dogs, resolves to try  
The combat next; but if their cry  
Invades again his trembling ear,  
He strait resumes his wonted care,  
Leaves the untasted spring behind,  
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

XXIII.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,  
So far as drought and nature urges, drink;  
A more indulgent mistress guides our sp'rits,  
Reason, that dares beyond our appetites:  
She would our care as well as thirst redress,  
And with divinity rewards excess.  
Deserted Ariadne, thus supply'd,  
Did perjur'd Theseus' cruelty deride:  
Banish'd the man, her passion and his fault,  
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,  
And each by other's timely heat supply'd:  
All that the grapes owe to his rip'ning fires  
Is paid in numbers which their juice inspires.  
Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood  
To give our friends a title to our blood;  
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage so,  
Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do,

XXIV.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless touch!  
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!  
What art is this, that with so little pains  
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?  
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,  
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud.  
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;  
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble  
too?  
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the  
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer. [ear,  
Music so softens and disarms the mind,  
That not an arrow does resistance find.

Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,  
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes :  
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd  
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

## XXV.

## OF MRS. ARDEN.

BENOLD, and listen, while the fair  
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,  
And with her own breath fans the fire,  
Which her bright eyes do first inspire.  
What reason can that love control,  
Which more than one way courts the soul ?  
So when a flash of lightning falls  
On our abodes, the danger calls  
For human aid, which hopes the flame  
To conquer, though from heav'n it came ;  
But if the winds with that conspire,  
Men strive not, but deplore the fire.

## XXVI.

## OF THE

## MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

DESIGN or Chance makes others wive,  
But Nature did this match contrive :  
Eve might as well have Adam fled,  
As she deny'd her little bed  
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame  
And measure out this only dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,  
Beneath the level of all care !  
Over whose heads those arrows fly  
Of sad distrust and jealousy ;  
Secured in as high extreme,  
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do shew  
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow ;  
And ev'ry man a Polypheme  
Does to his Galatca seem :  
None may presume her faith to prove ;  
He proffers death that proffers love.

Ah ! Chloris ! that kind Nature thus  
From all the world had sever'd us ;  
Creating for ourselves us two,  
As Love has me for only you !

## XXVII.

## LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,  
A long farewell to love I gave,  
Resolv'd my country and my friends  
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,  
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown ;  
The nymph I dare not, need not name,  
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires  
Above the fear of private fires,  
Grown and design'd for nobler use,  
Not to make warm, but build the house,

Though from our meaner flames secure,  
Must that which falls from heav'n endure.

## XXVIII.

## FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in some climes the warmer sun  
Makes it full summer e'er the spring's begun,  
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,  
Before our violets dare look abroad ;  
So measure not by any common use  
The early love your brighter eyes produce.  
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed  
Wrapp'd my glad head, I wish'd me so indeed,  
That hasty time might never make me grow  
Out of those favours you afford me now ;  
That I might ever such indulgence find,  
And you not blush, or think yourself too kind ;  
Who now, I fear, while I these joys express,  
Begin to think how you may make them less.  
The fount of love makes your soft heart afraid,  
And guard itself, though but a child invade,  
And innocently at your white breast throw  
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n snow.

## XXIX.

## ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,  
Shall now my joyful temples bind :  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair ;  
Give me but what this riband bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

## XXX.

## THE FALL.

SEE ! how the willing earth gave way,  
To take th' impression where she lay.  
See ! how the mould, as loth to leave  
So sweet a burden, still doth cleave  
Close to the nymph's stain'd garment. Here  
The coming spring would first appear,  
And all this place with roses strow,  
If busy feet would let them grow.

Here Venus smil'd to see blind Chance  
Itself before her son advance,  
And a fair image to present,  
Of what the Boy so long had meant.  
'Twas such a chance as this made all  
The world into this order fall ;  
Thus the first lovers, on the clay,  
Of which they were composed, lay.  
So in their prime, with equal grace,  
Met the first patterns of our race.

Then blush not, Fair ! or on him frown,  
Or wonder how you both came down ;  
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait ;  
How could he then support your weight ?

How could the youth, alas! but bend,  
When his whole heav'n upon him lean'd?  
If ought by him amiss were done,  
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

XXXI.  
OF SYLVIA.

OUR sighs are heard; just heav'n declares  
The sense it has of lovers' cares:  
She that so far the rest outshin'd,  
Sylvia the fair, while she was kind,  
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,  
Seems only not unhandsome now.  
So, when the sky makes us endure  
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,  
Hiding from Flavia's self her name,  
Lest she, provoking Heav'n, should prove  
How it rewards neglected love.  
Better a thousand such as I,  
Their grief untold, should pine and die,  
Than her bright morning, overcast  
With fullen clouds, should be defac'd.

XXXII.  
THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder swelling bush,  
Big with many a coming rose,  
This early bud began to blush,  
And did but half itself disclose:  
I pluck'd it though no better grown,  
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,  
With such a purple light they shone,  
As if they had been made of fire,  
And spreading so would flame anon.  
All that was meant by air or sun,  
'To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,  
What may the same in forms of love,  
Of purest love and music too,  
When Flavia it aspires to move?  
When that which lifeless buds persuades  
'To wax more soft, her youth invades?

XXXIII.  
ON THE DISCOVERY  
OF A LADY'S PAINTING.

PYGMALION's fate revers'd is mine;  
His marble love took flesh and blood:  
All that I worshipp'd as divine,  
'That beauty' now 'tis understood  
Appears to have no more of life  
'Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend  
Some sudden cause of causeless fear,  
Although that seeming cause take end,  
And they behold no danger near,

A shaking through their limbs they find,  
Like leaves saluted by the wind:

So though the beauty do appear  
No beauty, which amaz'd me so;  
Yet from my breast I cannot tear  
The passion which from thence did grow;  
Nor yet out of my fancy raise  
The print of that supposed face.

A real beauty, though too near,  
The fond Narcissus did admire:  
I dote on that which is no where;  
The sign of beauty feeds my fire.  
No mortal flame was e'er so cruel  
As this, which thus survives the fuel!

XXXIV.  
OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to observe the wind,  
Or the new sea explore,  
Struck'd from myself, how far behind  
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep  
In the smooth bosom of this deep?  
No: 'tis so rockless and so clear,  
That the rich bottom does appear  
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn  
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there borne.

Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace,  
Which time and use are wont to teach,  
The eye may in a moment reach,  
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,  
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,  
And a weak heart in time destroy;  
She has a stamp, and prints the Boy;  
Can with a single look inflame  
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

XXXV.  
THE SELF-BANISHED.

IT is not that I love you less,  
Than when before your feet I lay;  
But to prevent the sad increase  
Of hopeless love, I keep away,

In vain, alas! for ev'ry thing  
Which I have known belong to you,  
Your form does to my fancy bring,  
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,  
Already has a fever got,  
Too late begins those shafts to shun,  
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot:

Too late he would the pain assuage,  
And to thick shadows does retire;  
About with him he bears the rage,  
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must  
Your banish'd servant trouble you;  
For if I break, you may mistrust  
The vow I made—to love you too.

XXXVI.

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

As lately I on silver Thames did ride,  
Sad Galatea on the bank I spy'd:  
Such was her look as sorrow taught to shine  
And thus she grac'd me with a voice divine.

GAL. You that can tune your sounding strings  
Of ladies' beauties, and of love to tell, [so well,  
Once change your note, and let your lute report  
The justest grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYS. Fair nymph! I have in your delights no  
Nor ought to be concerned in your care; [I are,  
Yet would I sing, if I your sorrows knew,  
And to my aid invoke no muse but you.

GAL. Hear then, and let your song augment our  
Which is so great as not to wish relief. [grief,

She that had all which Nature gives, or Chance,  
Whom Fortune join'd with Virtue to advance  
To all the joys this island could afford,  
The greatest mistress, and the kindest lord;  
Who with the royal mix'd her noble blood,  
And in high grace with Gloriana stood;  
Her bounty, sweetness, beauty, goodness, such,  
That none e'er thought her happiness too much;  
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,  
And kind to all, as Heav'n had been to her!  
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,  
So well she acted in this span of life,  
That though few years (too few, alas!) she told,  
She seem'd in all things but in beauty old.  
As unripe fruit, whose verdant stalks do cleave  
Close to the tree, which grieves no less to leave  
The smiling pendant which adorns her so,  
And until Autumn on the boughs should grow;  
So seem'd her youthful soul, not eas'ly forc'd,  
Or from so fair, so sweet, a feat divorc'd:  
Her fate at once did hasty seem and slow;  
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYS. Under how hard a law are mortals  
born!

Whom now we envy, we anon must mourn:  
What Heav'n sets highest, and seems most to prize,  
Is soon removed from our wond'ring eyes!  
But since the sisters ¶ did so soon untwine  
So fair a thread, I'll strive to piece the line.  
Vouchsafe, sad nymph! to let me know the dame,  
And to the muses I'll commend her name:  
Make the wide country echo to your moan,  
The list'ning trees, and savage mountains groan.  
What rock's not moved, when the death is sung  
Of one so good, so lovely, and so young?

GAL. 'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had nam'd  
before,  
But naming her, grief lets me say no more.

¶ Parca.

XXXVII.

ON THE HEAD OF A STAG.

So we some antique hero's strength  
Learn by his lance's weight and length;  
As these vast beams express the beast,  
Whose shady brows alive they dress.  
Such game, while yet the world was new,  
The mighty Nimrod did pursue.  
What huntsman of our feeble race,  
Or dogs, dare such a monster chace?  
Resembling, with each blow he strikes,  
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.  
O fertile Head! which ev'ry year  
Could such a crop of wonder bear!  
That teeming earth did never bring,  
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;  
Which might it never have been cast,  
(Each year's growth added to the last)  
These lofty branches had supply'd  
The earth's bold son's prodigious pride:  
Heav'n with these engines had been scal'd,  
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

XXXVIII.

THE MISER'S SPEECH.

IN A MASK.

BALLS of this metal slack'd At'lanta's pace,  
And on the am'rous youth (a) bestow'd the race:  
Venus, (the nymph's mind measuring by her own)  
Whom the rich spoils of cities overgrown  
Had prostrated to Mars, could well advise  
Th' advent'rous lover how to gain the prize.  
Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe,  
For when he turn'd himself into a bribe,  
Who can blame Danae, or the brazen tow'r,  
That they withstood not that almighty show'r?  
Never till then did love make Jove put on  
A form more bright and nobler than his own;  
Nor were it just, would he resume that shape,  
That slack devotion should his thunder 'scape.  
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,  
Those ass's ears on Midas' temples hung,  
But fond repentance of his happy wish,  
Because his meat grew metal like his dish.  
Would Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold  
Upon my wish, and die creating gold.

XXXIX.

UPON BEN. JOHNSON.

MIRROR of Poets! mirror of our age!  
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,  
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults, endures  
A remedy like those whom music cures.  
Thou hast alone those various inclinations  
Which Nature gives to ages, sexes, nations:  
So traced with thy all-resembling pen,  
That whate'er custom has impos'd on men,  
Or ill-got habit, (which deforms them so,  
That scarce a brother can his brother know)

(a) Hippomachus.

Is represented to the wond'ring eyes  
Of all that see or read thy Comedies.  
Whoever in those glasses looks, may find  
The spots return'd, or graces, of his mind;  
And by the help of so divine an art,  
At leisure view and dress his nobler part.  
Narcissus, cozen'd by that flatt'ring well,  
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,  
Had here, discov'ring the deform'd estate  
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.  
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad  
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had  
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,  
Virtue with colours, speech and motion grac'd.  
The sundry postures of thy copious Muse  
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use,  
Who's fate's no less peculiar than thy art;  
For as thou couldst all characters impart,  
So none could render thine, which still escapes,  
Like Proteus, in variety of shapes;  
Who was not this, nor that; but all we find,  
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

## XL.

## ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe  
All these good plays, but those of others too:  
Thy wit repeated does support the stage,  
Credits the last, and entertains this age.  
No worthies, form'd by any Muse but thine,  
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine.  
What brave commander is not proud to see  
Thy brave *Mitrius* in his gallantry?  
Our greatest ladies love to see their icorn  
Outdone by thine in what themselves have worn:  
Th' impatient widow, e'er the year be done,  
Sees thy *Aspasia* weeping in her gown.  
I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,  
Deterr'd by that inimitable maid (1);  
And when I venture at the comic style,  
Thy Scornful Lady seems to mock my toil.  
Thus has thy Muse at once improv'd and marr'd  
Our sport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard!  
So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw  
The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo  
So far, but that the best are meas'ring casts,  
Their emulation and their pastime lasts;  
But if some brawny yeoman of the guard  
Step in, and tofs the axletree a yard  
Or more beyond the furthest mark, the rest  
Despairing stand; their sport is at the best.

## XLI.

VERSES TO

DR. GEORGE ROGERS,

*On his taking the degree of Doctor in Physic at Padua,  
in the year 1664.*

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children strove,  
With hills on hills, to scale the throne of Jove,  
Pallas and Mars stood by their sov'reign's side,  
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd;

(1) *The Maid's Tragedy.*

While the wise Phœbus, Hermes, and the rest,  
Who joy in peace, and love the Muses best,  
Descending from their so distemper'd seat,  
Our groves and meadows chose for their retreat.  
There first Apollo try'd the various use  
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,  
And fram'd that art, to which who can pretend  
A juster title than our noble Friend?  
Whom the like tempest drives from his abode,  
And like employment entertains abroad.  
This crowns him here, and in the bays so earn'd,  
His country's honour is no less concern'd,  
Since it appears not all the English rave,  
To ruin bent; some study how to save:  
And as Hippocrates did once extend  
His sacred art, whole cities to amend;  
So we, brave Friend! suppose that thy great skill,  
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,  
At thy return, reclaim our frantic isle,  
Their spirits calm, and peace again shall smile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

*Patavij typis Pauli Frambetti.*

## XLII.

## CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,  
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?  
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,  
Never canst thou want matter to sing;  
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,  
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYL. Sweetest! you know the sweetest of things  
Of various flow'rs the bees do compose;  
Yet no particular taste it brings  
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:  
So love the result is of all the graces  
Which flow from a thousand sev'ral faces.

CHLO. Hylas! the birds which chant in this  
grove,  
Could we but know the language they use,  
They would instruct us better in love,  
And reprehend thy inconstant Muse;  
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,  
That what they once do choose, bounds their de-  
fire.

HYL. Chloris! this change the birds do approve,  
Which the warm season hither does bring;  
Time from yourself does further remove  
You than the winter from the gay spring:  
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,  
The oak now resembles which lightning hath  
blasted.

## XLIII.

IN ANSWER OF

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S VERSES.

CON.

STAY here, fond Youth! and ask no more; be wise;  
Knowing too much long since lost Paradise.

PRO. And by your knowledge we should be be-  
Of all that paradise which yet is left. [rest

MISCELLANIES.

CON. The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wouldst  
should still

Last in their pride; and wouldst not take it ill  
If rudely, from sweet dreams, and for a toy,  
Thou wak'd: he wakes himself that does enjoy.

PRO. How can the joy or hope which you allow  
Be styl'd virtuous, and the end not so?  
Talk in your sleep, and shadows still admire!  
'Tis True, he wakes that feels this real fire:  
But—to sleep better; for whoe'er drinks deep  
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himself asleep.

CON. Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,  
And while it pleaeth much, yet still it cloy.  
Who thinks he should be happier made for that,  
As reas'nably might hope he might grow fat  
By eating to a surfeit: this once past,  
What relishes? ev'n kisses lose their taste.

PRO. Blessings may be repeated while they cloy.  
But shall we starve, 'cause surfeitings destroy?  
And if fruition did the taste impair  
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,  
Whose joys just Hymen warrants all the night  
Consume the day too in this less delight?

CON. Urge not 'tis necessary; alas! we know  
The homeliest thing that mankind does is so.  
The world is of a large extent we see,

And must be peopled; children there must be:—  
So must bread too; but since there are enough  
Born to that drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO. I need not plough, since what the slooping  
hine

Gets of my pregnant land must all be mine:  
But in this nobler tillage 'tis not so;  
For when Anchises did fair Venus know,  
What int'rest had poor Vulcan in the boy,  
Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

CON. Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've  
been,

Are like romances read, or scenes once seen:  
Fruition dulls or spoils the play much more  
Than if one read or knew the plot before.

PRO. Plays and romances read and seen, do fall  
In our opinions; yet not seen at all,  
Whom would they please? To an heroic tale  
Would you not listen, lest it should grow stale?

CON. 'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;  
Heav'n were not heav'n if we knew what it were.

PRO. If 'twere not heav'n, if we knew what it  
were,

'T would not be heav'n to those that now are there.

CON. And as in prospects we are there pleas'd  
most,

Where something keeps the eye from being lost,  
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint  
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.

PRO. Restraint preserves the pleasure we have  
got,

But he ne'er has it that enjoys it not.

In goodly prospects who contracts the space,  
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?

We wish remov'd what standeth in our light,  
And Nature blame for limiting our sight;

Where you stand wisely winking, that the view  
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

CON. They who know all the wealth they have  
are poor;

He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

PRO. Not he that knows the wealth he has is  
poor,

But he that dares not touch nor use his store.

XLIV.

AN APOLOGY

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use  
Of the grape's surprizing juice,  
To the first delicious cup  
All their reason render up;  
Neither do nor care to know  
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd,  
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,  
To the first that's fair or kind,  
Make a present of their heart:  
It is not she that first we love,  
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' ev'ning made,  
Stars gave the first delight,  
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,  
Those little drops of light:  
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand  
Remov'd them from the skies,  
He gazing tow'rd the east did stand,  
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,  
All those he 'gan despise;  
His wonder was determin'd there,  
And could no higher rise.  
He neither might, nor wish'd to know  
A more refulgent light:  
For that (as mine your beauties now)  
Employ'd his utmost fight.

XLV.

THE NIGHT-PIECE:

OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

DARKNESS, which fairest nymphs disarms,  
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:  
Mira can lay her beauty by,  
Take no advantage of the eye,  
Quit all that Lely's art can take,  
And yet a thousand captives make.

Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound  
Than in another's song is found;  
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,  
Which need no light to reach our hearts,  
As the bright stars and Milky Way,  
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day;  
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,  
Help'd by the night, new graces find,  
Which by the splendour of her view,  
Dazzled before, we never knew.

While we converse with her, we mark  
No want of day, nor think it dark :  
Her shining image is a light  
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.

Like jewels to advantage set,  
Her beauty by the shade does get ;  
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,  
All that our passion might restrain,  
Is hid, and our indulgent mind  
Presents the fair idea kind.

Yet friended by the night, we dare  
Only in whispers tell our care :  
He that on her his bold hand lays  
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays ;  
They with a touch, (they are so keen !)  
Wound as unshot, and she unseen.

All near approaches threaten death ;  
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath :  
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,  
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,  
'Till he arrive where she must prove  
The haven or the rock of love,

So we th' Arabian coast do know  
At distance, when the spices blow ;  
By the rich odour taught to steer,  
Tho' neither day nor stars appear.

## XLVI.

PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

TRANSLATED.

*Beginning at V. 437.**.....Festque miserima fletus  
Festque restatque foror.....**And ending with**Adnixi torquent spumae, et serula venuat. V. 583.*

ALL this her weeping sister (a) does repeat  
To the stern man (b), whom nothing could entreat !  
Lost were her pray'rs, and fruitless were her tears ;  
Fate and great Jove had stopp'd his gentle ears.  
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend  
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend  
His reeling trunk, and with a boist'rous sound  
Scatter his leaves, and strew them on the ground,  
He fixed stands ; as deep his roots doth lie  
Down to the centre, as his top is high :  
No lets on every side the hero prest,  
Feels love and pity shake his noble breast,  
And down his cheeks though fruitless tears do roll,  
Unmov'd remains the purpose of his soul.  
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,  
Begins the light of cruel Heav'n to hate.  
Her resolution to dispatch and die,  
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy !  
The water consecrate for sacrifice,  
Appears all black to her amazed eyes ;  
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,  
Which from her none, not her own sister, knows.

(a) Anna.

(b) Æneas.

Besides there stood, as sacred to her lord (c),  
A marble temple which she much ador'd,  
With snowy fleeces and fresh garlands crown'd ;  
Hence ev'ry night proceeds a dreadful sound ;  
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb,  
And dismal owls presage the ills to come.  
Besides, the prophecies of wizards old  
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold :  
Scorn'd and deserted to herself she seems,  
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.

So to mad Pentheus double Thebes appears,  
And furies howl in his distemper'd ears.  
Orestes se, with like distraction tost,  
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghost.

Now grief and fury to their height arrive.  
Death she decrees, and thus does it contrive.  
Her grieved sister, with a cheerful grace,  
(Hope well dissembled shining in her face)  
She thus deceives. Dear Sister ! let us prove  
The cure I have invente'd for my love.  
Beyond the land of Ethiopia lies  
The place where Atlas does support the skies ;  
Hence came an old magician, that did keep  
Th' Hesperian fruit, and made the dragon sleep :  
Her potent charms do troubled souls relieve,  
And, where she lists, makes calmest minds to grieve :  
The course of rivers, and of heav'n, can stop,  
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.  
Witness, ye Gods ! and thou, my dearest part !  
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.

Erect a pile, and on it let us place  
That bed where I my ruin did embrace :  
With all the reliques of our impious guest,  
Arms, spoils, and presents, let the pile be drest ;  
(The knowing woman thus prescribes) that we  
May raise the man out of our memory.

Thus speaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end  
For which she doth those sacred rights pretend.  
Nor worse effects of grief her sister thought  
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought ;  
Therefore obeys her : and now, heaped high  
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie ;  
Hung all with wreaths and flow'ry garlands round,  
So by herself was her own fun'ral crown'd !  
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies ;  
And his sharp sword, wherewith anon she dies.  
They by the altar stand, while with loose hair  
The magic prophetess begins her pray'r :  
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the gods  
Which in th' infernal shades have their abodes,  
She loudly calls, besprinkling all the room  
With drops, suppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.  
She seeks the knot which on the forehead grows  
Of new foal'd colts, and herbs by moonlight mows.  
A cake of leaven in her pious hands  
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot stands :  
One tender foot was bare, the other shod,  
Her robe ungirt, invoking ev'ry god,  
And ev'ry pow'r, if any be above,  
Which takes regard of ill-requited love !

Now was the time when weary mortals steep  
Their careful temples in the dew of sleep :

(c) Sichæus.

On seas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,  
 A death-like quiet and deep silence fell;  
 But not on Dido! whose untamed mind  
 Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd:  
 A double passion in her breast does move,  
 Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.  
 Thus she afflicts her soul: What shall I do?  
 With fate inverted shall I humbly woo?  
 And some proud prince, in wild Numidia born,  
 Pray to accept me, and forget my scorn?  
 Or shall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,  
 Quit all my state, and wait upon my foe?  
 Is not enough, by sad experience known,  
 The perjurd race of false Laomedon?  
 With my Sidonians shall I give them chase,  
 Bands hardly forced from their native place?  
 No:—die! and let this sword thy fury tame;  
 Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.

Ah, Sister! vanquish'd with my passion, thou  
 Betray'dst me first, dispensing with my vow.  
 Had I been constant to Sichæus still,  
 And single liv'd, I had not known this ill!  
 Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged  
 breast,

While the Dardanian does securely rest  
 In his tall ship, for sudden flight prepar'd;  
 To whom once more the son of Jove appear'd;  
 Thus seems to speak the youthful deity;  
 Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.

Fair Venus' seed! canst thou indulge thy sleep,  
 Nor better guard in such great danger keep?  
 Mad, by neglect to lose so fair a wind!  
 If here thy ships the purple morning find,  
 Thou shalt behold this hostile harbour shine  
 With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:  
 She meditates revenge, resolv'd to die;  
 Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.

This said, the god in shades of night retir'd.  
 Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,  
 Shakes off dull sleep, and rousing up his men.  
 Behold! the gods command our flight again.  
 Fall to your oars, and all your canvases spread:  
 What god so'er that thus vouchsafes to lead,  
 We follow gladly, and thy will obey;  
 Assist us still, smoothing our happy way,  
 And make the rest propitious!—With that word  
 He cuts the cable with his shining sword:  
 Through all the navy doth like ardour reign,  
 They quit the shore, and rush into the main;  
 Plac'd on their banks, the lusty Trojans sweep  
 Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding  
 deep.

## XLVII.

ON THE

## PICTURE OF A FAIR YOUTH,

TAKEN AFTER HE WAS DEAD.

As gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,  
 Look gay and fresh, as on the stalk they grew,  
 Torn from the root that nourish'd them a while,  
 (Not taking notice of their fate) they smile,

And in the hand which rudely pluck'd them strew  
 Fairer than those that to their autumn grow;  
 So love and beauty still that visage grace;  
 Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.  
 Alive the hand of crooked Age had marr'd  
 Those lovely features which cold Death has spar'd,  
 No wonder then he sped in love so well,  
 When his high passion he had breath to tell;  
 When that accomplish'd soul, in this fair frame,  
 No bus'ness had but to persuade that dame,  
 Whose mutual love advanc'd the youth so high,  
 That, but to heav'n, he could no higher fly.

## XLVIII.

ON A

## BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS.

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

Twice twenty slender virgin-fingers twine  
 This curious web, where all their fancies shine.  
 As nature them, so they this shade have wrought,  
 Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.  
 Not Juno's bird, when his fair train dispread,  
 He woos the female to his painted bed:  
 No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,  
 So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

## XLIX.

## OF A WAR WITH SPAIN,

AND FIGHT AT SEA.

Now for some ages had the pride of Spain  
 Made the sun shine on half the world in vain,  
 While she bid war, to all that durst, supply  
 The place of those her cruelty made die.  
 Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,  
 And the best portion of the earth lay waste.  
 From the new world her silver and her gold  
 Came, like a tempest, to confound the old:  
 Feeding with these, the brib'd Electors' hopes,  
 Alone she gives us Emperors and Popes:  
 With these accomplishing her vast designs,  
 Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.  
 When Britain, looking with a just disdain  
 Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,  
 And knowing well that empire must decline,  
 Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,  
 Our nation's solid virtue did oppose  
 To the rich troublers of the world's repose,  
 And now some months, encamping on the main,  
 Our naval army had besieged Spain:  
 They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,  
 Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,  
 From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see  
 Riding without a rival on the sea.

Others may use the ocean as their road,  
 Only the English make it their abode,  
 Whose ready sails with ev'ry wind can fly,  
 And make a covenant with th' inconstant sky:

Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,  
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

Meanwhile the Spaniards in America,  
Near to the line the sun approaching saw,  
And hop'd their European coasts to find  
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind :  
Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,  
The lab'ring winds drive slowly tow'rd's their fate.  
Before Saint Lucar they their guns discharge,  
'To tell their joy, or to invite a barge :  
'This heard some ship of ours, (though out of view)  
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew ;  
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,  
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,  
And with their smoaky cannons banish day :  
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,  
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.  
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,  
And of one wound hundreds together die :  
Born under diff'rent stars, one fate they have,  
'The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean first  
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the  
worst :

More danger now from man alone we find,  
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.  
They that had sail'd from near th' Antarctic Pole,  
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,  
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,  
Without the guilt of either rock or sea !  
What they would spare our fiercer art destroys,  
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.  
Once Jov'e from Ida did both hosts survey,  
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray ;  
Here Heav'n in vain that kind retreat should  
found :

The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.  
Some we made prize ; while others, burnt and rent,  
With their rich lading to the bottom went :  
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports !)  
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.  
Vain man ! whose rage buries as low that store  
As avarice had digg'd for it before :  
What earth in her dark bowels could not keep  
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,  
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide  
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.

And now into her lap the richest prize  
Fell with the noblest of our enemies :  
The Marquis (a), (glad to see the fire destroy  
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)  
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,  
'To perish in a milder element ;  
Then laid him by his burning lady's side,  
And, since he could not save her, with her dy'd.  
Spices and gums about them melting fry,  
And phoenix-like, in that rich nest they die :  
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd,  
And now together are to ashes turn'd ;  
Ashes ! more worth than all their fun'ral cost,  
'Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.  
These dying lovers, and their floating sons,  
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns :

Beauty and youth about to perish, finds  
Such noble pity in brave English minds,  
That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)  
All labour now to save their enemies.  
How frail our passions ! how soon changed are  
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care.  
They that but now for honour and for plate  
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate ;  
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,  
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

With these return victorious Montagu,  
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.  
Let the brave generals divide that bough,  
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough :  
His conqu'ring head has no more room for bays :  
Then let it be as the glad nation prays ;  
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,  
And the state fix'd, by making him a crown :  
With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold  
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

L.

UPON THE DEATH OF  
THE LORD PROTECTOR.

We must resign ! Heav'n his great soul does  
claim  
In storms, as loud as his immortal fame :  
His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,  
And trees uncut fall for his fun'ral pile ;  
About his palace their broad roots are tost  
Into the air.—So Romulus was lost !  
New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,  
And from obeying fell to worshipping.  
On Octa's top thus Hercules lay dead,  
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread.  
The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear  
On his victorious head, lay prostrate there.  
Those his last fury from the mountain rent :  
Our dying hero from the continent  
Ravish'd whole towns, and forts from Spaniards  
rest,

As his last legacy to Britain left.  
The ocean, which so long our hopes confin'd,  
Could give no limits to his vaster mind ;  
Our bounds enlargement was his latest toil,  
Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle :  
Under the tropic is our language spoke,  
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.  
From civil broils he did us disengage,  
Found nobler objects for our martial rage ;  
And, with wise conduct, to his country shew'd  
The ancient way of conquering abroad.

Ungrateful then ! if we no tears allow  
To him that gave us peace and empire too.  
Princes that fear'd him grieve, concern'd to see  
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.  
Nature herself took notice of his death,  
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,  
That to remotest shores her billows roll'd,  
'Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

LI.

## ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

Of the first Paradise there's nothing found;  
Plants set by Heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;  
Yet the description lasts; who knows the fate  
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead of rivers rolling by the side  
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:  
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now  
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.  
Of famous cities, we the founders know;  
But rivers, old as seas, to which they go,  
Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown  
To make a river than to build a town.

For future shade, young trees upon the banks  
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:  
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,  
In better order could not make them stand:  
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,  
As the high fame of their great owner grows!  
May he live long enough to see them all  
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!  
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,  
The lovers walking in that am'rous shade,  
The gallants dancing by the river side;  
They bathe in summer, and in winter slide;  
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,  
And the loud echo which returns the notes,  
While over head a flock of new sprung fowl  
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,  
Dark'ning the sky: they hover o'er, and shroud  
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.  
Beneath, a shoal of silver fishes glides,  
And plays about the gilded barges' sides:  
The ladies angling in the crystal lake,  
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:  
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,  
They make the fishes and the men their prize.  
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,  
And sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tide;  
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,  
And tell the wonders of her sov'reign's court.  
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,  
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry:  
The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,  
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park;  
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,  
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.  
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,  
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.  
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,  
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup:  
There ice, like crystal firm, and never lost,  
Tempers hot July with December's frost;  
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,  
Though the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.  
Strange that extremes should thus preserve the  
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below. [snow,

Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy  
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;  
His manly posture, and his graceful mien,  
Vigour and youth, in all his motions seen;

His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,  
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.  
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,  
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;  
And such a fury from his arm has got,  
As from a smoking cul'rin it were shot.

Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees,  
A living gallery of aged trees;  
Bold sons of Earth, that thrust their arms so high,  
As if once more they would invade the sky.  
In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,  
Slept in their shades, and angel's entertain'd;  
With such old counsellors they did advise,  
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.  
Free from th' impediments of light and noise,  
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.  
Here Charles contrives th' ordering of his states,  
Here he resolves his neighb'ring princes' fates;  
What nation shall have peace, where war be made,  
Determin'd is in this orac'lous shade;  
The world, from India to the frozen North,  
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.  
His fancy objects from his view receives;  
The prospect thought and contemplation gives.  
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,  
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;  
The structure by a prelate (1) rais'd, Whitehall,  
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:  
Both, disproportion'd to the present state  
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.  
From hence he does that antique pile (2) behold,  
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:  
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;  
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep:  
Making the circle of their reign complete,  
Those suns of Empire! where they rise, they set.  
When others fell, this standing did preface  
The crown should triumph over popular rage:  
Hard by that House (3) where all ourills were shap'd  
Th' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.  
So snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,  
Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;  
The distant country in the ruin shares;  
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.  
Next that capacious Hall (4) he sees, the room  
Where the whole nation does for justice come;  
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,  
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.  
Here, like the people's pastor, he does go,  
His flock subjected to his view below;  
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,  
No private passion does indulgence find:  
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,  
And made a sacrifice to public care.  
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,  
And with himself, his best adviser, talks.  
How peaceful olives may his temples shade,  
For mending laws, and for restoring trade:  
Or how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,  
For nations conquer'd and our bounds enlarg'd.  
Of ancient prudence here he ruminates,  
Of rising kingdoms and of falling states:  
What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame,  
And how Alcides purchas'd such a name.

(1) Cardinal Wolsey.

(2) Westminster-Abbey.

(3) House of Commons.

(4) Westminster-Hall.

His eyes, upon his native palace bent,  
 Close by, suggest a greater argument.  
 His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect  
 On what the world may from that star expect  
 Which at his birth appear'd, to let us see  
 Day, for his sake, could with the night agree :  
 A prince on whom such diff'rent lights did smile,  
 Born the divided world to reconcile !  
 Whatever Heav'n, or high extract'd blood  
 Could promise, or foretel, he will make good ;  
 Reform these nations, and improve them more  
 Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

## LII.

*Of the invasion and defeat*  
**OF THE TURKS,**  
 IN THE YEAR 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a safe delight  
 Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,  
 Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,  
 Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.

A prince with eunuchs and the softer sex  
 Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,  
 Provoke the German, and, neglecting heav'n,  
 Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.

His Grand Visier, presuming to invest  
 The chief Imperial city of the West †,  
 With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,  
 His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize :  
 The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,  
 Render the hope he gave his master vain.  
 The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,  
 Renew the mem'ry of his father's doom ;  
 And his guard murmurs, that so often brings  
 Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.

The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate  
 His own ill conduct by another's fate :  
 The Grand Visier, a tyrant, though a slave,  
 A fair example to his master gave ;  
 He Bassas' heads, to save his own, made fly,  
 And now, the Sultan, to preserve, must die.

The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,  
 When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought ;  
 Made the world tremble with a num'rous host,  
 And of undoubted victory did boast.  
 Strangled he lies ! yet seems to cry aloud,  
 To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,  
 That of the great, neglecting to be just,  
 Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.

The Turks so low, why should the Christians  
 lose

Such an advantage of their barb'rous foes ?  
 Neglect their present ruin to complete,  
 Before another Solyman they get ?  
 Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread  
 That num'rous herd, by such a lion led :  
 He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,  
 Which timely union might again restore.

But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possess'd,  
 The Christians perish, by themselves oppress'd :

† St James's.

‡ Vienna.

Cities and provinces so dearly won,  
 That the victorious people are undone !  
 What angel shall descend to reconcile  
 The Christian states, and end their guilty toil ?  
 A prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot ask  
 Than Britain's king, for such a glorious task ;  
 His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,  
 Gives him the fear and favour of mankind :  
 His warrant does the Christian faith defend ;  
 On that relying, all their quarrels end.  
 The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain  
 What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in  
 vain.

In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,  
 And soldiers have their portion in the same ;  
 In this successful union we find  
 Only the triumph of a worthy mind.  
 'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word,  
 Without unsheathing the destructive sword ;  
 Without a tax upon his subjects laid,  
 Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade :  
 And what can they to such a Prince deny,  
 With whose desires the greatest kings comply ?

The arts of peace are not to him unknown ;  
 This happy way he march'd into the throne ;  
 And we owe more to Heav'n than to the sword,  
 The wish'd return of so benign a lord.

Charles ! by old Greece with a new freedom  
 grac'd,

Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.  
 What Theseus did, or Theban Hercules,  
 Holds no compare with this victorious peace ;  
 Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,  
 Than all their giants and their monsters slain :  
 Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told,  
 This glorious act the living do behold.

## LIII.

## OF HER MAJESTY,

## ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been !  
 How are we chang'd since we first saw the Queen !  
 She, like the sun, does still the same appear,  
 Bright as she was at her arrival here !  
 Time has commission mortals to impair,  
 But things celestial is oblig'd to spare.

May ev'ry new year find her still the same  
 In health and beauty as she hither came !  
 When Lords and Commons with united voice,  
 Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice :  
 First of our queens, whom not the King alone,  
 But the whole nation, list'd to the throne.

With like consent, and like desert, was crown'd  
 The glorious Prince † that does the Turk cou-  
 found.

Victorious both ! his conduct wins the day,  
 And her example chafes vice away :  
 Though louder fame attend the martial rage ;  
 'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

† John Sobieski, King of Poland.

## LIV.

## OF TEA.

COMMENDED BY HER MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;  
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.  
The best of queens, and best of herbs, we owe  
To that bold nation which the way did shew  
To the fair region where the sun does rise,  
Whose rich productions we so justly prize.  
The Muses' friend, tea does our fancy aid,  
Represses those vapours which the head invade,  
And keeps that palace of the soul serene,  
Fit on her birth-day to salute the Queen.

## LV.

## OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

*Mother to the Prince of Orange: and of her portrait  
written by the late Duchess of York while she lived  
with her.*

HEROIC Nymph! in tempests the support,  
In peace the glory of the British court!  
Into whose arms the church, the state, and all  
That precious is, or sacred here, did fall.  
Ages to come, that shall your bounty hear,  
Will think you mistress of the Indies were:  
Though straiter bounds your fortune did confine,  
In your large heart was found a wealthy mine:  
Like the blest oil, the widow's lasting feast,  
Your treasure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.  
While some your beauty, some your bounty sing,  
Your native isle does with your praises ring:  
But above all, a nymph [1] of your own train  
Give us your character in such a strain,  
As none but she, who in that court did dwell,  
Could know such worth, or worth describe so well.  
So while we mortals here at heav'n do guess,  
And more our weakness than the place express,  
Some angel, a domestic there, comes down,  
And tells the wonders he hath seen and known.

## LVI.

## UPON HER MAJESTY'S [2]

NEW BUILDING AT SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen! that does our island bless  
With princes and with palaces;  
Treated so ill, chas'd from your throne,  
Returning, you adorn the town;  
And with a brave revenge do shew  
Their glory went and came with you.  
While Peace from hence and you were gone,  
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,  
Those wounds which civil rage did give,  
At once you pardon and relieve.

Constant to England in your love,  
As birds are to their wonted grove.  
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,  
There the next spring again they build.

Accusing some malignant star,  
Not Britain, for that fatal war,  
Your kindness banishes your fear,  
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.

But what new mine this work supplies?  
Can such a pile from ruin rise?  
This, like the first creation, shews,  
As if at your command it rose.

Frugality and bounty too  
(Those diff'ring virtues) meet in you:  
From a confin'd, well-manag'd store,  
You both employ and feed the poor.

Let foreign princes vainly boast  
The rude effects of pride and cost;  
Of vaster fabrics, to which they  
Contribute nothing but the pay:

This, by the Queen herself design'd,  
Gives us a pattern of her mind:  
The state and order does proclaim  
The genius of that Royal Dame.  
Each part with just proportion grac'd,  
And all to such advantage plac'd,  
That the fair view her window yields,  
The town, the river, and the fields,  
Ent'ring, beneath us we descry,  
And wonder how we came so high.

She needs no weary steps ascend;  
All seems before her feet to bend;  
And here, as she was born, she lies,  
High, without taking pains to rise.

## LVII.

## OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,  
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;  
Whose travel o'er that silver field does shew  
Like track of leverets in morning snow.  
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,  
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.  
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,  
Without the help of colours or of oil!  
For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,  
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake;  
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,  
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.  
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you  
Can make the motion and the forest too.

## LVIII.

## OF THE LADY MARY,

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

As once the lion honey gave,  
Out of the strong such sweetness came;

To her the prince, that did oppose  
Such mighty armies in the field,  
And Holland from prevailing foes  
Could so well free, himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)  
Which triumphs where the sun does rise,  
Nor all the force he leads by land,  
Could guard him from her conqu'ring eyes.

Orange with youth experience has;  
In action young, in counsel old:  
Orange is what Augustus was,  
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree which bears his name,  
Blossoms and fruit at once are found:  
In him we all admire the same,  
His flow'ry youth with wisdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd  
In Holland are by great Nassau:  
Like those he sprung from just and mild,  
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy Pair! so near ally'd  
In royal blood, and virtue too!  
Now Love has you together ty'd,  
May none this triple knot undo!

The church shall be the happy place  
Where streams which from the same source run,  
Though divers lands awhile they grace,  
Unite again, and are made one.

A thousand thanks the nation owes  
To him that does protect us all,  
For while he thus his niece bestows,  
About our isle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,  
By th' oracle's advice, of wood.  
Had theirs been such as Charles has made,  
That mighty state till now had stood.

## LIX.

## OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,  
Their works shall with the world remain:  
Both bound together live or die,  
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long  
Last in a daily changing tongue?  
While they are new, envy prevails,  
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,  
The matter may betray their art:  
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,  
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,  
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:  
We write in sand, our language grows,  
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,  
The glory of his numbers lost!  
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,  
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,  
The shining subjects of his rage,  
Hoping they should immortal prove,  
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope,  
And all an English pen can hope,  
To make the fair approve his flame,  
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,  
If it arrive but at the date  
Of fading beauty, if it prove  
But as long-liv'd as present love.

## LX.

## UPON THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

*Translation of Horace, De Arte Poetica: and of the  
use of Poetry.*

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,  
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:  
The poet writ to noble Piso there;  
A noble Piso does instruct us here;  
Give us a pattern in his flowing style,  
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:  
Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd,  
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,  
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;  
Direct us how to back the winged horse,  
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Though poets may of inspiration boast,  
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.  
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,  
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.  
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,  
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.  
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,  
That sacred stream! should never water weeds,  
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,  
Which envy or perverted nature sow.

Well-founding verses are the charm we use,  
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:  
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,  
But they move more in lofty numbers told.  
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,  
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,  
With silent pity looks on all that err;  
But where a brave, a public action shines,  
That he rewards with his immortal lines.

Whether it be in council or in fight,  
His country's honour is his chief delight;  
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed  
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd  
With admiration, or as much despis'd)  
Men will be less indigent to their faults,  
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.  
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,  
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,  
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear  
May like the language of the gods appear,  
Such as of old wise bards employ'd, to make  
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake:  
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,  
And raising cities with their charming lutes:  
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,  
And civil life was by the Muses taught.  
So wand'ring bees would perish in the air,  
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,  
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,  
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:  
To rob the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil,  
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil;  
They give us food which may with nectar vie,  
And wax that does the absent sun supply.

## LXI.

## AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM

DE BENTIVOGLIO SUO.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi neco corollam,  
Cum satis indigenis te probet ipse Liber:  
Per me Roma sciet tibi se debere, quod Anglo  
Romanus didicit cultius ore loqui.  
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæsare vidit,  
Candida Romulidum te duce scripta videt.  
Consilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris, esto!  
Sed studio cives ingenioque juvas.  
Nanque dolis liber hic instructus, et arte Batava,  
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.  
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris  
Vulnera; discordes Flandria quassa monet.  
Hic discat miles pugnare, orare senator;  
Qui regnant, leni sceptrâ tenere manu.  
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; vestri ordinis ingens  
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!  
Dum stertunt alii somno vinoque sepulti,  
Nobilis antiquo stemmate digna facis.

## LXII.

## ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S

*Expedition into Scotland in the summer solstice.*

SWIFT as Jove's messenger, (the winged god ¶)  
With sword as potent as his charming rod,  
He flew to execute the King's command,  
And in a moment reach'd that northern land,

¶ Mercur.

Where day contending with approaching night,  
Assists the hero with continu'd light.

On foes surpris'd, and by no night conceal'd,  
He might have rush'd; but noble pity held  
His hand awhile, and to their choice gave space  
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.  
This not well heard, his cannon louder spoke,  
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he  
broke.

His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,  
The guilty Scots with such a terror strook,  
That to his courage they resign the field,  
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.  
Glad that so little loyal blood it cost,  
He grieves so many Britons should be lost;  
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,  
To save the flyers than to win the field;  
And at the Court his interest does employ,  
That none, who 'scap'd his fatal sword, should die.

And now these rash bold men their error find,  
Not trusting one beyond his promise kind;  
One! whose great mind, so bountiful and brave,  
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to save.

In vulgar breasts no royal virtues dwell;  
Such deeds as these his high extraction tell,  
And give a secret joy to him that reigns\*,  
To see his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins;  
To see a leader whom he got and chose,  
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.

But seeing envy, like the sun, does beat,  
With scorching rays, on all that's high and great,  
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough  
The Muses send to shade thy conqu'ring brow.  
Lampoons, like squibs, may make a present blaze,  
But time and thunder pay respect to bays.  
Achilles' arms dazzle our present view,  
Kept by the Muse as radiant and as new  
As from the forge of Vulcan first they came;  
Thousands of years are past, and they the same;  
Such care she takes to pay desert with fame!  
Than which no monarch, for his crown's defence,  
Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

## LXIII.

## THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN through the world fair Mazarine had run,  
Bright as her fellow-traveller the sun,  
Hither at length the Roman Eagle flies,  
As the last triumph of her conqu'ring eyes.  
As heir to Julius, she may pretend  
A second time to make this island bend;  
But Portsmouth, springing from the ancient race  
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chase,  
As they great Cæsar did oppose, makes head,  
And does against this new invader lead.  
That goodly nymph, the taller of the two,  
Careless and fearless to the field does go.  
Becoming blushes on the other wait,  
And her young look excuses want of height.  
Beauty gives courage; for she knows the day  
Must not be won the Amazonian way.

\* King Charles II.

Legions of Cupids to the battle come,  
 For Little Britain these, and those for Rome.  
 Dress'd to advantage, this illustrious pair  
 Arriv'd, for combat in the list appear.  
 What may the fates design! for never yet  
 From distant regions two such beauties met.  
 Venus had been an equal friend to both,  
 And vict'ry to declare herself seems loath;  
 Over the camp, with doubtful wings she flies,  
 Till Chloris shining in the field she spies.  
 The lovely Chloris well-attended came,  
 A thousand graces waited on the dame:  
 Her matchless form made all the English glad,  
 And foreign beauties less assurance had:  
 Yet, like the Three on Ida's top, they all  
 Pretend alike, contesting for the ball:  
 Which to determine love himself declin'd,  
 Lest the neglected should become less kind.  
 Such killing looks! so thick the arrows fly!  
 That 'tis unsafe to be a stander-by.  
 Poets, approaching to describe the fight,  
 Are by their wounds instructed how to write.  
 They with less hazard might look on, and draw  
 The ruder combats in Alsatia;  
 And with that foil of violence and rage,  
 Set off the splendour of our Golden age:  
 Where Love gives law, beauty the sceptre sways,  
 And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

## LXIV.

OF AN

## ELEGY MADE BY MRS. WHARTON

ON THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Thus mourn the muses, on the hearse  
 Not strowing tears, but lasting verse,  
 Which so preserve the hero's name,  
 They make him live again in fame.

Chloris, in lines so like his own,  
 Gives him so just and high renown,  
 That she th' afflicted world relieves,  
 And shews that still in her he lives;  
 Her wit as graceful, great, and good;  
 Ally'd in genius as in blood.

His loss supply'd, now all our fears  
 Are, that the nymph should melt in tears,  
 Then, fairest Chloris! comfort take,  
 For his, your own, and for our sake,  
 Lest his fair soul, that lives in you,  
 Should from the world for ever go.

## LXV.

UPON OUR LATE LOSS

## OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The failing blossoms which a young plant bears,  
 Engage our hope for the succeeding years;  
 And hope is all which Art or Nature brings,  
 At the first trial, to accomplish things.

Mankind was first created an essay;  
 That ruder draught the deluge wash'd away.  
 How many ages pass'd, what blood and toil,  
 Before we made one kingdom of this isle!  
 How long in vain had Nature striv'd to frame  
 A perfect princess e'er her Highness came?  
 For joys so great we must with patience wait;  
 'Tis the set price of happiness complete.  
 As a first fruit Heav'n claim'd that lovely boy;  
 The next shall live, and be the nation's joy.

## LXVI.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

*For the drawing of the posture and progress of his Majesty's forces at sea, under the command of his Highness-Royal; together with the battle and victory obtained over the Dutch, June 3. 1665.*

FIRST draw the sea; that portion which between  
 The greater world and this of ours is seen:  
 Here place the British, there the Holland fleet,  
 Vast floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.  
 Draw the whole world, expecting who should  
 reign,

After this combat, o'er the conquer'd main.  
 Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual star  
 Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.  
 Make the sea shine with gallantry, and all  
 The English youth flock to the Admiral,  
 The valiant Duke! whose early deeds abroad  
 Such rage in fight, and art in conduct shew'd;  
 His bright sword now a dearer int'rest draws,  
 His brother's glory, and his country's cause.

Let thy bold pencil hope and courage spread  
 Through the whole navy, by that hero led:  
 Make all appear where such a Prince is by,  
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.  
 With his extraction and his glorious mind,  
 Make the proud sails swell more than with the  
 wind:

Preventing cannon, make his louder fame  
 Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.  
 So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,  
 Stop when they find a lion in their way.  
 Make him bestride the ocean, and mankind  
 Ask his consent to use the sea and wind,  
 While his tall ships in the barr'd Channel stand,  
 He grasps the Indies in his armed hand.

Paint an east-wind, and make it blow away  
 Th' excuse of Holland for their navy's stay:  
 Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to  
 shun,

Through the cold north and rocky regions run.  
 To find the coast where morning first appears,  
 By the dark pole the wary Belgian steers;  
 Confessing now, he dreads the English more  
 Than all the dangers of a frozen shore;  
 While from our arms, security to find,  
 They fly so far, they leave the day behind.  
 Describe their fleet abandoning the sea,  
 And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;

Our first success in war make Bacchus crown,  
And half the vintage of the year our own.  
The Dutch their wine, and all their brandy lose,  
Disarm'd of that from which their courage grows;  
While the glad English, to relieve their toil,  
In healths to their great leader drink the spoil.

His high command to Afric's coast extend,  
And make the Moors before the English bend;  
Those barb'rous pirates willingly receive  
Conditions such as we are pleas'd to give.  
Deserted by the Dutch, let nations know  
We can our own and their great bus'ness do;  
False friends chastise, and common foes restrain,  
Which worse than tempests did infest the main.  
Within those Straits make Holland's Smyrna fleet  
With a small squadron of the English meet;  
Like Falcons these, those like a num'rous flock  
Of fowl, which scatter to avoid the shock.  
There paint confusion in a various shape;  
Some sink, some yield; and, flying, some escape.  
Europe and Africa, from either shore,  
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar;  
While the divided world in this agree,  
Men that fight so deserve to rule the sea.  
But, nearer home, thy pencil use once more,  
And place our navy by the Holland shore;  
The world they compass'd while they fought  
with Spain,

But here already they resign the main:  
Those greedy mariners, out of whose way  
Diffusive Nature could no region lay,  
At home, preserv'd from rocks and tempests, lie,  
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.  
Their single towns th' Iberian armies press;  
We all their provinces at once invest;  
And in a month ruin their traffic more  
Than that long war could in an age before.

But who can always on the billows lie?  
The wat'ry wilderness yields no supply.  
Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,  
And meet the beauties of the British court.  
Th' illustrious Duchesse, and her glorious train,  
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the main.  
The gazing sea-gods, since the Paphian Queen  
Sprung from among them, no such fight had seen.  
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,  
Those deathless pow'rs for us themselves declare,  
Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's court to bring,  
And help the nation where such beauties spring;  
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,  
And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes. [gone,  
Meanwhile, like bees, when stormy winter's  
The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)  
Desert their ports, and, falling in their way,  
Our Hamburg merchants are become their prey.  
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight,  
As dying tapers give a blazing light.

To check their pride, our fleet half-victuall'd  
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes; [goes,  
Who now appear so numerous and bold,  
The action worthy of our arms we hold,  
A greater force than that which here we find  
Ne'er press'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.

Restrain'd awhile by the unwelcome night,  
Th' impatient English scarce attend the light.  
But now the morning (heav'n severely clear!)  
To the fierce work indulgent does appear;  
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,  
That he might see, and thus record the fight.

As when loud winds from different quarters  
Vast clouds encount'ring one another crush; [rush,  
With swelling sails so, from their sev'ral coasts,  
Join the Batavian and the British hosts,  
For a less prize, with less concern and rage,  
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage;  
They for the empire of the world they knew,  
These for the Old contend, and for the New.  
At the first shock, with blood and powder stain'd,  
Nor heav'n nor sea their former face retain'd;  
Fury and art produce effects so strange,  
They trouble Nature, and her visage change.  
Where burning ships the banish'd sun supply,  
And no light shines but that by which men die,  
There York appears! so prodigal is he  
Of royal blood as ancient as the sea!  
Which down to him so many ages told,  
Has through the veins of mighty monarchs roll'd!  
The great Achillis march'd not to the field  
Till Vulcan that impenetrable shield

And arms had wrought; yet there no bullets flew,  
But shafts and darts which the weak Phrygians  
Our bolder hero on the deck does stand [threw.  
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land;  
Defensive arms laid by as useless here,  
Where massy balls the neighb'ring rocks do tear.  
Some pow'r unseen those princes does protect,  
Who for their country thus themselves neglect.

Against him first Opdam his Squadron leads,  
Proud of his late success against the Swedes,  
Made by that action, and his high command,  
Worthy to perish by a prince's hand.  
The tall Batavian in a vast ship rides,  
Bearing an army in her hollow sides;  
Yet not inclin'd the English ship to board,  
More on his guns relies than on his sword;  
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd;  
It miss'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd;  
Three worthy persons (a) from his side it tore,  
And dy'd his garment with their scatter'd gore.  
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,  
More to be valu'd than a thousand lives!  
On such a theatre as this to die,  
For such a cause, and such a witness by!  
Who would not thus a sacrifice be made,  
To have his blood on such an altar laid?  
The rest about him strook with horror stood,  
To see their leader cover'd o'er with blood.  
So trembled Jacob, when he thought the stains  
Of his son's coat had issued from his veins.  
He feels no wound but in his troubled thought;  
Before for honour, now revenge he fought:  
His friends in pieces torn, (the bitter news  
Not brought by fame) with his own eyes he views.  
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,  
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their  
truth,

The joys of court, their mothers, and their wives,  
 To follow him abandon'd,—and their lives!  
 He storms and shoots; but flying bullets now,  
 To execute his rage, appear too slow:  
 They miss, or sweep but common souls away;  
 For such a loss Opdam his life must pay.  
 Encouraging his men, he gives the word,  
 With fierce intent that hated ship to board,  
 And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,  
 Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.  
 His winged vessel like an eagle shews,  
 When through the clouds to trufs a swan she goes:  
 The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock  
 Inhabiting the sea, expects the shock:  
 From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,  
 Neglecting all the bus'ness of the day:  
 Bullets their flight, and guns their noise suspend;  
 The silent ocean does th' event attend,  
 Which leader shall the doubtful vict'ry bless,  
 And give an earnest of the war's success,  
 When Heav'n itself, for England to declare,  
 Turns ship, and men, and tackle, into air.

Their new commander from his charge is tost,  
 Which that young prince ¶ had so unjustly lost,  
 Whose great progenitors, with better fate,  
 And better conduct, sway'd their infant state.  
 His flight tow'rd's heav'n th' aspiring Belgian  
 took,

But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder strook,  
 From vaster hopes than his he seem'd to fall,  
 That durst attempt the British Admiral:  
 From her broad sides a ruder flame is thrown  
 Than from the fiery chariot of the sun;  
 That bears the radiant ensign of the day,  
 And she the flag that governs in the sea. [vent

The Duke, (ill-pleas'd that fire should thus pre-  
 The work which for his brighter sword he meant,  
 Anger still burning in his valiant breast,  
 Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.  
 So on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,  
 Rushes a tyger in the Lybian plain.

The Dutch accusom'd to the raging sea,  
 And in black storms the frowns of Heav'n to see,  
 Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,  
 Than that which in the Prince's look appears.  
 Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when  
 Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men;  
 Such as with foul ingratitude have paid  
 Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.

Where he gives on disposing of their fates,  
 Terror and death on his loud cannon waits,  
 With which he pleads his brother's cause so well,  
 He shakes the throne to which he does appeal:  
 The sea with spoils his angry bullets strow,  
 Widows and orphans making as they go:  
 Before his ship fragments of vessels torn,  
 Flags, arms, and Belgian carcases, are borne,  
 And his despairing foes, to flight inclin'd,  
 Spread all their canvass to invite the wind.  
 So the rude Boreas, where he lists to blow,  
 Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,  
 Beating the shore, and with a boist'rous rage  
 Does heav'n at once, and earth, and sea engage.

¶ Prince of Orange.

The Dutch, elsewhere, did through the wat'ry  
 field,

Perform enough to have made others yield.  
 But English courage, growing as they fight,  
 In danger, noise, and slaughter, takes delight:  
 Their bloody task, unweari'd still, they ply;  
 Only restrain'd by death or victory.  
 Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,  
 Like show'rs of hail, from either side are borne:  
 So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,  
 Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!  
 Ingenious to their ruin, ev'ry age  
 Improves the arts and instruments of rage.  
 Death-hast'ning ills Nature enough hath sent,  
 And yet men still a thousand more invent!

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on,  
 So fierce at first, to favour us begun:  
 Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length  
 Render them usefess, and betray their strength.  
 So corn in fields, and in the garden flow'rs,  
 Revive and raise themselves with mod'rate show'rs;  
 But overcharg'd with never-ceasing rain,  
 Become too moist, and bend their heads again,  
 Their reeling ships on one another fall,  
 Without a foe, enough to ruin all.

Of this disorder, and the fav'ring wind,  
 The watchful English such advantage find,  
 Ships fraught with fire among the heap they throw,  
 And up the so-entangled Belgians blow.  
 The flame invades the powder-rooms, and then  
 Their guns shoot bullets, and their vessels men,  
 The scorch'd Batavians on the billows float,  
 Sent from their own, to pass in Charon's boat.

And now our Royal Admiral success  
 (With all the marks of victory) does bless:  
 The burning ships, the taken, and the slain,  
 Proclaim his triumph o'er the conquer'd main.  
 Nearer to Holland as their hasty flight  
 Carries the noise and tumult of the fight,  
 His cannons roar, forerunner of his fame,  
 Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam:  
 The British thunder does their houses rock,  
 And the Duke seems at ev'ry door to knock.  
 His dreadful streamer (like a comet's hair,  
 Threat'ning destruction) hastens their despair;  
 Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost,  
 And fear our present landing on their coast.

The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince  
 behold

As sheep a lion leaping tow'rd's their fold:  
 Those piles which serve them to repel the main,  
 They think too weak his fury to restrain.  
 "What wonders may not English valour work,  
 "Led by th' example of victorious York?  
 "Or what defence against him can they make,  
 "Who at such distance does their country shake?  
 "His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow,  
 "And let in both the ocean and the foe."

Thus cry the people;—and their land to keep,  
 Allow our title to command the deep;  
 Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke  
 Those arms which freed them from the Spanish  
 yoke.

Painter! excuse me, if I have awhile  
 Forgot thy art, and us'd another stile;

For though you draw arm'd heroes as they sit,  
 The task in battle does the Muses fit:  
 They in the dark confusion of a fight  
 Discover all, instruct us how to write;  
 And light and honour to brave actions yield,  
 Hid in the smoke and tumult of the field.  
 Ages to come shall know that leader's toil,  
 And his great name on whom the Muses smile:  
 Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace,  
 And this relation with thy colours grace.  
 Then draw the Parliament, the nobles met,  
 And our great Monarch (a) high above them set:  
 Like young Augustus let his image be,  
 Triumphant for that victory at sea,  
 Where Egypt's Queen (b), and the Eastern Kings  
 o'erthrown,  
 Made the possession of the world his own.  
 Last draw the Commons at his royal feet,  
 Pouring out treasure to supply his fleet:  
 They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain  
 Their King's eternal title to the main:  
 And with a present to the Duke, approve  
 His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

## LXVII.

*A Preface of the Ruin*

## OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE,

*Presented to*

HIS MAJESTY KING JAMES II.

*On his Birth-Day.*

SINCE James the Second grac'd the British throne,  
 Truce, well observ'd, has been infring'd by none:  
 Christians to him their present union owe,  
 And late success against the common foe;  
 While neighb'ring princes, loth to urge their fate,  
 Court his assistance, and suspend their hate.  
 So angry bulls the combat do forbear,  
 When from the wood a lion does appear.

This happy day peace to our island sent,  
 As now he gives it to the Continent.  
 A prince more fit for such a glorious task  
 Than England's King from Heav'n we cannot ask:  
 He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,  
 Their ill-drawn swords shall turn against the Turk.

Such kings, like stars with influence unconfin'd,  
 Shine with aspect propitious to mankind;  
 Favour the innocent, repress the bold,  
 And while they flourish, make an Age of Gold.

Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour, young;  
 At sea successful, vigorous, and strong;  
 His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,  
 Esteem and rev'ence through the world do find.  
 A prince with such advantages as these,  
 Where he persuades not, may command a peace.  
 Britain declaring for the juster side,  
 The most ambitious will forget their pride:  
 They that complain will their endeavours cease,  
 Advis'd by him, inclin'd to present peace,

(a) King Charles II.

(b) Cleopatra.

Join to the Turk's destruction, and then bring  
 All their pretences to so just a king.

If the successful troublers of mankind,  
 With laurel crown'd, so great applause do find,  
 Shall the vex'd world less honour yield to those  
 That stop their progress, and their rage oppose?  
 Next to that Pow'r which does the ocean awe,  
 Is to set bounds, and give Ambition law.

The British Monarch shall the glory have,  
 That famous Greece remains no longer slave;  
 That source of art and cultivated thought!  
 Which they to Rome, and Romans hither brought.  
 The banish'd muses shall no longer mourn,  
 But may with liberty to Greece return:  
 Though slaves (like birds that sing not in a cage)  
 They lost their genius and poetic rage;  
 Homers again, and Pindars, may be found,  
 And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vast empire does united stand:  
 Christians divided under the command  
 Of jarring princes would be soon undone,  
 Did not this hero make their int'rest one;  
 Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,  
 Exalt the Cross, and lay the Crescent low.

Thus may the gospel to the rising sun  
 Be spread, and flourish where it first begun;  
 And this great day, (so justly honour'd here!)  
 Known to the East, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!  
 Ausus et ipse manu juvenum tentare laborem."

VIAG.

## LXVIII.

## THESE VERSES

*were writ in the*

TASSO OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer sex to grace,  
 But in no one durst all perfection place.  
 In her alone that owns this book is seen  
 Clorinda's spirit, and her lofty mien,  
 Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,  
 Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.  
 Our Princess here, as in a glass, does dress  
 Her well taught mind, and every grace express.  
 More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought,  
 The hero's race excels the poet's thought.

## LXIX.

THE BATTLE  
OF THE  
SUMMER ISLANDS,  
CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n smiles  
 Upon those late discover'd isles!

And me Bellona! while the dreadful fight  
 Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.

Seas stain'd with gore I sing, advent'rous toil!  
 And how these monsters did disarm an isle.  
 Bermuda, wall'd with rocks who does not know?  
 That happy island wherè huge lemons grow,  
 And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,  
 Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;  
 Where shining pearl, and coral, many a pound,  
 On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.  
 The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aspires,  
 The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:  
 The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,  
 For incense might on sacred altars burn:  
 Their private roofs on od'rous timber borne,  
 Such as might palaces for kings adorn.  
 The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,  
 With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,  
 Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs  
 They sit carousing where their liquor grows.  
 Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,  
 Such as fierce Cato did the Romans shew,  
 With the rare fruit, inviting them to spoil  
 Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.  
 The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,  
 But as some constant seasons, ev'ry year  
 Their barren tops with luscious food abound,  
 And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.  
 Tobacco is the worst of things, which they  
 To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.  
 Such is the mould that the blest tenant feeds  
 On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.  
 With candy'd plantains and the juicy pine,  
 On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,  
 And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.  
 Nature these cates with such a lavish hand  
 Pours out among them, that our coarser land  
 Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,  
 Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:  
 For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,  
 Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.  
 Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;  
 At once they promise what at once they give.  
 So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,  
 None sickly lives, or dies before his time.  
 Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,  
 To shew how all things were created first.  
 The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,  
 Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:  
 There a small grain in some few months will be  
 A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.  
 The palma-christi, and the fair papà  
 Now but a seed, (preventing Nature's law)  
 In half the circle of the hasty year  
 Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.  
 And as their trees, in our dull region set,  
 But faintly grow, and no perfection get,  
 So in this northern track our hoarser throats  
 Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,  
 While the supporter of the poets' style,  
 Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.  
 Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay  
 Under the plantain's shade, and all the day  
 With amorous airs my fancy entertain,  
 Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!  
 No passion there in my free breast should move,  
 None but the sweet and best of passions, love.

There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,  
 That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high,  
 With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name  
 I'll make the list'ning savages grow tame.  
 But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,  
 I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

## CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes  
 Discover'd were, this Canto shews.

Two' rocks so high about this island rise,  
 That well they may the num'rous Turk despise,  
 Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,  
 Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle  
 they hear

A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud  
 As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.  
 Three days they dread this murmur e'er they know  
 From what blind cause th' unwanted sound may  
 grow:

At length two monsters of unequal size,  
 Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;  
 Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,  
 And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast;  
 One as a mountain vast, and with her came  
 A cub, not much inferior to his dam.  
 Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,  
 They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.  
 The man knew what they were, who heretofore  
 Had seen the like lie murder'd on the shore;  
 By the wild fury of some tempest cast,  
 The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste.  
 As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray,  
 To frantic dreams, their infants overlay;  
 So there sometimes the raging ocean fails,  
 And her own brood exposes; when the whales  
 Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quash'd,  
 Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd:  
 Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd,  
 Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and  
 shatter'd.

Hearts, sure, of brass they had who tempted first  
 Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have  
 nurs'd.

The welcome news through all the nations spread,  
 To sudden joy and hope converts their dread:  
 What lately was their public terror, they  
 Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;  
 Dispose already of th' untaken spoil,  
 And, as the purchase of their future toil,  
 These share the bounties, and they divide the oil.  
 So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,  
 Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!  
 They man their boats, and all their young men  
 arm

With whatsoever may the monsters harm;  
 Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,  
 The tools of peace, and instruments of war.  
 Now was the time for vig'rous lads to shew  
 What love or honour could invite them to:  
 A goodly theatre! where rocks are round  
 With rev'rend age and lovely lasses crown'd,

Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair  
 Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share ;  
 Warwick's bold Earl ! than which no title bears  
 A greater sound among our British peers ;  
 And worthy he the mem'ry to renew,  
 The fate and honour to that title due,  
 Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,  
 And through the new world spread his growing  
 fame.—

But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,  
 Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

## CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successful toll,  
 And how the fishes sack'd the isle.

THE boat which on the first assault did go,  
 Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe ;  
 Who, when he felt his side so rudely ger'd,  
 Loud as the sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.  
 As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,  
 While yet alive, in boiling water cast,  
 Vex'd with unwonted heat he flings about  
 The scorching brags, and hurls the liquor out ;  
 So with the barbed jav'lin stung, he raves,  
 And scourges with his tale the suff'ring waves.  
 Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,  
 He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail ;  
 Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,  
 And down the men fall drenched in the moat ;  
 With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd  
 To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,  
 Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play :  
 Slowly she swims, and when provok'd, she wou'd  
 Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud :  
 The shallow water doth her force infringe,  
 And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge :  
 The shining steel her tender sides receive,  
 And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.

This sees the cub, and does himself oppose  
 Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes :  
 With desp'rate courage he receives her wounds,  
 And men and boats his active tail confounds.  
 Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,  
 And make a tempest though the winds be still.

Now would the men with half their hoped prey  
 Be well content, and wish this cub away :  
 Their wish they have : he (to direct his dam  
 Unto the gap though which they thither came)  
 Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,  
 A pris'ner there but for his mother's sake.  
 She by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,  
 Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.

They shout for joy ! and now on her alone  
 Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.  
 Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,  
 With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast ;  
 Her oily side devours both blade and haft.  
 And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.  
 Courage the rest from his example take,  
 And now they change the colour of the lake :  
 Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,  
 As if they would prevent the tardy tide,  
 And rise the flood to that propitious height,  
 As might convey her from this fatal freight.  
 She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw  
 To heav'n, that Heav'n men's cruelties might  
 know.

Their fixed jav'lins in her side she wears ;  
 And on her back a grove of pikes appears,  
 You would have thought, had you the monster  
 seen

Thus dress'd, she had another island been.  
 Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,  
 As well resembled the conspiring voice  
 Of routed armies, when the field is won,  
 To reach the ears of her escaped son :  
 He, though a league removed from the foe,  
 Hastes to her aid : the pious Trojan (1) so,  
 Neglecting for Creusa's life his own,  
 Repeats the danger of the burning town.  
 The men, amazed, blush to see the seed  
 Of monsters human piety exceed,  
 Well proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,  
 That love's bright mother from the Ocean sprung.  
 Their courage droops, and, hopeless now, they wish  
 For composition with th' unconquer'd fish ;  
 So she their weapons would restore again,  
 Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.  
 But how instructed in each other's mind ?  
 Or what commerce can men with monsters find ?  
 Not daring to approach their wounded foe,  
 Whom her courageous son protected so,  
 They charge their musquets, and, with hot desire  
 Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire ;  
 Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,  
 And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.  
 But no success their fierce endeavours found,  
 Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.  
 Now to their fort they are about to send  
 For the loud engines which their isle defend ;  
 But what those pieces, fram'd to batter walls,  
 Would have effected on those mighty whales,  
 Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends  
 A tide so high that it relieves his friends.  
 And thus they parted with exchange of harms ;  
 Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms,

(1) Eneas.

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# E P I S T L E S.

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I.

## TO THE KING.

ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy navy spreads her canvass wings,  
Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings :  
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,  
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.  
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,  
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.  
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,  
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed :  
Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,  
And by that justice hast remov'd the cause  
Of those rude tempests, which for rapine sent,  
'Too oft', alas ! involv'd the innocent.  
Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free  
From both those fates of storms and piracy.  
But we most happy, who can fear no force  
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse.  
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil  
Another nation, as to touch our soil.  
Should Nature's self invade the world again,  
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,  
Thy pow'r were safe, and her destructive hand  
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command :  
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of All,  
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball ;  
Those tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,  
And visit mountains where they once did grow.  
The world's Restorer once could not endure  
That finish'd Babel should those men secure,  
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood  
Above the reach of any second flood ;  
To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he  
Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

II.

## TO THE QUEEN,

*Occasioned upon sight of*

HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand which to our humble sight  
Presents that beauty which the dazzling light

Of royal splendour hides from weaker eyes,  
And all accels, save by his art, denies,  
Here only we have courage to behold  
This beam of glory, here we dare unfold  
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive :  
The gracious image, seeming to give leave,  
Propitious stands, vouchsafing to be seen,  
And by our Muse saluted Mighty Queen,  
In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move  
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love !  
As the bright sun (to which we owe no light  
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)  
Is wisely plac'd in so sublime a seat,  
T' extend his light and moderate his heat ;  
So happy 'tis you move in such a sphere,  
As your high Majesty with awful fear  
In human breasts might qualify that fire,  
Which kindled by those eyes had flamed higher  
Than when the scorched world like hazard run  
By the approach of the ill-guided sun.  
No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,  
But as their meanness larger hope imparts :  
Your beauty more the fondest lover moves  
With admiration than his private loves ;  
With admiration ! for a pitch so high,  
(Save sacred Charles his) never love durst fly.  
Heav'n that prefer'd a sceptre to your hand,  
Favour'd our freedom more than your command :  
Beauty had crown'd you, and you must have been  
The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.  
All had been rivals, and you might have spar'd,  
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd, without a guard,  
No pow'r achiev'd, either by arms or birth,  
Equals Love's empire both in heav'n and earth.  
Such eyes as your's on Jove himself have thrown  
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own :  
Witness our Jove, prevented by their flame  
In his swift passage to th' Hesperian dame :  
When, like a lion, finding in his way  
To some intended spoil a fairer prey,  
The royal youth pursuing the report  
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court ;  
There public care with private passion, fought  
A doubtful combat in his noble thought :  
Should he confess his greatness and his love,  
And the free faith of your great brother (1) prove ;

(1) Lewis XIII. King of France,

With his Achates (1) breaking through the cloud  
Of that disguise which did their graces shroud ;  
And mixing with those gallants at the ball,  
Dance with the ladies, and outshine them all ;  
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride ?—  
So when the fair Leucothœ he espy'd,  
To check his steeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,  
Though all the world was in his course concern'd,  
What may hereafter her meridian do,  
Whose dawning beauty warm'd his bosom so?  
Not so divine a flame, since deathless gods  
Forbore to visit the desil'd abodes  
Of men, in any mortal breast did burn ;  
Nor shall, till Piety and they return.

## III.

TO THE

## QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE,

UPON HER LANDING.

GREAT Queen of Europe! where thy offspring  
wears  
All the chief crowns; where princes are thy heirs;  
As welcome thou to sea-girt Britain's shore  
As erst Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)  
To Delos was: here shines a nymph as bright,  
By thee disclos'd with like increase of light.  
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?  
Or why did you so much regard the wind?  
Scarce could the ocean (tho' entrag'd) have tost  
Thy sov'reign bark, but where th' obsequious coast  
Pays tribute to thy bed. Rome's conqu'ring hand  
More vanquish'd nations under her command  
Never reduc'd. Glad Berecynthia so  
Among her deathless progeny did go ;  
A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,  
Mother of all that on ambrosia fed.  
Thy godlike race must sway the age to come,  
As the Olympus peopled with her womb.  
Would those commanders of mankind obey  
Their honour'd parent, all pretences lay  
Down at your royal feet, compose their jars,  
And on the growing Turk discharge these wars;  
The Christian knights that sacred tomb should wrest  
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East :  
Our England's Prince, and Gallia's Dolphin, might  
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight :  
In single combat by their swords again  
The proud Argantes and fierce Soldan slain :  
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,  
And with your Tuscan Muse (2) exalt the fight.

## IV.

## THE COUNTRY.

TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the sacred Muse inspir'd,  
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply ;

Their rude inhabitants his song admir'd,  
And nature's self, in those that could not lie :  
Your beauty next our solitude invades,  
And warms us shining through the thickest shades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wond'ring court  
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to scorn  
The answer and consent to that report,  
Which, echo-like, the country does return :  
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our springs  
Present th' impartial images of things.

A rural judge (3) dispos'd of beauty's prize ;  
A simple shepherd (3) was preferr'd to Jove ;  
Down to the mountains from the partial skies,  
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,  
To plead for that which was so justly giv'n  
To the bright Carlisle of the court of heav'n.

Carlisle! a name which all our woods are taught  
Loud as their Amaryllis to resound :  
Carlisle! a name which on the bark is wrought  
Of ev'ry tree that's worthy of the wound.  
From Phœbus' rage our shadows and our streams  
May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

## V.

## TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! 'twas love that injur'd you,  
And on that rock Your Thyrsis threw,  
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,  
While you no less accus'd his pride.  
Fond love his darts at random throws,  
And nothing springs from what he sows :  
From foes discharg'd as often meet  
The shining points of arrows fleet,  
In the wide air creating fire,  
As souls that join in one desire.  
Love made the lovely Venus burn  
In vain, and for the cold youth (4) mourn,  
Who the pursuit of churlish beasts  
Preferr'd to sleeping on her breasts.  
Love makes so many hearts the prize  
Of the bright Carlisle's conqu'ring eyes,  
Which she regards no more than they  
The tears of lesser beauties weigh.  
So have I seen the lost clouds pour  
Into the sea an useless show'r,  
And the vex'd sailors curse the rain,  
For which poor shepherds pray'd in vain.  
Then Phyllis, since our passions are  
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,  
But sport of Heav'n, which takes delight  
To look upon this Parthian fight  
Of Love, still flying, or in chase,  
Never encount'ring face to face,  
No more to Love we'll sacrifice,  
But to the best of deities ;  
And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd  
By his kind mother be combin'd.

(1) Duke of Buckingham. (2) Tasso.

(3) Paris

(4) Adonis.

## VI.

TO MY

## LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

To this great loss a sea of tears is due,  
But the whole debt not to be paid by you :  
Charge not yourself with all, nor render vain  
Those show'rs the eyes of us your servants rain.  
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart  
In which nor fear nor anger has a part ?  
Virtue would blush if time should boast (which  
dries,

Her sole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)  
Your mind's relief, where reason triumphs so  
Over all passions, that they ne'er could grow  
Beyond their limits in your noble breast,  
To harm another, or impeach your rest.  
This we observ'd, delighting to obey  
One who did never from his great self stray :  
Whose mild example seem'd to engage  
Th' obsequious seas, and teach them not to rage.

The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,  
(The force of Rome and fate of Macedon)  
In his lost sons did feel the cruel stroke  
Of changing fortune, and thus highly spoke  
Before Rome's people ; " We did oft' implore,  
" That if the Heav'ns had any bad in store  
" For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill  
" On his own house, and let you flourish still."  
You on the barren seas, my Lord, have spent  
Whole springs and summers to the public lent ;  
Suspended all the pleasures of your life,  
And shorten'd the short joy of such a wife ;  
For which your country's more obliged than  
For many lives of old less happy men.  
You that have sacrific'd so great a part  
Of youth, and private bliss, ought to impart  
Your sorrow too, and give your friends a right  
As well in your affliction as delight.  
Then with Æmilian courage bear this cross  
Since public persons only public loss  
Ought to affect. And though her form and youth  
Her application to your will and truth,  
That noble sweetness, and that humble state,  
(All snatch'd away by such a hasty fate !)  
Might give excuse to any common breast,  
With the huge weight of so just grief oppress ;  
Yet let no portion of your life be stain'd  
With passion, but your character maintain'd  
To the last act. It is enough her stone  
May honour'd be with superscription  
Of the sole lady who had pow'r to move  
The great Northumberland to grieve and love.

## VII.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL.

OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

With joy like our's the Thracian youth invades  
Orpheus returning from th' Elysian shades ;

Embrace the hero, and his stay implore ;  
Make it their public suit, he would no more  
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,  
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake.  
The ladies, too, the brightest of that time,  
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)  
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,  
Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed :  
Eurydice ! for whom his num'rous moan  
Makes list'ning trees and savage mountains groan  
Through all the air his sounding strings dilate  
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late.  
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,  
At once the land affecting and the main,  
When the glad news that you were Admiral  
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by  
all,

That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in  
you,

Would be perplexed how to choose a new.  
So more than private was the joy and grief,  
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,  
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,  
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.  
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems  
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes ;  
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,  
But from those cheeks which all the world ad-  
mires,

The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,  
Droop all the branches of that noble tree !  
Their beauty they, and we our love suspend ;  
Nought can our wishes, save thy health, intend.  
As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend  
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n  
contend ;

Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry  
He is too faultless and too young to die.  
So like immortals round about thee they  
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.  
Who would not languish, by so fair a train  
To be lamented and restor'd again ?  
Or, thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,  
Though to the blest ? O'er young Adonis so  
Fair, Venus mourn'd, and with the precious  
show'r

Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flow'r.  
The next support, fair hope of your great  
name,

And second pillar of that noble frame,  
By loss of thee would no advantage have,  
But step by step pursue thee to the grave.

And now relentless Fate, about to end  
The line which backward does so far extend  
That antique stock, which still the world supplies  
With bravest spirits and with brightest eyes,  
Kind Phœbus, interposing, bid me say,  
Such storms no more shall shake that house but  
they ;

Like Neptune, and his seaborne niece (1) shall be  
The shining glories of the land and sea ;  
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age,  
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

1) Venus,

## VIII.

## TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artisan! whose pencil moves  
 Not our delights alone, but loves;  
 From thy shop of beauty we  
 Slaves return'd that enter'd free.  
 The heedless lover does not know  
 Whose eyes they are that wound him so;  
 But, confounded with thy art,  
 Inquires her name that has his heart.  
 Another, who did long refrain,  
 Feels his old wound bleed fresh again  
 With dear remembrance of that face,  
 Where now he reads new hope of grace:  
 Nor scorn nor cruelty does find,  
 But gladly suffers a false wind  
 To blow the ashes of despair  
 From the reviving brand of care,  
 Fool! that forgets her stubborn look  
 This softness from thy finger took.  
 Strange! that thy hand should not inspire  
 The beauty only, but the fire:  
 Not the form alone, and grace,  
 But act and power of a face.  
 May't thou yet thyself as well,  
 As all the world besides, excel!  
 So you th' unfeign'd truth rehearse,  
 (That I may make it live in verse)  
 Why thou couldst not at one essay,  
 That face to aftertimes convey,  
 Which this admires. Was it thy wit  
 To make her oft before thee sit?  
 Confess, and we'll forgive thee this;  
 For who would not repeat that bliss?  
 And frequent sight of such a dame  
 Buy with the hazard of his fame?  
 Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,  
 Though thy good hand had failed still,  
 When nature's self so often errs?  
 She for this many thousand years  
 Seems to have practis'd with much care,  
 To frame the race of women fair;  
 Yet never could a perfect birth  
 Produce before to grace the earth,  
 Which waxed old e'er it could see  
 Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know  
 Where those immortal colours grow  
 That could this deathless piece compose!  
 In lilies? or the fading rose?  
 No; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher  
 Than did Prometheus for his fire.

## IX.

## TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

NOR that thy trees at Penthurt groan,  
 Oppress'd with their timely load,  
 And seem to make their silent moan,  
 That their great Lord is now abroad:  
 They to delight his taste or eye  
 Would spend themselves in fruit, and die.

Not that thy harmless deer repine,  
 And think themselves unjustly slain  
 By any other hand than thine,  
 Whose arrows they would gladly stain;  
 No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear  
 That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All these are less than that great cause  
 Which now exacts your presence here,  
 Wherein there meet the divers laws  
 Of public and domestic care.  
 For one bright nymph our youth contends,  
 And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright shield of Thetis' son \*  
 (For which such stern debate did rise;  
 That the great Ajax Telamon  
 Refus'd to live without the prize)  
 Those Achive peers did more engage  
 Than she the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun  
 To warm us so when thou wert here,  
 Now scorches like the raging sun,  
 When Sirius does first appear.  
 O fix this flame! and let despair  
 Redeem the rest from endless care.

## X.

## TO MRS. BRAGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-servant! May your gentle ear  
 Prove more propitious to my slighted care  
 Than the bright dame's we serve: for her relief  
 (Vex'd with the long expressions of my grief)  
 Receive these plaints; nor will her high disdain  
 Forbid my humble muse to court her train.

So, in those nations which the sun adore,  
 Some modest Persian, or some weak-ey'd Moor,  
 No higher dares advance his dazzled sight,  
 Than to some gilded cloud, which near the light  
 Of their ascending god adorns the east,  
 And, graced with his beams, outshines the rest.

Thy skillful hand contributes to our woe,  
 And whets those arrows which confound us so.  
 A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit  
 (Those curious nets!) thy slender fingers knit.  
 The Graces put not more exactly on  
 Th' attire of Venus when the ball she won,  
 Than Sacharissa by thy care is drest,  
 When all our youth prefers her to the rest.

You the best season know when best her mind  
 May be to pity or to love inclin'd:  
 In some well-chosen hour supply his fear,  
 Whose hopeless love durst never tempt the ear  
 Of that stern goddess. You, her priest, declare  
 What off'rings may propitiate the fair:  
 Rich orient pearl, bright stones that ne'er decay  
 Or polish'd lines, which longer last than they:

Achilles.

For if I thought she took delight in those,  
To where the cheerful morn does first disclose,  
(The shady night removing with her beams)  
Wing'd with bold love I'd fly to fetch such gems.  
But since her eyes, her teeth, her lip, excels  
All that is found in mines or fishes' shells,  
Her nobler part as far exceeding these,  
None but immortal gifts her mind should please.  
The shining jewels Greece and Troy bestow'd  
On Sparta's Queen (a) her lovely neck did load,  
And snowy wrists; but when the town was burn'd,  
Those fading glories were to ashes turn'd;  
Her beauty, too, had perish'd, and her fame,  
Had not the muse redeem'd them from the flame.

## XI.

## TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

Why came I so untimely forth  
Into a world which, wanting thee,  
Could entertain us with no worth  
Or shadow of felicity?  
That time should me so far remove  
From that which I was born to love

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight  
That age which you may know so soon:  
The rosy morn resigns her light  
And milder glory to the noon:  
And then what wonders shall you do,  
Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;  
And summer, though it be less gay,  
Yet is not look'd on as a time  
Of declination or decay:  
For with a full hand that does bring  
All that was promis'd by the spring.

## XII.

## TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know  
What you unto Thryfis owe,  
I will tell you how I do  
Sacharissa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set  
My blest eyes on Amoret;  
But with wonder I am strook,  
While I on the other look.

If sweet Amoret complains,  
I have sense of all her pains;  
But for Sacharissa I  
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,  
Lovely Amoret! is thine;  
Sacharissa's captive fain  
Would untie his iron chain,  
And those scorching beams to shun,  
To thy gentle shadow run.

(a) Helen.

If the soul had free election  
To dispose of her affection,  
I would not thus long have borne  
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:  
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,  
Which controls our wills in love!  
If not a love, a strong desire  
To create and spread that fire  
In my breast, solicits me,  
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.

'Tis amazement more than love  
Which her radiant eyes do move:  
If less splendor wait on thine,  
Yet they so benignly shine,  
I would turn my dazzled sight  
To behold their milder light:  
But as hard 'tis to destroy  
That high flame as to enjoy:  
Which how eas'ly I may do,  
Heav'n (as eas'ly scal'd) does know!

Amoret! as sweet and good  
As the most delicious food,  
Which but tasted does impart  
Life and gladness to the heart.  
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,  
Which to madness doth incline;  
Such a liquor as no brain  
That is mortal can sustain.

Scarce can I to heav'n excuse  
The devotion which I use  
Unto that adored dame;  
For 'tis not unlike the same  
Which I thither ought to send;  
So that if it could take end,  
'Twould to Heav'n itself be due,  
To succeed her and not you;  
Who already have of me  
All that's not idolatry;  
Which, though not so fierce a flame,  
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove  
Wonder is shorter liv'd than love.

## XIII.

## TO AMORET.

Amoret! the milky way  
Fram'd of many nameless stars!  
The smooth stream where none can say  
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret! my lovely foe!  
Tell me where thy strength does lie?  
Where the pow'r that charms us so?  
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,  
Or thy grace in motion seen,  
No such wonders could be done;  
Yet thy waist is straight and clean  
As Cupid's shaft, or Herme's rod,  
And pow'ful, too, as either god.

## XIV.

## TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why should we delay  
Pleasures shorter than the day?  
Could we (which we never can)  
Stretch our lives beyond their span,  
Beauty like a shadow flies,  
And our youth before us dies.  
Or would youth and beauty stay,  
Love hath wings, and will away.  
Love hath swifter wings than time.  
Change in love to Heav'n does climb.  
Gods, that never change their state,  
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us two.  
Let not you and I inquire  
What has been our past desire;  
On what shepherds you have smil'd,  
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:  
Leave it to the planets too  
What we shall hereafter do;  
For the joys we now may prove,  
Take advice of present love.

## XV.

## TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes:  
Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose  
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,  
To civilize and to instruct the North?  
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;  
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:  
And though he be the patron of that spring,  
Where, in calm peace, the sacred virgins sing,  
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne  
Of Jove, and cast th' ambitious giants down.

Ah, noble Friend! with what impatience all  
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal  
Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist  
Bays with that ivy which so early kiss'd  
Thy youthful temples) with that horror we  
Think on the blind events of war and thee?  
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast  
Among the throng as cheaply as the rest:  
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burn'd)  
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.

Some happy wind over the ocean blow  
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!  
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,  
From Heav'n this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream the Genius of this land,  
Amaz'd, I saw, like the fair Hebrew\*, stand,  
When first she felt the twins begin to jar,  
And found her womb the seat of Civil war.  
Inclin'd to whose relief, and with presage  
Of better fortune for the present age,  
Heav'n sends, quoth I, this discord for our good,  
To warm, perhaps, but not to waste our blood;

\* Rebeckah.

To raise our drooping spirits, grown the scorn  
Of our proud neighbours, who e'er long shall mourn  
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)  
We had occasion to resume our arms.

A lion so with self-provoking smart,  
(His rebel tail scourging his nobler part)  
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,  
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

## XVI.

## TO A LADY

## SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS! yourself you so excel,  
When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,  
That, like a spirit, with this spell  
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which, on the shaft that made him die,  
Espy'd a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he went to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,  
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,  
Not for reflection of his face,  
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

## XVII.

## TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Cælia! for thy sake I part  
With all that grew so near my heart;  
The passion that I had for thee,  
The faith, the love, the constancy!  
And, that I may successful prove,  
Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was! so much to prize  
Those simple virtues you despise:  
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,  
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove:  
For you, that are in motion still,  
Decline our force, and mock our skill;  
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance  
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,  
Mount, make a stoop at ev'ry fair;  
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,  
(As lawless as the sea or wind)  
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,  
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,  
As we their names and courses know;  
And he that on their changes looks,  
Would think them govern'd by our books;  
But never were the clouds reduc'd  
To any art: the motion us'd  
By those free vapours are so light,  
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight  
Despairs to find the rules that guide  
Those gilded shadows as they slide;

And therefore of the spacious air  
 Jove's royal consort had the care;  
 And by that pow'r did once escape,  
 Declining bold Ixion's snare:  
 She, with her own resemblance, grac'd  
 A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd  
 With seeming kindness, which beguil'd  
 Your Thyrſis lately, when he thought  
 He had his fleeting Cælia caught.  
 'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair,  
 He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,  
 Because the gods had like success:  
 For in their story one, we see,  
 Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree;  
 A second, with a lover's haste,  
 Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;  
 But she that did a virgin seem,  
 Possess'd, appears a wand'ring stream.  
 For his supposed love, a third  
 Lays greedy hold upon a bird,  
 And stands amaz'd to find his dear  
 A wild inhabitant of th' air!

To these old tales such nymphs as you  
 Give credit, and still make them new;  
 The am'rous now like wonders find  
 In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend  
 The Muse of your incens'd friend,  
 Nor would that he record your blame,  
 And make it live, repeat the same;  
 Again deceive him, and again,  
 And then he swears he'll not complain:  
 For still to be deluded so,  
 Is all the pleasure lovers know;  
 Who, like good falc'ner's take delight  
 Not in the quarry, but the flight.

## XVIII.

## TO A LADY.

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have try'd  
 The silver favour which you gave,  
 In ink the shining point I dy'd,  
 And drench'd it in the fable wave;  
 When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,  
 On you it thus to me complain'd.

"Suppose you had deserv'd to take  
 From her fair hand so fair a boon,  
 Yet how deserv'd I to make  
 So ill a change, who ever won  
 Immortal praise for what I wrote,  
 Instructed by her noble thought?"

I, that express'd her commands  
 To mighty lords and princely dames,  
 Always most welcome to their hands,  
 Proud that I would record their names,  
 Must now be taught an humble style,  
 Some meaner beauty to beguile."

So I, the wronged pen to please,  
 Make it my humble thanks express  
 Unto your Ladyship in these:  
 And now 'tis forced to confess  
 That your great self did ne'er endite,  
 Nor that, to one more noble, write.

## XIX.

## TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! since first our calm of peace  
 Was frighted hence, this good we find,  
 Your favours with your fears increase,  
 And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves  
 Her fruit and state while no wind blows,  
 In storms from that uprightneſs swerves,  
 And the glad earth about her strows  
 With treasure, from her yielding bows.

## XX.

## TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my love how time resumes  
 The glory which he lent these flow'rs;  
 Though none should taste of their perfumes,  
 Yet must they live but some few hours.  
 Time what we forbear devours!

Had Helen, or the Egyptian Queen,  
 Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,  
 Those beauties must at length have been  
 The spoil of age, which finds out faces  
 In the most retired places

Should some malignant planet bring  
 A barren drought or ceaseless show'r  
 Upon the autumn or the spring,  
 And spare us neither fruit nor flow'r,  
 Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect  
 Preserve you from the violation  
 Of coming years, then more respect  
 Were due to so divine a fashion,  
 Nor would I indulge my passion.

## XXI.

## TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

*On his translation*

OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

How bold a work attempts that pen,  
 Which would enrich our vulgar tongue  
 With the high raptures of those men  
 Who here with the same spirit sung,

¶ *Cleopatra,*

Wherewith they now assist the choir  
Of angels, who their songs admire!

Whatever those inspired souls  
Were urged to express, did shake  
The aged deep and both the poles;  
Their num'rous thunder could awake  
Dull Earth, which does with Heav'n consent  
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, sacred Bard! what could bestow  
Courage on thee to soar so high?  
Tell me, brave Friend! what help'd thee so  
To shake off all mortality?  
To light this torch thou hast climb'd higher  
Than he who stole celestial fire †.

## XXII.

TO MR. WILLIAM LAWES,

*Who had then newly set a song of mine, in the year 1635.*

VERSE makes heroic virtue live,  
But you can life to verses give.  
As when in open air we blow,  
The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low,  
But if a trumpet take the blast,  
It lifts it high, and makes it last;  
So in your airs our numbers drest,  
Make a shrill sally from the breast  
Of nymphs, who singing what we penn'd,  
Our passions to themselves commend;  
While love, victorious with thy art,  
Governs at once their voice and heart.

You by the help of tune and time  
Can make that song which was but rhyme,  
Noy pleading, no man doubts the cause,  
Or questions verses set by Lawes.

As a church-window, thick with paint,  
Lets in a light but dim and faint;  
So others with division hide  
The light of sense, the poets' pride;  
But you alone may truly boast  
That not a syllable is lost:  
The writer's and the setter's skill  
At once the ravish'd ears do fill.  
Let those which only warble long,  
And gargle in their throats a song,  
Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi*:  
Let words and sense be set by thee.

## XXIII.

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT.

*Written in France.*

Thus the wise nightingale that leaves her home,  
Her native wood, when storms and winter come,  
Pursuing constantly the cheerful spring,  
To foreign groves does her old music bring.

† Prometheus.

The drooping Hebrews banish'd harps unstrung,  
At Babylon upon the willows hung:  
Your's sounds aloud, and tells us you excel  
No less in courage than in singing well;  
While unconcern'd you let your country know  
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you;  
Who with the Muses' help can mock those fates  
Which threaten kingdoms and disorder states.  
So Ovid, when from Caesar's rage he fled,  
The Roman Muse to Poptus with him led;  
Where he so sung, that we through Pity's glass  
See Nero milder than Augustus was.  
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be  
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.  
To banish those who with such art can sing,  
Is a rude crime which its own curse doth bring:  
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,  
Nor how to love, their present youth be taught.  
This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,  
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,  
May find old love in pure fresh language told,  
Like new-stamp'd coin made out of angel gold;  
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,  
In such a style as courts may boast of now;  
Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,  
But human passions, such as with us dwell.  
Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage  
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.  
Mars nor Bellona are not named here,  
But such a Gondibert as both might fear:  
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outshin'd  
By thy Bright Birtha and thy Rosalind.  
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds  
Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods!  
Whose deities in vain had here come down,  
Where mortal beauty wears the sov'reign crown:  
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood,  
Though not resisted, may be understood.

## XXIV.

TO MR

WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE,

THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

Thus by the music we may know  
When noble wits a-hunting go  
Through groves that on Parnassus grow,

The Muses all the chase adorn;  
My friend on Pegasus is borne;  
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,  
No pack of critics e'er could find,  
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntsmen with delight may read  
How to choose dogs for scent or speed,  
And how to change or mend the breed.

What arms to use, or nets to frame,  
Wild beasts to combat or to tame;  
With all the myst'ries of that game.

But, worthy Friend! the face of war  
In ancient times doth differ far  
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, since powder known,  
That man so cruel to his own,  
Should spare the race of beasts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun  
Men wait in trees from sun to sun,  
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next  
Should be no comment, but a text  
To tell how modern beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage  
Your gentle Muse to court the age  
With somewhat of your proper rage;

Since none does more to Phœbus owe,  
Or in more languages can shew  
These arts which you so early know.

## XXV.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND MR. EVELYN,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

LUCRETIVS, (with a stork-like fate,  
Born and translated in a state)  
Comes to proclaim, in English verse,  
No monarch rules the universe,  
But chance, and ~~forms,~~ makes this All  
In order democratical,  
Where bodies freely run their course,  
Without design, or fate or force:  
And this in such a strain he sings,  
As if his Muse, with angels' wings,  
Had soar'd beyond our utmost sphere,  
And other worlds discovered there:  
For his immortal, boundless wit,  
To Nature does no bounds permit,  
But boldly has remov'd those bars  
Of heav'n and earth, and seas and stars,  
By which they were before suppos'd,  
By narrow wits to be inclos'd,  
Till his free Muse threw down the pale,  
And did at once dispart them all.

So vast this argument did seem,  
That the wise author did esteem  
The Roman language (which was spread  
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)  
A tongue too narrow to unfold  
The wonders which he would have told.  
This speaks thy glory, noble Friend!  
And British language does commend;  
For here Lucretius whole we find,  
His words, his music, and his mind.  
Thy art has to our country brought  
All that he writ, and all he thought.  
Ovid translated, Virgil too,  
Shew'd long since what our tongue could do!

Nor Lucan we, nor Horace spar'd;  
Only Lucretius was too hard:  
Lucretius, like a fort did stand  
Untouch'd, till your victorious hand  
Did from his head this garland bear,  
Which now upon your own you wear:  
A garland! made of such new bays,  
And fought in such untrodden ways,  
As no man's temples e'er did crown,  
Save this great author's and your own!

## XXVI.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND SIR THO. HIGGINS,

*Upon his translation of*

THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE winged Lion's ¶ not so fierce in fight,  
As Liberi's hand presents him to our sight;  
Nor would his pencil make him half so fierce,  
Or roar so loud, as Bufinello's verte:  
But your translation does all three excel,  
The fight, the piece, and lofty Bufinell.  
As their small galleys may not hold compare  
With our tall ships, whose sails employ more air;  
So does th' Italian to your genius vail,  
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.  
Thus while your Muse spreads the Venetian story,  
You make all Europe emulate her glory!  
You make them blush weak Venice should defend  
The cause of Heav'n, while they for words contend;  
Shed Christian blood, and pop'lous cities raise,  
Because they're taught to use some diff'rent phrase.  
If, list'ning to your charms, we could our jars  
Compose, and on the Turk discharge these wars,  
Our British arms the sacred tomb might wrest  
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the East;  
And then you might our own high deeds recite,  
And with great Tasso celebrate the fight.

## XXVII.

TO A FRIEND.

OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

THREE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know  
Which first began to love, or loves most now;  
Fair course of passion! where too lovers start,  
And run together, heart still yok'd with heart:  
Successful youth! whom Love has taught the way  
To be victorious in the first essay.  
Sure love's an art best practis'd at first,  
And where th' experienced still prosper worst!  
I with a diff'rent fate pursu'd in vain  
The haughty Cælia, till my just disdain  
Of her neglect, above that passion borne,  
Did pride to pride oppose, and scorn to scorn.  
Now she relents; but all too late to move  
A heart directed to a nobler love.

¶ The arms of Venice.

H h i

The scales are turn'd, her kindness weighs no more

Now, than my vows and service did before.  
So in some well wrought hangings you may see  
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:  
Here the fierce Mars his courage so inspires,  
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:  
But there, from heav'n the blue ey'd virgin falls (1)  
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:  
They that are foremost in that bloody race  
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chase.  
So like the chances are of love and war,  
That they alone in this distinguish'd are,  
In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly;  
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die,

## XXVIII.

## TO ZELINDA.

Fairest piece of well-form'd earth!  
Urge not thus your haughty birth:  
The pow'r which you have o'er us lies  
Not in your race, but in your eyes.  
"None but a Prince!"—Alas! that voice  
Confines you to a narrow choice.  
Should you no honey vow to taste,  
But what the master-bees have plac'd  
In compass of their cells, how small  
A portion to your share would fall?  
Nor all appear, among those few,  
Worthy the flock from whence they grew,  
The sap which at the root is bred  
In trees, through all the boughs is spread;  
But virtues which in parents shine  
Make not like progress through the line.  
'Tis not from whom, but where we live;  
The place does oft' those graces give.  
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
A flock perhaps, or herd had led.  
He that the world subdu'd (2), had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.  
'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth  
The hidden seeds of native worth:  
They blow those sparks, and make them rise  
Into such flames as touch the skies.  
To the old heroes hence was giv'n  
A pedigree which reach'd to heav'n:  
Of mortal seed they were not held,  
Which other mortals so excell'd.  
And beauty, too, in such excess  
As your's Zelinda! claims no less.  
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,  
Henceforth, to be of princes born.  
I can describe the shady grove  
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,  
And yet excuse the faultless dame,  
Caught with her spouse's shape and name.  
Thy matchless form will credit bring  
To all the wonders I shall sing.

(1) Minerva.

(2) Alexander.

## XXIX.

## TO MY LADY MORTON.

On new-year's day

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new years may well expect to find  
Welcome from you, to whom they are so  
kind;  
Still as they pass they court and smile on you,  
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.  
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer,  
And fairest Morton now as much to her:  
So like the sun's advance your titles shew,  
Which as he rises does the warmer grow.  
But thus to style you Fair, your sex's praise  
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays.  
From armed foes to bring a Royal prize (1),  
Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.  
If Judith, marching with the gen'ral's head,  
Can give us passion when her story's read,  
What may the living do, which brought away,  
Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey;  
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,  
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princess, like a  
brand?  
A brand! preserv'd to warm some prince's heart,  
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's (2)  
part.  
So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did shroud  
The hope of Rome (3), and sav'd him in a cloud.  
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,  
Begin a better, and absolve this age.  
Dark shades become the power of our time;  
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs  
Crime!  
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night;  
This portion only may endure the light,  
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultless  
shape,  
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to 'scape,  
When through the guards, the river, and the sea,  
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.  
As the brave eagle does with sorrow see  
The forest wasted, and that lofty tree  
Which holds her nest about to be o'erthrown,  
Before the feathers of her young are grown,  
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,  
But bears them boldly on her wings away:  
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore  
Her princely burden to the Gallic shore.  
Born in the storms of war, this Royal Fair,  
Produc'd like lightning in tempestuous air,  
Though now she flies her native isle, (less kind,  
Less safe for her than either sea or wind!)  
Shall, when the blossom of her beauty's blown,  
See her great brother on the British throne;  
Where Peace shall smile, and no dispute arise,  
But which rules most, his sceptre, or her eyes.

(1) Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to K. Charles I.

(2) K. Charles II.

(3) Abscess.

## XXX.

## TO A FAIR LADY,

## PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that such horror and such grace  
Should dwell together in one place;  
A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence and youth which makes  
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes  
To start at love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd,  
Her servants have a task too hard:  
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve  
May boldly creep; we dare not give  
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow  
He lies, as he his bliss did know,  
And to the wood no more would go.

'Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make  
Another tempter of this Snake:  
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

## XXXI.

## PANEGRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

Of the present greatness, and joint interest

OF HIS HIGHNESS, AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a strong and yet a gentle hand,  
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,  
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,  
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,  
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:  
And own no liberty but where they may  
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face,  
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,  
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,  
Storms of ambition tossing us repress.

Your drooping country, torn with Civil hate,  
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;  
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,  
And the unwilling Scots to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,  
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.  
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,  
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this island to give law,  
To balance Europe, and its states to awe)  
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,  
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,  
By the rude ocean, from the continent,  
Or thus created, it was sure design'd  
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppress'd shall henceforth resort,  
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;  
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,  
But for the world's Protector, shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies  
Through ev'ry land that near the ocean lies.  
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news  
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,  
Might hope to lift her head above the rest.  
What may be thought impossible to do  
By us embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean we  
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea.  
And ev'ry coast may trouble or relieve;  
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,  
That none can at our happy seats arrive;  
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade  
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,  
Like that amidst the boundless ocean set,  
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,  
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,  
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;  
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies  
Our ever constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know  
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;  
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;  
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;  
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.  
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;  
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;  
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds.  
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had  
flown,  
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince  
too,  
France-conqu'ring Henry flourish'd, and now you;  
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state.  
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

E P I S T L E S.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,  
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide  
Another yet; a world reserv'd for you,  
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,  
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,  
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,  
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,  
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,  
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,  
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,  
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:  
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;  
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They that henceforth must be content to know  
No warmer region than the hills of snow,  
May blame the sun, but must extol your grace,  
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,  
Falling they rise, to be with us made one.  
So kind Dictators made, when they come home,  
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate  
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state:  
While by your valour and your bounteous mind,  
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content  
To be our outguard on the Continent:  
She from her fellow-provinces would go,  
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,  
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,  
Our neighbour princes trembled at their rear;  
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,  
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;  
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,  
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,  
Than in restoring such as are undone.  
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,  
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loath,  
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both,  
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve  
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or error had our age misled,  
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,  
The only cure which could from Heav'n come  
down  
Was so much pow'r and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line  
Gives hope again that well-born men may thine.

The meanest in your nature, mild and good,  
The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Of't have we wonder'd how you hid in peace  
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;  
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,  
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give  
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live:  
Born to command, your princely virtues fleet,  
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept:

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,  
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,  
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,  
To fierce contention gave a prosp'rous end.

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,  
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you:  
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when,  
without noise,  
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this rate of glory  
Run, with amazement we should read your story;  
But living virtue, all achievements past,  
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,  
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;  
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,  
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, thousand meaner stars  
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;  
To such a tempest as now threatens all,  
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,  
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,  
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was  
new,  
To rule victorious armies but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,  
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose;  
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,  
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
And angry grows, if he that first took pain  
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,  
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last  
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;  
So England now does, with like toil oppress,  
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,  
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.  
Your battles they hereafter shall endite,  
And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies gain'd,  
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won:

How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke  
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,  
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse.  
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing;  
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring,

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride  
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;  
While all your neighbour princes unto you,  
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

## XXXII.

## TO THE KING,

## UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

THE rising sun complies with our weak sight,  
First gilds the clouds, then shews his globe of light  
At such a distance from our eyes, as though  
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.

But your full majesty at once breaks forth  
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,  
Your youth, and all the splendor of your state,  
(Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate!)  
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,  
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,  
That if your grace incline that we should live,  
You must not, Sir! too hastily forgive  
Our guilt preserves us from th' excess of joy,  
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.  
All are obnoxious to this faulty land,  
Like fainting Ether, does before you stand,  
Watching your sceptre. The revolting sea  
Trembles to think she did your foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,  
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate  
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think  
She with the weight of her own force would sink.  
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;  
This Giant Isle has got her eye again.  
Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose  
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.  
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all  
Dangers abroad, and now your thunders shall  
Princes that saw you diff'rent passions prove,  
For now they dread the object of their love,  
Nor without envy can behold his height,  
Whose conversation was their late delight.  
So Semele, contented with the rape  
Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,  
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,  
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.

And though it be our sorrow and our crime  
To have accepted life so long a time  
Without you here, yet does this absence gain  
No small advantage to your present reign:  
For having view'd the persons and the things,  
The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,  
You know your work; ambition to restrain,  
And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the main.

We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,  
Not such as books, but such as practice taught.  
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,  
Is the whole night for our concern employ'd:  
He ripens spices, fruits, and precious gums,  
Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This feat of your's (from th' other world re-  
mov'd)

Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd  
His engine's force fix'd here. Your pow'r and skill  
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much suff'ring Monarch! the first English-  
born

That has the crown of these three nations worn!  
How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage  
Of your own soil, contended half an age!  
Till (your try'd virtue and your sacred word,  
At last preventing your unwilling sword)  
Armies and fleets which kept you out so long,  
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redress'd his  
wrong.

When straight the people, by no force compell'd,  
Nor longer from their inclination held,  
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,  
And, with a noble rage, their King require.  
So th' injur'd sea, which from her wonted course,  
To gain some acres, avarice did force,  
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,  
No longer will from her old channel stay;  
Raging, the late-got land she overflows,  
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefest, do begin  
To strive for grace, and expiate their sin,  
All winds blow fair that did the world embroil;  
Your vipers treacle yield, and scorpions oil.

If then such praise the Macedonian (a) got,  
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,  
What glory's due to him that could divide  
Such rayell'd int'rests? has the knot unty'd,  
And without stroke so smooth a passage made,  
Where Craft and Malice such impeachments laid.

But while we praise you, you ascribe it all  
To his high hand which threw the untouch'd wall  
Of self-demolish'd Jericho so low:  
His angels 'twas that did before you go,  
Tame'd savage hearts, and made affections yield,  
Like ears of corn when wind salutes the field.

Thus, patience-crown'd, like Job's, your trouble  
ends,

Having your foes to pardon and your friends:  
For though your courage were so firm a rock,  
What private virtue could endure the shock?  
Like your Great Master, you the storm withstood,  
And pity'd those who love with frailty shew'd.

Rude Indians, tort'ring all their royal race,  
Him with the throne and dear-bought sceptre  
grace

That suffers best. What region could be found,  
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of your mighty mind  
Is, how you combat Fortune, now she's kind,  
And this way, too, you are victorious found;  
She flatters with the same success she frowns'd.

(a) Alexander.

While to yourself severe, to others kind,  
 With pow'r unbounded and a will confin'd,  
 Of this vast empire you possess the care,  
 The softer parts fall to the people's share.  
 Safety and equal government are things  
 Which subjects make as happy as their kings.  
 Faith, Law, and Piety, (that banish'd train!)  
 Justice and Truth, with you return again.  
 The city's trade, and country's easy life,  
 Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.  
 Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,  
 Than the warm sun advances his increase;  
 And does the shepherds as securely keep,  
 From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.  
 But, above all, the muse-inspired train  
 Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:  
 Kind Heav'n at once, has, in your person, sent  
 Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per athena signa,  
 quam per vallis opus flores, amittique, virtutum  
 Clarorum apparent.*

MOR.

## XXXIII.

## TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

*After her happy recovery from a dangerous sickness.*

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd to  
 The fairest light the world can shew.  
 Welcome the new! whose ev'ry day,  
 Restoring what was snatch'd away  
 By pining sickness from the fair,  
 That matchless beauty does repair  
 So fast, that the approaching spring,  
 (Which does to flow'ry meadows bring  
 What the rude winter from them tore)  
 Shall give her all the Good before.

But we recover not so fast  
 The sense of such a danger past:  
 We that esteem'd you sent from heav'n,  
 A pattern to this island giv'n,  
 To shew us what the bless'd do there,  
 And what alive they practis'd here,  
 When that which we immortal thought,  
 We saw so near destruction brought,  
 Felt all which you did then endure,  
 And tremble yet as not secure:  
 So though the sun victorious be,  
 And from a dark eclipse set free,  
 The influence, which we fondly fear,  
 Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But that which may relieve our care  
 Is, that you have a help so near  
 For all the evil you can prove,  
 The kindness of your royal love:  
 He that was never known to mourn,  
 So many kingdoms from him torn,  
 His tears reserv'd for you, more dear,  
 More priz'd than all those kingdoms were!  
 For when no healing art prevail'd,  
 When cordials and elixirs fail'd,

On your pale cheek he dropp'd the show'r  
 Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

## XXXIV.

## TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

*When she was taking leave of*

THE COURT AT DOVER.

THAT sun of beauty did among us rise:  
 England first saw the light of your fair eyes:  
 In English, too, your early wit was shewn:  
 Favour that language, which was then your own,  
 When, though a child, through guards you made  
 your way:

What fleet or army could an angel stay?  
 Thrice happy Britain! if she could retain  
 Whom she first bred within her ambient main.  
 Our late burnt London, in apparel new,  
 Shook off her ashes to have treated you:  
 But we must see our glory snatch'd away,  
 And with warm tears increase the guilty sea:  
 No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,  
 We must be wreck'd, and our dear treasure lose!  
 Sighs will not let us half our sorrow tell—  
 Fair, lovely, great, and best of nymphs, farewell!

## XXXV.

## TO A LADY,

*From whom he received the Copy of the Poem, intituled,  
 Of a Tree cut in Paper, which for many years had  
 been lost.*

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;  
 All they subdue become their spies.  
 Secrets, as choicest jewels, are  
 Presented to oblige the fair:  
 No wonder, then, that a lost thought  
 Should there be found where souls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus, (that  
 For which men say the goddess sat)  
 Was lost, till I, by from your look  
 Again that glorious image took.

If virtue's self were lost, we might  
 From your fair mind new copies write.  
 All things but one you can restore;  
 The heart you get returns no more.

## XXXVI.

## TO MR. KILLEGREW;

*Upon his altering his Play, Pandora, from a Tragedy  
 into a Comedy, because not approv'd on the Stage.*

SIR! you should rather teach our age the way  
 Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your  
 play:

You had oblig'd us by employing wit  
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit;  
For as the nightingale, without the throng  
Of other birds, alone attends her song,  
While the loud daw, his throat displaying, draws  
The whole assembly of his fellow-daws;  
So must the writer whose productions should  
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould;  
Whilst nobler fancies make a flight too high  
For common view, and lessen as they fly.

## XXXVII.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

*Who lately writ a religious book, intituled, Historical Applications, and Occasional Meditations, upon several Subjects.*

BOLD is the man that dares engage  
For Piety in such an age!  
Who can presume to find a guard  
From scorn, when Heav'n's so little spar'd?  
Divines are pardon'd; they defend  
Altars on which their lives depend;  
But the profane impatient are,  
When nobler pens make this their care;  
For why should these let in a beam  
Of divine light to trouble them,  
And call in doubt their pleas'd thought,  
That none believe what we are taught?  
High birth and fortune warrant give  
That such men write what they believe;  
And, feeling first what they endite,  
New credit give to ancient light.  
Amongst these few, our author brings  
His well-known pedigree from kings.  
This book, the image of his mind,  
Will make his name not hard to find:  
I wish the throng of great and good  
Made it less eas'ly understood!

## XXXVIII.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

*Upon his incomparable, incomprehensible Poem, intituled, The British Princes*

SIR! you've oblig'd the British nation more  
Than all their bards could ever do before,  
And at your own charge monuments as hard  
As brass or marble to your fame have rear'd:  
For as all warlike nations take delight  
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,  
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,  
And a less virtuously improv'd your own;  
That 'twould be doubtful whether you do write,  
Or they have speak'd at a nobler height.

You of your ancient princes have retriev'd  
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;  
Explain'd their customs and their rights anew,  
Better than all their Druids ever knew;  
Unriddled those dark oracles as well  
As those that made them could themselves fore-  
tel.

For as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,  
Arthur would come to govern them again,  
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,  
And in your poem plac'd him on his throne.  
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen  
To raise the dead, and give new life to men,  
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love  
Whom distant ages did so far remove:  
For as eternity has neither past  
Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last,  
But is all instant, your eternal muse  
All ages can to any one reduce.  
Then why should you, whose miracles of art  
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,  
Trouble in vain your better-busied head  
To observe what times they liv'd in, or were  
dead!

For such you have, such arbitrary pow'r,  
It were defect in judgment to go low'r,  
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,  
As use to take the vulgar latitude:  
For no man's fit to read what you have writ,  
That holds not some proportion with your wit:  
As light can no way but by light appear,  
He must bring sense that understands it here.

## XXXIX.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what's eminent, we know  
Must for some cause be valu'd so:  
Things without use though they be good,  
Are not by us so understood.  
The early rose, made to display  
Her blushes to the youthful May,  
Doth yield her sweets, since he is fair,  
And courts her with a gentle air.  
Our stars do shew their excellence  
Not by their light, but influence:  
When brighter comets, since still known,  
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.  
So your admired beauty still  
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

## XL.

TO THE KING.

GREAT Sir! disdain not in this piece to stand  
Supreme commander both of sea and land.  
Those which inhabit the celestial bow'r,  
Painters express with emblems of their pow'r;

His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,  
Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.

But your great providence no colours here  
Can represent, nor pencil draw that care  
Which keeps you waking to secure our peace,  
The nation's glory, and our trade's increase:  
You for these ends whole days in council sit,  
And the diversions of your youth forget.

Small were the worth of valour and of force,  
If your high wisdom govern'd not their course:  
You as the soul, as the first mover you,  
Vigour and life on ev'ry part bestow:  
How to build ships, and dreadful ord'nance cast,  
Instruct the artists, and reward their haste.

So Jove himself, when Typhon heav'n does  
brave,

Descends to visit Vulcan's smoky cave,  
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame  
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and  
flame.

Had the old Greeks discover'd your abode,  
Crete had not been the cradle of their god:  
On that small island they had look'd with scorn,  
And in great Britain thought the thund'rer  
born.

## XLI.

## TO THE DUCHESS,

*When he presented*

THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,  
And with the beauties of a former age,  
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view  
This, as we take in gazing upon you.  
Thus we writ then; your brighter eyes inspir'd  
A nobler flame, and raise our genius high'r.  
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,  
To our productions we become severe:  
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,  
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.  
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,  
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last,  
And make you through as many ages shine  
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.

Though other names our wary writers use,  
You are the subject of the British Muse:  
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,  
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own;  
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,  
While it means nothing but to give us day.

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# S O N G S.

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I.

## S O N G.

STAY, Phœbus! stay;  
The world to which you fly so fast,  
Conveying day  
From us to them, can pay your haste  
With no such object, nor salute your rise  
With no such wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove  
The error of those antique books  
Which made you move  
About the world: her charming looks  
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,  
Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.

II.

## S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldst thou find  
Shades to counterfeit that face?  
Colours of this glorious kind  
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure wert drest  
With that angel-like disguise:  
Thus deluded him I blest,  
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind  
To be other than a dream:  
Cruel Sacharissa's mind  
Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,  
Change that heav'nly face of thine;  
Paint despis'd love in thy face,  
And make it t' appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,  
With a pity-moving shape,  
Such as wander by the brook  
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that shapeless nymph appear,  
In whose shape thou shinest so;

Softly in her sleeping ear,  
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,  
Thus surpris'd she may fall:  
Sleep does disproportion hide,  
And, death-resembling, equals all.

III.

## S O N G.

PEACE, babbling Muse!  
I dare not sing what you audite;  
Her eyes refuse  
To read the passion which they write:  
She strikes my lute, but if it sound,  
Threatens to hurl it on the ground;  
And I no less her anger dread  
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,  
While some fierce lion does embrace  
His breathless corpse, and lick his face:  
Wrapp'd up in silent fear he lies,  
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

IV.

## S O N G.

I.

CHLORIS! farewell; I now must go,  
For if with thee I longer stay,  
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,  
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,  
Among the rest, me hither brought:  
Finding this fame fall short of truth,  
Made me stay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,  
A servant to another's will:  
Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,  
Could I be sure to keep it still.

IV.

But what assurance can I take,  
When thou, foreknowing this abuse  
For some more worthy lover's sake,  
May'st leave me with so just excuse?

v.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault  
That thou didst thus inconstant prove,  
Being by my example taught  
To break thy oath to mend thy love.

vi.

No, Chloris! no: I will return  
And raise thy story to that height,  
That strangers shall at distance burn,  
And she distrust me reprobate.

vii.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,  
And gain such trust, that I may come  
And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
But make my constant meals at home.

v.

## SONG TO FLAVIA.

i.

'Tis not your beauty can engage  
My wary heart;  
The sun, in all his pride and rage,  
Has not that art;  
And yet he shines as bright as you,  
If brightness could our soul subdue.

ii.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,  
Nor those you write,  
Which can make Thrysis' heart your prey:  
For that delight,  
The graces of a well-taught mind  
In some of our own sex we find.

iii.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;  
Love's surest darts,  
Those which so seldom fail him, are  
Headed with hearts:  
Their very shadows make us yield;  
Dissemble well, and win the field.

vi.

## SONG.

BEHOLD the brand of Beauty tost!  
See how the motion does dilate the flame!  
Delighted Love his spoils does boast,  
And triumph in this game.  
Fire, to no place confin'd,  
Is both our wonder and our fear,  
Moving the mind,  
As light'ning hurried through the air.

High heav'n the glory does increase  
Of all her shining lamps this artful way;  
The sun in figures, such as these,  
Joys with the moon to play:  
To the sweet strains they advance,  
Which do result from their own spheres,  
As this nymph's dance  
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

vii.

## SONG.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,  
Chloris, I feel my life decay;  
That pow'ful noise  
Calls my fleeting soul away.  
Oh! suppress that magic sound,  
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! our singing die,  
That together you and I  
To heav'n may go;  
For all we know  
Of what the blessed do above,  
Is that they sing, and that they love.

viii.

## SONG.

Go, lovely Rose!  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retir'd:  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desir'd,  
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

ix.

SUNG BY

MRS. KNIGHT, TO HER MAJESTY

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THIS happy day two lights are seen  
A glorious Saint, a matchless Queen;  
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,  
The faint above, th' infant here.  
May all those years which Catharine  
The martyr did for heav'n resign,  
Be added to the line  
Of your blest life among us here!  
For all the pains that she did feel,  
And all the torments of her wheel,  
May you as many pleasures share!  
May Heav'n itself content  
With Catharine the Saint!  
Without appearing old,  
An hundred times may you,  
With eyes as bright as now,  
This welcome day behold!

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# PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

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## I.

### PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS,

SPOKEN BEFORE K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majestic frown,  
But lay aside the greatness of your crown!  
And for that look which does your people awe,  
When in your throne and robes you give them law,  
Lay it by here, and give a gentler smile,  
Such as we see great Jove's in picture, while  
He listens to Apollo's charming lyre,  
Or judges of the songs he does inspire.  
Comedians on the stage shew all their skill,  
And after do as Love and Fortune will.  
We are less careful, hid in this disguise;  
In our own clothes more serious and more wise.  
Modest at home, upon the stage more bold,  
We seem warm lovers, though our breasts be cold:  
A fault committed here deserves no scorn,  
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

## II.

### PROLOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

SEARCH should we have the boldness to pretend  
So long renown'd a tragedy to mend,  
Had not already some deserv'd your praise  
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays  
This and Philaster have the loudest fame:  
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.  
In both our English genius is express'd;  
Lofty and bold, but negligently dress'd.

Above our neighbours our conceptions are;  
But faultless writing is th' effect of care.  
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste,  
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.  
But as the present, so the last age writ:  
In both we find like negligence and wit.  
Were we but less indulgent to our faults,  
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,

Our muse would flourish, and a nobler rage  
Would honour this than did the Grecian stage.  
Thus says our author, not content to see  
That others write as carelessly as he;  
Though he pretends not to make things complete,  
Yet, to please you, he'd have the poets sweat.  
In this old play, what's new we have express'd  
In rhyming verse, distinguish'd from the rest;  
That as the Rhone its hasty way does make  
(Not mingling waters) through Geneva's lake,  
So having here the diff'rent styles in view,  
You may compare the former with the new.  
If we less rudely shall the knot untie,  
Soften the rigour of the tragedy,  
And yet preserve each person's character,  
Then to the other this you may prefer.  
'Tis left to you: the boxes and the pit  
Are sov'reign judges of this sort of wit.  
In other things the knowing artist may  
Judge better than the people; but a play,  
(Made for delight, and for no other use)  
If you approve it not, has no excuse.

## III.

### EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

*Spoken by the King.*

THE fierce Melantius was content, you see,  
The King should live; be not more fierce than he:  
Too long indulgent to so rude a time,  
When love was held so capital a crime,  
That a crown'd head could no compassion find,  
But dy'd—because the killer had been kind;  
Nor is't less strange such mighty wits as those  
Should use a style in tragedy like prose.  
Well-founding verse, where princes tread the stage,  
Should speak their virtue, or describe their rage.  
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,  
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades:  
And verses are the potent charms we use,  
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.

When next we act this tragedy again,  
 Unless you like the change, we shall be slain.  
 The innocent Aspasia's life or death,  
 Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.  
 Excess of love was heretofore the cause;  
 Now if we die, 'tis want of your applause.

## IV.

## EPILOGUE

## TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

*Designed upon the first alteration of the Play, when the  
 King only was left alive.*

ASPASIA bleeding on the stage does lie,  
 To ~~now~~ you still 'tis the Maid's Tragedy.

The fierce Melantius was content, you see,  
 The king should live : be not more fierce than he ;  
 Too long indulgent to so rude a time,  
 When love was held so capital a crime,  
 That a crown'd head could no compassion find,  
 But dy'd—because the killer had been kind !  
 This better natur'd poet had repriev'd  
 Gentle Amintor too, had he believ'd  
 The fairer sex his pardon could approve,  
 Who to ambition sacrific'd his love.  
 Aspasia he has spar'd ; but for her wound  
 (Neglected love !) there could no salve be found.

When next we act this tragedy again,  
 Unless you like the change, I must be slain.  
 Excess of love was heretofore the cause ;  
 Now if I die, 'tis want of your applause.

## EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, &c.

### I. Under a Lady's Picture.

SEEN Helen was! and who can blame the boy (1)  
That in so bright a flame consum'd his Troy;  
But had like virtue shin'd in that fair Greek,  
The am'rous shepherd had not dar'd to seek  
Or hope for pity, but with silent moan,  
And better fate, had perished alone,

### II. Of a lady who writ in praise of Mira.

WHILE she pretends to make the graces known  
Of matchless Mira, she reveals her own:  
And when she would another's praise insinuate,  
Is by her glass instructed how to write.

### III. To ~~the~~ married to an old man.

SINCE thou wouldst needs (bewitch'd with some ill  
charms!)  
Be bury'd in those monumental arms,  
All we can wish is, may that earth lie light  
Upon thy tender limbs and so good night.

### IV. An epigram on a painted lady with ill teeth.

WERE men so dull they could not see  
That Lyce painted; should they flee,  
Like simple birds, into a net  
So grossly woven and ill set,  
Her own teeth would undo the knot,  
And let all go that she had got.  
Those teeth fair Lyce must not shew  
If she would bite: her lovers, though  
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,  
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:  
The rotten bones discover'd there  
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

### V. Epigram upon the golden medal.

OUR guard upon the royal side!  
On the reverse our beauty's pride!

(1) Paris.

Here we discern the frown and smile,  
The force and glory of our isle.  
In the rich medal, both so like  
Immortals stand, it seems antique;  
Carv'd by some master, when the bold  
Greeks made their Jove descend in gold,  
And Danae wond'ring at that show'r,  
Which, falling, storm'd her brazen tow'r:  
Britannia there, the fort in vain  
Had batter'd been with golden rain:  
Thunder itself had fall'd to pass:  
Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.

### VI. Written on a card that her Majesty (1) tore at Ombre.

THE cards you tear in value rise;  
So do the wounded by your eyes.  
Who to celestial things aspire,  
Are by that passion rais'd the higher.

### VII. To Mr. Granville, (now Lord Lansdown) ~~at~~ his verses to K. James II.

AN early plant! which such a blossom bears,  
And shews a genius so beyond his years:  
A judgment! that could make so fair a choice;  
So high a subject to employ his voice:  
Still as it grows, how sweetly will he sing  
The growing greatness of our matchless King!

### VIII. Long and short life.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound  
In largeness, but th' exactly round;  
So life we praise that does excel  
Not in much time, but a long well.

### IX. Translated out of Spanish.

THOUGH we may seem importunate,  
While your compassion we implore,  
They whom you make too fortunate,  
May with presumption vex you more.

(1) Queen Catherine.

X. *Translated out of French.*

FADE, Flow'rs! fade, Nature will have it so;  
 'Tis but what we must in our autumn do!  
 And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,  
 The loss alone by those that lov'd them found;  
 So in the grave shall we as quiet lie,  
 Miss'd by some few that lov'd our company:  
 But some so like to thorns and nettles live,  
 That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

XI. *Some verses of an imperfect copy designed for a friend, On his translation of Ovid's Fasti.*

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a guest  
 With the old Romans you were wont to feast.  
 Numa's religion, by themselves believ'd,  
 Excels the true, only in shew receiv'd.  
 They made the nations round about them bow,  
 With their dictators taken from the plow;  
 Such pow'r has justice, faith and honesty!  
 The world was conquer'd by morality.  
 Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,  
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;  
 But where religion does with virtue join,  
 It makes a hero like an angel shine.

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XII. *On the statue of King Charles I. at Charing-cross, in the year 1674.*

THAT the First Charles does here in triumph ride,  
 See his son reign'd where he a martyr dy'd,  
 And people pay that reverence as they pass,  
 (Which then he wanted) to the sacred brass,  
 Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,  
 To which we owe the statue and the stone;  
 But Heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,  
 That mortals may eternally be taught,  
 Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,  
 And king's so kill'd rise conquerors again.  
 This truth the royal image does proclaim,  
 Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

XIII. *Pride.*

NOT the brave Macedonian youth (1) alone,  
 But base Caligula, when on the throne,  
 Boundless in pow'r, would make himself a god,  
 As if the world depended on his nod.  
 The Syrian King (2) to beasts was headlong thrown,  
 E'er to himself he could be mortal known,  
 The meanest wretch, if heav'n should give him line,  
 Would never stop till he were thought divine.  
 All might within discern the serpent's pride,  
 If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.  
 Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,  
 And woo the female to his painted bed;  
 Let winds and seas together rage and swell;  
 This nature teaches, and becomes them well.  
 "Pride was not made for men (3);" a conscious  
 Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence, [Ironic  
 Destroys the gain, and to beholders tells,  
 Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.

(1) Alexander. (2) Nebuchadnezzar. (3) Eccles. chap. x. ver. 13.

XIV. *Epitaph on Sir George Speke.*

UNDER this stone lies virtue, youth,  
 Unblemish'd probity, and truth:  
 Just unto all relations known,  
 A worthy patriot, pious son;  
 Whom neighb'ring towns so often sent,  
 To give their sense in parliament;  
 With lives and fortunes trusting one  
 Who so discreetly us'd his own.  
 Sober he was, wise, temperate,  
 Contented with an old estate,  
 Which no foul av'rice did increase,  
 Nor wanton luxury make less,  
 While yet but young, his father dy'd,  
 And left him to an happy guide:  
 Not Lemuel's mother with more care  
 Did counsel or instruct her heir,  
 Or teach with more success her son  
 The vices of the time to shun.  
 An heiress she; while yet alive,  
 All that was her's to him did give;  
 And he just gratitude did shew  
 To one that had oblig'd him so:  
 Nothing too much for her he thought,  
 By whom he was so bred and taught.  
 So (early made that path to tread,  
 Which did his youth to honour lead)  
 His short life did a pattern give  
 How neighbours, husbands, friends, should live.  
 The virtues of a private life  
 Exceed the glorious noise and strife  
 Of battle won: in those we find  
 The solid interest of mankind.  
 Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,  
 Though young, like ~~him~~ that's ripe he fell.

XV. *Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendish.*

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndish: let the marble stone,  
 That hides his ashes, make his virtue known.  
 Beauty and valour did his short life grace,  
 The grief and glory of his noble race!  
 Early abroad he did the world survey,  
 As if he knew he had not long to stay:  
 Saw what great Alexander in the East  
 And mighty Julius conquer'd in the West:  
 Then with a mind as great as theirs he came  
 To find at home occasion for his fame;  
 Where dark confusion did the nations hide,  
 And where the juster was the weaker side.  
 Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,  
 Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their  
 art;  
 The elder (1) did whole regiments afford;  
 The younger brought his conduct and his sword.  
 Born to command, a leader he begun,  
 And on the rebels lasting honour won.  
 The horse instructed by their general's worth,  
 Still made the king victorious in the North.  
 Where Ca'ndish fought, the royalists prevail'd;  
 Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd.  
 The current of his vict'ries found no stop,  
 Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefest stop.

(1) William Earl of Devonshire.

Equal success had set these champions high,  
 And both resolv'd to conquer or to die.  
 Virtue with rage, fury with valour strove;  
 But that must fall which is decreed above!  
 Cromwell with odds of number and of Fate,  
 Remov'd this bulwark of the church and state;  
 Which the sad issue of the war declar'd,  
 And made his talk to ruin both less hard.  
 So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,  
 The boundless torrent does the country drown.  
 Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;  
 Strew bays and flowers on his honour'd grave!

XVI. *Epitaph on the Lady Sedley.*

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir,  
 So early wise, and lasting fair!  
 That none, except her years they told,  
 Thought her a child, or thought her old.  
 All that her father knew or got,  
 His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;  
 And she so well improv'd that stock,  
 Both of his knowledge and his flock,  
 That Wit and Fortune reconcil'd  
 In her, upon each other smil'd.  
 While she, to ev'ry well taught mind,  
 Was so propitiously inclin'd,  
 And gave such title to her store,  
 That none but th' ignorant were poor.  
 The muses daily found supplies  
 Both from her hands and from her eyes.  
 Her bounty did at once engage,  
 And matchless beauty warm their *eyes*.  
 Such was this dame in calmer day,  
 Her nation's ornament and *praise*!  
 But when a storm disturb'd our rest,  
 The port and refuge of th' oppress'd,  
 This made her fortune understood,  
 And look'd on as some public good.  
 So that (her person and her state,  
 Exempted from the common fate)  
 In all our Civil fury she  
 Stood, like a sacred temple, free.

May here her monument stand so,  
 To credit this rude age! and shew  
 To future times, that even we  
 Some patterns did of virtue see;  
 And one sublime example had  
 Of good among so many bad.

XVII. *Epitaph to be written under the Latin inscription upon the tomb of the only son of the Lord Andover*

'Tis fit the English reader should be told,  
 In our own language, what this tomb does hold.  
 'Tis not a noble corpse alone does lie  
 Under this stone, but a whole family.  
 His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,  
 And all their hope, lies bury'd with this boy:  
 This lovely Youth! for whom we all made moan,  
 That knew his worth, as he had been our own.  
 Had there been space and years enough allow'd,  
 His courage, wit, and breeding, to have shew'd,  
 We had not found, in all the num'rous roll  
 Of his fam'd ancestors, a greater soul:  
 His early virtues to that ancient stock  
 Gave as much honour as from thence he took.  
 Like buds appearing e'er the frosts are past,  
 To become man he made such fatal haste,  
 And to perfection labour'd so to climb,  
 Preventing slow experience and time,  
 That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd.  
 He's seldom old that will not be a child.

XVIII *Epitaph unfinished.*

GREAT Soul! for whom death will no longer stay,  
 But sends in haste to snatch our bliss away.  
 O cruel Death! to those you take more kind  
 Than to the wretched mortals left behind!  
 Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, shin'd.  
 Free from the clouds of pride that shade the mind.  
 Inspired verse may on this marble live,  
 But can no honour to thy ashes give—

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# DIVINE POEMS.

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## OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM IN SIX CANTOS.

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Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant ;  
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta ;  
Aurea ! perpetua semper dignissima vita !——  
Nam divinis amor cum cæpit vociferari,  
Diffugiunt animi terrores——

LUCRETIVS, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,  
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis :——  
Namque ubi mota calent sacra mea pectora Musæ,  
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.

OVID. de Trist. lib. iv. el. i

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### *The Arguments.*

- I. ASSERTING the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.
- II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.
- III. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.
- IV. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
- V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.
- VI. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

### CANTO I.

THE Græcian Muse has all their gods surviv'd,  
Nor Jove at us nor Phœbus is arriv'd ;  
Frail deities! which first the poets made,  
And then invoc'd, to give their fancies aid ;  
Yet if they still divert us with their rage,  
What may be hop'd for in a better age,  
When not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,  
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing ?  
This with the fabric of the world begun,  
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.  
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all  
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall :

3

Long since despis'd and silent, they afford  
Honour and triumph to th' Eternal Word.

As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,  
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd,  
So has this Book entitled us to heav'n,  
And rules to guide us to that mansion giv'n :  
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,  
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.  
His pow'r in Nature's ample book we find,  
But the less volume does express his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught  
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought ;  
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,  
As fortune does, or human wisdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke,  
 And band of all society, is broke.  
 What use of oaths, of promise, or of rest,  
 Where men regard no God but interest?  
 What endless war would jealous nations tear,  
 If none above did witness what they swear?  
 Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,  
 Among themselves to find so little trust!  
 Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,  
 Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.  
 To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,  
 Is the first step towards being good or wise;  
 For though with judgment we on things reflect,  
 Our will determines, not our intellect.  
 Slaves to their passion, reason men employ  
 Only to compass what they would enjoy.  
 His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,  
 And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed:  
 For though heav'n shews the glory of the Lord,  
 Yet something shines more glorious in his Word:  
 His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)  
 His tender kindness and compassion tells:  
 While we inform'd by that celestial Book,  
 Into the bowels of our Maker look.  
 Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,  
 Nor had beginning) shall our song commend;  
 Describe itself, and warm us with that flame  
 Which first from Heav'n, to make us happy came.

## CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,  
 Savours too much of private interest,  
 This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,  
 Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:  
 A greater yet from heav'n to hell descends,  
 To save and make his enemies his friends.  
 What line of praise can fathom such a love,  
 Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?  
 The royal prophet \*, that extended grace  
 From heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space.  
 The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;  
 Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:  
 Heav'n was scarce heard of until He came down,  
 To make the region where love triumphs known.  
 That early love of creatures yet unmade,  
 To frame the world th' Almighty did persuade;  
 For love it was that first created light,  
 Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night  
 From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new grace  
 On things dispos'd of to their proper place:  
 Some to rest here, and some to shine above,  
 Earth, sea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.  
 And love would be return'd: but there was none  
 That to themselves or others yet were known:  
 The world a palace was without a guest,  
 Till one appears that must excel the rest:  
 One! like the Author, whose capacious mind  
 Might by the glorious work, the Maker find;  
 Might measure heav'n, and give each star a name;  
 With art and courage the rough ocean tame;  
 Over the globe with swelling sails might go,  
 And that 'tis round by his experience know;

id.

Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,  
 And serve his use, the fertile earth to till.  
 When by his Word God had accomplish'd all,  
 Man to create he did a council call:  
 Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took  
 A graceful figure and majestic look;  
 With his own breath convey'd into his breast  
 Life, and a soul fit to command the rest,  
 Worthy alone to celebrate his name  
 For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.  
 Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,  
 But not with lasting numbers and with thought,  
 Man's great prerogative! but above all  
 His grace abounds in his new fav'rite's fall.  
 If he create, it is a world he makes;  
 If he be angry, the creation shakes:  
 From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;  
 He curs'd the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.  
 Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,  
 In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed:  
 Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,  
 Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

## CANTO III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;  
 He gives a pattern of eternal love;  
 His Son descends to treat a peace with those  
 Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.  
 Poor he became, and left his glorious seat  
 To make us humble, and to make us great;  
 His business here was happiness to give  
 To those whose malice could not let him live.  
 Legions of angels, which he might have us'd,  
 (For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:  
 While they stood ready to prevent his loss,  
 Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.  
 Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,  
 That we might be by such great love constrain'd  
 To make return of love. Upon this pole  
 Our duty does, and our religion, roll.  
 To love is to believe, to hope, to know;  
 'Tis an essay, a taste of heav'n below!  
 He to proud potentates would not be known;  
 Of those that lov'd him he was hid from none.  
 Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;  
 But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out:  
 This is the fire that would consume our dross,  
 Refine, and make us richer by the loss.  
 Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,  
 We should agree as angels do above.  
 Where love presides, not vice alone does find  
 No entrance there, but virtues stay behind;  
 Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train  
 Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.  
 Love only enters as a native there,  
 For born in heav'n, it does but sojourn here.  
 He that alone would wise and mighty be,  
 Commands that others love as well as he.  
 Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?—  
 He can add wings when he commands to fly.  
 Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;  
 He that examples gives will give his aid:  
 For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,  
 His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.

His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;  
 As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.  
 Will for the deed he takes: we may with ease  
 Obedient be, for if we love we please.  
 Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,  
 And love for love is all that heav'n does ask.  
 Love! that would all men just and temp'rate make,  
 Kind to themselves and others for his sake.

'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,  
 Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,  
 (Unruly passions) whose effects are worse  
 Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

## CANTO IV.

To glory man, or misery, is born,  
 Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn:  
 Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;  
 Base in himself, but great in Heav'n's esteem:  
 With love, of all created things the best;  
 Without it, more pernicious than the rest:  
 For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour  
 But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:  
 Man's boundless avarice his wants exceeds,  
 And on his neighbours round about him feeds.

His pride and vain ambition are so vast,  
 That deluge like, they lay whole nations waste.  
 Debauches and excess (though with less noise)  
 As great a portion of mankind destroys.  
 The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress,  
 Might in that age some provinces infest:  
 These more destructive monsters are the bane  
 Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign;  
 But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd  
 With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.

Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,  
 Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals  
 dwell;

And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy  
 Thoughts of despair does their whole life annoy;  
 But love appearing, all those terrors fly;  
 We live contented, and contented die.  
 They in whose breast this sacred love has place,  
 Death as a passage to their joy embrace.  
 Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,  
 The sun's victorious beams may chase away:  
 Those which our life corrupt and darken, love  
 (The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.  
 Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year;  
 'Tis brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere,  
 Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;  
 Shines among angels, and admits no night.

## CANTO V.

'Tis this Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold!)  
 Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:  
 Not as they feign'd that oaks should honey drop,  
 Or land neglected bear an unsown crop;  
 Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;  
 None for himself would either sow or reap:  
 Our ready help and mutual love would yield  
 A nobler harvest than the richest field.

Famine and death confin'd to certain parts,  
 Extended are by barrenness of hearts.  
 Some pine for want, where others surfeit now;  
 But then we should the use of plenty know.  
 Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,  
 And spread Heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:  
 At once the givers and receivers bless,  
 Increase their joy, and make their suff'ring less.  
 Who for himself no miracle would make,  
 Dispens'd with sev'ral for the people's sake:  
 He that, long fasting, would no wonder shew,  
 Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow.  
 Of all his pow'r, which boundless was above,  
 Here he us'd none but to express his love;  
 And such a love would make our joy exceed,  
 Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.

Laws would be useless which rude nature awe;  
 Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:  
 Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,  
 But milder creatures with their freedom trust.  
 Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouse  
 No force but love, nor bound but bounty, knows.  
 Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)  
 Would guardian angels to each other be:  
 Such wonders can this mighty love perform,  
 Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform:  
 Love what Isaiah prophesy'd can do,  
 Exalt the vallies, lay the mountains low,  
 Humble the lofty, the dejected raise, [ways.  
 Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked  
 Love, strong as death, and like it levels all;  
 With that possess, the great in title fall;  
 Themselves esteem but equal to the least,  
 Whom Heav'n with that high character has blest;  
 This love, the centre of our union can  
 Alone bestow complete repose on man;  
 Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,  
 And foreign strife, among the nations cease.  
 No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,  
 Nor princes arm, though to subdue the East,  
 Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught  
 By those that guided their devotion) fought.  
 Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have  
 To gain his love, as they to win his grave!  
 Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,  
 With arms extended, would embrace mankind.  
 Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when  
 We should behold as many selfs as men;  
 All of one family, in blood ally'd,  
 His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd!

## CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation (so divinely taught!)  
 Prints such a lively image on our thought,  
 That the first spark of new-created light,  
 From Chaos strook, affects our present fight,  
 Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest  
 The day of rising than the day of rest,  
 That ev'ry week might new occasion give  
 To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.  
 Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm  
 To keep his blood among us ever warm,

And singing as the blessed do above,  
 With our last breath dilate this flame of love.  
 But on so vast a subject who can find  
 Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?  
 Our language fails; or, if it could supply,  
 What mortal thought can raise itself so high?  
 Despairing here, we might abandon art,  
 And only hope to have it in our heart.  
 But though we find this sacred task too hard,  
 Yet the design, th' endeavour, brings reward:  
 The contemplation does suspend our wo,  
 And makes a truce with all the ills we know.  
 As Saul's afflicted spirit from the sound  
 Of David's harp a present solace found;

So, on this theme while we our muse engage,  
 No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age.  
 On Divine Love to meditate is peace,  
 And makes all care of meaner things to cease.  
 Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find  
 A boundless Pow'r so infinitely kind,  
 The soul contending to that light to flee  
 From her dark cell, we practise how to die;  
 Employing thus the poet's winged art,  
 To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.  
 Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,  
 Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there;  
 Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,  
 When from the East the rising sun comes on.

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# OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

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## IN TWO CANTOS.

### CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy and peace,  
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.  
Though the word Fear some men may ill endure,  
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.  
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;  
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.  
He that invites will not th' invited mock,  
Op'ning to all that do in earnest knock.  
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;  
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.  
This fear, that drives all other fears away,  
Shall be my song the morning of our day!  
Where that fear is, there's nothing to be fear'd:  
It brings from heav'n an angel for a guard.  
'Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;  
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.  
It is a beam which he on man lets fall  
Of light, by which he made and governs all.  
'Tis God alone should not offended be;  
But we please others, as more great than he.  
For a good cause the sufferings of man  
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.  
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,  
Above the angels or below the beasts.  
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,  
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.  
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vert,  
And sadly live, in terror of the next. [pursue,  
The world's great conqu'ror (1) would his point  
And wept because he could not find a new;  
Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd,  
To make him work until a third he spy'd.  
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe  
To Heav'n itself, unless it make them grow.  
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed;  
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.  
In wealth and honour, by such men possess'd,  
If it increase not, there is found no rest,  
All their delight is while their wish comes in;  
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.  
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,  
And take no joy but in pursuing more;

(1) Alexander.

No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim;  
This is the mark and glory of our frame.  
A soul capacious of the Deity,  
Nothing but he that made can satisfy.  
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,  
Less than so many drops of water are.  
Men take no pleasure but in new designs;  
And what they hope for, what they have out-  
shines.  
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,  
With full content feeding on what they have;  
Vex not themselves for an increase of store,  
But think to-morrow we shall give them more.  
What we from day to day receive from Heav'n,  
They do from us expect it should be giv'n.  
We made them not, yet they on us rely,  
More than vain men upon the Deity;  
More beasts than they! that will not understand  
That we are fed from his immediate hand.  
Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,  
What can he have or use but what he gives?  
So that no bread can nourishment afford,  
Or useful be, without his Sacred Word.

### CANTO II.

EARTH praises conquerors for shedding blood,  
Heav'n those that love their foes, and do them  
good.  
It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd  
For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.  
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,  
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.  
He that in fight diminishes mankind,  
Does no addition to his stature find;  
But he that does a noble nature shew,  
Obliging others, still does higher grow;  
For virtue practis'd such an habit gives,  
That among men he like an angel lives:  
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,  
Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excel.  
Fools anger shew, which politicians hide;  
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide,  
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,  
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong;

Nor sees he reason why he should engage,  
 Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.  
 Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost  
 On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.  
 The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,  
 Still keep that order which they first begun :  
 They their first lesson constantly repeat,  
 Which their Creator as a law did set.  
 Above, below, exactly all obey ;  
 But wretched men have found another way.  
 Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,  
 (That vain persuasion !) keeps them still accurst !  
 The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,  
 Slaves they become to luxury and pride.  
 As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand  
 Of some great master, at the figure stand,  
 But when abroad, neglected they do go,  
 At random strike, and the false hour do shew ;

So from our Maker wandering, we stray,  
 Like birds that know not to their nests the way.  
 In him we dwelt before our exile here,  
 And may, returning, find contentment there :  
 True joy may find, perfection of delight,  
 Behold his face, and shun eternal night.  
 Silence, my Muse ! make not these jewels cheap  
 Exposing to the world too large an heap.  
 Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is best,  
 Where great truths are in fewest words express'd,  
 Wrestling with death, these lines I did endite ;  
 No other theme could give my soul delight.  
 O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen !  
 Or that I now could write as well as then !  
 But 'tis of grace if sickness, age, and pain,  
 Are felt as throes, when we are born again :  
 Timely they come to wean us from this earth,  
 As pangs that wait-upon a second birth.

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# OF DIVINE POESY.

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## TWO CANTOS,

*Occasioned upon sight of the fifty-third Chapter of Isaiab turned into Verse,  
By Mrs. Wharton.*

### CANTO I.

POETS we prize, when in their verse we find  
Some great employment of a worthy mind.  
Angels have been inquisitive to know  
The secret which this oracle does shew.  
What was to come Isaiab did declare,  
Which she describes as if she had been there;  
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view  
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.  
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,  
So with the Prophet's may her lines grow old!  
If they should die, who can the world forgive;  
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?  
Who with his breath his image did inspire,  
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:  
Not love which brutts as well as men may know;  
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.  
Verse so dign'd, on that high subject wrote,  
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;  
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,  
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.  
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high  
For any object but the Deity.  
What mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share  
In the superlatives of wise and fair?  
A meaner subject when with these we grace,  
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.  
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,  
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,  
On pain of death forbidden to be made,  
But when it should be on the altar laid.  
Verse shews a rich inestimable vein,  
When dropp'd from heav'n 'tis thither sent again.

Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,  
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:  
For as that angel up to heav'n did rise,  
Born on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice;  
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,  
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly,  
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)  
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.  
For that he reigns all creatures should rejoice,  
And we with songs supply their want of voice.  
The church triumphant, and the church below,  
In songs of praise their present union shew;  
Their joys are full; our expectation long:  
In life we differ, but we join in song,  
Angels and we, assisted by this art,  
May sing together, though we dwell apart.  
Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems must  
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust.  
From that they spring; this from his breath that  
gave,  
To the first dust, th' immortal soul we have  
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)  
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

### CANTO II.

HE that did first this way of writing grace (a)  
Convers'd with th' Almighty face to face:  
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,  
When he had more than eighty winters told.  
The writer feels no dire effect of age,  
Nor verse that flows from so divine a rage.

Eldest of poets, he beheld the light,  
 When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:  
 Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell  
 How that confusion into order fell.  
 As if consulted with, he has express'd  
 The work of the Creator, and his rest;  
 How the flood drown'd the offending race,  
 Which might the figure of our globe deface.  
 For new-made earth, so even and so fair,  
 Less equal now, uncertain makes the air;  
 Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,  
 Early distempers make our youth look old;  
 Our days so evil, and so few, may tell  
 That on the ruins of that world we dwell.  
 Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,  
 That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,  
 Neglecting Heav'n; but we of shorter date!  
 Should be more mindful of impendent fate.  
 To worms that crawl upon this rubbish here,  
 This span of life may yet too long appear:  
 Enough to humble, and to make us great,  
 If it prepare us for a nobler feat.  
 Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,  
 Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:  
 In whom he dwelt before the world was made,  
 And may again retire when that shall fade.  
 The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long  
 As his and Deborah's triumphant song.  
 Delphos unknown, no muse could them inspire  
 But that which governs the celestial choir.  
 Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal,  
 And from their store succeeding poets steal.  
 Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,  
 And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught,  
 His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;  
 Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.  
 The host of heav'n, his Phœbus and his Mars,  
 He arms, instructed by her fighting stars.  
 She led them all against the common foe;  
 But he (misled by what he saw below!)  
 The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,  
 And breaks their union into diff'rent sides.  
 The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,  
 May be but copies of that heroine.  
 Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she  
 The writer could, and the commander be.  
 Truth she relates in a sublimer strain,  
 Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign;  
 For what she sung, that spirit did endite,  
 Which gave her courage and success in fight.  
 A double garland crowns the matchless dame;  
 From heav'n her poem and her conquest came.  
 Though of the Jews she merit most esteem,  
 Yet here the Christian has the greater theme:  
 Her martial song describes how Sis'ra fell:  
 This sings our triumph over death and hell.  
 The rising light employ'd the sacred breath  
 Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.  
 In songs of joy the angels sung his birth:  
 Here how he treated was upon the earth  
 Trembling we read! th' affliction and the scorn,  
 Which for our guilt so patiently was borne!  
 Conception, birth, and suff'ring, all belong,  
 To one and the same  
 I song;

And she, well using so divine an art,  
 Has in this concert sung the tragic part.  
 As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,  
 So here this lady consecrates her muse.  
 With like reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,  
 With fruit as fair as by her muse is born!

## ON THE

## PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you winds! listen, ethereal lights!  
 While our Urania sings what Heav'n endites:  
 The numbers are the nymph's; but from above  
 Descends the pledge of that eternal love.  
 Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,  
 But are instructed to approach his throne;  
 And how can he to miserable men  
 Deny requests which his own hand did pen;  
 In the Evangelists we find the prose  
 Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows;  
 A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,  
 It may become the highest seraphim!  
 For they, like her, in that celestial choir,  
 Sing only what the spirit does inspire.  
 Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may  
 For all but pardon for offences pray.

## SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS

*Upon the several*

PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

- i. His sacred name with reverence profound  
 Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound  
 It was Jehovah; 'tis our Father now;  
 So low to us does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow (b)!  
 He brought it down that taught us how to pray,  
 And did so dearly for our ransom pay.
- ii. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,  
 Unless he does in our affections reign.  
 Absurd it were to wish for such a King,  
 And not obedience to his sceptre bring,  
 Whose yoke is easy, and his burden light,  
 His service freedom, and his judgments right.
- iii. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;  
 But as in heav'n, it must be made our own.  
 His will should all our inclinations sway,  
 Whom Nature and the universe obey.  
 Happy the man! whose wishes are confin'd  
 To what has been eternally design'd;  
 Referring all to his paternal care,  
 To whom more dear than to ourselves we are.
- iv. It is not what our avarice hoards up:  
 'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our

Like new-born babes depending on the breast,  
From day to day we on his bounty feast:  
Nor should the soul expect above a day  
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:  
The setting sun should seem to bound our race,  
And the new day a gift of special grace.

v. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*  
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;  
Though so to pray may seem an easy task,  
We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.  
This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care  
Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.  
The noblest worship of the Pow'r above,  
Is to extol and imitate his love;  
Not to forgive our enemies alone,  
But use our bounty, that they may be won.

vi. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*  
And those we may in several stations know:  
The rich and poor in slipp'ry places stand,  
Give us enough, but with a sparing hand!  
Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,  
But what proportion'd is to life and health:  
For not the dead but living sing thy praise,  
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

*Favete Inguis t-----  
Virginibus puerisque canto.*

Hor.

ON THE

FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,  
The subject made us able to endite:  
The soul, with number resolutions deckt,  
The body stooping does herself erect.  
No mortal parts are requisite to raise  
Her that, unbody'd, can her maker praise.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:  
So calm are we when passions are no more!  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has  
made:

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home.  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

-----Mirator limen Olympi.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SAMUEL BUTLER.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

Now you must know Sir Hudibras  
With such perfections gifted was,  
And so peculiar in his manner,  
That all that saw him did but honour.———HUD. AT COURT.  
But since his worship's dead and gone,  
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,  
The Reader is desir'd to look  
For his achievements in his Book;  
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,  
Till Time and Death itself shall fail. HUD'S EPITAPH.

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Anno 1792.



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## LIFE OF BUTLER.

---

THE father of Samuel Butler was a country farmer, who, with a small estate of his own, rented a farm in the parish of Strelham in Worcestershire; at which place, in the year 1612, the poet was born.

He was educated at the grammar school of Worcester, under the tuition of Mr. Henry Bright; and, after having pursued his studies for the usual period, removed from thence to Cambridge.

At that University he resided for some time; but the narrowness of his circumstances preventing him from completing an academical education, he never entered a student there.

On his return home, he became clerk to Mr. Jeffreys of Earls-croomb, an eminent justice of the peace, in whose easy service he continued for a number of years, and found sufficient leisure, not only to improve himself in every species of learning, but also to cultivate an acquaintance with the fine arts of music and of painting.

He was afterwards admitted into the household of the Countess of Kent, a lady celebrated for her encouragement of literature; where he had free access to a noble library, and where he acquired the friendship of the great Selden, who was steward to the Countess, and whose confidence in Butler was so great, that he made use of his assistance in various literary occupations. But what was the particular nature of his engagements, or how long he continued in that family, could never be learned.

The sickleness of his destiny next fixed him in the employment of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's principal officers. Here he is said to have first conceived, and to have partly composed his inimitable work; which is the more probable, as here only he could have a fair opportunity of observing the characters of the sectaries, in the confidence of success, and exulting in the full completion of their machinations, having thrown aside their cloaks of fanaticism and hypocrisy.

On the Restoration, he became secretary to the Earl of Carbery, President of the Principality of Wales, from whom he obtained the stewardship of Ludlow Castle, when the Court of Marches was revived. At that period he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of good family and considerable fortune; from which, however, he reaped but little benefit, as the greater part of it was lost in bad securities.

In 1663 was published the first part of Hudibras, which was followed the subsequent year by the second part. It was quickly introduced to the notice of the polite world, by the taste and influence of that accomplished nobleman, the Earl of Dorset; and soon became so popular at Court, that it was quoted by the King, studied by the courtiers, and admired by all the world. No wonder that the author should be elated with hopes of independence, when his writings met with such pointed attention; but, alas! independence was not his lot. Baffled in his expectations, and disappointed in his reliance on court promises, the man whose wit delighted, and whose satire tended to reform a nation, was suffered in his old age to struggle with all the calamities of indigence.

There is something strikingly similar in the fate of those two great original geniuses, Butler and Cervantes: Both successfully attempted to free their respective countries from fanaticism of different kinds, by the united and irresistible force of wit, humour and satire; yet, while their works were universally applauded, the authors themselves were suffered, the one to perish with infirmity and

want in a prison, and the other (a fate to a generous mind as severe) to linger out a long life in precarious dependence : so just is the observation of Juvenal, which the experience of sixteen centuries hath ratified, and the history of the manners of every nation confirmed,

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta Domi—

“ Slow rises worth by poverty oppress’d.”

Notwithstanding this neglect, Butler, in 1678, published a third part of Hudibras; which however still leaves the plan of the poem imperfect : What that would have been, if the author had completed his design it is impossible now to conjecture. The work, considered as a whole, is certainly deficient in incident and interest : for though it contains more wit and learning than perhaps any other that ever was written; and though there is hardly a subject for which an applicable motto might not be found in Hudibras; it cannot, after all, be read through but as a task. The characters indeed are now obsolete, for the manners that gave them birth no longer exist; yet will this work remain an unrivalled monument of genius, united with wit and learning, while the English language endures.

Butler died in the year 1680, aged 78, and was privately buried in Covent Garden church-yard, at the expence of his good friend Mr. Longueville, who solicited in vain a subscription for his interment in Westminster Abbey; in which place, about sixty years afterwards, a monument was erected to his memory by Alderman Barber.

Some time after his death, three small volumes were published as his posthumous works; but as they added nothing to the reputation of the author of Hudibras, they have been deemed spurious.

Two small volumes however, certainly genuine, and admitted as such into this collection, were published in 1759 by Mr. Thyer, from the Manuscript in the possession of Mr. Longueville.

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# H U D I B R A S.

I N T H R E E P A R T S.

---

## PART I. CANTO I.

### *The Argument.*

Sir HUDIBRAS his passing worth,  
The manner how he fally'd forth,  
His arms and equipage are shewn,  
His horse's virtues and his own :  
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out, they knew not why;  
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,  
Set folks together by the ears,  
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,  
For Dame Religion as for punk ;  
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,  
Though not a man of them knew wherefore ;  
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded  
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;  
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;  
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a colonelling \*.  
A wight he was, whose very fight would  
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,  
That never bow'd his stubborn knee  
To any thing but chivalry,  
Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
Knight worshipful on shoulder blade ;  
Chief of domestic knights and errant,  
Either for chartel or for warrant ;  
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,  
'That could as well bind o'er as swaddle ;

\* The knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a colonel in the parliament army, but also a scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surry, &c.

Mighty he was at both of these,  
And ityl'd of War, as well as Peace :  
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,  
Are either for the land or water.)  
But here our authors make a doubt  
Whether he were more wise or stout :  
Some hold the one, and some the other,  
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,  
The diff'rence was so small, his brain  
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain :  
Which made some take him for a tool  
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.  
For't has been held by many, that  
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,  
Complains she thought him but an ass,  
Much more she would Sir Hudibras ;  
For that's the name our valiant knight  
To all his challenges did write ;  
But they're mistaken very much ;  
'Tis plain enough he was not such.  
We grant, although he had much wit,  
H' was very shy of using it,  
As being loath to wear it out,  
And therefore bore it not about :  
Unless on holidays or so,  
As men their best apparel do.  
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek  
As naturally as pigs squeak ;

That Latin was no more difficile,  
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :  
 Being rich in both, he never scanted  
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;  
 But much of either would afford  
 To many that had not one word.  
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found  
 To flourish most in barren ground,  
 He had such plenty as suffic'd  
 To make some think him circumcis'd ;  
 And truly so he was perhaps,  
 Not as a profelyte, but for claps.  
 He was in logic a great critic,  
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic :  
 He could distinguish, and divide  
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;  
 On either which he would dispute,  
 Confute, change hands, and still confute :  
 He'd undertake to prove, by force  
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;  
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
 And that a lord may be an owl ;  
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice †,  
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.  
 He'd run in debt by disputation,  
 And pay with ratiocination :  
 All this by syllogism true,  
 In mood and figure he would do.  
 For rhetoric, he could not ope  
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope :  
 And when he happen'd to break off  
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,  
 H' had hard words ready to shew why,  
 And tell what rules he did it by ;  
 Else when with greatest art he spoke,  
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk ;  
 For all a rhetorician's rules  
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.  
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech,  
 In loftiness of sound, was rich ;  
 A Babylonish dialect,  
 Which learned pedants much affect ;  
 It was a party-colour'd dress  
 Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages ;  
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
 Like fustian heretofore on fatten ;  
 It had an old promiscuous tone,  
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ;  
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,  
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
 A leash of languages at once.  
 This he as volubly would vent,  
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent :  
 And truly, to support that charge,  
 He had supplies as vast and large ;  
 For he could coin or counterfeit  
 New words, with little or no wit ;  
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone  
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;  
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em ;  
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;

† Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to  
 New-gate for singing (what he called) a malignant psalm.

That had the orator, who once  
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones  
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,  
 He would have us'd no other ways.  
 In mathematics he was greater  
 Than Tycho Brahe \* or Erra Pater † ;  
 For he, by geometric scale,  
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;  
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight  
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;  
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
 The clock does strike, by algebra.  
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,  
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;  
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
 He understood b' implicit faith :  
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,  
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;  
 Knew more than forty of them do,  
 As far as words and terms could go ;  
 All which he understood by rote,  
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;  
 No matter whether right or wrong ;  
 They might be either said or sung.  
 His notions fitted things so well,  
 That which was which he could not tell,  
 But oftentimes mistook the one  
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.  
 He could reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their natures by abstracts ;  
 Where Entity and Quiddity,  
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;  
 Where truth in person does appear,  
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.  
 He knew what's what, and that's as high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly :  
 In school-divinity as able  
 As he that hight Irrefragable ‡ ;  
 A second Thomas §, or, at once  
 To name them all, another Duncel ¶ :  
 Profound in all the Nominal  
 And Real ways beyond them all ¶ :  
 For he a rope of sand could twist  
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,  
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull  
 That's empty when the moon is full ;  
 Such as take lodgings in a head  
 That's to be let unfurnished.

\* An eminent Danish mathematician.

† William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

‡ Alexander Hales, so called : he was an Englishman,  
 born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year  
 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity  
 was much in vogue ; in which science he was so deeply  
 read, that he was called *Doctor Irrefragabilis* ; that is, the  
*Invincible Doctor*, whose arguments could not be resisted.

§ Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in  
 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the  
 school-divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelic Doc-*  
*tor*, and *Eagle* of divines.

¶ Johannes Duns Scotus was a very learned man, who li-  
 ved about the end of the thirteenth, and beginning of the  
 fourteenth century. The English and Scots strive which  
 of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English  
 say he was born in Northumberland ; the Scots allege he  
 was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county  
 to Northumberland, and hence was called *Dunscotus*.

¶ Guilielmus Occam was the father of the Nominals,  
 and Johannes Duns Scotus of the Reals.

He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a trice;  
 As if Divinity had catch'd  
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;  
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
 And stab herself with doubts profound,  
 Only to shew with how small pain  
 The sores of Faith are cur'd again;  
 Although by woful proof we find  
 They always leave a scar behind.  
 He knew the seat of Paradise,  
 Could tell in what degree it lies,  
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it  
 Below the moon, or else above it;  
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride  
 Came from her closet in his side;  
 Whether the devil tempted her  
 By a high Dutch interpreter;  
 If either of them had a navel;  
 Who first made music malleable;  
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,  
 Had cloven feet, or none at all:  
 All this, without a gloss or comment,  
 He could unriddle in a moment,  
 In proper terms, such as men smatter,  
 When they throw out, and miss the matter  
 For his religion, it was fit  
 To match his learning and his wit;  
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;  
 For he was of that stubborn crew  
 Of errant saints, whom all men gra  
 To be the true church militant;  
 Such as do build their faith upon  
 The holy text of pike and gun;  
 Decide all controversies by  
 Infallible artillery;  
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,  
 By apostolic blows and knocks;  
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,  
 A godly, thorough Reformation,  
 Which always must be carry'd on,  
 And still be doing, never done;  
 As if religion were intended  
 For nothing else but to be mended;  
 A sect whose chief devotion lies  
 In odd perverse antipathies;  
 In falling out with that or this,  
 And finding somewhat still amiss;  
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick;  
 That with more care keep holiday  
 The wrong, than others the right way;  
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,  
 By damning those they have no mind to:  
 Still so perverse and opposite,  
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite;  
 The self-same thing they will abhor  
 One way, and long another for;  
 Freewill they one way disavow,  
 Another, nothing else allow:  
 All piety consists therein  
 In them, in other men all sin:  
 Rather than fail, they will defy  
 That which they love most tenderly;

Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage  
 Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge;  
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.  
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,  
 Like Mahomet's, were afs and widgeon,  
 To whom our knight, by fast instinct  
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,  
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense  
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,  
 We mean on th' inside, not the outward;  
 That next of all we shall discuss;  
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.  
 His tawny beard was th' equal grac  
 Both of his wisdom and his fact;  
 In cut and die so like a tile,  
 A sudden view it would beguile;  
 The upper part whereof was whey,  
 The nether orange, mix'd with grey.  
 This hairy meteor did denounce  
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;  
 With grisly type did represent  
 Declining age of government,  
 And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,  
 Its own grave and the State's were made:  
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew  
 In time to make a nation rue;  
 Though it contributed its own fall,  
 To wait upon the public downfall:  
 It was monastic and did grow  
 In holy orders by strict vow;  
 Of rule as fullen and severe,  
 As that of rigid Cordeliere:  
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,  
 And martyrdom, with resolution;  
 T' oppose itself against the hate,  
 And vengeance of th' incensed state,  
 In whose defiance it was worn,  
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,  
 With red hot irons to be tortur'd,  
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;  
 Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast  
 As long as monarchy should last:  
 But when the state should hap to reel,  
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
 And fall, as it was consecrate,  
 A sacrifice to fall of state,  
 Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters  
 Did twist together with its whiskers,  
 And twine so close, that Time should never,  
 In life or death, their fortunes sever,  
 But with his rusty sickle mow  
 Both down together at a blow.

So learned Taliacotius \*, from  
 The brawny part of Porter's bum,  
 Cut supplemental noses, which  
 Would last as long as parent breech,

\* Gasper Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A. D. 1553, and was professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the anatomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand. He wrote a treatise in Latin, called *Chirurgia Nova*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages.

But when the date of Nock was out,  
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.  
 His back, or rather burthen, shew'd  
 As if it stoop'd with its own load ;  
 For as Æneas bore his fire  
 Upon his shoulders through the fire,  
 Our knight did bear no less a pack  
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;  
 Which now had almost got the upper-  
 Hand of his head for want of cruppe.  
 To poise this equally, he bore  
 A paunch of the same bulk before,  
 Which still he had a special care,  
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare ;  
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,  
 Such as a country house affords ;  
 With other victual, which anon  
 We farther shall dilate upon,  
 When of his hose we come to treat,  
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.  
 His doublet was of sturdy buff,  
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,  
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.  
 His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
 And had been at the siege of Bullen ;  
 To old King Harry so well known,  
 Some writers held they were his own :  
 Through they were lin'd with many a piece  
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,  
 And fat black puddings, proper food  
 For warriors that delight in blood :  
 For, as we said, he always chose  
 To carry victual in his hose,  
 That often tempted rats and mice  
 The ammunition to surprize ;  
 And when he put a hand but in  
 The one or t' other magazine,  
 They stoutly on defence on't stood,  
 And from the wounded foe drew blood,  
 And till they were storm'd, and beaten out,  
 Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt :  
 And though knights errant, as some think,  
 Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
 Because when thorough deserts vast,  
 And regions desolate, they past,  
 Where belly-timber above ground,  
 Or under, was not to be found,  
 Unless they graz'd, there's not one word  
 Of their provision on record ;  
 Which made some confidently write,  
 They had no stomachs but to fight.  
 'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall  
 Round table like a farthingal,  
 On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,  
 And eke before, his good knights din'd ;  
 Though 'twas no table some suppose  
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose,  
 In which he carry'd as much meat  
 As he and all the knights could eat,  
 When laying by their swords and truncheons,  
 They took their breakfasts, or their luncheons.  
 But let that pass at present, lest  
 We shou'd forget where we digress,

As learned authors use, to whom  
 We leave it, and to the purpose come.

His puissant sword unto his side,  
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,  
 With basket hilt that would hold broth,  
 And serve for fight and dinner both ;  
 In it he melted lead for bullets  
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets  
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,  
 He ne'er gave quarter to any such.  
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
 For want of fighting was grown rusty  
 And ate into itself, for lack  
 Of some body to hew and hack :  
 The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,  
 The rancour of its edge had felt ;  
 For of the lower end two handful  
 It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,  
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,  
 As if it durst not shew his face.  
 In many desperate attempts  
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,  
 It had appear'd with courage bolder  
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder  
 Oft' had it ea'en possession,  
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,  
 That was but little for his age,  
 And therefore waited on him so,  
 As dwarfs upon knights errant do :  
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,  
 Either for fighting or for drudging :  
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,  
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;  
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were  
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care ;  
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth  
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth :  
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,  
 Where this and more it did endure,  
 But left the trade, as many more  
 Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,  
 Two aged pistols he did stow,  
 Among the surplus of such meat  
 As in his hose he could not get :  
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,  
 To forage when the cocks were bent,  
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,  
 As cleverly as the ablest trap :  
 They were upon hard duty still,  
 And ev'ry night stood centinel,  
 To guard the magazine i' th' hose  
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,  
 From peaceful home, set forth to fight.  
 But first with nimble active force  
 He got on th' outside of his horse :  
 For having but one stirrup ty'd  
 T' his saddle on the further side,  
 It was so short h' had much ado  
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe ;  
 But after many strains and heaves,  
 He got up to the saddle-caves,

From whence he vaulted into th' seat  
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,  
That he had almost tumbled over  
With his own weight, but did recover,  
By laying hold on tail and main,  
Which oft' he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,  
Before we further do proceed,  
It doth behove us to say something,  
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.  
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;  
I wou'd say eye; for h' had but one,  
As most agree, though some say none.  
He was well stay'd, and in his gait  
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;  
At spur or switch no more he skipt,  
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;  
And yet so fiery he would bound  
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;  
That Caesar's horse, who, as fame goes,  
Had corns upon his feet and toes,  
Was not by half so tender hoofs,  
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;  
And as that beast would kneel and stoop  
(Some write) to take his rider up;  
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)  
Would often do to set him down.  
We shall not need to say what lack  
Of leather was upon his back;  
For that was hidden under pad,  
And breech of Knight gail'd full as bad:  
His strutting ribs on both sides shew'd  
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;  
For underneath the skirt of pannel,  
'T'wixt ev'ry two there was a channel:  
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,  
Which on his rider he would flurt,  
Still as his tender side he prickt,  
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt;  
For Hudibras wore but one spur,  
As wisely knowing, could he stir  
To active trot one side of 's horse,  
The other would not hang an arse.

A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph\*,  
That in th' adventure went his half,  
Though writers, for more stately tone,  
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;  
And when we can, with metre safe,  
We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph;  
(For rhyme the ruder is of verses,  
With which, like ships, they steer their courses)  
An equal stock of wit and valour  
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.  
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd,  
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,  
Did leave it with a castle fair  
To his great ancestor, her heir;

\* Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) says, This famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher, in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new quoerpo cut in church government; but, in a *Key* at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12. It is observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble, a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

From him descended cross-legg'd knights,  
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights  
Against the bloody Cannibal,  
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.  
His sturdy Squire he had as well  
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,  
Not with a counterfeited pass  
Of golden bough; but true gold lace:  
His knowledge was not far behind  
The knight's, but of another kind,  
And he another way came by 't:  
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light;  
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains  
Of study, industry, or brains.  
His wit was sent him for a token,  
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;  
Like commendation ninepence crookt †  
With—To and from my love—it lookt.  
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth  
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,  
And very wisely wou'd lay forth  
No more upon it than 'twas worth;  
But as he got it freely, so  
He spent it frank and freely too:  
For saints themselves will sometimes be  
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.  
By means of this, with hem and cough,  
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,  
He could deep mysteries unriddle,  
As easily as thread a needle;  
For as of vagabonds we say,  
That they are ne'er beside their way,  
What'er men speak by this new light,  
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit,  
Which none see by but those that bear it;  
A light that falls down from on high,  
For spiritual trades to cozen by;  
An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,  
And leads men into pools and ditches,  
To make them dip themselves, and found  
For Christendom in dirty pond;  
To dive like wild fowl, for salvation,  
And fish to catch regeneration.  
This light inspires and plays upon  
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,  
And speaks through hollow empty soul,  
As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,  
Such language as no mortal ear  
But spirit'al eavesdroppers can hear;  
So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,  
Into small poets song infuse,  
Which they at second-hand rehearse,  
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.  
Thus Ralph became infallible  
As three or four-legg'd oracle,  
The ancient cup, or modern chair;  
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.

† Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings; and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, To my love, and from my love; and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweet hearts, as tokens of love.

For mystic learning, wondrous able  
 In magic, talisman, and cabal,  
 Whose primitive tradition reaches  
 As far as Adam's first green breeches;  
 Deep-sighted in intelligences,  
 Ideas, atoms, influences;  
 And much of *Terra Incognita*,  
 Th' intelligible world cou'd say;  
 A deep occult philosopher,  
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,  
 Or Sir Agrippa, for profound  
 And solid lying much renown'd;  
 He Anthroposophus and Floud,  
 And Jacob Behmen understood;  
 Knew many an amulet and charm,  
 That would do neither good nor harm;  
 In Rosycrucian lore as learned,  
 As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:  
 He understood the speech of birds  
 As well as they themselves do words!  
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
 That speak and think contrary clean;  
 What member 'tis of whom they talk  
 When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, walk.  
 He'd extract numbers out of matter,  
 And keep them in a glass, like water,  
 Of sov'reign power to make men wise;  
 For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,  
 They'd make them see in darkest night,  
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.  
 By help of these (as he profess)  
 He had First Matter seen undrest  
 He took her naked, all alone,  
 Before one rag of form was on.  
 The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,  
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd;  
 Not that of Pasteboard, which men shew  
 For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;  
 But its great grandfire, first o' th' name,  
 Whence that and Reformation came,  
 Both cousin-germans, and right able  
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble;  
 But Reformation was, some say,  
 O' th' younger house to puppet-play.  
 He could foretel what's ever was  
 By consequence to come to pass:  
 As death of great men, alterations,  
 Diseases, battles, inundations;  
 All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,  
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done  
 By inward light, a way as good,  
 And easy to be understood:  
 But with more lucky hit than those  
 That use to make the stars depose,  
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge  
 Upon themselves what others forge;  
 As if they were consenting to  
 All mischiefs in the world men do;  
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em  
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
 They'll search a planet's house, to know  
 Who broke and robb'd a house below;  
 Examine Venus, and the Moon,  
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon.

And though they nothing will confess,  
 Yet by their very looks can guess,  
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes,  
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods:  
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,  
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke;  
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach  
 Those thieves which he himself did teach.  
 They'll find, in th' physiognomies  
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies:  
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,  
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,  
 Cast th' nativity o' th' question,  
 And from positions to be quest on,  
 As sure as if they knew the moment  
 Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.  
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,  
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;  
 And tell what crisis does divine  
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;  
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,  
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;  
 What gains or losses, hangs or saves:  
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves,  
 But not what wise, for only 'f those  
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose,  
 No more than can the astrologians:  
 There they say right, and like true Trojans,  
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took  
 The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd  
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd:  
 Never did trusty squire with knight,  
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.  
 Their arms and equipage did fit,  
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit;  
 Their valours, too, were of a rate;  
 And out they sall'y'd at the gate.  
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged  
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;  
 For they a sad adventure met,  
 Of which anon we mean to treat:  
 But e'er we venture to unfold  
 Achievements so resoly'd and bold,  
 We should, as learned poets use,  
 Invoke th' assistance of some muse,  
 However critics count it sillier  
 Than jugglers talking too familiar;  
 We think 'tis no great matter which,  
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch  
 On one that fits our purpose most,  
 Whom therefore thus do we accost.

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,  
 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,  
 And force them, though it was in spite  
 Of Nature, and their stars, to write;  
 Who (as we find in fullen writs,  
 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)  
 With vanity, opinion, want,  
 The wonder of the ignorant,  
 The praises of the author, penn'd  
 B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;  
 The itch of picture in the front,  
 With base and equal showmen's

All that is left o' th' Forked hill  
To make men scribble without skill;  
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,  
And teach all people to translate,  
Though out of languages in which  
They understand no part of speech;  
Assist me but this once, I implore,  
And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town,  
To those that dwell therein well known,  
Therefore there needs no more be said here;  
We unto them refer our reader;  
For brevity is very good,  
When w' are, or are not understood.  
To this town people did repair  
On days of market or of fair,  
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,  
In merriment did drudge and labour;  
But now a sport more formidable  
Had rak'd together village rabble;  
'Twas an old way of recreating,  
Which learned butchers call Bear-beating;  
A bold advent'rous exercise,  
With ancient heroes in high prize;  
For authors do affirm it came  
From Isthmian or Nemean game;  
Others derive it from the Bear  
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,  
And round about the pole does make  
A circle, like a bear at stake,  
That at the chain's end wheels about,  
And overturns the rabble-rout:  
For after solemn proclamation  
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion  
According to the law of arms,  
To keep men from inglorious harms)  
That none presume to come so near  
As forty foot of stake of bear,  
If any yet be so fool-hardy,  
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,  
If they come wounded off, and lame,  
No honour's got by such a main,  
Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound  
In honour to make good his ground  
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,  
If any press upon him, who 'tis,  
But lets them know, at their own cost,  
That he intends to keep his post.  
This to prevent, and other harms,  
Which always wait on feats of arms,  
(For in the hurry of a fray  
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)  
Thither the knight his course did steer,  
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,  
As he believ'd he was bound to do  
In conscience and commission too;  
And therefore thus bespoke the Squire;  
We that are wisely mounted higher  
Than constables in curule wit,  
When on tribunal bench we sit,  
Like speculators should foresee,  
From Pharos of authority;  
Intended mischiefs farther than  
Now Proletarian tithing-men;

And therefore being inform'd by brute  
That Dog and Bear are to dispute,  
For so of late men fighting name,  
Because they often prove the same  
(For where the first does hap to be  
The last does *vincidere*)  
*Quantum in nobis*, have thought good  
To save th' expense of Christian blood,  
And try if we, by mediation  
Of treaty and accommodation,  
Can end the quarrel, and compose  
The bloody duel without blows.  
Are not our liberties, our lives,  
The laws, religion, and our wives,  
Enough at once to lie at stake  
For Cov'nant\* and the Cause's sake?  
But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,  
As well as we, must venture theirs?  
This feud, by Jesuits invented,  
By evil counsel is fomented;  
'Tis there is a Machiavilian plot,  
(Though ev'ry nare olfact it not)  
And deep design in't to divide  
The well-affected that confide,  
By setting brother against brother,  
To claw and curry one another.  
Have we not enemies *plus satis*,  
That *cane & angus pejus* hate us?  
And shall we turn our fangs and claws  
Upon our own selves, without cause?  
That some occult design doth lie  
In bloody cynarctomachy,  
Is plain enough to him that knows  
How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.  
I wish myself a pseudo-prophet,  
But sure some mischief will come of it;  
Unless by providential wit,  
Or force, we averruncate it.  
For what design, what interest,  
Can beast have to encounter beast?  
They fight for no espoused Cause,  
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,  
Nor for a thorough Reformation,  
Nor Covenant nor Proteitation,  
Nor liberty of consciences,  
Nor Lords and Commons' Ordinances †;  
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,  
To get them in their own no hands,  
Nor evil Counsellors to bring  
To justice, that seduce the king,  
Nor for the worship of us men,  
Though we have done as much for them.

\* This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houses, and the City of London; and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent; by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

† The king being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes An Ordinance of Parliament.

Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for  
 Their faith made internecine war.  
 Others ador'd a rat, and some  
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom.  
 The Indians fought for the truth  
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth;  
 And many, to defend that faith,  
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death;  
 But no beast ever was so slight,  
 For man, as for his God, to fight.  
 They had more wit, alas! and know  
 Themselves and us better than so:  
 But we who only do infuse  
 The rage in them like *boute-feus*,  
 'Tis our example that instils  
 In them th' infection of our ills.  
 For, as some late philosophers  
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse  
 With man take after him, as hogs  
 Get pigs all the year, and bitches dogs.  
 Just so, by our example, cattle  
 Learn to give one another battle.  
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen,  
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,  
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,  
 And then set dogs about their ears;  
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came  
 Of this lewd antichristian game.

To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily  
 The point seems very plain to me;  
 It is an antichristian game,  
 Unlawful both in thing and name.  
 First, for the name; the word Bear-baiting  
 Is carnal, and of man's creating;  
 For certainly there's no such word  
 In all the Scripture on record;  
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin;  
 And so is (secondly) The thing:  
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can  
 No more be prov'd by Scripture, than  
 Provincial, Classic, National,  
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.  
 Thirdly, It is idolatrous;  
 For when men run a-whoring thus  
 With their inventions, whatsoe'er  
 The thing be, whether Dog, or Bear,  
 It is idolatrous and Pagan,  
 No less than worshipping of Dagon.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat;  
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate:  
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st  
 Be true *ad amissim*, as thou say'st;  
 (For that Bear-baiting should appear  
*Jure divino* lawfuller  
 Than Synods are, thou dost deny  
*Totidem verbis*, so do I)  
 Yet there's a fallacy in this;  
 For if by sly *homœofis*,  
*Tussis pro crepitu*, an art  
 Under a cough to slur a f—t,  
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply  
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt  
 But Bear-baiting may be made out,

In gospel-times, as lawful as is  
 Provincial, or Parochial Classis;  
 And that both are so near of kin,  
 And like in all, as well as sin,  
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,  
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,  
 And not know which is which, unless  
 You measure by their wickedness;  
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether  
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,  
 But art not able to keep touch.  
*Mira de lente*, as 'tis i' th' adage,  
*Id est*, to make a leek a cabbage;  
 Thou wilt at least but suck a bull,  
 Or shear swine, all cry, and no wool;  
 For what can Synods have at all,  
 With Bear that's analogical?  
 Or what relation has debating  
 Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting?  
 A just comparison still is  
 Of things *ejusdem generis*:  
 And then what *genus* rightly doth  
 Include and comprisend them both?  
 If animal, both of us may  
 As justly pass for Bears as they;  
 For we are animals no less,  
 Although of diff'rent specieses.  
 But, Ralpho, this is no fit place,  
 Nor time to argue out the case:  
 For now the field is not far off,  
 Where we must give the world a proof  
 Of deeds, not words, and such as suit  
 Another manner of dispute:  
 A controversy that affords  
 Actions for arguments, not words;  
 Which we must manage at a rate  
 Of prowess and conduct adequate  
 To what our place and fame doth promise,  
 And all the Godly expect from us.  
 Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
 We're slurr'd and outed by success;  
 Success, the mark no mortal wit,  
 Or surest hand, can always hit:  
 For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
 We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,  
 Which in success oft' disinherits,  
 For spurious causes, noblest merits.  
 Great actions are not always true sons  
 Of great and mighty resolutions;  
 Nor do the boldest attempts bring forth  
 Events still equal to their worth;  
 But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
 Fortune and cowardice succeed.  
 Yet we have no great cause to doubt,  
 Our actions still have born us out;  
 Which though they're known to be so ample,  
 We need not copy from example;  
 We're not the only person durst  
 Attempt this province, nor the first.  
 In northern clime a val'rous knight  
 Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,  
 And wound a Fiddler: we have both  
 Of these the objects of our worth,

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# H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

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## PART I. CANTO II.

### *The Argument.*

- The catalogue and character  
Of th' enemies' best men of war,  
Whom, in a bold harangue, the knight  
Defies, and challenges to fight:  
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,  
Conveys him to enchanted castle,  
There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

There was an ancient sage philosopher  
That had read Alexander Ross over,  
And swore the world, as he could prove,  
Was made of fighting and of love.  
Just so Romances are, for what else  
Is in them all but love and battles?  
O' th' first of these w' have no great matter  
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,  
In which to do the injur'd right,  
We mean in what concerns just fight,  
Certes our authors are to blame,  
For to make some well-sounding name  
A pattern fit for modern knights  
To copy out in frays and fights,  
(Like those that a whole street do raze  
To build a palace in the place)  
They never care how many others  
They kill, without regard of mothers,  
Or wives, or children, so they can  
Make up some fierce deed-doing man,  
Compos'd of many ingredient valours,  
Just like the manhood of nine tailors:  
So a wild Tartar, when he spies  
A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,

If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit  
His wit, his beauty, and his spirit;  
As if just so much he enjoy'd,  
As in another is destroyed:  
For when a giant's slain in fight,  
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright;  
It is a heavy case, no doubt,  
A man should have his brains beat out,  
Because he's tall, and has large bones,  
As men kill beavers for their stones.  
But as for our part, we shall tell  
The naked truth of what befel,  
And as an equal friend to both  
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,  
With neither faction shall take part,  
But give to each his due desert,  
And never coin a formal lie on 't,  
To make the knight o'ercome the giant.  
This being profess'd, we've hopes enough,  
And now go on where we left off.  
They rode, but authors having not  
Determin'd whether pace or trot,  
(That is to say, whether tollutation)  
As they do term 't, or succussion)

And equal fame and glory from  
 Th' attempt or victory to come.  
 'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,  
 In foreign land, yclep'd Sir Samuel Luke,  
 To whom we have been oft' compar'd  
 For person, parts, address, and beard;  
 Both equally reputed stout,  
 And in the same cause both have fought;  
 He oft' in such attempts as these  
 Came off with glory and success:  
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,  
 For want of equal resolution.  
 Honour is like a widow, won  
 With brisk attempt and putting on;

With ent'ring manfully, and urging,  
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.  
 This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,  
 So ours with rusty steel did smite  
 His Trojan horse, and just as much  
 He mended pace upon the touch;  
 But from his empty stomach groan'd  
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,  
 And angry answer'd from behind,  
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.  
 So have I seen, with armed heel,  
 A wight bestride a Commonweal.  
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,  
 The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

We leave it and go on, as now  
 Suppose they did, no matter how;  
 Yet some, from subtle hints, have got  
 Mysterious light it was a trot:  
 But let that pass; they now begun  
 To spur their living engines on:  
 For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls,  
 The learn'd hold, are animals;  
 So horses they affirm to be  
 Mere engines made by geometry,  
 And were invented first from engines,  
 As Indian Britains were from Penguins.  
 So let them be, and, as I was saying,  
 They their live engines play'd, not staying  
 Until they reach'd the fatal champain  
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on;  
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle  
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,  
 And fierce auxiliary men,  
 That came to aid their brethren;  
 Who now began to take the field,  
 As Knight from ridge of steed beheld.  
 For as our modern wits behold,  
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,  
 Much farther off, much farther he,  
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see;  
 Yet not sufficient to descry  
 All postures of the enemy:  
 Wherefore he bids the squire ride further,  
 To observe their numbers and their order,  
 That when their motions he had known,  
 He might know how to fit his own.  
 Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,  
 To fit himself for martial deed:  
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,  
 Either to give blows or to ward;  
 Courage and steel, both of great force,  
 Prepar'd for better, or for worse.  
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,  
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle,  
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd  
 To free's sword from retentive scabbard;  
 And after many a painful pluck,  
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:  
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess  
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose;  
 And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot,  
 On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,  
 Portending blood, like blazing star,  
 The beacon of approaching war.  
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed  
 Than Hugo in the forest did;  
 But far more in returning made;  
 For now the foe he had survey'd,  
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,  
 With van, main-battle, wings and rear.  
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble,  
 Crowdero § march'd expert and able.  
 Instead of trumpet and of drum,  
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,

§ So called, from *croud*, a fiddle. This was one Jackson a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Round-heads, and had lost a leg in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one alehouse to another, for his bread.

Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer,  
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar,  
 (For if a trumpet found, or drum beat,  
 Who has not a month's mind to combat?)  
 A squeaking engine he apply'd  
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,  
 Just where the hangman does dispose,  
 To special friends, the knot of noose:  
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight  
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.  
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,  
 Which was but souce to chitterlings:  
 For guts, some write, e'er they are sodden,  
 Are fit for music or for pudden;  
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind  
 Of minstrelsy by string or wind.  
 His grisly beard was long and thick,  
 With which he strung his fiddlestick;  
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe  
 For what on his own chin did grow.  
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both  
 A beard and tail of his own growth;  
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,  
 He made use only of his beard.  
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth  
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,  
 Where bulls do choose the boldest king  
 And ruler o'er the men of string,  
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,  
 Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd)  
 He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,  
 By chance of war was beaten down,  
 And wounded fore: his leg then broke,  
 Had got a deputy of oak;  
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,  
 The knee with one of timber's propt,  
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other,  
 And takes place, though the younger brother.  
 Next march'd brave Orfin, famous for  
 Wise conduct, and success in war;  
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,  
 Now Marshall to the champion Bear,  
 With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,  
 The warrior to the lists he led;  
 With solemn march and stately pace,  
 But far more grave and solemn face;  
 Grave as the emperor of Pegu,  
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.  
 This leader was of knowledge great,  
 Either for charge or for retreat:  
 He knew when to fall on pellmell,  
 To fall back and retreat as well.  
 So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant,  
 And plaintiff Dog, should make an end on't  
 Do stave and tail with Writs of Error,  
 Reverse of Judgment and Demurrer,  
 To let them breathe awhile and then  
 Cry Whoop, and set them on agen.  
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,  
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,  
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey  
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray;  
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,  
 In military garden Paris;

For soldiers heretofore did grow  
 In gardens just as weeds do now,  
 Until some splayfoot politicians  
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions  
 For licensing a new invention  
 They'ad found out of an antique engin,  
 To root out all the weeds, that grow  
 In public gardens, at a blow,  
 And leave th' herba standing. Quoth Sir Sun,  
 My friends, that is not to be done.  
 Not done! quoth Statesmen; Yes, a'nt please ye,  
 When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.  
 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:  
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.  
 A drum! (quoth Phœbus) Troth that's true,  
 A pretty invention, quaint and new:  
 But though of voice and instrument  
 We are th' undoubted president,  
 We such loud music do not profess,  
 The Devil's master of that office,  
 Where it must pass; if 't be a drum,  
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*  
 To him apply yourselves, and he  
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.  
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill,  
 They'd better let 'em grow there still.  
 But to resume what we discoursing  
 Were on before, that is, stout Orfin;  
 That which so oft' by sundry writers  
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,  
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this  
 Than any other warrior, (*viz.*)  
 None ever acted both parts holder,  
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.  
 He was of great descent, and high  
 For splendor and antiquity,  
 And from celestial origin  
 Deriv'd himself in a right line;  
 Not as the ancient heroes did,  
 Wh' that their base births might be hid,  
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,  
 And that they came in at a windore)  
 Made Jupiter himself, and others  
 O' th' gods gallants to their own mothers,  
 To get on them a race of champions,  
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons)  
 Arctophylax, in northern sphere,  
 Was his undoubted ancestor;  
 From him his great forefathers came,  
 And in all ages bore his name:  
 Learn'd he was in med'cinal lore,  
 For by his side a pouch he wore,  
 Replete with strange hermetic powder,  
 That wounds nine miles point-blank won'd folder;  
 By skilful chemist, with great cost,  
 Extracted from a rotten post;  
 But of a heav'nlier influence  
 Than that which mountebanks dispense;  
 Though by Promethean fire made,  
 As they do quack that drive that trade.  
 For as when slovens do amifs  
 At others doors, by stool or piss,  
 The learned write, a redhot spit  
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,  
 Will convey mischief from the dung  
 Unto the part that did the wrong;

So this did healing, and as sure  
 As that did mischief, this would cure.

Thus virtuous Orfin was endu'd  
 With learning, conduct, fortitude  
 Incomparable; and as the prince  
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,  
 A skilful leech is better far  
 Than half a hundred men of war;  
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,  
 No less than dint of sword, cou'd kill.  
 The gallant Bruin march'd next him,  
 With visage formidably grim,  
 And rugged as a Saracen,  
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,  
 Clad in a mantle *delle guerre*  
 Of rough impenetrable fur;  
 And in his nose, like Indian king,  
 He wore, for ornament, a ring;  
 About his neck a threefold gorget,  
 As rough as trebled leathern target;  
 Armed, as heralds, cant and langued,  
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged:  
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey  
 Are swords with which they fight in fray,  
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth  
 Which they do eat their victual with.  
 He was by birth, some authors write,  
 A Russian, some a Muscovite,  
 And 'mong the Cossacs had been bred,  
 Of whom we in Diurnals read,  
 That serve to fill up pages here,  
 As with their bodies ditches there.  
 Scrimansky was his cousin-german,  
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin;  
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,  
 And quarter himself upon his paws;  
 And though his countrymen, the Huns,  
 Did stew their meat between their bums  
 And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,  
 And ev'ry man ate up his saddle;  
 He was not half so nice as they,  
 But ate it raw when 't came in 's way.  
 He'd trac'd the countries far and near,  
 More than Le Blanc the traveller,  
 Who writes he spous'd in India,  
 Of noble house, a lady gay,  
 And got on her a race of worthies  
 As stout as any upon earth is.  
 Full many a fight for him between  
 Talgol and Orfin oft' had been,  
 Each striving to deserve the crown  
 Of a fav'd citizen; the one  
 To guard his Bear, the other fought  
 To aid his Dog; both made more stout  
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,  
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood;  
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,  
 Never got ought of him but blows;  
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he  
 Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,  
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought;

\* A butcher in Newgate market, who afterwards obtained a Captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,  
 And, like a champion, shone with oil :  
 Right many a widow his keen blade,  
 And many fatherless had made ;  
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow  
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;  
 But Guy with him in fight compar'd,  
 Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd :  
 With greater troops of sheep h' had fought  
 Than Ajax, or bold Don Quixote ;  
 And many a serpent of fell kind,  
 With wings before and stings behind,  
 Subdu'd ; as poets say, long ago,  
 Bold Sir George, Saint George, did the Dragon.  
 Nor engine, nor device polemic,  
 Disease, nor doctor epidemic,  
 Though stor'd with deleterious med'cines,  
 (Which whosoever took is dead since)  
 E'er sent so vast a colony  
 To both the under worlds as he ;  
 For he was of that noble trade  
 That demi-gods and heroes made,  
 Slaughter, and knocking on the head,  
 The trade to which they all were bred ;  
 And is, like others, glorious when  
 'Tis great and large, but base, if mean :  
 The former rides in triumph for it,  
 The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,  
 For daring to profane a thing  
 So sacred with vile bungling.

Next these the brave Magnano \* came,  
 Magnano, great in martial fame ;  
 Yet when with Orfin he wag'd fight,  
 'Tis sung he got but little by 't :  
 Yet he was fierce as forest boar,  
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,  
 As thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,  
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held ;  
 But brass was feeble to resist  
 The fury of his armed fist ;  
 Nor cou'd the hardest iron hold out  
 Against his blows, but they would through 't.

In magic he was deeply read,  
 As he that made the brazen-head ;  
 Profoundly skill'd in the black art,  
 As English Merlin for his heart ;  
 But far more skilful in the spheres,  
 Than he was at the sieve and shears.  
 He cou'd transform himself to colour,  
 As like the devil as a collier ;  
 As like the hypocrites, in shew,  
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,  
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :  
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and faker,  
 He was th' inventor of, and maker :  
 The trumpet and the kettle drum  
 Did both from his invention come.  
 He was the first that e'er did teach  
 To make, and how to stop a breach.

A lance he bore with iron pike,  
 Th' one half wou'd thrust, the other strike ;  
 And when their forces he had join'd,  
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla \* lov'd, Trulla, more bright  
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight ;  
 A bold virago, stout and tall,  
 As Joan of France, or English Mall :  
 'Through perils both of wind and limb,  
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him  
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,  
 And never him or it forsook :  
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,  
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize ;  
 At beating quarters up, or forage,  
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,  
 And laid about in fight more busily  
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.  
 And though some critics here cry shame,  
 And say our authors are to blame,  
 That (spight of all philosophers,  
 Who hold no females stout but bears,  
 And heretofore did so abhor  
 That women should pretend to war,  
 They would not suffer the stout 'st dame  
 To swear by Hercules's name)  
 Make feeble ladies, in their works,  
 To fight like termagants and Turks ;  
 To lay their native arms aside,  
 Their modesty, and ride astride ;  
 To run atilt at men, and wield  
 Their naked tools in open field ;  
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,  
 And she that would have been the mistress  
 Of Gundibert, but he had grace,  
 And rather took a country lass ;  
 They say 'tis false without all sense,  
 But of pernicious consequence  
 To government, which they suppose  
 Can never be upheld in prose ;  
 Strip Nature naked to the skin,  
 You'll find about her no such thing.  
 It may be so, yet what we tell  
 Of Trulla, that's improbable,  
 Shall be depos'd by that have seen 't,  
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print ;  
 And if they will not take our word,  
 We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon † next advanc'd,  
 Of all his race the valiant'st :  
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,  
 Like Hercules, for repair of wrong :  
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd  
 The weak against the strongest side :  
 Ill has he read that never hit  
 Or him in Muses' deathless writ.  
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,  
 That through a bull-hide shield wou'd pierce,  
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,  
 Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his,

\* Simeon Wait a tinker; as famous an Independent

\* The daughter of James Spenser, debauched by Mag-

With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor  
Was comrade in the ten years war :  
For when the restless Greeks sat down  
So many years before Troy town,  
And were renown'd as Homer writes,  
For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,  
They ow'd that glory only to  
His ancestor that made them so.  
Fast friend he was to reformation,  
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion ;  
Next rectifier, of wry law,  
And would make three to cure one flaw.  
Learned he was, and cou'd take note,  
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote :  
But preaching was his chiefest talent \*,  
Or argument, in which being valiant,  
He us'd to lay about and stickle,  
Like ram or bull at Conventicle :  
For disputants like rams and bulls,  
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.

Last Coloss † came, bold man of war,  
Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;  
Right expert in command of horse,  
But cruel, and without remorse.  
That which of Centaur long ago  
Was said, and has been wrested to  
Some other knights, was true of this,  
He and his horse were of a piece ;  
One spirit did inform them both,  
The self-same vigour, fury, wroth ;  
Yet he was much the rougher part,  
And always had a harder heart,  
Although his horse had been of those  
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes :  
Strange food for horse ! and, yet, alas !  
It may be true, for flesh is grass.  
Sturdy he was, and no less able  
Than Hercules to clean a stable ;  
As great a drover, and as great  
A critic too, in dog or neat.  
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,  
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother,  
And provender, wherewith to feed  
Himself and his less cruel steed.  
It was a question whether he  
Or's horse were of a family  
More worshipful ; 'till antiquaries  
(After they'd almost por'd out their eyes)  
Did very learnedly decide  
The bus'ness on the horse's side,  
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,  
Nay pigs, were of the elder house :  
For beasts, when man was but a piece  
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.  
These worthies were the chief that led  
The combatants each in the head  
Of his command, with arms and rage  
Ready, and longing to engage.  
The num'rous rabble was drawn out  
Of sev'ral counties round about,  
From villages remote, and shires,  
Of east and western hemispheres.

\* Mechanics of all sorts were then Preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob.  
† Ned Perry, an hostler.

From foreign parishes and regions,  
Of different manners, speech, religions,  
Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight  
For fame and honour, some for sight.  
And now the field of death, the lists,  
Were enter'd by antagonists,  
And blood was ready to be broach'd,  
When Hudibras in haste approach'd,  
With squire and weapons to attack 'em ;  
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em.

What rage, O Citizens ! what fury  
Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?  
What cestrum, what phrenetic mood  
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,  
While the proud Vies your trophies boast  
And unreveng'd walks —ghost ?  
What towns, what garrisons might you,  
With hazard of this blood, subdue,  
Which now y' are bent to throw away  
In vain natriumphable fray ?  
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow  
Of saints, and let the cause lie fallow ?  
The cause, for which we fought and swore  
So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?  
Then because quarrels still are seen  
With oaths and swearings to begin,  
The Solemn League and Covenant  
Will seem a mere God-dam me rant,  
And we that took it, and have fought,  
As lewd as drunkards that fall out :  
For as we make war for the King  
Against himself, the self-same thing,  
Some will not stick to swear, we do  
For God and for Religion too ;  
For if bear-baiting we allow,  
What good can Reformation do ?  
The blood and treasure that's laid out  
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.  
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,  
The prototype of Reformation,  
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,  
Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,  
When 'twas resolv'd by either House  
Six Members' quarrel to espouse ?  
Did they for this draw down the rabble,  
With zeal and noises formidable,  
And make all cries about the town  
Join throats to cry the Bishops down ?  
Who having round begirt the palace,  
(As once a month they do the gallows)  
As Members gave the sign about,  
Set up their throats with hideous shout.  
When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle  
Church-Discipline, for patching kettle ;  
No sow-gelder did blow his horn  
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform ;  
The oyster women lack'd their fish up,  
And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop ;  
The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,  
And 'gainst Ev'l Counsellors did cry,  
Botcher's left old clothes in the lurch,  
And fell to turn and patch the Church ;  
Some cry'd the Covenant, instead  
Of pudding-pies and gingerbread ;

And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,  
 Bawl'd out to purge the Common-House:  
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry  
 A Gospel-preaching Ministry;  
 And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,  
 No Surplices nor Service-book:  
 A strange harmonious inclination  
 Of all degrees to Reformation.  
 And is this all? Is this the end  
 To which these Carr'ngs on did tend?  
 Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,  
 For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,  
 And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,  
 Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?  
 Did Saints, for this, bring in their plate,  
 And crowd as if they came too late:  
 For when they thought the cause had need on't,  
 Happy was he that cou'd be rid on't.  
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flaggons,  
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons?  
 And into pikes and musqueteers  
 Stamp beakers, cups and porringers;  
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,  
 Did start up living men as soon  
 As in the furnace they were thrown,  
 Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.  
 Then was the Cause of gold and plate,  
 The Brethren's off'rings, consecrate,  
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it  
 The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:  
 So say the Wicked--and will you  
 Make that sarcasmus scandal true,  
 By running after Dogs and Bears,  
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers?  
 Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,  
 And laid themselves out and their lungs;  
 Us'd all means, both direct and sin'ister,  
 I' th' pow'r of Gospel preaching Min'ister?  
 Have they invented tones to win  
 The women, and make them draw in  
 The men, as Indians with a female  
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?  
 Have they told Providence what it must do,  
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to?  
 Discover'd th' Enemy's design,  
 And which way best to countermine?  
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,  
 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?  
 Told it the news o' th' last express,  
 And after good or bad success  
 Made pray'rs not so like petitions  
 As overtures and propositions,  
 (Such as the army did present  
 To their Creator, the Parl'ament)  
 In which they freely will confess,  
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,  
 Unless the Work be carry'd on  
 In the same way they have begun,  
 By setting Church and Commonweal  
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,  
 On which the Saints were all agog,  
 And all this for a Bear and Dog?  
 The Parl'ament drew up petitions  
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions,  
 To well-affected persons, down  
 In ev'ry city and great town,

With pow'r to levy horse and men,  
 Only to bring them back agen?  
 For this did many, many a mile,  
 Ride manfully in rank and file,  
 With papers in their hats, that shew'd  
 As if they to the pill'ry rode:  
 Have all these courses, these efforts  
 Been try'd by people of all sorts,  
*Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,*  
 And all t' advance the Cause's service,  
 And shall all now be thrown away  
 In perulant intestine fray?  
 Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore  
 Each man of us to run before  
 Another, still in Reformation  
 Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?  
 How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?  
 What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,*  
 That each man swore to do his best  
 To damn and perjure all the rest?  
 And bid the Devil take the hin'most  
 Which at this race is like to win most.  
 They'll say our bus'ness, to Reform  
 The Church and State, is but a worm;  
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
 T' an unknown Church discipline,  
 What is it else, but beforehand  
 T' engage, and after understand?  
 For when we swore to carry on  
 The present Reformation,  
 According to the purest mode  
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,  
 What did we else but make a vow  
 To do we know not what, nor how?  
 For no three of us will agree  
 Where, or what churches these should be;  
 And is indeed the self-same case  
 With theirs that swore *et ceteras*;  
 Or the French League in which men vow'd  
 To fight to the last drop of blood.  
 These slanders will be throw'n upon  
 The cause and work we carry on,  
 If we permit men to run headlong  
 T' exorbitances fit for bedlam,  
 Rather than gospel-walking times,  
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.  
 But we the matter so shall handle,  
 As to remove that odious scandal:  
 In name of King and Parl'ment,  
 I charge ye all, no more foment  
 This feud, but keep the peace between  
 Your brethren and your countrymen,  
 And to those places straight repair  
 Where your respective dwellings are.  
 But to that purpose first surrender  
 The Fiddler, as the prime offender,  
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief  
 Author and engineer of mischief;  
 That makes division between friends,  
 For Profane and malignant ends,  
 He and that engine of vile noise,  
 On which illegally he plays,  
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought  
 To condign punishment, as they ought.  
 This must be done, and I would fain see  
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay;

For then I'll take another course,  
And soon reduce you all by force.  
This said, he clapt his hand on sword,  
To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long suppress'd  
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,  
Which now began to rage and burn as  
Implacably as flame in furnace,  
Thus answer'd him : Thou vermine wretched,  
As e'er in mealed pork was hatched ;  
Thou tail of worship that does grow  
On rump of justice as of cow ;  
How durst thou with that sullen luggage  
O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,  
With which thy steed of bones and leather  
Has broke his wind in halting hither ;  
How durst th', I say, adventure thus  
T' oppose thy lumber against us ?  
Could thine impertinence find out  
No work t' employ itself about,  
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,  
Thy busy vanity might shew ?  
Was no dispute afoot between  
The caterwauling Brethren ?  
No subtle question rais'd among  
Those out o' their wits, and those i' th' wrong ?  
No prize between those combatants  
O' th' times, the land and water faints,  
Where thou might'st stick, without hazard  
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,  
And not for want of bus'ness, come  
To us to be thus troublesome,  
To interrupt our better sort  
Of disputants, and spoil our sport ?  
Was there no felony, no bawd,  
Cut purse, or burglary abroad ?  
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,  
To tie thee up from breaking loose ?  
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,  
For which thou statute might'st alledge,  
To keep thee busy from foul evil,  
And shame due to thee from the devil ?  
Did no Committee sit, where he  
Might cut out journey work for thee,  
And set th' a task, with subornation,  
To stitch up sale and sequestration,  
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,  
All parties and the commonweal ?  
Much better had it been for thee  
He'd kept thee where th' art us'd to be,  
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,  
So he had never brought thee thither :  
But if th' hast brain enough in skull  
To keep itself in lodging whole,  
And not provoke the rage of stones,  
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,  
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st,  
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  
At this the knight grew high in wroth,  
And lifting hands and eyes up both,  
Three times he smote on stomach stout,  
From whence, at length, these words broke out :

Was I for this entitled, Sir,  
And girt with trusty sword and spur,

For fame and honour to wage battle,  
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?  
Not all that pride that makes thee swell  
As big as thou dost blown-up veal,  
Nor all thy tricks and slights to cheat,  
And sell thy carrion for good meat ;  
Not all thy magic to repair  
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,  
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,  
And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;  
Not all that force that makes thee proud,  
Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;  
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives,  
And axes, made to hew down lives,  
Shall save or help thee to evade  
The hand of Justice, or this blade,  
Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,  
For civil deed and military :  
Nor shall these words of venom haste,  
Which thou hast from their native place,  
Thy stomach, pump'd to sling on me,  
Go unreveng'd, though I am free ;  
Thou down the same throat shall devour 'em,  
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em :  
Nor shall it e'er be said that wight  
With gantlet blue and bases white,  
And round blunt truncheon by his side,  
So great a man at arms defy'd  
With words far bitterer than wormwood,  
That wou'd in Job or Grizel stir mood.  
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,  
But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd  
His gunshot, that in hostlers watch'd,  
And bending cock, he levell'd full  
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,  
Vowing that he shou'd ne'er stir further,  
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder :  
But Pallas came in shape of Rain,  
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust  
Her gorgon shield, which made the cock  
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.  
Mean-while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might,  
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight ;  
But he, with petronel upheav'd,  
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd ;  
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,  
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,  
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,  
Knock'd down and stun'd with mortal stripe.  
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,  
Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast  
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,  
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back ;  
But when his nut-brown sword was out,  
With stomach huge he laid about,  
Imprinting many a wound upon  
His mortal foe, the truncheon :  
The trusty cudgel did oppose  
Himself against dead-doing blows,  
To guard his leader from fell bane,  
And then reveng'd itself again.  
And though the sword (some understood)  
In force had much the odds of wood,

'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd  
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st:  
For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,  
Is so implacably enrag'd,  
Though iron hew and mangle sore,  
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.  
And now both knights were out of breath,  
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,  
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,  
Expecting which should take, or kill.  
This Hudibras observ'd and fretting,  
Conquest should be so long a-getting,  
He drew up all his force into  
One body, and that into one blow;  
But Talgol wisely avoided it  
By cunning flight; for had it hit  
The upper part of him, the blow  
Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,  
To aid his friend, began to fall on;  
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew  
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;  
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,  
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.  
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,  
While none that saw them cou'd divine  
To which side conquest would incline;  
Until Magnano, who did envy  
That two should with so many men vy,  
By subtle stratagem of brain  
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;  
For he, by foul hap, having found  
Where thistles grew on barren ground,  
In haste he drew his weapon out,  
And having cropt them from the root,  
He clapt them underneath the tail  
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:  
The angry beast did straight resent  
The wrong done to his fundament,  
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,  
As if he'd been beside his sense,  
Striving to disengage from thistle,  
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;  
Instead of which, he threw pack,  
Of squire and baggage, from his back;  
And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,  
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump  
As made him reel. The knight did stoop,  
And fall on further side aslope,  
This Talgol viewing, who had now  
By flight escap'd the fatal blow,  
He rally'd, and again fell to't;  
For catching foe by nearest foot,  
He lifted with such might and strength,  
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;  
But Mars, that still protects the stout,  
In pudding-time came to his aid,  
And under him the Bear convey'd;  
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown  
The Knight with all his weight fell down,  
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,  
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound:

Like featherbed betwixt a wall,  
And heavy burrit of cannon-ball.  
As Sancho on a blanket fell,  
And had no hurt, our's far'd as well  
In body, though his mighty spirit,  
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
The Bear was in a greater fright,  
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;  
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
To shake off bondage from his snout:  
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and front  
His jaws of death he threw the foam;  
Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
And more than ever herald drew him:  
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd  
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,  
And vex'd the more, because the harms  
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:  
For men he alway's took to be  
His friends, and dogs the enemy;  
Who never so much hurt had done him,  
As his own side did falling on him:  
It griev'd him to the guts that they,  
For whom he'd fought so many a fray,  
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,  
Shou'd offer such inhuman wrong;  
Wrong of unsoldier like condition,  
For which he flung down his commission;  
And laid about him, till his nose  
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.  
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,  
And made way through th' amazed crew;  
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,  
But took none; for by hasty flight  
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,  
From whom he fled with as much haste  
And dread as he the rabble chas'd;  
In haste he fled, and so did they,  
Each and his fear a sev'ral way,

Crowdero only kept the field,  
Not stirring from the place he held  
Though beaten down, and wounded fore  
I th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore  
One side of him, not that of bone,  
But much its better, th' wooden one.  
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd  
Upon the ground, like log of wood,  
With fright of fall, supposed wound,  
And loss of urine, in a swoond,  
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb  
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,  
And fitting it for sudden fight,  
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;  
For getting up on stump and huckle,  
He with the foe began to buckle,  
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach  
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,  
Sole author of all detriment  
He and his Fiddle underwent.

But Ralpho, (who had now begun  
T' adventure resurrection  
From heavy squelch, and had got up  
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)

Looking about, beheld pernicious  
 Approaching Knight from fell musician ;  
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled  
 When he was falling off his steed,  
 (As rats do from a falling house)  
 To hide itself from rage of blows ;  
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew  
 To rescue Knight from black and blue ;  
 Which e'er he cou'd achieve, his scone  
 The leg encounter'd twice and once  
 And now 't was rais'd to smite agen,  
 When Ralpho thrust himself between ;  
 He took the blow upon his arm,  
 To shield the Knight from further harm,  
 And joining wrath with force, bestow'd  
 On th' wooden member such a load,  
 That down it fell, and with it bore  
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.  
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,  
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon  
 His trunk, thus spoke : What desp'rate frenzy  
 Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy  
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,  
 T' encounter us in battle able ?  
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship  
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,  
 And Hudibras or me provoke,  
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,  
 And th' other half of thee as good  
 To bear out blows as that of wood ?  
 Could not the whipping post prevail,  
 With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,  
 To keep from faying scourge thy skin  
 And ankle free from iron gin ?  
 Which now thou shalt—but first our care  
 Must see how Hudibras does fare.  
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,  
 And set him on his bum upright  
 To rouse him from lethargic dump.  
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump  
 Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been  
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within :  
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly  
 From inward room to window eye,  
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,  
 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.  
 This gladded Ralpho much to see,  
 Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,  
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,  
 A self-denying conqueror ;  
 As high, victorious, and great,  
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,  
 If you will give yourself but leave  
 To make out what y' already have ;  
 That's victory. The foe, for dread  
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,  
 All save Crowdero, for whose sake  
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake ;  
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,  
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,  
 Either for life, or death, or sale,  
 The gallows, or perpetual jail ;  
 For one wink of your powerful eye  
 Must sentence him to live or die.

His Fiddle is your proper purchase,  
 Won in the service of the Churches ;  
 And by your doom must be allow'd  
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd ;  
 For though success did not confest  
 Just title on the conqueror ;  
 Though dispensations were not strong  
 Conclusions whether right or wrong ;  
 Although Outgoings did confirm,  
 And Owning were but a mere term ;  
 Yet as the wicked have no right  
 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,  
 The property is in the saint,  
 From whom th' injuriously detain 't ;  
 Of him they hold their luxuries,  
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,  
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights,  
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites ;  
 All which the saints have title to,  
 And ought t' enjoy if they'ad their due.  
 What we take from 'em is no more  
 Than what was ours by right before ;  
 For we are their true landlords still,  
 And they our tenants but at will.  
 At this the Knight began to rouse,  
 And by degrees grow valorous :  
 He star'd about, and seeing none  
 Of all his foes remain but one,  
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him,  
 And from the ground began to rear him,  
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay  
 For all the rest that ran away.  
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,  
 His fury mildly thus withstood :  
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit  
 Is rais'd too high ; this slave does merit  
 To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner  
 Than from your hand to have the honour  
 Of his destruction ; I that am  
 A Nothingness in deed and name,  
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,  
 Or ill entreat his fiddle or case :  
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot  
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot ?  
 Will you employ your conqu'ring sword  
 To break a Fiddle, and your word ?  
 For though I fought and overcame,  
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name :  
 For great commanders always own  
 What's prosp'rous by the soldier done.  
 To save, where you have power to kill,  
 Argues your pow'r above your will ;  
 And that your will and pow'r have less  
 Than both might have of selfishness.  
 This pow'r, which now alive, with dread  
 He trembles at, if he were dead  
 Wou'd no more keep the slave in awe,  
 Than if you were a Knight of straw ;  
 For Death would then be his conqueror  
 Not you, and free him from that terror.  
 If danger from his life accrue,  
 Or honour from his death, to you,  
 'Twere policy and honour too  
 To do as you resolv'd to do :

But, Sir, 't would wrong your valour much,  
 To say it needs, or fears a crutch.  
 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain  
 By foes in triumph led, than slain;  
 The laurels that adorn their brows  
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,  
 And living foes the greatest fame  
 Of cripple slain can be but lame:  
 One half of him's already slain,  
 The other is not worth your pain;  
 Th' honour can but on one side light,  
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight;  
 Wherefore I think it better far  
 'To keep him prisoner of war,  
 And let him fast in bonds abide,  
 At court of justice to be try'd;  
 Where if h' appear so bold or crafty,  
 There may be danger in his safety  
 If any member there dislike  
 His face, or to his beard have pique;  
 Or if his death will save or yield  
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,  
 'Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless  
 Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please;  
 This has been often done by some  
 Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom;  
 And has by most of us been held  
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd:  
 For words and promises, that yoke  
 The conqueror, are quickly broke;  
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own  
 Direction and advice put on.  
 For if we should fight for the Cause  
 By rules of military laws,  
 And only do what they call just,  
 'The Cause would quickly fall to dust.  
 'This we among ourselves may speak  
 But to the wicked or the weak  
 We must be cautious to declare  
 Perfection truths: such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle  
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.  
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon  
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done;  
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,  
 And to its former place and use  
 'The wooden member to reduce,  
 But force it take an oath before,  
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatch'd with speedy haste,  
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,  
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord,  
 To lead the captive of his sword  
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,  
 And them to further service brought.  
 The Squire, in state rode on before,  
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore

The trophy Fiddle and the case,  
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.  
 The Knight himself did after ride,  
 Leading Crowdero by his side;  
 And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,  
 Like boat, against the tide and wind.  
 Thus grave and solemn they march'd on,  
 Until quite through the town they'd gone;  
 At furthest end of which there stands  
 An ancient castle, that commands  
 'Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabric  
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick,  
 But all of wood, by pow'rful spell  
 Of magic made impregnable:  
 There's neither iron bar nor gate,  
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,  
 And yet men durance there abide,  
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide;  
 With roof so low, that under it  
 They never stand, but lie or sit;  
 And yet so foul, that who so is in,  
 Is to the middle-leg in prison;  
 In circle magical confin'd,  
 With wall of subtile air and wind,  
 Which none are able to break thorough,  
 Until they're freed by head of borough.  
 Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight  
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight  
 At th' outward wall, near which their stands  
 A Bastile, built t' imprison hands;  
 By strange enchantment made to fetter  
 The lesser parts, and free the greater:  
 For though the body may creep through,  
 The hands in grate are fast enough:  
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist  
 Is made by beadle exorcist,  
 'The body feels the spur and switch,  
 And if 'twere ridden post by witch,  
 At twenty miles an hour pace,  
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the place.  
 On top of this there is a spire,  
 On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire,  
 'The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,  
 In manner of a trophy place.  
 That done, they ope the trap-door gate,  
 And let Crowdero down thereat.  
 Crowdero making doleful face,  
 Like hermit poor in pensive place,  
 To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
 And the survivor of his feet:  
 But the other that had broke the peace,  
 And head of Knighthood, the release,  
 'Though a delinquent false and forged,  
 Yet being a stranger, he's enlarged,  
 While his comrade, that did no hurt,  
 Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't:  
 So Justice, while she winks at crimes,  
 Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

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# H U D I B R A S.

IN THREE PARTS.

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## PART I. CANTO III.

### *The Argument.*

The scatter'd route return and rally,  
Surround the place; the Knight does fall,  
And is made pris'ner: then they seize  
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release  
Crowdero, and put the Squire in's place;  
I should have first said Hudibras.

As me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron?  
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps  
Do dog him still with after-claps?  
For though Dame Fortune seem to smile,  
And leer upon him, for a while,  
She'll after shew him, in the nick  
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.  
This any man may sing or say  
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day?  
For Hudibras, who thought he'd won  
The field, as certain as a gun,  
And having routed the whole troop,  
With victory was cock-a-hoop,  
Thinking he'd done enough to purchase  
Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,  
Wherein his mettle and brave worth  
Might be explain'd by holder-forth,  
And register'd by fame eternal,  
In deathie's pages of Diurnal,  
Found in few minutes, to his cost,  
He did but count without his host,  
And that a turnstile is more certain  
Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune

For now the late faint-hearted rout,  
O'erthrown and scatter'd ~~re~~ about,  
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,  
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,  
(All but the Dog, who in pursuit  
Of the Knight's victory stood to't,  
And most ignobly fought to get  
The honour of his blood and sweat)  
Seeing the coast was free and clear  
O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,  
Took heart again, and fac'd about,  
As if they meant to stand it out:  
For by this time the routed Bear,  
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,  
Finding their number grew too great  
For him to make a safe retreat,  
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;  
But wisely doubting to hold out,  
Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,  
Retiring still, until he found  
He 'ad got the advantage of the ground,  
And then as valiantly made head  
To check the foe, and forthwith fled,

Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick  
 Of warrior stout and politic,  
 Until, in spite of hot pursuit,  
 He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute  
 On better terms, and stop the course  
 Of the proud foe. With all his force  
 He bravely charg'd, and for a while  
 Forc'd their whole body to recoil;  
 But still their numbers so increas'd,  
 He found himself at length oppress'd,  
 And all evasions so uncertain,  
 To save himself for better fortune,  
 That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
 To die with honour in the field,  
 And sell his hide and carcass at  
 A price as high and desperate  
 As e'er he could. This resolution  
 He forthwith put in execution,  
 And bravely threw himself among  
 The enemy, i' th' greatest throng;  
 But what cou'd single valour do  
 Against so numerous a foe?  
 Yet much he did, indeed too much  
 To be believ'd where th' odds were such;  
 But one against a multitude,  
 Is more than mortal can make good:  
 For while one party he oppos'd,  
 His rear was suddenly enclos'd,  
 And no room left him for retreat,  
 Or fight against a foe so great.  
 For now the mastiffs charging home,  
 To blows and handy-gripes were come;  
 While manfully himself he bore,  
 And setting his right foot before,  
 He rais'd himself to shew how tall  
 His person was above them all.  
 This equal shame and envy stirr'd  
 In th' enemy, that one should bear'd  
~~so many warriors,~~ and so stout,  
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,  
 Disdaining to ~~lay down~~ his arms,  
 And yield on honourable terms.  
 Enraged thus, some in the rear  
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,  
 Till down he fell; yet falling forth,  
 And being down, still laid about;  
 As Widdrington, in doleful dumps  
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.  
 But all, alas! had been in vain,  
 And he inevitably slain,  
 If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick  
 To rescue him had not been quick:  
 For Trulla, who was light of foot,  
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,  
 (But not so light as to be borne  
 Upon the ears of standing corn,  
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker  
 Than witches, when their staves they liquor,  
 As some report) was got among  
 The foremost of the martial throng;  
 There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,  
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near,  
 Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,  
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still *bum drum*,  
 And see stout Bruin, all alone,  
 By numbers basely overthrown?

Such feats already he 'as achiev'd,  
 In story not to be believ'd,  
 And 't would to us be shame enough,  
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.  
 I would (quoth he) venture a limb  
 To second thee, and rescue him;  
 But then we must about it straight,  
 Or else our aid will come too late;  
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
 And therefore cannot long hold out.  
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round  
 About their heads to clear the ground,  
 And joining forces, laid about  
 So fiercely, that the amazed rout  
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,  
 As if the devil drove, to run.  
 Mean-while th' approach'd th' place where Bruin  
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin.  
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,  
 First Trulla stav'd and Cerdon tail'd,  
 Until their Mastiffs loos'd their hold:  
 And yet, alas! do what they could,  
 The worsted Bear came off with store  
 Of bloody wounds, but all before:  
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,  
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound,  
 Made proof against dead-doing steel  
 All over, but the Pagan heel;  
 So did our champion's arms defend  
 All of him but the other end,  
 His head and ears, which in the martial  
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel;  
 For as an Austrian archduke once  
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons  
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd  
 Close to his head, so Bruin far'd;  
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,  
 Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd:  
 Or like the late-corrected leathern  
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.  
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring  
 He wore in's nose convey'd a string,  
 With which she march'd before, and led  
 The warrior to a grassy bed,  
 As authors write in a cool shade,  
 Which eglantine and roses made;  
 Close by a softly-murm'ring stream,  
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream;  
 There leaving him to his repose,  
 Secured from pursuit of foes,  
 And wanting nothing but a song,  
 And a well-tun'd theorbo hung  
 Upon a bough, to ease his pain  
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd with a strain  
 They both drew up, to march in quest  
 Of his great leader and the rest.  
 For Orsin (who was more renown'd  
 For stout maintaining of his ground,  
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,  
 As being not so quick of foot)  
 Was not long able to keep pace  
 With others that pursu'd the chase,  
 But found himself left far behind,  
 Both out of heart and out of wind;  
 Griev'd to behold his Bear pursu'd  
 So basely by a multitude,

And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
 But numbers, of his coward toes.  
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;  
 Forcing the valleys to repeat  
 The accents of his sad regret;  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear crony Bear,  
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,  
 His doleful wailings did resound  
 More wistfully, by many times,  
 Than in small poets splayfoot rhymes,  
 That makes her, in their ruthless stories,  
 To answer to int'rogatories,  
 And most unconscionably depose  
 To things of which she nothing knows;  
 And when she has said all she can say,  
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy,  
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
 Art thou fled? to my—Echo, Ruin.  
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
 For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry gucp.  
 Am not I here to take thy part?  
 Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?  
 Have these bones rattled and this head  
 So often in thy quarrel bled?  
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it  
 For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum, budget.  
 Think'st thou t'will not be laid i' th' dish  
 Thou turn'd'st thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish.]  
 To run from those th' hadst overcome  
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.  
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
 From me too, as thine enemy?  
 Or, if thou hast no thought of me,  
 Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
 Yet shame and honour might prevail  
 To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in  
 His honour's cause? Quoth she, a Puddin.  
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,  
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd;  
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place  
 Of sorrow now began to blaze.  
 He vow'd the authors of his wo  
 Should equal vengeance undergo,  
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear  
 For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.  
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
 And rage he hasted to proceed  
 To action straight, and giving o'er  
 To search for Bruin any more,  
 He went in quest of Hudibras,  
 To find him out where'er he was;  
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd  
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.  
 But scarce had he a furlong on  
 This resolute adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that view  
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue.  
 Honour revenge, contempt, and shame,  
 Did equally their breasts inflame.  
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was  
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;

Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,  
 And resolute, as ever fought;  
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:  
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook  
 The vile affront that paltry ass,  
 And feeble scoundrel Hudibras,  
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,  
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,  
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,  
 As if th' had routed us in battle?  
 For my part, it shall ne'er be fed  
 I for the washing gave my head:  
 Nor did I turn my back for fear  
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,  
 Which now I'm like to undergo;  
 For whether these fell wounds, or no,  
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,  
 Is more than all my skill can foretel;  
 Nor do I know what is become  
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.  
 But if I can but find them out  
 That caus'd it (as I shall no doubt,  
 Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)  
 I'll make them rue their handywork,  
 And wish that they had rather dar'd  
 To pull the devil by the beard.  
 Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast  
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,  
 And so has ev'ry body here,  
 As well as thou hast, or thy Bear:  
 Others may do as they see good;  
 But if this twig be made of wood  
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur  
 Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,  
 And the other mungrel vermine, Ralph,  
 That brav'd us all in his behalf.  
 Thy Bear is safe, and out of peril,  
 Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;  
 Myself and Trulla made a shift  
 To help him out at a dead lift,  
 And having brought him ~~to~~ every off,  
 Have left him where he's safe enough:  
 There let him rest, ~~if we stay,~~  
 The slaves may slip to get away.  
 This said, they all engag'd to join  
 Their forces in the same design,  
 And forthwith put themselves in search  
 Of Hudibras upon their march:  
 Where leave we them a while, to tell  
 What the victorious Knight besel;  
 For such, Crowdero being fast  
 In dungeon shut, we left him last.  
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow  
 No where so green as on his brow.  
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd  
 With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd  
 Unto a neighb'ring castle by,  
 To rest his body, and apply  
 Fit medicines to each glorious bruise  
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues;  
 To mollify th' uneasy pang  
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,  
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,  
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain : he'd got a hurt  
 O th' inside, of a deadlier sort,  
 By Cupid made, who took his stand  
 Upon a widow's jointure land,  
 (For he, in all his am'rous batties,  
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chatte l  
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,  
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight ;  
 The shaft against a rib did glance,  
 And gall'd him in the purtenance :  
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,  
 After he had found his suit in vain :  
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul  
 Was burnt in's belly like a coal,  
 (That belly that so oft' did ake,  
 And suffer gripping for her sake,  
 Till purging comfits, and ants' eggs  
 Had almost brought him off his legs)  
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
 'That old Pyg—(what d'y' call him) malion,  
 'That cut his mistress out of stone,  
 Had not so hard a hearted one.  
 She had a thousand jaddish tricks ;  
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;  
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
 As insolent as strange, and mad ;  
 She could love none but only such  
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady :  
 Not love, if any lov'd her : hey day \* !  
 So cowards never use their might,  
 But against such as will not fight.  
 So some diseases have been found  
 Only to seize upon the sound.

He that gets her by heart, must say her  
 The back way, like a witches prayer.  
 Mean-while the knight had no small task  
 To compass what he durst not ask :  
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;  
 Her ignorance is his devotion :  
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed  
 Rides with his face to rump of steed ;  
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to lose,  
 Look one way, and another nose ;  
 Or like a tumbler that does play  
 His game, and looks another way,  
 Until he seize upon the coney ;  
 Just so does he by matrimony.  
 But all in vain ; her subtile inout  
 Did quickly wind his meaning out ;  
 Which she return'd with so much scorn,  
 'To be by man of honour borne ;  
 Yet much he bore, until the distress  
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress  
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain  
 He had endur'd from her disdain,  
 Turn'd to regret so resolute,  
 That he resolv'd to waive his suit,  
 And either to renounce her quite,  
 Or for a while play least in fight.  
 This resolution b'ing put on,  
 He kept some months, and more had done,

\* *Hey day!* In all editions till 1704, then altered to  
*Hey day.*

But being brought so nigh by Fate,  
 The vict'ry he achiev'd so late  
 Did set his thoughts agog, and ope  
 A door to discontinued hope,  
 That seem'd to promise he might win  
 His dame too, now his hand was in ;  
 And that his valour, and the honour  
 He 'ad newly gain'd, might work upon her ;  
 These reasons made his mouth to water  
 With am'rous longings to be at her,  
 Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows  
 But this brave conquest o'er my foes  
 May reach her heart, and make that stoop,  
 As I but now have forc'd the troop ?  
 If nothing can oppugn love,  
 And virtue envious ways can prove,  
 What may not he confide to do  
 That brings both love and virtue too ?  
 But thou bring'st valour, too, and wit,  
 Two things that seldom fail to hit.  
 Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,  
 Which women oft' are taken in :  
 Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear  
 To be, that art a conqueror ?  
 Fortune the audacious doth *jurare*,  
 But lets the timidous miscarry ;  
 'Then while the honour thou hast got  
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,  
 And trust thy fortune with the rest.  
 Such thoughts as these the knight did keep  
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep ;  
 And as an owl that in a barn  
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes,  
 As if he slept, until he spies  
 The little beast within his reach,  
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch ;  
 So from his couch the knight did start,  
 'To seize upon the widow's heart,  
 Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,  
 Ralpho, dispatch, to horse, to horse,  
 And 'twas but time ; for now the rout,  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 By speedy marches were advanc'd  
 Up to the fort where he enconc'd,  
 And all th' avenues had possess'd,  
 About the place, from east to west.

That done, awhile they made a halt  
 To view the ground, and where t' assault ;  
 Then call'd a council, which was best,  
 By siege or onslaught, to invest  
 The enemy ; and 'twas agreed  
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.  
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort  
 They now drew up t' attack the fort ;  
 When Hudibras, about to enter  
 Upon another gate's adventure,  
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,  
 Not dreaming of approaching storm,  
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care  
 Of angel bad, or tutelar,  
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger,  
 To which he was an utter stranger,

That foresight might, or might not, blot  
 The glory he had newly got ;  
 Or to his shame it might be said,  
 They took him napping in his bed,  
 To them we leave it to expound,  
 That deal in sciences profound.  
 His courser scarce he had bestrid,  
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,  
 When setting ope the postern gate,  
 Which they thought best to fall at,  
 The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd,  
 Ready to charge them in the field.  
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,  
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight :  
 The bruises of his bones and flesh  
 He thought began to smart afresh ;  
 Till recollecting wonted courage,  
 His fear was soon converted to rage,  
 And thus he spoke : The coward foe,  
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,  
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears  
 As if they had outrun their fears ;  
 The glory we did lately get,  
 The Fates command us to repeat ;  
 And to their wills we must succumb,  
*Quocumque trabunt, 'tis our doom.*  
 This is the same numeric crew  
 Which we so lately did subdue ;  
 The self-same individuals that  
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,  
 When we courageously did wield  
 Our martial weapons in the field,  
 To tug for vict'ry : and when  
 We shall our shining blades agen  
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,  
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads.  
 Fear is an ague that forsakes  
 And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes ;  
 And they'll opine they feel the pain  
 And blows they felt to-day again.  
 Then let us boldly charge them home,  
 And make no doubt to overcome.  
 This said, his courage to inflame,  
 He call'd upon his mistress' name,  
 His pistol next he cock'd anew,  
 And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ;  
 And placing Ralpho in the front,  
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,  
 As expert warr'ors use ; then ply'd,  
 With iron heel, his courser's side,  
 Conveying sympathetic speed  
 From heel of Knight to heel of steed.  
 Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage  
 And speed, advancing to engage,  
 Both parties now were drawn so close,  
 Almost to come to handy-blows,  
 When Orsin first let fly a stone  
 At Ralpho ; not so huge a one  
 As that which Diomed did maul  
 Aeneas on the bum withal ;  
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,  
 To have sent him to another world,  
 Whether above ground, or below,  
 Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.

The danger startled the bold Squire,  
 And made him some few steps retire ;  
 But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,  
 And rous'd his spirits half dismay'd :  
 He wisely doubting lest the shot  
 Of th' enemy, now growing hot,  
 Might at a distance gall, press'd close,  
 To come pell-mell to handy-blows,  
 And that he might their aim decline,  
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;  
 But prudently forebore to fire,  
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher ;  
 As expert warriors use to do,  
 When hand to hand they charge their foe.  
 This order the advent'rous knight,  
 Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,  
 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,  
 And for the foe began to stickle,  
 The more shame for her Goodyship  
 To give so near a friend the slip.  
 For Colon, choosing out a stone,  
 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon  
 His manly paunch with such a force,  
 As almost beat him off his horse.  
 He loos'd his whinyard, and the rein,  
 But laying fast hold on the mane,  
 Preserv'd his seat : and as a goose  
 In death contracts his talons close,  
 So did the Knight, and with one clay  
 The tricker of his pistol draw.  
 The gun went off ; and as it was  
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras,  
 In all its feats of arms, when least  
 He dreamt of it to prosper best,  
 So now he far'd : the shot, let fly  
 At random 'mong the enemy,  
 Pierc'd Talgol's gabardine, and graze  
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing  
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brais ~~h~~ surgeon,  
 Who straight, A surgeon cry'd, A surgeon :  
 He tumbled down, and as he fell,  
 Did Marder, Murrer, Murder, yell.  
 This startled their whole body so,  
 That if the Knight had not let go  
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,  
 He'd won (the second time) the fight ;  
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,  
 He had inevitably done.  
 But he, diverted with the care  
 Of Hudibras his hurt, forbore  
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,  
 While danger did the rest dishearten.  
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd  
 In close encounter, they both wag'd  
 They fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
 Which side was like to get the day.  
 And now the busy work of Death  
 Had tir'd them so, they 'greed to breathe,  
 Preparing to renew the fight,  
 When the disaster of the Knight,  
 And th' other party, did divert  
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.  
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,  
 And Cerdon where Magnano was,

Each striving to confirm his party  
 With stout encouragements and hearty.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir,  
 And let revenge and honour stir  
 Your spirits up; once more fall on,  
 The shatter'd foe begins to run:  
 For if but half so well you knew  
 To use your vict'ry as subdued,  
 They durst not, after such a blow  
 As you have given them, face us now;  
 But from so formidable a foldier  
 Had fled like crows, when they smell powder.  
 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft  
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft';  
 But if you let them recollect  
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,  
 You'll have a harder game to play,  
 Than yet ye've had, to get the day.  
 Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard  
 By Hudibras with small regard.  
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang  
 He lately took, than Ralph's harangue;  
 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate  
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.  
 The knotted blood within my hose,  
 That from my wounded body flows,  
 With mortal crisis doth portend  
 My days to appropinque an end.  
 I am for action now unfit,  
 Either of fortitude or wit.  
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,  
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.  
 I am not apt upon a wound,  
 Or trivial basting, to dispond;  
 Yet I'd be loath my days to curtail;  
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,  
 I had time enough as yet  
 To make an honourable retreat,  
 'Twere the best course; but if they find  
 We fly, and leave our arms behind,  
 For them to seize on, th' dishonour  
 And danger too, as such, I'll sooner  
 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,  
 'To let them see I am no flatterer.  
 In all the trade of war, no feat  
 Is nobler than a brave retreat;  
 For those that run away, and fly,  
 Take place at least o' th' enemy.  
 This said, the Squire, with active speed,  
 Dismounted from his bonny steed,  
 'To seize the arms, which, by mischance,  
 Fell from the bold Knight in a trance;  
 These being found out, and restor'd  
 'To Hudibras, their nat'ral lord,  
 As a man may say, with might and main  
 He hasted to get up again.  
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,  
 But, by his weighty bum, as oft'  
 He was pull'd back, till having found  
 Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
 Thither he led his warlike steed,  
 And having plac'd him right, with speed  
 Prepar'd again to scale the beast;

The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
 Of Talgol with Promethean powder,  
 And now was searching for the spot  
 That laid Magnano on the spot,  
 Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid,  
 Preparing to climb up his horse-side;  
 He left his cure, and laying hold  
 Upon his arms, with courage hold  
 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally,  
 The enemy begin to rally;  
 Let us that are unhurt and whole  
 Fall on, and happy man be's dole.  
 This said, like to a thunderbolt  
 He flew with fury to th' assault,  
 Striving th' enemy to attack  
 Before he reach'd his horse's back.  
 Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten  
 O'erthwart his beast with active vaulting,  
 Wriggling his body to recover  
 His seat, and cast his right leg over;  
 When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd  
 On horse and man so heavy a load,  
 The beast was startled, and begun  
 To kick and fling like mad, and run,  
 Bearing the tough squire like a sack,  
 Or stout King Richard, on his back;  
 Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
 Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.  
 Meanwhile the knight began to rouse  
 The sparkles of his wonted prowess:  
 He thrust his hand into his hose,  
 And found, both by his eyes and nose,  
 'Twas only choler, and not blood,  
 That from his wounded body flow'd.  
 This, with the hazard of the Squire,  
 Inflam'd him with dispitiful ire;  
 Courageously he fac'd about,  
 And drew his other pistol out;  
 And now had half-way bent the cock,  
 When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,  
 With sturdy truncheon, thwart his arm,  
 That down it fell, and did no harm:  
 Then stoutly pressing on with speed,  
 Assay'd to pull him off his steed.  
 The knight his sword had only left,  
 With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,  
 Or at the least cropp'd off a limb,  
 But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.  
 He with his lance attack'd the Knight  
 Upon his quarters opposite:  
 But as a bark, that in foul weather,  
 Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
 Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,  
 And knows not which to turn him to;  
 So far'd the Knight between two foes,  
 And knew not which of them t' oppose;  
 Till Orsin, charging with his lance  
 At Hudibras, by spiteful chance  
 Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd  
 And laid him flat upon the ground.  
 At this the Knight began to cheer up,  
 And, raising up himself on stirrup,  
 Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,

To bear thee company in death ;  
 But first I'll halt a while, and breathe ;  
 As well he might ; for Orsin, griev'd  
 At the wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,  
 Ran to relieve him with his lore,  
 And cure the hurt he gave before.  
 Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about  
 To breathe himself, and next find out  
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
 He might the ruffled foe infect.  
 This being resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,  
 To run at Orsin with full speed,  
 While he was busy in the care  
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware ;  
 But he was quick, and had already  
 Unto the part apply'd remedy ;  
 And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,  
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard :  
 Then like a warrior right expert  
 And skillful in the martial art,  
 The subtle knight straight made a halt,  
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,  
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,  
 And then (in order) to retire ;  
 Or, as occasion should invite,  
 With forces join'd renew the fight.  
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,  
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,  
 Though sorely bruis'd ; his limbs all o'er  
 With ruthless bangs, were stiff and sore :  
 Right fain he would have got upon  
 His feet again, to get him gone,  
 When Hudibras to aid him came.  
 Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)  
 Courage, the day at length is ours,  
 And we once more, as conquerors,  
 Have both the field and honour won ;  
 The foe is profligate and run :  
 I mean all such as can ; for some  
 This hand hath sent to their long home ;  
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,  
 With many a gash and bloody wound.  
 Caesar himself could never say  
 He got two vict'ries in a day  
 As I have done, that can say, twice I  
 In one day, *veni, vidi, vici*.  
 The foe's so numerous, that we  
 Cannot so often *vincere*,  
 And they *perire*, and yet enow  
 Be left to strike an after-blow ;  
 Then left they rally, and once more  
 Put us to fight, the bus'ness o'er,  
 Get up, and mount thy steed ; dispatch,  
 And let us both their motions watch.  
 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were  
 In case for action, now be here ;  
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd  
 An arse, for fear of being bang'd.  
 It was for you I got these harms,  
 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms.  
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd  
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd  
 My limbs of strength : unless you stoop,  
 And reach your hands to pull me up,

I shall lie here, and be a prey  
 To those who are now run away.  
 That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras ;)  
 We read, the ancients held it was  
 More honourable *far servare  
 Civem*, than slay an adversary ;  
 The one we oft' to-day have done,  
 The other shall dispatch anon :  
 And though th' art of a diff'rent church,  
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.  
 This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher,  
 And steer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,  
 Then bowing down his body, stretch'd  
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;  
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,  
 Charg'd him like lightning behind.  
 She had been long in search about  
 Magnano's wound, to find it out,  
 But could find none, nor where the shot  
 That had so startled him was got :  
 But having found the worst was past,  
 She fell to her own work at last,  
 The pillage of the prisoners,  
 Which in all feats of arms was her's ;  
 And now to plunder Ralph she flew,  
 When Hudibras his hard face drew  
 To succour him ; for as he bow'd  
 To help him up, she laid a load  
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
 On th' other side, that down he fell.  
 Yield, scoundrel base, (quoth she) or die ;  
 Thy life is mine, and liberty ;  
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy  
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,  
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh,  
 Thy arms and baggage, now my right  
 And if thou hast the heart to try't  
 I'll lend thee back thyself a while,  
 And once more, for that counts vile,  
 Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras,  
 Thou offer'st nobly, *stant las*,  
 And I shall take thee at thy word.  
 First let me rise and take my sword ;  
 That sword which has so oft' this day  
 I through squadrons of my foes made way,  
 And some to other worlds dispatch'd,  
 Now with a feeble spinster match'd,  
 With blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,  
 By which no honour's to be gain'd ;  
 But if thou'lt take my advice in this,  
 Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis  
 To interrupt a victor's course,  
 B' opposing such a trivial force ;  
 For if with conquest I come off,  
 (And that I shall do sure enough)  
 Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace  
 By laws of arms, in such a case ;  
 Both which I now do offer freely.  
 I scorn, (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly,  
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech,  
 To shew how much she priz'd his speech)  
 Quarter or counsel from a foe ;  
 If thou can force me to it, do ;

But lest it should again be fed,  
 When I have once more won thy head,  
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,  
 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.  
 This said, she to her tackle fell,  
 And on the knight let fall a peal  
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home;  
 That he retir'd, and follow'd's bum.  
 Stand to it, (quoth she) or yield to mercy;  
 It is not fighting *arsic-versie*  
 Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen  
 More than the danger he was in,  
 The blows he felt or was to feel,  
 Although th' already made him reel;  
 Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,  
 At once into his stomach came;  
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm  
 Above his head, and rain'd a storm  
 Of blows so terrible and thick,  
 As if he meant to hash her quick:  
 But she upon her truncheon took them,  
 And by oblique diversion broke them,  
 Waiting an opportunity  
 To pay all back with usury,  
 Which long she fail'd not of; for now  
 The knight with one dead-doing blow  
 Resolving to decide the fight,  
 And she with quick and cunning sleight  
 Avoiding it, the force and weight  
 He charg'd upon it was so great,  
 As almost sway'd him to the ground:  
 No sooner she th' advantage found,  
 But in she flew; and seconding,  
 With home-made thrust, the heavy swing  
 She laid him flat upon his side,  
 And mounting on his trunk astride,  
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come  
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum:  
 Say, will the law or arms allow  
 I may have grace and quarter now?  
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
 And stain thine honour, than thy sword?  
 A man of war to damn his soul,  
 In basely breaking his parole;  
 And when before the fight, th' hadst vow'd  
 To give no quarter in cold blood;  
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar,  
 To make m' against my will take quarter,  
 Why dost not put me to the sword,  
 But cowardly fly from thy word?  
 Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;  
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down:  
 My laurels are transplanted now,  
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow;  
 My loss of honour's great enough,  
 Thou needst not brand it with a scoff:  
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own,  
 But cannot blur my lost renown:  
 I am not now in Fortune's power,  
 He that is down can fall no lower.  
 The ancient heroes were illust'rous  
 For being benign, and not blustrous  
 Against a vanquish'd foe: their swords  
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;

And did in fight but cut work out  
 T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd,  
 Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd  
 As thou didst vow to deal with me,  
 If thou hadst got the victory,  
 Yet I shall rather act a part  
 That suits my fame, than thy desert,  
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside  
 All that's on th' outside of thy hide,  
 Are mine by military law,  
 Of which I will not bate one straw;  
 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,  
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late  
 For me to treat or stipulate;  
 What thou command'st I must obey;  
 Yet those whom I expung'd to-day,  
 Of thine own party, I let go,  
 And gave them life and freedom too,  
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,  
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.  
 Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they  
 Let one another run away,  
 Concerns not me; but was't not thou  
 That gave Crowdero quarter too?  
 Crowdero, whom, in irons bound,  
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pond,  
 Where still he lies, and with regret  
 His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.  
 But now thy carcass shall redeem,  
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit,  
 And laid his weapons at her feet.  
 Next he disrob'd his gabardine,  
 And with it did himself resign.  
 She took it, and forthwith divesting  
 The mantle that she wore, said jesting,  
 Take that, and wear it for my sake;  
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.  
 And as the French, we conquer'd once,  
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,  
 The length of breeches, and the gathers  
 Port-cannons, periwigs and feathers;  
 Just so the proud insulting lass  
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.  
 Meanwhile the other champions, yerst  
 In hurrry of the fight disperst,  
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,  
 To share i' th' honour and the prey,  
 And out of Hudibras his hide,  
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd;  
 Which now they were about to pour  
 Upon him in a wooden shower,  
 But Trulla thrust herself between,  
 And striding o'er his back agen,  
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,  
 And vow'd they should not break her word;  
 She 'ad given him quarter, and her blood,  
 Or theirs, should make that quarter good:  
 For she was bound, by law of arms,  
 To see him safe from further harms,  
 In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast  
 By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,

Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,  
 His great heart made perpetual moans;  
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras  
 Should ransom, and supply his place.  
 Thus stopp'd their fury, and the basting  
 Which towards Hudibras was hasting,  
 They thought it was but just and right  
 That what she had achiev'd in fight  
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd;  
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd:  
 Nor could that any way be done  
 So well as this she pitch'd upon:  
 For who a better could imagine?  
 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in.  
 The Knight and Squire first they made  
 Rise from the ground where they were laid,  
 Then mounted both upon their horses,  
 But with their faces to the arse.  
 Orsin led Hudibras's beast,  
 And Talgol that which Ralpho prest;  
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,  
 And Colon, waited as a guard on;  
 All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,  
 With th' arms of either pris'ner.  
 In this proud order and array  
 They put themselves upon their way,  
 Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,  
 Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.  
 Thither with greater speed than shews  
 And triumph over conquer'd foes  
 Do use t' allow, or than the bears,  
 Or pageants borne before lord mayors,  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,  
 In order soldier-like contriv'd,  
 Still marching in a warlike posture,  
 As fit for battle as for muster.  
 The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,  
 And bending 'gainst the fort their force,  
 They all advanc'd, and round about  
 Begirt the magical redoubt.  
 Magnou' led up in this adventure,  
 And made way for the rest to enter:  
 For he was skilful in black art,  
 No less than he that built the fort,  
 And with an iron mace laid flat  
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,  
 And in the wooden dungeon found  
 Crowdero laid upon the ground:  
 Him they release from durance base,  
 Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,  
 And liberty, his thirsty rage  
 With luscious vengeance to assuage;  
 For he no sooner was at large,  
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge,  
 And in the self-same limbo put  
 The Knight and Squire where he was shut;  
 Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,  
 Their bangs and durance to condole,  
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow  
 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,  
 In the same order and array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away:  
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop  
 To Fortune, or be laid to droop,

Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,  
 And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind  
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,  
 And cannot be laid by the heels,  
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.  
 'Tis not restraint, or liberty,  
 That makes men prisoners or free;  
 But perturbations that possess  
 The mind, or equanimities.  
 The whole world was not half so wide  
 To Alexander, when he cry'd,  
 Because he had but one to subdue,  
 As was a paltry narrow tub to  
 Diogenes; who is not said  
 (For ought that ever I could read)  
 'To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,  
 Because he 'ad ne'er another tub.  
 The ancients make two sev'ral kinds  
 Of prowess in heroic minds,  
 The active and the passive val'ant,  
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant;  
 For both to give blows, and to carry,  
 In fights are equi-necessary:  
 But in defeats the passive stout  
 Are always found to stand it out  
 Most desp'rately, and to outdo  
 The active, 'gainst a conq'ring foe.  
 Though we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,  
 Or as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd,  
 He that is valiant, and dares fight,  
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't,  
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
 And cannot be extended from  
 The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel  
 Not to be forfeited in battle.  
 If he that in the field is slain,  
 Be in the bed of honour lain,  
 He that is beaten may be said  
 To lie in honour's truckle-bed.  
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun  
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light  
 He shines in serene sky most bright;  
 So valour in a low estate,  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know  
 We may by being beaten grow;  
 But none that see how here we sit,  
 Will judge us overgrown with wit.  
 As gifted brethren, preaching by  
 A carnal hourglass, do imply  
 Illumination can convey  
 Into them what they have to say,  
 But not how much; so well enough  
 Know you to charge, but not draw off:  
 For who, without a cap and bawble,  
 Having subdu'd a Bear and rabble,  
 And might with honour have come off,  
 Would put it to a second proof?  
 A politic exploit, right fit  
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,  
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon:

'When thou at any thing wouldst rail,  
 'Thou tak'st Presbytery, thy scale,  
 To take the height on't, and explain  
 To what degree it is profane;  
 Whats'ever will not with (thy what-d'-ye-call)  
 Thy light jump right, thou call'st synodical:  
 As if Presbytery were a standard  
 To seize what's ever's to be slander'd.  
 Dost not remember how this day  
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,  
 'That thou cou'dst prove bear-beating equal  
 With synods, orthodox and legal?  
 Do, if thou canst; for I deny 't,  
 And dare thee to 't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no  
 Hard matter for a man to do,  
 That has but any guts in's brains,  
 And cou'd believe it worth his pains:  
 But since you dare and urge me to it,  
 You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical Bear-gardens,  
 Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,  
 And other Members of the Court,  
 Manage the Babylonish sport;  
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bearward,  
 Do differ only in a mere word.  
 Both are but sev'ral synagogues  
 Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs:  
 Both antichristian assemblies,  
 To mischief bent as far 's in them lies:  
 Both stave and rail, with fierce contests,  
 'The one with men, the other beasts.  
 'The diff'rence is, the one fights with  
 'The tongue, the other with the teeth;  
 And that they bait but Bears in this,  
 In th' other Souls and consciences;  
 Where saints themselves are brought to stake  
 For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake;  
 Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,  
 Instead of Mastiff Dogs and Curs;  
 'Than whom they've less humanity,  
 For these at souls of men will fly.  
 'This to the Prophet did appear,  
 Who in a vision saw a Bear,  
 Prefiguring the beastly rage  
 Of Church-rule, in this latter age;  
 As is demonstrated at full  
 By him that baited the Pope's Bull.  
 Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,  
 'That live by rapine; so do they.  
 What are their Orders, Constitutions,  
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,  
 But sev'ral mystic chains they make,  
 To tie poor Christians to the stake?  
 And then set Heathen officers,  
 Instead of Dogs, about their ears.  
 For to prohibit and dispense,  
 To find out, or to make offence;  
 Of hell and heav'n to dispose,  
 To play with souls at fast and loose;  
 To set what characters they please,  
 And Mulcts on sin or godliness;  
 Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,  
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;

To make Prebytery supreme,  
 And Kings themselves submit to them;  
 And force all people, though against  
 Their consciences to turn Saints;  
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,  
 When Saints monopolists are made:  
 When pious frauds and holy shifts  
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,  
 There godliness becomes mere ware,  
 And ev'ry Synod but a fair.  
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,  
 A mungrel breed of like pernicious  
 And growing up, became the fires  
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers;  
 Whole bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,  
 To cast a figure for men's light,  
 To find, in lines of beard and face,  
 The physiognomy of Grace;  
 And by the sound and twang of nose,  
 If all be found within disclose;  
 Free from a crack or flaw of finning,  
 As men try pipkins by the ringing;  
 By black caps underlaid with white,  
 Give certain guesses at inward light;  
 Which serjeants at the Gospel wear,  
 To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.  
 The handkerchief about the neck  
 (Canonical cravat of sneck,  
 From whom the institution came,  
 When Church and State they set on flame,  
 And worn by them as badges then  
 Of Spiritual Warfaring-men)  
 Judge rightly if Regeneration  
 Be of the newest cut in fashion:  
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
 That grace is founded in dominion.  
 Great piety consists in pride;  
 To rule is to be sanctify'd:  
 To domineer, and to controul,  
 Both o'er the body and the soul,  
 Is the most perfect discipline  
 Of Church-rule, and by right divine.  
 Bell and the Dragon's chaplains were  
 More moderate than these by far:  
 For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,  
 To get their wives and children meat;  
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,  
 They must have wealth and pow'r too;  
 Or else with blood and desolation  
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive  
 And Heathen priesthood do derive  
 When Butchers were the only clerks,  
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks;  
 Whose directory was to kill,  
 And some believe it is so still.  
 'The only diff'rence is that then  
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.  
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,  
 Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,  
 They count a vile abomination,  
 But not to slaughter a whole nation.  
 Presbytery does but translate  
 The papacy to a free state:

A commonwealth of Popery,  
 Where ev'ry village is a See  
 As well as Rome, and must maintain  
 A tithe-pig metropolitan;  
 Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon  
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,  
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed  
 By's Holiness, the Church's head,  
 More haughty and severe in's place,  
 Than Gregory and Boniface.  
 Such Church must, surely, be a monster,  
 With many heads: for if we conſider  
 What in th' Apocalyps we find,  
 According to th' Apostle's mind,  
 'Tis that the whore of Babylon  
 With many heads did ride upon,  
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe  
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe.

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,  
 Whose little finger is as heavy  
 As lions of patriarchs, prince-prelate,  
 And bishop-secular. This zealot  
 Is of a mungrel, diverse kind,  
 Cleric before, and Lay behind;  
 A lawless linsywoolsey brother,  
 Half of one order, half another;  
 A creature of amphibious nature,  
 On land a beast, a fish in water;  
 That always preys on grace or sin;  
 A sheep without, a wolf within.  
 This fierce inquisitor has chief  
 Dominion over men's belief  
 And manners; can pronounce a faint  
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,  
 When superciliously he sifts  
 Through coarsest boulder others' gifts:  
 For all men live and judge amiss,  
 Whose talents jump not just with his;  
 He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place  
 On dullest noddle Light and Grace,  
 The manufacture of the Kirk.  
 Those pastors are but the handywork  
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling  
 Divinity in them by feeling:  
 From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,  
 Made by contact, as men get measles.  
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope  
 At th' other end the new-made Pope.  
 Hold, hold quoth Hudibras, soft fire,  
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,  
*Festina lente*, not too fast,  
 For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.  
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make  
 Are false and built upon mistake:  
 And I shall bring you, with your pack  
 Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back;  
 And put your arguments in mood  
 And figure to be understood.  
 I'll force you by right ratiocination  
 'To leave your vitiligation,  
 And make you keep to th' question close,  
 And argue *dialecticos*.

The question then, to state it first,  
 Is, which is better or which worst,

Synods or Bears? Bears I avow  
 To be the worst, and Synods thou;  
 But to make good th' assertion,  
 Thou say'st they're really all one.  
 If so, not worse; for if they're *idem*,  
 Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.  
 For if they are the same, by course  
 Neither is better, neither worse.  
 But I deny they are the same,  
 More than a maggot and I am.  
 That both are *animalia*  
 I grant, but not *rationalia*:  
 For though they do agree in kind,  
 Specific difference we find;  
 And can no more make Bears of these,  
 Than prove my horse is Socrates.  
 That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,  
 Thou dost affirm; but I say No:  
 And thus I prove it, in a word;  
 What's ever Assembly's not empower'd  
 To Censure, Curse, Absolve, and ordain,  
 Can be no Synod; but Bear-garden  
 Has no such pow'r; *ergo*, 'tis none,  
 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

But yet we are beside the quest'on  
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on:  
 For that was, Whether Bears are better  
 Than Synod-men? I say *Negatur*.  
 That Bears are beasts, and Synods men,  
 Is held by all: they're better then;  
 For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,  
 As beasts; but Synod-men on two.  
 'Tis true they all have teeth and nails;  
 But prove that Synod-men have tails;  
 Or that a rugged shaggy fur  
 Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter!  
 Or that his snout and spacious ears  
 Do hold proportion with a Bear's.  
 A Bear's a savage beast, of all  
 Most ugly and unnatural;  
 Whelp'd without form, until the dam  
 Has lickt it into shape and frame:  
 But all thy light can ne'er evict,  
 That ever Synod-man was lickt,  
 Or brought to any other fashion  
 Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this,  
 Oppugn thyself and sense; that is,  
 Thou wouldst have Presbyters to go  
 For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:  
 A strange chimera of beasts and men,  
 Made up of pieces het'rogene;  
 Such as in Nature never met  
*In eodem subjecto* yet.

Thy othes arguments are all  
 Supposures hypothetical,  
 That do but beg; and we may choose  
 Either to grant them, or refuse.  
 Much thou hast said, which I know when  
 And where thou stol'st from other men,  
 (Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts  
 Are all but plagiary shifts)  
 And is the same that Ranter sed,  
 Who, arguing with me, broke my head,

And tore a handful of my beard;  
 The self-same cavils then I heard,  
 When b'ing in hot dispute about  
 This controversy, we fell out;  
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then,  
 Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, nothing but th' abuse  
 Of human learning you produce;  
 Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
 Profane, erroneous, and vain;  
 A trade of knowledge as replete,  
 As others are with fraud and cheat;  
 An art t' encumber Gifts and wit,  
 And render both for nothing fit;  
 Makes Light inactive, dull and troubled,  
 Like little David in Saul's doublet;  
 A cheat that scholars put upon  
 Other men's reason and their own;  
 A sort of error, to enconce  
 Absurdity and ignorance,  
 That renders all the avenues  
 To truth impervious and abstruse,  
 By making plain things, in debate,  
 By art perplext and intricate:  
 For nothing goes for Sense or Light,  
 That will not with old rules jump right;

As if rules were not in the schools  
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.  
 This Pagan, Heathenish invention  
 Is good for nothing but contention:  
 For as in sword and buckler fight,  
 All blows do on the target light;  
 So when men argue, the great'st part  
 O' the contest falls on terms of art,  
 Until the fustian stuff be spent,  
 And then they fall to th' argument.  
 Quoth Hudibras, friend Ralph thou hast  
 Outrun the constable at last:  
 For thou art fallen on a new  
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue,  
 But to the former opposite,  
 And contrary as black to white;  
 Merc *disperata*; that concerning  
 Presbytery, this human learning;  
 Two things s' averse, they never yet  
 But in thy rambling fancy met.  
 But I shall take a fit occasion  
 T' evince thee by' ratiocination,  
 Some other time, in place more proper  
 Than this we're in: therefore let's stop here;  
 And rest our wearied bones awhile,  
 Already t'ir'd with other toil.

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# HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

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## PART II. CANTO I.

### *\* The Argument.*

The Knight, by damnable Magician,  
Being cast illegally in prison,  
Love brings his action on the case,  
And lays it upon Hudibras.  
How he receives the Lady's visit,  
And cunningly solicits his suit,  
Which she defers; yet on parole,  
Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

**B**UT now, t' observe Romantic method,  
Let bloody steel awhile be sheathed;  
And all those harsh and rugged sounds  
Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,  
Exchang'd to love's more gentle style,  
To let our reader breathe awhile:  
In which, that we may be as brief as  
Is possible, by way of preface,  
Is 't not enough to make one strange,  
That some men's fancies should ne'er change,  
But make all people do and say  
The same things still the self same way?  
Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,  
And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:  
Others make all their knights, in fits  
Of jealousy, to lose their wits;  
Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,  
They're forthwith cur'd of their caprices.  
Some always thrive in their amours,  
By pulling plaisters off their sores;  
As cripples do to get an alms,  
Just so do they, and win their dames.  
Some force whole regions, in despite  
O' geography, to change their site;

Make former times shake hands with latter,  
And that which was before come after.  
But those that write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
I think's sufficient at one time.

But we forget in what sad plight  
W<sup>h</sup> whilem left the captiv'd Knight  
And pensive Squire, both bruise'd in body,  
And conjur'd into safe custody,  
Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin,  
As well as basting and Bear-baiting,  
And desperate of any course,  
To free himself by wit or force,  
His only solace was, that now  
His dog-bolt fortune was so low,  
That either it must quickly end,  
Or turn about again, and mend,  
In which he found th' event, no less  
Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame,  
(But wondrous light) ycleped Fame  
That like a thin chameleon boards  
Herself on air, and eats her words

Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears,  
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
 Made good by deep mythologist:  
 With these she through the welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries truth, oft' lies;  
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,  
 And Mercuries of furthest regions;  
 Diurnals writ for regulation  
 Of lying, to inform the nation,  
 And by their public use to bring down  
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.  
 About her neck a packet-mail,  
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,  
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,  
 And crows of monsters brought to bed;  
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs,  
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;  
 A blazing star seen in the west,  
 By six or seven men at least.  
 Two trumpets she does sound at once,  
 But both of clean contrary tones;  
 But whether both with the same wind,  
 Or one before, and one behind,  
 We know not, only this can tell,  
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well;  
 And therefore vulgar authors name  
 Th' one Good, th' other evil Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well  
 What mischief Hudibras besel,  
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears  
 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.  
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,  
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,  
 Or funerals, with stately pomp,  
 March slowly on in solemn dump,  
 As she laugh'd out, until her back,  
 As well as sides, was like to crack.  
 She vow'd she wou'd go see the fight,  
 And visit the distressed Knight;  
 To do the office of a neighbour,  
 And be a gossip at his labour;  
 And from his wooden jail the stocks,  
 To set at large his fetter-locks;  
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.  
 This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood  
 And usher, implements abroad  
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender  
 Young waiting damsel to attend her,  
 All which appearing, on she went  
 To find the Knight, in limbo pent:  
 And 'twas not long before she found  
 Him and his stout Squire in the pound;  
 Both coupled in enchanted tether,  
 By further leg behind together:  
 For as he sat upon his rump,  
 His head, like one in dolcful dump,  
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd  
 Unto his ears on either side,  
 And by him, in another hole,  
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl,  
 She came upon him in his wooden  
 Magician's circle, on the sudden,

As spirits do t' a conjurer,  
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.  
 No sooner did the Knight perceive her,  
 But straight he fell into a fever,  
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,  
 To be seen by' her in such a place;  
 Which made him hang his head, and scowl,  
 And wink, and goggle like an owl:  
 He felt his brains begin to swim,  
 When thus the Dame accosted him.

This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,  
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,  
 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd,  
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:  
 Look, there are two of them appear,  
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.  
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts  
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,  
 With saucer eyes, and horns; and some  
 Have heard the devil beat a drum;  
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,  
 That give a wrong account of faces,  
 That beard and I should be acquainted,  
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;  
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
 As if 't had lately been in combat,  
 It did belong to a worthy Knight,  
 Howe'er this goblin is come by 't.

When Hudibras the Lady heard,  
 Discouraging thus upon his beard,  
 And speak with such respect and honour  
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,  
 He thought it best to set as good  
 A face upon it as he cou'd,  
 And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright  
 And radiant eyes are in the right;  
 The beard's th' identic beard you knew,  
 The same numerically true;  
 Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,  
 But its proprietor himself.

O heavens! quoth she, can that be true?  
 I do begin to fear 'tis you;  
 Not by your individual whiskers,  
 But by your dialect and discourse,  
 That never spoke to man or beast,  
 In notions vulgarly express:  
 But what malignant star, alas!  
 Has brought you both to this sad pass?

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,  
 Which I am less afflicted for,  
 Than to be seen with beard and face  
 By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd  
 For being honourably maim'd;  
 If he that is in battle conquer'd,  
 Have any title to his own beard,  
 Though your's be sorely lugg'd and torn,  
 It does your visage more adorn  
 Than if 't were prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,  
 And cut square by the Russian standard.  
 A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,  
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.  
 That petticoat about your shoulders,  
 Does not so well become a soldier's;

And I'm afraid they are worse handled,  
 Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led ;  
 And those uneasy bruises make  
 My heart for company to ake,  
 To see so worshipful a friend  
 I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain,  
 Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)  
 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good,  
 But merely as 'tis understood.  
 Sense is deceitful, and may feign  
 As well in counterfeiting pain  
 As other gross *phanomenas*  
 In which it oft' mistakes the case.  
 But since th' immortal intellect  
 (That's free from error and defect,  
 Whose objects still persist the same)  
 Is free from outward bruise or main,  
 Which nought external can expose  
 To gross material bangs or blows,  
 It follows we can ne'er be sure  
 Whether we pain or not endure,  
 And just so far are sore and griev'd  
 As by the fancy is believ'd.

Some have been wounded with conceit,  
 And dy'd of mere opinion straight ;  
 Others, though wounded sore in reason,  
 Felt no contusion, nor discretion.  
 A Saxon duke did grow so fat,  
 That mice (as histories relate)  
 Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
 His phoique parts, without his feeling ;  
 Then how is 't possible a kick  
 Should e'er reach that way to the quick ?

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain  
 For one that's basted to feel pain,  
 Because the pangs his bones endure  
 Contribute nothing to the cure ;  
 Yet honour hurt is wont to rage  
 With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish,  
 That takes a basting for a blemish :  
 For what's more hon'orable than scars,  
 Or skin to tatters rent in wars ?  
 Some have been beaten till they know  
 What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow  
 Some kick'd, until they can feel whether  
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;  
 And yet have met, after long running,  
 With some whom they have taught that cunning.  
 The furthest way about, t' o'ercome,  
 In th' end does prove the nearest home.  
 By laws of learned duellists  
 They that are bruis'd with wood or fists,  
 And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are cowards and pultrons ;  
 But if they dare engage t' a second,  
 They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

I' th' old Romans freedom did bestow,  
 Our princes worship, with a blow.  
 King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic  
 And testy courtiers with a kick.  
 The Negus, when some mighty lord  
 Or potentate's to be restor'd,

And pardon'd for some great offence,  
 With which he's willing to dispense,  
 First has him laid upon his belly,  
 Then beaten back and side, t' a jelly ;  
 That done, he rises, humbly bows,  
 And give thanks for the princely blows ;  
 Departs, not meanly proud, and boasting  
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.  
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil,  
 And justly's held more formidable,  
 The more his valour's malleable :  
 But he that fears a bastinado,  
 Will run away from his own shadow :  
 And though I'm now in durance fast,  
 By our own party basely cast,  
 Ransom, exchange, parole, refus'd,  
 And worse than by the en'my us'd ;  
 In close *catasla* shut, past hope  
 Of wit or valour to elope ;  
 As beards, the nearer that they tend  
 To th' earth still grow more reverend ;  
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,  
 The lower we let down their breeches ;  
 I'll make this low dejected fate  
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, You've almost made me' in love  
 With that which did my pity move.  
 Great wits and valours, like great states,  
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights :  
 Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
 Like east and west, become the same.  
 No Indian prince has to his palace  
 More foll'wers than a thief to the gallows.  
 But if a beating seem so brave,  
 What glories must a whipping have ?  
 Such great achievements cannot fail  
 To cast salt on a woman's tail :  
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent  
 Of passive courage were so gallant,  
 As you strain hard to have it thought,  
 I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,  
 He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd l's beard,  
 Thought he, this is the lucky hour,  
 Wines work when vines are in the flower :  
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,  
 And pus her boldly to the quest'on.

Madam, what you wou'd seem to doubt,  
 Shall be to all the world made out ;  
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit  
 And magnanimity I bear it ;  
 And if you doubt it to be true,  
 I'll stake myself down against you ;  
 And if I fail in love or troth,  
 Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers  
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;  
 And though I prais'd your valour, yet  
 I did not mean to baulk your wit ;  
 Which if you have, you must needs know  
 What I have told you before now,  
 And you b' experiment have prov'd,  
 I cannot love where I'm below'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich  
 Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;  
 So cheats to play with those still aim,  
 That do not understand the game.  
 Love in your heart as idly burns  
 As fire in antique Roman urns  
 To warm the dead, and vainly light  
 Those only that see nothing by 't.  
 Have you not pow'r to entertain,  
 And render love for love again ;  
 As no man can draw in his breath  
 At once, and force out air beneath ?  
 Or do you love yourself so much,  
 To bear all rivals else a grutch ?  
 What fate can lay a greater curse  
 Than you upon yourself would force ?  
 For wedlock without love, some say,  
 Is but a lock without a key.  
 It is a kind of rape to marry  
 One that neglects, or cares not for ye :  
 For what does make it ravishment,  
 But b'ing against the mind's consent ?  
 A rape that is the more inhuman,  
 For being acted by a woman.  
 Why are you fair, but to entice us  
 To love you, that you may despise us ?  
 But though you cannot love, you say,  
 Out of your own fanatic way,  
 Why should you not at least allow  
 Those that love you to do so too ?  
 For, as you fly me, and pursue  
 Love more averse, so I do you ;  
 And am by your own doctrine taught  
 To practise what you call a fault.  
 Quoth she, If what you say is true,  
 You must fly me as I do you ;  
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,  
 In love and preaching, that must sway.  
 Quoth he, To bid me not to love,  
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,  
 My beard to grow, my years to prick up,  
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.  
 Command me to piss out the moon,  
 And 'twill as easily be done.  
 Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood  
 By feeble human flesh and blood.  
 'Twas he that brought upon his knees  
 The heft'ring kill-cow Hercules ;  
 Transform'd his leager-lion's skin  
 To a petticoat, and made him spin ;  
 Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle  
 To a feeble distaff and a spindle.  
 'Twas he that made Emp'rors gallants  
 To their own sisters and their aunts ;  
 Set Popes and Cardinals agog,  
 To play with pages at leap-frog :  
 'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,  
 And fluxt the House of many a burges ;  
 Made those that represent the nation  
 Submit, and suffer amputation ;  
 And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal  
 Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.  
 He mounted Synod-men, and rode 'em  
 To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom ;

Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jenets,  
 And take the ring at Madam——  
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do  
 More than the devil could tempt him to,  
 In cold and frosty weather grow  
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;  
 And though she were of rigid temper,  
 With melting flames accost and tempt her,  
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,  
 He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If love have these effects,  
 Why is it not forbid our sex ?  
 Why is 't not damn'd, and interdicted,  
 For diabolical and wicked ?  
 And sung, as out of tune, against,  
 As Turk and Pope are by the Saints ?  
 I find I've greater reason for it,  
 Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects  
 Spring from your Heathenish neglects  
 Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns  
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns,  
 And those who worthy lovers slight,  
 Plagues with prepost'rous appetite :  
 This made the beauteous Queen of Crete  
 To take a town-bull for her sweet ;  
 And from her greatness stoop so low,  
 To be the rival of a cow :  
 Others to prostitute their great hearts,  
 To be baboons' and monkey's sweethearts :  
 Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,  
 By's representative a Negro.  
 'Twas this made Vestal maid lovesick,  
 And venture to be bury'd quick :  
 Some by their fathers and their brothers  
 To be made mistresses and mothers.  
 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours  
 On lacqués, and valets des chambres ;  
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
 And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms ;  
 To slight the world, and to disparage  
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage.

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,  
 Yet such as I should rather bear  
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
 Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is weighty reason  
 For secrecy in love, as treason.  
 Love is a burglarer, a felon,  
 That at the windore eyes does steal in,  
 To rob the heart, and with his prey  
 Steals out again a closer way,  
 Which whosoever can discover,  
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.  
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
 In men, as nat'rally as in charcoals,  
 Which looty chemists stop in holes,  
 When out of wood they extract coals ;

\* Stennet, the person whose name was dashed (says Sir Roger L'Estrange. *Key to Hudibras*.) " Her husband " was by profession a broom man and lay-elder. She followed the laudable employment of bawling, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters " whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their " linen."

So lovers should their passions choke,  
That though they burn, they may not smoke.  
'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole  
And dragg'd beasts backwards into's hole ;  
So love does lovers, and us men  
Draws by the tails into his den,  
That no impression may discover,  
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.  
But if you doubt I should reveal  
What you intrust me under seal,  
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous  
As your own secretary' Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
In hiding what your aims propose :  
Love-passions are like parables,  
By which men still mean something else :  
Though love be all the world's pretence,  
Money's the mythologic sense,  
The real substance of the shadow,  
Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,  
And how to quit you your own way ;  
He that will win his dame. must do  
As Love does, when he bends his bow ;  
With one hand thrust the lady from,  
And with the other pull her home.  
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great  
Provocative to am'rous heat :  
It is all philtres and high diet,  
That makes love rampant and to fly out :  
'Tis beauty always in the flower,  
That buds and blossoms at fourscore :  
'Tis that by which the sun and moon,  
At their own weapons, are outdone :  
That makes knights errant fall in trances,  
And lay about 'em in romances :  
'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
That men divine and sacred call :  
For what is worth in any thing,  
But so much money as 'twill bring ?  
Or what but riches is there known,  
Which man can solely call his own,  
In which no creature goes his half,  
Unless it be to squint and laugh ?  
I do confess, with goods and land,  
I'd have a wife at second-hand ;  
And such you are : nor is't your person  
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;  
But 'tis (your better part) your riches,  
That my enamour'd heart bewitches :  
Let me your fortune but possess,  
And settle your person how you please,  
Or make it o'er in trust to the devil,  
You'll find me reasonable and civil.

Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
Than false mock passion, speech or letter,  
Or any feat of qualm or fawning,  
But hanging of yourself or drowning ;  
Your only way with me to break  
Your mind, is breaking of your neck :  
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
Like ninepins, they strike others down ;  
So that wou'd break my heart ; which done,  
My tempting fortune is your own.

These are but trifles ; ev'ry lover  
Will damn himself over and over,  
And greater matters undertake  
For a less worthy mistress' sake :  
Yet they're the only ways to prove  
Th' unfeign'd realities of love ;  
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough  
For mere experiment and proof ;  
It is not jesting, trivial matter,  
To swing i' th' air, or dounce in water,  
And like a water-witch try love ;  
That's to destroy, and not to prove :  
As if a man should be dissected,  
To find what part is disaffected :  
Your better way is to make over,  
In trust, your fortune to your lover :  
Trust is a trial ; if it break,  
'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck :  
Beside, th' experiment's more certain ;  
Men venture necks to gain a fortune :  
The soldier does it ev'ry day  
(Eight to the week) for sixpence pay ;  
Your pettifoggers damn their souls,  
To share with knaves, in cheating fools ;  
And merchants, vent'ring through the main,  
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain :  
This is the way I advise you to ;  
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth she, I should be loath to run  
Myself all th' hazard, and you none,  
Which must be done, unless some deed  
Of your's aforesaid do precede :  
Give but yourself one gentle swing,  
For trial, and I'll cut the string ;  
Or give that rev'rend head a maul,  
Or two, or three, against a wall,  
To shew you are a man of mettle,  
And I'll engage myself to settle.

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,  
As Friar Bacon's noddle was,  
Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough,  
That, authors say, 'twas musket-proof ;  
As it had need to be, to enter,  
As yet, on any new adventure :  
You see what bangs it has endur'd,  
That would, before new feats, be cur'd :  
But if that's all you stand upon,  
Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done,

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone  
As you suppose ; two words t' a bargain ;  
That may be done, and time enough,  
When you have given downright proof ;  
And yet 'tis no fantastical pique  
I have to love, nor coy dislike ;  
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion  
T' your conversation, mien, or person,  
But a just fear, lest you should prove  
False and perfidious in love :  
For if I thought you could be true,  
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as adamantin  
As chains of Destiny, I'll maintain ;

True as Apollo ever spoke,  
 Or oracle from heart of oak;  
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,  
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
 And shine upon me but benignly,  
 With that one, and that other pigfney,  
 The sun and day shall sooner part,  
 Than love or you shake off my heart;  
 The sun, that shall no more dispense  
 His own, but your bright influence.  
 I'll carve your name on barks of trees,  
 With true-love-knots and flourishes  
 That shall insure eternal spring,  
 And everlasting flourishing;  
 Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,  
 And make it brisk Champaign become.  
 Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
 The primrose and the violet;  
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,  
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours;  
 Nature her charter shall renew,  
 And take all lives of things from you;  
 The world depend upon your eye,  
 And when you frown upon it, die.  
 Only our loves shall still survive,  
 New worlds and Nature's to outlive,  
 And like to heralds' moons remain,  
 All crescents, without change or wane.

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this,  
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss;  
 For you will find it a hard chapter,  
 To catch me with poetic rapture,  
 In which your Mastery of Art  
 Doth shew itself, and not your heart:  
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion,  
 By dint of high heroic fustion.  
 She that with poetry is won,  
 Is but a desk to write upon,  
 And what men say of her they mean  
 No more than on the thing they lean.  
 Some with Arabian spices strive  
 To embalm her cruelly alive;  
 Or season her as French cooks use  
 Their *baut-gouffr*, *boullies*, or *ragouffs*:  
 Use her so barbarously ill,  
 To grind her lips upon a mill,  
 Until the *facet doublet* doth  
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:  
 Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's with  
 A row of pearl in't, 'stead of teeth,  
 Others make posies of her cheeks,  
 Where red and whitest colours mix;  
 In which the lily and the rose,  
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.  
 The sun and moon, by her bright eyes,  
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies,  
 Are but black patches that she wears,  
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars;  
 By which astrologers, as well  
 As those in heav'n above, can tell  
 What strange events they do foreshew  
 Unto her under world below.  
 Her voice the music of the spheres,  
 So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,

As wise philosophers have thought,  
 And that's the cause we hear it not.  
 This has been done by some, who those  
 Th' ador'd in rhyme would kill in prose;  
 And in those ribands would have hung,  
 Of which melodiously they sung,  
 That have the hard fate to write best  
 Of those still that deserve it least;  
 It matters not how false or forc'd,  
 So the best things be said o' th' worst;  
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,  
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,  
 Whether it be a swan or goose  
 They level at: so shepherds use  
 To set the same mark on the hip  
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep:  
 For wits that carry low or wide,  
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside  
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,  
 But when they take their aim awry.  
 But I do wonder you should choose  
 This way t' attack me with your Muse:  
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,  
 With Fulhams of poetic fiction:  
 I rather hop'd I should no more  
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;  
 For hard dry bastings us'd to prove  
 The readiest remedies of love,  
 Next a dry diet; but if those fail,  
 Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,  
 In which ye're hamper'd by the fetlock,  
 Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock;  
 Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,  
 If that may serve you for a cooler  
 T' allay your mettle all agog  
 Upon a wife, the heavier clog:  
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate,  
 That for a bruis'd or broken pate,  
 Has freed you from those knobs that grow  
 Much harder on the marry'd brow:  
 But if no dread can cool your courage,  
 From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage;  
 Yet give me quarter, and advance  
 To nobler aims your puissance;  
 Level at beauty and at wit;  
 The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I am before hand  
 In that already, with your command;  
 For where does beauty and high wit  
 But in your Constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply  
 But likeness and equality?  
 I know you cannot think me fit  
 To be th' yokesfellow of your wit;  
 Nor take one of so mean deserts,  
 To be the partner of your parts;  
 A grace which, if I cou'd believe,  
 I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,  
 Is misinform'd; I'll state the case,  
 A man may be a legal doner  
 Of any thing whereof he's owner,  
 And may confer it where he lists,  
 I th' judgment of all casuists;

Then wit, and parts, and valour may  
Be alienated, and made away,  
By those that are proprietors,  
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,  
And proper 'twixt your horse and you ;  
But whether I may take, as well  
As you may give away or sell ?  
Buyers, you know, are bid beware ;  
And worse than thieves receivers are.  
How shall I answer Hue and Cry ?  
For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,  
All spur'd and switch'd, a lock on's hoof,  
A sorrel mane ? Can I bring proof  
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,  
And in the open market toll'd for ?  
Or, should I take you for a stray,  
You must be kept a year and day,  
(E'er I can own you) here i' th' pound,  
Where, if ye're sought, you may be found ;  
And in the mean-time I must pay  
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon  
T' enervate this objection,  
And prove myself, by topic clear,  
No gelding, as you would infer.  
Loss of virility's averr'd  
'To be the cause of loss of beard,  
'That does (like embryo in the womb)  
Abortive on the chin become :  
'This first a woman did invent,  
In envy of man's ornament,  
Semiramis of Babylon,  
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,  
'To mar their beards, and laid foundation  
Of sow-gelding operation :  
Look on his beard, and tell me whether  
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either ?  
Next it appears I am no horse,  
That I can argue and discourse,  
Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, that nothing will avail ;  
For some philosophers of late here,  
Write men have four legs by Nature,  
And that 'tis custom makes them go  
Erroneously upon but two ;  
As 'twas in Germany made good,  
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,  
And growing down t' a man, was wont  
With wolves upon all fours to hunt.  
As for your reasons drawn from tails,  
We cannot say they're true or false,  
'Till you explain yourself and shew  
B' experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,  
I'll give you satisfact'ry account ;  
So you will promise, if you lose,  
'To fettle all, and be my spouse.

That never shall be done (quoth she)  
'To one that wants a tail, by me ;  
For tails by Nature sure were meant,  
As well as beards, for ornament ;  
And though the vulgar count them homely,  
In men or beast they are so comely,

So genteel, alarode, and handsome,  
I'll never marry man that wants one ;  
'And till you can demonstrate plain,  
You have one equal to your mane,  
I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse,  
E'er I'll take you for better or worse.  
The Prince of Cambay's daily food  
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,  
Which makes him have so strong a breath,  
Each night he stinks a queen to death ;  
Yet I shall rather lie in's arms  
Than your's on any other terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford  
I shall produce, upon my word ;  
And if she ever gave that boon  
To man, I'll prove that I have one ;  
I mean by postulate illation,  
When you shall offer just occasion ;  
But since ye've yet deny'd to give  
My heart, your pris'ner a reprieve,  
But made it sink down to my heel,  
Let that at least your pity feel ;  
And for the sufferings of your martyr,  
Give its poor entertainer quarter ;  
And by discharge, or mainprize, grant  
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg  
Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;  
And if I knew which way to do't  
(Your honour safe) I'd let you out.  
That dames by jail-delivery  
Of errant knights have been set free,  
When by enchantment they have been,  
And sometimes for it, too, laid in,  
Is that which knights are bound to do  
By order, oaths, and honour too ;  
For what are they renown'd and famous else,  
But aiding of distressed damosels ?  
But for a lady, no ways errant,  
'To free a knight, we have no warrant  
In any authencal romance,  
Or classic author yet of France ;  
And I'd be loath to have you break  
An ancient custom for a freak,  
Or innovation introduce  
In place of things of antique use,  
'To free your heels by any course  
Thy't might b'unwholesome to your spurs :  
Which if I should consent unto,  
It's not in my pow'r to do ;  
E'er 'tis a service must be done ye  
With solemn previous ceremony ;  
Which always has been us'd t' untie  
The charms of those who here do lie :  
For as the Ancients heretofore  
To honour's temple had no door  
But that which thorough Virtue's lay ;  
So from this dungeon there's no way  
To honour'd freedom, but by passing  
Tha' other virtuous school of lashing,  
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,  
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists ;  
In which they for a while are tenants,  
And for their ladies suffer penance ;

Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,  
 Tutress of arts and sciences,  
 That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,  
 And puts new life into dull matter,  
 That lays foundation for renown,  
 And all the honours of the gown :  
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
 And freed with hon'rab'le discharge ;  
 Then, in their robes, the penitentials  
 Are straight presented with credentials,  
 And in their way attended on  
 By magistrates of ev'ry town ;  
 And all respect and charges paid,  
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.  
 Now if you'll venture, for my sake,  
 To try the toughness of your back,  
 And suffer (as the rest have done)  
 The laying of a whipping on,  
 (And may you prosper in your suit,  
 As you with equal vigour do't)  
 I here engage myself to loose ye,  
 And free your heels from caperdewsic.  
 But since our sex's modesty  
 Will not allow I should be by,  
 Bring me on oath, a fair account,  
 And honour too, when you have don't ;  
 And I'll admit you to the place  
 You claim as due in my good grace.  
 If matrimony and hanging go  
 By destiny, why not whipping too ?  
 What med'cine else can cure the fits  
 Of lovers when they lose their wits ?  
 Love is a boy, by poets styl'd,  
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.  
 A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannam,  
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;  
 And hence some rev'rend men approve  
 Of rosemary in making love.  
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs  
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs,  
 Why may not whipping have as good  
 A grace, perform'd in time and mood,  
 With comely movement, and by art,  
 Raise passion in a lady's heart ?  
 It is an easier way to make  
 Love by, than that which many take.  
 Who would not rather suffer whippin,  
 Than swallow toast of bits of ribbin ?  
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,  
 And spell names over, with beer-glasses ?  
 Be under vows to hang and die  
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?  
 With china-oranges and tarts,  
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ;  
 Bribe chambermaids with love and money,  
 To break no roguish jests upon ye :  
 For lilies limu'd on cheeks, and roses,  
 With painted perfumes hazard noses ?

Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
 Do penance in a paper lantern ?  
 All this you may compound for now,  
 By suff'ring what I offer you ;  
 Which is no more than has been done  
 By knights for ladies long ago.  
 Did not the great La Mancha do so  
 For the Infanta Del Toboso ?  
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
 Himself a slave for Misse's sake,  
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,  
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ?  
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool  
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school,  
 Where pedant made his pathic bum  
 For her sake suffer martyrdom ?  
 Did not a certain lady whip,  
 Of late, her husband's own lordship ?  
 And though a grandee of the House,  
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;  
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a bed-post,  
 And fir'd his hide, as if she 'ad rid post ;  
 And after in the Sessions court,  
 Where whipping's judg'd, and honour for't  
 This swear you will perform, and then  
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,  
 And the Magician's circle, clear.

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
 And will perform what you enjoin,  
 Or may I never see you mine.

Amien, (quoth she) then turn'd about,  
 And bid her Squire let him out.  
 But e'er an artist could be found  
 T' undo the charms another bound,  
 The sun grew low and left the skies,  
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.  
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light,  
 That hides her face by day from sight,  
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
 That's both her lustre and her shade)  
 And in the lantern of the night,  
 With shining horns hung out her light ;  
 For darkness is the proper sphere  
 Where all false glories use t' appear.  
 The twinkling stars began to muster,  
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,  
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,  
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.  
 His whipping penance, till the morn,  
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,  
 And not to carry on a work  
 Of such importance in the dark,  
 With erring haste, but rather stay,  
 And do't in th' open face of day ;  
 And in the mean time go in quest  
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

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# H U D I B R A S.

I N T H R E E P A R T S.

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## PART II. CANTO II.

### *The Argument*

The Knight and Squire, in hot dispute,  
Within an ace of falling out,  
Are parted with a sudden fright  
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;  
With which adventuring to stickle,  
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

**T**is strange how some men's tempers suit  
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,  
That for their own opinions stand fast  
Only to have them claw'd and canast;  
That keep their consciences in cases,  
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases;  
Ne'er to be us'd, but when they're bent  
To play a fit for argument;  
Make true and false, unjust and just,  
Of no use but to be discuss;  
Dispute, and set a paradox,  
Like a strait boot, upon the stocks,  
And stretch'd it more unmercifully  
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.  
So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch,  
With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,  
Beat out their brains in fight and study,  
To prove that virtue is a body,  
That *bonum* is an animal,  
Made good with stout polemic brawl;  
In which some hundreds on the place  
Were slain outright, and many a face  
Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
To maintain what their sect averr'd.

All which the Knight and Squire, in writū,  
Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith;  
Each striving to make good his own,  
As by the sequel shall be shewn.  
The sun had long since, in the lap  
Of Phetis, taken out his nap,  
And like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn;  
When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking  
Wixt sleeping kept, all night, and waking,  
Began to rub his drowsy eyes,  
And from his couch prepar'd to rise,  
Resolving to dispatch the deed  
He vow'd to do with trusty speed:  
But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,  
He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling:  
And after many circumstances  
Which vulgar authors in romances  
Do use to spend their time and wits on,  
To make impertinent description,  
They got (with much ado) to horse,  
And to the castle bent their course,  
In which he to the dame before  
To suffer whipping-duty swore:

Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,  
To carry on the work in earnest,  
He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,  
And with a serious forehead plodding,  
Sprung a new scruple in his head,  
Which first he scratch'd, and after said;  
Whether it be direct infringing  
An oath, if I should wave this swinging,  
And what I've sworn to bear forbear,  
And so b' equivocation swear;  
Or whether 't be a lesser sin  
To be forsworn, than act the thing,  
Are deep and subtle points, which must,  
To inform Conscience, be discut;  
In which to err a title may  
To errors infinite make way:  
And therefore I desire to know  
Thy judgment e'er we further go.

Quoth Ralpho, since you do enjoin 't,  
I shall enlarge upon the point;  
And, for my own part, do not doubt  
'Th' affirmative may be made out.  
But first, to state the case aright,  
For best advantage of our light;  
And thus 'tis; Whether 't be a sin  
To claw and curry your own skin,  
Greater or less, than to forbear,  
And that you are forsworn forswear.  
But first, o' th' first: The inward man,  
And outward, like clan and clan,  
Have always been at daggers drawing,  
And one another clapper-clawing;  
Not that they really cuff or fence,  
But in a spiritual mystic sense;  
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble  
In literal fray, 's abominable:  
'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use  
With Pagans and apostate Jews,  
To offer sacrifice of bridewells,  
Like modern Indians to their idols;  
And mongrel Christians of our times,  
That expiate less with greater crimes,  
And call the foul abomination  
Contrition and mortification.  
Is 't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked,  
With sinful members of the Wicked;  
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd,  
Profan'd and curry'd back and side;  
But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
And Heathen stripes, by their example?  
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)  
Is impious because they did it:  
This therefore, may be justly reckon'd  
A heinous sin. Now to the second;  
That Saints may claim a dispensation  
To swear and forswear on occasion,  
I doubt not but it will appear  
With pregnant light: the point is clear.  
Oaths are but words, and words but wind;  
Too feeble implements to bind;  
And hold with deeds proportion, so  
As shadows to a substance do.  
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
The weaker vessel should submit,

Although your Church be opposite  
To ours, as black friars are to white,  
In rule and order, yet I grant  
You are a Reformado Saint;  
And what the Saints do claim as due,  
You may pretend a title to:  
But Saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,  
Know little of their privilege;  
Further (I mean) than carrying on  
Some self-advantage of their own:  
For if the Devil, to serve his turn,  
Can tell truth, why the Saints should scorn  
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,  
I think there's little reason why:  
Else he 'as a greater power than they,  
Which 't were impiety to say.  
We're not commanded to forbear,  
Indefinitely, at all to swear;  
But to swear idly and in vain,  
Without self-interest or gain:  
For breaking of an oath and lying  
Is but a kind of self-denying,  
A faint-like virtue; and from hence  
Some have broke oaths by Providence\*:  
Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word:  
And this the constant rule and practice  
Of all our late apostles' acts is.  
Was not the cause at first begun  
With perjury, and carry'd on?  
Was there an oath the godly took,  
But in due time and place they broke?  
Did we not bring our oaths in first,  
Before our plate, to have them burst,  
And cast in fitter models, for  
The present use of Church and War?  
Did not our worthies of the house,  
Before they broke the peace, break vows?  
For having freed us, first from both  
'Th' alleg'ance and supren'cy oath,  
Did they not next compel the nation,  
To take, and break the protestation;  
To swear, and after to recant,  
The Solemn League and Covenant?  
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,  
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?  
Did they not swear, at first, to fight  
For the king's safety, and his right?  
And after march'd to find him out,  
And charg'd him home with horse and foot;  
But yet still had the confidence  
To swear it was in his defence?  
Did they not swear to live and die  
With Essex, and straight laid him by?

\* When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, "That if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." And when he kept the King close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed, "The Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

If that were all, for some have sworn  
 As false as they if they did no more.  
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,  
 In which that swearing made a flaw?  
 For Protestant religion vow,  
 That did that vowing disallow?  
 For Privilege of Parliament,  
 In which that swearing made a rent?  
 And since, of all the three, not one  
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.  
 Did they not swear in express words,  
 To prop and back the House of Lords?  
 And after turn'd out the whole houseful  
 Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful.  
 So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,  
 Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;  
 Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,  
 Ay, marry would they, at their command;  
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,  
 'Till th' army turn'd them out of door.  
 'This tells us plainly what they thought,  
 That oaths and swearing go for nought,  
 And that by them th' were only meant  
 To serve for an expedient.  
 What was the public faith found out for,  
 But to stir men of what they fought for?  
 The public faith, which ev'ry one  
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;  
 And if that go for nothing, why  
 Should private faith have such a tie?  
 Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,  
 To keep the good and just in awe,  
 But to confine the bad and sinful,  
 Like mortal cattle in a pinfold.  
 A Saint's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer;  
 And as no Peer is bound to swear,  
 But on the gospel of his honour,  
 Of which he may dispose, as owner,  
 It follows, though the thing be forg'ry,  
 And false, t' affirm it is no perj'ry,  
 But a mere ceremony, and a breach  
 Of nothing but a form of speech,  
 And goes for no more when 'tis took,  
 Than mere saluting of the book.  
 Suppose the Scriptures are of force,  
 They're but commissions of course;  
 And saints have freedom to digress,  
 And vary from 'em, as they please;  
 Or misinterpret them by private  
 Instructions to all aims they drive at.  
 Then why should we ourselves abridge,  
 And curtail our own privilege?  
 Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear  
 Their light within 'em) will not swear;  
 Their gospel is an accident,  
 By which they construe conscience,  
 And hold no sin so deeply red,  
 As that of breaking Priscian's head,  
 (The head and founder of their order,  
 That stirring bats held worse than murder)  
 These thinking they're oblig'd to troth  
 In swearing, will not take an oath;  
 Like mules, who, if they've not their will  
 To keep their own pace, stand stockstill:

But they are weak, and little know  
 What freeborn consciences may do.  
 'Tis the temptation of the devil  
 That makes all human actions evil;  
 For Saints may do the same things by  
 The Spirit, in sincerity,  
 Which other men are tempted to,  
 And at the devil's instance do,  
 And yet the actions be contrary,  
 Just as the Saints and Wicked vary.  
 For as on land there is no beast  
 But in some fish at sea's express;  
 So in the wicked there's no vice  
 Of which the Saints have not a spice;  
 And yet that thing that's pious in  
 The one, in th' other is a sin.  
 Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense,  
 A Saint should be a slave to Conscience,  
 That ought to be above such fancies,  
 As far as above ordinances?  
 She's of the wicked, as I guess,  
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress:  
 And though, like constables, we search  
 For false wares one another's church;  
 Yet all of us hold this for true,  
 No faith is to the wicked due.  
 The truth is precious and divine,  
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.  
 Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;  
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew  
 Those mysteries and revelations;  
 And therefore topical evasions  
 Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,  
 Serve best with th' wicked for pretence,  
 Such as the learned Jesuits use,  
 And Presbyterians, for excuse  
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
 To find their churches taken napping:  
 As thus: A breach of oath is duple,  
 And either way admits a scruple,  
 And may be *ex parte* of the maker,  
 More criminal than the injur'd taker;  
 For he that strains too for a vow,  
 Will break it, like an o'erbent bow:  
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,  
 Not he that for convenience took it,  
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,  
 As found t' all purposes of troth,  
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse,  
 Not till they're broken, have no force.  
 What's justice to a man, or laws,  
 That never comes within their claws?  
 They have no pow'r, but to admonish;  
 Can not control, coerce, or punish,  
 Until they're broken, and then touch  
 That only that do make 'em such.  
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd  
 By man in prison made for good;  
 For when they're set at liberty,  
 They're free from th' engagement too set free,  
 The Rabbins write, When any Jew  
 Did make to God or man a vow,  
 Which afterwards he found untoward,  
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,

Any three other Jews o' th' nation  
 Might free him from the obligation :  
 And have not two Saints pow'r to use  
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?  
 The court of Conscience, which in man  
 Should be supreme and soveran,  
 Is't fit should be subordinate  
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' State,  
 And have less power than the lesser,  
 To deal with perjury at pleasure ?  
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or  
 Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder ?  
 Tell all it does, or does not know,  
 For swearing *ex officio* ?  
 But forc'd t' impeach a broken bedge,  
 And pigs unfring'd at *vis. franc.* pledge ?  
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
 Priests, witches, avedroppers, and nuisance ;  
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full ;  
 And have no power at all, nor shift,  
 To help itself at a dead list ?  
 Why should not conscience have vacation  
 As well as other courts o' th' nation ;  
 Have equal power to adjourn,  
 Appoint appearance and return ;  
 And make as nice distinction serve  
 To split a case, as those that carve,  
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints ?  
 Why should not tricks as slight do points ?  
 Is not the high court of justice sworn  
 To judge that law that serves their turn ?  
 Make their own jealousies high treason,  
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?  
 Cannot the learned counsel there  
 Make laws in any shape appear ?  
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,  
 When they make pictures to destroy,  
 And vex 'em into any form  
 That fits their purpose to do harm ?  
 Rack 'em until they do confess,  
 Impeach of treason whom they please,  
 And most perfidiously condemn  
 Those that engage their lives for them ?  
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
 But what they ought by oath and conscience.  
 Can they not juggle, and with slight  
 Conveyance play with wrong and right ;  
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,  
 As Lapland witches bottled air ?  
 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,  
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge ?  
 As seamen with the self-same gale,  
 Will sev'ral diff'rent courses sail ;  
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,  
 And overflows the level grounds,  
 Those banks, and dams, that, like a screen,  
 Did keep it out, now keep it in ;  
 So when tyrannical usurpation  
 Invades the freedom of a nation,  
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended  
 To keep it out, are made defend it.  
 Does not in Chancery ev'ry man swear  
 What makes best for him in his answer ?

Is not the winding up witnessses,  
 And nicking, more than half the bus'ness ?  
 For witnessses, like watches, go  
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow,  
 And where in conscience they're strait lac'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.  
 Do not your juries give their verdict  
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?  
 And as they please make matter o' fact  
 Run all on one side, as they're packt ?  
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,  
 To publish what he does within doors ;  
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash folly biab it.  
 If oaths can do a man no good  
 In his own bus'ness, why they shou'd,  
 In other matters do him hurt,  
 I think there's little reason for 't.  
 He that imposes an oath makes it,  
 Not he that for convenience takes it ;  
 Then how can any man be said  
 To break an oath he never made ?  
 These reasons may perhaps look oddly  
 To th' wicked, though they evince the godly ;  
 But if they will not serve to clear  
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.  
 Honour is like that glassy bubble,  
 That finds philosophers such trouble,  
 Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,  
 And wits are crackt to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word  
 To swear by only in a lord :  
 In other men 'tis but a huff  
 To vapour with, instead of proof,  
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,  
 Insenseless, and just nothing else.  
 Let it (quoth he) be what it will,  
 It has the world's opinion still.  
 But as men are not wise that run  
 The slightest hazard they may shun,  
 There may a medium be found out  
 To clear to all the world the doubt ;  
 And that is, if a man may do 't,  
 By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,  
 (Quoth Ralpho) it may hold up and clear,  
 That sinners may supply the place  
 Of suffering saints, is a plain case.  
 Justice gives sentence many times  
 On one man for another's crimes,  
 Our brethren of New England use  
 Choice malefactors to excuse,  
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
 Of whom the churches have less need ;  
 As lately 't happen'd : In a town  
 There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,  
 That out of doctrine could cut use,  
 And mend men's lives, as well as shoes.  
 This precious brother having slain,  
 In times of peace, an Indian,  
 Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
 (Because he was an Infidel)  
 The mighty Tottipotymoy  
 Sent to our elders an envoy,

Complaining solely of the breach  
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,  
Against the articles in force  
Between both churches, his and ours,  
For which he crav'd the saints to render  
Into his hands, or hang th' offender;  
But they maturely having weigh'd  
They had no more but him o' th' trade,  
(A man that serv'd them in a double  
Capacity, to teach and coble)  
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do  
The Indian Hloghan Moghan too.  
Impartial justice, in his stead did  
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid:  
Then wherfore may not you be skipp'd,  
And in your room another whipt?  
For all philosphers, but the Sceptic,  
Hold whipping may be sympathetic.

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,  
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;  
And canst, in conscience, not refuse,  
From thy own doctrine to raise use:  
I know thou wilt not (for my sake)  
Be tender conscienc'd of thy back:  
Then strip thee of thy carnal jarkin,  
And give thy outward fellow a ferking;  
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,  
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd.

Quoth Ralpho, you mistake the matter,  
For in all scruples of this nature,  
No man includes himself, nor turns  
The point upon his own concerns.  
As no man of his own self catches  
The itch, or antorous French aches;  
So no man does himself convince,  
By his own doctrine, of his sins:  
And though all cry down self, none means  
His own self in a literal sense:  
Besides, it is not only foppish,  
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish  
For one man out of his own skin  
To frisk and whip another's sin;  
As pedants out of schoolboys' breeches  
Do claw and curry their own itches,  
But in this case it is profane,  
And sinful too, because in vain;  
For we must take our oaths upon it,  
You did the deed, when I have done it.

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon;  
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,  
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you;  
For when with your consent 'tis done,  
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain  
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain.  
Or like the stars, incline men to  
What they're averse themselves to do:  
For when disputes are weary'd out,  
'Tis interest still resolves the doubt:  
But since no reason can confute ye,  
I'll try to force you to your duty;  
For so it is, howe'er you mince it,  
As, e'er we part, I shall evince it;

And curry (if you stand out) whether  
You will or no, your stubborn leather.  
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part  
I' th' public work, base as thou art?  
To higgie thus, for a few blows,  
To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse,  
Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,  
Merely for th' interest of the churches?  
And when he has it in his claws,  
Will not be hide-bound to the cause:  
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgin,  
If thou dispatch it without grudging:  
If not, resolve before we go,  
That you and I must pull a crow.

Ye 'ad best (quoth Ralpho) as the ancients  
Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,  
And look before you e'er you leap:  
For as you sow, you're like to reap:  
And were you as good as George-a-Green,  
I should make hold to turn agen;  
Nor am I doubtful of the issue  
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.  
Is 't fitting for a man of honour  
To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner?  
A Knight t' usurp the beadle's office,  
For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?  
But I advise you (not for fear,  
But for your own sake) to forbear.  
And for the churches, which may chance,  
From hence, to spring a variance,  
And raise among themselves new scruples,  
Whom common danger hardly couples.  
Remember how in arms and politics  
We still have worsted all your holy tricks;  
Trepann'd your party with intrigue,  
And took your grandees down a peg;  
New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd  
All that to Legion Smec adher'd;  
Made a mere utensil o' your church,  
And after left it in the lurch;  
A scaffold to build up our own,  
And when we 'ad done with 't, pull'd it down;  
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,  
And snapp'd their Canons with a Why-not:  
(Grave synod-men, that were rever'd  
For solid face, and depth of beard)  
Their classic model prov'd a maggot,  
Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod;  
And drown'd their discipline like a kitten,  
Of which they 'ad been so long a sitting;  
Devy'd it as a holy cheat,  
Grown out of date and obsolete,  
And all the saints of the first grass,  
As listling foals of Balaam's ass.

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,  
And staring furiously on Ralph,  
He tumbled, and look'd pale with ire,  
Like fishes first, then red as fire.  
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight,  
And for so many moons lain by 't,  
And when all other means did fail,  
Have been exchange'd for tubs of ale?  
Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
Much more consid'rabl and handsome,

But for their own sakes, and for fear  
 They were not safe when I was there;  
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,  
 An ~~ant~~start sect'ry, and a mongrel,  
 Such as breed out of peccant humours  
 Of our own church, like wens or tumours,  
 And, like a maggot in a sore,  
 Wou'd that which gave it life devour;  
 It never shall be done or said:  
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade  
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,  
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,  
 With equal readiness prepar'd,  
 To draw, and stand upon his guard;  
 When both were parted on the sudden,  
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,  
 As if all sorts of noise had been  
 Contracted into one loud din:  
 Or that some member to be chosen,  
 Had got the odds above a thousand;  
 And, by the greatness of his noise,  
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.  
 This strange surprisal put the Knight  
 And wrathful Squire into a fright;  
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal  
 Impetuous rancour, to join battle,  
 Both thought it was the wisest course  
 To wave the fight, and mount to horse,  
 And to secure, by swift retreating,  
 Themselves from danger of worse beating;  
 Yet neither of them would disparage,  
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,  
 Which made 'em stoutly keep their ground,  
 With horror and disdain windbound.  
 And now the cause of all their fear,  
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
 They might distinguish diff'rent noise  
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,  
 And kettledrums, whose fullen dub  
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub.  
 But when the sight appear'd in view,  
 They found it was an antique shew;  
 A triumph that, for pomp and state,  
 Did proudest Romans emulate:  
 For as the Aldermen of Rome  
 Their foes at training overcome,  
 And not enlarging territory,  
 (As some, mistaken, write, in story)  
 Being mounted in their best array,  
 Upon a car, and who but they?  
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads,  
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,  
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,  
 Crying, Hey for our town, through the Brough;  
 So when this triumph drew so nigh,  
 They might particulars descry,  
 They never saw two things so pat,  
 In all respects, as this and that,  
 First, he that led the cavalcate  
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate,  
 On which he blew as strong a levet,  
 As well-fed lawyer on his brev'ate,  
 When over one another's heads  
 They charge (three ranks at once) like weads.

Next pans and kettles of all keys,  
 From trebles down to double base;  
 And after them upon a nag,  
 That might pass for a forehead stag,  
 A Cornet rode, and on his staff  
 A smoke display'd did proudly wave;  
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,  
 With snuffing, broken-winded tones,  
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,  
 Sound filthier than from the gut,  
 And makes a viler noise than swine,  
 In windy weather, when they whine.  
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,  
 Full fraught with that which, for good manners,  
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains  
 Which he dispens'd among the swains,  
 And busily upon the crowd  
 At random round about bestow'd.  
 Then, mounted on a horned horse,  
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,  
 Ty'd to the pommel of a long sword  
 He held reverse, the point turn'd downward;  
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,  
 The conqu'ror's Standardbearer rid,  
 And bore aloft before the champion  
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant;  
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant  
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't  
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,  
 The warrior whilom overcome,  
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff,  
 Which as he rode she made him twist off;  
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder  
 Chastis'd the reformado foldier,  
 Before the Dame, and round about,  
 March'd whiffers, and staffers on foot,  
 With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,  
 In fit and proper equipages;  
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,  
 Before the croud virago minx,  
 That was both Madam and a Don,  
 Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;  
 And at fit periods the whole rout  
 Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.  
 The Knight transported, and the Squire,  
 Put up their weapons, and their ire;  
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder  
 On such fights with judicious wonder,  
 Could hold no longer to impart  
 His an'madversions, for his heart.

Quoth he, in all my life, till now,  
 I ne'er saw so profane a shew;  
 It is a Paganish invention,  
 Which Heathen writers often mention;  
 And he who made it had read Goodwin,  
 Or Ros, or Cælius Rhodogine,  
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,  
 That best describe those ancient shews;  
 And has observ'd all fit decorums  
 We find describ'd by old historians:  
 For as the Roman conqueror,  
 That put an end to foreign war,  
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,  
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot;

So this insulting female brave  
 Carries, behind her here, a slave :  
 And as the Ancients long ago,  
 When they in field desy'd the foe,  
 Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,  
 So her proud Standardbearer here,  
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner;  
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.  
 Next links and torches, heretofore  
 Still borne before the emperor :  
 And as in antique triumph eggs  
 Were, born for mystical intrigues;  
 There's one in truncheon, like a laddle,  
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle;  
 And still at random, as he goes,  
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ;  
 For all th' antiquity you smatter  
 Is but a riding us'd of course,  
 When The grey mare's the better horse ;  
 When o'er the breeches greedy women  
 Fight, to extend their vast dominion,  
 And in the cause impatient Grizel  
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,  
 And brought him under Covert-baron,  
 To turn her vassal with a murrain ;  
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares,  
 And ride their husbands, like night-mares,  
 And they in mortal battle vanquish'd,  
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,  
 And by the right of war, like gills,  
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels :  
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,  
 Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence,  
 Impertinently, and against sense :  
 'Tis not the least disparagement  
 To be defeated by th' event,  
 Nor to be beaten by main force ;  
 That does not make a man the worse,  
 Although his shoulders with battoon  
 Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune.  
 A tailor's prentice has no hard  
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard ;  
 But to turn tail, or run away,  
 And without blows give up the day ;  
 Or to surrender e'er th' assault,  
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault ;  
 And renders men of honour less  
 Than all the adversity of success ;  
 And only unto such this shew  
 Of horns and petticoats is due.  
 There is a lesser profanation,  
 Like that the Romans call'd Ovation :  
 For as Ovation was allow'd  
 For conquest purchas'd without blood ;  
 So men decree those lesser shews  
 For vict'ry gotten without blows,  
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some  
 Give battle with, and overcome ;  
 These mounted in a chair-curule,  
 Which Moderns call a Cuckling-stool,  
 March proudly to the river's side,  
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;

Like dukes of Venice, who are sed  
 The Adriatic sea to wed ;  
 And have a gentler wife than those  
 For whom the state decrees those shew  
 But both are Heathenish, and come  
 From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,  
 And by the Saints should be withstood,  
 As antichristian and lewd ;  
 And we, as such, should now contribute  
 Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.  
 This said, they both advanc'd, and rode  
 A dogtrot through the bawling crowd  
 T' attack the leader, and still prest  
 Till they approach'd him breast to breast ;  
 Then Hudibras, with face and hand,  
 Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd,  
 What means (quoth he) this devil's procession  
 With men of orthodox profession ?  
 'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,  
 From Heathenism deriv'd to us.  
 Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride  
 Upon her horned Beast astride,  
 Like this proud Dame, who either is  
 A type of her, or she of this ?  
 Are things of superstitious function,  
 Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine ?  
 It is an antichristian opera,  
 Much us'd in midnight times of Popery ;  
 Of running after self-inventions  
 Of wicked and profane intentions ;  
 To scandalize that sex, for scolding,  
 To whom the Saints are so beholden.  
 Women, who were our first apostles,  
 Without whose aid we 'ad all been lost else ;  
 Women, that left no stone unturn'd  
 In which the cause might be concern'd ;  
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,  
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ;  
 Their husband's cullies, and sweethearts,  
 To take the Saints' and Churches' parts ;  
 Drew sev'ral Gifted Brethren in,  
 That for the Bishops wou'd have been,  
 And fix'd 'em constant to the party,  
 With motives powerful and hearty :  
 Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts  
 T' administer unto their Gifts  
 All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,  
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver ;  
 Rub'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent  
 With holding forth for Parl'ament ;  
 Pamp'rd and edify'd their zeal  
 With narrow puddings many a meal :  
 Enabled them, with store of meat,  
 On con'verted points, to eat ;  
 And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ache,  
 With candle, custard, and plumcake.  
 What have they done, or what left undone,  
 That might advance the Cause at London ?  
 March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
 T' intrench the City for defence in :  
 Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,  
 To put th' Enemy to stands ;  
 From laces down to oysterwenches  
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,

Fall'n to their pickaxes, and tools,  
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.  
 Have not the handmaids of the City  
 Chose of their Members a Committee,  
 For raising of a common purse,  
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?  
 And do they not as Triers sit,  
 To judge what officers are fit?  
 Have they--At that an egg let fly,  
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
 And running down his cheek, besmear'd,  
 With orange-tawny slime, his beard;  
 But beard and slime being of one hue,  
 The wound the less appear'd in view.  
 Then he that on the panniers rode,  
 Let fly on the other side a load,  
 And quickly charg'd again gave fully,  
 In Ralpho's face, another volley.  
 The Knight was startled with the smell,  
 And for his sword began to feel;  
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,  
 Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link,  
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,  
 Like linstock, to the horses touch-hole;  
 And straight another, with his flambeau,  
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.  
 The beasts began to kick and fling,  
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;  
 Through which they quickly broke their way,  
 And brought them off from further fray;  
 And though disorder'd in retreat,  
 Each of them stoutly kept his feat:  
 For quitting both their swords and reins,  
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,  
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit,  
 With spurring put their cattle to 't,  
 And till all four were out of wind,  
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.  
 After they'd paus'd awhile, supplying  
 Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,  
 And Hudibras recruited force  
 Of lungs, for action or discourse;

Quoth he, that man is sure to lose,  
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes:  
 For where no honour's to be gain'd,  
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd:  
 'Twas ill for us we had to do  
 With so dishon'rabl a foe:  
 For though the law of arms doth bar  
 The use of venom'd shot in war,  
 Yet by the nauseous smell, and noisom,  
 Their case-shot favour strong of poison,  
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth  
 Of some that had a stinking breath;  
 Else when we put it to the push,  
 They had not giv'n us such a brush:  
 But as those poltroons that sling durt  
 Do but defile but cannot hurt;  
 So all the honour they have won,  
 Or we have lost, is much at one.  
 'Twas well we made so resolute  
 A brave retreat without pursuit;  
 For if we had not, we had sped  
 Much worse to be in triumph led;  
 Than which the ancients held no state  
 Of man's life more unfortunate.  
 But if this bold adventure e'er  
 Do chance to reach the widow's ear,  
 It may, being destin'd to assert  
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart:  
 And as such homely treats, (they say)  
 Portend good fortune, so this may.  
 Vespasian being daub'd with durt,  
 Was destin'd to the empire for't;  
 And from a scavenger did come  
 To be a mighty prince in Rome:  
 And why may not this foul address  
 Presage in love the same success?  
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,  
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds;  
 And after (as we first design'd)  
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

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# HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

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## PART II. CANTO III.

### *The Argument.*

The Knight, with various doubts possess'd,  
To win the Lady goes in quest  
Of Sydrophel the Rosycrucian,  
To know the Dest'nies' resolution ;  
With whom, b'ing met, they both chop logic  
About the science astrologic ;  
Till falling from dispute to fight,  
The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

**D**OUTLESS the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat ;  
As lookers on feel most delight,  
That least perceive a juggler's flight,  
And still less they understand,  
The more th' admire his flight of hand,  
Some with a noise, a greasy light,  
Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,  
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,  
As nooses by the legs catch fowl.  
Some with a med'cine and receipt  
Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;  
And though it be a two-foot trout,  
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.  
Others believe no voice t' an organ  
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,  
Until with subtle cobweb-cheats  
They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets ;  
In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
The more they stir, the more the're tangled ;  
And while their purses can dispute,  
There's no end of th' immortal suit.  
Others still grape t' anticipate  
The cabinet-designs of Fate,

Apply to wizards, to foresee  
What shall, and what shall never be ;  
And as those vultures do forebode,  
Believe events prove bad or good ;  
A sham more senseless than the roguery  
Of old auruspicy and aug'ry,  
That out of garbages of cattle  
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle ;  
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking ;  
Success of great'st attempts wou'd reckon :  
Though cheats, yet more intelligible,  
Than those that with the stars do fribble,  
This Hudibras by proof found true,  
As in due time and place we'll shew :  
For he with beard and face made clean,  
Being mounted on his steed agen,  
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,  
Upon his beast, with much ado)  
Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,  
T' acquit himself, and pay his vows ;  
When various thoughts began to bustle,  
And with his inward man to jussle.  
He thought what danger might accrue,  
If she should find he swore untrue ;

Or if his Squire or he should fail,  
And not be punctual in their tale,  
It might at once the ruin prove  
Both of his honour, faith, and love:  
But if he should forbear to go,  
She might conclude he'd broke his vow;  
And that he durst not now, for shame,  
Appear in court to try his claim,  
This was the penn'worth of his thought,  
To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures  
I ne'er was set so on the tenters,  
Or taken tardy with dilemma,  
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,  
And with inextricable doubt,  
Besets my puzzled wits about:  
For though the Dame has been my bail,  
To free me from enchanted jail,  
Yet as a dog, committed close  
For some offence, by chance breaks loose;  
And quits his clog; but all in vain,  
He still draws after him his chain:  
So though my ankle she has quitted,  
My heart continues still committed;  
And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,  
Although at large, I am bound over:  
And when I shall appear in court  
To plead my cause, and answer for't,  
Unless the judge do partial prove,  
What will become of me and love?  
For if in our account we vary,  
Or but in circumstance miscarry;  
Or if she put me to strict proof,  
And make me pull my doublet off,  
To shew, by evident record,  
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,  
How can I e'er expect to have her,  
Having demurr'd into her favour?  
But faith, and love, and honour lost,  
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?  
Beside that stripping may prevent  
What I'm to prove by argument,  
And justify I have a tail,  
And that way, too, my proof may fail.  
Oh! that I could enucleate,  
And solve the problems of my fate;  
Or find, by necromantic art,  
How far the Destinies take my part;  
For if I were not more than certain  
To win and wear her and her fortune,  
I'd go no farther in this courtship,  
To hazard soul, estate, and Worship:  
For though an oath obliges not,  
Where any thing is to be got,  
(As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,  
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel\*,  
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,  
And sage opinion of the Moon sells,

\* William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons.

To whom all people, far and near,  
On deep importances repair;  
When brass and pewter hap to stray,  
And lincn flinks out o' the way;  
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,  
And sows of sucking pigs are chows'd;  
When cattle feel indisposition,  
And need th' opinion of physician;  
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,  
And chickens languish of the pip;  
When yest and outward means do fail,  
And have no pow'r to work on ale;  
When butter does refuse to come,  
And love proves cross and humourfome;  
To him with questions, and with urine,  
They for discov'ry flock, for curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel  
I've heard of, and should like it well,  
If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom  
To go to forc'ers when they need 'em,  
Says Ralph, There's no doubt of that;  
Those principles I quoted late,  
Prove that the Godly may allege  
For any thing their privilege,  
And to the dev'l himself may go,  
If they have motives thereunto:  
For as there is a war between  
The dev'l and them, it is no sin,  
If they by subtle stratagem  
Make use of him, as he does them.  
Has not this present Parliament  
A leger to the dev'l sent,  
Fully empower'd to treat about  
Finding revolted witches out?  
And has not he, within a year,  
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire;  
Some only for not being drown'd,  
And some for sitting above ground,  
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,  
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;  
And some for putting knavish tricks  
Upon green geese and turk-y-chicks,  
Or pigs that suddenly deceast  
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;  
Who alter prov'd himself a witch,  
And made a rode for his own breech.  
Did not the dev'l appear to Martin  
Luther in Germany, for certain?  
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,  
But Mart. was too, too politic.  
Did he not help the Dutch to purge,  
At Antwerp, their cathedral church?  
Sing catches to the Saints at Mascon,  
And tell them all they came to ask him?  
Appear in divers shapes to Kelly,  
And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?  
Meet with the parl'ment's Committee,  
At Woodstock, on a pers'nal treaty?  
At Sarum take a Cavalier  
I' th' Cause's service, prisoner?  
As Withers † in immortal rhyme  
Has register'd to aftertime.

† This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his Poems enumerated by A. Wood.

Do not our great Reformers use  
 This Sidrophel to forebode news;  
 To write of victories next year,  
 And castles taken yet i' th' air?  
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships  
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?  
 A total o'erthrow giv'n the King  
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?  
 And has not he point-blank foretold  
 Whats'e'er the Close Committee would?  
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,  
 The Moon for fundametal laws?  
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare  
 Against the Book of Common-Prayer?  
 The Scorpion take the Protestation,  
 And Bear engage for Reformation?  
 Make all the Royal stars recant,  
 Compound, and take the Covenant?  
 Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear  
 The Saints may 'mploy a Conjuror,  
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;  
 No argument like matter of fact is:  
 And we are best of all led to  
 Men's principles, by what they do.  
 Then let us straight advance in quest  
 Of this profound gymnosophist,  
 And as the Fates and he advise,  
 Pursue, or wave this enterprise.  
 This said, he turn'd about his steed,  
 And estfoons on th' adventure rid;  
 Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,  
 And to the conj'rer turn our style,  
 To let our reader understand  
 What's useful of him beforehand.  
 He had been long t'wards mathematics,  
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,  
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
 And was old dog at physiology;  
 But as a dog that turns the spit  
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet  
 To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
 His own weight brings him down again,  
 And still he's in the self-same place  
 Where at his setting out he was;  
 So in the circle of the arts  
 Did he advance his nat'ral parts,  
 'Till falling back still, for retreat,  
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:  
 For as those fowls that live in water  
 Are never wet, he did but smatter;  
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
 His understanding still was clear;  
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
 Since old Hodge Bacon\*, and Bob Crosted†.  
 Th' intelligible world he knew,  
 And all men dream on't to be true,  
 That in this world's not a wart  
 That has not there a counterpart;

Nor can there on the face of ground  
 An individual beard be found  
 That has not, in that foreign nation,  
 A fellow of the self-same fashion;  
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
 As those are in th' inferior world.  
 He'd read Dee's § prefaces before,  
 The Devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;  
 And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,  
 Lascus ¶ and th' Emperor, would tell ye:  
 But with the moon was more familiar  
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer;  
 Her secrets understood so clear,  
 That some believ'd he had been there;  
 Knew when she was in fittest mood  
 For cutting corns, or letting blood:  
 When for anointing scabs or itches,  
 Or to the bum applying leeches;  
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,  
 And in what sign best cyder's made;  
 Whether the wane be, or increase,  
 Best to set garlic, or sow pease;  
 Who first found out the man o' th' moon,  
 That to th' Ancients was unknown;  
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,  
 Are in the planetary spheres;  
 Their airy empire, and command,  
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;  
 What factions they've, and what they drive at  
 In public vogue, or what in private:  
 With what designs and interests  
 Each party manages contests.  
 He made an instrument to know  
 If the moon shine at full or no;  
 That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight,  
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;  
 Tell what her d'iameter to an inch is,  
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.  
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the man in  
 The moon's a sea Mediterranean;  
 And that it is no dog or bitch  
 That stands behind him at his breech,  
 But a huge Caspian sea or lake,  
 With arms, which men for legs mistake;  
 How large a gulf his tail composes,  
 And what a goodly bay his nose is;  
 How many German leagues by th' scale  
 Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.  
 He made a planetary gin,  
 Which rats would run their own heads in,  
 And come on purpose to be taken,  
 Without th' expence of cheese or bacon,  
 With lustrings he would counterfeit  
 Margots that crawl on dish of meat;  
 Quote moles and spots on any place  
 O' th' body, by the index face;  
 Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,  
 Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;

\* Roger Bacon, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I.; and for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the foolish story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days.  
 † Bishop Crosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. A. D. 1235.

§ Dee was a Welchman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts.

¶ Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

Cure warts and corns, with application  
 Of med'cines to th' imagination :  
 Fright agues into dogs, and scare,  
 With rhymes, the toothach and catarrh ;  
 Chase evil spirits away by dint  
 Of fickle, horseshoe, hollow flint ;  
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,  
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;  
 And fire a mine in China here,  
 With sympathetic gunpowder.  
 He knew what's ever's to be known,  
 But much more than he knew would own.  
 What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus  
 Could make a man with, as he tells us ;  
 What figur'd flats are best to make,  
 On wat'ry surface, duck or drake ;  
 What bowling-stones, in running race  
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;  
 Whether a pulse beat in the black  
 List of a dappled louse's back ;  
 If systole or diastole move  
 Quickest when he's in wrath, or love ;  
 When two of them do run a race,  
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ;  
 How many scores a flea will jump,  
 Of his own length from head to rump,  
 Which Socrates and Chærephon  
 In vain assay'd so long ago ;  
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is,  
 And not an elephant's proboscis ;  
 How many different species  
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;  
 And which are next of kin to those  
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose ;  
 Or those not seen, but understood,  
 That live in vinegar and wood.  
 A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,  
 That him in place of zany serv'd,  
 Hight Whachum \*, bred to dash and draw,  
 Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;  
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,  
 Wide as meridians in maps ;  
 To squander paper, and spare ink,  
 Or cheat men of their words, some think.  
 From this, by merited degrees,  
 He'd to more high advancement rise,  
 To be an under-conjurer,  
 Or journeyman astrologer :  
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,  
 And men with their own keys unriddle ;  
 To make them to themselves give answers,  
 For which they pay the necromancers ;  
 To fetch and carry 'ntelligence  
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,  
 And all discoveries disperse  
 Among the whole pack of conjurers ;  
 What cut-purses have left with them,  
 For the right owners to redeem,

\* Journeyman to Sydrophel, who was one Tom Jones, a foolish Welchman. In a key to a poem of Mr Butler's, Whachum is said to be one Richard Green, who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry, and called, *Hudibras in a Skirt*. It was printed about the year 1687.

And what they dare not vent, find out,  
 To gain themselves and th' art rep'ute,  
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,  
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,  
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,  
 And find out all by rules of art ;  
 Which way a serving man, that's run  
 With clothes or money away, is gone ;  
 Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,  
 And where a watch, for half the worth,  
 May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate  
 Restor'd at conscionable rate.  
 Beside all this, he serv'd his master  
 In quality of poetaster,  
 And rhymes appropriate could make  
 To ev'ry month i' th' almanack ;  
 When terms begin and end could tell,  
 With their returns, in doggerel ;  
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,  
 And sowgelder with safety cuts ;  
 When men may eat and drink their fill,  
 And when be temp'rate, if they will ;  
 When use, and when abstain from vice,  
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.  
 And as in prison mean rogues beat  
 Hemp for the service of the great,  
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains  
 T' advance his master's fame and gains,  
 And, like the devil's oracles,  
 Put into doggerel rhymes his spells,  
 Which over ev'ry month's blank page  
 I' th' almanack, strange bilks preface.  
 He would an elegy compose  
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose ;  
 In lyric numbers write an ode on  
 His mistress, eating a black pudden ;  
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,  
 It put him with poetic rapture.  
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,  
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,  
 That, circled with his long ear'd guests,  
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts ;  
 A carman's horse could not pass by,  
 But stood ty'd up to poetry ;  
 No porter's burden pass'd along,  
 But serv'd for burden to his song :  
 Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears ;  
 All trades run in as to the fight  
 Of monsters to their dear delight  
 The gallow-tree, when cutting purse  
 Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,  
 Which none does hear but would have hung  
 T' have been the theme of such a song.  
 Those two together long had liv'd  
 In mansion prudently contriv'd,  
 Where neither tree nor house could bar  
 The free detection of a star ;  
 And nigh an ancient obelisk  
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,  
 On which was written, not in words,  
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,  
 Many rare pithy saws, concerning  
 The worth of astrologic learning :

From top of this there hung a rope,  
 To which he fasten'd telescope,  
 The spectacles with which the stars  
 He reads in smallest characters.  
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,  
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite,  
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,  
 That, like a bird of Paradise,  
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,  
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs:  
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,  
 At th' end of which there hung a light,  
 Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,  
 That far off like a star did appear:  
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,  
 And with amazement staring wide,  
 Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder  
 Is that appears in heav'n yonder?  
 A comet, and without a beard!  
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd?  
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll  
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,  
 With which, like Indian plantations,  
 The learned stock the constellations;  
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been  
 To th' houses where the planets inn.  
 It must be supernatural,  
 Unless it be that cannon-ball  
 That, shot i' th' air point blank upright,  
 Was borne to that prodigious height  
 That, learn'd philosophers maintain,  
 It ne'er came backwards down again,  
 But in the airy region yet  
 Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:  
 For if it be above the shade  
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,  
 'Tis probable it may, from far,  
 Appear no bullet, but a star.  
 This said, he to his engine flew,  
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,  
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right  
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite,  
 Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)  
 It is a planet, now, I see;  
 And, if I err not, by his proper  
 Figure, that's like tobacco stopper,  
 It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear  
 'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?  
 He's got between the Dragon's tail  
 And farther leg behind o' th' whale;  
 Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,  
 For 'tis a prodigy not common,  
 And can no less than the world's end,  
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.  
 With that he fell again to pry,  
 Through perspective, more wistfully.  
 When, by mischance, the fatal string;  
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,  
 Breaking down fell the star. Well shot,  
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought  
 He'd levell'd at a star, and hit it;  
 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted,  
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful  
 Portent is this, to see a star fall?

It threatens Nature, and the doom  
 Will not be long before it come!  
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough  
 The day of judgment's not far off;  
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick\*,  
 And some of us find out by magic:  
 Then since the time we have to live  
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive  
 To make our best advantage of it,  
 And pay our losses with our profit.  
 This feat fell out not long before  
 The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,  
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing,  
 Was now in prospect of the mansion;  
 Whom he discoy'ring, turn'd his glass,  
 And found far off 't was Hudibras.  
 Whachum, (quoth he) look yonder, some  
 To try or use our art are come:  
 The one's the learned Knight; seek out,  
 And pump'em what they come about.  
 Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness  
 T' accost'em, but much more their bus'ness:  
 He held a stirrup, while the knight  
 From leathern Bare-bones did alight;  
 And taking from his hand the bridle,  
 Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle.  
 He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
 And welcom'd him, as he might say:  
 He ask'd him whence they came, and whither  
 Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.  
 Did you not lose—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.  
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!  
 Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,  
 And pains intolerable doth suffer;  
 For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,  
 Nor lights nor lungs, and so forth downwards.  
 What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,  
 Three years it off and on has hung—  
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis;  
 Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis;  
 Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art  
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart,  
 Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer,  
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.  
 Mean-while the Knight was making water,  
 Before he fell upon the matter;  
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,  
 To give him suitable reception;  
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay,  
 Till Whachum put him in the way;  
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light  
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight,  
 And what he came to know, drew near,  
 To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,  
 Which he prevented thus: What was't,  
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,  
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd?  
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,  
 In opposition with Mars,  
 And no benign friendly stars  
 T' allay the effect, Quoth Wizard, So!  
 In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No;  
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it,  
 One tenth of's circle to a minute?

\* Will'm Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast.

Tis well, quoth he— Sir you'll excuse  
This rudeness I am forc'd to use;  
It is a scheme and face of heaven,  
As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,  
I was contemplating upon  
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.  
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear  
Unseasonable in coming here  
At such a time, to interrupt  
Your speculations, which I hop'd  
Assistance from, and come to use,  
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,  
The stars your coming did foretel;  
I did expect you here, and knew,  
Before you spake, your bus'ness too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,  
And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
You tell me after, on your word,  
Howe'er unlikely or absurd,

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,  
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,  
And for three years has rid your wit  
And passion, without drawing bit;  
And now your bus'ness is to know  
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,  
But how the devil you come by't  
I can't image; for the stars  
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse;  
Nor can their aspects (though you pore  
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more  
Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers  
That turns as certain as the spheres:  
But if the dev'l's of your counsel,  
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;  
And 'tis on his account I come,  
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,  
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
I might suspect, and take the alarm,  
Your bus'ness is but to inform;  
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,  
You have a wrong sow by the ear;  
For I assure you for my part,  
I only deal by rules of art:  
Such as are lawful, and judge by  
Conclusions of astrology;  
But for the devil know nothing by him,  
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,  
I understand your metonymy;  
Your words of second-hand intention,  
When things by wrongful names you mention;  
The mystic sense of all your terms,  
That are indeed but magic charms  
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,  
And that is downright conjuring;  
And in itself more warrantable  
Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,  
Or putting tricks upon the moon,  
Which by confed'racy are done.  
Your ancient conjurers were wont  
To make her from her sphere dismount'

And to their incantation stoop;  
They scorn'd to pore through telescope,  
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
Which ev'ry almanack can tell,  
Perhaps as learnedly and well  
As you yourself—Then friend, I doubt  
You go the farthest way about:  
Your modern Indian magician  
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,  
And straight resolves all questions by 't,  
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.  
The Rosycrusian way's more sure  
To bring the devil to the lure;  
Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin,  
To catch intelligences in.  
Some by the nose, with fumes, trepan 'em,  
As Dunstan did the devil's grannam\*;  
Others with characters and words  
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;  
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,  
Engrav'd in planetary nicks,  
With their own influences will fetch 'em  
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;  
Make 'em depose and answer to  
All questions, e'er they let them go.  
Bumbastus kept a devil's bird  
Shut in the pommel of his sword,  
'That taught him all the cunning pranks  
Of past and future mountebanks.  
Kelly did all his feats upon†  
The devil's looking-glass, a stone,  
Where playing with him at bo-peep,  
He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.  
Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,  
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,  
That was his tutor, and the cur  
Read to th' occult philosopher,  
And taught him subt'ly to maintain  
All other sciences are vain.

To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,  
Agrippa was no conjurer,  
Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;  
Nor was the dog a cacodemon,  
But a true dog, that would shew tricks  
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;  
Would fetch and carry, was more civil  
Than other dogs, and yet no devil;

\* St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury anno 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a Conjuror, and then of a saint.

† This Kelly was chief seer, or as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready made from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking glass (or a round stone like a crystal.) Alasco, Palatine of Poland, Pucel a learned Florentine, and Prince Rosemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia, were long of the society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himself; but Lilly observes, that he was so wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

And whatfo'er he's said to do,  
He went the self-same way we go.  
As for the Rosycrot-philosophers,  
Whom you will have to be but forcerers,  
What they pretend to is no more  
Than Trismagistus did before,  
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,  
And Apollonius their master,  
To whom they do confess they owe  
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't us  
Whether 'twas said by Trismagistus,  
If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,  
Or not intelligible, or sophistic.

'Tis not antiquity nor author, [ter.  
That makes truth 'Fruth, although Time's daugh-

'Twas he that put her in the pit,  
Before he pull'd her out of it;

And as he eats his sons, just so  
He feeds upon his daughters too.

Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,  
To be descended of a race

Of ancient kings in a small space,  
That we should all opinions hold  
Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part  
Of prudence to cry down an art,  
And what it may perform deny,  
Because you understand not why;

(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,  
To damn our whole art for eccentric)

For who knows all that knowledge contains,  
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,

But on their sides, or risings, seat;  
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.

Do not the hist'ries of all ages  
Relate miraculous presages

Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,  
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,

Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks  
And some that have writ almanacks?

The Median Emp'ror dream'd his daughter  
Had pist all Asia under water,

And that a vine, sprung from her haunches  
O'erspread his empire with its branches;

And did not soothsayers expound it,  
As after by th' event he found it?

When Caesar in the senate fell,  
Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,

And in resentment of his slaughter,  
Look'd pale for almost a year after?

Augustus having, b' oversight,  
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,

Had like to have been slain that day,  
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.

Are there not myriads of this sort,  
Which stories of all times report?

Is it not ominous in all countries,  
When crows and ravens crouch on trees?

The Roman senate, when within  
The city walls an owl was seen,

Did cause their clergy with lustrations,  
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)

The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert  
From doing town or country hurt.  
And if an owl have so much pow'r,  
Why should not planets have much more,

That in a region far above  
Inferior fowls of the air move,

And should see further, and foreknow  
More than their augury below?

Though that once serv'd the polity  
Of mighty states to govern by;

And this is what we take in hand  
By powerful Art to understand;

Which, how we have perform'd, all ages  
Can speak th' events of our presages.

Have we not lately, in the moon,  
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?

Discover'd sea and land, Columbus  
And Magellan cou'd never compass?

Made mountains with our tubes appear,  
And cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,  
That I, without a telescope,

Can find your tricks out, and desery  
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:

For Anaxagoras, long ago,  
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,

And held the sun was but a piece  
Of red-hot iron as big as Greece;

Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,  
Because the sun had voided one;

And rather than he would recant  
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas! is it to us,  
Wether i' th' moon men thus or thus

Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,  
Or whether they have tails or horns?

What trade from thence can you advance,  
But what we nearer have from France?

What can our travellers bring home,  
That is not to be learnt at Rome?

What politics, or strange opinions,  
That are not in our own dominions?

What science can be brought from thence,  
In which we do not here commence?

What revelations, or religions,  
That are not in our native regions?

Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,  
Made better there than they're in France?

Or do they teach to sing and play  
O' th' guitar there a newer way?

Can they make plays there, that shall fit  
The public humour with less wit?

Write wittier dances, quainter shews,  
Or fight with more ingenious blows?

Or does the man i' th' moon look big,  
And wear a Luger periwig?

Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks  
Than our own native lunatics?

But if w' outdo him here at home,  
What good of your design can come?

As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,  
Is but a blast if downward sent,

But if it upward chance to fly,  
Becomes new light and prophecy;

So when your speculations tend  
Above their just and useful end,  
Although they promise strange and great  
Discoveries of things far set,  
They are but idle dreams and fancies,  
And favour strongly of the ganzas.  
'Tell me but what 's the natural cause  
Why on a sign no painter draws  
The full-moon ever, but the half?  
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;  
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,  
And dogs howl when she shines in water?  
'And I shall freely give my vote,  
You may know something more remote.  
At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,  
And staring round with owl-like eyes,  
He put his face into a posture  
Of sapience, and began to bluster;  
For having three times shook his head  
'To stir his wit up, thus he said:  
Art has no mortal enemies  
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;  
'Those consecrated geese, in orders,  
'That to the Capitol were warders,  
And being then upon patrol,  
With noise alone beat off the Gaul;  
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,  
'That will not credit their own souls,  
Or any science understand,  
Beyond the reach of eye or hand;  
But meas'ring all things by their own  
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:  
'Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-  
Houses cry down all philosophy,  
And will not know upon what ground  
In Nature we our doctrine found,  
Although with pregnant evidence  
We can demonstrate it to sense,  
As I just now have done to you,  
Foretelling what you came to know.  
Were the stars only made to light  
Robbers, and burglars by night?  
'To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,  
And lovers solacing behind doors,  
Of giving one another pledges  
Of matrimony under hedges?  
Or witches sumpling, and on gibbets  
Cutting from malefactors snippets?  
Or from the pill'ry tips of ears  
Of rebel-faints and perjurers,  
Only to stand by, and look on,  
But not know what is said or done?  
Is there a constellation there  
'That was not born and bred up here?  
And therefore cannot be to learn  
In any inferior concern?  
Were they not, during all their lives,  
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?  
And is it like they have not skill  
In their old practices some skill?  
Is there a planet that by birth  
Does not derive its house from earth,  
And therefore probably must know  
What is, and hath been done below,

Who made the Balance, or whence came  
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?  
Did not we hear the Argo rig,  
Make Berenice's periwig?  
Whose liv'ry does the coachman wear?  
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?  
And therefore as they came from hence,  
With us may hold intelligence.  
Plato deny'd the world can be  
Govern'd without geometry,  
(For money b'ing the common scale  
Of things by measure, weight and tale,  
In all th' affairs of church and state,  
'Tis both the balance and the weight)  
Then much less can it be without  
Divine astrology made out,  
That puts the other down in worth,  
As far as heav'n 's above the earth,  
These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant  
Are something more significant  
Than any that the learned use  
Upon this subject to produce;  
And yet they're far from satisfactory,  
'T' establish and keep up your factory.  
'Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice  
Shifted his setting and his rise;  
'Twice has he risen in the west,  
As many times set in the east;  
But whether that be true or no,  
The devil any of you know.  
Some hold the heavens, like a top,  
Are kept by circulation up,  
And were 't not for their wheeling round,  
They'd instantly fall to the ground;  
As sage Empedocles of old,  
And from him modern authors hold.  
Plato believ'd the sun and moon  
Below all other planets run.  
Some Mercury, some Venus seat,  
Above the sun himself in height.  
'The learned Scaliger complain'd  
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,  
That in twelve hundred years and odd,  
The sun had left its ancient road,  
And nearer to the earth is come  
'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;  
Swore 't was a most notorious sham,  
And he that had so little shame  
To vent such fopperies abroad,  
Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd;  
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore  
That he deserv'd the rod much more,  
That durst upon a truth give doom,  
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.  
Cardan believ'd great states depend  
Upon the tip o' the Bear's tail's end,  
'That as she whilk'd it t'wards the sun,  
Strow'd mighty empires up and down;  
Which others say must needs be false,  
Because your true bears have no tails.  
Some say the Zodiac constellations  
Have long since chang'd their antique stations  
Above a sign, and prove the same  
In Taurus now, once in the Ram;

Affirm'd the Trignons chopp'd and chang'd,  
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd ;  
 Then how can their effects still hold  
 To be the same they were of old ?  
 This, though the art were true, would make  
 Our modern soothsayers mistake,  
 And is one cause they tell more lies,  
 In figures and nativities,  
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,  
 In so many hundred thousand years ;  
 Beside their nonsense in translating,  
 For want of Accidence and Latin,  
 Like Idus, and Calendæ, Englisht  
 The Quarter days, by skilful linguist ;  
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,  
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat ;  
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing  
 Of things before they are in being ;  
 To swallow gudgeons e'er they're catch'd,  
 And, count their chickens e'er they're hatch'd ;  
 Make them the constellations prompt,  
 And give 'em back their own account ;  
 But still the best to him that gives  
 The best price for 't, or best believes.  
 Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,  
 Have cast the versal world's nativity,  
 And made the infant-stars confess,  
 Like fools or children, what they please.  
 Some calculate the hidden fates  
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats ;  
 Some running nags, and fighting-cocks ;  
 Some love, trade, lawsuits, and the pox :  
 Some take a measure of their lives  
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,  
 Make opposition, trine, and quartile,  
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile ;  
 As if the planet's first aspect  
 The tender infant did infect  
 In soul and body, and instil  
 All future good and future ill ;  
 Which in their dark fatalties lurking,  
 At destin'd periods fall a-working,  
 And break out, like the hidden seeds  
 Of long diseases, into deeds,  
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,  
 And all th' emergencies of life ;  
 No sooner does he peep into  
 The world, but he has done his do,  
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physic  
 That cures or kills a man that is sick ;  
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives,  
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.  
 There's but the twinkling of a star  
 Between a man of peace and war ;  
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,  
 A huffing off'cer and a slave ;  
 A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,  
 A great philosopher and a blockhead ;  
 A formal preacher and a player,  
 A learn'd physician and manslayer ;  
 As if men from the stars did suck  
 Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,  
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,  
 Trade, travel, women, claps and dice,

And draw, with the first air they breathe,  
 Battle and murder, sudden death.  
 Are not these fine commodities  
 To be imported from the skies,  
 And vended here among the rabble,  
 For staple goods and warrantable ?  
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd,  
 In th' other world to be restored.

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know  
 You wrong the art, and artists too,  
 Since arguments are lost on those  
 That do our principles oppose,  
 I will (although I've done 't before)  
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
 And draw a figure that shall tell you  
 What you, perhaps, forget befell you  
 By way of horary inspection,  
 Which some account our worst erection.  
 With that he circles draws, and squares,  
 With ciphers, astral characters,  
 Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,  
 Although set down habnab, at random.

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,  
 Discovers how in fight you met,  
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,  
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side well,  
 And though you overcame the Bear,  
 The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair ;  
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
 And handled you like a fop doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive  
 You are no conj'rer, by your leave ;  
 That paltry story is untrue,  
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true ! quoth he ; Howe'er you vapour,  
 I can what I affirm make appear ;  
 Whachum shall justify it t' your face,  
 And prove he was upon the place :  
 He play'd the saltinbancho's part,  
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;  
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,  
 Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,  
 And what you lost I can produce,  
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe  
 That argument's demonstrative ;  
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us  
 A constable to seize the wretches ;  
 For though they're both false knaves and cheats,  
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,  
 I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars  
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.  
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,  
 Of felony, and at the Sessions,  
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,  
 That the vibration of this pendulum  
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one  
 Unanimous opinion ;  
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt  
 To find friends that will bear me out ;  
 Nor have I hazarded my art,  
 And reck, so long on the State's part,

To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer  
By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer, quoth Hudibras, this sword  
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.  
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,  
To apprehend this Stygian sophister;  
Mean-while I'll hold 'em at a bay,  
Lest he and Whachum run away.

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect  
Of Hudibras did now erect  
A figure worse portending far  
Than that of most malignant star;  
Believ'd it now the fittest moment  
To shun the danger that might come on 't;  
While Hudibras was all alone,  
And he and Whachum, two to one.  
This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,  
Behind the door, an iron lance,  
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,  
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;  
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,  
'To make his way through Hudibras.  
Whachum had got a fire-fork,  
With which he vow'd to do his work;  
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,  
And stoutly stood upon his guard;  
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,  
And in right manfully he rush'd;  
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
And laid him on the earth along.  
Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,  
And basely turn'd his back to fly;  
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,  
As quick as lightning, in the breech,  
Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,  
As wise philosophers have judg'd,  
Because a kick in that place more  
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine  
You are my prisoners, base vermin:  
Could they not tell you so, as well  
As what I came to know foretell?  
By this what cheats you are we find,  
That in your own concerns are blind.  
Your lives are now at my dispose,  
'To be redeem'd by fine or blows:  
But who his honour would defile,  
'To take, or sell, two lives so vile?  
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,  
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,  
Which with his sword he reaps and plows,  
'That's mine, the law of arms allows.

'This said in haste, in haste he fell  
To rummaging of Sidrophel.  
First he expounded both his pockets,  
And found a watch, with rings and lockets,  
Which had been left with him t' erect  
A figure for, and so detect;  
A copperplate, with almanacks  
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks  
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers\*,  
And blank schemes to discover nimmers;

A moon dial, with Napier's bones,  
And sev'ral constellation floes,  
Engrav'd in planetary hours,  
That over mortals had strange powers  
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,  
And stab or poison to evade;  
In wit or wildom to improve,  
And be victorious in love.  
Whachum had neither cross nor pile,  
His plunder was not worth the while;  
All which the conqu'ror did discompt,  
To pay for curing of his rump.  
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks  
As Rota-men of politics,  
Straight cast about to overreach  
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,  
And make him glad, at least, to quit  
His victory, and fly the pit,  
Before the secular prince of darkness  
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:  
And as a fox, with hot pursuit  
Chas'd through a warren, casts about  
To save his credit, and among  
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,  
And while the dogs run underneath,  
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death)  
Not out of cunning, but a train  
Of atoms juggling in his brain,  
As learn'd philosophers give out;  
So Sidrophello cast about,  
And fell to 's wonted trade again,  
'To feign himself in earnest slain,  
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,  
And seeming in his breast to smother  
A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I?  
Alive, or dead? or which way came I  
Through so immense a space so soon?  
But now I thought myself i' th' moon,  
And that a monster, with huge whiskers,  
More formidable than a Switzer's,  
My body through and through had drill'd,  
And Whachum by my side had kill'd,  
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,  
And plunder'd all we had to lose;  
Look, there he is, I see him now,  
And feel the place I am run through:  
And there lies Whachum by my side  
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.  
Oh oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,  
And fell again into a swoon,  
Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath,  
And to the life out-acted death,  
That Hudibras, to all appearing,  
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.  
He held it now no longer safe  
To tarry the return of Ralph,  
But rather leave him in the lurch:  
'Thought he, he has abus'd our Church;  
Refus'd to give himself one firik  
'To carry on the Public Work;

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\* John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a

great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls Sarah Shelborn, a great speculator.

Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt,  
 And made their discipline his sport :  
 Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,  
 And their Conventions prov'd high places ;  
 Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,  
 And set at nought their cheese and bacon ;  
 Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd  
 Their rev'rend Parsons to my beard ;  
 For all which scandals to be quit  
 At once, this juncture falls out fit.  
 I'll make him henceforth to beware,  
 And tempt my fury if he dare :  
 He must at least hold up his hand,  
 By twelve freeholders to be scann'd,  
 Who by their skill in palmistry,  
 Will quickly read his destiny,  
 And make him glad to read his lesson,  
 Or take a turn for 't at the Session,

Unless his light and gifts prove truer  
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure ;  
 For if he 'scape with whipping now,  
 'Tis more than he can hope to do ;  
 And that will disengage my Conscience  
 Of th' obligation, in his own sense :  
 I'll make him now by force abide  
 What he by gentle means deny'd,  
 To give my honour satisfaction,  
 And right the Brethren in the action.  
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
 And conduct he approach'd his steed,  
 And, with activity unwont,  
 Assay'd the lofty beast to mount ;  
 Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd, his palfrey  
 To get from th' enemy and Ralph free ;  
 Left danger, fears, and foes behind,  
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

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# AN HEROIC EPISTLE

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

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Ecce iterum Crispinus.—————

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain  
To tamper with your crazy brain,  
Without trepanning of your skull,  
As often as the moon 's at full,  
'Tis not amiss, e'er ye're giv'n o'er,  
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;  
For where your case can be no worse,  
The desp'rat'ft. is the wisest course.  
Is 't possible that you, whose ears  
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,  
And might (with equal reason) either  
For merit, or extent of leather,  
With William Pryn's, before they were  
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,  
Shou'd yet be deaf against a noise  
So roaring as the public voice?  
That speaks your virtues free and loud,  
And openly in ev'ry crowd,  
As loud as one that sings his part  
T' a wheelbarrow, or turnip-cart,  
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention  
To cry green Hastings with an engine;  
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,  
And torn your drumheads with the sound)  
And 'cause your folly's now no news,  
But overgrown, and out of use,  
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,  
But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;  
When Folly, as it grows in years,  
The more extravagant appears;  
For who but you could be possest  
With so much ignorance and beast,

That neither all men's scorn and hate,  
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,  
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar,  
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,  
But (like a reprobate) what course  
Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?  
Can no transfusion of the blood  
That makes fools cattle, do you good?  
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
To turn em into mongrel curs,  
Put you into a way, at least,  
To make yourself a better beast?  
Can all your critical intrigues,  
Of trying sound from rotten eggs;  
Your sev'ral new-found remedies,  
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;  
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,  
And purging their infected saps;  
Recovering shankers, crystallines,  
And nodes and blotches in their rinds,  
Have no effect to operate  
Upon that duller block, your pate?  
But still it must be lewdly bent  
To tempt your own due punishment;  
And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw  
The boys to course you without law;  
As if the art you have so long  
Profess'd, of making old dogs young,  
In you had virtue to renew  
Not only youth, but childhand too.  
Can you that understood all books,  
By judging only with your looks,

Resolve all problems with your face,  
 As others do the B's and A's;  
 Unriddle all that mankind knows  
 With solid bending of your brows;  
 All arts and sciences advance,  
 With screwing of your countenance,  
 And with a penetrating eye,  
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;  
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,  
 Than those that have been bred up in't,  
 And yet have no art, true or false,  
 To help your own bad naturals?  
 But still the more you strive t' appear,  
 Are found to be the wretcheder:  
 For fools are known by looking wise,  
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes.  
 Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 've gain'd o' th' college  
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute  
 To judge, and censure, and control,  
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,  
 And saucily pretend to know  
 More than your dividend comes to:  
 You'll find the thing will not be done  
 With ignorance and face alone:  
 No, though ye've purchas'd to your name,  
 In history, so great a fame;  
 That now your talent's so well known,  
 For having all belief outgrown,  
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale  
 Is measur'd by your German scale—  
 By which the virtuosi try  
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,

Cast up to what it does amount,  
 And place the bigg'st to your account;  
 That all those stories that are laid  
 Too truly to you, and those made,  
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,  
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.  
 Alas! that faculty betrays  
 Those soonest it designs to raise;  
 And all your vain renown will spoil,  
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;  
 Though he that has but impudence,  
 To all things has a fair pretence;  
 And put among his wants but shame,  
 To all the world may lay his claim:  
 Though you have try'd that nothing's borne  
 With greater ease than public scorn,  
 That all affronts do still give place  
 To your impenetrable face;  
 That makes your way through all affairs,  
 As pigs through hedges creep with their's:  
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,  
 You must not think 't will always pass;  
 For all impostors, when they're known,  
 Are past their labour, and undone:  
 And all the best that can befall  
 An artificial natural;  
 Is that which madmen find, as soon  
 As once they're broke loose from the moon,  
 And, proof against her influence,  
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,  
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
 For sport of boys and rabble-wit.

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# H U D I B R A S.

I N T H R E E P A R T S.

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## PART III. CANTO I.

### *The Argument.*

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,  
The one the other to renounce;  
They both approach the Lady's bower,  
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her,  
She treats them with a masquerade,  
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;  
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,  
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true no lover has that pow'r  
To enforce a desperate amour,  
As he that has two strings t' his bow,  
And burns for love and money too;  
For then he's brave and resolute,  
Disdains to render in his suit;  
Has all his flames and raptures double,  
And hangs or drowns, with half the trouble;  
While those who fillily pursue  
The simple, downright way and true,  
Make as unlucky applications,  
And steer against the stream their passions.  
Some forge their mistresses of stars,  
And when the ladies prove averse,  
And more untoward to be won  
Than by Caligula the moon,  
Cry out upon the stars for doing  
Ill offices, to cross their wooing,  
When only by themselves they're hind'ered,  
For trusting those they made her kindred,  
And still the harsher and hide-bonder  
The damsels prove, become the fonder;  
For what mad lover ever dy'd  
To gain a lost and gentle bride?

Or for a lady tender-hearted,  
In purling streams or hemp departed?  
Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,  
Through the windows of a dazzling room  
But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,  
The am'rous fly burnt in his flame.  
This to the Knight would be no news,  
With all mankind so much in use,  
Who therefore took the wiser course,  
To make the most of his amours,  
Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,  
As follows in due time and place.  
No sooner was the bloody fight  
Between the Wizard and the Knight,  
With all th' appurtenances, over,  
But he relaps'd again t' a lover,  
As he was always wont to do,  
When he 'ad discomfited a foe,  
And us'd the only antique philters,  
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.  
But now triumphant and victorious,  
He held th' achievement was too glorious  
For such a conqueror to muddle  
With petty constable or beadle.

Or fly for refuge to the hostels  
 Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice;  
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause  
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws,  
 Where none escape, but such as branded  
 With red-hot irons have past bare-handed;  
 And if they cannot read one verse  
 T' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.  
 He, therefore, judging it below him  
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,  
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail  
 And mainprize for him to the jail,  
 To answer, with his vessel, all  
 That might disastrously befall,  
 And thought it now the fittest juncture  
 To give the lady a rencounter.  
 T' acquaint her with his expedition,  
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician;  
 Describe the manner of the fray,  
 And shew the spoils he brought away;  
 His bloody scourging aggravate,  
 The number of the blows, and weight;  
 All which might probably succeed,  
 And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:  
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare  
 No pawning of his soul to swear;  
 But rather than produce his back,  
 To set his conscience on the rack;  
 And in pursuance of his urging  
 Of articles perform'd and scourging,  
 And all things else, upon his part,  
 Demand deliver'y of her heart,  
 Her goods, and chattles, and good graces,  
 And person, up to his embraces  
 Thought, like the ancient errant knights  
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,  
 And cut whole giants into fritters,  
 To put them into am'rous twitters;  
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,  
 Until their gallants were half-kill'd;  
 But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,  
 They durst not woo one combat more,  
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.  
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,  
 At once wound bulls' and ladies' fancies;  
 And he requires the noblest spouse  
 That widows greatest herds of cows;  
 Then what must I expect to do,  
 Who've quell'd so vast a buffalo?  
 Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,  
 The Knight's late orders to obey;  
 Who sent him for a strong detachment  
 Of beaules, constables, and watchmen,  
 T' attack the cunning man, for plunder  
 Committed falsely on his lumber;  
 When he, who had so lately sack'd  
 The enemy, had done the fact,  
 Had rish'd all his pokes and fobs  
 Of gim-racks, whims, and juggum-bobs,  
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,  
 And for his own inventions father'd;  
 And when they should, at gaol delivery,  
 Unriddle one another's thiev'ry,

Both might have evidence enough  
 To render neither halter-proof:  
 He thought it desperate to tarry,  
 And venture to be accessary;  
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,  
 And leave them for the Knight, his betters.  
 He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play  
 He would have offer'd him that day,  
 To make him carry his own hide,  
 Which no beast ever did beside,  
 Without all possible evasion,  
 But of the riding dispensation:  
 And therefore much about the hour  
 The Knight (for reasons told before)  
 Resolv'd to leave him to the fury  
 Of Justice, and an unpack'd jury,  
 The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,  
 And serve him in the self-same trim;  
 T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,  
 And what he meant to carry on;  
 What project 'twas he went about,  
 When Sidrophel and he fell out;  
 His firm and steadfast resolution,  
 To swear her to an execution;  
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,  
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her;  
 In which both dealt, as if they meant  
 Their party-faints to represent,  
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing  
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,  
 To lay themselves out to supplant  
 Each other cousin-german faint.  
 But e'er the Knight could do his part,  
 The Squire had got so much the start,  
 He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,  
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.  
 Just as he finish'd his report,  
 The Knight alighted in the court,  
 And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,  
 And taking time for both to stale,  
 He put his band and beard in order,  
 The sprucer to accost and board her:  
 And now began t' approach the door,  
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,  
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,  
 And went to entertain the Knight;  
 With whom encount'ring, after longees  
 Of humble and submissive congees,  
 And all due ceremonies paid,  
 He stroak'd his beard, and thus he said:  
 Madam, I do, as is my duty,  
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie;  
 And now am come, to bring your ear  
 A present you'll be glad to hear;  
 At least I hope so: the thing's done,  
 Or may I never see the sun;  
 For which I humbly now demand  
 Performance at your gentle hand;  
 And that you'd please to do your part,  
 As I have done mine, to my smart.  
 With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back  
 As if he felt his shoulders ache:  
 But she, who well enough knew what  
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,

Pretended not to apprehend  
The mystery of what he mean'd,  
And therefore wish'd him to expound  
His dark expressions less profound.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove  
How much I've suffer'd for your love,  
Which (like your votary) to win,  
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;  
And, for those meritorious lashes,  
To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once  
I freed you from th' enchanted scone,  
And that you promis'd, for that favour,  
To bind your back to th' good behaviour,  
And, for my sake and service, vow'd  
To lay upon't a heavy load,  
And what 't would bear t' a scruple prove,  
As other knights do oft make love;  
Which whether you have done or no  
Concerns yourself, not me, to know;  
But if you have, I shall confess  
Y' are honestest than I could guess.

Quoth he, if you suspect my troth,  
I cannot prove it but by oath:  
And if you make a question on't,  
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't:  
And he that makes his soul his surety,  
I think, does give the best secur'ty.

Quoth she, Some say the soul's secure  
Against distress and forfeiture;  
Is free from action, and exempt  
From execution and contempt;  
And to be summon'd to appear  
In th' other world's illegal here,  
And therefore few make any account  
Int' what incumbrances they run 't:  
For most men carry things so even  
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,  
Without the least offence to either,  
They freely deal in all together,  
And equally abhor to quit  
This world for both, or both for it;  
And when they pawn and damn their souls,  
They are but pris'ners on paroles.

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,  
They may b' accountable in all:  
For when there is that intercourse  
Between divine and human pow'rs,  
That all that we determine here  
Commands obedience every where;  
When penalties may be commuted  
For fines, or ears, and executed,  
It follows nothing binds so fast  
As souls in pawn and mortgage past:  
For oaths are th' only tests and seals  
Of right and wrong, and true and false;  
And there's no other way to try  
The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear?  
There's no believing till I hear:  
For, 'till they're understood, all tales  
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey  
What you commanded th' other day,

And to perform my exercise,  
(As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,  
T' avoid all scruples in the case,  
I went to do 't upon the place;  
But as the castle is enchanted  
By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted  
With evil spirits, as you know,  
Who took my Squire and me for two,  
Before I'd hardly time to lay  
My weapons by, and disarray,  
I heard a formidable noise,  
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,  
That roar'd far off, Dispatch, and strip,  
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,  
That shall divest thy ribs of skin,  
To expiate thy ling'ring sin;  
Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,  
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,  
But spared thy renegado back,  
Where thou 'adst so great a prize at stake,  
Which now the Fates have order'd me,  
For penance and revenge, to flea,  
Unless thou presently make haste;  
Time is, time was; and there it ceast.  
With which, though startled, I confess,  
Yet th' horror of the thing was less  
Than the other dismal apprehension  
Of interruption or prevention;  
And therefore snatching up the rod,  
I laid upon my back a load,  
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,  
To make my word and honour good;  
'Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,  
For new recruits of breath and strength,  
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast,  
As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,  
In raptures of Platonic lashing,  
And chaste contemplative bardashing;  
When facing hastily about,  
To stand upon my guard and scout,  
I found th' infernal cunning man,  
And th' under-witch, his Caliban,  
With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,  
That on my outward quarters storm'd.  
In haste I snatch'd my weapon up,  
And gave their hellish rage a stop;  
Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell,  
Courageously on Sidrophel,  
Who now, transform'd himself t' a bear,  
Began to roar aloud and tear;  
When I as furiously press'd on,  
My weapon down his throat to run,  
Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,  
And turn'd himself into a goose,  
Div'd under water, in a pond,  
To hide himself from being found.  
In vain I sought him; but as soon  
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,  
His under-fore'er to engage;  
But bravely scorn'd to defile  
My sword with feeble blood, and vile,  
I judg'd it better from a quick-  
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,

With which I furiously laid on,  
 'Till in a harsh and doleful tone  
 It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir;  
 I am too great a sufferer,  
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,  
 But conjur'd int' a worfe caprich,  
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,  
 Old houses in the night to haunt,  
 For opportunities t'improve  
 Designs of thievery or love;  
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat,  
 All feats of witches counterfeit,  
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,  
 And make it for enchantment pass;  
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,  
 And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper;  
 Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,  
 Commit fantastical advowtry;  
 Bewitch Hermetic men to run  
 Stark staring mad with manicon;  
 Believe mechanic virtuosi  
 Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi;  
 And sillier than the antic fools,  
 Take treasure for a heap of coals;  
 Seek out for plants with signatures,  
 To quack of universal cures;  
 With figures ground on panes of glass,  
 Make people on their heads to pass;  
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,  
 Reflected from a single piece;  
 To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches  
 Incline perpetually to witches,  
 And keep me in continual fears,  
 And danger of my neck and ears;  
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,  
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd,  
 Which others for cravats have worn  
 About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment  
 The wretched caitiff underwent,  
 And held my drubbing of his bones  
 Too great an honour for pultrones;  
 For knights are bound to feel no blows  
 From paltry and unequal foes,  
 Who when they slash and cut to pieces,  
 Do all with civillest addresses:  
 Their horses never give a blow,  
 But when they make a leg and bow.  
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him  
 About the witch with many a quest'on.

Quoth he, For many years he drove  
 A kind of broking trade in love,  
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues, and trust,  
 Of feeble speculative lust;  
 Procurer to th' extravagancy  
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy.  
 By those the devil had forlook,  
 As things below him, to provoke;  
 But b'ing a virtuoso, able  
 To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,  
 He held his talent most adroit,  
 For any mystical exploit,  
 As others of his tribe had done,  
 And rais'd their prices three to one;

For one predicting pimp has th' odds  
 Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.  
 But as an elf (the dev'l's valet)  
 Is not so flight a thing to get,  
 For those that do his bus'ness best,  
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest,  
 Before so meriting a person  
 Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,  
 He serv'd two' prenticeships, and longer,  
 I' th' myst'ry of a lady monger.  
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,  
 As soon as from the body lost,  
 Becomes a puny imp itself,  
 And is another witch's elf,  
 He, after searching far and near,  
 At length found one in Lancashire,  
 With whom he bargain'd beforehand,  
 And, after hanging, entertain'd:  
 Since which he 'as play'd a thousand feats,  
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats;  
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes  
 Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes,  
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,  
 Or Pharaoh's wizards, cou'd their switches;  
 And all with whom he 'as had to do,  
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too;  
 Witness myself, whom he has abus'd,  
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,  
 By feeding me on beans and pease  
 He crams in nasty crevices,  
 And turns to comfits by his arts,  
 To make me relish for deserts,  
 And one by one, with shame and fear,  
 Lick up the candy'd provender.  
 Beside—But as h' was running on,  
 To tell what other feats he 'ad done,  
 The Lady stopt his full career,  
 And told him now 't was time to hear.  
 If half those things (said she) be true,  
 (They 're all, (quoth he) I swear by you)  
 Why then, said she, that Sidrophel  
 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell,  
 Who, mounted on a broom, the nag,  
 And hackney of a Lapland hag,  
 In quest of you came hither post,  
 Within an hour (I 'm sure) at most,  
 Who told me all you swear and say,  
 Quite contrary another way;  
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know  
 If you shou'd carry me or no,  
 And would have hir'd him and his imps,  
 To be your matchmakers and pimps,  
 T' engage the devil on your side,  
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride;  
 But he disdain'd to embrace  
 So filthy a design and base,  
 You fell to vapouring and huffing,  
 And drew upon him like a ruffian;  
 Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,  
 Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,  
 And left him dead upon the ground,  
 With many a bruise and desp'rate wound;  
 Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,  
 And stole his talismanique louse,

And all his new-found old inventions,  
 With flat felonious intentions,  
 Which he could bring out where he had,  
 And what he bought them for, and paid;  
 His flea, his morpion, and punese,  
 Had gotten for his proper ease,  
 And all in perfect minutes made,  
 By th' ab'lest artist of the trade;  
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,  
 He has been gaten up almost,  
 And altogether might amount  
 To many hundreds on account;  
 For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant  
 To seize the malefactor's errant,  
 Without capacity of bail,  
 But of a cart's or horse's tail;  
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches  
 To serve for pendulums to watches,  
 Which, modern virtuosi say,  
 Incline to hanging every way.  
 Beside, he swore, and swore 't was true,  
 That e'er he went in quest of you,  
 He set a figure to discover  
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover,  
 And found it clear that, to betray  
 Yourself and me, you fled this way,  
 And that he was upon pursuit,  
 To take you somewhere hereabout.  
 He vow'd he had intelligence  
 Of all that pass'd before or since,  
 And found that, e'er you came to him,  
 You 'd been engaging life and limb  
 About a case of tender conscience,  
 Where both abounded in your own sense,  
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,  
 Had clear'd all scruples in the case,  
 And prov'd that you might swear and own  
 Whatever 's by the Wicked done,  
 For which, most basely to requite  
 The service of his gifts and light,  
 You strove t' oblige him, by main force,  
 To scourge his ribs instead of your's,  
 But that he stood upon his guard,  
 And all your vapouring outdar'd;  
 For which, between you both, the feat  
 Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight  
 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white;  
 (As men of inward light are wont  
 To turn their optics in upon 't)  
 He wonder'd how she came to know  
 What he had done, and meant to do;  
 Held up his affidavit hand,  
 As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd:  
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look,  
 In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:

Madam, if but one word be true  
 Of all the wizard has told you,  
 Or but one single circumstance  
 In all th' apocryphal romance,  
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down  
 This vessel, that is all your own;  
 Or may the heavens fall, and cover  
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well (quoth she)  
 (I thank you) for yourself and me,  
 And shewn your Presbyterian wits  
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits;  
 A most compendious way, and civil;  
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,  
 And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those  
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.  
 Why then, (quoth he) may hell surprize;  
 That trick (said she) will not pass twice:  
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
 Your pinning oaths upon you sleeve;  
 But there's a better way of clearing  
 What you would prove, than downright swearing;  
 For if you have perform'd the feat,  
 The blows are visible as yet,  
 Enough to serve for satisfaction  
 Of nicest scruples in the action;  
 And if you can produce those knobs,  
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,  
 I'll pass them all upon account,  
 As if your nat'ral self had don't;  
 Provided that they pass th' opinion  
 Of able juries of old women,  
 Who us'd to judge all matter of facts  
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million,  
 To do is less than to be willing,  
 As I am, were it in my power,  
 T' obey what you command, and more:  
 But for performing what you bid,  
 I thank you as much as if I did.  
 You know I ought to have a care,  
 To keep my wounds from taking air;  
 For wounds in those that are all heart,  
 Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels  
 Are like to prove but mere drawn battles;  
 For still the longer we contend,  
 We are but farther off the end;  
 But granting now we should agree,  
 What is it you expect from me?  
 Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word  
 You pass in heaven on record,  
 Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,  
 Are everlastingly enroll'd;  
 And if 'tis counted treason here  
 To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,  
 Nor marriages clapp'd up, in heav'n,  
 And that's the reason, as some guess,  
 There is no heav'n in marriages;  
 Two things that naturally press  
 Too narrowly, to be at ease;  
 Their bus'ness there is only love,  
 Which marriage is not like t' improve:  
 Love, that's too gen'rous t' abide  
 To be against its nature ty'd;  
 For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,  
 It breaks loose when it is confin'd,  
 And like the soul, its harbourer,  
 Debarr'd the freedom of the air,  
 Disdains against its will to stay,  
 But struggles out, and flies away;

And therefore never can comply  
 T' endure the matrimonial tie,  
 That binds the female and the male,  
 Where th' one is but the other's bail;  
 Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,  
 Chain'd to the prisoners they kept,  
 Of which the true and faithfull'st lover  
 Gives best security to suffer.  
 Marriage is but a beast, some say,  
 That carries double in foul way,  
 And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd  
 It should so suddenly be tir'd;  
 A bargain, at a venture made,  
 Between two partners in a trade  
 (For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold,  
 But something past away, and sold!)  
 That, as it makes but one of two,  
 Reduces all things else as low,  
 And at the best is but a mart  
 Between the one and th' other part,  
 That on the marriage day is paid,  
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid;  
 And all the rest of better or worse,  
 Both are but losers out of purse:  
 For when upon their ungot heirs  
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
 What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,  
 Or wager laid at six and sev'n?  
 To pass themselves away, and turn  
 Their children's tenants e'er they're born?  
 Beg one another idiot  
 To guardians, e'er they are begot;  
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one  
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
 Though got b' implicit generation,  
 And gen'ral club of all the nation;  
 For which she's fortify'd no less  
 Than all the island, with four seas;  
 Extracts the tribute of her dower,  
 In ready insolence and power,  
 And makes him pass away, to have  
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave.  
 More wretched than an ancient villain,  
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;  
 While all he does upon the by,  
 She is not bound to justify,  
 Nor at her proper soft and charge  
 Maintain the feats he does at large.  
 Such hideous sots were those obedient  
 Old vassals to their ladies regent,  
 To give the cheats the eldest hand  
 In foul play by the laws o' th' land,  
 For which so many a legal cuckold  
 Has been run down in courts, and truckell'd:  
 A law that most unjustly yokes  
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,  
 Without distinction of degree,  
 Condition, age, or quality;  
 Admits no pow'r of revocation,  
 Nor valuable consideration,  
 Nor writ of Error, nor reverse  
 Of judgment past, for better or worse;  
 Will not allow the privileges  
 That beggars challenge under hedges,

Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses  
 Their sp'itual judges of divorces,  
 While nothing else but *rem in re*  
 Can set the proudest wretches free;  
 A slavery beyond enduring,  
 But that 'tis of their own procuring.  
 As spiders never seek the fly,  
 But leave him of himself, t' apply;  
 So men are by themselves employ'd,  
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,  
 And run their necks into a noose,  
 They'd break 'em after to break loose.  
 As some whom death would not depart,  
 Have done the feat themselves by art.  
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed,  
 In flaming curtains, to the dead;  
 And men as often dangled for't,  
 And yet will never leave the sport.  
 Nor do the ladies want excuse  
 For all the stratagems they use,  
 To gain th' advantage of the set,  
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.  
 For as the Pythagorean soul  
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fow  
 And has a smack of ev'ry one,  
 So love does, and has ever done;  
 And therefore though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.  
 'Tis but an ague that's revertit,  
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,  
 That after burns with cold as much  
 As iron in Greenland does the touch;  
 Melts in the furnace of desire,  
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;  
 And when his heat of fancy's over,  
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover;  
 For when he's with love-powder laden,  
 And prin'd and coak'd by Miss or Madam,  
 The smallest sparkle of an eye  
 Gives fire to his artillery,  
 And of the loud oaths go, but, while  
 They're in the very act, recoil;  
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance  
 Without a sep'rate maintenance;  
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,  
 Trust none again till they've made over;  
 Or if they do, before they marry,  
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry,  
 And e'er they venture o'er a stream,  
 Know how to fize themselves and them.  
 Whence wittiest ladies always choole  
 To undertake the heaviest goose;  
 For now the world is grown so wary,  
 That few of either sex dare marry,  
 But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,  
 The cross and pile for better or worse;  
 A mode that is held honourable  
 As well as French, and fashionable;  
 For when it falls out for the best,  
 Where both are incommoded least,  
 In soul and body two unite  
 To make up one hermaphrodite,  
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary in a shilling,

They've more punctilios and capriches  
 Between the petticoat and breeches,  
 More petulant extravagances,  
 Than poets make 'em in romances;  
 Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,  
 We hear no more of charms and flames;  
 For then their late attracts decline,  
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine,  
 And all their catterwauling tricks,  
 In earnest to as jealous piques,  
 Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd  
 By th' yellow mantos of the bride;  
 For jealousy is but a kind  
 Of clap and grincam of the mind,  
 The natural effects of love,  
 As other flames and aches prove:  
 But all the mischief is, the doubt  
 On whose account they first broke out,  
 For though Chincses go to bed,  
 And lie-in in their ladies' stead,  
 And for the pains they took before,  
 Are nuts'd and pamper'd to do more,  
 Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap  
 To fall in labour of a clap;  
 Both lay the child to one another,  
 But who's the father, who the mother,  
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,  
 Or who imported the French goods.  
 But health and sickness being all one,  
 Which both engag'd before to own,  
 And are not with their bodies bound  
 To worship, only when they're found,  
 Both give and take their equal shares  
 Of all they suffer by false wares;  
 A fate no lover can divert  
 With all his caution, wit, and art:  
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess  
 At women by appearances,  
 That paint and patch their imperfections  
 Of intellectual complexions,  
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
 As artificial as their faces;  
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents,  
 And mother-wits before their gallants;  
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,  
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose;  
 When all the flaws they strove to hide  
 Are made unready with the bride,  
 That with her wedding-cloaths undresses  
 Her complaisance and gentleness;  
 Tries all her arts to take upon her  
 The government, from th' easy owner;  
 Until the wretch is glad to wave  
 His lawful right, and turn her slave;  
 Find all his having and his holding  
 Reduc'd to eternal noise and scolding;  
 The conjugal petard, that tears,  
 Down all portcullices of ears,  
 And makes the volly of one tongue  
 For all their leathern shields too strong;  
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,  
 The female silk worms ride the males,  
 Transform 'em into rams and goats  
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes;

Sweet as a screechowl's serenade,  
 Or those enchanting murmurs made  
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife,  
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.  
 Quoth he, These reasons are but strains  
 Of wanton over-heated brains,  
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink  
 Do rather wheedle with than think;  
 Man was not man in Paradise,  
 Until he was created twice,  
 And had his better half, his bride,  
 Carv'd from th' original, his side,  
 To amend his natural defects,  
 And perfect his recruiting sex;  
 Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen  
 The pains and labour of increasing,  
 By changing them for other cares,  
 As by his dry'd-up paps appears.  
 His body that stupendous frame,  
 Of all the world the anagram,  
 Is of two equal parts compact,  
 In shape and symmetry exact,  
 Of which the left and female side  
 Is to the manly right a bride,  
 Both join'd together with such art,  
 That nothing else but death can part.  
 Those heav'nly attracts of your's, your eyes,  
 And face, that all the world surprise,  
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
 And scorch all other ladies tawny;  
 Those ravishing and charming graces  
 Are all made up of two half faces  
 That, in a mathematic line,  
 Like those in other heav'ns, join;  
 Of which, if either grew alone,  
 'T would fright as much to look upon;  
 And so would that sweet bud, your lip,  
 Without the other's fellowship.  
 Our noblest senses act by pairs,  
 Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;  
 Th' intelligencers of the mind,  
 To wait upon the soul design'd;  
 But those that serve the body alone  
 Are single and confin'd to one.  
 The world is but two parts, that meet  
 And close at th' equinoctial fit;  
 And so are all the works of Nature,  
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter;  
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,  
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.  
 All which sufficiently declare  
 How entirely marriage is her care,  
 The only method that she uses  
 In all the wonders she produces;  
 And those that take their rules from her  
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err:  
 For what secures the civil life,  
 But pawns of children, and a wife?  
 That lie, like hostages, at stake,  
 To pay for all men undertake;  
 To whom it is as necessary,  
 As to be born and breathe, to marry;  
 So universal, all mankind  
 In nothing else is of one mind:

For in what stupid age or nation  
 Was marriage ever out of fashion?  
 Unless among the Amazons,  
 Of cloister'd Friars and Vestal nuns,  
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks  
 And loose excesses of the sex,  
 Prepost'rously would have all women  
 Turn'd up to all the world in common;  
 Though men would find such mortal feuds  
 In sharing of their public goods,  
 'T would put them to more charge of lives,  
 Than they 're supply'd with now by wives,  
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,  
 As beasts do, of their native growths;  
 For simple wearing of their horns  
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.  
 For what can we pretend t' inherit,  
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?  
 Could claim no right to lands or rents,  
 But for our parents' settlements;  
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,  
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.  
 What honours, or estates of peers,  
 Could be preserv'd but by their heirs?  
 And what security maintains  
 Their right and title, but the bans?  
 What crowns could be hereditary,  
 If greatest monarchs did not marry,  
 And with their consorts consummate  
 Their weightiest interests of state?  
 For all the amours of princes are  
 But guarantees of peace or war.  
 Or what but marriage has a charm,  
 The rage of empires to disarm?  
 Make blood and desolation cease,  
 And fire and sword unite in peace,  
 When all their fierce contests for forage  
 Conclude in articles of marriage?  
 Nor does the genial bed provide  
 Less for the int'rests of the bride,  
 Who else had not the least pretence  
 T' as much as due benevolence;  
 Could no more title take upon her  
 To virtue, quality, and honour,  
 Than ladies errant unconfin'd,  
 And feme-coverts t' all mankind.  
 All women would be of one piece,  
 The virtuous matron, and the miss;  
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,  
 The same with those in Lewkner's lane,  
 But for the diff'rence marriage makes  
 'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes;  
 Besides the joys of place and birth,  
 The sex's paradise on earth,  
 A privilege so sacred held,  
 That none will to their mothers yield,  
 But rather than not go before,  
 Abandon heaven at the door:  
 And if th' indulgent law allows  
 A greater freedom to the spouse,  
 The reason is, because the wife  
 Runs greater hazards of her life:  
 Is trusted with the form and matter  
 Of all mankind, by careful Nature,

Where man brings nothing but the stuff  
 She frames the wondrous fabric of;  
 Who therefore, in a strait, may freely  
 Demand the clergy of her belly,  
 And make it save her the same way  
 It seldom misses to betray,  
 Unless both parties wisely enter  
 Into the Liturgy indenture.  
 And though some fits of small contest  
 Sometimes fall out among the best,  
 That is no more than ev'ry lover  
 Does from his hackney lady suffer;  
 That makes no breach of faith and love,  
 But rather (sometimes) serve t' improve:  
 For as, in running, ev'ry pace  
 Is but between two legs a race,  
 In which both do their uttermost  
 To get before and win the post.  
 Yet when they 're at their races' ends,  
 They 're still as kind and constant friends,  
 And, to relieve their weariness,  
 By turns give one another ease;  
 So all these false alarms of strife  
 Between the husband and the wife,  
 And little quarrels, often prove  
 To be but new recruits of love,  
 When those who're always kind or coy,  
 In time must either tire or cloy.  
 Nor are the loudest clamours more  
 Than as they 're relish'd sweet or sour;  
 Like music that proves bad or good,  
 According as 'tis understood.  
 In all amours a lover burns  
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;  
 And hearts have been as oft' with sullen  
 As charming looks surpris'd and stolen:  
 Then why should more bewitching clamours  
 Some lovers not as much enamour?  
 For discords make the sweetest airs,  
 And curses are a kind of pray'rs;  
 Two slight alloys for all those grand  
 Felicities by marriage gain'd:  
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle  
 Th' interests of love perpetual:  
 An act and deed that makes one heart  
 Become another's counterpart,  
 And passes fines on faith and love,  
 Enroll'd and register'd above,  
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,  
 Which nothing else but death can loose.  
 And what security's too strong  
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,  
 That to its friend is glad to pass  
 Itself away, and all it has,  
 And, like an anchorite, gives over  
 This world, for the heav'n of a lover?  
 I grant (quoth she) there are some few  
 Who take that course, and find it true.  
 But millions, whom the same does sentence  
 To heav'n by' another way, repentance.  
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,  
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers,  
 And all the weighty consequents  
 Depend upon mere blind events.

Than gamesters when they play a set  
 With greatest cunning at Piquet,  
 Put out with caution, but take in  
 They know not what, unlight, unseen.  
 For what do lovers, when they 're fast  
 In one another's arms embrac'd,  
 But strive to plunder, and convey  
 Each other, like a prize, away?  
 To change the property of selves,  
 As sucking children are by elves?  
 And if they use their persons so,  
 What will they to their fortunes do?  
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims  
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.  
 For when the money's on the book,  
 And *all my worldly goods*—but spoke,  
 (The formal livery and fasine  
 That puts a lover in possession)  
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,  
 The bride a flam that 's superseded;  
 To that their faith is still made good,  
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd;  
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,  
 We 'ave nothing left we can call ours;  
 Our money is now become the Miss  
 Of all your lives and services,  
 And we forsaken and postpon'd,  
 But bawds to what before we own'd;  
 Which as it made y' at first gallant us,  
 So now hires others to supplant us,  
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors  
 (As we had been) for new amours.  
 For what did ever heiress yet  
 By being born to lordships, get?  
 When, the more lady she 's of manors,  
 She 's but expos'd to more trepanners,  
 Pays for their projects and designs,  
 And for her own destruction fines;  
 And does but tempt them with her riches,  
 To use her as the dev'l does witches,  
 Who takes it for a special grace  
 To be their cully for a space,  
 That, when the time 's expir'd, the drazels  
 For ever may become his vassals;  
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,  
 Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits;  
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,  
 By pimps, and matchmakers, and bawds;  
 Until they force her to convey,  
 And steal the thief himself away.  
 These are the everlasting fruits  
 Of all your passionate lovesuits,  
 Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,  
 To portions and inheritances;  
 Your lovesick rapture, for fruition  
 Of dow'ry, jointure, and tuition;  
 To which you make address and courtship,  
 And with your bodies strive to worship,  
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake  
 Of love too, for the mother's sake.  
 For these you play at purposes,  
 And love your loves with A's and B's;  
 For these at Belle and L'Ombre woo,  
 And play for love and money too;

Strive who shall be the ablest man  
 At right gallanting of a fan;  
 And who the most genteelly bred  
 At sucking of a vizard-bead;  
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,  
 T' our question and command new garters;  
 And solidly discourse upon  
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*:  
 For there 's no mystery nor trade,  
 But in the art of love is made;  
 And when you have more debts to pay  
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,  
 And no way possible to do 't  
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,  
 To us y' apply, to pay the scores  
 Of all your cully'd past amours;  
 Act o'er your flames and darts again,  
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;  
 Which others' influences long since  
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;  
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,  
 And like to be, without our aid.  
 Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!  
 How debts and mortgages enchant!  
 What graces must that lady have,  
 That can from execution save!  
 What charms, that can reverse extent,  
 And null decree and exigent!  
 What magical attracts, and graces,  
 That can redeem from *Scire facias*!  
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,  
 And from contempts of courts enlarge!  
 These are the highest excellences  
 Of all your true or false pretences;  
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear  
 As much t' an hostess dowager,  
 Grown fat and purfy by retail  
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,  
 And find her fitter for your turn,  
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;  
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,  
 Relent, and melt to your desire,  
 And, like a candle in the socket,  
 Dissolve her grates int' your pocket.  
 By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
 When they' heard a knocking at the gate,  
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder,  
 The blows grew louder still and louder;  
 Which Hudibras, as if they 'd been,  
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,  
 Expounding by his inward light,  
 Or rather more prophetic fright,  
 To be the Wizard come to search,  
 And take him napping in the lurch,  
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,  
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:  
 For men will tremble, and turn paler,  
 With too much or too little valour.  
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd  
 To force a passage through his side,  
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,  
 But in a fury to fly at 'em;  
 And therefore beat, and laid about,  
 To find a cranny to creep out.

But she who saw in what a taking  
The Knight was by his furious quaking,  
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,  
Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite  
Of hospital'ry to a stranger,  
But, to secure you out of danger,  
Will here myself stand sentinel,  
To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:  
Women, you know, do seldom fail  
To make the stoutest man turn tail,  
And bravely scorn to turn their backs,  
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.  
At this the Knight grew resolute  
As Ironside, or Hardiknute;  
His fortitude began to rally,  
And out he cry'd aloud to rally;  
But she besought him to convey  
His courage rather out o' the way,  
And lodge an ambush on the floor,  
Or fortify'd behind a door,  
That, if the enemy should enter,  
He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Mean-while they knock'd against the door,  
As fierce as at the gate before;  
Which made the renegado Knight  
Relapse again t' his former fright.  
He thought it desperate to slay  
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,  
But rather post himself, to serve  
The Lady for a fresh reserve.  
His duty was not to dispute,  
But what she 'd order'd execute;  
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,  
And therefore stoutly march'd away,  
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,  
Though in the dark, and all alone;  
Till fear, that braver feats performs  
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,  
Had drawn him up before a pass,  
To stand upon his guard, and face:  
This he courageously invaded,  
And, having enter'd, barricado'd;  
Enscorn'd himself as formidable  
As could be underneath a table,  
Where he lay down in ambush close,  
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.  
Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,  
To guard his desp'rate avenue,  
Before he heard a dreadful shout,  
As loud as putting to the rout,  
With which impatiently alarm'd,  
He fancy'd the enemy had storm'd,  
And after ent'ring, Sidrophel  
Was fall'n upon the guards pellmell;  
He therefore sent out all his senses  
To bring him in intelligences,  
Which vulgars, out of ignorance,  
Mistake for falling in a trance;  
But those that trade in geomancy,  
Affirm to be the strength of fancy;  
In which the Lapland Magi deal,  
And things incredible reveal.

Mean-while the foe beat up his quarters,  
And storm'd the outworks of his fortress;  
And as another of the same  
Degree and party, in arms and fame,  
That in the same cause had engag'd,  
And war with equal conduct wag'd,  
By vent'ring only but to thrust  
His head a span beyond his post,  
B' a general of the Cavaliers  
Was dragg'd through a window by th' ears,  
So he was serv'd in his redoubt,  
And by the other end pull'd out.

Soou as they had him at their mercy,  
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,  
As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,  
By giving or by taking quarter:  
They stoutly on his quarters laid,  
Until his scouts came in t' his aid;  
For when a man is past his sense,  
There's no way to reduce him thence,  
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,  
Or laying on of heavy blows,  
And if that will not do the deed,  
To burning with hot irons proceed.  
No sooner was he come t' himself,  
But on his neck a sturdy elf  
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,  
And thus attack'd him with reproof:

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us  
B' our friend, thy evil genius,  
Who for thy horrid perjuries,  
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,  
The Brethren's privilege (against  
The wicked) on themselves, the Saints  
Has here thy wretched carcass sent,  
For just revenge and punishment,  
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
But by an open, free confession;  
For if we catch thee failing once,  
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray,  
And filch the Lady's heart away?  
To spirit her to matrimony?—  
That which contracts all matches, money.  
It was th' enchantment of her riches,  
That made m' apply t' your crony witches;  
That in return would pay th' expence,  
The wear and tear of conscience,  
Which I could patched up and turn'd,  
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? speak true.  
No more (quoth he) than I love you.  
How wouldst thou 've us'd her and her money?  
First turn'd her up to alimony,  
And laid her dowry out in law,  
To null her jointure with a flaw;  
Which I beforehand had agreed  
T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,  
And bar her widow's making over  
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and choose her out  
T' employ their forceries about?  
That which make gamblers play with those  
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

\* Two famous and valiant rices of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,  
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?

I see you take me for an ass;  
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass,  
Upon a woman, well enough,  
As 't has been often found by proof,  
Whose humours are not to be won  
But when they 're impos'd upon;  
For Love approves of all they do  
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies  
Of bears and witches in disguise?

That is no more than authors give  
The rabble credit to believe;  
A trick of following the leaders,  
To entertain their gentle readers:  
And we have now no other way  
Of passing all we do or say;  
Which, when 't is natural and true,  
Will be believ'd b' a very few,  
Beside the danger of offence,  
The fatal enemy of sense.

Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,  
Hypocrisy, to set up in?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,  
The only Saints' bell that rings all in;  
In which all Churches are concern'd,  
And is the easiest to be learn'd:  
For no degrees, unless th' employ 't,  
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't:  
A gift that is not only able  
To domineer among the rabble,  
But by the laws empow'r'd to rout,  
And awe the greatest that stand out;  
Which few hold forth against, for fear  
Their hands should slip, and come too near;  
For no sin else, among the Saints,  
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?  
That which makes others break a house,  
And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
Endure the plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks  
Than all our doting politics,  
That are grown old and out of fashion,  
Compar'd with your new Reformation;  
That we must come to school to you,  
To learn your more refin'd and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave  
To tell you what I now perceive,  
You 'll find yourself an errant chouse,  
If y' were but at a Meeting-house.

'Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,  
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine  
What wond'rous things they will engage in;  
That as your fellow-fiends in hell  
Were angels all before they fell,  
So are you like to be agen  
Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be  
Thy scholar in this mystery;  
And therefore first desire to know  
The principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,  
And one of us?—A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains,  
And murder, godliness?—Great gains.

What 's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch  
That will not bear the gentlest touch;  
But, breaking out, dispatches more  
Than th' epidemicall 'st plague-fore.

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,  
And damn all others?—To be paid.

What 's orthodox and true believing  
Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings  
A good old Cause?—Administ' rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?  
About two hundred pounds a-year.

And that which was prov'd true before,  
Prove false again!—Two hundred more.

What makes the breaking of all oaths  
A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, persecution?—  
B'ing out of power, and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?  
A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,  
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,  
The most notorious of the time;

Morality, which both the Saints  
And Wicked, too, cry out against?

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
Prohibited degrees of kin;

And therefore no true Saint allows  
They shall be suffer'd to espouse:

For Saints can need no conscience,  
That with morality dispense;

As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted  
In nature only, and not imputed;

But why the wicked should do so,  
We neither know nor care to do.

What 's liberty of conscience,  
I' th' natural and genuine sense?

'Tis to restore, with more security,  
Rebellion to its ancient purity;

And Christian liberty reduce  
To th' elder practice of the Jews;

For a large conscience is all one,  
And signifies the same with none.

It is enough (quoth he) for once,  
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,  
(Though he gave his name to our old Nick)

But was below the least of these,  
That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the Furies and the light  
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,

And left him in the dark alone,  
With stinks of brimstone and his own.

The Queen of Night, whose large command  
Rules all the sea, and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,  
In high springtides, at midnight reigns,

Was now declining to the west,  
To go to bed and take her rest;

When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows  
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,  
Lay still expecting worse and more,  
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;  
And though he shut his eyes as fast  
As if he 'ad been to sleep his last,  
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,  
To make the devil wear for vizards,  
And pricking up his ears, to heark  
If he could hear, too, in the dark,  
Was first invaded with a groan,  
And after in a feeble tone,  
These trembling words: Unhappy wretch,  
What hast thou gotten by this fetter,  
Or thy tricks, in this new trade,  
Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?  
By faunt'ring still on some adventure,  
And growing to thy horse a Centaur?  
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs  
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs?  
For still thou 'ast had the worst on 't yet,  
As well in conquest as defeat:  
Night is the Sabbath of mankind,  
To rest the body and the mind,  
Which slow thou art deny'd to keep,  
And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd  
As meant to him this reprimand  
Because the character did hit  
Point-blank upon his case so fit;  
Believ'd it was some drolling spright  
That staid upon the guard that night,  
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt  
The drubs he had so freely dealt;  
When, after a short pause and groan,  
The doleful Spirit thus went on:

This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears  
Pellmell together by the ears,  
And, after painful bangs and knocks,  
To lie in limbo in the stocks,  
And from the pinnacle of glory  
Fall headlong into Purgatory.

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,  
That on my late disasters rallies)  
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,  
By being more heroic minded;  
And at a riding handled worse,  
With treats more slovenly and coarse;  
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars,  
And hot disputes with conjurers;  
And, when thou 'adst bravely won the day,  
Wast fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf  
Would fain steal me, too, from myself,  
That impudently dares to own  
What I have suffer'd for and done)  
And now, but vent'ring to betray,  
Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, how does the devil know  
What 't was that I design'd to do?  
His office of intelligence,  
His oracles, are ceas'd long since;  
And he knows nothing of the Saints,  
But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.

This is some pettifogging fiend,  
Some under doorkeeper's friend's friend,  
That undertakes to understand,  
And juggles at the second hand,  
And now would pass for Spirit Po,  
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.  
I think I need not fear him for't;  
These rallying devils do no hurt.  
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,  
And hastily cry'd out, What art?  
A wretch, (quoth he) whom want of grace  
Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;  
Thus far I'm sure thou'rt in the right:  
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,  
Better than thou hast guess'd of me.  
Thou art some paltry, blackguard spright,  
Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;  
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,  
Ner halfpenny to drop in shoes;  
Without the raising of which sum  
You dare not be so troublesome  
To pinch the flatters black and blue,  
For leaving you their work to do.  
This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin,  
And your diversion dull dry bobbing,  
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,  
And wash 'em clean in ditches for't;  
Of which conceit you are so proud,  
At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,  
As now you would have done by me,  
But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) ye're no such sopher  
As you would have the world judge of ye.  
If you design to weigh our talents  
I' th' standard of your own false balance,  
Or think it possible to know  
Us ghosts, as well as we do you,  
We who have been the everlasting  
Companions of your drubs and basting,  
And never left you in contest,  
With male or female, man or beast,  
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,  
In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true  
By th' idlest pug of all your crew:  
For none could have betray'd us worse  
Than those allies of ours and yours.  
But I have sent him for a token  
To your low country Hogen-Mogen;  
To whose infernal shores I hope  
He'll swing like skippers in a rope:  
And if ye've been more just to me  
(As I am apt to think) than he,  
I am afraid it is as true  
What th' ill-affected say of you:  
Ye've 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,  
By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,  
We made, and took the Covenant:  
But that no more concerns the Cause,  
Than other perjuries do the laws,  
Which, when they're prov'd in open court,  
Wear wooden peccadillos for't:

And that's the reason Covenanters  
 Hold up their hands, like rogues' at bars.  
 I see (quoth Hudibras) from whence  
 These scandals of the Saints commence,  
 That are but natural effects  
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects',  
 Those spider-faints, that hang by threads  
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.  
 Sir (quoth the Voice) that may as true  
 And properly be said of you,  
 Whose talents may compare with either,  
 Or both the other put together;  
 For all the independents do,  
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to;  
 You, who are not content alone  
 With tricks to put the devil down,  
 But must have armies rais'd to back  
 The Gospel-work you undertake;  
 As if artillery and edgetools,  
 Were th' only engines to save souls:  
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r  
 By force to run down and devour;  
 Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence  
 To stools, or poundage of repentance;  
 Is ty'd up only to design  
 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine;  
 In which you all his arts outdo,  
 And prove yourselves his betters too.  
 Hence 'tis possessions do less evil  
 Than mere temptations of the devil,  
 Which all the horrid'st actions done  
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon;  
 Because, unless they help the elf,  
 He can do little of himself;  
 And therefore where he's best possess'd  
 Acts most against his interest;  
 Surprises none but those who've priests  
 To turn him out, and exorcists,  
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,  
 And magazines of ammunition;  
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes,  
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
 The tools of working our salvation  
 By mere mechanic operation:  
 With holy water, like a sluice,  
 To overflow all avenues:  
 But those who're utterly unarm'd,  
 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,  
 He never offers to surprise,  
 Although his falsest enemies;  
 But is content to be their drudge,  
 And on their errands glad to trudge:  
 For where are all your forfeitures  
 Entrusted in safe hands' but ours?  
 Who are but jailors of the holes  
 And dungeons where you clap up souls;  
 Like underkeepers, turn the keys,  
 T' your *mittimus anathemas*,  
 And never bogle to restore  
 The members you deliver o'er  
 Upon demand, with fairer justice,  
 Than all your covenanting Trustees;  
 Unless, to punish them the worse,  
 You put them in the secular powers,

And pass their souls, as some demise  
 The lame estate in mortgage twice:  
 When to a legal utlegation  
 You turn your excommunication,  
 And, for a groat unpaid that's due,  
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 't is no mean part of civil  
 State prudence to cajole the devil,  
 And not to handle him too rough,  
 When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, (quoth he) that intercourse  
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours,  
 That, as you trust us, in our way,  
 To raise your members, and to lay,  
 We send you others of our own.  
 Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,  
 Or, frighted with our oratory,  
 To leap down headlong many a story;  
 Have us'd all means to propagate  
 Your mighty interests of state,  
 Laid out our sp'itual gifts to further  
 Your great deligas of rage and murther;  
 For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,  
 We only've made that title good;  
 And, if it were but in our power,  
 We should not scruple to do more,  
 And not be half a soul behind  
 Of all Dissenters of mankind.

Right, (quoth the Voice) and, as I scorn  
 To be ungrateful, in return  
 Of all those kind good offices,  
 I'll free you out of this distress,  
 And set you down in safety, where  
 It is no time to tell you here.  
 The cock crows, and the morn draws on,  
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone;  
 And if I leave you here till day,  
 You'll find it hard to get away.  
 With that the Spirit grop'd about  
 To find th' enchanted hero out,  
 And try'd with haste to lift him up,  
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup,  
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows,  
 Receiv'd from harden'd hearted foes.  
 He thought to drag him by the heels,  
 Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels;  
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores,  
 In danger of relap'se to worse,  
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,  
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.  
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
 But both made ready to dislodge;  
 The Spirit hors'd him like a sack,  
 Upon the vehicle his back,  
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,  
 With some few rubs against the wall;  
 Where finding out the postern lock'd,  
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,  
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,  
 And in a moment gain'd the pass;  
 Through which he cragg'd the worsted soldier's  
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders,  
 And cautiously began to scout  
 To find their fellow-cattle out;

Nor was it half a minute's quest,  
 E'er he retriev'd the champion's beast,  
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack,  
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,  
 Nor pistols at the saddle bow,  
 Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.  
 He thought it was no time to stay,  
 And let the night, too, steal away;  
 But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight  
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,  
 And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,  
 He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,

And in the place a lump of soap,  
 On which he speedily leap'd up;  
 And, turning to the gate the rein,  
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain;  
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,  
 On both sides laid about as fast,  
 And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,  
 Or padders to secure, a neck:  
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
 And to their Churches turn our rhyme,  
 To hold forth their declining state,  
 Which now come near an even rate.

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# H U D I B R A S.

I N T H R E E P A R T S.

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## PART III. CANTO II.

### *The Argument.*

The Saints engage in fierce contests  
About their carnal interests,  
To share their sacrilegious preys  
According to their rates of Grace :  
Their various frenzies to reform,  
When Cromwell left them in a storm ;  
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble  
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze  
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,  
That falls before a storm on cows,  
And stings the founders of his house,  
From whose corrupted flesh that breed  
Of vermine did at first proceed.  
So, e'er the storm of war broke out,  
Religion spawn'd a various rout  
Of petulant capricious sects,  
The maggots of corrupted texts,  
That first run all religion down,  
And after ev'ry swarm its own :  
For as the Persian Magi once  
Upon their mothers got their sons,  
That were incapable t' enjoy  
The empire any other way ;  
So Presbyter begot the other  
Upon the Good old Cause, his mother,  
Then bore them like the Devil's dam,  
Whose son and husband are the same ;  
And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,  
Nor int'rest for the common good,  
Sould, when their profits interfer'd,  
Get quarter for each other's beard :

For when they thriv'd, they never sadg'd,  
But only by the ears engag'd,  
Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
And play together when they've none ;  
As by their truest characters,  
Their constant actions plainly 'ppears,  
Rebellion now began, for lack  
Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;  
The Cause and Covenant to lessen,  
And Prov'dence to be out of season :  
For now there was no more to purchase  
O' th' King's revenue, and the Churches,  
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
That us'd to urge the Brethren on ;  
Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,  
To cross the cudgels to the laws,  
That what by breaking them they 'ad gain'd,  
By their support might be maintain'd ;  
Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,  
Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry ;  
For Presbyter and Independent  
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant :  
Laid out their apostolic functions  
On carnal orders and injunctions ;

And all their precious Gifts and Graces  
 On outlawries and *Scire facias*;  
 At Michael's term had many trial,  
 Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyss,  
 For when, like brethren, and like friends,  
 They came to share their dividends,  
 And ev'ry partner to possess  
 His Church and State joint-purchases,  
 In which the ablest Saint, and best,  
 Was nam'd in trust, by all the rest,  
 To pay their money, and, instead  
 Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed,  
 He straight converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds and holy shifts,  
 And settled all the other shares  
 Upon his outward man and 's heirs;  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience  
 By pre-entail of Providence;  
 Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,  
 That had no titles to estates,  
 But by their sp'ritual attaints  
 Degraded from the right of Saints.  
 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun  
 With law and Conscience to fall on,  
 And laid about as hot and brainsick  
 As th' Utter barrister of Swanwick;  
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
 As men with sand-bags did of old,  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees  
 Than all usanctify'd Trustees;  
 Till he who had no more to shew  
 In th' case, receiv'd the overthrow;  
 Or, both sides having had the worst,  
 They parted as they met at first.  
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd!  
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate  
 From all affairs of Church and State,  
 Reform'd t' a reformato Saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up teach down,  
 And make those uses serve again  
 Against the New-enlighten'd men,  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier;  
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,  
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic;  
 And with as little variation,  
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.  
 The Good old Cause, which some believe  
 To be the Dev'l that tempted Eve  
 With knowledge, and does still invite  
 The world to mischief with New Light,  
 Had store of money in her purse,  
 When he took her for better or worse,  
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,  
 And fit to be turn'd out of door.  
 The Independents (whose first station  
 Was in the rear of Reformation,

A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,  
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,  
 And in the saddle of one steed  
 The Saracen and Christian rid;  
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,  
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder \*)  
 No sooner got the start, to lurch  
 Both discipline of War and Church,  
 And Providence enough to run  
 The chief commanders of them down,  
 But carry'd on the war against  
 The common enemy o' th' Saints,  
 And in a while prevail'd so far,  
 To win of them the game of war,  
 And be at liberty once more  
 T' attack themselves as they 'ad before.

For now there was no foe in arms  
 T' unite their factions with alarms,  
 But all reduc'd and overcome,  
 Except their worst, themselves, at home,  
 Who 'ad compass'd all th' pray'd and swore,  
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,  
 Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State,  
 And all things but their laws and hate;  
 But when they came to treat and transact,  
 And share the spoil of all they 'ad ransackt,  
 To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,  
 Religion and the Government,  
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd  
 To pull down all the war had spar'd;  
 Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,  
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:  
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,  
 As Dutch boors are t' a looterkin,  
 Both parties join'd to do their best  
 To damn the public interest,  
 And herded only in consults,  
 To put by one another's bolts;  
 T' outcant the Babylonian lab'rers,  
 At all their dialects of jabb'ers,  
 And tug at both ends of the saw,  
 To tear down government and law.  
 For as two cheats that play one game,  
 Are both defeated of their aim;  
 So those who play a game of State,  
 And only cavil in debate,  
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,  
 The public bus'ness is undone,  
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the royalists perceiv'd,  
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,  
 And own'd the right they had paid down  
 So dearly for, the Church and Crown)  
 Th' united constanter, and sided  
 The more, the more their foes divid'd:  
 For though outnumber'd, overthrown,  
 And by the fate of war run down,

\* The officers and soldiers among the Independents  
 into pulpits, and preached and prayed, as well as song  
 Oliver Cromwell was fam'd for a preacher, and has a  
 sermon in print, intitled, *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, &  
 Conspicuous Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in L  
 1648*, upon Rom. xiii. 1.

Their duty never was defeated,  
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;  
 For loyalty is still the same,  
 Whethen it win or lose the game;  
 True as the dial to the sun,  
 Although it be not shin'd upon.  
 But when these Brethren in evil,  
 Their adversaries, and the Devil,  
 Began to see more to shew them play,  
 And hopes, at least, to have a day,  
 They rally'd in parades of woods,  
 And unfrequented solitudes;  
 Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,  
 To appoint new rising rendezvouses,  
 And, with a pertinacy 'nmatch'd,  
 For new recruits of danger watch'd.  
 No sooner was one blow diverted,  
 But up another party started,  
 And as if Nature, too, in haste  
 To furnish out supplies as fast,  
 Before her time had turn'd destruction  
 To a new and numerous production;  
 No sooner those were overcome,  
 But up rose others in their room,  
 That, like the Christian faith, increas'd  
 The more the more they were suppress'd;  
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,  
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,  
 Nor all the desperate events  
 Of former try'd experiments,  
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,  
 To leave off loyalty and dangling,  
 Nor Death (with all his bones) affright  
 From vent'ring to maintain the right,  
 From staking life and fortune down  
 'Gainst all together for the Crown:  
 But kept the title of their cause  
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws;  
 And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation  
 Can ever settle on the nation;  
 Until, in spite of force and treason,  
 They put their loy'ly in possession;  
 And, by their constancy and faith,  
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane,  
 Did Oliver give up his reign\*,  
 And was believ'd, as well by Saints,  
 As mortal men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry,  
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,  
 Who, in a false erroneous dream,  
 Mistook the New Jerusalem  
 Profanely for th' apocryphal  
 False Heaven at the end of th' Hall †;  
 Whither it was decreed by Fate  
 His precious relics to translate:  
 So Romulus was seen before  
 B' as orthodox a senator

From whose divine illumination  
 He stole the Pagan revelation.

Next him his son and heir apparent †  
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,  
 Who first laid by the Parliament,  
 The only crutch on which he leant,  
 And then sunk underneath the state,  
 That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the Saints began their reign,  
 For which they'd yearn'd so long in vain,  
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,  
 To see an empire, all of kings,  
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe  
 Of justice, government, and law,  
 And free t' erect what sp'ritual cantons  
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,  
 To edify upon the ruins  
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,  
 Who for a weathercock hung up  
 Upon their mother-church's top,  
 Was made a type by Providence,  
 Of all their revelations since,  
 And now fulfil by his successors,  
 Who equally mistook their measures;  
 For when they came to shape the model,  
 Not one could fit another's noddle;  
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide  
 From fudging, than th' un sanctify'd,  
 While ev'ry individual Brother  
 Strove hand to fist against another,  
 And still the maddest, and most crackt,  
 Were found the busiest to transact;  
 For though most hands dispatch apace  
 And make light work (the proverb says),  
 Yet many different intellects  
 Are found t' have contrary effects;  
 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,  
 As slowest insects have most legs.  
 Some were for setting up a king,  
 But all the rest for no such thing,  
 Unless King Jesus §: others tampert  
 For Fleetwood ||, Desborough ¶, and Lambert \*;  
 Some of the Rump, and some more crafty,  
 For Agitators, and the Safety †;

† Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor, and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

§ Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus.

|| Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general; he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter; was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house: his salary supposed to be 6600 l. a-year.

¶ Desborough, a yeoman of 60 or 70 l. per annum. He married Cromwell's sister, and was made a colonel in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship; upon which he was made one of his Council, a General at sea, and Major-general of divers counties of the west, and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was 3226 l. 13 s. 4 d.

\* Lambert was one of the Rump Generals, and principal opposer of General Monk in the Restoration of King Charles II.

† Committee of Safety, a set of men who took upon them the government, upon displacing the Rump a second time: their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties, (Royalists excepted) yet was so craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction.

\* At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

† After the Restoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of Heaven.

Some for the Gospel, and massacres  
 Of sp'ritual Affidavit-makers,  
 That swore to any human regence  
 Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;  
 Yea, though the ablest swearing Saint,  
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:  
 Others for pulling down th' high places  
 Of Synods and Provincial Classes,  
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads  
 Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:  
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,  
 And th' extirpation of th' Excise;  
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage  
 Of Holydays, and paying Poundage:  
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,  
 And rectifying bakers' Loaves,  
 And some for finding out expedients  
 Against the slav'ry of Obedience:  
 Some were for Gospel-ministers,  
 And some for Redcoat seculars,  
 As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,  
 And wield the one and th' other sword:  
 Some were for carrying on the Work  
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk:  
 Some for engaging to suppress  
 The camifado of Surplices,  
 The Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,  
 And turn'd to th' outward man th' inward;  
 More proper for the cloudy night  
 Of Popery than Gospel-light:  
 Others were for abolishing  
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring,  
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom  
 Is marry'd only to a thumb,  
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,  
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig)  
 The bride to nothing but her will,  
 That nulls the after-marriage still:  
 Some were for th' utter extirpation  
 Of Linsywoolfey in the nation;  
 And some against all idolising  
 The Cross in some shopbooks, or baptising:  
 Others, to make all things recant  
 The Christian or surname of Saint,  
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
 The holy title to renounce;  
 Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,  
 And bringing down the price of Coals;  
 Some for abolishing Black-pudding,  
 And eating nothing with the blood in;  
 To abrogate them roots and branches,  
 While others were for eating Haunches  
 Of warriors, and now and then,  
 The flesh of kings and mighty men;  
 And some for breaking of their Bones  
 With rods of iron, by secret ones;  
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;  
 Things that the legend never heard of,  
 But made the Wicked fore afraid of.

The quacks of government, (who sate  
 At th' unregarded helm of state,  
 And understood this wild confusion  
 Of fatal madness and delusion,

Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
 Portend destruction to be nigh)  
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
 And save their wind-pipes from the law;  
 For one rencounter at the bar  
 Was worse than all they 'ad 'scap'd in war;  
 And therefore met in consultation  
 To cant and quack upon the nation;  
 Not for the sickly patient's sake,  
 Nor what to give, but what to take;  
 To feel the purses of their fees,  
 More wise than fumbling arteries;  
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
 And from the grave recover—gain.

'Mong these there was a politician\*  
 With more heads than a beast in vision,  
 And more intrigues in ev'ry one  
 Than all the Whores of Babylon;  
 So politic, as if one eye  
 Upon the other were a spy,  
 That, to trepan the one to think  
 The other blind, both strove to blink;  
 And in his dark pragmatic way  
 As busy as a child at play.  
 He 'ad seen three governments run down,  
 And had a hand in ev'ry one;  
 Was for 'em, and 'gainst 'em all,  
 But barb'rous when they came to fall:  
 For, by trepanning the old to ruin,  
 He made his int'rest with the new one;  
 Play'd true and faithful, though against  
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd;  
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
 Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,  
 By giving aim from side to side,  
 He never fail'd to save his tide,  
 But got the start of ev'ry state,  
 And, at a change, ne'er came too late;  
 Cou'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,  
 As many ways as in a lath;  
 By turning wriggle, like a screw,  
 Int' highest trust, and out, for new:  
 For when he 'ad happily incur'd,  
 Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,  
 And pass'd upon a government,  
 He play'd his trick, and out he went;  
 But being out, and out of hopes  
 To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,  
 Would strive to raise himself upon  
 The public ruin, and his own;  
 So little did he understand  
 The desp'rate feats he took in hand,  
 For when he 'ad got himself a name,  
 For frauds and tricks he spoil'd his game;  
 Had forc'd his neck int' a noose,  
 To shew his play at fast and loose;  
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistok,  
 For art and subtlety, his suck.  
 So right his judgment wa' cut sit,  
 And made a tally to his wit,  
 And both together most profound  
 At deeds of Darkness under ground;

\* This was Sir Anthony-Athley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times.

As th' earth is easi'ly undermin'd,  
By vertiginous impotent and blind.

By all these arts and many more  
He 'ad practis'd long and much before,  
Our state-a-rificer foresaw  
Which way the world began to draw;  
For as old sinners have all points,  
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,  
Can by their pangs and aches find  
All turns and changes of the wind,  
And, better than by Napier's bones,  
Feel in their own the age of moons;  
So guilty sinners, in a state,  
Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
And in their consciences feel pain  
Some days before a show'r of rain:  
He, therefore, wisely cast about  
All ways he could, t' ensure his throat,  
And hither came, t' observe and smoke  
What courses other riskers took,  
And to the utmost do his best  
To save himself, and hang the rest.

To match this Saint, there was another,  
As busy and perverse a Brother,  
An haberdasher of small wares  
In politics and state affairs;  
More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel,  
And better gifted to rebel;  
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
The Cause, aloft upon one house,  
He scorn'd to set his own in order,  
But try'd another, and went further;  
So suddenly addicted still  
To's only principle, his will,  
That, whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
Nor force of argument could move,  
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn,  
Cou'd render half a grain less stubborn;  
For he at any time would hang,  
For th' opportunity t' harangue;  
And rather on a gibbet dangle,  
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;  
In which his parts were so accomplish'd,  
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonpluss'd;  
But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;  
And, with its everlasting clack,  
Set all men's ears upon the rack.  
No sooner could a hint appear,  
But up he started to picquee,  
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
When he engag'd in controversy;  
Not by the force of carnal reason,  
But indefatigable teasing;  
With volleys of eternal battle,  
And clamour more unanswerable.  
For though his topics, frail and weak,  
Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,  
Against the desp'ratest assaults,  
And back'd their feeble want of sense,  
With greater heat and confidence;

Yet when his profit moderated,  
The fury of his heat abated;  
For nothing but his interest  
Could lay his devil of contest:  
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
T' espouse the Cause for better or worse;  
And with his worldly goods and wit,  
And soul and body, worshipp'd it:  
But when he found the sullen trape  
Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,  
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,  
Not half so full of jadish tricks,  
Though squeamish in her outward woman,  
As loose and rampant as Dol Common,  
He still resolv'd to mend the matter,  
I' adhere and cleave the obstinater;  
And still the skittisher and looser  
Her freaks appear'd, to fit the closer:  
For fools are stubborn in their way,  
As coins are harden'd by th' allay:  
And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,  
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.  
These two, with others, being met,  
And close in consultation set,  
After a discontented pause,  
And not without sufficient cause,  
The orator we nam'd of late,  
Less troubled with the pangs of state  
Than with his own impatience  
To give himself first audience,  
After he had a while look'd wise,  
At last broke silence, and the ice.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt  
Our last Outgoings brought about,  
More than to see the characters  
Of real jealousies and fears  
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead;  
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
And threaten sudden change of weather,  
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,  
And revolutions in their corns;  
And, since our Workings-out are cross,  
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.  
Was it to run away we meant  
When, taking of the Covenant,  
The lamest cripples of the Brothers  
Took oaths to run before all others,  
But, in their own sense, only swore  
To strive to run away before,  
And now would prove, that words and oath  
Engage us to renounce them both?  
'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch,  
Between a right and mongrel-church;  
The Presbyter and Independent,  
That stickle which shall make an end on't,  
As 'twas made out to us the last  
Expedient,—(I mean Marg'ret's fast)  
When Providence had been suborn'd:  
What answer was to be return'd:  
Else why should tumults fright us now,  
We have so many times gone through,

Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
 Are all engagements of the rabble,  
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd  
 With drums, and rattles, like a child,  
 But never prov'd so prosperous,  
 As when they were led on by us;  
 For all our scouring of religion  
 Began with tumults and sedition;  
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion  
 Became strong motives to devotion;  
 (As carnal seamen in a storm,  
 Turn pious converts, and reform)  
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,  
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,  
 Made bills to pass the Grand Committee:  
 When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
 Gave chace to rockets and white sleeves,  
 And made the Church, and State, and Laws,  
 Submit t' old iron, and the Cause.  
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
 So might we better now agen,  
 If we knew how, as then we did,  
 To use them rightly in our need;  
 Tumults, by which the mutinous  
 Betray themselves instead of us,  
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,  
 And close malignant, are detected;  
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down,  
 For pledges to secure our own;  
 And freely sacrifice their ears  
 T' appease our jealousies and fears:  
 And yet for all these providences  
 W' are offer'd, if we have our senses,  
 We idly sit like stupid blockheads,  
 Our hands committed to our pockets,  
 And nothing but our tongues at large,  
 To get the wretches a discharge:  
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,  
 Who, e'er the blow, become mere doits;  
 Or fools, besotted with their crimes,  
 That know not how to shift betimes,  
 That neither have the hearts to stay,  
 Nor wit enough to run away;  
 Who, if we could resolve on either,  
 Might stand or fall at least together;  
 No mean nor trivial solaces  
 To partners in extreme distress,  
 Who use to lessen their despairs,  
 By parting them int' equal shares;  
 As if the more they were to bear,  
 They felt the weight the easier;  
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,  
 The more he took his turn among.  
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,  
 If we had courage left, or wit,  
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
 Are fitted for the bravest course,  
 Have time to rally, and prepare  
 Our last and best defence, despair:  
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats  
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,  
 And horrid'st dangers safely wav'd,  
 By being courageously outbrav'd;

As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
 And poisons by themselves expell'd:  
 And so they might be now agen,  
 If we were, what we should be, men;  
 And not so dully desperate,  
 To side against ourselves with Fate:  
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,  
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
 This comes of breaking Covenants,  
 And setting up exempts of Saints,  
 That sine, like aldermen, for grace,  
 To be excus'd the efficacy:  
 For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,  
 That mount their banks for independent,  
 To hang, like Mah'met, in the air,  
 Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,  
 By pure geometry, and hate  
 Dependence upon church or state:  
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter,  
 And since obedience is better  
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,  
 Presume the less on't will suffice;  
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints  
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,  
 Or any opinion, true or false,  
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;  
 But left at large to make their best on,  
 Without b'ing call'd t' account or quest'on;  
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,  
 As Whittington explain'd the bells;  
 And bid themselves turn back agen  
 Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem;  
 But look so big and overgrown,  
 They scorn their edifiers to own,  
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,  
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions;  
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,  
 Like charity, on those that want;  
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots  
 T' inspire themselves with shorthand notes,  
 For which they scorn and hate them worse  
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:  
 For who first bred them up to pray,  
 And teach the House of Commons' way?  
 Where had they all their gifted phrases,  
 But from our Calamies and Cafes\*?  
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
 Whoe'er had heard of Nye or Owen?  
 Their Dispensations had been stifled,  
 But for our Adoniram Byfield†,  
 And, had they not begun the war,  
 They 'ad ne'er been faint'd as they are:  
 For Saints in peace & generate,  
 And dwindle down to reprobate;  
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,  
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;

\* Calamy and Case were chief men among the Independents, as Owen and Nye were among the Independents.

† Adoniram Byfield was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the assembly at Dives; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and piety, taking in his office, he had the profit of printing a Directory, the copy whereof was sold for 400 l. though when printed, the price was but three pence.

Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege:  
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,  
 As easy as serpents do their skins,  
 That in a while grow out agen,  
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
 And, from the most refin'd of Saints,  
 As naturally grow miscreants  
 As barbares turn soland geefe  
 In th' islands of the Orcades,  
 Their Dispensation's but a ticket  
 For their conforming to the wicked,  
 With whom the greatest difference  
 Lies more in words and shew than sense:  
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;  
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well;  
 And if the world has any troth,  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their sp'ritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the overheated fots  
 In fever still, like other goats;  
 For though the Whore bends heretics  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,  
 Our Schismatics so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter they're they grow the stiffer;  
 Still setting off their sp'ritual goods  
 With fierce and pertinacious scuds:  
 For Zeal's, a dreadful termagant,  
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess  
 The doctrine of dependences;  
 Turns meek, and secret sneaking ones,  
 To Rawheads fierce, and Bloody bones;  
 And, not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the Wicked and their morals,  
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs,  
 Divert their rage upon themselves.  
 For, now the war is not between  
 The Brethren and the Men of Sin,  
 But Saint and Saint to spill the blood  
 Of one another's Brotherhood,  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,  
 Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,  
 To gain one groat's worth of applause;  
 For, though endur'd with resolution,  
 It will ne'er amount to persecution;  
 Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,  
 Reak one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of Brethren,  
 Instead of kings and mighty men?  
 When fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be four to the great selves?  
 Then Bell's at Union with the Dragon,  
 And Baal-Peg: friends with Dagon;  
 When the Forge bears agree with bears,  
 Shall secret ones lug Saints, by th' ears,  
 And not atone their fatal wrath,  
 When common danger threatens both?  
 Shall matiffs, by the colars pull'd,  
 Logg'd with bulls, let go their hold,

And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake;  
 No notice of the danger take?  
 But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell  
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,  
 Who would not guess there might be hopes  
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
 Before their eyes might reconcile  
 Their animosities a while.  
 At least until they 'ad a clear stage,  
 And equal freedom to engage,  
 Without the danger of surprize  
 By both our common enemies?  
 'This none but we alone could doubt,  
 Who understood their workings-out,  
 And know 'em both in soul and conscience,  
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense  
 As sp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r  
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.  
 We whom at first they set up under  
 In revelation only of plunder,  
 Who since have had so many trials  
 Of their encroaching self-denials,  
 That rook'd upon us with design  
 To out-reform, and undermine;  
 Took all our int'rests and commands  
 Perfid'ously, out of our hands;  
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,  
 Without the motive gains allow'd,  
 And made us serve as ministerial,  
 Like younger sons of Father Belial:  
 And yet for all th' inhuman wrong,  
 They 'ad done us, and the Cause so long,  
 We never fail'd to carry on  
 The work still, as we had begun;  
 But true and faithfully obey'd,  
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;  
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
 Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;  
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,  
 To find us pill'ries and carts' tails,  
 Or hangman's wages, which the state  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at,  
 That cut, like tallies to the stumps,  
 Our cars for keeping true accompts,  
 And burnt our vessels like a new  
 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for b'ing true;  
 But hand in hand like faithful Brothers,  
 Held for the Cause against all others,  
 Disdaining equally to yield  
 One syllable of what we held.  
 And though we differ'd now and then  
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,  
 Our inward men and constant frame  
 Of spirit, still were near the same;  
 And till they first began to cant,  
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,  
 We ne'er had call in any place,  
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace  
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually  
 Against the common enemy,  
 Although 't was ours and their opinion,  
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon;  
 And yet for all this Gospel union,  
 And outward shew of Church-communion,

They'll ne'er admit us to our shares  
 Of ruling church or state affairs,  
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
 T' our own conditions of repentance,  
 But shar'd our dividend o' the Crown  
 We had so painfully preach'd down,  
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,  
 T' have calls to teach it up again;  
 For 'twas but justice to restore  
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;  
 And, when 'twas held forth in our way,  
 We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;  
 Who, for the right we've done the nation,  
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,  
 And put our vessels in a way,  
 Once more, to come again in play:  
 For if the turning of us out  
 Has brought this providence about,  
 And that our only suffering  
 Is able to bring in the King,  
 What would our actions not have done,  
 Had we been suffer'd to go on?  
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
 At least, in carying on th' affair:  
 But whether that be so or not,  
 We've done enough to have it thought,  
 And that's as good as if we 'ad don't,  
 And easier pass'd upon account:  
 For if it be but half deny'd,  
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.  
 The world is nat'rally averse  
 To all the truth it sees or hears,  
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,  
 With greediness and gluttony;  
 And though it have the pique, and long,  
 'Tis still for something in the wrong;  
 As women long, when they're with child,  
 For things extravagant and wild;  
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome;  
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles  
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,  
 And what they're confidently told,  
 By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
 Once more to hedge in Providence.  
 For as relapses make diseases  
 More desp'rate than their first accesss,  
 If we but get again in power,  
 Our work is easier than before,  
 And we more ready and expert  
 I' th' mystery, to do our part:  
 We who did rather undertake  
 The first war to create than make;  
 And, when of nothing 'twas begun,  
 Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry't on;  
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,  
 With plots and projects of our own;  
 And if we did such feats at first,  
 What can we, now we're better vers'd?  
 Who have a freer latitude,  
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
 On fairest terms, our Discipline;

To which it was reveal'd long since  
 We were ordain'd by Providence;  
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,  
 The Cause's primitive confessors,  
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood  
 In just so many years of blood,  
 That, multiply'd by Six, express  
 The perfect number of the Beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the means  
 To bring this Work about agen:  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Complete the thorough Reformation:  
 For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work but we alone?  
 What Churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?  
 Possess'd with absolute dominions  
 O'er Brethren's purses and opinions?  
 And trusted with the double keys  
 Of heav'n, and their warehouses;  
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please,  
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands:  
 And daily' increase and multiply,  
 With Doctrine, Use, and Ufury;  
 Can fetch in parties (as in war,  
 All other heads of cattle are)  
 From th' enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions,  
 And share them, from blue ribands, down  
 To all blue aprons in the Town;  
 From ladies hurry'd in calleches,  
 With cornets at their footmen's breeches,  
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,  
 All guts and belly, like a crab.  
 Our party's great, and better ty'd  
 With oaths, and trade, than any side;  
 Has one considerable improvement  
 To double fortify the Cov'nant;  
 I mean our Covenant to purchase  
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's,  
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
 Among ourselves, for current land,  
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
 According to the rate of factions;  
 Our best reserve for Reformation,  
 When new Outgoings give occasion;  
 That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,  
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;  
 And, when they've pack'd a Parliament,  
 Will once more try the expedient:  
 Who can already muster friends  
 To serve for members to our ends,  
 That represent no part o' th' nation;  
 But Fisher's folly congregation;  
 Are only tools to our intrigues,  
 And sit like geese to hatch our egg.  
 Who, by their precedents of wit,  
 T' outfast, outloiter, and outfit,  
 And order matters underhand,  
 To put all bus'ness to a stand;

\* Burton, Pryn, and Saltwick, three notorious leaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the Rebellion.

Lay public bills aside, for private,  
 And make 'em one another drive out ;  
 Diver, the great and necessary,  
 With trifles to contest and vary  
 And make the nation represent,  
 And serve for us in Parliament ;  
 Cut out more work than can be done  
 In Plato's year, but finish none,  
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal\*,  
 That always pass'd for fundamental ;  
 Can set up grandee against grandee,  
 To squander time away, and bandy ;  
 Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges ;  
 And, rather than compound the quarrel,  
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril  
 Of both their ruins th' only scope  
 And consolation of our hope ;  
 Who, though we do not play the game,  
 Assist as much by giving aim ;  
 Can introduce our ancient arts,  
 For heads of factions, t' act their parts  
 Know what a leading voice is worth,  
 A seconding, a third, or fourth ;  
 How much a casting voice comes to,  
 That turns up trump of *Aye* or *No* ;  
 And, by adjusting all at the end,  
 Share every one his dividend.  
 An art that so much study cost,  
 And now's in danger to be lost  
 Unless our ancient virtuosis,  
 That found it out, get in to th' Houses.  
 These are the courses that we took  
 To carry things by hook or crook†,  
 And practis'd down from forty-four,  
 Until they turn'd us out of door.  
 Besides, the herds of Bouteveys  
 We set on work without the House,  
 When ev'ry knight and citizen  
 Kept legislative journeymen,  
 To bring them in intelligence,  
 From all points of the rabble's sense,  
 And fill the lobbies of both Houses  
 With politic important buzzes ;  
 Set up committees of cabals,  
 To pack designs without the walls ;  
 Examine and draw up all news,  
 And fit it to our present use ;  
 Agree upon the plot o' the farce,  
 And ev'ry one his part rehearse ;  
 Make Q's of answers to waylay  
 What th' other party's like to say ;  
 What repartees, and smart reflections,  
 Shall be return'd to all objections ;

\* Mr. Lenthal was Speaker of that House of Commons which began the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or the end of a House, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell : restored after Richard was oured, and last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command, and as his name was set to the ordinance of the route, these ordinances are here called the *Bulls of Lenthal* in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

† Judge Crook and Hurton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of Sirp-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer ; which occasioned the ways to say, that the King carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crack*.

And who shall break the master-jest,  
 And what, and how, upon the rest :  
 Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,  
 Of proper slanders and seditions,  
 And treason for a token send,  
 By letter, to a country friend ;  
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
 That men, like burglary, commit  
 With falser than a pander's face,  
 That all its owner does betrays,  
 Who therefore dare not trust it, when  
 He's in his calling to be seen ;  
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
 To bring new weeds of discord forth ;  
 Be sure to keep up congregations,  
 In spite of laws and proclamations :  
 For charlatans can do no good,  
 Until they're mounted in a crowd ;  
 And when they're punish'd, all the hurt  
 Is but to fare the better for't ;  
 As long as confessors are sure  
 Of double pay for all th' endure,  
 And what they earn in persecution,  
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution :  
 Whence some tub holders forth have made  
 In powd'ring tubs their richest trade ;  
 And, while they kept their shops in prison  
 Have found their prices strangely risen.  
 Disdain to own the least regret  
 For all the Christian blood we've let  
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain  
 Our title to do so again ;  
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
 But pertinacious impudence.  
 Our constancy t' our principles,  
 In time will wear out all things else ;  
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces  
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses ;  
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths ;  
 Prevail'd awhile, but 'twas not long  
 Before from world to world they swung ;  
 As they had turn'd from side to side,  
 And as the changlings liv'd they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient Statesmonger  
 Could now contain himself no longer,  
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques  
 Against th' harranguer's politics.  
 With smarting remarks of leering faces,  
 And annotations of grimaces,  
 After he had admitt' r'd a dose  
 Of snuff muncungus to his nose,  
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,  
 Instead of th' outward jobbernot,  
 He shook it with a scornful look  
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke :

In dressing a calf's head, although  
 The tongue and brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ;  
 For who did ever play his gambols  
 With such insufferable rambles,  
 To make the bringing in the King  
 And keeping of him out one thing !

Which none could do, but those that swore  
 'Twas point-blank nonsense heretofore;  
 That to deter'd was to invade,  
 And to assassinate to aid;  
 Unless, because you drove him out,  
 (And that was never made a doubt)  
 No pow'r is able to restore  
 And bring him in, but on your score:  
 A sp'ritual doctrine, that conduces  
 Most properly to all your uses.  
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
 To cure the wounds the vermin made;  
 And weapons dress'd with salves restore,  
 And heal the hurts they gave before:  
 But whether Presbyterians have  
 So much good nature as the salve,<sup>n</sup>  
 Or virtue in them as the vermin,  
 Those who have try'd them can determine.  
 Indeed 'tis pity you should miss  
 Th' arrears of all your services,  
 And, for th' eternal obligation  
 Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,  
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,  
 As not to find a just reward  
 For letting rapine loose, and murder,  
 To rage just so far but no further,  
 And setting all the land on fire,  
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;  
 For vent'ring to assassinate,  
 And cut the throats of Church and State,  
 And not be allow'd the fittest men  
 To take the charge of both agen:  
 Especially that have the grace  
 Of self-denying gifted face;  
 Who when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
 On those you painfully trepann'd,  
 And sprinkled in at second-hand;  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd,  
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd;  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you & Backgammon,  
 And win your necks upon the set,  
 As well as ours, who did but bet,  
 (For he had drawn your ears before,  
 And nick'd them on the self same score\*)  
 We threw the box and dice away,  
 Before y' had lost us at foul play,  
 And brought you down to rook and lie,  
 And fancy only on the bye;  
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,  
 From perching upon lofty poles,  
 And releas'd all your outward traitors  
 From hanging up, like aligators;  
 For which ingeniously ye've shew'd  
 Your Presbyterian gratitude;  
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
 And not have been one rope behind.  
 These were your motives to divide,  
 And scruple, on the other side,

\* Alluding to the case of Mr. Pryn, who had his ears cropped twice for his tedious writings.

To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
 To fits of conscience and remorse;  
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
 And face about for new again;  
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes.  
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;  
 And therefore all your Lights and Calls  
 Are but apochryphal and false,  
 To charge us with the consequences  
 Of all your native insolences,  
 That to your own imperious wills  
 Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels;  
 Corrupted the Old Testament,  
 To serve the New for precedent;  
 T' amend its errors and defects,  
 With murder and rebellion texts;  
 Of which there is not any one  
 In all the book to sow upon;  
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jew  
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use;  
 As Mahomet (your chief) began  
 To mix them in the Alcoran;  
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
 And bended elbows on the cushion;  
 Stole from the heggars all your tones,  
 And gifted mortifying groans;  
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,  
 As pigs are said to see the wind,  
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,  
 And Knightsbridge with illumination;  
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,  
 As bad as Bloody-bones or Lunsford†.  
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,  
 For being to Malignants marry'd;  
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs,  
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause;  
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,  
 Because they came not out to battle;  
 Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,  
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz,  
 And rather forfeit their indentures,  
 Than not espouse the Saints adventures:  
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orphens;  
 Inchant the King's and Church's lands,  
 T' obey and follow your commands,  
 And settle on a new freehold,  
 As Marcy-hill had done of old;  
 Could turn the Cov'nant, and translate  
 The Gospel into spoons and plate;  
 Expound upon all merchants' 'cashes,  
 And open th' intricatest places;  
 Could catechise a mos ey-box,  
 And prove all pouche orthodox;  
 Until the Cause become a Lemon,  
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon;

\* This was done by a gnatical printer, in the seventh commandment; who print'd it, *Thou shalt commit adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star chamber, or high-commission Court.

† The Malcontents reported that Lunsford was of so brutal an appetite that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordinary ability, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Brito by the King, in 1643.

And yet, in spite of all your charms  
 To conjure Legion up in arms,  
 And raise more devils in the rout,  
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out,  
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,  
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,  
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
 Have made it plain they have more wit,  
 By whom you've been so oft' trepann'd,  
 And sold forth out of all command;  
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,  
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on;  
 Of all your dispensations worm'd,  
 Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd;  
 Ejected out of Church and State,  
 And all things but the people's hate;  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments  
 Of precious, edifying employments,  
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces  
 Like better bowlers, in your places:  
 All which you bore with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution;  
 And though most righteously oppress'd,  
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd;  
 And never humm'd and hah'd Seditious,  
 Nor smil'd Treason, nor Misprision:  
 That is, because you never dur'd;  
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,  
 Alas, you were no longer able  
 To raise your posse of the rabble:  
 One single redcoat sentinel  
 Out charm'd the magic of the spell,  
 And, with his squirt fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.  
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your powers,  
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,  
 To your disposing of Outgoings,  
 Or to your ord'ring Providence,  
 One farthing's worth of consequence.  
 For had you power to undermine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 Inveigle, or betray one man,  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means;  
 And therefore wonders like, no doubt,  
 To bring in kings, or keep them out:  
 Brave undertakers to restore,  
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r:  
 T' advance the int'rests of the Crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own.  
 'Tis true you have (for I) be loath  
 To wrong ye done your parts in both,  
 To keep him out, and bring him in,  
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;  
 For 'twas your zealous way, of sense  
 And sanctify'd impertinence,  
 Your carrying business in a huddle,  
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model,  
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,  
 And turn you, root and branch, all out;  
 To reformado, one and all,  
 T' your great Croyfado General:

Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r;  
 That sprung the game you were to set,  
 Before ye 'ad time to draw the net:  
 Your spite to see the Church's lands  
 Divided into other hands,  
 And all your sacrilegious ventures  
 Laid out in tickets and debentures;  
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
 By under churches in the Town;  
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths;  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true  
 None bring him in so much as you,  
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,  
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots;  
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
 Than all their own rash politics.  
 And this way you may claim a share  
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair,  
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,  
 And flies and mange, that set them free  
 From taskmasters and slavery,  
 Were likelier to do the feat,  
 In any indiff'rent man's conceit;  
 For whoe'er heard of Restoration,  
 Until your thorough Reformation?  
 That is, the King's and Church's lands  
 Were sequester'd int' other hands:  
 For only then, and not before,  
 Your eyes were open'd to restore;  
 And when the work was carrying on,  
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?  
 As by a world of hints appears,  
 All plain, and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight  
 Will rise up, if you shou'd deny't,  
 Where Henderson¶, and th' other Masses,  
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases:  
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollerst‡:  
 As if th' unseasonable fools  
 Had been a courting in the schools,  
 Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author  
 O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter:  
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,  
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion.  
 In person, like Sir Pride||, or Hughson\*,

¶ One of the chief of the Presbyterian ministers, employ'd to endeavour to induce the King to agree to the abolition of Episcopacy.

‡ Probably *Ob and Sollerst*, are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow disputants, who are called *Majors*, as *Ma* is an abridgement of *Master*, that is, young matters in divinity.

|| Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members, in order to the King's trial: which great change was called *Colonel Pride's Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called *Thomas Lord Pride*, in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice, for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewitt &c. Mr. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a sagot stick instead of a sword.

\* Hughson was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel.

But only those who first begun  
The quarrel were by him set on;  
And who could those be but the Saints,  
Those Reformation termagants?  
But e'er this pass'd the wise debate  
Spent so much time, it grew too late;  
For Oliver had gotten ground,  
T' encluse him with his warriors round;  
Had brought his Providence about,  
And turn'd th' untimely sophists out.

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less  
Of nonsense in't, or sottishness;  
When from a scoundrel holderforth,  
The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,  
Your mighty senators took law,  
At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,  
And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation  
'To Doctrine, Use, and Application.  
So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
'Th' espousers of your cause and monies,  
Who had so often, in your aid,  
So many ways been soundly paid,  
Came in at last for better ends,  
To prove themselves your trusty friends,  
You basely left them, and the Church  
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,  
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
To fall before, as true Philistines.  
This shews what utensils y' have been,  
'To bring the King's concernments in;  
Which is so far from being true,  
That none but he can bring in you;  
And if he take you into trust,  
Will find you most exactly just,  
Such as will punctually repay  
With double int'rest, and betray,

Not that I think those pantomimes,  
Who vary action with the times,  
Are less ingenious in their art,  
Than those who dully act one part;  
Or those who turn from side to side,  
More guilty than the wind and tide.  
All countries are a wise man's home,  
And so are governments to some,  
Who change them for the same intrigues  
That statesmen use in breaking leagues;  
While others in old faiths and troths  
Look old, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,  
And nastier in an old opinion,  
Than those who never shift their linen.

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,  
Which way soever the game goes;  
And, whether parties lose or win,  
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in;  
While pow'r usurp'd, like flou'n delight,  
Is more bewitching than the right,  
And, when the times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the halter,

And so we may, if we've but sense  
To use the necessary means,  
And not your usual stratagems  
On one another, lights and dreams:  
'To stand on terms as positive,  
As if we did not take, but give;

Set up the Covenant on crutches,  
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
And dream of pulling churches down,  
Before we're sure to prop our own;  
Your constant method of proceeding,  
Without the carnal means of heeding,  
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.

I grant all curses are in vain,  
Unless we can get it in again:  
'The only way that's left us now,  
But all the difficulty's how.  
'Tis true we've money, th' only pow'r  
That all mankind falls down before;  
Money, that, like the swords of kings,  
Is the last reason of all things;  
And therefore need not doubt our play  
Has all advantages that way,  
As long as men have faith to sell,  
And meet with those that can pay well;  
Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice,  
One church and state will not suffice,  
T' expose to sale, besides the wages,  
Of storing plagues to after ages.  
Nor is our money less our own  
Than t'was before we laid it down;  
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,  
If we are brought in play upon't  
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
What pow'r can hinder us to win?  
We know the arts we us'd before,  
In peace and war, and something more,  
And by th' unfortunate events  
Can mend our next experiments;  
For when we're taken into trust,  
How easy are the wisest chout,  
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,  
And not their secret springs and weights.  
And, while they're busy at their ease,  
Can carry what designs we please?  
How easy is't to serve for agents,  
To prosecute our old engagements?  
'To keep the good old Cause on foot,  
And prevent pow'r from taking root;  
Blame them both with false alarms  
Of plots and parties taking arms;  
To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
From healing up of side to side  
Profess the passionat'it concerns,  
For both their interests by turns,  
The only way t' improve our own,  
By dealing faithfully with none;  
(As bows run true, by being made  
On purpose false, and to be sway'd)  
For if we should be true to either,  
'Twould turn us out of both together;  
And therefore have no other means  
'To stand upon our own defence,  
But keeping up our ancient party  
In vigour, confident and hearty:  
To reconcile our late Dividers,  
Our Brethren, though by other venters;  
Unite them, and their different maggots,  
As long and short sticks are in faggots,

And make them join again as close,  
As when they first began t' espouse;  
Erect them *into* separate  
New Jewish tribes in Church and State;  
To join in marriage and commerce,  
And only' among themselves converse,  
And all that are not of their mind,  
Make enemies to all mankind:  
Take all religions in, and stickle  
From Conclave down to Coventicle;  
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
According to the light in being.  
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
And spiritual misrule in one sense;  
But in another quite contrary,  
As Dispensations chance to vary;  
And stand for, as the times will bear it,  
All contradictions of the Spirit;  
Protect their emissaries, empower'd  
To preach Sedition and the Word;  
And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,  
Release the lab'ers for the Cause,  
And turn the persecution back  
On those that made the first attack,  
To keep them equally in awe  
From breaking, or maintaining law:  
And when they have their fits too soon,  
Before the full-tides of the moon,  
Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,  
For sowing faction in and treason;  
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,  
Like hawks, from baiting on their perches:  
That when the blessed time shall come  
Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
They may be ready to restore  
Their own fifth monarchy once more.

Mean-while be better arm'd to fence  
Against revolts of Providence,  
By watching narrowly, and snapping  
All blind sides of it, as they happen:  
For if success could make us Saints,  
Our ruin turn'd us miscreants;  
A scandal that would fall too hard  
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,  
Spite of our hearts, or be undone,  
And not to stand on terms and freaks,  
Before we have secur'd our necks.

But do our work as out of sight,  
As stars by day, and suns by night;  
All licence of the people own,  
In opposition to the Crown  
And for the Crown as fiercely side,  
The head and body to divide.  
The end of all we first design'd,  
And all that yet remains behind,  
Be sure to spare no public rapine,  
On all emergencies that happen;  
For 'tis as easy to supplant  
Authority as men in want;  
As some of us, in trusts, have made  
The one hand with the other trade;  
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
The right a thief, the left receiver;

And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
The other, by as sly, retail'd.  
For gain has wonderful effects,  
To improve the factory of sects;  
The rule of faith in all professions,  
And great Diana of th' Ephesians;  
Whence turning of religion's made  
The means to turn and wind a trade;  
And though some change it for the worse,  
They put themselves into a course,  
And draw in store of customers,  
To thrive the better in commerce:  
For all religions flock together,  
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,  
To nab the itches of their sects,  
As jades do one another's necks.  
Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well  
Will serve t' improve a Church, as zeal:  
As persecution or promotion,  
Do equally advance devotion.

Let bus'ness, like ill watches, go  
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;  
For things in order are put out  
So easy, ease itself will do 't:  
But when the feat's design'd and meant,  
What miracle can bar th' event?  
For 'tis more easy to betray,  
Than ruin any other way.

All possible occasions start,  
The weightiest matters to divert;  
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,  
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;  
But in affairs of less import,  
That neither do us good nor hurt,  
And they receive as little by,  
Outsaw'd as much, and outcomply,  
And seem as scrupulously just  
To bait our hooks for greater trust.  
But still be careful to cry down  
All public actions, though our own;  
The least miscarriage aggravate,  
And charge it all upon the State;  
Express the horrid detestation,  
And pity the distracted nation;  
Tell stories scandalous and false,  
In th' proper language of cabals,  
Where all a subtle statesman says,  
Is half in words, and half in face;  
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues  
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs)  
Intrust it under solemn vows  
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,  
To be retail'd again in whispers,  
For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman—When a shout,  
Heard at a distance, put him out;  
And strait another, all agast  
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste,  
Who star'd about, as pale as death,  
And, for a while, as out of breath,  
Till, having gather'd up his wits,  
He thus began his tale by fits\*:

\* We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martin Noell.

That beastly rabble—that came down  
 From all the garrets—in the Town,  
 And stalls, and shopboards—in vast swarms,  
 With new-chalk'd hills, and rusty arms,  
 To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,  
 And bawl the Bishops—out of door.  
 And new-drawn up—in greater shoals,  
 To roast—and broil us on the coals,  
 And all the Grandees—of our members  
 Are carbonading on the embres;  
 Knights, citizens, and burgeses—  
 Hold forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,  
 That serve for characters—and badges;  
 To represent their personages;  
 Each bonfire is a funeral pile,  
 In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,  
 And ev'ry representative  
 Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive;  
 And 'tis a miracle we are not  
 Already sacrific'd incarnate;  
 For while we wrangle here, and jar,  
 We're grill'd all at Temple-bar;  
 Some, on the sign-post of an ale-house,  
 Hang in effigy, on the gallows,  
 Made up of rags to personate  
 Respective officers of state;  
 That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,  
 Proscrib'd in law, and executed,  
 And, while the Work is carrying on,  
 Be ready list'd under Dun\*.  
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,  
 And tinder-box, of all his fellows;  
 The activ'st member of the five,  
 As well as the most primitive;  
 Who, for his faithful service then,  
 Is chosen for a fifth agen†:  
 (For since the State has made a quint  
 Of Generals, he's list'd in't)  
 This worthy, as the world will say,  
 Is paid in specie his own way:  
 For, moulded to the life, in clouts  
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin  
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em;  
 And to the largest bonfire riding,  
 They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in;  
 On whom, in equipage and state,  
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,  
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do,  
 Each in a taster'd talisman,  
 Like vermine in effigy slain.  
 But what's more dreadful than the rest)  
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Ecast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,  
 As by the crackers plainly 'ppears;  
 For none but Jesuits have a mission  
 To preach the faith with ammunition,

And propagate the Church with powder;  
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.  
 These sp'ritual pioneers o' th' Whore's,  
 That have the charge of all her stores,  
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,  
 To take in heav'n by springing mines,  
 And with unanswerable barrels  
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels,  
 Now take a course more practicable,  
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
 And blow us up, in th' open streets,  
 Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,  
 More like to ruin and confound,  
 Than all their doctrines underground.  
 Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,  
 For symbols of State-mysteries,  
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few,  
 Who, 'cause they're waded to the stumps,  
 Are represented best by rumps.  
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
 In all their politic far-fetches,  
 And from the Coptic priest Kircherus\*,  
 Found out his mystic way to jeer us:  
 For as the Egyptian us'd by bees  
 To express their antique Ptolemics,  
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,  
 Held forth authority and pow'r;  
 Because these subtle animals  
 Bear all their int'rests in their tails,  
 But when they're once impair'd in that,  
 Are banish'd their well order'd State,  
 They thought all governments were built  
 By hieroglyphic rumps express.

For as, in bodies natural,  
 The rump's the fundamental of all,  
 So in a commonwealth, or realm,  
 The government is call'd the Helm,  
 With which, like vessels under sail,  
 They're turn'd and winded by the tail;  
 The tail, which birds and fishes steer  
 Their courses with through sea and air,  
 To whom the rudder of the rump is  
 The same thing with the stern and compass.  
 This shews how perfectly the rump  
 And commonwealth in Nature jump;  
 For as a fly, that goes to bed,  
 Rests with his tail above his head,  
 So, in this mongrel state of ours,  
 The rabble are the supreme powers,  
 That hors'd us on their backs, to shew us  
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews  
 Write, there's a bone, which they call Luez,  
 In th' rump of man, of such a virtue,  
 No force in nature can be hurt to;  
 And therefore, at the last great day,  
 All th' other members shall, they say,  
 Spring out of this, as from a seed  
 All sorts of vegetals proceed;  
 From whence the learned sons of Art,  
*Os sacrum* justly style that part:

\* Dun was the public executioner at that time; and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

† Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house walled, and mayor of Auckland, and 6500*l.* in money

\* Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on

Then what can better represent,  
 Than this rump bone, the Parliament,  
 That after sev'ral rude ejections,  
 And as prodigious resurrections,  
 With new reversions of nine lives,  
 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives?  
 But now, alas! they're all expir'd,  
 And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout.  
 With which they other fires put out;  
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distrefs;  
 And paltry, private wretchedness;  
 Worse than the devil to privation,  
 Beyond all hopes of restoration;  
 And parted, like the body and soul,  
 From all dominion and controul.

We who could lately, with a look,  
 Enact, establish, or revoke,  
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe;  
 Before the bluster of whose huff,  
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off;  
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
 Down to the footman and valet;  
 Had more bent knees than chapel mats,  
 And prayers, than the crowns of hats,  
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
 For ruin's just as low as high;  
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
 The horrors that attend our fall:  
 For some of us have scores more large  
 Than heads and quarters can discharge;  
 And others, who, by restless seraping,  
 With public frauds, and private rapine,

Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
 Would gladly lay down all at last,  
 And, to be but undone, entail  
 Their vessels on perpetual jail,  
 And bless the dev'l to let them farms  
 Of forfeit souls, on no worse terms.  
 This said, a near and louder shout  
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,  
 Who new began t' outrun their fear,  
 As horses do, from those they bear;  
 But crowded on with so much haste,  
 Until they 'ad block'd the passage fast,  
 And barricado'd it with haunches  
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,  
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippled piece  
 Of all their crush'd and broken members,  
 Than have them grilly'd on the embers;  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs  
 Of one another on their backs,  
 The vanguard could no longer bear  
 The charges of the forlorn rear,  
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled sorely under foot;  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable  
 As th' horrid cook'ry of the rabble;  
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out,  
 As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Believ'd 'em with a fresh supply  
 Of rally'd force, enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running horse,  
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

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# HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

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## PART III. CANTO III.

### *The Argument.*

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight  
To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.  
He plods to turn his amorous suit,  
T' a plea in law, and prosecute :  
Repairs to counsel, to advise  
'Bout managing the enterprize ;  
But first resolves to try by letter,  
And one more fair address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange bugbears  
Mankind creates itself, of fears,  
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,  
Equivocally, without seed,  
And have no possible foundation,  
But merely in th' imagination ?  
And yet can do more dreadful feats  
Than hags, with all their imps and teats ;  
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,  
Than all their nurseries of elves.  
For fear does things so like a witch,  
'Tis hard t' uniddle which is which ;  
Sets up communities of senses,  
To chop and change intelligences ;  
As Rosicrucian virtuosis  
Can see with ears, and hear with noses ;  
And, when they neither see nor hear,  
Have more than both supply'd by fear,  
That makes them in the dark see visions,  
And hag themselves with apparitions,  
And, when their eyes discover least ;  
Discern the subtlest objects best ;  
Do things not contrary, alone,  
To th' course of Nature, but its own,

The courage of the bravest daunt,  
And turn poltroons as valiant :  
For men as resolute appear  
With too much, as too little fear ;  
And when they're out of hopes of flying,  
Will run away from death by dying ;  
Or turn again to stand it out,  
And those they fled, like lions, rout.  
This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
Who, by the Furies, *is't perdue*,  
And haunted with detachments, sent  
From Marshal Legion's regiment\*,  
Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,  
When nothing but himself, and fear,  
Was both the imps and conjurer ;  
As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,  
It follows in due form of poesie.  
Disguis'd in all the masks of night,  
We left our champion on his flight,

\* Alluding to Stephen Marshall's hellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull*.

At blind man's buff, to grope his way,  
 In equal fear of night and day;  
 Who took his dark and desp'rate course,  
 He knew no better than his horse;  
 And by an unknown devil led,  
 (He knew as little whither) fled,  
 He never was in greater need,  
 Nor less capacity of speed;  
 Disabled, both in man and beast,  
 To fly and run away, his best;  
 To keep the enemy, and fear,  
 From equal falling on his rear.  
 And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
 The further and the nearer side;  
 (As seamen ride with all their force,  
 And tug as if they row'd the horse,  
 And when the hackney fails more swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run adrift)  
 So, though he posted e'er so fast,  
 His fear was greater than his haste;  
 For fear, though swifter than the wind,  
 Believes 'tis always left behind.  
 But when the morn began t' appear,  
 And shift t' another scene his fear,  
 He found his new officious shade,  
 That came so timely to his aid,  
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,  
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told  
 The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
 But she convey'd him out of sight,  
 To entertain th' approaching Knight;  
 And while he gave himself diversion,  
 T' accommodate his beast and person,  
 And put his beard into a posture,  
 At best advantage to accost her,  
 She order'd th' antimasquerade  
 (For his reception) afore said;  
 For when the ceremony was done,  
 The lights put out, the Furies gone,  
 And Hudibras, among the rest,  
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,  
 The wretched catiff, all alone,  
 (As he believ'd) began to moan,  
 And tell his story to himself,  
 The Knight mistook him for an elf;  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at Ralpho's out-ward man.  
 And thought, because they oft agreed  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the Saint's and Devil's part,  
 With undistingu'ishable art,  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 And put on one another's shapes;  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out.  
 What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite  
 That took his place and shape to-night?  
 Some busy independent pug,  
 Retainer to his synagogue?  
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose,

But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,  
 Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,  
 And from th' enchantments of a Widow,  
 Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe, where now you are?  
 Which you would gratefully repay,  
 Your constant Presbyterian way.  
 That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger,  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer  
 Pursu'd, and took me prisoner;  
 And, knowing you were hereabout,  
 Brought me along to find you out.  
 Where I, in hugger-mugger, hid,  
 Have noted all they said or did:  
 And, though they lay to him the pageant,  
 I did not see him, nor his agent;  
 Who play'd their forceries out of sight,  
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.  
 But didst thou see no devils then?  
 Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,  
 A little worse than fiends in hell,  
 And that she-devil Jezebel,  
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision  
 To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he  
 That play'd the dev'l to examine me?  
 A rallying weaver in the town,  
 That did it in a parson's gown;  
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:  
 In which you told them all your feats,  
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;  
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd  
 The naked truth of all the rest,  
 More plainly than the rev'rend writer  
 That to our Churches veil'd his miter;  
 All which they take in black and white,  
 And cudgell'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,  
 And none but thou and I alone,  
 To act the devil, and forbear  
 To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,  
 And frame of sp'rit too obstinate,  
 To be by me prevail'd upon,  
 With any motives of my own;  
 And therefore strove to counterfeit  
 The devil a while, to nick your wit;  
 The devil, that is your constant crony,  
 That only can prevail upon ye;  
 Else we might still have been disputing,  
 And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find  
 They 'ad left the enemy behind,  
 And saw no further harm remain  
 But feeble weariness and pain,  
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
 They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,  
 And, by declining of the road,  
 They had, by chance, their rear made good;  
 He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
 That partings went to rant and tear,

And give the desperat'st attack  
 To danger still behind its back :  
 For having paus'd to recollect,  
 And on his past success reflect,  
 'T' examine and consider why,  
 And whence, and how, he came to fly,  
 And when no devil had appear'd,  
 What else it could be said, he fear'd,  
 It put him in so fierce a rage,  
 He once resolv'd to re-engage ;  
 Toss'd, like a football, back again  
 With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.  
 Quoth he, It was thy cowardice  
 That made me from this leaguer rise,  
 And when I 'ad half reduc'd the place,  
 To quit it infamously base,  
 Was better cover'd by the new  
 Arriv'd detachment, than I knew ;  
 To slight my new conquests, and run,  
 Victoriously, from battles won ;  
 And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
 To sell them cheaper than they cost :  
 To make me put myself to flight,  
 And, conq'ring, run away by night ;  
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
 Durst never have presum'd to do :  
 To mount me in the dark, by force,  
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,  
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,  
 Without my arms and equipage ;  
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
 I might th' unequal fight renew ;  
 And, to preserve thy outward man,  
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,  
 Not to preserve myself, but you :  
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs  
 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,  
 To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse  
 Than managing a wooden horse ;  
 Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,  
 Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers :  
 Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,  
 Had had no reason to complain ;  
 But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones  
 From unavoidable battoons.  
 The enemy was reinforc'd,  
 And we disabled and unhors'd,  
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,  
 And no way left but hasty flight,  
 Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt,  
 Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.

But were our bones in fit condition  
 To reinforce the expedition,  
 'Tis now unfeas'nable and vain,  
 To think of falling on again :  
 No martial project to surprize  
 Can ever be attempted twice ;  
 Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
 As gamesters tear their losing cards.  
 Beside, our bangs of man and beast  
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,

And for a while will not be able  
 To rally, and prove serviceable :  
 And therefore I, with reason, chose  
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes,  
 To make an hon'able retreat,  
 And wave a total sure defeat :  
 For those that fly may fight again,  
 Which he can never do that's slain.  
 Hence timely running's no mean part  
 Of conduct, in the martial art,  
 By which some glorious feats achieve,  
 As citizens by breaking thrive.  
 And cannons conquer armies, while  
 They seem to draw off and recoil ;  
 Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
 To great exploits, as well as safest ;  
 That spares th' expence of time and pains,  
 And dang'rous beating out of brains ;  
 And, in the end, prevails as certain  
 As those that never trust to fortune ;  
 But make their fear do execution  
 Beyond the stoutest resolution ;  
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
 And, only trembling, overthrow.  
 If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men  
 That only sav'd a citizen,  
 What victory cou'd e'er be won,  
 If ev'ry one would save but one ?  
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,  
 Where all resolve to save the most ?  
 By this means, when a battle's won,  
 The war's as far from being done ;  
 For those that save themselves, and fly,  
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ;  
 And sometime, when the loss is small,  
 And danger great, they challenge all ;  
 Print new additions to their seats,  
 And commendations in Gazettes ;  
 And when, for furious haste, to run,  
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
 Have done't with bonfires, and at home  
 Made squibs and crackers overcome ;  
 To set the rabble on a flame,  
 And keep their governors from blame,  
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with fireworks and with bells :  
 And, though reduc'd to that extreme  
 They have been forc'd to sing *To Deum* ;  
 Yet, with religious blasphemy,  
 By flattering Heav'n with a lie,  
 And, for their beating, giving th' thanks,  
 They've rais'd recruits and fill'd their banks ;  
 For those who run from th' enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly ;  
 And when the fight becomes a chase,  
 Those win the day that win the race ;  
 And that which would not pass in fights,  
 Has done the feat with eas' flight ;  
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign  
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;  
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
 With brandy, wine, and aquavitæ ;  
 And made 'em stoutly overcome  
 With Bacrack, Hoceamore, and Mum ;

With th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate  
To victory necessitate;  
With which, although they run or burn,  
They unavoidably return;  
Or else their sultan populaces  
Still strangle all their routed Bassas.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand  
What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,  
And who those were that run away,  
And yet gave out they'd won the day;  
Although the rabble sou'd them for't,  
O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.  
'Tis true our modern way of war  
Is grown more politic by far,  
But not so resolute and bold,  
Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.  
For now they laugh at giving battle,  
Unless it be to herds of cattle;  
Or fighting convoys of provision,  
The whole design of the expedition,  
And not with downright blows to rout  
The enemy, but eat them out:  
As fighting, in all beasts of prey,  
And eating, are perform'd one way,  
To give defiance to their teeth,  
And fight their stubborn guts to death;  
And those achieve the high'st renown,  
That bring the other stomachs down.  
There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,  
All dangers are reduc'd to famine,  
And feats of arms to plot, design,  
Surprise, and stratagem, and mine;  
But have no need nor use of courage,  
Unless it be for glory' or forage;  
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,  
When one side vent'ring to advance,  
And come uncivilly too near,  
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,  
And forc'd, with terrible resistance,  
To keep hereafter at a distance,  
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,  
Where store of largest rivers run,  
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
To part th' engagements of their warriors;  
Where both from side to side may skip,  
And only 'ncounter at bo peep:  
For men are found the stouter-hearted,  
The certainer they're to be parced,  
And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
As th' ancient nice attack'd the frogs,  
And made their mortal enemy,  
The water-rat, their strict ally.  
For 'tis not now who's stout and bold?  
But who bears hunger best, and cold?  
And he's approv'd the most deserving,  
Who longest can hold out at starving;  
And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
The formidablest man of prowess.  
So th' Emperor Caligula,  
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,  
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;  
Engag'd his legions in fierce buffles,  
With periwrinkles, prawns, and muscles,

And led his troops with furious gallops,  
To charge whole regiments of scallops;  
Not like their ancient way of war,  
To wait on his triumphal car;  
But when he went to dine or sup,  
More bravely ate his captives up,  
And left all war, by his example,  
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.  
Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
And twice as much that I could add,  
'Tis plain you cannot now do worse  
Than take this out-of-fashion'd course;  
To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,  
Or waging battle to subdue her;  
Though some have done it in romances,  
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies;  
As those who won the Amazons,  
By wanton drubbing of their bones;  
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride  
By courting of her back and side.  
But since those times and feats are over,  
They are not for a modern lover,  
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,  
By such addressees to be gain'd;  
And if they were, would have it out  
With many another kind of bout.  
Therefore I hold no course so infeasible,  
As this of force, to win the Jezebel,  
To storm her heart by th' antic charms  
Of ladies errant force of arms;  
But rather strive by law to win her,  
And try the title you have in her.  
Your case is clear, you have her word,  
And me to witness the accord;  
Besides two more of her retinue  
To testify what pass'd between you;  
More probable, and like to hold,  
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,  
For which so many, that renounc'd  
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,  
And bills upon record beeft found,  
That forc'd the ladies to compound;  
And that, unless I miss the matter,  
Is all the bus'ness you look after.  
Besides, encounters at the bar  
Are braver now than those in war,  
In which the law does execution,  
With less disorder and confusion;  
Has more of honour in't, some hold,  
Not like the new way, but the old,  
When those the pen had drawn together,  
Decided quarrels with the feather,  
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
And more than bullets now of lead:  
So all their combats now, as then,  
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen:  
That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
In words at length, as well as figure;  
Is judge of all the world performs  
In voluntary feats of arms,  
And whatso'er's achiev'd in fight,  
Determines which is wrong or right  
For whether you prevail or lose,  
All must be try'd there in the close;

And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
What you must trust to e'er ye've done.

The law, that settles all you do,  
And marries where you did but woo;  
That makes the most perfidious lover,  
A lady, that's as false, recover;  
And if it judge upon your side,  
Will soon extend her for your bride,  
And out her person, goods, or lands,  
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For 'twas the wisdom of all ages,  
And manag'd by the ablest sages,  
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar  
Be but a kind of civil war,  
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons  
Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,  
They never manage the contest  
T' impair their public interest,  
Or by their controversies lessen  
The dignity of their profession;  
Not like us Brethren, who divide  
Our commonwealth, the Cause, and side;  
And though we're all as near of kindred  
As th' outward man is to the inward,  
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
About the slightest single-fangle,  
While lawyers have more sober sense,  
Than t' argue at their own expence,  
To make the best advantages  
Of others' quarrels, like the Swifs;  
And out of foreign controversies,  
By aiding both sides, fill their purses;  
But have no int'rest in the cause  
For which th' engage, and wage the laws,  
Nor further prospect than their pay,  
Whether they lose or win the day.  
And though th' abounded in all ages,  
With sundry learned clerks and sages;  
Though all their bus'ness be dispute,  
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,  
They've no disputes about their art,  
Nor in polemics controvert,  
While all professions else are found  
With nothing but disputes t' abound:  
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
Philosophers, mathematicians;  
The Galenist and Paracelsian\*,  
Condemn the way each other deals in;  
Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
To cut themselves out work to wrangle;  
Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes;  
And heralds tickle who got who,  
So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation  
T' expose their trade to disputation,  
Or make the busy rabble judges  
Of all their secret piques and grudges;  
In which, whoever wins the day,  
The whole profession's sure to pay.

Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
Dare undertake to do their feats,  
When in all other sciences  
They swarm like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,  
By inward Light, a deed in law?  
Or could hold forth, by revelation,  
An answer to a Declaration!  
For those that meddle with their tools,  
Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:  
And if you follow their advice,  
In bills, and answers, and replies,  
They'll write a love letter in Chancery,  
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts  
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,  
But in appearance cry'd him down,  
To make them better seem his own,  
(All plagiaries constant course  
Of sinking, when they take a purse)  
Resolv'd to follow his advice,  
But kept it from him by disguise;  
And, after stubborn contradiction,  
To counterfeit his own conviction,  
And, by transition, fall upon  
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest  
Is, of all others, the unwifest?  
For, if I think by law to gain her,  
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.  
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
Where nothing's certain but th' expence;  
To act against myself, and traverse  
My suit and title to her favours;  
And if she should, which Heav'n forbid,  
O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,  
What after-course have I to take,  
'Gainst losing all I have at stake?  
He that with injury is griev'd,  
And goes to law to be reliev'd,  
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,  
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
Applies himself to cunning men,  
To help him to his goods agen;  
When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain;  
And yet I have no other way,  
But is as difficult, to play:  
For to reduce her, by main force  
Is now in vain; by fair means worse;  
But worst of all to give her over,  
Till she's as desp'rate to recover  
For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
Until they're never to be won;  
But since I have no other course,  
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,  
He that complics against his will,  
Is of his own opinion still,  
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,  
For reasons to himself best known;  
But 't is not to b' avoided now,  
For Sidrophel resolves to sue;

\* Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born the latter end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.

Whom I must answer, or begin,  
 Inevitably first with him;  
 For I've receiv'd advertisement,  
 By times enough, of his intent;  
 And knowing he that first complains  
 Th' advantage of the bus'ness gains;  
 For courts of justice understand  
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand;  
 Who what he pleases may aver,  
 The other nothing till he swear;  
 Is freely' admitted to all grace,  
 And lawful favour, by his place;  
 And, for his bringing custom in,  
 Has all advantages to win;  
 I, who resolve to oversee  
 No lucky opportunity,  
 Will go to counsel, to advise  
 Which way t' encounter or surprize,  
 And, after long consideration,  
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion,  
 Most apt for what I have to do,  
 As counsellor, and justice too.  
 And truly so, no doubt he was,  
 A lawyer fit for such a case,  
 An old dull sot, who told the clock,  
 For many years, at Bridewell-dock,  
 At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,  
 And *vicinus dolius* play'd in all;  
 Where in all governments and times,  
 He'd been both friend and foe to crimes,  
 And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
 By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:  
 To many a whore gave privilege,  
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterage,  
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,  
 And b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;  
 And many a trusty pimp and crony  
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money:  
 Engag'd the constable to seize,  
 All those that wou'd not break the peace;  
 Nor give him back his own foul words,  
 Though sometimes commoners, or lords,  
 And kept 'em prisoners of course,  
 For being sober at ill hours;  
 That in the morning he might free  
 Or bind 'em over for his fee.  
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
 For leave to practise in their ways?  
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share  
 With the headborough and scavenger;  
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound  
 For taking up the public ground;  
 The kennel ~~and~~ the king's highway,  
 For being unmolested, pay;  
 Let but the stocks, and whipping post,  
 And cage to those that gave him most;  
 Impos'd a task on bakers' ears,  
 And, for false weights, on chandlers;  
 Made victuallers and vintners fine  
 For arbitrary ale and wine;  
 But was a kind and constant friend  
 To all that regularly' offend;  
 As residentiary bawds,  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods;

That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
 And pay church duties and his fees:  
 But was implacable and awkward  
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.  
 To this brave man the Knight repairs  
 For counsel in his law-affairs,  
 And found him mounted, in his pew,  
 With books and money plac'd, for shew,  
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,  
 And for his false opinion pay;  
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,  
 Put off his hat, to put his case;  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd  
 As th' other courteously strain'd;  
 And, to assure him 't was not that  
 He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel  
 Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well,  
 And now he brags to 've beaten me;  
 Better, and better still, quoth he;  
 And vows to flick me to a wall,  
 Where'er he meets me—Best of all.  
 'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath  
 That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.  
 When he 's confess'd he stole my cloak,  
 And pick'd my sob, and what he took;  
 Which was the cause that made me hang him,  
 And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.  
 Now, Whether I should beforehand,  
 Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.  
 Or bring my action of conversion  
 And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson.  
 Or, if 't is better to endite,  
 And bring him to his trial?—Right.  
 Prevent what he designs to do,  
 And swear for th' state against him?—True.  
 Or whether he that is defendant,  
 In this case, has the better end on 't;  
 Who, putting in a new cross-bill,  
 May traverse the action?—Better still.  
 Then there 's a lady too.—Aye, marry.  
 That 's easily prov'd accessory;  
 A widow, who, by solemn vows  
 Contracted to me, for my spouse,  
 Combin'd with him to break her word,  
 And has abetted all—Good Lord!  
 Suborn'd th' afore-said Sidrophel  
 To tamper with the dev'l of hell,  
 Who put m' into a horrid fear,  
 Fear of my life—Make that appear.  
 Made an assault with fiends and men  
 Upon my body—Good agen.  
 And kept me in a deadly fright,  
 And false imprisonment, all night.  
 Mean-while they robb'd me, and my horse  
 And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.  
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
 To avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.  
 Sir, (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,  
 You have as good and fair a battery  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim:  
 For if they 've us'd you as you say,  
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;

I wou'd it were my case, I'd give  
More than I'll say, or you'll believe :  
I wou'd so trounce her, and her purse,  
I'd make her kneel for better or worse :  
For matrimony, and hanging here,  
Both go by destiny so clear.

That you as sure may pick and choose,  
As cross I win, and pile you lose :  
And if I durst, I wou'd advance  
As much in ready maintenance,  
As upon any case I've known ;  
But we that practice dare not own :  
The law severly contrabands  
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;  
'Tis common barratry, that bears  
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
And crops them till there is not leather,  
To stick a pin in, left of either ;  
For which some do the summer-fault,  
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault ;  
But you may swear at any rate,  
Things not in nature, for th' state ;  
For in all courts of justice here  
A witness is not said to swear,  
But make oath, that is, in plain terms,  
To forge whatever he affirms,

I thank you (quoth the Knight) for that,  
Because 't is to my purpose pat --  
For Justice, though she's painted blind,  
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,  
Like Charity ; else right and wrong  
Cou'd never hold it out so long,  
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,  
Convey men's interest, and right,  
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,  
As easily as *Hocus Pocus* ;  
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious ;  
And clear again like *baccius doctius*.  
Then, whether, you would take her life,  
Or but recover her for your wife,  
Or be content with what she has,  
And let all other matters pass,  
The bus'ness to the law's alone,  
The proof is all it looks upon ;  
And you can want no witnesses,  
To swear to any thing you please,  
That hardly gets their mere expence  
By th' labour of their consciences,  
Or letting out, to hire, their ears  
To affidavit customers,  
At inconsiderable values,  
To serve for jurymen, or tales.  
Although retained in th' hardest matters  
Of trustees and administrators.

For that (quoth he) let me alone ;  
We've store of such and all our own,  
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,  
Th' ablest of conscience-stretchers,

That's well, (quoth he) but I should guess,  
By weighing all advantages,  
Your surest way is first to pitch  
On Bongey for a water-witch :

And when ye've hang'd the conjurer,  
Ye've time enough to deal with her.  
In th' int'rim spare for no trepans  
To draw her neck into the bans ;  
Ply her with loveletters and billets,  
And bait 'em well for quirks and quillets,  
With trains t' inveigle and surprize  
Her heedless answers and replies ;  
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
'They'll serve for other by designs ;  
And make an artist understand  
'To copy out her seal, or hand ;  
Or find void places in the paper  
'To steal in something to entrap her ;  
Till with her wordly goods, and body,  
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :  
Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
That ply i' th' temples, under trees,  
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,  
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;  
Or wait for customers between  
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn ;  
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,  
And affidavit-men ne'er fail  
To expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
According to their ears and clothes,  
'Their only necessary tools,  
Besides the Gospel, and their souls ;  
And when ye're furnished with all purveys,  
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give (quoth Hudibras)  
A straw to understand a case,  
Without the admirable skill  
To wind and manage it at will ;  
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,  
Against the weathergage of laws,  
And ring the changes upon cases,  
As plain as noses upon faces,  
As you have well instructed me,  
For which you've earn'd (here 't is) your fee.  
I long to practise your advice,  
And try the subtle artifice ;  
To bait a letter, as you bid,  
As, not long after, thus he did ;  
For, having pump'd up all his wit,  
And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE

OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY,

I who was once as great as Cæsar  
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadrezzar ;  
And from as fam'd a conqueror  
As ever took degree in war,  
Or did his exercise in battle,  
By you turn'd out to graze with cattle :  
For since I am deny'd access  
To all my earthly happiness,  
Am fall'n from the paradise  
Of your good graces, and fair eyes ;

\* Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end

of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's.

Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
To everlasting banishment,  
Where all the hopes I had to 've won  
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.

Yet if you were not so severe  
To pass your doom before you hear,  
You'd find, upon my just defence,  
How much ye've wrong'd my innocence.  
That once I made a vow to you,  
Which yet is unperform'd 't is true;  
But not, because it is unpaid,  
'Tis violated, though delay'd:  
Or, if it were, it is no fault,  
So heinous as you'd have it thought;  
To undergo the loss of ears,  
Like vulgar hackney perjurers:  
For there's a difference in the case,  
Between the noble and the base;  
Who always are observ'd to 've done 't  
Upon as different an account;  
The one for great and weighty cause,  
To save, in honour, ugly flaws;  
For none are like to do it sooner,  
Than those who're nicest of their honour:  
The other, for base gain and pay,  
For swear and perjure by the day,  
And make th' exposing and retailing  
Their souls, and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal nor aspersion,  
Upon a great and noble person,  
'To say he nat'rally abhor'd  
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,  
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,  
In meaner men, to do the same:  
For to be able to forget,  
Is found more useful to the great  
Than gout or deafness, or bad eyes,  
To make 'em pass for wondrous wifs.  
But though the law, on perjurers,  
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,  
It is not just, that does exempt  
The guilty, and punish the innocent;  
To make the ears repair the wrong  
Committed by th' ungoverned tongue;  
And, when one member is forsworn,  
Another to be cropp'd or torn.  
And if you shou'd, as you design,  
By course of law, recover mine,  
You're like, if you consider right,  
'To gain but little honour by 't.  
For he that for his lady's sake  
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,  
Does not so much deserve her favour.  
As he that pawns his soul to have her.  
This ye've acknowledg'd I have done,  
Although you now disdain to own;  
But sentence what you rather ought  
'T' esteem good service than a fault.  
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
That literal sense the words infer;  
But, by the practice of the age,  
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;  
And where the sense by custom's checkt,  
Are found void and of none effect;

For no man takes or keeps a vow,  
But just as he sees others do;  
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,  
As not to yield and bow a little:  
For as best-temper'd blades are found,  
Before they break, to bend quite round;  
So truest oaths are still most tough,  
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.  
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd  
In love a greater latitude?  
For as the law of arms approves  
All ways to conquest, so shou'd love's;  
And not be ty'd to true or false,  
But make that justest that prevails:  
For how can that, which is above  
All empire, high and mighty love,  
Submit its great prerogative  
To any other power alive?  
Shall Love that to no crown gives place  
Become the subject of a case?  
The fundamental law of Nature  
Be overrul'd by those made after?  
Commit the censure of its cause  
To any, but its own great laws?  
Love that 's the world's preservative,  
That keeps all souls of things alive;  
Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,  
And gives mankind a longer date;  
The life of nature that restores  
As fast as Time and Death devours;  
To whose free gift the world does owe  
Not only earth, but heav'n too:  
For love 's the only trade that 's driv'n,  
The interest of state in heav'n,  
Which nothing but the soul of man  
Is capable to entertain;  
For what can earth produce, but love,  
To represent the joys above?  
Or who but lovers can converse,  
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?  
Address, and compliment by vision,  
Make love, and court by intuition?  
And burn in am'rous flames as fierce  
As those celestial ministers?  
Then how can any thing offend,  
In order to so great an end?  
Or Heav'n itself a sin resent,  
That for its own supply was meant?  
That merits, in a kind mistake,  
A pardon for the offence's sake?  
Or if it did not, but the cause  
Were left to th' injury of laws.  
What tyranny can disapprove  
There should be equity in love?  
For laws that are inanimate,  
And feel no sense of love or hate,  
That have no passion of their own,  
Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
Are only proper to inflict  
Revenge, on criminals as strict;  
But to have power to forgive,  
Is empire and prerogative;  
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem  
To grant a pardon than condemn,

Then, since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well meant fault;  
 For why should he who made address  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing in return  
 But insolence, affronts and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine,  
 And bravely carry his design?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder?  
 And after letting blood, and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;  
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,  
 And claw'd by goblins in the night;  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
 With rude invasion of his beard;  
 And when your sex was foully scandal'd,  
 As foully by the rabble handled;  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;  
 And, after all, to be debarr'd  
 So much as standing on his guard;  
 When horses being spur'd and prick'd,  
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites;  
 That with your breeding teeth begin,  
 And nursing babies that lie in,  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows,  
 Against your stratagems t' oppose,  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye;  
 Retire the more, the more we press,  
 To draw us into ambushes:  
 As pirates all false colours wear,  
 T' entrap th' unwary mariner;  
 So women, to surprize us, spread  
 The borrow'd flags of white and red;  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;  
 And raise more devils with their looks,  
 Than conjurers' less subtle books:  
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues,  
 In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;  
 Prepositively t' entice and gain  
 Those to adore 'em they disdain;  
 And only draw 'em into clog,  
 With idle names, a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he's brave,  
 T' his mistress but the more a slave,  
 And whatsoever she commands,  
 Becomes a favour from her hands,  
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust or just.  
 Then when he is compell'd by her  
 T' adventures he would please to bear,  
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
 Since force is greater than command;

And when necessity's obey'd,  
 Nothing can be unjust or bad:  
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs  
 Of Love, our great ally, and your's,  
 Join'd forces not to be withstood  
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,  
 All I have done, unjust or ill,  
 Was in obedience to your will,  
 And all the blame that can be due  
 Falls to your cruelty and you.  
 Nor are those scandals I confess,  
 Against my will and interest,  
 More than is daily done, of course,  
 By all men, when they're under force:  
 Whence some, upon the rack confess  
 What th' hangman and their prompters please;  
 But are no sooner out of pain,  
 Than they deny it all again.  
 But when the devil turns confessor,  
 Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure  
 To hear or pardon, like the founder  
 Of liars, whom they all claim under:  
 And therefore when I told him none,  
 I think it was the wiser done.  
 Nor am I without precedent,  
 The first that on th' adventure went;  
 All mankind ever did of course,  
 And daily does the same, or worse.  
 For what romance can shew a lover,  
 That had a lady to recover,  
 And did not steer a nearer course,  
 To sail aboard in his amours?  
 And what at first was held a crime,  
 Has turn'd to hon'able in time.

To what a height did Infant Rome,  
 By ravishing of women come?  
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd,  
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
 Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;  
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
 Nor play'd the masquerade to woo:  
 Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents,  
 Nor juggled about settlements;  
 Did need no license, nor no priest,  
 Nor friends nor kindred, to assist,  
 Nor lawyers, to join hand and money  
 In the holy state of matrimony,  
 Before they settled hands and hearts,  
 Till alimony or death departs;  
 Nor wou'd endure to stay until  
 Th' had got the very bride's good will,  
 But took a wife and shorter way  
 To win the ladies, downright force;  
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,  
 As they have, often since, us men,  
 With acting plays and dancing jigs,  
 The luckiest of all Love's intrigues;  
 And when they had them at their pleasure,  
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;  
 For after matrimony's o'er,  
 He that holds out but half a lover,  
 Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more  
 Than half a year of love before;

For which the dames, in contemplation  
Of that best way of application,  
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,  
By suit, or treaty, to be won;  
And such as all posterity  
Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,  
Not men for them. It follows, then,  
That men have right to every one,  
And they no freedom of their own;  
And therefore men have pow'r to choose,  
But they no charter to refuse.  
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course  
Soe'er we take to your amours,  
Though by the indirec'test way,  
'Tis no injustice nor foul play;  
And that you ought to take that course,  
As we take you, for better or worse,  
And gratefully submit to those  
Who you, before another, chose,  
For why shou'd every savage beast  
Exceed his great Lord's interest?  
Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace  
And Nature, o'er the creature has?  
Because the laws he since has made  
Have cut off all the pow'r he had;  
Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
That Nature gave him over women;  
When all his power will not extend  
One law of Nature to suspend;  
And but to offer to repeal  
The smallest clause, is to repel.

This, if men rightly understood  
Their privilege, they wou'd make good,  
And not, like sots, permit their wives  
T' encroach on their prerogatives;  
For which sin they deserve to be  
Kept, as they are, in slavery:  
And this some precious gifted Teachers,  
Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,  
And disobey'd in making love,  
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,  
And make ye suffer as you ought,  
For that uncharitable fault:  
But I forget myself, and rove  
Beyond th' instructions of my love.

Forgive me, Fair, and only blame  
Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
Since 'tis too much at once to shew  
Excess of love and temper too;  
All I have said that's bad and true,  
Was never meant to aim at you,  
Who have so long reign'd a control  
O'er that poor slave of your's, my soul,  
That, rather than to forfeit you,  
Has ventur'd lots of heav'n too;  
Both with an equal pow'r possess'd,  
To render all that serve you blest;  
But none like him, who's destin'd either  
To have or lose you both together;  
And if you'll but this fault release,  
(For so it must be, since you please)  
I'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
Which you commanded, and I swore,

And expiate, upon my skin,  
Th' arrears in full of all my sin;  
For 'tis but just that I should pay,  
Th' accruing penance for delay,  
Which shall be done, until it move  
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,  
Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle,  
And read it, like a jocund lover,  
With great applause, t' himself, twice over;  
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
And humble distance, to his wit,  
And dated it with wond'rous art,  
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;  
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,  
A smoking faggot—and above,  
Upon a scroll—I burn, and weep,  
And near it—For her Ladyship,  
Of all her sex most excellent,  
These to her gentle hands present;  
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,  
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first considered which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter:  
But guessing that it might import,  
Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a smile and leering flout;  
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

### THE LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,  
Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
At least to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the pond replevin you,  
When both your sword and spurs were won  
In combat by an Amazon;  
That sword that did, like Fate, determine  
Th' inevitable death of vermine,  
And never dealt its furious blows,  
But cut the throats of pigs and cows,  
By Trulla was, in single fight,  
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,  
Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
And in the stocks close prisoners,  
Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint,  
If I, in pity of your complaint,  
Had not, on hon'able conditions,  
Releas'd them from the worst of prisons;  
And what return that favour met  
You cannot (though you wou'd) forget;  
When, being free, you strove t' evade  
The oaths you had in prison made;  
Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,  
But after own'd, and justify'd it,  
And when ye 'ad falsely broke one vow,  
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two:

For while you sneakingly submit,  
 And beg for pardon at our feet,  
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
 To hope for quarter for your ears,  
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
 You claim us boldly as your due,  
 Declare that treachery and force,  
 To deal with us, is th' only course;  
 We have no title nor pretence  
 To body, soul or conscience,  
 But ought to fall to that man's share  
 That claims us for his proper ware:  
 These are the motives which, t' induce,  
 Or fright us into love, you use;  
 A pretty new way of gallanting,  
 Between soliciting and ranting;  
 Like sturdy beggars, that entreat  
 For charity at once, and threat.  
 But since you undertake to prove  
 Your own propriety in love,  
 As if we were but lawful prize  
 In war between two enemies,  
 Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,  
 That would but sue for, might recover,  
 It is not hard to understand  
 The myst'ry of this bold demand,  
 That cannot at our persons aim,  
 But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit  
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
 But our right diamonds, that inspire  
 And set your am'rous hearts on fire;  
 Nor can those false St. Martin's beads  
 Which on our lips you lay for reds,  
 And make us wear, like Indian Dames,  
 Add fuel to your scorching flames,  
 But those true rubies of the rock,  
 Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,  
 That you are so transported with,  
 But those we wear about our necks,  
 Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,  
 The periwigs you make us wear,  
 But those bright guineas in our chests,  
 That light the wildfire in your breasts.

These lovetricks I've been vers'd in so,  
 That all their sly intrigues I know,  
 And can unriddle, by their tones,  
 Their mystic cabals, and jargons;  
 Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
 Pine for the beauties of thy grounds;  
 What raptures fond and amorous,  
 O' th' charms and graces of my house;  
 What ecstasy and scorching flame,  
 Burns for my money in my name;  
 What, from th' unnatural desire  
 To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;  
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,  
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;  
 And languishing transports are fond  
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attacks which most men fall  
 Enamour'd, at first sight, withal,

To these they' address with serenades,  
 And court with balls and masquerades;  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain  
 Ye've suffer'd for their loves in vain,  
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,  
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;  
 That, all your oaths and labour lost,  
 They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.

This is not meant to disapprove  
 Your judgment, in your choice of love,  
 Which is so wise, the greatest part  
 Of mankind study 't as an art;  
 For love shou'd, like a deodand,  
 Still fall to th' owner of the land;  
 And, where there's substance for its ground,  
 Cannot but be more firm and sound,  
 Than that which has the slighter basis  
 Of airy virtue, wit and graces,  
 Which is of such thin subtlety,  
 It steals and creeps in at the eye,  
 And, as it can't endure to stay,  
 Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns  
 From solid gold and precious stones,  
 Must, like its shining parents, prove  
 As solid, and as glorious love.

Hence 'tis you have no way t' express  
 Our charms and graces but by these;  
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
 Which beauty' invades and conquers with,  
 But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
 With which a philtre love commands?

This is the way all parents prove  
 In managing their children's love,  
 That force them t' intermarry and wed,  
 As if th' were burying of the dead;  
 Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
 To join in wedlock all they have,  
 And, when the settlement's in force;  
 Take all the rest for better or worse;  
 For money has a pow'r above  
 The stars, and fate, to manage love,  
 Whole arrows, learned poets hold,  
 That never miss, are tip'd with gold.

And though some say the parents' claims  
 To make love in their children's names,  
 Who, many times, at once provide  
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride,  
 Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,  
 And woo and contract in their names,  
 And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,  
 Is not to give in matrimony,  
 But sell and prostitute for mortly,  
 'Tis better than their own betraying,  
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing;  
 And when they're at their own dispose,  
 With greater disadvantage choose,  
 All this is right; but, for the course  
 You take to do 't, by fraud or force,  
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
 As told, 'tis never to be done,  
 No more than fetters can betray,  
 That tell what tricks they are to play.

Marriage, at best, is but a vow,  
 Which all men either break, or bow;  
 Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who perjure when they do but woo?  
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,  
 For earnest to their treachery,  
 And, rather than a crime confess,  
 With greater strive to make it less:  
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to the last;  
 And when their crimes were made appear,  
 As plain as witnesses can swear,  
 Yet when the wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their death a lie.  
 Nor are the virtues you confess'd  
 'T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,  
 So slight as to be justify'd,  
 By being as shamefully deny'd;  
 As if you thought your word would pass,  
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case;  
 Or credit were not to be lost  
 B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,  
 That eats perfidiously his word,  
 And swears his ears through a two-inch board;  
 Can own the same thing, and disown,  
 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*;  
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,  
 And help him out, to be foresworn;  
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,  
 To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.  
 These are the virtues in whose name  
 A right to all the world you claim,  
 And boldly challenge a dominion,  
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;  
 Of whom no less will satisfy,  
 Than all the sex, your tyranny:  
 Although you'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
 To govern such a numerous crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you;  
 For if you all were Solomons,  
 And wise and great as he was once,  
 You'll find they're able to subdue  
 (As they did him) and baffle you.  
 And if you are impos'd upon,  
 'Tis by your own temptation done,  
 That with your ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the flight;  
 For when we find ye're still more taken  
 With false attracts of our own making,  
 Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone,  
 Like fots, to us that laid it on,  
 And what we can but slightly prime,  
 Most ignorantly sub in rhyme,  
 You force us, for our own defences,  
 To copy beams and influences;  
 To lay perfections on the graces,  
 And draw attracts upon our faces,  
 And, in compliance to your wit,  
 Your own false jewels counterfeit;  
 For by the practice of those arts  
 We gain a greater share of hearts;  
 And those deserve in reason most,  
 That greatest pains and study cost:

For great perfections are, like heav'n,  
 Too rich a present to be giv'n.  
 Nor are those master-strokes of beauty  
 To be perform'd without hard duty,  
 Which, when they're nobly done, and well,  
 The simple natural excel.  
 How fair and sweet the planted rose  
 Beyond the wild in hedges grows!  
 For, without art, the noblest seeds  
 Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds:  
 How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground,  
 And polish'd, looks a diamond?  
 Though Paradise were e'er so fair,  
 It was not kept so without care.  
 The whole world, without art and dress,  
 Wou'd be but one great wilderness;  
 And mankind but a savage herd,  
 For all that Nature has conferr'd:  
 This does but rough-hew and design,  
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.  
 Though women first were made for men,  
 Yet men were made for them agen:  
 For when (outwitted by his wife)  
 Man first turn'd tenant but for life,  
 If women had not interven'd,  
 How soon had mankind had an end!  
 And that it is in being yet,  
 To us alone you are in debt.  
 And where's your liberty of choice,  
 And our unnatural No-voice?  
 Since all the privilege you boast,  
 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,  
 Is now our right, to whose creation  
 You owe your happy restoration.  
 And if we had not weighty cause  
 To not appear, in making laws,  
 We cou'd in spite of all your tricks,  
 And shallow formal politics,  
 Force you our managements t' obey,  
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.  
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive  
 T' advance your high prerogative,  
 You basely, after all your braves,  
 Submit and own yourselves our slaves;  
 And 'cause we do not make it known,  
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,  
 Like fots, suppose we have no shares  
 In ord'ring you, and your affairs,  
 When all your empire and command  
 You have from us, at second-hand;  
 As if a pilot that appears  
 To sit still only, while he steers,  
 And does not make a noise and stir,  
 Like ev'ry common mariner,  
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,  
 And did not guide the man of war:  
 Nor we, because we don't appear  
 In Councils, do not govern there;  
 While, like the mighty Prester John\*,  
 Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,  
 From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes,

\* Prester John, an absolute Prince, Emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia.

W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,  
To govern him, as he does men ;  
And, in the right of our Pope Joan,  
Make emp'rors at our feet fall down ;  
Or Joan de Pacelle's braver name,  
Our right to arms and conduct claim ;  
Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,  
Can judge the judges, and the Cause ;  
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,  
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,  
'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
But our more pow'rful eloquence.  
We manage things of greatest weight  
In all the world's affairs of state ;  
Are ministers of war and peace,  
That sway all nations how we please.  
We rule all churches, and their flocks,  
Heretical and orthodox,  
And are the heav'nly vehicles  
O' th' spirits in all Conventicles ;  
By us is all commerce and trade  
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd ;  
For nothing can go off so well,  
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.  
We rule in ev'ry public meeting,  
And make men do what we judge fitting ;  
Are magistrates in all great towns,  
Where men do nothing but wear gowns.  
We make the man of war strike sail,  
And to our braver conduct veil,  
And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,  
Submit to us upon his knees.  
Is there an officer of state,  
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,  
'That 's haughty and imperious ?  
He 's but a journeyman to us,  
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,  
Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your guardians, that increase,  
Or waste your fortunes how we please ;  
And, as you humour us, can deal  
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we, that can dispose, alone,  
Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
To whose integrity you must,  
In spite of all your caution, trust ;  
And 'less you fly beyond the seas,  
Can fit you with what heirs we please ;  
And force you t' own them though begotten  
By French valets, or Irish footmen,

Nor can the rigoroufist course  
Prevail, unless to make us worse ;  
Who still the harsher we are us'd,  
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd,  
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,  
The least punctilios of our wills.  
Force does but whet our wits t' apply  
Arts, born with us, for remedy,  
Which all your politics, as yet,  
Have ne'er been able to defeat :  
For, when ye 've try'd all sorts of ways,  
What fools do we make of you in plays ?  
While all the favours we afford,  
Are but to girt you with the sword,  
To fight our battles in our steads,  
And have your brains beat out o' your heads ;  
Encounter, in despite of Nature,  
And fight, at once, with fire and water,  
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,  
Our pride and vanity t' appease ;  
Kill one another, and cut throats,  
For our good graces, and best thoughts ;  
To do your exercise for honour,  
And have your brains beat out the sooner ;  
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
Things that are never to be known ;  
And still appear the more industrious,  
The more your projects are prepost'rous ;  
To square the circle of the arts,  
And run stark mad to shew your parts ;  
Expound the oracle of laws,  
And turn them which way we see cause ;  
Be our solicitors and agents,  
And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty pow'rs  
You vainly boast to cry down ours,  
And what in real value 's wanting,  
Supply with vapouring and ranting.  
Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
And stoop to one another's pride,  
Believe we have as little wit  
To be out-hector'd, and submit :  
By your example, lose that right  
In treaties which we gain'd in fight ;  
And terrify'd into an awe,  
Pas. on ourselves a Salique law ;  
Or, as some nations use, give place,  
And truckle to your mighty race :  
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
As if they were the better women.

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## GENUINE REMAINS.

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### THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON\*.

A LEARN'D society of late,  
The glory of a foreign state,  
Agreed, upon a summer's night,  
To search the Moon by her own light;  
To take an invent'ry of all  
Her real estate, and personal;  
And make an accurate survey  
Of all her lands, and how they lay,  
As true as that of Ireland, where  
The sly surveyors stole a shire:  
T' observe her country how 'twas planted,  
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;  
And make the proper'st observations  
For settling of new plantations,  
If the Society shou'd incline  
T' attempt so glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,  
For which they chose a time as fitting,  
When, at the full, her radiant light  
And influence too were at their height.  
And now the lofty tube, the scale  
With which they heav'n itself assail,  
Was mounted full against the Moon,  
And all stood ready to fall on,  
Impatient who should have the honour  
To plant an *Esquign* first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief  
Was virtuoso Gen in chief,  
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,  
To solve impossibilities,  
Advancing gravely, to apply  
To th' optic glass his judging eye,

\* This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much at that time into the virtuous taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

Cry'd, Strange!—then reforc'd his sight  
Against the Moon with all his might,  
And bent his penetrating brow,  
As if he meant to gaze her through:  
When all the rest began t' admire,  
And, like a train, from him took fire,  
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,  
At what they did not understand,  
Cry'd out, impatient to know what  
The matter was they wonder'd at.

Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,  
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,  
Do live in cellars under ground,  
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,  
(In which at once they fortify  
Against the sun and th' enemy)  
Which they count towns and cities there,  
Because their people's civiller  
Than those rude peasants that are found  
To live upon the upper ground,  
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are  
Perpetually in open war;  
And now both armies, highly enrag'd,  
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,  
And many fall on both sides slain,  
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.  
Look quickly then, that every one  
May see the fight before 'tis done.

With that a great philosopher,  
Admir'd, and famous, far and near,  
As one of singular invention,  
But universal comprehension,  
Apply'd one eye, and half a nose,  
Unto the optic engine close:  
For he had lately undertook  
To prove, and publish in a book,  
That men, whose nat'ral eyes are out,  
May, by more pow'rful art, be brought,

To see with th' empty holes, as plain  
As if their eyes were in again?  
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,  
To make an optic of a nose,  
As clearly it may, by those that wear  
But spectacles, be made appear,  
By which both senses being united,  
Does render them much better sighted.  
This great man, having fixt both sights  
To view the formidable fights,  
Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,  
The battle's desperately fought;  
The gallant Subvolvani rally,  
And from their trenches make a rally  
Upon the stubborn enemy,  
Who now begin to rout and fly.

These silly ranting Privolvans,  
Have ev'ry summer their campaigns,  
And muster, like the warlike sons  
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,  
As numerous as soland geese  
I' th' islands of the Orcades,  
Courageously to make a stand,  
And face their neighbours hand to hand,  
Until the long'd-for winter's come,  
And then return in triumph home,  
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,  
And vap'ring of their victories,  
From th' old Arcadians they're believ'd  
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,  
And when her orb was new created,  
To people her were thence translated:  
For as th' Arcadians were reputed  
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,  
Whom nothing in the world could bring  
To civil life, but fiddling,  
They still retain the antique course  
And custom of their ancestors,  
And always sing and fiddle to  
Things of the greatest weight they do.

While thus the leas'd man entertains  
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,  
Another, of as great renown,  
And solid judgment, in the Moon,  
That understood her various soils,  
And which produc'd best genet-moyles,  
And in the register of fame  
Hael enter'd his long-living name,  
After he had por'd long and hard  
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd—

Quoth he, A stranger sight appears  
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;  
A wonder more unparallell'd,  
Than ever mortal tube beheld;  
An Elephant from one of those  
Two mighty armies is broke loose,  
And with the horror of the fight  
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:  
Look quickly, lest the sight of us  
Shou'd cause the startled beast t' emboss.  
It is a large one, far more great  
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,  
From which we boldly may infer,  
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.

And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought  
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,  
Against the Romans in the field,  
It may an argument be held  
(Arcadia being but a piece,  
As his dominions were, of Greece)  
To prove what this illustrious person  
Has made so noble a discourse on,  
And amply satisfy'd us all  
Of th' Privolvans' original.  
That Elephants are in the Moon,  
Though we had now discovered none,  
Is easily made manifest,  
Since, from the greatest to the least,  
All other stars and constellations  
Have cattle of all sorts of nations,  
And heav'n, like a Tartar's hoard,  
With great and num'rous droves is stor'd;  
And if the Moon produce by Nature,  
A people of so vast a stature,  
'Tis consequent she shou'd bring forth  
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,  
(As by the best accounts appears  
Of all our great't discoverers)  
And that those monstrous creatures there  
Are not such rarities as here.

Mean-while the rest had had a sight,  
Of all particulars o' th' sight,  
And ev'ry man, with equal care,  
Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,  
Proud of his int'rest in the glory  
Of so miraculous a story;  
When one, who for his excellence  
In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,  
And magnifying all he writ  
With curious microscopic wit,  
Was magnify'd himself no less  
In home and foreign colleges,  
Began, transported with the twang  
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.

Most excellent and virtuous Friends,  
This great discov'ry makes amends  
For all our unsuccessful pains,  
And lost expence of time and brains:  
For, by this sole phenomenon,  
We've gotten ground upon the Moon,  
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute  
With all the planets that stand out;  
To carry this most virtuous war  
Home to the door of ev'ry star,  
And plant th' artillery of our tubes  
Against their proudest magnitudes  
To stretch our victories beyond  
Th' extent of planetary ground,  
And fix our engines, and our ensigs,  
Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions,  
(Which Archimede, so long ago,  
Durst not presume to wish to do)  
And prove if they are other suns,  
As some have held opinions,  
Or windows in the empyreum,  
From whence those bright effluvias come  
Like flames of fire (as others guess)  
That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.

Nor is this all we have achiev'd,  
 But more, henceforth to be believ'd,  
 And have no more our best designs,  
 Because they 're ours, believ'd ill signs.  
 T' outthrow, and stretch, and to enlarge,  
 Shall now no more be laid to our charge;  
 Nor shall our ablest virtuosis  
~~These~~ arguments for coffeehouses;  
 Nor these devices, that are laid  
 Too truly on us, nor those made  
 Hereafter, gain belief among  
 Our strictest judges, right or wrong;  
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more  
 Be charg'd upon the ancient score;  
 No more our making old dogs young  
 Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;  
 Nor new invented chariots draw  
 The boys to course us without law;  
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
 To turn 'em into mongrel curs,  
 Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,  
 And hold too much wit, or too little;  
 Nor shall our speculations, whether  
 An elder-stick will save the leather  
 Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,  
 Make all we do appear as odd.  
 This one discovery's enough  
 To take all former scandals off—  
 But since the world's incredulous  
 Of all our scrutinies, and us,  
 And with a prejudice prevents  
 Our best and worst experiments,  
 (As if they were destin'd to miscarry,  
 In consort try'd, or solitary)  
 And since it is uncertain when  
 Such wonders will occur agen,  
 Let us as cautiously contrive  
 To draw an exact Narrative  
 Of what we ev'ry one can swear  
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear,  
 That, when we publish the Account,  
 We all may take our oaths upon 't.  
 This said, they all with one consent  
 Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,  
 And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,  
 To print it in the next Transaction,  
 But whilst the chiefs were drawing up  
 This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,  
 One, peeping in the tube by chance,  
 Beheld the Elephant advance,  
 And from the west side of the Moon  
 To th' east was in a moment gone.  
 This b'ing related, gave a stop  
 To what the rest were drawing up;  
 And ev'ry man, amaz'd anew  
 How it cou'd possibly be true,  
 That any beast should run a race  
 So monstrous, in so short a space,  
 Resolv'd, howe'er to make it good,  
 At least as possible as he cou'd,  
 And rather his own eyes condemn,  
 Than question what he 'ad seen with them.  
 While all were thus resolv'd, a man

'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say  
 What cannot be, what can, and may?  
 Especially' at so hugely vast  
 A distance as this wonder's plac'd,  
 Where the least error of the sight  
 May shew things false, but never right;  
 Nor can we try them, so far off,  
 By any sublunary proof:  
 For who can say that Nature there  
 Has the same laws she goes by here?  
 Nor is it like she has infus'd,  
 In ev'ry species there produc'd,  
 The same efforts she does confer  
 Upon the same productions here,  
 Since those with us, of sev'ral nations,  
 Have such prodigious variations,  
 And she affects so much to use  
 Variety in all she does.  
 Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant  
 We've seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,  
 That Elephant may differ so  
 From those upon the earth below,  
 Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,  
 As being of a diff'rent breed,  
 That though our own are but slow-pac'd,  
 Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,  
 And yet be Elephants no less  
 Than those of Indian pedigrees.

This said, another of great worth,  
 Fam'd for his learned works put forth,  
 Look'd wise, then said: All this is true,  
 And learnedly observ'd by you;  
 But there's another reason for 't,  
 That falls but very little short  
 Of mathematic demonstration,  
 Upon an accurate calculation,  
 And that is—as the earth and moon  
 Do both move contrary upon  
 Their axes, the rapidity  
 Of both their motions cannot be  
 But so prodigiously fast,  
 That vaster spaces may be past  
 In less time than the beast has gone,  
 Though he 'd no motion of his own,  
 Which we can take no measure of,  
 As you have clear'd by learned proof.  
 His granted, we may boldly thence  
 Lay claim t' a nobler inference,  
 And make this great phenomenon  
 (Were there no other) serve alone  
 To clear the grand hypothesis  
 Of th' motion of the earth from this.

With this they all were satisfy'd,  
 As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,  
 Applauded the profound dispute,  
 And grew more gay and resolute,  
 By having overcome all doubt,  
 Than if it never had fall'n out;  
 And, to complete their Narrative,  
 Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.

But while they were diverted all  
 With wording the Memorial.  
 The footboys, for diversion too,

Seeing the telescope at leisure,  
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure;  
Began to gaze upon the Moon,  
As those they waited on had done,  
With monkeys' ingenuity,  
That love to practise what they see;  
When one, whose turn it was to peep,  
Saw something in the engine creep,  
And, viewing well, discover'd more  
Than all the learn'd had done before.

Quoth he, A little thing is flunk  
Into the long stargazing trunk,  
And now is gotten down so nigh,  
I have him just against mine eye.

This being overheard by one  
Who was not so far overgrown  
In any virtuous speculation,  
To judge with mere imagination,  
Immediately he made a guess  
At solving all appearances,  
A way far more significant  
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,  
And found, upon a second view,  
His own hypothesis most true;  
For he had scarce apply'd his eye  
To th' engine, but immediately  
He found a Mouse was gotten in  
The hollow tube, and, shut between  
The two glass windows in restraint,  
Was swell'd into an Elephant,  
And prov'd the virtuous occasion  
Of all this learned dissertation:  
And, as a mountain heretofore  
Was great with child, they say, and bore  
A silly mouse, this mouse, as strange,  
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.

Mean-while the rest in consultation  
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,  
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,  
To attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,  
When this accurs'd phenomenon  
Confounded all they 'd said or done:  
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,  
But they 'all were in a tumult strait,  
More furiously engag'd by far,  
Than those that in the Moon made war,  
To find so admirable a hint,  
When they had all agreed to have seen 't,  
And were engag'd to make it out,  
Obstructed with a paltry doubt:

When one, whose task was to determine,  
And solve th' appearances of vermine,  
Who 'ad made profound discoveries  
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,  
(Though not so curious, 'tis true,  
As many a wife rat-catcher knew)  
After he had with signs made way  
For something great he had to say;

This disquisition  
Is, half of it, in my disquisition;  
For though the Elephant, as beast,  
Belongs of right to all the rest,  
The Mouse, b'ing but a vermine, none  
Has title to but I alone;

And therefore hope I may be heard,  
In my own province, with regard.

It is no wonder we 're cry'd down,  
And made the talk of all the Town,  
That rants and swears, for all our great  
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,  
If ev'ry one have leave to doubt.

When some great secret's half made out;  
And 'cause perhaps it is not true,  
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.

As no great act was ever done,  
Nor ever can, with truth alone,  
If nothing else but truth w' allow,  
'Tis no great matter what we do:  
For Truth is too reserv'd, and nice,  
To appear in mix'd societies;

Delights in solit'ry abodes,  
And never shews herself in crowds:

A sullen little thing, below  
All matters of pretence and shew;  
That deal in novelty and change,  
Not of things true, but rare and strange,  
To treat the world with what is fit,  
And proper to its nat'ral wit;

The world, that never sets esteem  
On what things are, but what they seem,  
And if they be not strange and new,  
They 're ne'er the better for b'ing true.

For what has mankind gain'd by knowing  
His little truth, but his undoing,  
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,  
And only for his good forbidden?

And therefore with great prudence does  
The world still strive to keep it close;  
For if all secret truths were known,  
Who wou'd not be once more undone?

For truth has always danger in 't,  
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint  
We 've already agreed upon,  
And vainly frustrate all we 've done,

Only to make new work for stubs,  
And all the academic clubs,  
How much, then, ought we have a care  
That no man know above his share,  
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,  
More than his contribution's worth;

That those who 've purchas'd of the college  
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,  
And brought in none, but spent repute,  
Shou'd not b' admitted to dispute,

Nor any man pretend to know  
More than his dividend comes to?  
For partners have been always known  
To cheat their public int'rest prone;  
And if we do not look to ours,  
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole assembly 'allow'd  
The doctrine to be right and good,  
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,  
Resolv'd to give Truth no regard,  
But what was for their turn to vouch,  
And either find, or make it such:  
That 'twas more noble to create  
Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,

## THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

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Than with vexatious pains and doubt  
 To find, or think t' have found, her out.  
 This b'ing resolv'd, they, one by one,  
 Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon;  
 But still the narrower they pry'd,  
 The more they were unsatisfy'd,  
 In no one thing they saw agreeing,  
 As if they 'ad sev'ral faiths of seeing.  
 Some swore, upon a second view,  
 That all they 'ad seen before was true,  
 And that they never would recant  
 One syllable of th' Elephant;  
 Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,  
 But a true Elephant's proboscis.  
 Others began to doubt and waver,  
 Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,  
 And knew not whether to espouse  
 The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.  
 Some held no way so orthodox  
 To try it, as the ballot-box,  
 And, like the nation's patriots,  
 To find, or make, the truth by votes:  
 Others conceiv'd it much more fit  
 T' unmount the tube, and open it,  
 And for their private satisfaction,  
 To re-examine the Transaction,  
 And after explicate the rest,  
 As they should find cause for the best.  
 To this, as th' only expedient,  
 The whole assembly gave consent;  
 But e'er the tube was half let down,  
 It clear'd the first phænomenon;  
 For, at the end, prodigious swarms  
 Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,

Had all past muster, by mischance,  
 Both for the Sub- and Privolvans.  
 This b'ing discover'd, put them all  
 Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,  
 Asham'd that men so grave and wise  
 Shou'd be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,  
 And take the feeble insects' swarms  
 For mighty troops of men at arms;  
 As vain as those who, when the Moon  
 Bright in a crystal river shone,  
 Threw casting nets, as subtly at her,  
 To catch and pull her out o' th' water.  
 But when they had unscrew'd the glass,  
 To find out where th' impostor was,  
 And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,  
 Had made the telescope a trap,  
 Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,  
 To be so openly convicted,  
 Immediately they get them gone,  
 With this discovery alone,  
 That those who greedily pursue  
 Things wonderful, instead of true,  
 That in their speculations choose  
 To make discoveries strange news,  
 And nat'ral hist'ry a Gazette  
 Of tales stupendous and far-fet;  
 Hold no truth worthy to be known,  
 That is not huge and overgrown,  
 And explicate appearances,  
 Not as they are, but as they please,  
 In vain strive Nature to suborn,  
 And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

## THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE\*.

A VIRTUOUS, learned society of late,  
 The pride and glory of a foreign state,  
 Made an agreement, on a summer's night,  
 To search the Moon at full by her own light;  
 To take a perfect i'vent'ry of all  
 Her real fortunes, or her personal,  
 And make a geometrical survey  
 Of all her lands, and how her country lay,  
 As accurate as that of Ireland, where  
 The fly surveyor's said t' have sunk a shire:  
 T' observe her country's climate, how it was  
 planted,  
 And what she most abounded with, or wanted;

\* \* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it into his head to attempt it in long, with some variations.

And draw maps of her prop' rest situations  
 For settling and erecting new plantations,  
 If ever the Society shou'd incline  
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design:  
 " A task in vain, unless the German Kepler†  
 " Had found out a discovery to people her,  
 " And stock her country with inhabitants  
 " Of military men and Elephants:  
 " For th' Ancients only took her for a piece  
 " Of redhot iron as big as Peloponnesse,

† This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed in inverted commas.

" Till he appear'd ; for which, some write, she sent  
" Upon his tribe as strange a punishment."

This was the only purpose of their meeting,  
For which they chose a time and place most fitting,  
When, at the full, her equal shares of light  
And influence were at their greatest height.  
And now the lofty telescope, the scale,  
By which they venture heav'n itself t' assail,  
Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,  
And all the rest stood ready to fall on,  
Impatient who should bear away the honour  
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.

When one, who for his solid deep belief  
Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,  
Had been approv'd the most profound and wise  
At solving all impossibilities,  
With gravity advancing, to apply  
To th' optic glass his penetrating eye,  
Cry'd out, O strange ! then reinforc'd his sight  
Against the Moon with all his art and might,  
And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,  
As if he meant to stare and gaze her through  
While all the rest began as much to admire  
And like a powder train, from him took fire,  
Surpris'd with dull amazement beforehand,  
At what they wou'd, but cou'd not understand,  
And grew impatient to discover what  
The matter was they so much wonder'd at.

Quoth he, Th' old inhabitants o' the Moon,  
Who, when the sun shines hottest about noon,  
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,  
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,  
In which at once they use to fortify  
Against the sunbeams and the enemy,  
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,  
Because the inhabitants are civiller  
Than those rude country peasants that are found,  
Like mountaineers to live on the upper ground,  
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are  
Perpetually in state of open war.  
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,  
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,  
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,  
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.  
Look in it quickly then, that ev'ry one  
May see his share before the battle's done.

At this a famous great philosopher,  
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near  
As one of wondrous singular invention,  
And equal universal comprehension,  
" By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,  
" For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,  
" An universal canting idiom,  
" To understand the swinging pendulum,  
" And to communicate, in all designs,  
" With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines,"  
Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,  
To th' end and centre of the engine close :  
For he had very lately undertook  
To vindicate, and publish in a book,  
That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,  
May by more admirable art be brought  
To see with empty holes, as well and plain  
As if their eyes had been put in again.

This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight,  
T' observe the bloody formidable fight,  
Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,  
'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought ;  
The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,  
And from their trenches valiantly falli,  
To fall upon the stubborn enemy,  
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.

These paltry domineering Privolvans,  
Have, ev'ry summer-season, their campaigns,  
And muster, like the military sons  
Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,  
As great and numerous as solan geese  
I th' summer-islands of the Orcades,  
Courageously to make a dreadful stand,  
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,  
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,  
And then disband, and march in triumph home,  
And spend the rest of all the year in lies,  
And vap'ring of their unknown victories.  
From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd  
To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd ;  
And, when her orb was first of all created,  
To be from thence, to people her, translated :  
For as those people had been long reputed,  
Of all the Peloponnesians the most stupid,  
Whom nothing in the world cou'd ever bring  
T' endure the civil life but fiddling,  
They ever since retain the antique course,  
And native frenzy of their ancestors,  
And always use to sing and fiddle to  
Things of the most important weight they do.

While thus the virtuoso entertains  
The whole assembly with the Privolvans,  
" Another sophist, but of less renown,  
" Though longer observation of the Moon,"  
That understood the difference of her soils,  
And which produc'd the fairest genet-moyles,  
" But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension  
" Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"  
Who, after poring tedious and hard  
In th' optic engine, gave a start and star'd,  
And thus began.— A stranger sight appears  
Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres ;  
A greater wonder, more unparalell'd  
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld ;  
The mighty Elephant from one of those  
Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,  
And with the desp'rate horror of the fight  
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright :  
Look quickly, lest the only sight of us  
Shou'd cause the startled creature to emboss.  
It is a large one, and appears more great  
Than ever was produc'd in Aſric yet ;  
From which we confidently may infer,  
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.  
And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought  
Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,  
Against the Roman army in the field,  
It may a valid argument be held,  
(The same Arcadia being but a piece,  
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)  
To vindicate what this illustrious person  
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on,

And given us ample satisfaction all  
Of th' ancient Privolvans' original,  
That Elephants are really in the Moon,  
Although our fortune had discover'd none,  
Is easily made plain and manifest,  
Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,  
All other globes of stars and constellations  
Have little in 'em of all sorts and nations,  
And heav'n like a northern Tartar's hoard,  
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd:  
And if the Moon can but produce by Nature  
A people of so large and vast a stature,  
'Tis more than probable she shou'd bring forth  
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;  
As by the best accounts we have, appears  
Of all our crediblest discoverers,  
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there  
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.

Mean-while th' assembly now had had a fight  
Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight,  
And ev'ry man, with diligence and care,  
Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share;  
Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory  
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story,  
When one, who for his fame and excellence  
In height'ning of words and shadowing sense,  
And magnifying all he ever writ,  
With delicate and microscopic wit,  
Had long been magnify'd himself no less  
In foreign and domestic colleges,  
Began at last (transported with the twang  
Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue.

Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,  
This great discov'ry fully makes amends  
For all our former unsuccessful pains,  
And lost expences of our time and brains;  
For by this admirable phenomenon,  
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,  
And gain'd a pass t' engage and hold dispute  
With all the other planets that stand out,  
And carry on this brave and virtuous war  
Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,  
And plant th' artill'ry of our optic tubes  
Against the proudest of their magnitudes;  
To stretch our future victories beyond  
The uttermost of planetary ground,  
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns  
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,  
To prove if they are other suns or not,  
As some philosophers have wisely thought,  
Or only windows in the empyreum,  
Through which those bright effluvias use to come  
Which Archimede, so many years ago,  
Durst never venture but to wish to know.  
Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd,  
But greater things:—henceforth to be believ'd;  
And have no more our best or worst designs,  
Because they're ours, suspected for ill signs,  
T' outthrow, and magnify, and to enlarge,  
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;  
Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos  
Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;  
“Nor little stories gain belief among  
“Our critickelest judges, right or wrong:”

Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw  
The boys to course us in 'em without law;  
“Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,  
“Or sowing sawdust furnish nurseries:  
“No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)  
“With butter only harden'd in the sun;  
“Or men that use to whistle loud enough  
“To be heard by others plainly five miles off,  
“Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,  
“To be believ'd as desperately loud.”

Nor shall our future speculations, whether  
An elder-stick will render all the leather  
Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,  
Make all we undertake appear as odd.  
This one discovery will prove enough  
To take all past and future scandals off:  
But since the world is so incredulous  
Of all our usual scrutinies, and us,  
And with a constant prejudice prevents  
Our best as well as worst experiments,  
As if they were all destin'd to miscarry,  
As well in concert try'd as solitary;  
And that th' assembly is uncertain when  
Such great discov'ries will occur agen,  
'Tis reas'nable we shou'd, at least, contrive  
To draw up as exact a Narrative  
Of that which ev'ry man of us can swear  
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,  
That when 'tis fit to publish the Account,  
We all may take our sev'ral oaths upon 't,

This said, the whole assembly gave consent  
To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,  
And for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,  
To print and own it in their next Transaction:  
But while their ablest men were drawing up  
The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope,  
A member peeping in the tube by chance,  
Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,  
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon  
To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.  
This b'ing related, gave a sudden stop  
To all their grandees had been drawing up,  
And ev'ry person was amaz'd anew,  
How such a strange surprisal should be true,  
Or any beast perform so great a race,  
So swift and rapid, in so short a space,  
Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,  
Or render all as fairly as they cou'd,  
And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,  
Than question what they had beheld with them.

While ev'ry one was thus resolv'd, a man  
Of great esteem and credit thus began.  
'Tis strange, I grant! but who, alas! can say  
What cannot be, or justly can, and may?  
Especially at so hugely wide and vast  
A distance as this miracle is plac'd,  
Where the least error of the glass, or sight,  
May render things amiss; but never right?  
Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,  
By any equal sublunary proof;  
For who can justify that Nature there  
Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?  
Nor is it probable she has insus'd  
Int' ev'ry species in the Moon produc'd,

The same efforts she uses to confer  
 Upon the very same productions here,  
 Since those upon the earth, of sev'ral nations,  
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,  
 And she affects so constantly to use  
 Variety in ev'ry thing she does.  
 From hence may be inferr'd that, though I grant  
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant,  
 That Elephant may chance to differ so,  
 From those with us upon the earth below,  
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,  
 As being of a diff'rent kind and breed,  
 That though 'tis true our own are but slow-pac'd,  
 Theirs there, perhaps, may fly or run as fast,  
 And yet be very Elephants, no less  
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families.

This said, another member of great worth,  
 Fan'd for the learned works he had put forth,  
 " In which the mannerly and modest author  
 " Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"  
 Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,  
 And very learnedly observ'd by you ;  
 But there's another nobler reason for't,  
 That, rightly' observ'd, will fall but little short  
 Of solid mathematic demonstration,  
 Upon a full and perfect calculation ;  
 And that is only this—As th' earth and moon  
 Do constantly move contrary upon  
 Their sev'ral axes, the rapidity  
 Of both their motions cannot fail to be  
 So violent, and naturally fast,  
 That larger distances may well be past  
 In less time than the Elephant has gone,  
 Although he had no motion of his own,  
 Which we on earth can take no measure of,  
 As you have made it evident by proof.  
 This granted, we may confidently hence  
 Claim title to another inference,  
 And make this wonderful phenomenon  
 (Were there no other) serve our turn alone  
 To vindicate the grand hypothesis,  
 And prove the motion of the earth from this.

This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,  
 As men are soon upon the bias'd side ;  
 With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,  
 And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,  
 By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,  
 Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out,  
 Resolving to complete their Narrative,  
 And punctually insert this strange retrieve.

But while their grandees were diverted all  
 With nicely wording the Memorial,  
 The footboys, for their own diversion, too,  
 As having nothing, now, at all to do,  
 And when they saw the telescope at leisure,  
 Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure,  
 " With drills' and monkey's ingenuity,  
 " That take delight to practise all they see,"  
 Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,  
 As those they waited on before had done :  
 When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,  
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep,  
 And, viewing carefully, discover'd more  
 Than all their masters hit upon before.

Quoth he, O strange ! a little thing is flunk  
 On th' inside of the long stargazing trunk,  
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh,  
 I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.

This chancing to be overheard by one  
 Who was not yet so hugely overgrown  
 In any philosophic observation,  
 As to conclude with mere imagination  
 And yet he made immediately a guess  
 At fully solving all appearances,  
 A plainer way, and more significant  
 Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,  
 And quickly found, upon a second view,  
 His own conjecture, probably, most true ;  
 For he no sooner had apply'd his eye  
 To the optic engine, but immediately  
 He found a small field mouse was gotten in .  
 The hollow telescope, and shut between  
 The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,  
 Was magnify'd into an Elephant,  
 And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion  
 Of all this deep and learned dissertation.  
 And as a mighty mountain heretofore,  
 Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore  
 A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,  
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.

Mean-while the grandees, long in consultation,  
 Had finish'd the miraculous Narration,  
 And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,  
 T' attest and vouch the truth of all they 'ad writ,  
 When this unfortunate phenomenon  
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done :  
 For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at,  
 But all the rest were in a tumult strait,  
 More hot and furiously enrag'd by far,  
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,  
 To find so rare and admirable a hint,  
 When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,  
 And had engag'd themselves to make it out,  
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.  
 When one, whose only task was to determine  
 And solve the worst appearances of vermine,  
 Who oft' had made profound discoveries  
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,  
 (Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,  
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew)  
 After he had a while with signs made way  
 For something pertinent he had to say,  
 At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition  
 Is, the one half of it, in my disquisition ;  
 For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,  
 Belongs, of nat'ral right to all the rest,  
 The Mouse, that's but a paltry vermine, none  
 Can claim a title to but I alone ;  
 And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,  
 In my own province, freely, with regard.

It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,  
 And made the table talk of all the Town,  
 That rants and vapours still, for all our great  
 Designs and projects, we've done nothing yet,  
 If ev'ry one have liberty to doubt,  
 When some great secret's more than half made out  
 Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,  
 And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.

As no great action ever has been done,  
 Nor ever's like to be, by truth alone,  
 If nothing else but only truth w' allow,  
 'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do ;  
 " For Truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,  
 " T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd ;  
 " A solitary anachorite, that dwells  
 " Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"  
 Disdain all great assemblies, and defies  
 The press and crowd of mix'd societies,  
 That use to deal in novelty and change,  
 Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,  
 To entertain the world with what is fit  
 And proper for its genius and its wit ;  
 The world that's never found to set esteem  
 On what things are, but what they appear and  
 And if they are not wonderful and new, (seem ;  
 They're ne'er the better for their being true.  
 " For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind  
 " Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,  
 " A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,  
 " That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,  
 " And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases,  
 " Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes ?"  
 And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing  
 His little truths, unless his own undoing,  
 That prudently by nature had been hidden,  
 And, only for his greater good, forbidden ?  
 And therefore with as great discretion does  
 The world endeavour still to keep it close ;  
 For if the secrets of all truths were known,  
 Who wou'd not, once more, be as much undone ?  
 For truth is never without danger in't  
 As here it has depriv'd us of a hint,  
 The whole assembly had agreed upon,  
 And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,  
 " By giving footboys leave to interpose,  
 " And disappoint whatever we propose ;"  
 For nothing but to cut out work for stubs,  
 And all the busy academic clubs,  
 " For which they have deserv'd to run the risks  
 " Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks.  
 How much, then, ought we have a special care  
 That none presume to know above his share,  
 Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth  
 More than his weekly contribution's worth,  
 That all those that have purchas'd of the college,  
 A half, or but a quarter share, of knowledge,  
 And brought none in themselves, but spent repute  
 Shou'd never be admitted to dispute,  
 Nor any member undertake to know  
 More than his equal dividend comes to ?  
 For partners have perpetually been known  
 T' impose upon their public int'rest prone ;  
 And if we have not greater care of ours,  
 It will be sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole Society allow'd  
 The doctrine to be orthodox and good, [heard,  
 And from th' apparent truth of what they had  
 Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard,  
 But what was for their interests to vouch,  
 And either find it out, or make it such :  
 That 'twas more admirable to create  
 Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit,

Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,  
 To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out.

This b'ing resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,  
 Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon ;  
 But still the more and curiousest they pry'd  
 They but became the more unsatisfy'd,  
 In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,  
 As if they 'ad diff'rent principles of seeing.  
 Some boldly swore, upon a second view,  
 That all they had beheld before was true,  
 And damn'd themselves they never would recant  
 One syllable they had seen of th' Elephant ;  
 Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,  
 But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboscis.  
 Others began to doubt as much, and waver,  
 Uncertain which to disallow or favour ;  
 " Until they had as many cross resolves,  
 " As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"  
 And grew distracted, whether to espouse  
 The party of the Elephant or Mouse.  
 Some held there was no way so orthodox,  
 As to refer it to the ballot-box,  
 And, like some other nation's patriots,  
 To find it out, or make the truth, by votes :  
 Others were of opinion 'twas more fit  
 T' unmount the telescope, and open it,  
 And, for their own, and all men's satisfaction,  
 To search and re-examine the transaction,  
 And afterwards to explicate the rest,  
 As they shou'd see occasion for the best.

To this, at length, as th' only expedient,  
 The whole assembly freely gave consent ;  
 But e'er the optic tube was half let down,  
 Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon :  
 For at the upper end, prodigious swarms  
 Of busy flies, and gnats, like men in arms,  
 Had all past muster in the glass by chance,  
 For both the Pri- and the Subvolvans.

This b'ing discover'd, once more put them all  
 Into a worse and desperater brawl.  
 Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise  
 Shou'd be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,  
 And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms  
 For squadrons and reserves of men in arms :  
 As politic as those who, when the Moon  
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,  
 Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,  
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.

But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,  
 To find out where the fly impostor was,  
 And saw 'twas but a Mouse\*, that by mishap  
 Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap.

\* Butler to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has to the end of this Poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note :

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long  
 Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,  
 And purchas'd him more everlasting glory  
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,  
 Though he appears unequal matcht, I grant,  
 In bulk and stature by the elephant,  
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle  
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,  
 When having boldly enter'd the redoubt,  
 And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,  
 The little vermine, like an errant-knight,  
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted  
 To find themselves so openly convicted,  
 Immediately made haste to get them gone,  
 With none but this discovery alone.  
 That learned men, who greedily pursue  
 Things that are rather wonderful than true,  
 And in their nicest speculations, choose  
 To make their own discoveries strange news,

And nat'ral history rather a Gazette  
 Of rarities stupendous and far fet;  
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,  
 That are not strongly vast and overgrown,  
 And strive to explicate appearances,  
 Not as they're probable, but as they please,  
 In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,  
 And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn,

## THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON,

### A FRAGMENT.

A LEARNED man, whom once a week  
 A hundred virtuosos seek,  
 And like an oracle apply to,  
 T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to,  
 Who entertain'd them all of course,  
 (As men take wives for better or worse)  
 And past them all for men of parts,  
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts;  
 For when they're cast into a lump,  
 Their talents equally must jump;  
 As metals mixt, the rich and base  
 Do both at equal values pass.  
 With these the ord'nary debate  
 Was after news, and things of state,  
 Which way the dreadful comet went,  
 In sixty-four, and what it meant?  
 What nations yet are to bewail  
 The operation of its tail?  
 Or whether France or Holland yet,  
 Or Germany, be in its debt?  
 What wars and plagues in Christendom  
 Have happen'd since, and what to come?  
 What kings are dead, how many queens  
 And princesses are poison'd since?  
 And who shall next of all by turn  
 Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?  
 What parties next of foot, or horse,  
 Will rout, or routed be, of course?  
 What German marches and retreats,  
 Will furnish the next month's Gazettes?  
 What pestilent contagion next,  
 And what part of the world infects?  
 What dreadful meteor, and where,  
 Shall in the heav'ns next appear?  
 And when again shall lay embargo  
 Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?  
 Why currents turn in seas of ice  
 Some thrice a-day, and some but twice?  
 And why the tides at night and noon,  
 Court, like Caligula, the Moon?

What is the nat'ral cause why fish,  
 That always drink, do never piss?  
 Or whether in their home, the deep,  
 By night or day they ever sleep?  
 If grass be green, or snow be white,  
 But only as they take the light?  
 Whether possessions of the devil,  
 Or mere temptations, do most evil?  
 What is't that makes all fountains still  
 Within the earth to run up hill,  
 But on the outside down again,  
 As if the attempt had been in vain?  
 Or what's the strange magnetic cause  
 The steel or loadstone's drawn or draws?  
 The star the needle, which the stone  
 Has only been but touch'd upon?  
 Whether the Northstar's influence  
 With both does hold intelligence?  
 (For redhot iron, held t'wards the pole,  
 Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool:)  
 Or whether male and female screws  
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?  
 What makes the body of the sun,  
 That such a rapid course does run,  
 To draw no tail behind through th' air,  
 As comets do when they appear,  
 Which other planets cannot do,  
 Because they do not burn, but glow?  
 Whether the moon be sea or land,  
 Or charcoal, or a quench'd fire-brand;  
 Or if the dark holes that appear  
 Are only pores, not cities there?  
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,  
 And keep a just pace with the ground,  
 Or loiter lazily behind,  
 And clog the air with gusts of wind?  
 Or whether crescents in the wane,  
 (For so an author has it plain)  
 Do burn quite out, or wear away  
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day?

Whether the sea increase or waste,  
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last?  
 Or if the sun approaches near  
 The earth, how soon it will be there?  
 These were their learned speculations,  
 And all their constant occupations,  
 To measure wind and weigh the air,  
 And turn a circle to a square;  
 To make a powder of the sun,  
 By which all doctors shou'd b' undone;  
 To find the northwest passage out,  
 Although the farthest way about;

If chemists from a rose's ashes  
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses?  
 Whether the line of incidence  
 Rise from the object or the sense?  
 To stew th' elixir in a bath  
 Of hope, credulity, and faith;  
 To explicate, by subtle hints,  
 The grain of diamonds and flints,  
 And in the braying of an ass  
 Find out the treble and the bass;  
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow  
 A double diapason low.

## R E P A R T E E S \*

BETWEEN

## C A T A N D P U S S,

AT A CATERWAULING.

*In the modern heroic way.*

It was about the middle age of night,  
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,  
 And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,  
 Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,  
 When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,  
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,  
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles;  
 And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;  
 Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,  
 As ladies use at midnight in the Park;  
 Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,  
 For assignations in th' affairs of love.  
 At once his passion was both false and true,  
 And the more false, the more in earnest grew.  
 He fancy'd that he heard those am'rous charms  
 That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,  
 To which he always brought an equal flame,  
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame;  
 And as in dreams love's raptures are more taking  
 Than all their actual engagements waking,  
 His am'rous passion grew to that extreme,  
 His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.  
 Thought he, What place is this? or whither art  
 Thou vanish'd from me, Mistress of my heart?  
 But now I had her in this very place,  
 Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,  
 And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,  
 I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt escap'd,

Stay, and I'll follow thee—With that he leapt  
 Up from the lazy couch on which he slept,  
 And, wing'd with passion, through his known  
 purlieu,  
 Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,  
 Nor stopt, until his fire had him convey'd  
 Where many an assignation he 'ad enjoy'd;  
 Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,  
 That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,  
 Impatient of delay, without one word,  
 To lose no further time, he fell aboard,  
 But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,  
 While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.  
 C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;  
 Canst thou at once both injure and care?  
 P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful  
 charms,  
 And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.  
 C. He that does love would set his heart at tilt,  
 E'er one drop of his lady's should be spilt.  
 P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within:  
 You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin;  
 And while your eyes pierce deeper than my  
 claws,  
 You blame th' effect of which you are the cause.  
 C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,  
 Had it not first been by your own betray'd?  
 Hence 'tis my greatest crime has only been  
 (Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being seen.  
 P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.  
 C. That's worse than making cruelty a sport,

\* This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our Author lived.

**R.** Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight  
That sets it off to a more noble height.  
**C.** He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,  
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.  
**P.** Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.  
**C.** But grows intolerable if it last.  
**P.** Love is too full of honour to regard  
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.  
What knight durst ever own a lover's name,  
That had not been half-murder'd by his flame?  
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,  
To death, or force of rivals for his sake?  
**C.** When love does meet with injury and pain,  
Disdain's the only med'cine for disdain.  
**P.** At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,  
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.  
**C.** Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,  
That, contrary to its own end, would move!  
'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy;  
Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.  
**P.** Enjoying and destroying are all one,  
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.  
**C.** He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,  
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate.  
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make  
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,  
So should fruition do the lovers' fire,  
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.  
**P.** What greater proof that passion does transport,  
When what I would die for I'm forc'd to hurt?  
**C.** Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,  
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,  
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,  
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds:

But since you understand not what you do,  
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.  
**P.** Passion begins indifferent to prove,  
When love considers any thing but love.  
**C.** The darts of love, like lightning, wound with n,  
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin;  
They leave no marks behind them, where they  
fly,  
Though through the tend'rest part of all  
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew  
How tender I have been, how cruel you.  
**P.** Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,  
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.  
**C.** Force is a rugged way of making love.  
**P.** What you like best you always disapprove.  
**C.** He that will wrong his love will not be nice,  
T' excuse the wrong he does to wrong her twice.  
**P.** Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.  
**C.** Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.  
**P.** When you mistake that for an injury  
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.  
**C.** You do not feel yourself the pain you give;  
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,  
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,  
That can be cruel where you own a flame.  
**P.** 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty  
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;  
For while you stifle and inflame desire,  
You burn, and starve me in the self-same fire.  
**C.** It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,  
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't:  
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt fun and fun,  
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Poem of the

BRITISH PRINCES\*.

SIR,

You have oblig'd the British nation more  
Than all their bards could ever do before,  
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard  
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd:  
For as all warlike nations take delight  
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,  
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,  
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:  
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,  
Or they have acted at a nobler height.

\* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles II's reign addressed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called *The British Princes*, and, among the rest, Butler.

You of their ancient princes have retriev'd  
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;  
Describ'd their customs and their rites anew,  
Better than all their Druids ever knew;  
Unriddled their dark oracles as well  
As those themselves that made them could for  
For as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,  
Arthur could come to govern them again,  
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,  
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne,  
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,  
To raise the dead, and give new life to men;  
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,  
Whom distant ages did so far remove:

For as eternity has neither past  
 Nor future, (authors say) nor first, nor last,  
 But is all instant, your eternal Muse  
 All ages can to any one reduce.  
 Then why should you, whole miracle of art  
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,  
 Trouble in vain your better-busy'd head  
 'T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead?

For since you have such arbitrary power,  
 It were defect in judgment to go lower,  
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,  
 As use to take the vulgar latitude.  
 There's no man fit to read what you have writ,  
 That holds not some proportion with your wit;  
 As light can no way but by light appear,  
 He must bring sense that understands it here.

## A PALINODE

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD ESQ.

Upon his incomparable Poem of the

BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse  
 Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, lies;  
 For having felt the dead weight of your wit,  
 She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit;  
 Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,  
 Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:  
 But such is her belief in your just candour,  
 She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,  
 To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense  
 Of silly emulation or offence.  
 No; your sufficient wit does still declare  
 Itself too amply, they are mad that dare  
 So vain and senseless a presumption own,  
 To yoke your vast parts in comparison:  
 And yet you might have thought upon a way  
 'T' instruct us how you'd have us to obey,  
 And not command our praises, and then blame  
 All that's too great or little for your fame:  
 For who could choose but err, without some trick  
 'To take your elevation to a nick?  
 As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,  
 To make the Mayor of London an oration,  
 Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might  
 Take measure of his mouth, to fit it right;  
 So, had you sent a scantling of your wit,  
 You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;  
 But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down  
 All that's unequal to your huge renown;  
 For he that writes below your vast desert,  
 Betrays his own, and not your want of art.  
 Praise, like a robe of state, should not fit close  
 To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;  
 Derives its comeliness from b'ing unfit,  
 And such have been our praises of your wit,

Which is so extraordinary, no height  
 Of fancy but your own can do it right:  
 Witness these glorious poems you have writ  
 With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,  
 And those stupendous discoveries  
 You've lately made of wonders in the skies;  
 For who, but from yourself, did ever hear  
 The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?  
 Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,  
 Or put a circle about *vacuum*?  
 What should confine those undetermin'd crowds,  
 And yet extend no further than the clouds?  
 Who ever could have thought, but you alone,  
 A sign and an ascendant were all one,  
 Or how 'tis possible the moon should shroud  
 Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud,  
 Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,  
 They cannot hinder her from b'ing barefac'd?  
 Who ever did a language so enrich,  
 'To scorn all little particles of speech?  
 For though they make the sense clear, yet they're  
 To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound; [found  
 Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,  
 Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble,  
 Had Homer known this art, he 'ad ne'er been fain  
 To use so many particles in vain,  
 That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps  
 To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.  
 You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those  
 Which in construction you o'ersee and lose;  
 And by this art do Priscian no wrong  
 When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long,  
 These are your own discoveries, which none  
 But such a Muse as your's could hit upon,

That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,  
 Make things more intricate than all the schools :  
 For what have laws of art to do with you,  
 More than the laws with honest men and true ?  
 He that's a prince in poetry should strive  
 To cry 'em down by his prerogative,  
 And not submit to that which has no force  
 But o'er delinquents and inferiors.  
 Your poems will endure to be well try'd  
 I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purify'd ;  
 Can only to e'ternity pretend,  
 For they were never writ to any end.  
 All other books bear an uncertain rate,  
 But those you write are always sold by weight ;  
 Each word and syllable brought to the scale,  
 And valu'd to a scruple in the sale.  
 For when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit,  
 'Tis for all purposes and uses fit,

Has an absterfive virtue to make clean  
 Whatever nature made in man obscene.  
 Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,  
 Without your verse, can make a noble flight.  
 It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet ;  
 In Paris they perfume their rooms with it :  
 For burning but one leaf of your's, they say,  
 Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.  
 Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,  
 Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit ;  
 And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,  
 When ars'nick's only wrapp'd up in the verse.  
 These are the great performances that raise  
 Your mighty parts above all reach of praise,  
 And give us only leave t' admire your worth,  
 For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,  
 Whose wondrous power so generally known,  
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

## A PANEGYRIC

UPON

SIR JOHN DENHAM'S

RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS.

SIR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit  
 As none could do but an immortal wit ;  
 Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,  
 And thrown away, though on a less sick brain ;  
 But you were so far from receiving hurt,  
 You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.  
 As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,  
 And burn himself in his own country's spice,  
 A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,  
 Which after does to a young phoenix turn :  
 So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,  
 Did life renew'd, and vig'rous youth acquire ;  
 And with so much advantage, some have guest,  
 Your afterwit is like to be your best,  
 And now expect far greater matters of ye  
 Than the bought Cooper's Hill, or borrow'd  
 Sophy ;  
 Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,  
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse ;  
 And Seneca's dry sand, unmix'd with lime,  
 Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.  
 Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride,  
 And native insolence, quite laid aside :  
 And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont  
 All, that they durst with safety, to affront.  
 No China cupboard rudely overthrown,  
 Nor Lady tipp'd, by b'ing accosted, down ;

No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,  
 With verses forty times more lewd than his :  
 Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,  
 And hold it out, where you had built a sconce ;  
 Nor furiously laid orangewench aboard,  
 For asking what in fruit and love you 'ad scor'd ;  
 But all civility and complaisance,  
 More than you ever us'd before or since.  
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King  
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,  
 Nor brought in false account, with little tricks  
 Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks ;  
 False mustering of workmen by the day,  
 Deduction out of wages, and dead pay  
 For those that never liv'd ; all which did come,  
 By thrifty management, to no small sum.  
 You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,  
 Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,  
 As you were wont, till all you built appear'd  
 Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd :  
 For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your verse,  
 Built up themselves, they could not have done  
 worse :  
 And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,  
 You did design to do't no other way.  
 All this was done before those days began  
 In which you were a wife and happy man :

For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,  
 Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?  
 Who ever greater treasure could command,  
 Had nobler palaces and richer land,  
 Than you had then, who could raise fums as vast  
 As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,  
 Or all those practis'd upon public money?  
 For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.  
 For ever are you bound to curse those quacks  
 That undertook to cure your happy cracks;  
 For though no art can ever make them sound,  
 The tamp'ring cost you threescorethousand pound.

How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and  
 lost,  
 Yet been no more undone by being choust,  
 Nor forc'd upon the King's account to lay  
 All that, in serving him, you lost at play?  
 For nothing but your brain was ever found  
 To suffer sequestration, and compound.  
 Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,  
 For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleeck;  
 And when you've rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,  
 By understanding low, and vent'ring high;  
 Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,  
 And then recruit again from lime and brick.

## UPON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF

### MODERN PLAYS

PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Who ever will regard poetic fury,  
 When it is once found Idiot by a jury,  
 And ev'ry pert and arbitrary fool  
 Can all poetic licence over-rule;  
 Assume a barb'rous tyranny to handle  
 The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;  
 Make 'em submit to verdict and report,  
 And stand or fall to th' orders of the court?  
 Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary  
 Proceedings of witless plagiary,  
 That forges old records and ordinances  
 Against the right and property of fancies,  
 More false and nice than weighing of the weather  
 To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,  
 Or measuring of air upon Parnassus,  
 With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;  
 Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,  
 Back to its antique theatre, a cart,  
 And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads  
 Of rev'rend choruses and episodes;  
 Reform and regulate a puppet play,  
 According to the true and ancient way,  
 That not an actor shall presume to squeak,  
 Unless he have a licence for't in Greek;  
 Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in  
 Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin:  
 No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,  
 Unless it be in order to raise pity;  
 Nor devil in the puppet play b' allow'd  
 To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd,

Unless some god or demon chanc'd t' have piqued  
 Against an ancient family of Greeks;  
 That other men may tremble, and take warning;  
 How such a fatal progeny they're born in;  
 For none but such for tragedy are fitted,  
 That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd;  
 And only those held proper to deter,  
 Who've had the ill luck against their wills to err  
 Whence only such as are of middling sizes,  
 Between morality and venial vices,  
 Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by fate,  
 For other mortals to take warning at.

As if the antique laws of Tragedy  
 Did with our own municipal agree,  
 And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,  
 And give diversion to the great to break;  
 To make a less delinquent to be brought  
 To answer for a greater person's fault,  
 And suffer all the worst the worst approver  
 Can, to excuse and save himself, discover.

No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd  
 To draw true images of all mankind;  
 To punish in effigy criminals,  
 Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false;  
 But a clublaw to execute and kill,  
 For nothing, whomsoever they please, at will,  
 To terrify spectators from committing  
 The crimes they did, and suffer'd for unwitting.  
 These are the reformations of the Stage,  
 Like other reformations of the age,

On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,  
As th' other did all law and conscience;  
No better than the laws of British plays,  
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,  
Who made a general council regulate  
Men's catching women by the—you know what,  
And set in the rubric at what time  
It should be counted legal, when a crime,  
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,  
And on what days it went out or came in.

An English poet should be try'd b' his peers,  
And not by pedants and philosophers,  
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,  
As butchers are forbid to be of a jury;  
Besides the most intolerable wrong  
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,  
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,  
Or Tales falser than Euripides;  
When not an English native dares appear  
To be a witness for the prisoner;  
When all the laws they use t' arraign and try  
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,

Were made b' a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,  
To put an end to all poetic scruples,  
And by th' advice of virtuosi Tuscans,  
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;  
Gave judgment on all past and future plays,  
As is apparent by Speroni's case,  
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,  
And after him the French filou Corneille;  
And since our English plagiaries nim,  
And steal their fat-fet criticisms from him,  
And by an action falsely laid of Trover,  
The lumber for their proper goods recover;  
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers  
Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletchers,  
Who for a few misprisions of wit,  
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit;  
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,  
Are censur'd for 't with more unlucky sense;  
When all their worst miscarriages delight,  
And please more than the best that pedants write.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE

### QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

Acted before the

DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTHDAY.

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay  
The tribute of their glories to this day,  
That gave them earnest of so great a sum  
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,  
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,  
That all succeeding times must celebrate,  
We, that subsist by your bright influence,  
And have no life but what we own from thence,  
Come humbly to present you, our own way,  
With all we have, (beside our hearts) a play.  
But as devoutest men can pay no more  
To deities than what they gave before,  
We bring you only what your great commands  
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,  
That would have taken out administration  
Of all departed poets' goods i' the nation;  
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays  
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,

And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,  
But that your justice put a stop to it.  
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad  
T' admit of all who now write new and bad;  
For still the wickeder some authors write,  
Others to write worse are encourag'd by 't;  
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit,  
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,  
But just as toothdraw'rs find, among the roth,  
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,  
So they, decrying all of all that write,  
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't.  
Small poetry, like other heresies,  
By being persecuted multiplies;  
But here they're like to fail of all pretence;  
For he that writ this play is dead long since,  
And not within their power; for bears are said  
To spare those that lie still and seem but dead.

## E P I L O G U E

TO THE SAME. TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,  
 No less than to your royal Lord, to you;  
 And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,  
 You have, what's greater than them all, his heart.  
 That heart that, when it was his country's guard,  
 The fury of two elements outdar'd,  
 And made a stubborn haughty enemy  
 The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;  
 And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms  
 Appear no less victorious than his arms,

For which you oft' have triumph'd on this day,  
 And many more to come Heav'n grant you may.  
 But as great princes use, in solemn times  
 Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,  
 If we have sinn'd without an ill intent,  
 And done below what really we meant,  
 We humbly ask your pardon for't, and pray  
 You would forgive, in honour of the day.

## UPON PHILIP NYE'S \*

THANKSGIVING BEARD.

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,  
 That Nature orders for no other place;  
 The fringe and tassel of a countenance,  
 That hides his person from another man's,  
 And, like the Roman habits of their youth,  
 Is never worn until his perfect growth;  
 A privilege no other creature has,  
 To wear a nar'ral mask upon his face,  
 That suits its likeness ev'ry day he wears,  
 To fit some other persons' characters,  
 And by its own myt!ology implies,  
 That men were born to live in some disguise.  
 This satisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd  
 His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.  
 He 'ad been prefer'd i' th' army, when the church  
 Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch;

When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,  
 Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,  
 From whom he held the most pluralities  
 Of contributions, donatives, and sal'ries;  
 Was held the chiefest of those sp'ritual trumpets,  
 That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,  
 But in the desperatest of defeats  
 Had never blown as opportune retreats,  
 Until the Synod order'd his departure  
 To London, from his caterwauling quarter,  
 To sit among 'em, as he had been chosen,  
 And pass or null things at his own disposing;  
 Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,  
 And for their fees discharge and let them out,  
 Which made some grandees bribe him with the  
 Of holding forth upon Thanksgiving-days, [place  
 Whither the Members, two and two abreast,  
 March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast,  
 But by the way repeated the oh-hones  
 Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones:  
 His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,  
 He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,  
 With which the Sisters were so prepossess'd,  
 They could remember nothing of the rest.  
 He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put

\* Philip Nye was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-nose College, and afterwards in Magd. Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party, into Scotland, to encourage and stir up the cause of the Covenant, in defence of

And, but a day before, had been to find  
The ablest virtuoso of the kind,  
With whom he long and seriously conferr'd  
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;  
By whose advice he sat for a design  
In little drawn, exactly to a line,  
That if the creature chance to have occasion  
To undergo a thorough reformation,  
It might be borne conveniently about,  
And by the meanest artist copy'd out.

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary  
He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,  
To find out one that had the greatest practice,  
To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,  
And set their most confus'd disorders right,  
Not by a new design, but newer light,  
Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,  
And crop the worthies of their Coventiclers;  
To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught  
And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.

Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit,  
And scandalous device of human wit,  
'That's absolutely forbidden in the Scripture,  
'To make of any carnal thing the picture.

Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to us  
T' agree what's lawful, or what scandalous,  
For 'till it is determin'd by our vote,  
'Tis either lawful, scandalous or not,  
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,  
Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.

Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree  
'To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;  
For though I use it in a lawful time,  
What if it after should be made a crime?

'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,  
'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense,  
Which I'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,  
And make it lawful whatsoe'er we do;  
Then do your office with your greatest skill,  
And let th' event befall us how it will.

This said, the nice barbarian took his tools,  
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles;  
Talk'd on us pertinently as he snipt  
A hundred times for ev'ry hair he clipt;

Until the Beard at length began t' appear,  
And resume its antique character,  
Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,  
And stand in competition with the life;  
For some have doubted if 't were made of snips  
Of sables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,  
And set in such an artificial frame,  
As if it had been wrought in filograin,  
More subtly fill'd and polish'd than the gr<sup>ain</sup>  
'That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in;  
That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,  
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.

But b'ing design'd and drawn so regular,  
T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,  
Who could imagine that it should be portal  
To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?  
And yet it was, and did abominate  
The least compliance in the Church or State,  
And from itself did equally dissent,  
As from religion and the government\*.

\* There are found among Butler's manuscripts several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought palatable.

This rev'rend brother, like a goat  
Did wear a tail upon his throat,  
The fringe and tassel of a face,  
'That gives it a becoming grace,  
But set in such a curious frame,  
As if 't were wrought in filograin,  
And cut so ev'n, as if 't had been  
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.  
No topiary hedge of quickset,  
Was e'er so neatly cut, or thick set,  
'That made beholders more admire,  
'Than China-plate that's made of wire;  
But being wrought so regular  
In ev'ry part, and ev'ry hair,  
Who would believe it thou'd be portal  
'To unconforming inward mortal?  
And yet it was, and did dissent  
Not less from its own government,  
'Than from the Church's, and detest  
'That which it held forth and profess;  
Did equally abominate  
Conformity in Church and State;  
And, like an hypocritic brother,  
Profess'd one thing, and did another,  
As all things, where they're most profess,  
Are found to be regarded least.

## S A T I R E

## UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Who would believe that wicked earth,  
 Where nature only brings us forth  
 To be found guilty and forgiv'n,  
 Should be a nursery for Heav'n,  
 When all we can expect to do  
 Will not pay half the debt we owe,  
 And yet more desperately dare,  
 As if that wretched trifle were  
 Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,  
 Our great and mighty creditors,  
 Not only slight what they enjoin,  
 But pay it in adult'rate coin?  
 We only in their mercy trust,  
 To be more wicked and unjust;  
 All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs,  
 Are our own interest, not theirs;  
 Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,  
 But begging presents to get more;  
 The purest bus'ness of our zeal  
 Is but to err, by meaning well,  
 And make that meaning do more harm  
 Than our worst deeds, that are less warm;  
 For the most wretched and perverse  
 Does not believe himself he errs.  
 Our holiest actions have been  
 Th' effects of wickedness and sin:  
 Religious houses made compounders  
 For th' horrid actions of the founders;  
 Steeples that totter'd in the air,  
 By lechers sin'd into repair;  
 As if he had retain'd no sign  
 Nor character of the divine  
 And heav'nly part of human nature,  
 But only the coarse earthly matter.  
 Our universal inclination  
 Tends to the worst of our creation,  
 As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint,  
 In our whole species, by instinct,  
 A fatal brand and signature  
 Of nothing else but the impure.  
 The best of all our actions tend  
 To the preposterous end,  
 And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd  
 To take most to th' ignobler kind;  
 Of our best half original;  
 Hence 'tis we've no regard at all  
 Or monsters, that have always least  
 Of the human parent, not the beast.  
 But, when they differ, still assert  
 The int'rest of th' ignobler part;  
 Spend all the time we have upon  
 The vain caprices of the one;

But grudge to spare one hour, to know  
 What to the better part we owe.  
 As in all compound substances,  
 The greater still devours the less;  
 So, being born and bred up near,  
 Our earthly gross relations here,  
 Far from the ancient nobler place  
 Of all our high paternal race,  
 We now degenerate, and grow  
 As barbarous, and mean, and low,  
 As modern Grecians are, and worse,  
 To their brave nobler ancestors.  
 Yet as no barb'rousness beside  
 Is half so barbarous as pride,  
 Nor any prouder insolence  
 Than that which has the least pretence,  
 We are so wretched to profess  
 A glory in our wretchedness;  
 To vapour fillily and rant  
 Of our own misery and want,  
 And grow vainglorious on a score  
 We ought much rather to deplore,  
 Who, the first moment of our lives,  
 Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;  
 And our great'th grace is not to know  
 When we shall pay 'em back, nor how,  
 Begotten with a vain caprich,  
 And live as vainly to that pitch.

Our pains are real things, and all  
 Our pleasures but fantastical;  
 Diseases of their own accord,  
 But cures come difficult and hard.  
 Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,  
 Are but out-houses to our tombs;  
 Cities, though e'er so great and brave,  
 But mere warehouses to the grave.  
 Our bravery's but a vain disguise,  
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes,  
 The remedy of a defect,  
 With which our nakedness is deckt;  
 Yet makes us swell with pride and boast,  
 As if we 'ad gain'd by being lost.

All this is nothing to the evils  
 Which men, and their confed'rate devils  
 Inflict, to aggravate the curse  
 On their own hated kind much worse,  
 As if by nature they 'ad been serv'd  
 More gently than their fate deserv'd,  
 Take pains (in justice) to invent,  
 And study their own punishment;  
 That, as their crimes shou'd greater grow,  
 So might their own inflictions too.

Hence bloody wars at first began,  
The artificial plague of man.  
That from his own invention rise,  
To scourge his own iniquities;  
That if the heav'n's shot. I chance to spare  
Supplies of constant poison'd air,  
They might not, with unfit delay,  
For lingering destruction stay,  
Nor seek recruits of death so far,  
But plague themselves with blood and war.

And if these fail, there is no good  
Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,  
But he can easily divert  
To his own misery and hurt;  
Make that which Heav'n meant to bless  
Th' ungrateful world with gentle Peace,  
With lux'ry and excess, as fast  
As war and desolation waste;  
Promote mortality, and kill  
As fast as arms, by sitting still;  
Like earthquakes slay without a blow,  
And only moving, overthrow;  
Make law and equity as dear  
As plunder and free-quarter were,  
And fierce encounters at the bar  
Undo as fast as those in war;  
Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,  
Pimps, scriv'ners, silenc'd ministers,  
That get estates by b'ing undone  
For tender conscience, and have none.  
Like those that with their credit drive  
A trade, without a stock, and thrive;  
Advance men in the church and state  
For being of the meanest rate,  
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,  
Before integrity and parts;  
Produce more grievous complaints  
For plenty, than before for wants,  
And make a rich and fruitful year  
A greater grievance than a dear;  
Make jests of greater dangers far,  
Than those they trembled at in war;  
Till, unawares, they've laid a train  
To blow the public up again;  
Rally with horror, and, in sport,  
Rebellion and destruction court,  
And make fanatics, in despite  
Of all their madness, reason right,  
And vouch to all they have foreshewn,  
As other monsters oft' have done,  
Although from truth and sense as far,  
As all their other maggots are:  
For things said false, and never meant,  
Do oft prove true by accident.

That wealth that bounteous fortune sends  
As presents to her dearest friends,  
Is oft' laid out upon a purchase  
Of two yards long in parish churches,  
And those too happy men that bought it  
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:  
For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,  
Law, luxury, disease, and debt;

Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,  
An easy-troubled life and short \*?

But all these plagues are nothing near  
These, far more cruel and severe,  
Unhappy man takes pains to find,  
T' inflict himself upon his mind:  
And out of his own bowels spins  
A rack and torture for his sins;  
Torments himself, in vain, to know  
That most which he can never do;  
And the more strictly 'tis deny'd,  
The more he is unsatisfy'd;  
Is busy in finding scruples out,  
To languish in eternal doubt;  
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,  
And starts, as horses do at posts,  
And, when his eyes assist him least,  
Discerns such subtle objects best.  
On hypothetic dreams and visions  
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,  
And raises endless controversies  
On vulgar theorems and hearsays;  
Grows positive and confident,  
In things so far beyond th' extent  
Of human sense, he does not know  
Whether they be at all or no,  
And doubts as much in things that are  
As plainly evident and clear;  
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,  
To apply to th' intricate and vain;  
And cracks his brains in plodding on  
That which is never to be known.  
To pose himself with subtleties,  
And hold no other knowledge wise;  
Although the subtler all things are,  
They're but to missing the more near;  
And the less weight they can sustain,  
The more he still lays on in vain,  
And hangs his soul upon as nice  
And subtle curiosities,  
As one of that vast multitude  
That on a needle's point have stood;  
Weights right and wrong, and true and false,  
Upon as nice and subtle scales,  
As those that turn upon a plane  
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,

\* Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, are found the following verses, which probably were intended to be added, but as they are not regularly inserted, it is thought proper to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into  
The bowels of the earth below,  
For metals, that are found to dwell  
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,  
And have a magic pow'r to sway  
The greedy souls of men that way,  
But with their bodies have been lain  
To fill those trenches up again;  
When bloody battles have been fought  
For shating that which they took out;  
For wealth is all things that conduce  
To man's destruction or his use;  
A standard both to buy and sell  
All things from heaven down to hell.

And ~~all~~ the subtler they move,  
The sooner false and useless prove.  
So man, that thinks to force and strain,  
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,  
In vain torments it on the rack,  
And, for improving, sets it back;  
Is ignorant of his own extent,  
And that to which his aims are bent;

Is lost in both, and breaks his blade  
Upon the anvil where 'twas made;  
For as abortions cost more pain  
Than vig'rous births, so all the vain  
And weak productions of man's wit,  
That aim at purposes unfit,  
Require more drudgery, and worse,  
Than those of strong and lively force.

S A T I R E

UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'Tis a strange age we've liv'd in, and a lewd,  
As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd;  
An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,  
Like a fantastic lecher to be scourg'd;  
Nor has it 'scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,  
The more 'tis plagu'd, to be the less concern'd.  
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,  
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;  
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,  
The other (as then needless) half the Town;  
And two as mighty miracles restore  
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;  
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been  
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,  
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,  
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.  
Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly  
blockhead)  
The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,  
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose  
As e'er the dev'l could teach, or sinners use,  
And on the other side at once put in  
As impotent iniquity and sin,  
As skulls that have been crack'd are often found  
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound;  
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,  
To break at th' other still that's opposite;  
So men, who one extravagance would shun,  
Into the contrary extreme have run;  
And all the difference is, that as the first  
Provokes the other freak to prove the worst,  
So, in return, that strives to render less  
The last delusion, with its own excess,  
And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,  
With bungling t' help out one another's play.  
For those who heretofore sought private holes,  
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,  
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal  
And sink away in masquerade to hell,

Now bring their crimes into the open sun,  
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,  
As eagles try their young against his rays,  
To prove if they're of gen'rous breed or base;  
Call heav'n and earth to witness how they've  
aim'd,  
With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,  
And by their own examples in the view  
Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too;  
On all occasions fought to be as civil  
As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,  
To give him no unnecessary trouble,  
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble,  
But with their constant practice done their best  
I' improve and propagate his interest:  
For men have now made vice so great an art,  
The matter of fact's become the slightest part;  
And the debauched'st actions they can do,  
Mere trifles to the circumstance and shew.  
For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,  
But what they lewdly affect and glory in,  
As if prepos't'rously they would profess  
A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness,  
And affectation, that makes good things bad,  
Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad;  
For vices for themselves may find excuse,  
But never for their complement and shews;  
That if there ever were a mystery  
Of moral secular iniquity,  
And that the churches may not lose their due  
By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:  
For men are now as scrupulous and nice,  
And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice,  
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have  
To do in any mischief but the brave,  
As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times  
T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes;  
Have as precise and strict punctilios  
Now to appear, as then to make no shews,

And steer the world by disagreeing force  
Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ral course :  
So pow'rful 's ill example to encroach,  
And Nature, spite of all her laws debauch,  
Example, that imperious dictator  
Of all that 's good or bad to human nature,  
By which the world 's corrupted and reclaim'd,  
Hopes to be fav'd and studies to be damn'd ;  
'That reconciles all contrarieties,  
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,  
Imposes on divinity, and sets  
Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits ;  
Alters all characters of virtue and vice,  
And passes one for th' other in disguise ;  
Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,  
'The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good ;  
'That sily counterchanges wrong and right,  
Like white in fields of black, and black in white ;  
As if the laws of Nature had been made  
Of purpose only to be disobey'd ;  
Or man had lost his mighty interest,  
By having been distinguish'd from a beast ;  
And had no other way but sin and vice,  
'To be restor'd again to Paradise.

How copious is our language lately grown,  
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon ?  
And yet how expressive and significant,  
In *damme*, at once to curse, and swear, and rant ?  
As if no way express'd men's souls so well,  
As damning of them to the pit of hell ;  
Nor any allev'ration were so civil,  
As mortgaging salvation to the devil ;  
Or that his name did add a charming grace,  
And blasphemy a purity to our phrase.  
For what can any language more curish,  
Than to pay souls for vitiating speech ;  
When the great'st tyrant in the world made those  
But lick their words out that abus'd his prose ?

What trivial punishments did then protect  
To public censure a profound respect,  
When the most shameful penance, and severe,  
That could b' inflict'd on a Cavalier  
For infamous debauch'ry, was no worse  
Than but to be degraded from his horse,  
And have his livery of oats and hay,  
Instead of cutting his urs off, tak'n away ?  
They held no torture then so great as shame,  
And that to slay was less than to defame ;  
For just so much regard as men express  
To th' censure of the public, more or less,  
'The same will be return'd to them again,  
In shame or reputation, to a grain ;  
And how perverse so'er the world appears,  
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears ;  
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd  
For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their fages heretofore,  
'To fright their heroes with a syren whore ?  
Make 'em believe a water-witch, with charms,  
Could sink their men of war as easy' as storms,  
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,  
Into land porpoises, and cod, and ling ;

To terrify those mighty champions,  
As we do children now with Bloodybones ;  
Until the subtlest of their conjurers  
Seal'd up the label to his souls his ears,  
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he past  
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,  
And rather venture drowning than to wrong  
The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song :  
To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,  
Not pledge the lady Circe one beer glass ;  
Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,  
For fear of being turn'd into a swine,  
When one of our heroic advent'ers now,  
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.

So simple were those times, when a grave sage  
Could with an old wife's tale instruct the age,  
Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice,  
Than curs will now endure t' improve in vice,  
Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,  
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,  
A forc'd obscure mythology convince,  
Beyond our worst instructions upon sins ;  
When an old proverb, or an end of verse,  
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,  
And keep men honest than all our furies ;  
Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries ;  
Who were converted then with an old saying,  
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.  
What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,  
Where the best reason 's made ridiculous,  
And all the plain and sober things we say,  
By raillery are put beside their play ?  
For men are grown above all knowledge now,  
And what they 're ignorant of disdain to know ;  
Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,  
And boldly judge before they understand ;  
'The self-same courses equally advance  
In spiritual and carnal ignorance.  
And, by the same degrees of confidence,  
Become impregnable against all sense ;  
For as they outgrew ordinances then,  
So would they now morality agen,  
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,  
And both descended from one parent, Sin,  
And therefore seldom have been known to part,  
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,  
Yet they have northwest passages to steer  
A short way to it, without pains or care :  
For as implicit faith is far more stiff  
Than that which understands its own belief,  
So those that think and do but think they know,  
Are far more obstinate than those that do,  
And more averse than if they 'd ne'er been taught  
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought ;  
Take boldness upon credit beforehand,  
And grow too positive to understand ;  
Believe themselves as knowing and as famous,  
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,  
A bill of store to take up a degree,  
With all the learning to it, custom-free,  
And look as big for what they bought at Court,  
As if they 'ad done their exercises for 't.

## S A T I R E.

## UPON GAMING.

**W**HAT fool would trouble Fortune more,  
 When she has been too kind before;  
 Or tempt her to take back again  
 What she had thrown away in vain,  
 By idly vent'ring her good graces  
 To be dispos'd of by ames-aces;  
 Or settling it in trust to uses  
 Out of his pow'r, on trays and deuses;  
 To put it to the chance. and try,  
 I' th' ballot of a box and dye,  
 Whether his money be his own,  
 And lose it, if he be o'erthrown;  
 As if he were betray'd and set  
 By his own stars to ev'ry cheat,  
 Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate  
 To throw dice for his own estate;  
 As mutineers, by fatal doom,  
 Do for their lives upon a drum?  
 For what less influence can produce  
 So great a monster as a chouse,  
 Or any two-legg'd thing possess  
 With such a brutish sottishness?  
 Unless those tutelary stars,  
 Entrusted by astrologers  
 To have the charge of man, combin'd  
 To use him in the self-same kind;  
 As those that help'd them to the trust,  
 Are wont to deal with others just,  
 For to become so sadly dull  
 And stupid, as to sine for gull,  
 (Not as, in cities, to b' excus'd,  
 But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)  
 That whosoe'er can draw it in  
 Is sure inevitably t' win,  
 And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,  
 To grow more dully desperate,  
 The more 'tis made a common prey,  
 And cheated foppishly at play,  
 Is their condition, Fate betrays  
 To Folly first, and then destroys.  
 For what but miracles can serve  
 So great a madness to preserve,  
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels  
 (Where there's no quarter giv'n) in battles,  
 And fights with moneybags as bold,  
 As men with sandbags did of old;  
 Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,  
 Into a paltry juggler's box;

And, like an aldermen of Gotham,  
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom;  
 Engages blind and senseless hap  
 'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,  
 (As Tartars with a man of straw  
 Encounter lions hand to paw)  
 With those that never venture more  
 Than they' ad safely' ensur'd before;  
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake,  
 Do, like the Indian rattlesnake,  
 But strive to ruin and destroy  
 Those that mistake it for fair play;  
 That have their fulhams at command,  
 Brought up to do their feats at hand;  
 That understand their calls and knocks,  
 And how to place themselves i' th' box;  
 Can tell the odds of all games,  
 And when to answer to their names;  
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,  
 Like imps are ready ev'ry where;  
 When to play foul, and when run fair  
 (Out of design) upon the square,  
 And let the greedy cully win,  
 Only to draw him further in;  
 While those with which he slyly plays  
 Have no regard to what he says.  
 Although he jernie and blaspheme,  
 When they miscarry, heav'n and them,  
 And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,  
 And crucify his Saviour worse  
 Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,  
 When they were raffling for his coat;  
 Denounce revenge, as if they heard,  
 And rightly understood and fear'd,  
 And wou'd take heed another time  
 How to commit so bold a crime;  
 When the poor bones are innocent  
 Of all he did, or said, or meant,  
 And have as little sense, almost,  
 As he that damns them when he 'as lost;  
 As if he had rely'd upon  
 Their judgment rather than his own;  
 And that it were their fault, not his,  
 That manag'd them himself amiss,  
 And gave them ill instructions how  
 To run, as he wou'd have them do,  
 And then condemns them sillily  
 For having no more wit than he?

## S A T I R E

## TO A BAD POET.

GREAT famous wit, whose rich and easy vein,  
 Free and unus'd to drudgery and pain,  
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,  
 And how good verse is coin'd dost understand,  
 In all Wit's combats master of defence,  
 'Till me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?  
 'Tis said they' apply to thee, and in thy verse  
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers,  
 And without pain, or pumping for a word,  
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord.  
 I, whom a loud caprich (for some great crime  
 I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,  
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain  
 'To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain.  
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,  
 And, when I would say white, the verse says black.  
 When I would draw a brave man to the life,  
 It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,  
 Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter  
 If he had met with any to have bought her,  
 When I would praise an author, the untoward  
 Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme—  
 In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,  
 'The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.  
 Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent,  
 I give it over, tir'd, and discontent,  
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,  
 By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;  
 But having curs'd the Muses, they appear,  
 'To be reveng'd for 't, e'er I am aware.  
 Spite of myself, I strait take fire agen,  
 Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,  
 And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain  
 From verse to verse expect their aid again.  
 But if my Muse or I were so discreet  
 'T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,  
 I might, like others, easily command  
 Words without study, ready and at hand  
 In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies.  
 Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;—  
 And gold and rubies, with as little care,  
 To fit the colour of her lips and hair;  
 And mixing suns, and flow'rs, and pearl, and stones,  
 Make 'em serve all complexions at once.  
 With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,  
 I could make verses without art or wit,  
 And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,  
 With stolen impertinence patch up mine own:  
 But in the choice of words my scrup'lous wit  
 Is fearful to pass one that is unfit;  
 Nor can endure to fill up a void place,  
 At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;

And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,  
 When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.  
 May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,  
 'T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;  
 To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,  
 And make his reason to his rhyme submit.  
 Without this plague I freely might have spent  
 My happy days with leisure and content:  
 Had nothing in the world to do or think,  
 Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;  
 Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,  
 Slept all the night and loiter'd all the day.  
 My soul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope,  
 Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,  
 'T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,  
 Or for preferment following the Court.  
 How happy had I been if, for a curse,  
 The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse?  
 But ever since this peremptory vein,  
 With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,  
 And that the devil tempted me, in spite  
 Of my own happiness, to judge and write,  
 Shut up against my will, I waste my age  
 In mending this, and blotting out that page,  
 And grow so weary of the slavish trade,  
 I envy their condition that write bad.  
 O happy Scudery! whose easy quill  
 Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;  
 For though thy works are written in despite  
 Of all good sense, impertinent, and flight,  
 'They never have been known to stand in need  
 Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;  
 For so the rhyme be at the verse's end,  
 No matter whither all the rest does tend.  
 Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,  
 Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.  
 A sop that scribbles does it with delight,  
 Takes no pains to consider what to write,  
 But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,  
 Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;  
 While brave and noble writers vainly strive  
 To such a height of glory to arrive;  
 But still with all they do unsatisfy'd:  
 Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside  
 And those whom all mankind admire for wit,  
 Wish for their own sakes they had never writ.  
 Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,  
 Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme  
 And if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,  
 Teach—how ne'er to write again.

## S A T I R E

## ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH\*.

Who wou'd not rather get him gone  
 Beyond th' intolerablest zone,  
 Or steer his passage through those seas  
 That burn in flames, or those that freeze,  
 Than see one nation go to school,  
 And learn of another like a fool?  
 To study all its tricks and fashions  
 With epidemic affectations,  
 And dare to wear no mode or dress  
 But what they in their wisdom please;  
 As monkeys are, by being taught  
 To put on gloves and stockings, caught;  
 Submit to all that they devise,  
 As if it wore their liveries;  
 Make ready' and dress the imagination,  
 Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;  
 And change it, to fulfil the curse  
 Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse;  
 To make their breeches fall and rise  
 From middle legs to middle thighs,  
 The tropics between which the hose  
 Move always as the fashion goes;  
 Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,  
 And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;  
 With broad brims, sometimes like umbrellas,  
 And sometimes narrow' as Punchinellos;  
 In coldest weather go unbrac'd,  
 And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd;  
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,  
 And sometimes straiter than a hide:  
 Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs  
 Disguise the true ones, and their years;  
 That, when they're modish with the young  
 The old may seem so in the throng;  
 And as some pupils have been known,  
 In time to put their tutors down,  
 So ours are often found to've got  
 More tricks than ever they were taught:  
 With sly intrigues and artifices  
 Usurp their poxes and their vices:  
 With garnitures upon their shoes,  
 Make good their claim to gouty toes;  
 By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,  
 Pretend to aches in their bones,  
 To scabs and bitches, and lay trains  
 To prove their running of their reins;  
 And, lest they shou'd seem destitute  
 Of any mangle that's in repute,  
 And be behind hand with the mode  
 Will swear to crytallin and node;

And, that they may not lose their right,  
 Make it appear how they came by 't:  
 Disdain the country where th' were born,  
 As bastards their own mothers scorn,  
 And that which brought them forth contemn,  
 As it deserves for bearing them;  
 Admire whate'er they find abroad,  
 But nothing here, though e'er so good;  
 Be natives wherefoe'er they come,  
 And only foreigners at home;  
 To which th' appear so far estrang'd,  
 As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,  
 Or from beyond the seas convey'd  
 By witches—not born here, but laid;  
 Or by outlandish fathers were  
 Begotten on their mothers here,  
 And therefore justly slight that nation  
 Where they've so mongrel a relation;  
 And seek out other climates, where  
 They may degen'rate less than here;  
 As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,  
 Borne on the wind's wings and their own,  
 Forake the countries where they're hatch'd,  
 And seek out others to be catch'd;  
 So they more nat'rally may please  
 And humour their own geniuses,  
 Apply to all things which they see  
 With their own fancies best agree;  
 No matter how ridiculous,  
 'Tis all one, if it be in use;  
 For nothing can be bad or good,  
 But as 'tis in or out of mode;  
 And as the nations are that use it,  
 All ought to practise or refuse it;  
 T' observe their postures, move and stand,  
 As they give out the word o' command;  
 To learn the dullest of their whims,  
 And how to wear their very limbs;  
 To turn and manage ev'ry part,  
 Like puppets, by their rules of art;  
 To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,  
 And politely shake the head,  
 Until the ignorant (that gue's  
 At all things by th' appearances)  
 To see how Art and Nature strive,  
 Believe them really alive,  
 And that they're very men, not things  
 That move by puppet-work and springs;  
 When truly all their fates have been  
 As well perform'd by motion men,  
 And the worst drolls of Punchinellos  
 Were much th' ingeniouser fellows;

\*The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II.'s reign.

For when they 're perfect in their lesson,  
 Th' hypothesis grows out of season,  
 And, all their labour lost, they 're fain  
 To learn anew, and begin again;  
 To talk eternally and loud,  
 And altogether in a crowd,  
 No matter what; for in the noise  
 No man minds what another says:  
 T' assume a confidence beyond  
 Mankind, for solid and profound.  
 And still the less and less they know,  
 The greater dose of that allow:  
 Decry all things; for to be wise  
 Is not to know, but to despise;  
 And deep judicious confidence  
 Has still the odds of wit and sense,  
 And can pretend a title to  
 Far greater things than they can do:

T' adorn their English with French scraps,  
 And give their very language claps;  
 To jernie rightly and renounce  
 I' th' pure and most approv'd of tones,  
 And, while they idly think t'enrich,  
 Adulterate their native speech:  
 For though to smatter ends of Greek  
 Or Latin be the rhetoric  
 Of pedants counted, and vainglorious,  
 To smatter French is meritorious:  
 And to forget their mother-tongue,  
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,  
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,  
 And that they improve and benefit:  
 As those that have been taught amiss  
 In lib'ral arts and sciences,  
 Must all they 'd learnt before in vain  
 Forget quite, and begin again.

## S A T I R E

### UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant  
 To man in kindness to present,  
 And gave him kindly to care's  
 And cherish his frail happiness,  
 Of equal virtue to renew  
 His weary'd mind and body too,  
 Shou'd (like the cydr-tree in Eden,  
 Which only grew to be forbidden)  
 No sooner come to be enjoy'd,  
 But th' owner's fatally destroy'd;  
 And that which she for good design'd,  
 Becomes the ruin of mankind,  
 That for a little vain excess  
 Ruins out of all its happiness,  
 And makes the friend of Truth and Love  
 Their greatest adversary prove;  
 T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd  
 So truly essentially to his good,  
 To countervail his pensive cares,  
 And slavish drudgery of affairs;  
 To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,  
 And, more than all these, confidence;  
 To pass his times of recreation  
 In choice and noble conversation,  
 Catch truth and reason unawares,  
 As men do health in wholesome airs;  
 (While fools their conversants possess  
 As unawares with sottishness)

To gain access a private way  
 To man's best sense, by its own key,  
 Which painful judgers strive in vain  
 By any other course t' obtain;  
 To pull off all disguise, and view  
 Things as they're natural and true;  
 Discover fools and knaves, allow'd  
 For wise and honest in the crowd;  
 With innocent and virtuous sport  
 Make short days long, and long nights short,  
 And mirth, the only antidote  
 Against diseases e'er they're got  
 To save health harmless from th' access  
 Both of the med'cine and disease;  
 Or make it help itself, secure  
 Against the desperat'ft fit, the cure.  
 All these sublime prerogatives  
 Of happiness to human lives,  
 He vainly throws away, and flights  
 For madnes, noise, and bloody fights;  
 When nothing can decide, but swords  
 And pots, the right or wrong of words,  
 Like princes' titles; and he's outed  
 The justice of his cause that's routed.  
 No sooner has a charge been sound'd  
 With—*Son of a whore*; and *Damn'd confounded*,  
 And the bold signal giv'n, the *lie*,  
 But instantly the bottles fly,

Where cups and glasses are small shot,  
 And cannon-ball a pewter-pot :  
 That blood that's hardly in the vein,  
 Is now remanded back again ;  
 Though sprung from wine of the same piece,  
 And near akin, within degrees,  
 Strives to commit assassinations  
 On its own natural relations ;  
 And these twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,  
 That from their friends so lately parted,  
 No sooner several ways are gone,  
 But by themselves are set upon,  
 Surpris'd like brother against brother,  
 And put to th' sword by one another :  
 So much more fierce are civil wars,  
 Than those between mere foreigners :  
 And man himself, with wine possess'd,  
 More savage than the wildest beast.  
 For serpents, when they meet to water,  
 Lay by their poison and their nature ;  
 And fiercest creatures, that repair,  
 In thirsty deserts, to their rare  
 And distant rivers' banks, to drink,  
 In love and close alliance link,  
 And, from their mixture of strange seeds,  
 Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,  
 To whom the fiercer unicorn  
 Begins a large health with his horn ;  
 As cuckolds put their antidotes  
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots :

While man, with raging drink inflam'd,  
 Is far more savage and untam'd ;  
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense  
 With barb'rousness and insolence ;  
 Believes himself, the less he's able,  
 The more heroic and formidable ;  
 Lays by his reason in his bowls,  
 As Turks are said to do their souls,  
 Until it has so often been  
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,  
 At length it never can attain  
 To find the right way back again ;  
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes  
 The end of 's life as viguerous  
 Cut short the branches of a vine,  
 To make it bear more plenty o' wine ;  
 And that which Nature did intend  
 T' enlarge his life perverts t' its end.  
 So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on  
 The mountain's top, his lofty haven,  
 And all the passengers he bore  
 Were on the new world set ashore,  
 He made it next his chief design  
 To plant and propagate a vine,  
 Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd  
 Far greater numbers, on dry ground,  
 Of wretched mankind, one by one,  
 Than all the flood before had done.

S A T I R E

U P O N M A R R I A G E

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,  
 As when to matrimony' men were committed,  
 Like thieves by justices, and to a wife  
 Bound, like to good behaviour, during life :  
 For then 'twas but a civil contract made  
 Between two partners that set up a trade ;  
 And if both fail'd there was no conscience  
 Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense ;  
 No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke  
 When men did free their gall'd necks from the  
 yoke  
 But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,  
 Might have it taken off, and take their rests,  
 Without b'ing bound in duty to shew cause,  
 Or reckon with divine or human laws.  
 For since, what use of matrimony' has been  
 But to make gallantry a greater sin ?

As if there were no appetite nor gust,  
 Below adultery, in modish lust ;  
 Or no debauchery were exquisite,  
 Until it has attain'd its perfect height.  
 For men do now take wives to nobler ends,  
 Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,  
 Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate  
 As these endearing offices of late.  
 For men are now grown wise, and understand  
 How to improve their crimes, as well as land ;  
 And if they've issue, make the infants pay  
 Down for their own begetting on the day,  
 The charges of the gossiping disburse,  
 And pay beforehand (e'er they are born) the nurse ;  
 As he that got a monster on a cow,  
 Out of design of setting up a shew.

For why should not the brats for all account,  
As well as for the christ'ning at the fount,  
When those that stand for them lay down the rate  
O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?

The ancient Romans made the state allow  
For getting all men's children above two:  
Then marry'd men, to propagate the breed,  
Had great rewards for what they never did,  
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,  
For owning what their friends were fain to do;  
For so they 'ad children, they regarded not  
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.  
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,  
Was then the civil office of a friend,  
And he that made a scruple in the case  
Was held a miserable wretch and base;  
For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honest  
Return'd 'em to their husbands back agen. [men  
Then for th' encouragment and propagation  
Of such a great concernment to the nation,  
All people were so full of complacence,  
And civil duty to the public sense,  
They had no name t' express a cuckold then,  
But that which signify'd all marry'd men;  
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,  
Unless among the dirty populace,  
And no man understands on what account  
Less civil nations after hit upon 't;  
For to be known a cuckold can be no  
Dishonour but to him that thinks it so;  
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,  
His forehead's shot free, and he's ne'er the worse:  
For horns (like horny callouses) are found  
To grow on skulls that have receiv'd a wound  
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on those  
That are invulnerable and free from blows.  
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,  
When they were held the worthiest of men,  
'The real fathers of the commonwealth,  
'That planted colonies in Rome itself?  
When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot  
Most Romans, was th' noblest patriot?  
For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death  
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,  
He that more gallantly got three or four,  
In reason must deserve a great deal more.  
Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,  
That civiliz'd the world they'd overcome,

And taught it laws and learning, found this way  
The best to save their empire from decay.  
Why should not these that borrow all the worth  
They have from them not take this lesson forth,  
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money  
By prudent managing of matrimony?  
For if 'tis honourable by all confest,  
Adult'ry must be worshipful at least,  
And these times great, when private men are come  
Up to the height and politic of Rome.  
All by-blows were not only treeborn then,  
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;  
Had equal right and privilege with these  
That claim by title right of the four seas:  
For being in marriage born, it matters not  
After what liturgy they were begot;  
And if there be a difference, they have  
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,  
By b'ing engender'd with more life and force  
Than those begotten the dull way of course.

The Chinese place all piety and zeal  
In serving with their wives the commonweal;  
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation  
Upon their women's supererogation;  
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind  
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind;  
And those that can produce the most gallants,  
Are held the preciousst of all the saints:  
Wear rosaries about their necks, to con-  
Their exercise of devotion on;  
That serve them for certificates, to shew  
With what vast numbers they have had to do:  
Before they're marry'd, make a conscience  
T' omit no duty of incontinence;  
And she that has been oft'nest prostituted,  
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.  
But when the conq'ring Tartar went about  
To root this orthodox religion out,  
They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,  
Rather than change the ancient purity  
Of that religion which their ancestors  
And they had prosper'd in so many years;  
Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,  
And die their daughters martyrs and their wives  
Before they would commit to great a sin  
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

S A T I R E

UPON PLAGIARIES.

Why shou'd the world be so averse  
To plagiary privateers,  
That all men's sense and fancy seize,  
And make free prize of what they please?  
As if, because they huff and swell,  
Like pilf'ners, full of what they steal,  
Others might equal pow'r assume,  
To pay 'em with as hard a doom;  
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,  
For breaking in to other's grounds;  
Mark 'em with characters and brands,  
Like other forgers of men's hands,  
And in effigy hang and draw  
The poor delinquents by clublaw,  
When no indictment justly lies,  
But where the theft will bear a price.

For though wit never can be learn'd,  
It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,  
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,  
By b'ing transplanted and remov'd,  
And as it bears no certain rate,  
Nor pays one penny to the state,  
With which it turns no more t' account  
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont,  
Is neither moveable, nor rent,  
Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,  
Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,  
Nor settled upon the heirs-male;  
Or if it were, like ill-got land,  
Did never fall to a second hand;  
So 'tis no more to be engross'd,  
Than sunshine or the air enclos'd,  
Or to propriety confin'd,  
Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.

For why should that which Nature meant  
To owe its being to its vent,  
That has no value of its own,  
But as it is divulg'd and known,  
Is perishable and destroy'd,  
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,  
Be scanted of that lib'ral use,  
Which all mankind is free to choose,  
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,  
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?  
And the more lavish and profuse,  
'Tis of the nobler general use;  
As riots, though supply'd by stealth,  
Are wholesome to the commonwealth,  
And men spend freclier what they win  
Than what they've freely coming in.  
The world's as full of curious wit,  
Which those that farther never writ,

As 'tis of bastards, which the sot  
And cuckold owns that ne'er begot;  
Yet pass as well as if the one  
And th' other by-blow were their own.  
For why should he that's impotent  
To judge, and fancy, and invent,  
For that impediment be stopt  
To own, and challenge, and adopt,  
At least th' expos'd and fatherless  
Poor orphans of the pen and press,  
Whose parents are obscure or dead,  
Or in far countries born and bred?  
As none but kings have pow'r to raise  
A levy which the subject pays,  
And though they call that tax a loan,  
Yet when 'tis gather'd, 'tis their own;  
So he that's able to impose  
A wit-excise on verse or prose,  
And still the abler authors are,  
Can make them pay the greater share,  
Is prince of poets of his time,  
And they his vassals that supply him;  
Can judge more justly of what he takes  
Than any of the best he makes,  
And more impartially conceive  
What's fit to choose, and what to leave.  
For men reflect more strictly upon  
The sense of others than their own;  
And wit, that's made of wit and flight,  
Is richer than the plain downright:  
As salt that's made of salt's more fine  
Than when it first came from the brine;  
And spirits of a nobler nature  
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.  
Hence mighty Virgil's said of old,  
From dung to have extracted gold,  
(As many a lout and silly clown  
By his instructions since has done)  
And grew more lofty by that means,  
Than by his livery-oats and beans,  
When from his carts and country farms  
He rose a mighty man at arms,  
To whom th' Heroics ever since  
Have sworn allegiance as their prince,  
And faithfully have in all times  
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.

'Twas counted learning once, and wit,  
To void but what some author writ,  
And what men understood by rote,  
By as implicit sense to quote:  
Then many a magisterial clerk  
Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,

UPON PLAGIARIES.

And understood as much of things  
 As the ablest blackbird what it sings;  
 And yet was honour'd and renown'd  
 For grave, and solid, and profound.  
 Then why shou'd those who pick and choose  
 The best of all the best compose,  
 And join it by Mosaic art,  
 In graceful order, part to part,  
 To make the whole in beauty suit,  
 Not merit as complete repute  
 As those who with less art and pains  
 Can do it with their native brains,  
 And make the homespun bus'ness fit  
 As freely with their mother wit,  
 Since what by Nature was deny'd  
 By art and industry's supply'd,  
 Both which are more our own, and brave  
 Than all the aims that Nature gave?  
 For what w' acquire by pains and art  
 I only due t' our own desert;  
 While all th' endowments she confers  
 Are not so much our own as her's,  
 That, like good fortune, unawares  
 Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,  
 And all we can pretend to merit  
 We do not purchase, but inherit.

Thus all the great'st inventions, when  
 They first were found out, were so mean,  
 That th' authors of them are unknown,  
 As little things they scorn'd to own;  
 Until by men of nobler thought  
 Th' were to their full perfection brought.  
 This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,  
 Leaves Art to polish and review,  
 And that a wit at second-hand  
 Has greatest int'rest and command;  
 For to improve, dispose, and judge,  
 Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.  
 Invention's humorous and nice  
 And never at command applies;  
 Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,  
 Unless it chance to b' in the fit;

(Like prophecy, that can presage  
 Successes of the latest age,  
 Yet is not able to tell when  
 It next shall prophesy agen)  
 Makes all her suitors course and wait,  
 Like a proud minister of state,  
 And, when she's serious, in some freak,  
 Extravagant and vain, and weak,  
 Attend her silly lazy pleasure,  
 Until she chance to be at leisure;  
 When 'tis more easy to steal wit,  
 To clip and forge, and counterfeit,  
 Is both the bus'ness and delight,  
 Like hunting-sports, of those that write;  
 For thievery is but one sort,  
 The learned say, of hunting sport.

Hence 'tis that some, who set up first  
 As raw, and wretched, and unvers'd,  
 And open'd with a stock as poor  
 As a healthy beggar with one sore;  
 That never wrote in prose or verse,  
 But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,  
 And at the best could but commit  
 The petty larceny of wit,  
 To whom to write was to purloin,  
 And printing but to stamp false coin;  
 Yet after long and sturdy' endeavours  
 Of being painful wit-receivers,  
 With gath'ring rage and scraps of wit,  
 As paper's made on which 'tis writ,  
 Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd  
 The right - or wrong to be admir'd,  
 And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd  
 The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd.  
 For as a banker can dispose  
 Of greater sums he only owes,  
 Than he who honestly is known  
 To deal in nothing but his own,  
 So whosoe'er can take up most,  
 May greatest fame and credit boast.

S A T I R E,

IN TWO PARTS,

Upon the Imperfection and Abuse of

H U M A N L E A R N I N G.

P A R T I.

It is the noblest act of human reason  
To free itself from slavish prepossession,  
Assume the legal right to disengage  
From all it had contracted under age,  
And not its ingenuity and wit  
To all it was imbu'd with first submit;  
Take true or false for better or for worse,  
To have or t' hold indifferently of course.

For custom, though but usher of the school  
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,  
Usurps a greater pow'r and interest  
O'er man, the heir of reason, than brute beast,  
That by two different instincts is led,  
Born to the one, and to the other bred,  
And trains him up with rudiments more false  
Than Nature does her stupid animals;  
And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd  
Upon the body than the soul's allow'd,  
That is not found to understand and know  
So subtly as the body's found to grow.

Though children, without study, pains or thought,  
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,  
Improve their nat'ral talents without care,  
And apprehend before they are aware,  
Yet as all strangers never leave the tones  
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,  
So most men's reason never can outgrow  
The discipline it first receiv'd to know,  
But renders words they first began to con,  
The end of all that's after to be known,  
And sets the help of education back,  
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;  
Who, therefore, finds the artificial't fools  
Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle, but the schools,  
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,  
Run them behind hand with their education,  
And all alike are taught poetic rage,  
While hardly one's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain  
Quick to receive, and stedfast to retain  
Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon  
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,  
To make confounded languages restore  
A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before;

And therefore those imported from the East  
Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,  
Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks  
'Thangifted tradesmen scratch in sermon notebooks  
Are really but pains and labour lost,  
And not worth half the drudgery they cost,  
Unless, like rarities, as they've been brought  
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,  
When those who had no other but their own,  
Have all succeeding eloquence undone;  
As men that wink with one eye see more true,  
And take their aim much better than with two;  
For the more languages a man can speak,  
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;  
And, for th' industry he has spent upon't,  
Must full as much some other way discount.  
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,  
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,  
And turns their wits that strive to understand it,  
(Like those that write the characters) left-handed  
Yet he that is but able to express  
No sense at all in several languages,  
Will pass for learned than he that's known  
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,  
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,  
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,  
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;  
Or Romish penitents let out their skins,  
To bear the penalties of others' sins,  
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,  
And only us'd to pass the time away,  
When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no nam  
T' express a school and playhouse but the same,  
And in their languages, so long ago,  
To study or be idle was all one;  
For nothing more preserves men in their wits  
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,  
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,  
And waking, little less extravagances,  
To rest and recreation of tir'd thought,  
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,  
Of which whoever does not freely take  
His constant share, is never broad awake,

And when he wants an equal competence  
 Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.  
 Nor is their education worse design'd  
 Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind :  
 The greatest inclinations with the least  
 Capacities are fatally possess'd,  
 Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,  
 Without an equal competence of brains ;  
 While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,  
 Are most averse to industry and study,  
 And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,  
 For want of equal weight to counterpoise.  
 But when those great conveniencies meet,  
 Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,  
 The one but strives the other to divert,  
 While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,  
 And scholars by prepost'rous overdoing,  
 And under-judging, all their projects ruin ;  
 Who, though the understanding of mankind  
 Within so strait a compass is confin'd,  
 Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound  
 The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.  
 The bravest soldiers scorn, until they're got  
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot ;  
 Yet great philosophers delight to stretch  
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,  
 And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause  
 That Nature uses, by their own by-laws ;  
 When 'tis not only impertinent, but rude  
 Where she denies admission, to intrude ;  
 And all their industry is but to err,  
 Unless they have free quarantine from her ;  
 Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,  
 By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.  
 For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,  
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,  
 And ever since that miserable fate  
 Learning did never cost an easier rate ;  
 For though the most divine and sov'reign good  
 That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,  
 Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance  
 To th' interest of truth than ignorance,  
 And therefore never bore so high a value  
 As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow ;  
 Had academies, schools, and colleges,  
 Endow'd for it's improvement and increase ;  
 With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,  
 More than a Roman magistrate had fasces ;  
 Empower'd with statute, privilege and mandate,  
 T' assume an art, and after understand it ;  
 Like bills of store for taking a degree,  
 With all the learning to it custom-free ;

And own professions which they never took  
 So much delight in as to read one book :  
 Like princes, had prerogative to give  
 Convicted malefactors a reprieve ;  
 And having but a little paltry wit  
 More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,  
 But scorn'd as soon as 'twas but understood,  
 As better is a spiteful foe to good  
 And now has nothing left for its support  
 But what the darkest times provided for 't.  
 Man has a natural desire to know,  
 But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other shew :  
 As scriv'ners take more pains to learn the flight  
 Of making knots than all the hands they write :  
 So all his study is not to extend  
 The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end ;  
 T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim  
 Will hardly reach beyond the empty name :  
 For most of those that drudge and labour hard,  
 Furnish their understandings by the yard,  
 As a French library by the whole is,  
 So much an ell for quartos and for folios ;  
 To which they are but indexes themselves,  
 And understand no further than the shelves ;  
 But smatter with their titles and editions,  
 And place them in their Classical partitions ;  
 When all a student knows of what he reads  
 Is not in's own, but under general heads  
 Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,  
 But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore ;  
 Where all he can make of it, at the best,  
 Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest ;  
 And whether he will ever get it out  
 Into his own possession is a doubt :  
 Affects all books of past and modern ages,  
 But reads no further than the title-pages,  
 Only to con the authors' names by rote,  
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote  
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance  
 With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.  
 As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,  
 And compliment the rabble in the street,  
 Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim  
 Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,  
 And by so mean contemptible a bribe  
 Trapann'd the suffrages of ev'ry tribe ;  
 So learned men, by authors' names unknown,  
 Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,  
 And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others  
 That has the largest catalogue of authors,

## F R A G M E N T S \*

OF AN INTENDED

## S E C O N D P A R T

OF THE FOREGOING

## S A T I R E.

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,  
 The further they're beyond their just extent ;  
 As smatt'ers prove more arrogant and pert,  
 The less they truly understand an art ;  
 And, where they've least capacity to doubt,  
 Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout ;  
 While those that know the mathematic lines  
 Where Nature all the wit of man confines  
 And when it keeps within its bounds, and where  
 It acts beyond the limits of its sphere,  
 Enjoy an absolute free command  
 O'er all they have a right to understand,  
 Than those that falsely venture to encroach  
 Where Nature has deny'd them all approach ;  
 And still the more they strive to understand,  
 Like great estates, run furthest behindhand ;  
 Will undertake the universe to fathom,  
 From infinite down to a single atom ;  
 Without a geometric instrument,  
 To take their own capacity's extent ;  
 Can tell as easy how the world was made,  
 As if they had been brought up to the trade,  
 And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,  
 Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature ;  
 When all their wits to understand the world  
 Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,  
 Or give a rational account why fish,  
 That always use to drink, do never piss.

WHAT mad fanatastic gambols have been play'd  
 By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,  
 That were not much inferior to the freaks  
 Of all our lunatic fanatic sects ?  
 The first and best philosopher of Athens  
 Was crack'd, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,  
 And had no other way to shew his wit  
 But when his wife was in her scolding fit ;  
 Was after in the Pagan inquisition,  
 And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.

\* The *Fragment*s were fairly wrote out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form.

Next him, his scholar striving to expel  
 All poets his poetic commonweal,  
 Exil'd himself, and all his followers,  
 Notorious poets, only bating verse.  
 The Stagyrite, unable to expound  
 The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd ;  
 So he that put his eyes out, to consider  
 And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,  
 Did but himself for idiot convince,  
 Though rev'renc'd by the learned ever since.  
 Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,  
 Leapt into *Ætna*, with his sandals shod,  
 That b'ing blown out, discover'd what an ass  
 The great philosopher and juggler was,  
 That to his own new deity sacrific'd,  
 And was himself the victim and the priest.  
 The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear  
 Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher ;  
 Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find  
 One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind ;  
 An idle freak he needed not have done  
 If he had known himself to be but one,  
 With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,  
 The learned of all ages celebrate  
 Things that are properer for Knightsbridge colleges  
 Than th' authors and originals of knowledge ;  
 More sottish than the two fanatics, trying  
 To mend the word by laughing, or by crying ;  
 Or he that laugh'd until he choak'd his whistle,  
 To rally on an ass that eat a thistle ;  
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose  
 A fitter mistress could not pick and choose,  
 Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,  
 Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd  
 What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd ;  
 For when th' affirm'd that nothing's to be known,  
 They did but what they said before disown ;  
 And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce  
 The same thing to be true and false at once.  
 These follies had such influence on the rabble,  
 As to engage them in perpetual squabble ;

Divided Rome and Athens into clans  
 Of ignorant mechanic partisans;  
 That, to maintain their own hypotheses,  
 Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace;  
 Were often set by officers i' th' flocks  
 For quarrelling about a paradox:  
 When pudding-wives were lanch'd in cockquean  
 For falling foul on oysterwomen's schools, (stools,  
 No herb-woman sold cabbages or onions,  
 But to their gossips of their own opinions,  
 A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to foal  
 A pair of shoes of any other school;  
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,  
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;  
 That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists,  
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,  
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth  
 Of academics, to maintain the truth.  
 But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic  
 And Epicureans were the most heroic,  
 That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,  
 To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,  
 And still behav'd themselves as resolute  
 In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute,  
 Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,  
 Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;  
 When all their quarrels, rightly understood,  
 Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd  
 To regulate the errors of the mind,  
 By bring too nicely overstrain'd and vext,  
 Have made the comment harder than the text,  
 And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,  
 But break the bones in pieces of a point,  
 And with impertinent evasions force  
 The clearest reason from its native course—  
 That argue things s' uncertain, 'tis no matter  
 Whether they are, or never were in nature;  
 And venture to demonstrate, when they've flurr'd,  
 And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.  
 For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence;  
 With blund foils) engage with blunted sense;  
 And as they're wont to falsify a blow,  
 Use nothing else to pass upon the foe,  
 Or, if they venture further to attack,  
 Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack;  
 And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,  
 Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' quest'on,  
 The noblest science of defence and art  
 In practice now with all that controvert,  
 And th' only mode of prizes from Bear-garden  
 Down to the schools, in giving blows or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought  
 As safe as in a castle or redoubt  
 Gave one another desperate attacks,  
 To storm the counterescapes upon their backs;  
 So disputants advance, and post their arms,  
 To storm the works of one another's terms;  
 Fall foul on some extravagant expression,  
 But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—  
 So some polemics use to draw their swords  
 Against the language only and the words;

As he who fought at barriers with Salmastus,  
 Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,  
 Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,  
 The author of false Latin to convince;  
 But laid the merits of the cause aside,  
 By those that understood them to be try'd;  
 And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing  
 More capital than to behead a king,  
 For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd  
 Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,  
 That turns with the hundredth part of true or false,  
 And still the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate  
 The subtlety and niceness of its weight,  
 Until 'tis false, and will not rise, nor fall,  
 Like those that are less artificial;  
 And therefore students, in their ways of judging,  
 Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,  
 And by their over understanding lose  
 Its active faculty with too much use;  
 For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,  
 Is but the next of all remov'd from none—

It is Opinion governs all mankind,  
 As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:  
 For as those surnames are esteem'd the best  
 That signify in all things else the least,  
 So men pass fairest in the world's opinion  
 That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.  
 Truth would undo the world, if it possess  
 The meanest of its right and interest;  
 Is but a tit'lar princess, whose authority  
 Is always under age, and in minority;  
 Has all things done and carry'd in its name,  
 But most of all where it can lay no claim;  
 As far from gaiety and complaisance,  
 As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;  
 And therefore has surrend'rd her dominion  
 O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,  
 That in her right usurps the tyrannies  
 And arbitrary government of lies—

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,  
 Or come most near to breaking of a neck,  
 Are worth the fight, so nothing goes for wit  
 But nonsense, or the next of all to it:  
 For nonsense being neither false nor true,  
 A little wit to any thing may screw;  
 And, when it has a while been us'd, of course  
 Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r and force,  
 And pass for sense t' all purposes as good:  
 As if it had at first been understood:  
 For nonsense has the amplest privileges,  
 And more than all the strongest sense obliges,  
 That furnishes the schools with terms of art,  
 The mysteries of science to impart;  
 Supplies all seminaries with recruits  
 Of endless controversies and disputes;  
 For learned nonsense has a deeper found  
 Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile  
 At charge of nothing but the words and style,  
 And the most curious critics or the learned  
 Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;

For as it is the garniture and drefs  
That all things wear in books and languages,  
(And all men's qualities are wont t' appear  
According to the habits that they wear)  
'Tis probable to be the trueft test  
Of all the ingenuity o' th' reft.

The lives of trees lie only in the barks,  
And in their ftyles the wit of greateft clerks;  
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians  
Went to the fchools of foreign rhetoricians,  
To learn the art of patrons, in defence  
Of int'reft and their clients' eloquence;  
When confuls, cenfors, fenators and prætors,  
With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,  
To hear the greater magiftrate o' th' fchool  
Give fentence in his haughty chair-curule,  
And thofe who mighty nations overcame,  
Were fain to fay their lessons, and declame,

Words are but pictures, true or falfe design'd,  
To draw the lines and features of the mind;  
The characters and artificial draughts,  
T' exprefs the inward images of thoughts;  
And artifts fay a picture may be good,  
Although the moral be not underftood;  
Whence fome infer they may admire a ftyle,  
Though all the reft be e'er fo mean and vile;  
Applaud th' outfides of words, but never mind  
With what fantaftic tawdry they are lin'd.

So orators, enchanted with the twang  
Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue;  
Whofe fcience, like a juggler's box and balls,  
Conveys and counterchanges true and falfe;  
Casts mifts before an audience's eyes,  
To pafs the one for th' other in difguife;  
And, like a morrice dancer drefs'd with bells,  
Only to ferve for noife and nothing elfe,  
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,  
And hangs for pendants in a horfe's ear;  
For if the language will but bear the teft,  
No matter what becomes of all the reft;  
The ableft orator, to fave a word,  
Would thruw all fenfe and reafon overboard.  
Hence 'tis that nothing elfe but eloquence  
Is ty'd to fuch a prodigal expence;  
That lays out half the wit and fenfe it ufes  
Upon the other half's as vain excuses;  
For all defences and apologies  
Are but fpecifics t' other frauds and lies;  
And th' artificial wafh of eloquence  
Is daub'd in vain upon the cleareft fenfe,  
Only to ftain the native ingenuity  
Of equal brevity and perfpicuity,  
Whilst all the beft and fob'reft things he does,  
Are when he coughs, or fpirts, or blows his nofe;  
Handles no point fo evident and clear  
(Belides his white gloves) as his handkercher,  
Unfous the nicelt fcruple fo diftinct,  
As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't  
Unthriftily, and now he went about  
Hence forward to improve and put it out.

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that fojourn  
Among the ancient writers and the modern;  
And while their ftudies are between the one  
And th' other fpend, have nothing of their own

Like fponges, are both plants and animals,  
And equally to both their natures falfe:  
For whether 'tis their want of converfation  
Inclines them to all forts of affectation,  
Their fedentary life and melancholy,  
The everlafting nursery of folly;  
Their poring upon black and white too fubtly  
Has turn'd the infides of their brains to motley;  
Or fquand'ring of their wits and time upon  
Too many things, has made them fit for none;  
Their constant overftaining of the mind  
Distorts the brain, as horfes break their wind;  
Or rude confufions of the things they read  
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,  
Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,  
And changes, in the infides of their skulls;  
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit  
Has render'd them for all things elfe unfit;  
But never bring the world and books together,  
And therefore never rightly judge of either;  
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics  
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,  
And by th' immoderate excefs of ftudy  
Have found the fickly head t' outgrow the body.

For pedantry is but a corn or wart,  
Bred in the fkin of judgment, fenfe, and art,  
A ftupify'd excrcfcence, like a wen,  
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,  
That never grows from natural defects  
Of downright and untutor'd intellects  
But from the over-curious and vain  
Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he that once flood for the learned'ft man,  
Had read out little Britain and Duck Lane,  
Worn out his reafon, and reduc'd his body  
And brain to nothing with perpetual ftudy;  
Kept tutors of all forts, and virtuofts,  
To read all authors to him with their gloffes,  
And made his lacques, when he walk'd, bear folios  
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and fcholias,  
To be read to him every way the wind,  
Should chance to fit before him or behind;  
Had read out all th' imaginary duels  
That had been fought by confonants and vowels;  
Had crackt his fkuil, to find out proper places  
To lay up all memoirs of things in cafes;  
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,  
To play with packs of fcience and arts,  
That ferve t' improve a feeble gamefter's ftudy,  
That ventures at grammatic beaft or noddy;  
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,  
That come in dry fats o'er from Francfort fairs,  
Whofe authors ufe t' articulate their furrnames  
With scraps of Greck more learned than the Ger-  
mans;

Was wont to fcatter books in ev'ry room,  
Where they might beft be feen by all that come,  
And lay a train that nat'rally fould force  
What he defign'd, as if it fell of courfe;  
And all this with a worfe fucces than Cardan,  
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain;  
When lighting on a philofophic fpell,  
Of which he never knew one fyllable,  
Presto, begone, h' unriddled all he read,  
As if he had to nothing elfe been bred.

U P O N A N

## HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A P I N D A R I C O D E.

I.

THERE 's nothing so absurd, or vain,  
Or barbarous, or inhumane,  
But if it lay the least pretence  
'To piety and godliness,  
Or tender-hearted conscience,  
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,  
Does sacred instantly commence,  
And all that dare but question it, are strait  
Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate;  
As malefactors, that escape and fly  
Into a sanctuary for defence,  
Must not be brought to justice thence,  
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high,  
And he that dares presume to do 't,  
Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up  
To Satan, that engag'd him to 't,  
For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop  
To his immunities and free affairs,  
Or meddle fancily with theirs  
That are employ'd by him, while he and they  
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore  
Did their own handyworks adore,  
And made their stone and timber deities,  
Their temples and their altars, of one piece,  
'The same outgoings seem t' inspire  
Our modern fellwill'd Edifier,  
That out of things as far from sense, and more,  
Contrives new light and revelation,  
The creatures of th' imagination,  
To worship and fall down before,  
Of which his crack'd delusions draw  
As monstrous images and rude,  
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,  
Or madman in a vision saw;  
Mistakes the feeble impotence  
And vain delusions of his mind,  
For spiritual gifts and offerings  
Which Heav'n, to present him, brings;  
And still the further 'tis from sense,  
Believes it is the more resin'd,  
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But as all tricks whose principles  
Are false, prove false in all things else,  
The dull and heavy hypocrite  
Is but in pension with his conscience,  
That pays him for maintaining it  
With zealous rage and impudence,  
And as the one grows obstinate,  
So does the other rich and fat;  
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations  
Like spiritual foundations,  
Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd  
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,  
But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,  
Than others are by unjust governors;  
For like our modern publicans  
He still puts out all dues  
He owes to Heav'n to the dev'l to use,  
And makes his godly interest great gains;  
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit  
The spirit in him) contribute,  
And, to repair and edify his spent  
And broken winded outward man, present  
For painful holding forth against the government.

IV.

The subtle spider never spins  
But on dark days his slimy gins;  
Nor does our engineer much care to plant  
His spiritual machines,  
Unless among the weak and ignorant,  
Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,  
The vain, the factious, and the slight,  
That in their zeal are most extravagant;  
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;  
And still the muddier he finds their brains,  
The more he 's sought and follow'd after,  
And greater ministrations gains;  
For talking idly is admir'd,  
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;  
And still the flatter and more dull  
His gifts appear, is held more pow'rful;  
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,  
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;

And dullest nonsense has been found,  
By some to be the solid'st and the most profound.

v.

A great Apostle once was said  
With too much learning to be mad;  
But our great saint becomes distract,  
And only with too little crackt;  
Cries moral truths and human learning down,  
And will endure no reason but his own:  
For 'tis a drudgery and task  
Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,  
To answer all men can object or ask;  
But to be found impregnable,  
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,  
In spite of shame or reason resolute,  
Is braver than to argue and confute:  
As he that can draw blood, they say,  
From witches, takes their magic pow'r away,  
So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,  
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:  
For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd  
And shameful as to be asham'd,  
He never can be attack'd,  
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,  
Among the weak and prepossess'd,  
Has often Truth with all her kingly pow'r oppress'd.

vi.

It is the nature of late zeal,  
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,  
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,  
But where there's something to be gain'd;  
And that by b'ing once reveal'd, defies  
The law, with all its penalties,  
And is convinc'd no pale  
O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail:  
For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,  
So he has found are all restraints  
To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;  
For the same thing enriches that confines;  
And like to Lully, when he was in hold,  
He turns his baser metals into gold;  
Receives returning and retiring fees  
For holding forth, and holding of his peace,  
And takes a pension to be advocate  
And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state  
For gall'd and tender consciences;  
Commits himself to prison to trepan,  
Draw in, and spirit all he can;  
For birds in cages have a call  
To draw the wildest into nets,  
More prevalent and natural  
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

vii.

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks  
Than all the juggling empirics,  
And ev'ry one another contradicts;  
All laws of heav'n and earth can break,  
And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,  
And yet is so infirm and weak,  
'Twill not endure the gentlest check,  
But at the slightest nicety grows queasy;  
Disdains control, and yet can be  
Nowhere, but in a prison, free;  
Can force itself, in spite of God,

Who makes it free as thought at home,  
A slave and villain to become,  
To serve its interests abroad;  
And though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning  
At tithing mint and cummin,  
No dull idolater was e'er so flat  
In things of deep and solid weight;  
Pretends to charity and holiness,  
But is implacable to peace,  
And out of tenderness grows obstinate.  
And though the zeal of God's house ate a prince  
And prophet up (he says) long since,  
His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal  
Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

viii.

He does not pray, but prosecute,  
As if he went to law, his suite;  
Summons his Maker to appear  
And answer what he shall prefer;  
Returns him back his gift of pray'r,  
Not to petition, but declare;  
Exhibits cross complaints  
Against him for the breach of Covenants,  
And all the charters of the Saints;  
Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands  
Upon high terms and bold demands;  
Excepts against him and his laws,  
And will be judge himself in his own cause;  
And grows more faucy and severe  
Than th' Heath'n emp'ror was to Jupiter,  
That us'd to wrangle with him and dispute,  
And sometimes would speak softly in his ear,  
And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,  
And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

ix.

But when his painful gifts h' employs  
In holding forth, the virtue lies  
Not in the letter of the sense,  
But in the spiritual vehemence,  
The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,  
The zealous pangs and agonies,  
And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;  
The groans with which he piously destroys,  
And drowns the nonsense in the noise;  
And grows so loud, as if he meant to force  
And take in heav'n by violence;  
To fright the Saints into salvation,  
Or scare the dev'l from temptation;  
Until he falls so low and hoarse,  
No kind of carnal sense  
Can be made out of what he means:  
But as the ancient Pagans were precise  
To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice,  
He still conforms to them, and has a care  
T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

x.

The ancient churches, and the best,  
By their own martyrs' blood increas't;  
But he has found out a new way,  
To do it with the blood of those  
That dare his church's growth oppose,  
Or her imperious canons disobey,  
And strives to carry on the Work,  
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,

## UPON AN HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

With holy rage, and edifying war,  
 More safe and pow'rful ways by far,  
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,  
 Was the first great Reformer, and the chief  
 Of th' ancient Christian belief,  
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,  
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,  
 And apostolic superstitions,  
 To be held forth and carry'd on by war;  
 And his successor was a Presbyter,  
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For as a Turk that is to act some crime  
 Against his Prophet's holy law  
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,  
 And leave his body for a time;  
 So when some horrid action's to be done,  
 Our Turkish profelyte puts on  
 Another spirit, and lays by his own;  
 And when his overheated brain  
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,  
 He's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held  
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd.  
 The one believes all madmen to be fairs,  
 Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,  
 And yet in madness all devotion plants,  
 And where he differs most concurs;  
 Both equally exact and just  
 In perjury and breach of trust;

So like in all things, that one Brother  
 Is but a counterpart of th' other;  
 And both unanimously damn  
 And hate (like two that play one game)  
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

XII.

Both equally design to raise  
 Their churches by the self-same ways;  
 With war and ruin to assert  
 Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert;  
 To preach the gospel with a drum,  
 And for convincing overcome;  
 And though in worshipping of God all blood  
 Was by his own laws disallow'd,  
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good,  
 And both to propagate the breed  
 Of their own Saints one way proceed;  
 For lust and rapes in war repair as fast  
 As fury and destruction waste:  
 Both equally allow all crimes  
 As lawful means to propagate a sect;  
 For laws in war can be of no effect,  
 And license does more good in gospel times.  
 Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been  
 The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;  
 For when Religion does recede  
 From her own nature, nothing but a breed  
 Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

## UPON MODERN CRITICS.

## A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'Tis well that equal Heav'n has plac'd  
 Those joys above that to reward  
 The just and virtuous are prepar'd,  
 Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;  
 Else men would rather venture to possess  
 By force, than earn their happiness;  
 And only take the dev'l's advice,  
 As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,  
 Though at th' expence of Paradise:  
 For, as some say, to fight is but a base  
 Mechanic handywork, and far below  
 A gen'rous spirit t' undergo;  
 So 'tis to take the pains to know,  
 Which some, with only confidence and face,  
 More easily and ably do;  
 For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,  
 Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.

Who would not rather make himself a judge,  
 And boldly usurp the chair,  
 Than with dull industry and care  
 Endure to study, think, and drudge,  
 For that which he much sooner may advance  
 With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

II.

For all men challenge, though in spite  
 Of Nature and their stars, a right  
 To censure, judge and know,  
 Though she can only order who  
 Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise:  
 Then why should those whom she denies  
 Her favour and good graces too,  
 Not strive to take opinion by surprize,  
 And ravish what it were in vain to woo?  
 For he that desprately assumes

The censure of all wits and arts,  
 Though without judgment, skill and parts,  
 Only to startle and amuse,  
 And mask his ignorance (as Indians use  
 With gaudy-colour'd plumes  
 Their homely nether parts t' adorn)  
 Can never fail to captive some  
 That will submit to his oraculous doom,  
 And rev'rence what they ought to scorn,  
 Admire his sturdy confidence  
 For solid judgment and deep sense;  
 And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,  
 Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

III.

Two self-admirers, that combine  
 Against the world, may pass a fine  
 Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,  
 And settle it as they think fit  
 On one another like the choice  
 Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice:  
 For those fine pageants which some raise,  
 Of false and disproportion'd praise,  
 T' enable whom they please t' appear,  
 And pass for what they never were,  
 In private only b'ing but nam'd,  
 Their modesty must be asham'd,  
 And not endure to hear,  
 And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,  
 And own'd in public every where:  
 So vain some authors are to boast  
 Their want of ingenuity, and club  
 Their affidavit wits, to dub  
 Each other but a Knight o' the Post,  
 As false as suborn'd perjurers,  
 That vouch away all right they have to their own ears.

IV.

But when all other courses fail,  
 There is one easy artifice  
 That seldom has been known to miss,  
 To cry all mankind down, and rail:  
 For he whom all men do contemn,  
 May be allow'd to rail again at them,  
 And in his own defence  
 To outface reason, wit and sense,  
 And all that makes against himself condemn  
 To snarl at all things right or wrong,  
 Like a mad dog, that has a worm in his tongue;

3

Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,  
 T' its first original the devil;  
 And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,  
 To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ;  
 Though to perform his task as dull  
 As if he had a loadstone in his skull,  
 And could produce a greater stock  
 Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

V.

The feeblest vermine can destroy  
 As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,  
 And only with their eyes and breath  
 Infect and poison men to death;  
 But that more impotent buffoon  
 That makes it both his bus'ness and his sport  
 To rail at all, is but a drone  
 That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt:  
 Enjoys a kind of litchery in spite, [light;  
 Like o'ergrown sinners that in whipping take de;  
 Invades the reputation of all those  
 That have, or have it not to lose;  
 And if he chance to make a difference,  
 'Tis always in the wrongest sense:  
 As rooking gamesters never lay  
 Upon those hands that use fair play,  
 But venture all their bets  
 Upon the flurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.]

VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less  
 Than all the world beside,  
 Falls sick of other men's excess,  
 Is humbled only at their pride,  
 And wretched at their happiness;  
 Revenges on himself the wrong  
 Which his vain malice and loose tongue  
 To those that feel it not have done,  
 And whips and spurs himself because he is outgone;  
 Makes idle characters and tales,  
 As counterfeit, unlike, and false,  
 As witches' pictures are of wax and clay  
 To those whom they would in effigy slay.  
 And as the devil, that has no shape of his own,  
 Affects to put the ugliest on,  
 And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone;  
 So he that's worse than nothing strives t' appear  
 I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,  
 To fright the weak, but when men dare  
 Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE  
**MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.**

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead  
 Is as impertinent and vain,  
 As 'twas of old to call them back again,  
 Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,  
 With settlements for after-lives :  
 For all that can be done or said,  
 Though e'er so noble, great and good,  
 By them is neither heard nor understood.  
 All our fine flights and tricks of art,  
 First to create, and then adore desert,  
 And those romances which we frame,  
 To raise ourselves, not them, a name,  
 In vain are stuf't with ranting flatteries,  
 And such as, if they knew, they would despise.  
 For as those times the Golden Age we call,  
 In which there was no gold in use at all,  
 So we plant glory and renown  
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,  
 But to worse purpose, many times,  
 To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,  
 And cheat the world, that never seems to mind  
 How good or bad men die, but what they leave  
 behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name  
 Can never be worn out by Fame,  
 That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind  
 A great example to mankind,  
 That fell a public sacrifice,  
 From ruin to preserve those few  
 Who, though born false, may be made true,  
 And teach the world to be more just and wise,  
 Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest  
 Unmention'd in his silent chest,  
 Not for his own, but public interest.  
 He, like a pious man, some years before  
 Th' arrival of his fatal hour,  
 Made ev'ry day he had to live  
 To his last minute a preparative ;  
 Taught the wild Arabs on the road  
 To act in a more genteel mode ;  
 Take prizes more obligingly than those  
 Who never had been bred *filous* ;  
 And how to hang in a more graceful fashion  
 Than e'er was known before to the dull English  
 nation.

III

In France, the staple of new modes,  
 Where garbs and miens are current goods,  
 That serves the ruder northern nations  
 With methods of address and treat,  
 Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,  
 And how to drink, and how to eat  
 No out-of-fashion wine or meat  
 To understand cravats and plumes,  
 And the most modish from the old perfumes :  
 To know the age and pedigrees  
 Of points of Flanders or Venice ;  
 Cast their nativities, and, to a day,  
 Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay ;  
 To affect the purest negligences  
 In gestures, gaits, and miens,  
 And speak by *repartee-rotines*  
 Out of the most authentic of romances,  
 And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,  
 What ribands, all the year, are in or out of season.

IV.

In this great academy of mankind  
 He had his birth and education,  
 Where all men are so ingeniously inclin'd,  
 They understand by imitation,  
 Improve untaught, before they are aware,  
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,  
 That naturally does dispense  
 To all a deep and solid confidence ;  
 A virtue of that precious use,  
 That he whom bounteous Heav'n endues  
 But with a moderate share of it,  
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,  
 In all the deep Hermetic arts ;  
 (For so of late the learned call  
 All tricks, if strange and mystical.)  
 He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,  
 And with his magic rod could sound  
 Where hidden treasure might be found :  
 He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon  
 Whatever happen'd in his way  
 As lawful west and stray,  
 And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew  
 To nobler feats, and try'd his force

Upon whole troops of foot and horse,  
Whom he as bravely did subdue;  
Declar'd all caravans that go  
Upon the king's highway the foe;  
Made many desperate attacks  
Upon itinerant brigades  
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,  
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;  
Made 'em lay down their arms, and yield,  
And, to the smallest piece, restore  
All that by cheating they had gain'd before,  
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.  
In every bold affair of war  
He had the chief command, and led them on;  
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care  
Of others' lives, until he 'as made it known  
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

## VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt fun and fun,  
Have by his conqu'ring sword been won;  
And mighty sums of money laid,  
For ransom, upon every man,  
And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.  
Th' excise and chimney-publican,  
The Jew forestaller and enhancer,  
To him for all their crimes did answer.  
He vanquish'd the most fierce, and fell,  
Of all his foes, the Constable;  
And oft had beat his quarters up,  
And routed him and all his troop.  
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,  
That in his own allow'd highway  
Does feats of arms as great as his,  
And when they' encounter in it wins the day:  
Safe in his garrison, the Court,  
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for't,  
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,  
But as the Scotchman did a Tartar,  
That he, in time to come,  
Might, in return, from him receive his fatal doom.

## VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,  
And brought its haughty spirit down,  
Have cut it off from all relief,  
And like a wise and valiant chief,  
Made many a fierce assault  
Upon all ammunition carts,  
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,  
Or bacon, from remoter parts;  
No convoy e'er so strong with food  
Durst venture on the desp'rate road:  
He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,  
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;  
The savage butcher and stout drover  
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;  
And if he had but kept the field,  
In time had made the city yield;  
For great to towns, like to crocodiles, are found  
I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

## VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd  
In which his stars began to frown,

And had in close cabals contriv'd  
To pull him from his height of glory down,  
And he, by num'rous foes oppress'd,  
Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,  
Secur'd with mighty guards,  
Left be by force or stratagem  
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,  
And break through all their locks, and bolts, and  
wards,  
Had both his legs by charms committed  
To one another's charge,  
That neither might be set at large,  
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.  
As jewels of high value are  
Kept under locks with greater care  
Than those of meaner rates,  
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

## IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts  
To offer up close prisoners their hearts,  
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,  
And made them yield up love and honour too,  
But in more brave heroic ways  
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays;  
For these two spiteful foes, who never meet  
But full of hot contests and piques  
About punctilios and mere tricks,  
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,  
And, far more generous and free,  
In contemplation only of him did agree,  
Both fully satisfy'd; the one  
With those fresh laurels he had won,  
And all the brave renowned feats  
He had perform'd in arms;  
The other with his person and his charms:  
For just as larks are catch'd in nets,  
By gazing on a piece of glass,  
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,  
And smoother polish'd face,  
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprisè.

## X.

Never did bold knight, to believe  
Distress'd dames, such dreadful feats achieve  
As feeble damsels, for his sake,  
Wou'd have been proud to undertake;  
And, bravely, ambitious to redeem  
The world's loss and their own,  
Strove who should have the honour to lay down  
And change a life with him;  
But finding all their hopes in vain  
To move his fix'd determin'd fate,  
Their life itself began to hate,  
As if it were an infamy  
To live when he was doom'd to die;  
Made loud appeals and moans,  
To less hard-hearted grates and stones;  
Came, swell'd with sighs and drown'd in tears,  
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,  
And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,  
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

## A BALLAD

UPON

## THE PARLIAMENT

WHICH DELIBERATED

## ABOUT MAKING OLIVER KING\*.

As close as a goose  
Sat the Parliament-house  
To hatch the royal gull:  
After much fiddle-faddle,  
The egg prov'd addle,  
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,  
Though things do not fadge,  
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole:  
Two princes of Wales,  
For Whitsun-ales,  
And her Grace Maid-Marion Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide  
Sat yesty Pride,  
With his dagger and his sling;  
He was the pertinent'st peer  
Of all that were there,  
T' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher  
Had a goose for his lover,  
That follow'd him day and night:  
If it be a true story,  
Or but an allegory,  
It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,  
Both cast into one,  
Were meant for a single baron;  
But when they came to sit,  
There was not wit  
Enough in them both to serve for one:

Wherefore 'twas thought good  
To add Honeywood;  
But when they came to trial,  
Each one prov'd a fool,  
Yet three knaves in the whole,  
And that made up a Pair-royal.

\* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some

republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of *Protector*.

## A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS,

Conjéctured to be on

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

## PART I.

**D**RAW near, good people all, draw near,  
 And hearken to my ditty;  
 A stranger thing  
 Than this I sing  
 Came never to this city.

**H**ad you but seen this monster,  
 You wou'd not give a farthing  
 For the loins in the grate,  
 Nor the mountain-cat,  
 Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

You wou'd defy the pageants  
 Are borne before the mayor;  
 The strangest shape  
 You e'er did gape  
 Upon at Bart'lomy fair!

**H**is face is round and decent,  
 As is your dish or platter,  
 On which there grows  
 A thing like a nose,  
 But, indeed, it is no such matter.

**O**n both sides of th' aforefaid  
 Are eyes, but they're not matches,  
 On which there are  
 To be seen two fair  
 And large well-grown mustaches.

**N**ow this with admiration  
 Does all beholders strike,  
 That a beard shou'd grow  
 Upon a thing's brow,  
 Did ye ever see the like?

He has no scull, 'tis well known  
 To thousands of beholders;  
 Nothing but a skin  
 Does keep his brains in  
 From running about his shoulders.

**O**n both sides of his noddle  
 Are straps o' th' very same leather;  
 Ears are imply'd,  
 But they're mere hide,  
 Or morsels of tripe, choose you whether.

**B**etween these two extendeth  
 A slit from ear to ear,  
 That ev'ry hour  
 Gapes to devour  
 The fowce that grows so near,

**B**eneath a tuft of bristles,  
 As rough as a frize-jerkin;  
 If it had been a beard,  
 'Twou'd have serv'd a herd  
 Of goats, that are of his near kin.

**W**ithin a set of grinders  
 Most sharp and keen, corroding  
 Your iron and brass  
 As easy as  
 That you wou'd do a pudding.

**B**ut the strangest thing of all is,  
 Upon his rump there groweth  
 A great long tail  
 That useth to trail  
 Upon the ground as he goeth.

A BALLAD

IN TWO PARTS.

Conjectured to be on

OLIVER CROMWELL,

PART II.

THIS monster was begotten  
Upon one of the witches,  
B' an imp that came to her,  
Like a man, to woo her,  
With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,  
In divers several countries  
'The hogs and swine  
Did grunt and whine,  
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

'The winds did blow, the thunder  
And lightning loud did rumble;  
The dogs did howl,  
'The hollow tree in th' owl—  
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbl'd.

As soon as he was brought forth,  
At the midwife's throat he flew,  
And threw the pap  
Down in her lap;  
They say 'tis very true.

And up the walls he clamber'd,  
With nails more sharp and keen;  
The prints whereof,  
I' th' boards and roof,  
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney  
He vanish'd, seen of none;  
For they did wink,  
Yet by the stink  
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there  
Became like to a wilder-

ness; for the fight  
Of him did fright  
Away, men, women, and children,

Long did he there continue,  
And all those parts much harmed,  
'Till a wife woman, which  
Some call a white witch,  
Him into a hogsty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,  
With brimstone and with nitre,  
She sing'd the claws  
Of his left paws,  
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments  
She made him tame as a spaniel;  
For she us'd to ride  
On his back astride,  
Nor did he do her any ill,

But to the admiration  
Of all both far and near,  
He hath been shewn  
In ev'ry town,  
And eke in ev'ry shire.

And now, at length, he's brought  
Unto fair London city,  
Where in Fleet-street  
All those may see't  
That will not believe my ditty.

God save the King and Parliament,  
And eke the Prince's Highness,  
And quickly send  
'The wars an end,  
As here my song has—*Finis.*

## MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,  
 By sev'ral courses, to one end;  
 To compass, by the prop'rest shews,  
 Whatever their designs propose;  
 And that which owns the fair'st pretext  
 Is often found the indirect'st.  
 Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint  
 Much fairer than the real saint,  
 And knaves appear more just and true  
 Than honest men, that make less show:  
 The dullest idiots in disguise  
 Appear more knowing than the wise:  
 Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,  
 Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;  
 And cowards, that can damn and rant,  
 Pass muster for the valiant;  
 For he that has but impudence  
 To all things has a just pretence,  
 And, put among his wants but shame,  
 To all the world may lay his claim.

How various and innumerable  
 Are those who live upon the rabble?  
 'Tis they maintain the church and state,  
 Employ the priest and magistrate;  
 Bear all the charge of government,  
 And pay the public fines and rent;  
 Defray all taxes and excises  
 And impositions of all prices;  
 Bear all th' expence of peace and war,  
 And pay the pulpit and the bar;  
 Maintain all churches and religions,  
 And give their pastors exhibitions;  
 And those who have the greatest flocks  
 Are primitive and orthodox;  
 Support all schismatics and sects,  
 And pay 'em for tormenting texts;  
 Take all their doctrines off their hands,  
 And pay 'em in good rents and lands;  
 Discharge all costly offices,  
 The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,  
 The hangman's wages, and the scores  
 Of caterpillar bawds and whores;  
 Discharge all damages and costs,  
 Of Knights and Squires of the Post;  
 Attorneys, cutpurves, and padders,  
 And pay for all their ropes and ladders;

All pettifoggers, and all sorts  
 Of markets, churches, and of courts;  
 All sums of money paid or spent,  
 With all the charges incident,  
 Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n  
 To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish  
 All that's ridiculous and foolish,  
 It wou'd have nothing left to do,  
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,  
 No business of importance, play,  
 Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and lies,  
 And right and wrong did bear an equal price;  
 But since impostors are so highly rais'd,  
 And faith and justice equally debas'd,  
 Few men have tempers for such paltry gains  
 T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

THE sottish world without distinction looks  
 On all that passes on th' account of books;  
 And when there are two scholars that within  
 The species only hardly are akin,  
 The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,  
 If equally they've loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed  
 In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed  
 Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,  
 And by their nibbling on the outward rind,  
 Open the pores, and make way for the sun  
 To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write  
 Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,  
 In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd  
 Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

IN all mistakes the strict and regular  
 are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,

And worst to be avoided, as a wound  
Is said to be the harder cur'd that's round;  
For error and mistake the less they appear,  
In th' end are found to be the dangerouſer;  
As no man minds thoſe clocks that uſe to go  
Apparently too over-ſaſt or ſlow.

THE trueſt characters of ignorance  
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;  
As blind men uſe to bear their noſes higher  
Than thoſe that have their eyes and ſight entire.

THE metaphyſic's but a puppet motion  
That goes with ſcrews, the notion of a notion;  
The copy of a copy, and lame draught  
Unnaturally taken from a thought:  
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,  
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;  
That counterchanges whatſo'er it calls  
B' another name, and makes it true or falſe;  
Turns truth to falſehood, falſehood into truth,  
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of ſchools to underſtand,  
But make things hard, inſtead of b'ing explain'd;  
And therefore thoſe are commonly the learn'deſt  
That only ſtudy between jeſt and earneſt:  
For when the end of learning's to purſue  
And trace the ſubtle ſteps of falſe and true,  
They ne'er conſider how they're to apply,  
But only liſten to the noiſe and cry,  
And are ſo much delighted with the chace,  
They never mind the taking of their preys.

MORE profelytes and converts uſe t' accrue  
To falſe perſuaſions than the right and true;  
For error and miſtake are infinite,  
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right;  
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,  
But never to be reduc'd to leſs than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,  
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,  
Is forc'd for every carat to abate  
As much in value as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France,  
Fighting againſt Mahometans,  
In Egypt, in the holy war,  
Was routed and made priſoner;  
The Sultan then, into whoſe hands  
He and his army fell, demands  
A thouſand weight of gold, to free  
And ſet them all at liberty.  
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,  
And for the other offers bail,  
The pyx, and in't the eucharift,  
The body of our Saviour Chriſt.  
The Turk conſider'd, and allow'd  
The King's ſecurity for good;

Such credit had the Chriſtian zeal,  
In thoſe days, with an infidel,  
That will not paſs for twopence now,  
Among themſelves, 'tis grown ſo low.

THOSE that go up hill uſe to bow  
Their bodies forward, and ſtoop low,  
To poſe themſelves, and ſometimes creep,  
When the way is difficult and ſteep:  
So thoſe at court, that do addreſs  
By low ignoble offices,  
Can ſtoop at any thing that's baſe,  
To wriggle into truſt and grace,  
Are like to riſe to greatneſs ſooner  
Than thoſe that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,  
Are meant of ſervices that are forgiv'n,  
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,  
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beaſts, and yet their pow'r  
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:  
Such ſavage kings all tyrants are, and they  
No better than mere beaſts that do obey.

NOTHING's more dull and negligent  
Than an old lazy government,  
That knows no intereſt of ſtate,  
But ſuch as ſerves a preſent ſtrait,  
And to patch up, or ſhift, will cloſe,  
Or break alike, with friends or foes;  
That runs behind hand, and has ſpent  
Its credit to the laſt extent;  
And the firſt time 'tis at a loſs,  
Has not one true friend nor one croſs.

THE Devil was the firſt o' th' name  
From whom the race of rebels came,  
Who was the firſt bold undertaker  
Of bearing arms againſt his Maker,  
And though miſcarrying in th' event,  
Was never yet known to repent,  
Though tumbled from the top of bliſs  
Down to the bottomleſs abyſs:  
A property which, from their prince,  
The family owns ever ſince,  
And therefore ne'er repent the evil  
They do or ſuffer, like the devil,

THE worſt of rebels never arm  
To do their king or country harm,  
But draw their ſwords to do them good;  
As doctors cure by letting blood.

No ſeared conſcience is ſo ſell  
As that which has been burnt with zeal;  
For Chriſtian charity's as well  
A great impediment to zeal,  
As zeal a peſtilent diſeaſe  
To Chriſtian charity and peace.

As thistles wear the softest down ;  
To hide their prickles till they're grown,  
And then declare themselves, and tear  
Whatever ventures to come near ;  
So a smooth knave does greater feats  
Than one that idly rails and threats,  
And all the mischief that he meant  
Does, like a rattlesnake, prevent.

MAN is supreme lord and master  
Of his own ruin and disaster :  
Controls his fate, but nothing less  
In ordering his own happiness :  
For all his care and providence  
Is too, too feeble a defence  
To render it secure and certain  
Against the injuries of Fortune ;  
And oft', in spite of all his wit,  
Is lost with one unlucky hit,  
And ruin'd with a circumstance,  
And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,  
Takes charge of them without their care,  
Does all their drudgery and work,  
Like Fairies, for them in the dark ;  
Conducts them blindfold, and advances  
The naturals by blinder chances ;  
While others by desert or wit  
Cou'd never make the matter hit,  
But still the better they deserve,  
Are but the ablest thought to starve.

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,  
In princes' trains to be interr'd,  
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd  
Among their followers not the last ;  
But while they liv'd were far enough  
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that's proof against th' essay,  
Upon the touchstone wears away,  
And having stood the greater test,  
Is overmaster'd by the least ;  
So some men having stood the hate  
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,  
Transported with a false career  
Of unacquainted happiness,  
Lost to humanity and sense,  
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence  
For nothing else but patience ;  
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,  
Nor fence against the tricks of state ;  
Nor from th' oppression of the laws  
Protect the plainest and justest cause ;  
Nor keep unspotted a good name  
Against the obloquies of Fame ;

Feeble as patience, and as soon,  
By being blown up, undone,  
As beasts are hunted for their furs,  
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

Who doth not know with what fierce rage  
Opinions, true or false, engage ?  
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind,  
All claim an equal interest,  
And free dominion o'er the rest,  
And as one shield that fell from heav'n  
Was counterfeited by eleven,  
The better to secure the fate  
And lasting empire of a state,  
The false are num'rous, and the true,  
That only have the right, but few.  
Hence fools, that understand 'em least,  
Are still the fiercest in contest ;  
Unlight, unseen, espouse a side  
At random, like a prince's bride,  
To damn their souls, and swear and lie for,  
And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind ;  
For he that has no eyes in's head  
Must be by a dog glad to be led ;  
And no beasts have so little in 'em  
As that inhuman brute, Opinion ;  
'Tis an infectious pestilence,  
The tokens upon wit and sense,  
That with a venomous contagion  
Invades the sick imagination ;  
And when it seizes any part,  
It strikes the poison to the heart.  
This men of one another catch  
By contact, as the humours match ;  
And nothing's so perverse in nature  
As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,  
And makes mere lots of magistrates ;  
The fumes of it invade the brain,  
And make men giddy, proud, and vain ;  
By this the fool commands the wise,  
The noble with the base complies,  
The sot assumes the rule of wit,  
And cowards make the base submit.

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time  
In holiness, may set up any crime ;  
As scholars, when they've taken their degree,  
May set up any faculty they please.

WHY shou'd not piety be made,  
As well as equity, a trade,  
And men get money by devotion,  
As well as making of a motion ?

Be allow'd to pray upon conditions,  
As well as suitors in petitions?  
And in a congregation pray,  
No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER'S doctrine, and his proof,  
Is all his province, and enough;  
But is no more concern'd in use,  
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked  
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well  
To propagate a church as zeal;  
As persecution and promotion  
Do equally advance devotion:  
So round white stones will serve, they say,  
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made  
Of profelytes of one another's trade.

YOUR wife and cautious consciences  
Are free to take what course they please;  
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,  
At pleasure of the strictest vows,  
And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em to,  
To vouch and witness what they do;  
And when they prove averse and loath,  
Yet for convenience take an oath;  
Not only can dispense, but make it  
A greater sin to keep than take it;  
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,  
And only keeps the keys within;  
Has no superior to controul,  
But what itself sets o'er the soul;  
And when it is enjoind t' obey,  
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;  
Can walk invisible, and where,  
And when, and how, it will appear;  
Can turn itself into disguises  
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;  
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;  
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,  
Obey and follow its commands,  
And settle on a new freehold,  
As Marcy-hill remov'd of old;  
Make mountains move with greater force  
Than faith, to new proprietors;  
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments  
Of public charges and employments:  
For true and faithful, good and just;  
Are but preparatives to trust;  
The gilt and ornament of things,  
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

ALL love, at first, like gen'rous wine,  
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;

But when 'tis settled on the lee,  
And from th' impurer matter free,  
Becomes the richer still the older,  
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,  
(The Lord knows which) that turn or run,  
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,  
And so are those of lovers' hearts,  
Which, though they keep no even pace,  
Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness  
For wretched mortals to possess;  
For cou'd it hold inviolate  
Against those cruelties of Fate  
Which all felicities below  
By rigid laws are subject to,  
It wou'd become a bliss too high  
For perishing mortality,  
Translate to earth the joys above;  
For nothing goes to heav'n but love.

ALL wild but gen'rous creatures live of course,  
As if they had agreed for better or worse:  
The lion's constant to his only miss,  
And never leaves his faithful lioness;  
And she as chaste and true to him agen,  
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.  
The docile and ingenuous elephant  
T' his own and only female is gallant;  
And she as true and constant to his bed,  
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead;  
But pakry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,  
Are never satisfy'd with new amours;  
As all poltroons with us delight to range,  
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,  
That some believe they've none at all;  
Or, if they have, like cripples, still  
They've but one faculty, the will;  
The other two are quite laid by,  
To make up one great tyranny;  
And though their passions have most pow'r,  
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more  
To th' absolute will, that with a breath  
Has sov'reign pow'r of life and death,  
And, as its little interests move,  
Can turn 'em all to hate or love;  
For nothing, in a moment, turn  
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;  
And make that love degenerate  
T' as great extremity of hate;  
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,  
To flames, and raptures, and lovetricks.

ALL sorts of vot'ries, that profess  
To bind themselves apprentices  
To Heav'n, abjure, with solemn vows,  
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse,

As the' worst of all impediments  
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry just as nuns  
The same thing the same way renounce;  
Before they've wit to understand  
The bold attempt they take in hand;  
Or having staid and lost their tides,  
Are out of season grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage bed  
Has been so loosely husbanded,  
Men only deal for ready money,  
And women sep'rate alimony;  
And ladies-errant, for debauching,  
Have better terms, and equal caution;  
And for their journeywork and pains  
The chairwomen clear greater gains.

As wine that with its own weight runs is best,  
And counted much more noble than the prest;  
So is that poetry whose generous strains  
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

SOME call it fury, some a muse,  
That, as possessing devils use,  
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,  
And when he's in, he's out of his wits.

ALL writers, though of diff'rent fancies,  
Do make all people in romances,  
That are distress'd and discontent;  
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,  
And poets by their suff'rings grow;  
As if there were no more to do,  
To make a poet excellent,  
But only want and discontent.

IT is not poetry that makes men poor;  
For few do write that were not so before;  
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,  
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;  
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains  
To undergo that drudgery of brains;  
But being for all other trades unfit,  
Only t' avoid being idle, set up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praises,  
And freely give their friends their voices,  
Are not confin'd to what is true;  
That's not to give, but pay a due:  
For praise, that's due, does give no more  
To worth than what it had before;  
But to commend, without desert,  
Requires a mastery of art,  
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,  
And writes what shou'd be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,  
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,  
Straight other studies are laid by,  
And all apply to poetry;  
Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,  
And some, more wise, in Arabic,  
T' avoid the critic, and th' expence  
Of difficult wit and sense:  
And seem more learnedish than those  
That at a greater charge compose.  
The doctors lead, the students follow:  
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,  
Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,  
On even terms, of all the gods;  
Then Caesar he's nicknam'd, as duly as  
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,  
And was address'd too by a crow,  
As pertinently long ago;  
And with more heroes' names is styl'd,  
Than saints are clubb'd t' an Austrian child:  
And as wit goes by colleges,  
As well as standing and degrees,  
He still writes better than the rest,  
That's of the house that's counted best.

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,  
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,  
And other ammunitions of despair  
Were ever able to dispatch by fear.

THERE'S nothing our felicities endears  
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears.  
And in the miserablest of distress  
Improves attempts as desp'rate with success;  
Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,  
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;  
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,  
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a neg'tive voice  
To hinder making war without their choice,  
As kings of making laws in parliament,  
No money is as good as No assent.

WHEN princes idly lead about,  
Those of their party follow suit,  
Till others trump upon their play,  
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent  
Against a prince's government,  
And princes take as great offence  
At subjects' disobedience,  
That neither th' other can abide,  
But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,  
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

**DAME** Justice puts her sword into the scales,  
With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,  
With no design but, like the antique Gaul,  
To get more money from the capital.

**ALL** that which law and equity miscalls  
By th' empty idle names of True and False,  
Is nothing else but maggots blown between  
False witnesses and falser jurymen.  
No court allows those partial interlopers  
Of law and equity, two single paupers,  
T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce  
Each other gratis in a suit at once ;  
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is  
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice ;  
And when the one side bringeth custom in,  
And th' other lays out half th' reckoning,  
The devil himself will rather choose to play  
At paltry small game than sit out, they say ;  
But when at all there 's nothing to be got,  
The old wife, Law, and Justice, will not trot.

**THE** law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,  
Little considers right or wrong,  
But, like authority, is soon satisfy'd  
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

**THE** law can take a purse in open court,  
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

**WHO** can deserve for breaking of the laws  
A greater penance than an honest cause ?

**ALL** those that do but rob and steal enough,  
Are punishment and court of justice proof,  
And need not fear nor be concern'd a straw,  
In all the idle bugbears of the law,  
But confidently rob the gallows too,  
As well as other sufferers of their due.

**OLD** laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,  
To leave the sense at large the more di-jointed,  
And furnish lawyers with the greater ease,  
To turn and wind them any way they please.  
The statute law's their scripture, and reports  
The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,  
Records their general councils, and decisions  
Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,  
For which, like Catholics, they 've greater awe,  
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,  
And strive perpetually to make the standard  
Of right between the tenant and the landlord ;  
And when two cases at a trial meet,  
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,  
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,  
The Court directs the obstinat' dispute ;  
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,  
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

**MAN** of quick and active wit  
For drudgery is more unfit,  
Compar'd to those of duller parts,  
Than running nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit  
Do only render th' owners fit  
For nothing, but to be undone  
Much easier than if they 'd none.

As those that are stark blind can trace  
The nearest ways from place to place,  
And find the right way easier out,  
Than those that hoodwink'd try'd to do 't ;  
So tricks of state are manag'd best  
By those that are suspected least,  
And greatest *success* brought about  
By engines most unlike to do 't.

**ALL** the politics of the great  
Are like the cunning of a cheat,  
That lets his false dice freely run,  
And trusts them to themselves alone,  
But never lets a true one stir  
Without some sing'ring trick or slur ;  
And, when the gamblers doubt his play,  
Conveys his false dice safe away,  
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,  
T' endure the torture of the search.

**WHAT** else does history use to tell us,  
But tales of subjects being rebellious ;  
The vain perfidiousness of lords,  
And fatal breach of princes' words ;  
The sottish pride and insolence  
Of statesmen, and their want of sense ;  
Their treach'ry, that undoes, of custom,  
Their ownelves first, next those who trust 'em ?

**BECAUSE** a feeble limb's carest,  
And more indulg'd than all the rest,  
So frail and tender consciences  
Are humour'd to do what they please ;  
When that which goes for weak and feeble  
Is found the most incorrigible,  
To outdo all the fiends in hell  
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at th' approach of winter all  
The leaves of great trees use to fall,  
And leave them naked to engage  
With storms and tempests when they rage,  
While humbler plants are found to wear  
Their fresh green liv'ries all the year ;  
So when the glorious season's gone  
With great men, and hard times come on,  
The great 'st calamities oppress  
The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees  
 A sheep entangled by the fleece,  
 With hasty cruelty he flies  
 To attack him, and pick out his eyes;  
 So do those vultures use, that keep  
 Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,  
 As greedily to prey on all  
 That in their rav'nous clutches fall:  
 For thorns and brambles, that came in  
 To wait upon the curse for sin,  
 And were no part o' th' first creation,  
 But, for revenge, a new plantation,  
 Are yet the fitt'st materials  
 To enclose the earth with living walls:  
 So jailors, that are most accurst,  
 Are found most fit in being worst.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,  
 To raise infernal spirits up but fear,  
 That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,  
 That 's both a pris'ner to itself and jail;  
 Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains  
 Of knotted wood in some men's crazy brains,  
 When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,  
 Are only in the insides of their skulls.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,  
 Does both the earth, and hell, and heav'n own.  
 Beside th' imaginary territory,  
 He lays a title to in Purgatory;  
 Declares himself an absolute free prince  
 In his dominions, only over sins;  
 But as for heaven, since it lies so far  
 Above him, is but only titular,  
 And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,  
 Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:  
 Yet when he comes to take account, and share  
 The profits of his prostituted ware,  
 He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,  
 Above his richest titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a sp'ritual fair,  
 To expose to sale all sorts of impious ware  
 In which his Holiness buys nothing in,  
 To stock his magazines, but deadly sin,  
 And deals in extraordinary crimes,  
 That are not vendible at other times;  
 For dealing both for Judas and th' high-priest,  
 He makes a plentiful trade of Christ.

THAT sp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,  
 In which the ancient world did once embark,  
 Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,  
 Although bound through an universal sea;  
 When all the modern church of Rome's concern  
 Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

In the church of Rome to go to shrift,  
 Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

AN ass will with his long ears fray  
 The flies, that tickle him, away;  
 But man delights to have ears  
 Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road  
 In which things vulgarly are understood,  
 And force Mistake and Ignorance to own  
 A better sense than commonly is known.

IN little trades more cheats and lying  
 Are us'd in selling than in buying;  
 But in the great unjust dealing  
 Is us'd in buying than in selling.

ALL smatt'ers are more brisk and pert  
 Than those that understand an art;  
 As little sparkles shine more bright  
 Than glowing coals that give them light.

LAW does not put the least restraint  
 Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;  
 Or if it does, 'tis for our good,  
 To give us freer latitude;  
 For wholesome laws preserve us free,  
 By stinting of our liberty.

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce  
 Those things to practice that are of no use,  
 And strives to practise things of speculation,  
 And bring the practical to contemplation,  
 And by that error renders both in vain,  
 By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice  
 Less prone to excess than avarice;  
 It neither cares for food nor clothing:  
 Nature 's content with little, that with nothing.

IN Rome no temple was so low  
 As that of Honour, built to shew  
 How humble honour ought to be,  
 Though there 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate  
 Their own parts at an equal estimate,  
 Than cast up fractions, in th' account of heav'n,  
 Of time and motion, and adjust them even;  
 For modest persons never had a true  
 Particular of all that is their due.

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,  
 Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood  
 To write his name, and 'tis in law as good

So he that cannot write one word of sense,  
Believes he has as legal a pretence  
To scribble what he does not understand,  
As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he'd be to seek  
In all our Latin terms of art and Greek;  
Would never understand one word of sense  
The most irrefragable schoolman means:  
As if the schools design'd their terms of art  
Not to advance a science, but divert;  
As Hocus Pocus conjures to amuse  
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art  
Of painting to foreshorten any part  
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief  
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit's bought t' obey,  
Is only hir'd on liking to betray,  
And, when he's bid a liberaler price,  
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ  
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer  
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,  
Which way for'er they are design'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withstood  
The mortal fury of the Flood,  
And prov'd the only means to save  
All earthly creatures from the wave,  
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind  
To lay a tribute on mankind,  
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more  
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate  
It was to keep a school and rule a state,  
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,  
As when it was translated to a rod:  
And that his subjects never were so obedient,  
As when he was inaugurated pedant:  
For to instruct is greater than to rule,  
And no commands so imperious as a school.

As he whose destiny does prove  
To dangle in the air above,  
Does lose his life for want of air,  
That only fell to be his share;  
So he whom fate at once design'd  
To plenty and a wretched mind,  
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,  
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE universal med'cine is a trick,  
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,  
Unless by death, the singular receipt,  
To root out all diseases by the great:  
For universals deal in no one part  
Of Nature, nor Particulars of Art;  
And therefore that French quack that set up physic;  
Call'd his receipt a General specific.  
For though in mortal poisons every one  
Is mortal universally alone,  
Yet nature never made an antidote  
To cure 'em all as easy as they're got;  
Much less, among so many variations  
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,  
Make all the contrarities in Nature  
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT'S but a fly, that turns about  
After his head's pull'd off to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble  
As silly and unreasonable  
As those that, crowding in the street,  
To see a shew or monster meet,  
Of whom no one is in the right  
Yet all fall out about the fight,  
And when they chance t' agree, the choi  
Still in the most and worst of vices;  
And all the reasons that prevail  
Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs  
Monsters and puppetplays are wares  
Which in the less will not go off,  
Because they have not money enough;  
So men in princes' courts will pass,  
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS use to clap a proposition,  
As justices do criminals, in prison,  
And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ  
The names of all their moods and figures fit;  
For a logician's one that has been broke  
To rid and pace his reason by the book,  
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,  
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,  
But most of all i' th' drudgery of brains;  
A nat'ral sign of weakness, as an ant  
Is more laborious than an elephant;  
And children are more busy at their play  
Than those that wisely 'st pass their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,  
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains;  
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light  
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

## TRIPLETS

## UPON AVARICE.

As misers their own laws enjoin  
To wear no pockets in the mine,  
For fear they shou'd the ore purloin :

And though he can produce more spankers  
Than all the ufurers and bankers,  
Yet after more and more he hankers ;

So he that toils and labours hard  
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,  
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And after all his pains are done,  
Has nothing he can call his own,  
But a mere livelihood alone.

## DESCRIPTION

## OF HOLLAND.

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,  
In which men live as in the hold of Nature,  
And when the sea does in upon them break,  
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak ;  
That always ply the pump, and never think  
They can be safe, but at the rate they sink ;  
That live as if they had been run aground,  
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd ;

That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey  
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey ;  
And when their merchants are blown up and crackt,  
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt,  
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,  
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes ;  
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,  
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

## TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame  
My guiltless breast,  
For vent'ring to disclose a flame  
I had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it design'd  
For ever to have lain ;  
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,  
Made it break out again.

## TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection flight,  
 'Cause my locks with age are white :

| Your breasts have snow without, and snow within  
 | While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

## EPIGRAM

## ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

The jolly members of a toping club,  
 Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub,

| And in a close confederacy link,  
 | For nothing else but only to hold drink.

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Containing his

MISCELLANIES,  
EPISTLES,

||  
Et. Et. Et.

SONGS,  
TRANSLATIONS,

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

Bear me, oh' bear me to sequester'd scenes,  
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;  
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,  
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.  
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow  
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)—  
Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;  
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.—  
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung  
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung?

POPE.

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Anno 1793.



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## LIFE OF SIR JOHN DENHAM.

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Of the history of Sir John Denham very little is known. He was born at Dublin in 1615, and was the only son of Sir John Denham of Little Horley in Essex, some time Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom, by Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garret Moore, Baron of Mellefont. In 1617, upon his father's being made one of the Barons of the Exchequer in England, our Author was brought from the place of his nativity, and received his grammatical education in London.

In 1631, being then sixteen years of age, young Denham was entered a Gentleman Commoner in Trinity College, Oxford

He resided three years in the university; and, after going through his academical exercises, was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He had afterwards chambers in Lincoln's Inn, and for some time prosecuted the Common Law with sufficient appearance of application, yet from propensity to gaming, was frequently plundered by gamblers. However, being severely chid by his father, who threatened to disinheret him if he did not reform, he professed, and perhaps believed, himself reclaimed; and, to testify the sincerity of his repentance, wrote and published an Essay upon Gaming, which he presented to his father, to convince him of his detestation of it. Notwithstanding this, his father dying in 1638, he was so imprudent as to squander away several thousands in gratifying a passion which he seemingly so much detested.

He seems to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for in 1636 he translated the second book of the *Æneid*.

In 1641 he published the *Sophy*, which was acted at a private house in Blackfriars with great applause. This seems to have given him his first claim to public attention.

He was soon after pricked for High Sheriff of the county of Surrey, having an estate at Egham in that county, and appointed Governor of Farnham Castle; but his skill in military affairs not being extensive, he resigned that charge, and went to King Charles I. then at Oxford, where, in 1643, he published *Cooper's Hill*.

This poem had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence; a report was spread that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of his *Cato*, and Pope of his *Essay on Criticism*.

In 1647 the distresses of the Royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was intrusted by the Queen with a message to the King, who was then in the hands of the army; and, by whatever means, so far softened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that, by his intercession, admision was procured. Of the King's condescension he has given an account in the *Dedication to his works*.

After this he was employed in carrying on the King's correspondence; and, as he says, discharged this office with great safety to the Royalists; and being afterwards discovered by the adverse party's knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he happily escaped.

In April 1648, he conveyed James Duke of York (then under the tuition of Algernon Earl of Northumberland) from London into France, and delivered him to the Queen and Prince of Wales. This year he published his translation of Cato Major.

He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled King; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses.

About this time Mr. Denham was joined with William, afterwards Lord Crofts, in an embassy from Charles II. to the King of Poland. Whilst in Poland he and Lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thousand pounds from the Scots who traded in that kingdom.

Mr. Denham returned into England about the year 1652, and what estate the civil war and the gamesters had left him being sold by order of the Parliament, he was kindly entertained by the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, with whom he continued near twelve months.

At the Restoration, he obtained the reward of his loyalty, being made Surveyor of the King's Buildings; and, at the coronation of Charles II. was dignified with the order of the Bath.

After the Restoration he wrote the Poem upon Prudence and Justice, and other pieces. Being a man of piety, he consecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical version of the Psalms of David. In this attempt he failed; but in sacred poetry few have succeeded.

From the indulgence of his royal master, joined to public esteem, there was reason to hope our Author might now be happy; but human felicity is short and uncertain: upon some discontent arising from a second marriage, Sir John Denham became disordered in his understanding; but, recovering from that disorder, he continued in great esteem for his poetical abilities, not only at court, but with all persons of taste and erudition; for he afterwards wrote his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley. Butler lampooned him for his lunacy; but it is not known whether the malignant lines were then made public, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuse.

Sir John Denham died at his office near Whitehall in March 1668, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer, Spenser, and Cowley.

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## TO THE KING.

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SIR,

AFTER the delivery of your Royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the Queen-mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen, (his Majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs. But, Sir, I will not launch into an history instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before, (being those to Sir R. Fanshaw) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three years since. He was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England; and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alleging that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him; and at his departure from Hampton-Court he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad; and I was furnished with nine several cyphers in order to it; which I trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded: but about nine months after, being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily escaped, both for myself and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your Majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our

banishment, which now and then fell not short of your Majesty's expectation.

After, when your Majesty, departing from St. Germans to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts which the new apparitions of foreign invasion and domestic discontent gave us: but these clouds being now happily blown over, and our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth: yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato, did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after: for what author can reasonably believe, that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your Majesty's view; and having past the test of so clear and sharp-sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your Majesty will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your Majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices till their vices forsake them;

and that this divorce was not *frigiditatis causa*, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, Sir, I shall only call it an Humble Petition that your Majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my disobedience to his commands to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when age and experience has so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty airy reputation

of being *nimis poeta*; and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

“ Splendidus longum valedico nugis.  
 “ Hic versus et caetera ludicra ponam.”

Your Majesty's most faithful

and loyal subject, and most

dutiful and devoted servant,

JO. DENHAM.

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## MISCELLANIES.

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### COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream  
Up on Parnassus, nor did taste the stream  
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose  
Those made not poets, but the poets those,  
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,  
So where the Muses and their train resort,  
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee  
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.  
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,  
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)  
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,  
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;  
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space  
That lies between, and first salutes the place  
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,  
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky  
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud  
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;  
Paul', the late theme of such a Muse\*, whose  
flight  
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;  
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time or  
fire,  
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,  
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,  
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.  
Under his proud survey the City lies,  
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,  
Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,  
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,  
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,  
No other in effect than what it seems;  
Where, with like haste, though several ways, they  
run,  
Some to undo, and some to be undone;  
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,  
Are each the other's ruin and increase;

Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!  
To be at once secure and innocent.  
Windfor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,  
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells  
Into my eye, and doth itself present  
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,  
That no stupend'ous precipice denies  
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;  
But such a rise as doth at once invite  
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:  
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face  
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;  
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud  
To be the basis of that pompous load,  
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,  
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.  
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,  
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;  
Mark'd out for such an use, as if t'were meant  
T'invite the builder, and his choice prevent.  
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose  
Folly or blindness only could refuse.  
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace  
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race  
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,  
Among that num'rous and celestial host,  
More heroes than can Windfor; nor doth Fame's  
Immortal book record more noble names.  
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle  
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,  
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,  
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;  
(Though this of old no less contest did move  
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)  
(Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,  
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)  
But whoso'er it was, Nature design'd

But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son\*,  
 (The Lilies which his father wore he won)  
 And thy Bellona †, who the confort came  
 Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,  
 She to thy triumph led one captive king §,  
 And brought that son which did the second § bring;  
 Then didst thou found that Order (whether love  
 Or victory thy royal thoughts did move :)  
 Each was a noble cause, and nothing less  
 Than the design has been the great success,  
 Which foreign kings and emperors esteem  
 The second honour to their diadem.  
 Had thy great Destiny but given thee skill  
 To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,  
 That from those kings, who then thy captives were,  
 In after-times should spring a royal pair  
 Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,  
 Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;  
 To whom their better fate reserves what'er  
 The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd fear:  
 That blood which thou and thy great grandfathers had,  
 And all that since these sister nations bled,  
 Had been unpilt, and happy Edward known  
 That all the blood he spill'd had been his own.  
 When he that patron chose in whom are join'd  
 Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd  
 Within the azure circle, he did seem  
 But to foretel and prophesy of him  
 Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,  
 Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;  
 That bound which to the world's extremest ends,  
 Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.  
 Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,  
 But is himself the soldier and the saint.  
 Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise;  
 But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,  
 Viewing a neighbouring hill whose top of late  
 A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate  
 Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm  
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)

Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,  
 What crime, could any Christian king incense  
 To such a rage? Was 't luxury or lust?  
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [more;  
 Were these their crimes? they were his own much  
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,  
 Who having spent the treasures of his crown,  
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own;  
 And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame  
 Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.  
 No crime so bold but would be understood  
 A real, or at least a seeming good.  
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,  
 And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.  
 Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;  
 But princes' swords are sharper than their styles:  
 And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,  
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends.  
 Then did Religion in a lazy cell,  
 In empty airy contemplations dwell,  
 And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,  
 As much too active, like the fork devours.  
 Is there no temperate region can be known  
 Betwixt their Frigid and our Torrid zone?

\* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

† Queen Philippa.

§ The kings of France and Scotland.

Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,  
 But to be restless in a worse extreme?  
 And for that lethargy was there no cure  
 But to be cast into a calenture?  
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance  
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance,  
 And rather in the dark to grope our way  
 Than led by a false guide to err by day?  
 Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand  
 What barbarous invader sack'd the land?  
 But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring  
 This desolation, but a Christian king;  
 When nothing but the name of zeal appears  
 'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;  
 What does he think our sacrilege would spare,  
 When such th' effects of our devotions are?  
 Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,  
 Thine for what's past, and this for what's too near,  
 My eye descending from the Hill, surveys  
 Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.  
 Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons,  
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,  
 Halting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
 Like mortal life to meet eternity;  
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:  
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,  
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,  
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,  
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;  
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,  
 Like mothers which their infants overlay;  
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,  
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.  
 No unexpected inundations spoil  
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's  
 But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows; [toil;  
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.  
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,  
 But free and common as the sea or wind;  
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,  
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,  
 Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs  
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;  
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,  
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.  
 So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,  
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.  
 O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream  
 My great example, as it is my theme;  
 Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;  
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.  
 Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,  
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:  
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,  
 To shine among the stars\*, and bathe the gods,  
 Here Nature, whether more intent to please  
 Us for herself with strange varieties,  
 (For things of wonder give no less delight  
 To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;  
 Though these delights from several causes move,  
 For so our children, thus our friends, we love)  
 Wisely she knew the harmony of things,  
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.

\* The Forest.

Such was the discord which did first disperse  
 Form, order, beauty, through the universe ;  
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,  
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists ;  
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood  
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,  
 Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,  
 Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.  
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,  
 That had the self-enamour'd youth † gaz'd here,  
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,  
 While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.  
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides  
 Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides  
 A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows  
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,  
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat ;  
 The common fate of all that's high or great.  
 Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,  
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,  
 Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,  
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,  
 And in the mixture of all these appears  
 Variety, which all the rest endears.  
 This scene had some bold Greek or British bard  
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard  
 Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,  
 Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames ?  
 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape  
 All but a quick poetic fight escape.  
 There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,  
 And thither all the horned host resorts  
 To graze the ranker mead ; that noble herd  
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd  
 Nature's great masterpiece, to shew how soon  
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone.  
 Here have I seen the King, when great affairs  
 Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,  
 Attended to the chase by all the flow'r  
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour ;  
 Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,  
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.  
 The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,  
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,  
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,  
 Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade  
 His soft repose ; when th' unexpected sound  
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.  
 Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,  
 Willing to think th' illusions of his fear  
 Had given this false alarm, but straight his view  
 Confirms that more than all he fears is true.  
 Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,  
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met,  
 He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,  
 His winged heels, and then his armed head ;  
 With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet ;  
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.  
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye  
 Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry ;  
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense  
 Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense ;

† Narcissus.

Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent  
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent :  
 Then tries his friends ; among the baser herd,  
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,  
 His safety seeks : the herd, unkindly wife,  
 Or chases him from thence or from him flies.  
 Like a declining statesman, left forlorn  
 To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,  
 With shame remembers, while himself was one  
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.  
 Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,  
 The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,  
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,  
 Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,  
 And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim  
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame,  
 And taught the woods to echo to the stream  
 His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam ;  
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,  
 So much his love was dearer than his life.  
 Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath  
 Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.  
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last  
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,  
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear  
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.  
 And now, too late, he wishes for the fight  
 That strength he wasted in ignoble flight ;  
 But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,  
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,  
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more  
 Repents his courage than his fear before ;  
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafe are,  
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.  
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,  
 Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course ;  
 Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay  
 An element more merciless than they.  
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood  
 Quench their dire thirst : alas ! they thirst for blood.  
 So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,  
 Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,  
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare  
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.  
 So fares the stag ; among th' enraged hounds  
 Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds :  
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes  
 In troops surround, now these assails, now those,  
 Though prodigal of life, disdains to die  
 By common hands ; but if he can descry  
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,  
 And begs his fate, and then contented fails.  
 So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly  
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die,  
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,  
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.  
 This a more innocent and happy chase  
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,  
 Fair Liberty pursu'd †, and meant a prey  
 To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay ;  
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd  
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.

† Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown  
 All marks of arbitrary power lays down ;  
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,  
 The happier style of king and subject bear :  
 Happy when both to the same centre move,  
 When kings give liberty and subjects love.  
 Therefore not long in force this Charter stood ;  
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.  
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,  
 Th' advantage only took the more to crave ;  
 Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,  
 And ev'n that power that should deny betray.  
 " Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,  
 " Not thank'd, but scorn'd ; nor are they gifts,  
     but spoils."  
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,  
 First made their subjects by oppression bold ;

And popular sway, by forcing kings to give  
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,  
 Ran to the same extremes ; and one excess  
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.  
 When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,  
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,  
 The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure  
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure ;  
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force  
 His channel to a new or narrow course,  
 No longer then within his banks he dwells,  
 First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells ;  
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,  
 And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his  
     shores.

## ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S

### TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Stafford ! worthy of that name, though all  
 Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,  
 Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,  
 Which too much merit did accumulate.  
 As chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,  
 Pretexts are into reason forg'd by law.  
 His wisdom such, at once it did appear  
 'Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,  
 Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, although  
 Each had an army, as an equal foe.  
 Such was his force of eloquence, to make  
 The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.  
 Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,  
 And none was more a looker-on than he.  
 So did he move our passions, some were known  
 To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.

Now private pity strove with public hate,  
 Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.  
 Now they could him, if he could them, forgive ;  
 He's not too guilty, but too wise, to live :  
 Less seem those facts which Treason's nickname bore  
 Than such a fear'd ability for more.  
 They after death their fears of him express,  
 His innocence and their own guilt confess.  
 Their legislative frenzy they repent,  
 Enacting it should make no precedent.  
 This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose  
 Honour for life, but rather nobly chose  
 Death from their fears than safety from his own,  
 That his last action all the rest might crown.

ON MY LORD CROFTS'  
AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND,

*From whence we brought 10,000*l.* for his Majesty, by the decimation  
of his Scottish subjects there.*

I.  
TOLE, tolE,  
Gentle bell! for the soul  
Of the pure ones in Pole,  
Which are damn'd in our scrolls

II.  
Who having felt a touch  
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,  
Which though it was not much,  
Yet their stubbornness was such,

III.  
That when we did arrive,  
'Gainst the stream we did strive;  
They would neither lead nor drive;

IV.  
Nor lend  
An ear to a friend,  
Nor an answer would send  
To our letter so well penn'd;

V.  
Nor assist our affairs  
With their monies nor their warcs,  
As their answer now declares,  
But only with their prayers.

VI.  
Thus they did persist,  
Did and said what they list,  
Till the diet was dismiss'd;  
But then our breach they kist.

VII.  
For when  
It was mov'd there and then  
They should pay one in ten,  
The diet said, Amen.

VIII.  
And because they are loath  
To discover the truth,  
They must give word and oath,  
Though they will forfeit both.

IX.  
Thus the constitution  
Condemns them every one  
From the father to the son.

X.  
But John  
(Our friend) Molleson  
Thought us to have outgone  
With a quaint invention.

XI.  
Like the prophets of yore,  
He complain'd long before  
Of the mischief in store,  
Aye, and thrice as much more:

XII.  
And wish that wicked lie  
A letter they came by  
From our King's Majesty.

XIII.  
But Fate  
Brought the letter too late;  
'Twas of too old a date  
To relieve their damn'd state.

XIV.  
The letter's to be seen,  
With seal of wax so green,  
At Dantzic where 't has been  
Turn'd into good Latin.

XV.  
But he that gave the hint  
This letter for to print  
Must also pay his stint.

XVI.  
That trick,  
Had it come in the nick,  
Had touch'd us to the quick;  
But the messenger fell sick.

XVII.  
Had it later been wrote,  
And sooner been brought,  
They had got what they sought;  
But now it serves for nought.

XVIII.  
On Sandys \* they ran aground,  
And our return was crown'd  
With full ten thousand pound.

\* Mr W.

## ON MR. THO. KILLIGREW'S

RETURN FROM VENICE,

## AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S

FROM SCOTLAND.

I.  
OUR resident Tom  
From Venice is come,  
And hath left the statesman behind him;  
Talks at the same pitch,  
Is as wise, is as rich;  
And just where you left him you find him.

II.  
But who says he was not  
A man of much plot  
May repent that false accusation;  
Having plotted and penn'd  
Six plays, to attend  
The farce of his negotiation.

III.  
Before you were told  
How Satan \* the old  
Came here with a beard to his middle;  
Though he chang'd fate and name,  
Old Will was the same,  
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

\* Mr W. Murrey.

IV.  
These statesmen, you believe,  
Send straight for the shrieve,  
For he is one too, or would be;  
But he drinks no wine,  
Which is a shrewd sign  
That all's not so well as it should be.

V.  
These three, when they drink,  
How little do they think  
Of banishment, debts, or dying?  
Not old with their years,  
Nor cold with their fears,  
But their angry stars still defying.

VI.  
Mirth makes them not mad,  
Nor sobriety sad;  
But of that they are feldom in danger:  
At Paris, at Rome,  
At the Hague, they're at home;  
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

## ON MR. ABR. COWLEY'S DEATH,

AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,  
'To us discovers day from far;  
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd  
Which our dark nation long involv'd;  
But he descending to the shades,  
Darkness again the age invades,  
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,  
Whose purple blush the day foreshews;  
The other three with his own fires  
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;

By Shakespeare's, Johnson's, Fletcher's, lines,  
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.  
These poets near our princes sleep,  
And in one grave their mansion keep.  
They liv'd to see so many days,  
Till time had blasted all their bays:  
But curst be the fatal hour  
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest, flower  
That in the Muses' garden grew,  
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!

Time, which made them their fame outlive,  
 To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.  
 Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave  
 Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;  
 In Spenser, and in Johnson, Art  
 Of slower Nature got the start;  
 But both in him so equal are,  
 None knows which bears the happiest share.  
 To him no author was unknown,  
 Yet what he wrote was all his own:  
 He melted not the ancient gold,  
 Nor, with Ben. Johnson, did make bold  
 To plunder all the Roman stores  
 Of poets and of orators.  
 Horace's wit and Virgil's state  
 He did not steal, but emulate;  
 And when he would like them appear,  
 Their garb but not their clothes did wear.  
 He not from Rome alone, but Greece,  
 Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece:  
 To him that language (though to none  
 Of th' others) as his own was known.  
 On a stiff gale (as Flaccus\* sings)  
 The Theban swan extends his wings,  
 When through th' ethereal clouds he flies;  
 To the same pitch our swan doth rise.  
 Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,  
 When on that gale his wings are stretch'd.  
 His fancy and his judgment such,  
 Each to the other seem'd too much;  
 His severe judgment (giving law)  
 His modest fancy kept in awe;  
 As rigid husbands jealous are  
 When they believe their wives too fair.  
 His English streams so pure did flow,  
 As all that saw and tasted know:  
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,  
 Strong, full, and high, it doth appear †,

\* His Pindarics.

† His last works.

That were immortal Virgil here,  
 Him for his judge he would not fear.  
 Of that great portraiture so true  
 A copy pencil never drew,  
 My Muse her song had ended here,  
 But both their Genii straight appear:  
 Joy and amazement her did strike;  
 Two twins she never saw so like.  
 'Twas taught by wife Pythagoras,  
 One soul might through more bodies pass:  
 Seeing such transmigration there,  
 She thought it not a fable here.  
 Such a resemblance of all parts,  
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,  
 Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell  
 And shew the world this parallel:  
 Fix'd and contemplative their looks,  
 Still turning over Nature's books;  
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,  
 Where profit and delight combine;  
 They, gilding dirt, in noble verse  
 Rustic philosophy rehearse.  
 When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,  
 They praise, on their exalted wings  
 To the celestial orbs they climb,  
 And with th' harmonious spheres keep time.  
 Nor did their actions fall behind  
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd;  
 Each draw fair characters, yet none  
 Of these they feign'd excels their own.  
 Both by two generous princes lov'd,  
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;  
 Yet having each the same desire,  
 Both from the busy throng retire.  
 Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,  
 Care'd not to propagate their kind:  
 Yet though both fell before their hour,  
 Time on their off-pring hath no pow'r:  
 Nor fire nor Fate their bays shall blast,  
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

ON

## MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms  
 Have turn'd to their own substances and forms;  
 Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,  
 We shall behold more than at first entire;  
 As now we do to see all thine thy own  
 In this my Muse's resurrection, [wounds  
 Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race more  
 Hath gather'd than Acteon from his hounds;  
 Which first their brains and then their belly fed  
 And from their extremities new poets bred.

But now thy Muse enrag'd, from her urn,  
 Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, does return  
 To accuse the murderers, to right the stage,  
 And undeceive the long-abused age,  
 Which casts thy praise on them to whom thy wit  
 Gives not more gold than they give dross to it;  
 Who not content, like felons, to purloin,  
 Add treason to it, and debase the coin.  
 But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise  
 Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise?

Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,  
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt  
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,  
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred, slain.  
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,  
When labouring and sinking with its weight,  
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,  
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;  
When Johnson, Shakespeare, and thyself, did sit,  
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—

Yet what from Johnson's oil and sweat did flow,  
Or what more easy Nature did bestow  
On Shakespeare's gentler Muse, in thee full grown,  
Their graces both appear, yet so that none  
Can say, here Nature ends and Art begins,  
But mix'd like th' elements, and born like twins,  
So interwove, so like, so much the same,  
None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name.  
'Twas this the ancients meant: nature and skill  
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

## NATURA NATURATA.

I.

What gives us that fantastic fit,  
That all our judgment and our wit  
To vulgar custom we submit?

II.

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest  
Of that foul legion we so detest,  
Are in their proper names express'd.

III.

Why is it then thought sin or shame  
Those necessary parts to name  
From whence we went, and whence we came?

IV.

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;  
With love inflaming our desires,  
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

V.

Death she abhors: yet when men die  
We're present; but no stander-by  
Looks on when we that loss supply.

VI.

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;  
Ev'n sack prohibited last year  
A most abominable rate did bear.

VII.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,  
Only to raise, by that device,  
Of those commodities the price.

VIII.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,  
By tropes and figures led astray,  
From Nature, both her guide and way.

## FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE;

AGAINST

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I.

Love! in what poison is thy dart  
Dipp'd when it makes a bleeding heart?  
None know but they who feel the smart.

II.

It is not thou but we are blind,  
And our corporeal eyes (we find)  
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

III.

Love to our citadel resorts;  
Through those deceitful fallypotts  
Our sentinels betray our forts.

IV.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains  
To change his pleasure into pains,  
And all his freedom into chains?

V.

May not a prison, or a grave,  
Like wedlock, honour's title have?  
That word makes free-born man a slave.

VI.

How happy he that loves not lives!  
Him neither hope nor fear deceives  
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

VII.

How unconcern'd in things to come!  
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,  
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

VIII.

Secure from low and private ends,  
His life, his zeal, his wealth, attends  
His prince, his country, and his friends.

IX.

Danger and honour are his joy;  
But a fond wife or wanton boy  
May all those gen'rous thoughts destroy.

X.

Then he lays by the public care,  
Thinks of providing for an heir;  
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

XI.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,  
The Trojan hero did affright,  
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight:

XII.

Though still his foes in number grew,  
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,  
Yet left alone no fear he knew.

XIII.

But Death in all her forms appears  
From ev'ry thing he sees and hears  
For whom he leads and whom he bears\*.

XIV.

Love, making all things else his foes,  
Like a fierce torrent overflows  
Whatever doth his course oppose.

XV.

This was the cause, the poets fudge,  
Thy mother from the sea was sprung;  
But they were mad to make thee young.

XVI.

Her father, not her son, art thou:  
From our desires our actions grow;  
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

XVII.

Love is as old as place or time;  
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,  
Grandfire of father Adam's crime.

XVIII.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;  
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,  
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

XIX.

'Tis he commands the powers above;  
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove  
His thunder, to the god of Love.

\* His father and son.

XX.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;  
Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming shield  
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

XXI.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss  
Much higher than fruition is,  
But less than nothing, if it miss.

XXII.

When matches love alone projects,  
The cause transcending the effects,  
That wildfire's quench'd in cold neglects:

XXIII.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best  
Where Love's of blindness dispossess  
By perspectives of interest.

XXIV.

Though Sol'mon with a thousand wives  
To get a wife successor strives,  
But one (and he a fool) survives.

XXV.

Old Rome of children took no care;  
They with their friends their beds did share,  
Secure t'adopt a hopeful heir.

XXVI.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights  
Makes, and breaks friendship, whose delights  
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

XXVII.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble,  
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,  
And into halves divides our trouble.

XXVIII.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,  
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,  
Make friendship languish till it die.

XXIX.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,  
When they their prey in pieces tear,  
To quarrel with themselves forbear:

XXX.

Yet tim'rous deer and harmless sheep,  
When love into their veins doth creep,  
That law of Nature cease to keep.

XXXI.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy,  
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,  
To quench his own set fire on Troy?

XXXII.

Such is the world's prepoit'rous fate,  
Amongst all creatures mortal hate  
Love (though immortal) doth create.

XXXIII.

But Love may beasts excuse, for they  
Their actions not by reason sway,  
But their brute appetites obey.

XXXIV.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind,  
From reason to self-love declin'd,  
Delights to prey upon his kind.

## A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE

AT THE

### CLOSE COMMITTEE.

*To the tune of "I went from England."*

But will you now to peace incline;  
And languish in the main design,  
And leave us in the lurch?  
I would not monarchy destroy,  
But as the only way t' enjoy  
The ruin of the church.

Is not the Bishops' bill deny'd,  
And we still threaten'd to be try'd?  
You see the King embraces  
Those counsels he approv'd before;  
Nor doth he promise, which is more,  
That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?  
(For 'tis no secret now) the plot  
Was Saye's and mine together.  
Did I for this return again,  
And spend a winter there in vain,  
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cause  
Their brotherly assistance draws,  
My labour was not lost.  
At my return I brought you thence  
Necessity, their strong pretence,  
And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring  
To help their knight against their king,  
And raise the first sedition?  
Though I the bus'ness did decline,  
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,  
And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the City  
In that invisible Committee,  
The wheel that governs all:  
From thence the change in church and state,  
And all the mischief, bears the date  
From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,  
Upon the King to cast the war,  
To make the world abhor him,

Because the rebels us'd his name?  
Though we ourselves can do the same,  
While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here  
With what was given to quench it there,  
And wisely lost that nation:  
To do as crafty beggars use,  
To maim themselves, thereby t' abuse  
The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often past between  
Windfor and Westminster unseen,  
And did myself divide,  
To keep his Excellence in awe,  
And give the Parliament the law?  
For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach  
Our zealous ignorants to preach,  
And did their lungs inspire;  
Gave them their texts, shew'd them their parts,  
And taught them all their little arts  
To sing abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,  
And say the Cavaliers are beaten,  
To stroke the people's ears;  
Then straight when victory grows cheap,  
And will no more advance the heap,  
To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,  
And now our act, the preacher tells,  
To edify the people;  
All our divinity is news,  
And we have made of equal use  
The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame  
Only to put it out again?  
And must we now give o'er,  
And only end where we begun?  
In vain this mischief we have done,  
If we can do no more.

## A SPEECH AGAINST PEACE.

If men in peace can have their right,  
Where's the necessity to fight,  
That breaks both law and oath?  
They'll say they fight not for the cause,  
Nor to defend the king and laws,  
But us against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,  
Or being good, it is so still;  
And thence they will infer,  
That either now or at the first  
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,  
That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,  
For they and we are near of kin,  
And cannot go afunder:

But while the wicked starve, indeed  
The faints have ready at their need  
God's providence and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,  
And gallant villains if we fail.  
When to our fame 'tis told,  
It will not be our least of praise,  
Since a new state we could not raise  
To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay, and fight and vote,  
Till London is not worth a groat;  
Oh! 'tis a patient beast!  
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,  
And can no longer have the rule,  
We'll have the spoil at least.

TO THE

## FIVE MEMBERS OF THE HON. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

### THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

AFTER so many concurring petitions  
From all ages and sexes, and all conditions,  
We come in the rear to present our follies  
To Pym, Stroude, Haslerig, Hampden, and Holles,  
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,  
Set forms of petitions find great approbation;  
Therefore as others from th' bottom of their souls,  
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowels,  
According unto the bless'd form you have taught us,  
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us:  
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,  
And you for the confidence only to crave it.  
Next, in course, we complain of the great violation  
Of privilege; (like the rest of our nation)  
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,  
Which never had being until they were broken;  
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,  
Hangs not an ordinance or pow'r legislative.  
And, first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,  
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants' fees.  
Next, that we only may lie by authority;  
But in that also you have got the priority.  
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it  
Poetical Licence, and always did claim it.  
By this we have pow'r to change age into youth,  
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth;  
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;  
This art some poet, or the devil, has taught ye:

And this our property you have invaded,  
And a privilege of both Houses have made it.  
But that trust above all in poets reposed,  
That kings by them only are made and deposed:  
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing;  
But when we undertake deposing or killing,  
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet  
Takes full vengeance on the villains that do it.  
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,  
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.  
But is't not presumption to write verses to you,  
Who make better poems by far of the two?  
For all those pretty knacks you compose,  
Alas! what are they but poems in prose?  
And between those and ours there's no difference,  
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the  
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet) [sense.  
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it;  
And though you are modest and seem to abhor it,  
It has done you good service, and thank Hell for it.  
Although the old maxim remains still in force,  
That a sanctify'd cause must have a sanctify'd course,  
If poverty be a part of our trade,  
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made;  
Nay, even so far as undoing will do it,  
You have made King Charles himself a poet:  
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows  
Already you have had too much of his prose.

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## A WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know, not a fortnight ago,  
How they bragg'd of a Western Wonder?  
When a hundred and ten flew five thousand men  
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopeton was slain again and again,  
Or else my author did lie; [living,  
With a new Thanksgiving for the dead who are  
To God and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side was this miracle try'd?  
I hope we at last are even; [graves  
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are risen from their  
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame  
Of the gout three months together;

But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,  
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns his arms and his guns,  
And leaves all his money behind him.  
But they follow after: unless he takes water,  
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost, and Stamford hath lost,  
Goes deep in the Sequestrations;  
These wounds will not heal with your new great seal,  
Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now Peters and Case, in your pray'r and grace,  
Remember the new Thanksgiving;  
Isaac and his wife, now dig for your life,  
Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

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## A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that Wonder, of the lightning and  
Which made the lie so much the louder: [thunder,  
Now list to another, that miracle's brother,  
Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O what a damp it struck through the camp!  
But as for honest Sir Ralph,  
It blew him to the Vies without beard or eyes,  
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book which the newsmonger  
From the preaching lady's letter, [took  
Where, in the first place, stood the conqueror's face,  
Which made it shew much the better.

But now, without lying, you may paint him flying,  
At Bristol they say you may find him;

Great William the Con. so fast he did run,  
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post, save all that was lost;  
But, alas! we are past deceiving  
By a trick so stale, or else such a tale  
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case with a pitiful face  
In the pulpit to fall a-weeping; [eyes,  
Though his mouth utter'd lies, truth fell from his  
Which kept the Lord Mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops, and spend your last drops  
For the laws, not your cause, you that loathe 'em,  
Lest Essex should start, and play the second part  
Of the Worshipful Sir John Hotham.

## A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR JOHN POOLEY AND MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL.

To thee, dear Tom! myself addressing,  
Most queremoniously confessing  
That I of late have been compressing.

Destitute of my wonted gravity,  
I perpetrated arts of pravity  
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puiffance,  
For some venereal rejouiffance,  
I got (as one may fay) a nuiffance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, Cousin Pooley,  
And in plain English tell us truly  
Why under th' eyes you look so blueely?

'Tis not your hard words will avail you;  
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,  
'Till you speak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monastic,  
And wore a vest ecclesiastic;  
Now in your age you grow fantastic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,  
A female of malignant quality  
Set fire on label of mortality;

The fæces of which ulceration  
Brought o'er the helm a difillation  
Through th' instrument of propagation.

KIL. Then, Cousin, (as I guess the matter)  
You have been an old fornicator,  
And now are shot 'twixt wind and water.

Your style has such an ill complexion,  
That from your breath I fear infection,  
That ev'n your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once so economic,  
Quitting the thrifty style laconic,  
Turn prodigal in macaronic.

Yet be of comfort, I shall send-a  
Person of knowledge, who can mend-a  
Disaster in your nether end-a—

Whether it pullen be or shanker,  
Cordee, and crooked like an anchor;  
Your cure too costs you but a spanker.

Or though your pifs be sharp as razor,  
Do but confer with Dr. Frazer,  
He'll make your running nag a pacer.

Nor shall you need your silver-quick, Sir;  
Take Mongo Murray's black elixer,  
And in a week it cures your —, Sir,

But you that are a man of learning,  
So read in Virgil, so discerning,  
Methinks t'wards fifty should take warning.

Once in a pit \* you did miscary;  
That danger might have made one wary:  
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me no such disconsolation,  
Having now cur'd my inflammation,  
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies' favour,  
Yet it may raise an evil favour  
Upon all grave and staid behav'our.

And I will rub my mater pia,  
To find a rhyme to gonorrhœa,  
And put it in my litania.

\* Hunting near Paris, he and his horse fell into a quarry.

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 THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

## P R E F A C E.

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,  
 That strong Circean liquor cease t' infuse,  
 Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;  
 Now stoop, with disenchanted wings, to truth.  
 As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now  
 May thine conduct me to the golden bough;  
 Tell (like a tall old oak) how Learning shoots  
 To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the east,  
 He his own image on the clay imprest.  
 As subjects then the whole creation came,  
 And from their natures Adam them did name;  
 Not from experience, (for the world was new)  
 He only from their cause their natures knew.  
 Had memory been lost with innocence,  
 We had not known the sentence nor th' offence.  
 'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store  
 The sad remembrance what he was before;  
 And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,  
 Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.  
 After the flood arts to Chaldea fell;  
 The father of the faithful there did dwell,  
 Who both their parent and instructor was:  
 From thence did learning into Egypt pass.  
 Moses in all th' Egyptian arts was skill'd,  
 When heav'nly pow'r that chosen vessel fill'd;  
 And we to his high inspiration owe  
 That what was done before the flood we know.  
 From Egypt arts their progress made to Greece,  
 Wrapp'd in the Fable of the Golden Fleece.  
 Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize  
 Mankind, and gave the world their deities:  
 To many gods they taught devotion,  
 Which were the distinct faculties of one:  
 Th' Eternal Cause in their immortal lines  
 Was taught, and poets were the first divines.  
 God Moses first, then David, did inspire,  
 To compose anthems for his heav'nly quire:  
 To th' one the style of Friend he did impart,  
 On th' other stamp the likeness of his heart:  
 And Moses, in the old original,  
 Ev'n God the poet of the world doth call.

Next those old Greeks Pythagoras did rise,  
 Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd Wise.  
 The divine Plato moral virtue shews,  
 Then his disciple Aristotle rose,  
 Who Nature's secrets to the world did teach,  
 Yet that great soul our novelists impeach:  
 Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,  
 While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds.  
 The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,  
 Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits.  
 Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,  
 Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.  
 Flying from thence\*, to Italy it came,  
 And to the realm of Naples gave the name,  
 Till both their nation and their arts did come  
 A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome.  
 Then wheresoe'er her conqu'ring Eagles fled,  
 Arts, learning, and civility, were spread;  
 And as in this our microcosm the heart  
 Heat, spirit, motion, gives to ev'ry part,  
 So Rome's victorious influence did disperse  
 All her own virtues t'rough the universe.  
 Here some digression I must make, t' accuse  
 Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse!  
 Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,  
 And not to thy great ancestor do right?  
 I can no more believe old Homer blind,  
 Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd:  
 The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he  
 Could not want sight who taught the world to see.  
 They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,  
 Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive,

\* Græcia Major.

And from his brain that Helicon distil  
 Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.  
 Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,  
 Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.  
 Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,  
 In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.  
 When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,  
 His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace,  
 He still in his triumphant chariot shines,  
 By Horace drawn and Virgil's mighty lines.  
 'Twas certainly mysterious that the name  
 Of prophets and of poets is the same \*.  
 What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success  
 Declares was inspiration and not guess:  
 As dark a truth that author did unfold  
 As oracles our prophets e'er foretold:  
 "At last the ocean shall unlock the bound §  
 "Of things, and a new world by Typhis found;  
 "Then ages far remote shall understand  
 "The Isle of Thule is not the farthest land."  
 Sure God, by these discov'ries, did design  
 That his clear light thro' all the world should shine;  
 But the obstruction from that discord springs  
 'The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings:  
 That peaceful age with happiness to crown,  
 From heav'n the Prince of Peace himself came down;  
 'Then the true Sou of knowledge first appear'd,  
 And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd;  
 The heavy cause of th' old accursed flood  
 Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.  
 His passion man from his first fall redeem'd;  
 Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;  
 Satan himself was bound, till th' iron chain  
 Our pride did break, and let him loose again.  
 Still the old sting remain'd, and man began  
 To tempt the serpent as he tempted man.  
 Then hell sends forth her furies, Av'rice, Pride,  
 Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy their guide:  
 Though the foundation on a rock were laid,  
 The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd.  
 Though the Apostles these events foretold,  
 Yet ev'n the shepherd did devour the fold:  
 The fisher to convert the world began  
 The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;  
 But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,  
 And Peter's keys chang'd for Peter's sword,  
 Which still maintains for his adopted son  
 Vast patrimonies, though himself had none;  
 Wrestling the text to the old giant's sense,  
 That heav'n once more must suffer violence.  
 Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize;  
 Casuists, like cocks, struck out each others' eyes:  
 Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,  
 And into atoms truth anatomiz'd:  
 Then Mah'met's Crescent, by our feuds increas'd,  
 Blasted the learn'd remainders of the East.  
 That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,  
 Made Mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;  
 Then he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,  
 His faithful emissary, rose from hell  
 To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand  
 Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns, did stand;  
 And before that exalted idol all  
 (Whom we call gods on earth) did prostrate fall.

\* Valer. † Seneca. § The prophecy.

Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,  
 From lazy cells, where superstition bred,  
 Which, link'd with blind obedience, so increas'd,  
 That the whole world some ages they oppress'd;  
 Till thro' those clouds the Sun of knowledge brake,  
 And Europe from her lethargy did wake;  
 Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,  
 That they their churches' nursing fathers were.  
 When Lucifer no longer could advance  
 His works on the false ground of ignorance,  
 New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,  
 Then his well-studied masterpiece he plays;  
 Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,  
 And kindles with infernal flames their fires;  
 Sends their forerunner (conscious of th' event)  
 Printing, his most pernicious instrument!  
 Wild controversy then, which long had slept,  
 Into the press from ruin'd cloisters leapt.  
 No longer by implicit faith we err,  
 Whilst ev'ry man's his own interpreter;  
 No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,  
 Lay-elders from their ends create their god.  
 But sev'n wise men the ancient world did know,  
 We scarce know sev'n who think themselves not so.  
 When man learn'd undefil'd religion,  
 We were commanded to be all as one;  
 Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd;  
 Almost as many minds as men we find;  
 And when that flame finds combustible earth,  
 Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth;  
 Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;  
 To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.  
 Such were the Centaurs, of Ixion's race,  
 Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;  
 And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,  
 Lions before, and dragons were behind.  
 Then from the clashes between popes and kings  
 Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs.  
 As Jove's loud thunderbolts were forg'd by heat,  
 The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat:  
 All the rich mines of Learning ransack'd are  
 To furnish ammunition for this war:  
 Uncharitable zeal our Reason whets,  
 And double edges on our passions sets.  
 'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,  
 That the best things corrupted are the worst.  
 'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd  
 Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er the world.  
 That sun like this (from which our light we have)  
 Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;  
 And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,  
 Our guide is error and our visions dreams.  
 'Twas no false heraldry when Madness drew  
 Her pedigree from those who too much knew.  
 Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,  
 Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils.  
 When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,  
 'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line.  
 True piety, without cessation tost  
 By theories, the practisic part is lost;  
 And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,  
 Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;  
 Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,  
 The Atheist looking on enjoys the spoils.  
 Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,  
 Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;

And these discov'ries make us all confess  
That sublunary science is but guess.  
Matters of fact to man are only known,  
And what seems more is mere opinion:  
The standers-by see clearly this event;  
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent.  
With their new light our bold inspectors press,  
Like Cham, to shew their fathers' nakedness,  
By whose example after-ages may  
Discover we more naked are than they.  
All human wisdom to divine is folly:  
This truth the wisest man made melancholy.  
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,  
But to be sure we are deceiv'd brings grief.  
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,  
Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.

Our God, when heav'n and earth he did create,  
Form'd man, who should of both participate.  
If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,  
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.  
When like a bridegroom from the east the sun  
Sets forth, he thither whence he came doth run.  
Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,  
'Those rivers to replenish which he drinks:  
So Learning, which from reason's fountain springs,  
Back to the source some secret channel brings.  
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow  
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

" Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit aestas,  
" Sic orum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque finem."

## E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

READER, preserve thy peace: those busy eyes  
Will weep at their own sad discoveries,  
When ev'ry line they add improves thy loss,  
Till, having view'd the whole, they sum a cross,  
Such as derides thy passions' best relief,  
And scorns the succours of thy easy grief:  
Yet lest thy ignorance betray thy name  
Of man and pious, read and mourn; the shame  
Of an exemption from just sense doth shew  
Irrational, beyond excess of woe.  
Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,  
Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here  
Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains  
Dust far more precious than in India's veins:  
Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies  
That which completes the age's tyrannies;  
Who weak to such another ill appear,  
For what destroys our hope secures our fear.  
What sin, unexpiated in this land  
Of groans, hath guided so severe a hand?  
The late great victim \* that your altars knew,  
Ye angry gods! might have excus'd this new  
Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light  
Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;  
By whose example good, condemn'd, we  
Might have run on to kinder destiny.  
But as the leader of the herd fell first  
A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst  
Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none  
But this white fatted youngling could atone,

\* King Charles the First.

By his untimely fate, that impious smoke  
That sullied earth, and did Heav'n's pity choke.  
Let it suffice for us that we have lost  
In him more than the widow'd world can boast  
In any lump of her remaining clay.  
Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn he was; the day,  
Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts  
No haste like that of his increasing parts.  
Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light  
Was seen as full of comfort, and as bright.  
Had his noon been as fix'd, as clear—but he,  
That only wanted immortality  
To make him perfect, now submits to night,  
In the black bosom of whose sable spite  
He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies,  
Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the skies.

Great Saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,  
And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st  
near,

That by our trembling sense, in Hastings dead,  
Their anger and our ugly faults are read,  
The short lines of whose life did to our eyes  
Their love and majesty epitomize:  
Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,  
The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws.  
Though Sin search Nature, to provide her here  
A second entertainment half so dear,  
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,  
Till Time present her with the univers.

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*E P I S T L E S.*

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TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

*Being invited from Calais to Bologne to eat a pig.*

I.

ALL on a weeping Monday,  
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,  
Little Admiral John  
To Bologne is gone,  
Whom I think they call Old Loven.

II.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting †,  
Will. Aubrey, Count of Oxon,  
When nose lay in breech,  
And breech made a speech,  
So often cry'd A pox on ?

III.

A knight by land and water  
Esteem'd at such a high rate,  
When 'tis told in Kent  
In a cart that he went,  
They'll say now, Hang him, pirate.

IV.

Thou might'st have ta'en example  
From what thou read'st in story,  
Being as worthy to sit  
On an ambling tit  
As thy predecessor Dory.

V.

But, oh! the roof of linen,  
Intended for a shelter;  
But the rain made an ass  
Of tilt and canvass,  
And the snow, which you know is a melter.

† We three riding in a cart from Dunkirk to Calais with  
a fat Dutch woman, who broke wind all along.

VI.

But with thee to inveigle  
That tender stripling Astcot,  
Who was soak'd to the skin  
Through drugget so thin,  
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

VII.

He being proudly mounted,  
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,  
Defy'd cart so base,  
For thief without grace,  
That goes to make a wry mouth.

VIII.

Nor did he like the omen,  
For fear it might be his doom  
One day for to sing,  
With gullet in string,  
A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

IX.

But what was all this bus'ness?  
For sure it was important;  
For who rides i' th' wet,  
When affairs are not great,  
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

X.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,  
O John! thou hadst a malice;  
The old driver of swine  
That day sure was thine,  
Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

---

 TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

 UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF  
 PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,  
 That few but such as cannot write translate :  
 But what in them is want of art or voice,  
 In thee is either modesty or choice.  
 While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand  
 Free from the blemish of an artless hand,  
 Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem  
 Less honour to create than to redeem.  
 Nor ought a genius less than his that writ  
 Attempt translation ; for transplanted wit  
 All the defects of air and soil doth share,  
 And colder brains like colder climates are :  
 In vain they toil, since nothing can beget  
 A vital spirit but a vital heat.  
 That servile path thou nobly dost decline  
 Of tracing word by word and line by line,  
 Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,  
 Not the effect of poetry, but pains ;  
 Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords  
 No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at  
 words.  
 A new and nobler way thou dost pursue  
 To make translations and translators too.

They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,  
 True to his sense, but truer to his fame.  
 Fording his current, where thou find'st it low  
 Lett'st in thine own to make it rise and flow.  
 Wisely refusing whatsoever grace  
 It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.  
 Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,  
 Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.  
 Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength  
 Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unfinew'd length :  
 Yet, after all (lest we should think it thine),  
 Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.  
 New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,  
 Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and outfac'd  
 The world, it were thy work ; for we have known  
 Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their  
 own.  
 That master's hand which, to the life, can trace  
 The airs, the lines, and features of the face,  
 May with a free and bolder stroke express  
 A vary'd posture or a flatt'ring dress :  
 He could have made those like who made the rest  
 But that he knew his own design was best.

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 TO THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON THE BRITISH PRINCES.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong ?  
 So high above all vulgar eyes ? so long ?  
 One single rapture scarce itself confines  
 Within the limits of four thousand lines :  
 And yet I hope to see this noble heat  
 Continue till it makes the piece complete,  
 That to the latter age it may descend,  
 And to the end of time its beams extend.  
 When poesy joins profit with delight,  
 Her images should be most exquisite,  
 Since man to that perfection cannot rise,  
 Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise ;  
 Therefore the patterns man should imitate

Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,  
 Yet, like himself, his characters were blind :  
 Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,  
 But his sublimed thoughts to heaven were rais'd.  
 Who reads the honours which he paid the gods  
 Would think he had beheld their bless'd abodes ;  
 And that his hero might accomplish'd be,  
 From divine blood he draws his pedigree.  
 From that great judge your judgment takes its law  
 And by the best original does draw  
 Bonduca's honour, with those heroes time  
 Had in oblivion wrapt his faucy crime :  
 To them and to your nation you are true,  
 In this their glory from the gods

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# S O N G S.

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## NEWS FROM COLCHESTER :

*Or, a proper New Ballad of certain carnal passages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at  
Horsley, near Colchester, in Essex.*

*To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam,"*

ALL in the land of Essex,  
Near Colchester the zealous,  
On the side of a bank  
Was play'd such a prank  
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

II.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,  
For Brother Green's a stallion :  
Now, alas ! what hope  
Of converting the Pope,  
When a Quaker turns Italian ?

III.

Even to our whole profession  
A scandal 'twill be counted,  
When 'tis talk'd with disdain  
Amongst the profane  
How Brother Green was mounted.

IV.

And in the good time of Christmas,  
Which though our saints have damn'd all,  
Yet when did they hear  
That a damn'd Cavalier  
Ever play'd such a Christmas gambol ?

V.

Had thy flesh, O Green ! been pamper'd  
With any cates unhallow'd,  
Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums  
With pottage of plums  
Or profane minc'd pye hadst swallow'd ;

VI.

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh  
'The fiend might have crept into thee ;  
'Twas the sickness of gut  
Might have caus'd thee to rut,  
And the devil have so rid through thee.

VII.

But alas ! he had been feasted  
With a spiritual collation  
By our frugal Mayor,  
Who can dine on a prayer,  
And sup on an exhortation,

VIII.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,  
Though he us'd the weapon carnal :  
'Filly Foal," quoth he,  
'My bride thou shalt be ;  
'And how this is lawful learn all :

IX.

'For of no respect of persons  
'Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,  
'In a large extent  
'Thereby may be meant  
'That a mare's as good as a madam."

X.

Then without more ceremony,  
Not bonnet veil'd, nor kiss'd her,  
But took her by force,  
For better for worse,  
And us'd her like a sister.

XI.

Now when in such a saddle  
A faint will needs be riding  
Though we dare not say  
'Tis a falling away,  
May there not be some backsliding ?

XII.

'No, surely," quoth James Naylor,  
''Twas but an insurrection  
'Of the carnal part,  
'For a Quaker in heart  
'Can never lose perfection.

X x ij

## XIII.

“ For (as our masters \* teach us)  
 “ The intent being well directed,  
 “ Though the devil trepan  
 “ The Adamical man,  
 “ The faint stands uninfected.”

## XIV.

But, alas! a Pagan jury  
 Ne'er judges what's intended;  
 Then say what we can  
 Brother Green's outward man  
 I fear will be suspended.

\* The Jesuits.

## XV.

And our adopted sister  
 Will find no better quarter:  
 But when him we inroll  
 For a faint, Filly Foal  
 Shall pass herself for a martyr.

## XVI.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,  
 No longer is thy debtor,  
 O Colchester! now  
 Who's Sodom but thou,  
 Even according to the letter?

## A SONG.

## I.

MORPHIUS! the humble god that dwells  
 In cottages and smoky cells,  
 Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,  
 And though he fears no prince's frown  
 Flies from the circle of a crown:

## II.

Come, I say, thou pow'ful god,  
 And thy leaden charming rod,

Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,  
 O'er his wakeful temples shake,  
 Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

## III.

Nature, (alas!) why art thou so  
 Oblig'd to thy greatest foe?  
 Sleep that is thy best repast,  
 Yet of death it bears a taste,  
 And both are the same thing at last.

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# TRANSLATIONS, &c.

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## PREFACE

TO THE

### DESTRUCTION OF TROY, &c.

THERE are so few translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved pardon; those who travel in that kind being for the most part so unhappy as to rob others without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good authors without raising their own: neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our master; and the reason is evident, for, what is most excellent is most inimitable; and if even the worst authors are yet made worse by their translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best? And therefore I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (consequently) myself altogether guiltless of what I accuse others; but if I can do Virgil less injury than others have done, it will be in some degree to do him right; and, indeed, the hope of doing him more right is the only scope of this essay, by opening a new way of translating this author to those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune, make fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar error, in translating poets, to affect being *fides interpretes*; let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith: but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall perform what he attempts; for it is not his

business alone to translate language into language but poetry into poetry; and poetry is of so subtle a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at verbal translation, shall have the misfortune of that young traveller who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: for the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase. And as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain garbs and modes of speaking, which vary with the times, the fashion of our clothes being not more subject to alteration than that of our speech: and this I think Tacitus meant by that which he calls *sermonem temporis istius auribus accommodatum*; the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear as of the eye; and therefore, if Virgil must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age; and if this disguise I have put upon him (I wish I could give it a better name) fit not naturally and easily

on so grave a person, yet it may become him better than that fool's coat wherein the French and Italians have of late presented him; at least, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger or less than the life; (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions) neither have I any where offered such violence to his sense, as to make it seem mine, and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our language or my art was defective

(but I rather suspect myself); but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them; and it (being conscious of making him speak worse than he did almost in every line) I err in endeavouring sometimes to make him speak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve pardon, if not imitation.

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# THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

THE first book speaks of Æneas's voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,  
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state:  
Madam, when you command us to review  
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,  
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,  
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more.  
Not the most cruel of our conqu'ring foes  
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes  
As not to lend a tear; then how can I  
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly  
The sad remembrance? Now th' expiring night  
And the declining stars to rest invite;  
Yet, since 'tis your command, what you so well  
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell,  
By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,  
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,  
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,  
Pretending vows for their return: this Fate  
Divulges; then within the beast's vast womb  
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb.  
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high  
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie;  
(Now but an unsecure and open bay)  
Thither, by stealth, the Greeks their fleet convey.  
We gave them ~~gold~~, and to Mycenæ sail'd,  
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;  
All through th' unguarded gates with joy resort  
To the slighted camp, the vacant port.

Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here  
The battles join'd; the Grecian fleet rode there;  
But the vast pile th' amazed vulgar views,  
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.  
And first Thymæus moves (urg'd by the power  
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;  
But Capys and the graver fort thought fit  
The Greeks' suspected present to commit  
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore  
The sides, and what that space contains to explore.  
The uncertain multitude with both engag'd  
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd  
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,  
Crying, What desprate frenzy's this, (oh, friends!)  
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat  
But a design; their gift's but a deceit:  
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,  
Or from within by fraud, or from without  
By force. Yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?  
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts.  
(This said) against the horse's side his spear  
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,  
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed  
Groans not his own; and had not Fate decreed  
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood  
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.  
Mean-while a fetter'd pris'ner to the king  
With joyful shouts the Dardan shepherds bring.

Who to betray us did himself betray,  
 At once the taker, and at once the prey;  
 Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,  
 Or of his death or his design assur'd  
 The Trojan youth about the captive flock,  
 To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.  
 Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one  
 Conjecture all the rest.  
 Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes  
 On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,  
 "What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?  
 Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,  
 Incens'd Troy a wretched captive seeks  
 To sacrifice; a fugitive the Greeks."  
 To pity this complaint our former rage  
 Converts; we now inquire his parentage;  
 What of their counsels or affairs he knew?  
 Then fearless he replies, "Great King! to you  
 All truth I shall relate: nor first can I  
 Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;  
 And though my outward state misfortune hath  
 Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.  
 You may by chance have heard the famous name  
 Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,  
 Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,  
 Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew,  
 Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,  
 And me to his commands did recommend,  
 While laws and councils did his throne support;  
 I but a youth, yet some esteem and port  
 We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft  
 (Things known I speak) he was of life bereft:  
 Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,  
 Till now, disdain'g his unworthy end,  
 I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd  
 Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd  
 My wish'd return to Greece: from hence his hate,  
 From thence my crimes, and all my ills, bear date:  
 Old guilt fresh malice gives, the people's ears  
 He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,  
 And then the prophet to his party drew.  
 But why do I these thankless truths pursue,  
 Or why defer your rage? or me for all  
 The Greeks let your revenging fury fail.  
 Ulysses this, th' Atrida this desire  
 At any rate." We straight are set on fire  
 (Unpractis'd in such mysteries) to inquire  
 The manner and the cause, which thus he told,  
 With gestures humble, as his tale was bold.  
 "Oft' have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd  
 With tedious war, a stol'n retreat desir'd,  
 And would to Heav'n they 'ad gone; but still dis-  
 By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd. [may'd  
 Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd  
 Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,  
 Dispatch Eurypylus t' inquire our fates,  
 Who thus the sentence of the gods relates;  
 "A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,  
 "When first t'wards Troy the Grecians took the  
 "seas;  
 "Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood  
 "Must purchase." All at this confounded stood;  
 Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all  
 Of what the mischief but on one can fall:

Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)  
 Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;  
 Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well  
 Inspir'd as he), and did my fate foretell.  
 Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,  
 Would no man's fate pronounce; at last constrain'd  
 By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd  
 Me for the sacrifice: the people join'd  
 In glad consent, and all their common fear  
 Determine in my fate. The day drew near,  
 The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd  
 With holy wreaths; then I conceal'd I found  
 The means to my escape: my bonds I brake,  
 Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake  
 Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,  
 Till they their sails had hoist, (if so they did.)  
 And now, alas! no home remains for me  
 My home, my father and my sons, to see,  
 Whom they, enrag'd will kill for my offence,  
 And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.  
 Those gods who know the truths I now relate,  
 That faith which yet remains inviolate  
 By mortal men, by these I beg; redress  
 My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress."  
 And now true pity in exchange he finds  
 For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.  
 Then spake the king, "Be ours, who'er thou art  
 Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,  
 Why did they raise, or to what use intend,  
 This pile? to a warlike or religious end?"  
 Skillful in fraud (his native art) his hands  
 T'ward heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.  
 "Ye pure ethereal flames! ye powers ador'd  
 By mortal men! ye altars, and the sword  
 I escap'd! ye sacred fillets that involv'd  
 My destin'd head! grant I may stand absolv'd  
 From all their laws and rites renounce all name  
 Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim,  
 Only, O Troy! preserve thy faith to me,  
 If what I shall relate preterveeth thee.  
 From Pallas' favour all our hopes, and all  
 Counsels and actions, took original,  
 Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit  
 By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)  
 Assaults the sacred tower; the guards they slay,  
 Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey  
 The fatal image: straight with our success  
 Our hopes fell back; whilst prodigies express  
 Her just disdain; her flaming eyes did throw  
 Flashes of lightning; from each part did flow  
 A briny sweat; thrice brandishing her spear,  
 Her statue from the ground itself did rear:  
 Then that we should our sacrilege restore,  
 And reconvey their gods from Argos' shore,  
 Calchas persuades till then we urge in vain  
 The fate of Troy. To measure back the main  
 They all consent, but to return again  
 When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.  
 Thus Calchas; then instead of that, this pile  
 To Pallas was design'd, to reconcile  
 Th' offended power, and expiate our guilt;  
 To this vast height and monstrous stature built,  
 Left, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew  
 Your vows to her, and her defence to you."

But if this sacred gift you disesteem,  
Then cruel plagues (which Heav'n divert on  
them!)  
shall fall on Priam's fate: but if the horse  
Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,  
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract,  
Our sons then 'uff'ring what their fires would act."  
Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,  
A feigned tear destroys us, against whom  
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,  
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thousand sail.  
This seconded by a most sad portent,  
Which credit to the first imposture lent,  
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day  
Devoted to that god, a coil did slay;  
When two prodigious serpents were descri'd,  
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide:  
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,  
And stem the flood with their erected breasts;  
Their winding tails advance and steer their course,  
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.  
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there  
A direful hiss, and from their eyes a flame. [came  
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line  
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine  
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;  
Then him, who armed to their rescue runs,  
They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,  
His neck twice compassing and twice his waist:  
Their pois'nous knots he strives to break and tear,  
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear;  
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull  
From the altar flies, and from his wounded skull  
Shakes the huge axe. The conqu'ring serpents fly  
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie  
Under her feet, within her shield's extent.  
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent  
Justly on him who struck the sacred oak  
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke  
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,  
We all consent.  
A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,  
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall.  
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,  
Some draw with swords, and some the monster drive  
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,  
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and  
rhymes,  
Some dance, some haul the rope; at last let down,  
It enters with a thund'ring noise the town.  
Oh, Troy! the feat of gods, in war renown'd!  
'Three times it struck, as oft' the clashing sound  
Of arms was heard; yet blinded by the power  
Of Fate, we place it in the sacred tower.  
Cassandra then foretells th' event, but she  
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)  
The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and waste  
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.  
Now by the revolution of the skies  
Night's fable shadows from the ocean rise,  
Which heav'n and earth, and the Greek frauds in-  
The city in secure repose dissolv'd, [volv'd,  
When from the admiral's high poop appears  
A light\* by which the Argive Squadron steers

Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,  
When Sinon (fav'd by the gods' partial power)  
Opens the horse, and through the unlock'd doors  
To the free air the armed freight restores.  
Ulysses, Sthenelus, Tifander slide  
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;  
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,  
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:  
The gates they seize; the guards with sleep and wine  
Oppress'd, surpris'd, and then their forces join.  
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair  
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care,  
(The gods best gift) when, bath'd in tears and  
blood,  
Before my face lamenting Hector stood,  
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust,  
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were  
thrust  
By his insulting foe: O how transform'd!  
How much unlike that Hector who return'd  
Clad in Achilles' spoils! when he among  
A thousand ships (like Jove) his lightning flung!  
His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood  
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood.  
Entranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, The joy,  
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy!  
What region held thee? whence, so much desir'd,  
Art thou restor'd to us, consum'd and tir'd  
With toils and deaths? But what sad cause con-  
founds  
Thy once fair looks or why appear those wounds?  
Regardless of my words, he no reply  
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,  
"Fly from the flame, O goddess-born! our walls  
"The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls  
"From all her glories; if it might have stood  
"By any pow'r, by this right hand it should.  
"What man could do by me for Troy was done.  
"Take here her relics and her gods, to run  
"With them thy fate; with them new walls  
expect,  
"Which, toss'd on seas, thou shalt at last erect:"  
Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire,  
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.  
Mean-while the walls with doubtful cries resound  
From far; (for shady coverts did surround  
My father's house) approaching still more near,  
The clash of arms and voice of men we hear.  
Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend  
The houses' tops, and list'ning there attend.  
As flames roll'd by the winds' conspiring force  
O'er full-car'd corn, or torrents' raging course  
Bears down th' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,  
And mocks the ploughman's toil, th' unlook'd-for  
noise,  
From neighb'ring hills th' amazed shepherd hears;  
Such my surpris'e, and such their rage appears.  
First fell thy house, Ucalegon! then thine  
Deiphobus. Sigæan seas did shine  
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets' dread-  
ful sound  
The louder groans of dying men confound.  
Give me my arms, I cry'd, resolv'd to throw  
Myself among any that oppos'd the foe:

Rage, anger, and despair, at once suggest,  
 That of all deaths to die in arms was best.  
 The first I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' priest,  
 Who, 'scaping with his gods and relics, fled,  
 And t'wards the shore his little grandchild led.  
 Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what  
 place  
 Made good? but, fighting, he replies, "Alas!  
 Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;  
 But the last period, and the fatal hour  
 Of Troy is come; our glory and our power  
 Incens'd Jove transfers to Grecian hands:  
 The foe within the burning town commands,  
 And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force  
 Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse;  
 Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,  
 And thousands more than e'er from Argos came  
 Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets,  
 And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.  
 The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate so near,  
 At once suspends their courage and their fear."  
 Thus by the gods, and by Atreides' words  
 Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through  
 swords,  
 Where noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,  
 I heard. First Iphitus, renown'd for arms,  
 We meet, who knew us; (for the moon did shine)  
 Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join  
 Their force, and young Choroebus, Mygdon's son,  
 Who by the love of fair Cassandra won,  
 Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;  
 Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade  
 Of his prophetic spouse;  
 Whom when I saw, yet daring to maintain  
 The fight, I said, Brave spirits! (but in vain)  
 Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares  
 Tempt all extremes? The state of our affairs  
 You see: the gods have left us, by whose aid  
 Our empire stood; nor can the flame be stay'd:  
 Then let us fall amidst our foes; This one  
 Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none.  
 Then reinforc'd, as in a stormy night  
 Wolves, urg'd by their raging appetite,  
 Forage for prey, which their neglected young  
 With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among  
 Foes, fire, and swords, t' assured death we pass;  
 Darkness our guide, Despair our leader was.  
 Who can relate that ev'ning's woes and spoils,  
 Or can his tears proportion to our toils?  
 The city, which so long had flourish'd, falls;  
 Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls.  
 Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom;  
 Their hearts at last the vanquish'd re-assume,  
 And now the victors fall: on all sides fears,  
 Groans, and pale Death, in all her shapes appears.  
 Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast  
 Upon us, with civility misplac'd  
 Thus greeting us; "You lose, by your delay  
 "Your share both of the honour and the prey;  
 "Others the spoils of burning Troy convey  
 "Back to those ships which you but now forsake."  
 We making no return, his sad mistake  
 Too late he finds; as when an unseen snake

A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,  
 Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest,  
 Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,  
 So from our view surpris'd Androgeus flies:  
 But here an easy victory we meet;  
 Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.  
 Whilst fortune our first enterprise did aid,  
 Encourag'd with success, Choroebus said,  
 "O friends! we now by better Fates are led,  
 "And the fair path they lead us let us tread.  
 "First change your arms, and their distinctions  
 bear;  
 "The same in foes deceit and virtue are."  
 Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,  
 His sword, his shield, he takes, and plumed crests;  
 Then Ripheus, Dymas and the rest, all glad  
 Of the occasion, in frea spoils are clad.  
 Thus mix'd with Greeks, as if their fortune still  
 Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.  
 Some re-ascend the horse, and he whose sides  
 Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.  
 Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire;  
 But vain's that hope 'gainst which the gods conspire.  
 Behold the royal virgin, the divine  
 Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine  
 Dragg'd by the hair, casting t'wards heav'n, in  
 vain,  
 Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did strain:  
 Choroebus at the spectacle enrag'd,  
 Flies in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd  
 To second him, among the thickest ran:  
 Here first our ruin from our friends began,  
 Who from the temple's battlements a shower  
 Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:  
 They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who  
 knew  
 Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans flew.  
 Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,  
 And then th' Atridae, rally all their men;  
 As winds that meet from sev'ral coasts contest,  
 Their prisons being broke, the south and west,  
 And Eurus on his winged couriers borne,  
 Triumphant in their speed, the woods are torn,  
 And chasing Nereus with his trident throws  
 The billows from their bottom; then all those  
 Who in the dark our fury did escape  
 Returning, know our borrow'd arms and shape,  
 And differing dialect: then their numbers swell  
 And grow upon us. First Choroebus fell  
 Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed  
 Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed  
 In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.  
 Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by  
 Their friends: nor thee, Pantheus! thy piety  
 Nor consecrated mitre from the same  
 Ill fate could save. My country's fun'ral flame,  
 And Troy's cold ashes, I attest and call  
 To witness for myself, that in their fall  
 No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,  
 Did and deserv'd not lose my fate to find.  
 Now Iphitus with me, and Odias,  
 Slowly retire; the one retarded was

By feeble age, the other by a wound.  
 To court the cry directs us, where we found  
 'Th' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,  
 All the rest secure from foes or fear :  
 The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast  
 Over their heads; some scaling ladders plac'd  
 Against the wall; the rest the steps ascend,  
 And with their shields on their left arms defend  
 Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast  
 The battlement; on them the Trojans cast  
 Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,  
 Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.  
 The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,  
 They tumble down; and now against the gate  
 Of th' inner court their growing force they bring :  
 Now was our last effort to save the king,  
 Relieve the fainting, and succed the dead.  
 A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,  
 Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd,  
 (The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,  
 When to the aged king her little son  
 She would present) through this we pass, and run  
 Up to the highest battlement, from whence  
 The Trojans threw their darts without offence,  
 A tow'r so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,  
 Stood on the roof, from whence we could descry  
 All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet :  
 This, where the beams upon the columns meet,  
 We loosen; which like thunder from the cloud  
 Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud;  
 But others still succeed. Mean-time not stones  
 Nor any kind of weapons cease.  
 Before the gate in gilded armour shone  
 Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,  
 Who, fed on pois'nous herbs, all winter lay  
 Under the ground, and now reviews the day  
 Fresh in his new apparel, proud and young,  
 Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,  
 And lifts his scaly breast against the sun;  
 With him his father's squire Automedon,  
 And Peripas, who drove his winged steeds,  
 Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds  
 Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung  
 Up to the roof: Pyrrhus himself among  
 The foremost with an axe an entrance hews  
 Through beams of solid oak, then freely views  
 The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,  
 Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sat.  
 At the first gate an armed guard appears,  
 But th' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,  
 Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries  
 The arch'd vaults re-echo to the skies;  
 Sad matrons wand'ring through the spacious rooms  
 Embrace and kiss the posts; then Pyrrhus comes;  
 Full of his father, neither men nor walls  
 His force sustain; the torn portcullis falls;  
 Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,  
 And where the way they cannot find they force.  
 Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows,  
 Above his banks th' opposing dams o'erthrows,  
 Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,  
 Shepherds and fold; the foaming surges sweep.  
 And now between two sad extremes I stood,  
 Here Pyrrhus and th' Atreidæ drunk with blood,

There th' hapless queen amongst an hundred  
 dames,  
 And Priam quenching from his wounds those  
 flames  
 Which his own hands had on the altar laid;  
 Then they the secret cabinets invade  
 Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes  
 Of that great race: the golden posts, whose tops  
 Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,  
 Or to the foe or to the fire a prey.  
 Now Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire.  
 Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,  
 And his own palace by the Greeks possess'd,  
 Arms long diffus'd his trembling limbs invest;  
 Thus on his toes he throws himself alone,  
 Not for their fate, but to provoke his own.  
 There stood an altar open to the view  
 Of heav'n, near which an aged laurel grew,  
 Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd,  
 Before whose feet the queen herself had cast  
 With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,  
 As doves whom an approaching tempest drives,  
 And frights into one flock; but having spy'd  
 Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cry'd,  
 "Alas! my wretched husband! what pretence  
 "To bear those arms? and in them what defence?  
 "Such aid such times require not, when again  
 "If Hector were alive he liv'd in vain:  
 "Or here we shall a sanctuary find,  
 "Or as in life we shall in death be join'd."  
 Then, weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,  
 And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.  
 Mean-while Polites, one of Priam's sons,  
 Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs  
 Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court  
 And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;  
 Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,  
 And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.  
 The king (though him so many deaths inclose  
 Nor fear nor grief, but indignation shews:  
 "The gods requite thee, (if within the care  
 "Of those above th' affairs of mortals are)  
 "Whose fury on the son but lost had begun,  
 "Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen.  
 "Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be  
 "Thy father) so inhuman was to me;  
 "He blush'd when I the rights of arms implor'd,  
 "To me my Hector, me to Troy, restor'd."  
 This said, his feeble arm a jav'lin flung,  
 Which on the sounding shield, scarce cent'ring, rung.  
 Then Pyrrhus; "Go a messenger to hell  
 "Of my black deeds, and to my father tell  
 "The acts of his degen'rate race." So through  
 His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew  
 To th' altar: in his hair one hand he wreaths,  
 His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.  
 Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,  
 With such a signal and peculiar fate,  
 Under so vast a ruin, not a grave  
 Nor in such flames a fun'ral fire to have.  
 He whom such titles swell'd, such pow'r made proud,  
 To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd,  
 On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,  
 A headless carcase, and a nameless thing!

PASSION OF DIDO FOR ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embassy,  
 Cyllenius from Æneas straight doth fly;  
 He loath to disobey the gods command,  
 Not willing to forsake this pleasant land,  
 Asham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,  
 But more afraid to take a solemn leave,  
 He many ways his lab'ring thoughts revolves,  
 But fear o'ercoming shame, at last resolves  
 (Instructed by the god of Thieves \*) to steal  
 Himself away, and his escape conceal  
 He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,  
 That at the port they privately should meet,  
 And some dissembled colour to project,  
 That Dido should not their design suspect;  
 But all in vain he did his plot disguise;  
 No art a watchful lover can surprise.  
 She the first motion finds; love though most sure,  
 Yet always to itself seems unsecure.  
 That wicked fame which their first love proclaim'd  
 Foretells the end: the queen with rage inflam'd,  
 Thus greets him. "Thou dissembler! wouldst thou  
 fly

" Out of my arms by stealth perfidiously?  
 " Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,  
 " Nor thee the fate of dying Dido, move?  
 " And in the depth of winter, in the night,  
 " Dark as thy black designs, to take thy flight,  
 " To plough the raging seas to coasts unknown,  
 " The kingdom thou pretend'st to not thine own!  
 " Were Troy restor'd thou should mistrust a wind  
 " False as thy vows, and as thy heart unkind.  
 " Fly'st thou from me! By these dear drops of

brine  
 " I thee adjure, by that right hand of thine,  
 " By our espousals, by our marriage-bed,  
 " If all my kindness aught have merited;  
 " If ever I stood fair in thy esteem,  
 " From ruin me and my lost house redeem.  
 " Cannot my pray'rs a free acceptance find?  
 " Nor my tears soften an obdurate mind?  
 " My fame of chastity, by which the skies  
 " I reach'd before, by thee extinguish'd dies.  
 " Into my borders now Iarbas falls,  
 " And my revengeful brother scales my walls;  
 " The wild Numidians will advantage take;  
 " For thee both Tyre and Carthage me forsake.  
 " Hadst thou before thy flight but left with me  
 " A young Æneas, who, resembling thee,  
 " Might in my sight have sported, I had then  
 " Not wholly lost, nor quite deserted been;

" By thee, no more my husband, but my guest,  
 " Betray'd to mischiefs, of which death's the least.  
 With fixed looks he stands, and in his breast,  
 By Jove's command, his struggling care suppress.  
 " Great Queen! your favours and deserts so great  
 " Though numberless, I never shall forget;  
 " No time, until myself I have forgot,  
 " Out of my heart Eliza's name shall blot:  
 " But my unwilling flight the gods enforce,  
 " And that must justify our sad divorce.  
 " Since I must you forsake, would Fate permit  
 " To my desires I might my fortune fit,  
 " Troy to her ancient splendour I would raise,  
 " And where I first began would end my days.  
 " But since the Lycian Lots and Delphic god  
 " Have destin'd Italy for our abode;  
 " Since you proud Carthage (fled from Tyre) enjoy,  
 " Why should not Latium us receive from Troy?  
 " As for my son, my father's angry ghost,  
 " Tells me his hopes by my delays are cross,  
 " And mighty Jove's ambassador appear'd  
 " With the same message, whom I saw and heard;  
 " We both are griev'd when you or I complain,  
 " But much the more when all complaints are vain!  
 " I call to witness all the gods, and thy  
 " Beloved head, the coast of Italy  
 " Against my will I seek."

While thus he speaks, she rolls her sparkling eyes,  
 Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies:  
 " Thy mother was no goddess, nor thy stock  
 " From Dardanus, but in some horrid rock,  
 " Perfidious wretch! rough Caucasus thee bred,  
 " And with their milk Hyrcanian tigers fed.  
 " Dissimulation I shall now forget,  
 " And my reserves of rage in order set,  
 " Could all my pray'rs and soft entreaties force  
 " Sighs from his breast, or from his look remorse.  
 " Where shall I first complain? can mighty Jove  
 " Or Juno such impieties approve?  
 " The just Astræa sure is fled to hell,  
 " Nor more in earth nor heav'n itself will dwell.  
 " Oh, Faith! him on my coasts by tempests cast,  
 " Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd:  
 " His men from famine and his fleet from fire  
 " I rescu'd: now the Lycian Lots conspire  
 " With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy through the air  
 " Brings dismal tidings, as it such low care  
 " Could reach their thoughts, or their repose:  
 " Thou art a false impostor and a forger."

"Go, go, pursue thy kingdom through the main,  
 "I hope, if Heav'n her justice still retain,  
 "Thou shalt be wreck'd, or cast upon some rock,  
 "Where, thou the name of Dido shalt invoke :  
 "I'll follow thee in fun'ral flames : when dead  
 "My ghost shall thee attend at board and bed :  
 "And when the gods on thee their vengeance shew,  
 "That welcome news shall comfort me below."  
 This saying, from his hated sight she fled,  
 Conducted by her darts to her bed :  
 Yet restless she arose, and looking out,  
 Beholds the fleet, and hears the seamen shout  
 When great Æneas pass'd before the guard,  
 To make a view how all things were prepar'd.  
 Ah ! cruel Love ! to what dost thou enforce  
 Poor mortal breasts ! again she hath recourse  
 To tears and pray'rs, again she feels the smart  
 Of a fresh wound from his tyrannic dart.  
 That she no ways nor means may leave untry'd,  
 Thus to her sister she herself apply'd :  
 "Dear sister ! my resentment had not been  
 "So moving, if this fate I had foreseen ;  
 "Therefore to me this last kind office do ;  
 "Thou hast some int'rest in our scornful foe ;  
 "He trusts to thee the counsels of his mind,  
 "Thou his soft hours and free access canst find :  
 "Tell him I sent not to the Ilian coast  
 "My fleet to aid the Greeks ; his father's ghost  
 "I never did disturb : ask him to lend  
 "To this the last request that I shall send,  
 "A gentle ear ; I wish that he may find  
 "A happy passage and a prosp'rous wind :  
 "That contract I not plead which he betray'd,  
 "Nor that his promis'd conquest be delay'd ;  
 "All that I ask is but a short reprieve,  
 "Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve :  
 "Some pause and respite only I require,  
 "Till with my tears I shall have quench'd my fire.  
 "If thy address can but obtain one day  
 "Or two, my death that service shall repay."  
 Thus she entreats ; such messages with tears  
 Condoling Anne to him, and from him, bears :  
 But him no pray'rs, no arguments, can move ;  
 The Fates resist ; his ears are stopp'd by Jove.  
 As when fierce northern blasts from th' Alps descend,  
 From his firm roots with struggling gusts to rend  
 An aged sturdy oak, the rattling sound [ground  
 Grows loud, with leaves and scatter'd arms the  
 Is overlaid, yet he stands fix'd ; as high  
 As his proud head is rais'd towards the sky,  
 So low t'wards hell his roots descend. With pray'rs  
 And tears the hero thus assail'd, great cares  
 He smothers in his breast, yet keeps his post,  
 All their addresses and their labour lost.  
 Then she deceives her sister with a smile :  
 "Anne, in the inner court erect a pile ;  
 "Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay :  
 "Thither our fatal-marriage bed convey ;  
 "All curst monuments of him with fire  
 "We must abolish, (so the gods require.)"  
 She gives her credit for no worse effect  
 Than from Sichæus' death she did suspect,  
 And her commands obeys  
 And now had left Tithonus' bed,  
 And o'er the world her blushing rays did spread.

The queen beheld, as soon as day appear'd,  
 The navy under sail, the haven clear'd :  
 Thrice with her hand her naked breast she knocks,  
 And from her forehead tears her golden locks.  
 "O Jove !" she cry'd, "and shall he thus delude  
 "Me and my realm ? why is he not pursu'd ?  
 "Arm, arm," she cry'd, "and let our Tyrians board  
 "With ours his fleet, and carry fire and sword ;  
 "Leave nothing unattempted to destroy  
 "That perjurd race, then let us die with joy.  
 "What if th' event of war uncertain were ?  
 "Nor death nor danger can the desp'rate fear.  
 "But, oh, too late ! this thing I should have done  
 "When first I plac'd the traitor on my throne.  
 "Behold the faith of him who sav'd from fire  
 "His honour'd household gods ! his aged fire  
 "His pious shoulders from Troy's flames did bear.  
 "Why did I not his carcase piece-meal tear,  
 "And cast it in the sea ? why not destroy  
 "All his companions, and beloved boy  
 "Ascanius ? and his tender limbs have drest,  
 "And made the father on the son to feast ?  
 "Thou Sun ! whose lustre all things here below  
 "Surveys, and Juno ! conscious of my woe,  
 "Revengeful Furies ! and Queen Hecate !  
 "Receive and grant my pray'r ! if he the sea  
 "Must needs escape, and reach th' Ausonian land,  
 "If Jove decree it, Jove's decree must stand.  
 "When landed, may he be with arms oppress'd  
 "By his rebelling people, be distress'd  
 "By exile from his country, be divorc'd  
 "From young Ascanius' sight, and be forc'd  
 "To implore foreign aids, and lose his friends  
 "By violent and undeserved ends !  
 "When to conditions of unequal peace  
 "He shall submit, then may he not possess  
 "Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral  
 "P' th' sands, when he before his day shall fall !  
 "And ye, oh Tyrians ! with immortal hate  
 "Pursue this race ; this service dedicate  
 "To my deplored ashes : let there be  
 "'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.  
 "May from my bones a new Achilles rise  
 "That shall infest the Trojan colonies  
 "With fire, and sword, and famine, when at length  
 "Time to our great attempts contributes strength ;  
 "Our seas, our shores, our armies, theirs oppose,  
 "And may our children be for ever foes !"  
 A ghastly paleness death's approach portends,  
 Then trembling she the fatal pile ascends.  
 Viewing the Trojan relics, she unsheath'd  
 Æneas' sword, not for that use bequeath'd ;  
 Then on the guilty bed she gently lays  
 Herself, and softly thus lamenting prays ;  
 "Dear relics ! whilst that Gods and Fates give leave,  
 "Free me from care, and my glad soul receive.  
 "That date which Fortune gave I now must end,  
 "And to the shades a noble ghost descend.  
 "Sichæus' blood, by his false brother spilt,  
 "I have reveng'd, and a proud city built.  
 "Happy, alas ! too happy, I had liv'd,  
 "Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd.  
 "But shall I die without revenge ? yet die  
 "Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.

" My conscious foe my fun'ral fire shall view  
 " From sea, and may that omen him pursue !"  
 Her fainting hand let fall the sword besmear'd  
 With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd.  
 Through all the court the fright and clamours rise,  
 Which the whole city fills with fears and cries  
 As loud as if her Carthage or old Tyre  
 The foe had enter'd, and had set on fire.  
 Amazed Anne with speed ascends the stairs,  
 And in her arms her dying sister rears :  
 " Did you for this yourself and me beguile ?  
 " For such an end did I erect this pile ?  
 " Did you so much despise me, in this fate  
 " Myself with you not to associate ?  
 " Yourself and me, alas ! this fatal wound  
 " The senate and the people doth confound.

" I'll wash her wound with tears, and at her death  
 " My lips from her's shall draw her parting breath."  
 Then with her vest the wound she wipes and dries  
 Then with her arm the Queen attempts to tie,  
 But her strength failing, falls into a swoon,  
 Life's last efforts yet striving with her wound :  
 Thrice on her bed she turns, with wand'ring sight  
 Seeking, she groans when she beholds the light.  
 Then Juno, pitying her disastrous fate,  
 Sends Iris down her pangs to mitigate.  
 (Since if we fall before th' appointed day  
 Nature and death continue long their fray.)  
 Iris descends ; " This fatal hook (says she)  
 " To Pluto I bequeath, and set thee free ;"  
 Then clips her hair : cold numbness straight bereaves  
 Her corpse of sense, and th' air her soul receives.

## SARPEDON'S SPEECH TO GLAUCUS.

IN THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER.

Thus to Glaucus spake  
 Divine Sarpedon, since he did not find  
 Others as great in place as great in mind.  
 Above the rest why is our pomp, our pow'r,  
 Our flocks, our herds, and our possessions more ?  
 Why all the tributes land and sea affords,  
 Heap'd in great chargers, load our sumptuous boards ?  
 Our cheerful guests carouse the sparkling tears  
 Of the rich grape, whilst music charms their ears.  
 Why, as we pass, do those on Xanthus' shore  
 As gods behold us, and as gods adore ?  
 But that, as well in danger as degree,  
 We stand the first ; that when our Licians see  
 Our brave examples, they admiring say,  
 Behold our gallant leaders ! these are they

Deserve the greatness, and unenvy'd stand,  
 Since what they act transcends what they command.  
 Could the declining of this fate (oh, friend !)  
 Our date to immortality extend ?  
 Or if death fought not them who seek not death  
 Would I advance ? or should my vainer breath  
 With such a glorious folly thee inspire ?  
 But since with Fortune Nature doth conspire,  
 Since age, disease, or some less noble end,  
 Though not less certain, doth our days attend ;  
 Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead  
 A thousand ways, the noblest path we'll tread,  
 And bravely on till they, or we, or all,  
 A common sacrifice to honour fall.

## EPIGRAM FROM MARTIAL.

PR'Y THEE die and set me free,  
 Or else be  
 Kind, and brisk, and gay, like me :  
 I pretend not to the wise ones,  
 To the grave, to the grave,  
 Or the precise ones.

'Tis not checks, nor lips, nor eyes,  
 That I prize,  
 Quick conceits, or sharp replies ;  
 If wise thou wilt appear and knowing  
 Repartee, repartee  
 To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee, why the room so dark?  
 Not a spark  
 Left to light me to the mark:  
 I loathe daylight and a candle,  
 And to see, and to see  
 As well as handle.  
 Why so many bolts and locks,  
 Coats and smocks,  
 And those drawers, with a pox?

I could wish, could Nature make it,  
 Nakedness, nakedness  
 Itself were naked.

But if a mistress I must have  
 Wife and grave,  
 Let her so herself behave:  
 All the day long Susan civil,  
 Pap by night, pap by night,  
 Or such a devil.

## C A T O M A J O R.

### TO THE READER.

I CAN neither call this piece Tully's nor my own, being much altered from the original, not only by the change of the style, but by addition and subtraction. I believe you will be better pleased to receive it, as I did, at the first sight; for to me Cicero did not so much appear to write as Cato to speak; and, to do right to my author, I believe no character of any person was ever better drawn to the life than this. Therefore neither consider Cicero nor me, but Cato himself, who being then raised from the dead to speak the language of that age and place, neither the distance of place or time makes it less possible to raise him now to speak ours.

Though I dare not compare my copy with the original, yet you will find it mentioned here how much fruits are improved by grafting; and here, by grafting verse upon prose, some of these severer arguments may receive a mild and more pleasant taste.

Cato says (in another place) of himself, that he learned to speak Greek between the seventieth and eightieth year of his age; beginning that so late, he may not yet be too old to learn English, being now but between his seventeenth and eighteenth hundred year. For these reasons I shall leave to this piece no other name than what the author gave it, of Cato Major.

## P R E F A C E.

THAT learned critic, the younger Scaliger, comparing the two great orators, says, that nothing can be taken from Demosthenes, nor added to Tully; and if there be any fault in the last, it is the resumption or dwelling too long upon his arguments: for which reason, having intended to translate this piece into prose, (where translation ought to be strict) finding the matter very proper for verse, I took the liberty to leave out what was only necessary to that age and place, and to take or add what was proper to this present age and occasion, by laying his sense closer, and in fewer words, according to the style and ear of these times. The three first parts I dedicate to my old friends, to take off those melancholy reflections which the

sense of age, infirmity, and death, may give them. The last part I think necessary for the conviction of those many who believe not, or at least mind not, the immortality of the soul, of which the scripture speaks only positively as a lawgiver, with an *ipse dixit*; but it may be, they neither believe that, (from which they either make doubts or sport) nor those whose business it is to interpret it, supposing they do it only for their own ends: but if a Heathen philosopher bring such arguments from reason, Nature, and second causes, which none of our Atheistical sophisters can confute, if they may stand convinced that there is an immortality of the soul; I hope they will so weigh the consequences as neither to talk nor live as if there was no such thing.

CATO MAJOR OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are crown'd  
With wisdom, nothing makes them more renew'd  
Than that those years, which others think extreme,  
Nor to yourself nor us uneasy seem,  
Under which weight most like the old giants groan,  
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reason  
All parts of Age seem burthenfome to those [flows;  
Who virtue's and true wisdom's happiness  
Cannot discern; but they who those possess,  
In what's impos'd by Nature find no grief,  
Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,  
Which though all equally desire t' obtain,  
Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain:  
Such our conitancies and follies are,  
We say it steals upon us unaware.

Our want of reas'ning these false measures makes;  
Youth runs to Age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.  
How much more grievous would our lives appear  
To reach th' eighth hundred than the eightieth  
Of what in that long space of time hath past [year?  
To foolish Age will no remembrance last.  
My Age's conduct when you seem t' admire,  
(Which that it may deserve I much desire)  
'Tis my first rule on Nature, as my guide  
Appointed by the gods, I have rely'd;  
And Nature, which all acts of life designs,  
Not, like ill poets, in the last declines:  
But some one part must be the last of all,  
Which, like ripe fruits, must either rot or fall;  
And this from Nature must be gently borne,  
Else her (as giants did the gods) we scorn.

LÆL. But, Sir, 'tis Scipio's and my desire,  
Since to long life we gladly would aspire,  
That from your grave instructions we might hear  
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CATO. This I resolv'd before, but now shall do  
With great delight, since 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourself it will not tedious prove,  
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,  
That as old travellers the young instruct,  
Your long our short experience may conduct.

CATO. 'Tis true, (as the old proverb doth relate)  
Equals with equals often congregate.

Two consuls\*, (who in years my equals were)  
When senators, lamenting I did hear  
That Age from them had all their pleasures torn,  
And them their former suppliants now scorn.  
They what is not to be accus'd accuse;  
Not others but themselves their Age abuse;  
Else this might me concern, and all my friends,  
Whose cheerful Age with honour youth attends,  
Joy'd that from pleasure's slav'ry they are free;  
And all respects due to their age they see  
In its true colours; this complaint appears  
The ill effect of manners, not of years;  
For on the life no grievous burthen lies  
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;  
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind  
Not an easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute  
Their Age (as yours) can never bear such fruit  
Of honour, wealth, and pow'r, to make them  
Not ev'ry one such happiness can meet. [sweet;

CATO. Some weight your argument, my Lælius,  
But not so much as at first sight appears. [bears,  
This answer by Themistocles was made,  
(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,

" You those great honours to your country owe;  
" Not to yourself)"—" Had I at Seripho †  
" Been born, such honour I had never seen,  
" Nor you, if an Athenian you had been."  
So Age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,  
To the most prudent cannot easy be;  
But to a fool the greater his estate  
The more uneasy is his Age's weight.

\* Caius Salinator, Spurius Albinus.

† An isle to which condemned men were banished.

Age's chief arts and arms are to grow wise,  
 Virtue to know, and known to exercise :  
 All just returns to Age then virtue makes,  
 Nor her in her extremity forsakes.  
 The sweetest cordial we receive at last,  
 Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.  
 (I when a youth) with reverence did look  
 On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took ;  
 Yet in his Age such cheerfulness was seen,  
 As if his years and mine had equal been :  
 His gravity was mix'd with gentleness,  
 Nor had his age made his good humour less :  
 Then was he well in years, (the same that he  
 Was consul that of my nativity)

(A stripling then) in his fourth consulate  
 On him at Capua I in arms did wait.  
 Five years after at Tarentum wan  
 The Questorship, and then our love began ;  
 And four years after, when I Prætor was,  
 He pleaded, and the Cincian law § did pass.  
 With useful diligence he us'd t' engage,  
 Yet with the temp'rate arts of patient Age  
 He breaks fierce Hannibal's insulting ears ;  
 Of which exploit thus our friend Ennius treats ;  
 He by delay restor'd the commonwealth,  
 Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

—§ Against bribes.

### The Argument.

When I reflect on Age, I find here are  
 Four causes, which us misery declare.

1. Because our body's strength it much impairs :
2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs :
3. Next that our sense of pleasures it deprives :
4. Last, that approaching death attends our lives.

Of all these sev'ral causes I'll discourse,  
 And then of each, in order, weigh the force.

### THE FIRST PART.

THE old from such affairs is only freed  
 Which vig'rous youth and strength of body need ;  
 But to more high affairs our Age is lent,  
 Most properly when heats of youth are spent.  
 Did Fabius and your father Scipio  
 (Whose daughter my son married) nothing do ?  
 Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii,  
 Whose courage, counsel, and authority,  
 The Roman commonwealth restor'd, did boast,  
 Nor Appius, with whose strength his sight was lost,  
 Who, when the Senate was to peace inclin'd  
 With Pyrrhus, shew'd his reason was not blind.  
 Whither's our courage and our wisdom come,  
 When Rome itself conspires the fate of Rome ?  
 The rest with ancient gravity and skill  
 He spake ; (for his oration's extant still.)  
 'Tis seventeen years since he had Consul been  
 The second time, and there were ten between ;  
 Therefore their argument's of little force,  
 Who Age from great employments would divorce.

As in a ship some climb the shrouds, t' unfold  
 The sail, some sweep the deck, some pump the hold,  
 Whilst he that guides the helm employs his skill,  
 And gives the law to them by sitting still ;  
 Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,  
 Than from wise counsels and commands proceed.  
 Those arts Age wants not which to Age belong ;  
 Not heat but cold experience makes us strong.  
 A Consul, Tribune General, I have been,  
 All sorts of war I have pass'd through and seen ;  
 And now grown old, I seem t' abandon it,  
 Yet to the senate I prescribe what's fit.  
 I ev'ry day 'gainst Carthage war proclaim,  
 (For Rome's destruction hath been long her aim),  
 Nor shall I cease till I her ruin see,  
 Which triumph may the gods design for thee ;  
 That Scipio may revenge his grandfire's ghost,  
 Whose life at Cannæ with great honour lost  
 Is on record ; nor had he weary'd been  
 With Age, if he an hundred years had seen ;

He had not us'd excursions, spears, or darts,  
 Put counsel, order, and such aged arts;  
 Which if our ancestors had not retain'd,  
 The Senate's name our council had not gain'd.  
 The Spartans to their highest magistrate  
 The name of Elder did appropriate:  
 Therefore his fame for ever shall remain,  
 How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,  
 With vigilant conduct: when that sharp reply  
 He gave to Saliator I stood by,  
 Who to the castle fled, the town being lost,  
 Yet he to Maximus did vainly boast  
 'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;  
 'Tis true, had you not lost I had not gain'd.  
 And as much honour on his gown did wait  
 As on his arms in his fifth consulate.  
 When his colleague Carvilius slept aside,  
 The Tribune of the people would divide  
 To them the Gallic and the Picene field;  
 Against the Senate's will he will not yield;  
 When, being angry, boldly he declares  
 Those things were acted under happy stars,  
 From which the commonwealth found good effects,  
 But otherwise they came from bad aspects.  
 Many great things of Fabius I could tell,  
 But his son's death did all the rest excel;  
 (His gallant son, though young, had Consul been)  
 His funeral oration I have seen  
 Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,  
 I all the old philosophers despise.  
 Though he in all the people's eyes seem'd great,  
 Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;  
 When feasting with his private friends at home,  
 Such counsel, such discourse, from him did come,  
 Such science in his art of augury,  
 No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;  
 Knowledge of all things present and to come,  
 Rememb'ring all the wars of ancient Rome,  
 Nor only there, but all the world's beside:  
 Dying in extreme Age I prophesy'd  
 That which is come to pass, and did discern  
 From his survivors I could nothing learn.  
 This long discourse was but to let you see  
 That his long life could not uneasy be.  
 Few like the Fabii or the Scipios are  
 Takers of cities, conquerors in war:  
 Yet others to like happy Age arrive,  
 Who modest, quiet, and with virtue live:  
 Thus Plato writing his philosophy,  
 With honour after ninety years did die.  
 Th' Athenian story writ at ninety-four  
 By Isocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;  
 His master Gorgias at the hundredth year  
 And seventh, not his studies did forbear;  
 And ask'd why he no sooner left the stage?  
 Said he saw nothing to accuse Old Age.  
 None but the foolish, who their lives abuse,  
 Age of their own mistakes and crimes accuse.  
 All commonwealths (as by records is seen)  
 As by Age preserv'd, by youth destroy'd, have been.  
 When the tragedian Nævius did demand,  
 Why did your commonwealth no longer stand?  
 'Twas answer'd, that their senators were new,  
 Foolish and young, and such as nothing knew,

Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense  
 But with cold prudence Age doth recompense.  
 But age, 'tis said, will memory decay;  
 So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;  
 Or if by Nature it be dull and slow.  
 Themistocles (when ag'd) the names did know  
 Of all the Athenians; and none grow so old  
 Not to remember where they hid their gold.  
 From age such art of memory we learn,  
 To forget nothing which is our concern:  
 Their interest no priest nor forcerer  
 Forgets, nor lawyer nor philosopher:  
 No understanding memory can want  
 Where wisdom studious industry doth plant.  
 Nor does it only in the active live,  
 But in the quiet and contemplative.  
 When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)  
 Was by his sons before the judges brought,  
 Because he paid the Muses such respect  
 His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;  
 Almost condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,  
 "Hear, but instead of me my Oedipus."  
 The judges hearing with applause, at th' end  
 Freed him, and said, "No fool such lines had  
 penn'd."  
 What poets and what orators can I  
 Recount, what princes in philosophy,  
 Whose constant studies with their age did strive?  
 Nor did they those, though those did them survive.  
 Old husbandmen I at Sabinum know,  
 Who for another year dig, plough, and sow;  
 For never any man was yet so old  
 But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.  
 Cæcilius vainly said "Each day we spend  
 "Discovers something which must needs offend."  
 But sometimes Age may pleasant things behold,  
 And nothing that offends. He should have told  
 This not to Age, but youth, who oft'ner see  
 What not alone offends, but hurts, than we.  
 That I in him which he in Age condemn'd,  
 That us it renders odious and contemn'd  
 He knew not virtue if he thought this truth;  
 For youth delights in Age, and Age in youth.  
 What to the old can greater pleasure be  
 Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to see,  
 When they with reverence follow where we lead,  
 And in straight paths by our directions tread!  
 And ev'n my conversation here I see  
 As well receiv'd by you as your's by me.  
 'Tis disingenuous to accuse our Age  
 Of idleness, who all our pow'rs engage  
 In the same studies, the same course to hold,  
 Nor think our reason for new arts too old.  
 Solon, the sage, his progress never ceas'd,  
 But still his learning with his days increas'd;  
 And I with the same greediness did seek,  
 As water when I thirst, to swallow Greek;  
 Which I did only learn that I might know  
 These great examples which I follow now:  
 And I have heard that Socrates the Wise  
 Learn'd on the lute for his last exercise.  
 Though many of the Ancients did the same,  
 To improve knowledge was my only aim.

## THE SECOND PART.

Now into' our second grievance I must break,  
 "That loss of strength makes understanding weak."  
 I grieve no more my youthful strength to want,  
 Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;  
 Then with that force content which Nature gave,  
 Nor am I now displeas'd with what I have.  
 When the young wrestlers at their sport grew warm,  
 Old Milo wept to see his naked arm,  
 And cry'd 'twas dead. Trifler! thine heart and head,  
 And all that's in them, (not thy arm) are dead:  
 This folly ev'ry looker-on derides,  
 To glory only in thy arms and sides.  
 Our gallant ancestors let fall no tears,  
 Their strength decreasing by increasing years;  
 But they advanc'd in wisdom ev'ry hour,  
 And made the commonwealth advance in pow'r.  
 But orators may grieve, for in their sides,  
 Rather than heads, their faculty abides;  
 Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,  
 And still my own sometimes the Senate hear.  
 When th' old with smooth and gentle voices plead,  
 They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead;  
 Which if I had not strength enough to do,  
 I could (my Lælius and my Scipio!)  
 What's to be done or not be done instruct,  
 And to the maxims of good life conduct.  
 Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man  
 Of men) your grandfire; the great African,  
 Were joyful when the flow'r of noble blood  
 Crowded their dwellings, and attending stood,  
 Like oracles their counsels to receive,  
 How in their progress they should act and live.  
 And they whose high examples youth obeys  
 Are not despis'd though their strength decays;  
 And those decays (to speak the naked truth,  
 Though the defects of Age) were crimes of youth.  
 Intemp'rate youth (by sad experience found)  
 Ends in an Age imperfect and unsound)  
 Cyrus, though ag'd, (if Xenophon say true)  
 Lucius Mettellus, whom when young I knew)  
 Who held (after his second consulate)  
 Twenty-two years the high pontificate;  
 Neither of these, in body or in mind,  
 Before their death the least decay did find.  
 I speak not of myself, though none deny  
 To Age to praise their youth the liberty:  
 Such an unwasted strength I cannot boast,  
 Yet now my years are eighty-four almost:  
 And though from what it was my strength is far,  
 Both in the first and second Punic war,

Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,  
 Nor when I Consul into Spain did go;  
 But yet I feel no weakness, nor hath length  
 Of winters quite enervated my strength;  
 And I my guest, my client, or my friend,  
 Still in the courts of justice can defend:  
 Neither must I that proverb's truth allow,  
 "Who would be ancient must be early so."  
 I would be youthful still, and find no need  
 To appear old till I was so indeed.  
 And yet you see my hours not idle are,  
 Though with your strength I cannot mine compare:  
 Yet this Centurion's doth yours surmount;  
 Not therefore him the better man I count.  
 Milo, when ent'ring the Olympic game,  
 With a huge ox upon his shoulder came:  
 Would you the force of Milo's body find,  
 Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?  
 The force which Nature gives with care retain,  
 But when decay'd 'tis folly to complain.  
 In Age to wish for youth is full as vain  
 As for a youth to turn a child again.  
 Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,  
 As she sets forth the seasons of the year:  
 So in all parts of life we find her truth,  
 Weakness to childhood, rashness to our youth;  
 To elder years to be discreet and grave,  
 Then, to old Age maturity she gave.  
 (Scipio) you know how Massinissa bears  
 His kingly port at more than ninety years;  
 When marching with his foot he walks till night,  
 When with his horse he never will alight;  
 Though cold or wet, his head is always bare;  
 So hot, so dry, his aged members are.  
 You see how exercise and temperance  
 Ev'n to old years a youthful strength advance.  
 Our law (because from Age our strength retires)  
 No duty which belongs to strength requires.  
 But Age doth many men so feeble make,  
 That they no great design can undertake;  
 Yet that to Age not singly is apply'd,  
 But to all man's infirmities beside.  
 That Scipio who adopted you did fall  
 Into such pains he had no health at all,  
 Who else had equal'd Africanus' parts,  
 Exceeding him in all the liberal arts.  
 Why should those errors then imputed be  
 To Age alone, from which our youth's not free?  
 Ev'ry disease of Age we may prevent,  
 Like those of youth, by being diligent.

When sick, such moderate exercise we use,  
 And diet, as our vital heat renews;  
 And if our bodies thence refreshment find,  
 Then must we also exercise our minds.  
 If with continual oil we not supply  
 Our lamp, the light for want of it will die.  
 Though bodies may be tir'd with exercise,  
 No weariness the mind could e'er surprize.  
 Cæcilius, the comedian, when of age  
 He represents the follies on the stage,  
 They're credulous, forgetful, dissolute;  
 Neither those crimes to Age he doth impute,  
 But to old men, to whom those crimes belong.  
 Lust, petulance, rashness, are in youth more strong  
 Than Age, and yet young men those vices hate  
 Who virtuous are, discreet, and temperate:  
 And so what we call dotage seldom breeds  
 In bodies but where Nature sow'd the seeds.  
 There are five daughters and four gallant sons  
 In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,  
 With a most num'rous family beside,  
 Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide:  
 Yet his clear-sighted mind was still intent,  
 And to his bus'ness, like a bow, stood bent:  
 By children, servants, neighbours, so esteem'd,  
 He not a master but a monarch seem'd.  
 All his relations his admirers were;  
 His sons paid rev'ence, and his servants fear:

The order and the ancient discipline  
 Of Romans did in all his actions shine.  
 Authority kept up old Age secures,  
 Whose dignity as long as life endures.  
 Something of youth I in old Age approve,  
 But more the marks of Age in youth I love,  
 Who this observes may in his body find  
 Decrepit Age, but never in his mind.  
 The seven volumes of my own Reports,  
 Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;  
 All noble monuments of Greece are come  
 Unto my hands, with those of ancient Rome.  
 The Pontifical and the Civil law  
 I study still, and thence orations draw:  
 And, to confirm my memory, at night  
 What I hear, see, or do, by day, I still recite.  
 These exercises for my thoughts I find;  
 These labours are the chariots of my mind.  
 To serve my friends the Senate I frequent,  
 And there what I before digested vent;  
 Which only from my strength of mind proceeds,  
 Not any outward force of body needs;  
 Which if I could not do, I should delight  
 On what I would to ruminate at night.  
 Who in such practices their mind engage,  
 Nor fear nor think of their approaching Age,  
 Which by degrees invisibly doth creep;  
 Nor do we seem to die, but fall asleep.

## THE THIRD PART.

Now must I draw my forces 'gainst that host  
 Of pleasures which i' th' sea of Age are lost.  
 O thou most high transcendent gift of Age!  
 Youth from its folly thus to disengage.  
 And now receive from me that most divine  
 Oration of that noble Tarentine†,  
 Which at Tarentum I long since did hear,  
 When I attended the great Fabius there.  
 Ye Gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,  
 Betray'd him with sweet pleasure's poison'd bait?  
 Which he, with all designs of art or pow'r,  
 Doth with unbridled appetite devour:  
 And as all poisons seek the noblest part,  
 Pleasure possesses first the head and heart;  
 Intoxicating both by them, she finds,  
 And burns the sacred temples of our minds.  
 Furies, which reason's divine chains had bound,  
 (That being broken) all the world confound;  
 Lust, Murder, Treason, Avarice, and hell  
 Itself broke loose, in Reason's palace dwell:  
 Truth, Honour, Justice, Temperance, are fled,  
 All her attendants into darkness led.

† Archytas, much praised by Horace.

But why all this discourse? when pleasure's rage  
 Hath conquer'd reason, we must treat with Age.  
 Age undermines, and will in time surprize  
 Her strongest forts, and cut off all supplies;  
 And, join'd in league with strong Necessity,  
 Pleasure must fly, or else by famine die.  
 Flaminius, whom a consulship had grac'd,  
 (Then Censor) from the Senate I displac'd:  
 When he in Gaul, a Consul, made a feast,  
 A beauteous courtesan did him request  
 To see the cutting off a pris'ner's head;  
 This crime I could not leave unpunished,  
 Since by a private villany he stain'd  
 That public honour which at Rome he gain'd.  
 Then to our Age (when not to pleasures bent)  
 This seems an honour, not disparagement.  
 We not all pleasures like the Stoics hate,  
 But love and seek those which are moderate.  
 (Though divine Plato thus of pleasures thought,  
 They us with hooks and baits like fishes caught.)  
 When Quæstor, to the gods in public halls  
 I was the first who set up festivals:  
 Not with high tastes our appetites did force,  
 But fill'd with conversation and discourse;

Which feasts Convivial Meetings we did name ;  
 Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their shame  
 Call'd it a Comotation, not a feast,  
 Declaring the worst part of it the best.  
 Those entertainments I did then frequent  
 Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment :  
 But now I thank my Age, which gives me ease  
 From those excesses ; yet myself I please  
 With cheerful talk to entertain my guests,  
 (Discourses are to Age continual feasts)  
 The love of meat and wine they recompense,  
 And cheer the mind as much as those the sense.  
 I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among  
 The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young ;  
 Nor 'gainst all pleasures proclaim open war,  
 To which, in Age, some nat'ral motions are :  
 And still at my Sabinum I delight  
 To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.  
 But we the sense of gust and pleasure want,  
 Which youth at full possesses ; this I grant :  
 But Age seeks not the things which youth requires,  
 And no man needs that which he not desires.  
 When Sophocles was ask'd if he deny'd  
 Himself the use of pleasures ? he reply'd,  
 " I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me  
 " From that fierce tyrant's insolence set free."  
 But they whom pressing appetites constrain  
 Grieve when they cannot their desires obtain.  
 Young men the use of pleasure understand,  
 As of an object new, and near at hand :  
 Though this stands more remote from Age's sight,  
 Yet they behold it not without delight :  
 As ancient soldiers, from their duties cas'd,  
 With sense of honour and rewards are pleas'd ;  
 So from ambitious hopes and lusts releas'd,  
 Delighted with itself our Age doth rest.  
 No part of life's more happy, when with bread  
 Of ancient knowledge and new learning fed :  
 All youthful pleasures by degrees must cease,  
 But those of Age ev'n with our years increase.  
 We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,  
 But free from surfeits our repose is found.  
 When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,  
 Ambassador from Rome to Pyrrhus sent,  
 He heard a grave philosopher maintain  
 That all the actions of our life were vain  
 Which with our sense of pleasure not conspir'd ;  
 Fabricius the philosopher desir'd  
 That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,  
 And to the Samnites the same doctrine preach,  
 Then of their conquest he should doubt no more,  
 Whom their own pleasures overcame before.  
 Now into rustic matters I must fall,  
 Which pleasure seems to me the chief of all.  
 Age no impediment to those can give,  
 Who wisely by the rules of Nature live.  
 Earth (though our mother) cheerfully obeys  
 All the commands her race upon her lays ;  
 For whatsoever from our hand she takes,  
 Greater or less, a vast return she makes.  
 Nor am I only pleas'd with that resource,  
 But with her ways, her method, and her force.  
 The seed her bosom (by the plough made fit)  
 Receives, where kindly she embraces it,

Which with her genuine warmth diffus'd and spread,  
 Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,  
 Then gives it motion, life, and nourishment,  
 Which from the root thro' nerves and veins are sent ;  
 Straight in a hollow sheath upright it grows,  
 And, from receiving, doth itself disclose :  
 Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded spikes  
 Guard it from birds, as with a stand of pikes.  
 When of the vine I speak, I seem inspir'd,  
 And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd :  
 At Nature's godlike pow'r I stand amaz'd,  
 Which such vast bodies hath from atoms rais'd.  
 The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,  
 Can clothe a mountain, and o'er shade a plain :  
 But thou, dear Vine ! forbidd'it me to be long,  
 Although thy trunk be neither large nor strong ;  
 Nor can thy head (not help'd) itself sublime,  
 Yet, like a serpent, a tall tree can climb :  
 Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine  
 Proves thy support, and all its strength is thine :  
 Though Nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,  
 By which thy prop the proudest cedar stands :  
 As thou hast hands, so hath thy offspring wings,  
 And to the highest part of mortal springs.  
 But lest thou shouldst consume thy wealth in vain,  
 And starve thyself to feed a num'rous train,  
 Or like the bee, (sweet as thy blood) design'd  
 To be destroy'd to propagate his kind,  
 Lest thy redundant and superfluous juice  
 Should fading leaves instead of fruits produce,  
 The pruner's hand, with letting blood, must quench  
 Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench :  
 Then from the joints of thy prolific stem  
 A swelling knot is rais'd, (call'd, a gem)  
 Whence in short space itself the cluster shews,  
 And from earth's moisture mix'd with sun-beams  
 I th' spring, like youth, it yields an acid taste, [grows.  
 But summer doth, like Age, the sourness waste ;  
 Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold se-  
 cure,  
 Like virgins, sweet and beauteous, when mature.  
 On fruits, flow'rs, herbs, and plants, I long could  
 dwell,  
 At once to please my eye, my taste, my smell.  
 My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,  
 Like children of my own begetting stand.  
 To tell the sev'ral natures of each earth,  
 What fruits from each most properly take birth ;  
 And with what arts to enrich ev'ry mould,  
 The dry to moisten, and to warm the cold.  
 But when we graft, or buds inoculate,  
 Nature by art we nobly meliorate.  
 As Orpheus' music wildest beasts did tame,  
 From the four crab the sweetest apple came :  
 The mother to the daughter goes to school,  
 The species changed, doth her laws o'er-rule.  
 Nature herself doth from herself depart  
 (Strange transmigration !) by the pow'r of art.  
 How little things give law to great ! we see  
 The small bud captivates the greatest tree.  
 Here ev'n the pow'r divine we imitate,  
 And seem not to beget, but to create.  
 Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beasts, the tax  
 For food and profit, and the wild for game.

Excuse me, when this pleasant string I touch,  
 (For Age of what delights it speaks too much.)  
 Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,  
 The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,  
 Great Curius! his remaining days did spend,  
 And in this happy life his triumphs end.  
 My farm stands near, and when I there retire,  
 His and that age's temper I admire.  
 The Samnite's chief, as by his fire he sat,  
 With a vast sum of gold on him did wait;  
 "Return," said he; "your gold I nothing weigh,  
 "When those who can command it me obey."  
 This my assertion proves he may be old,  
 And yet not sordid, who refuses gold.  
 In summer to sit still, or walk, I love,  
 Near a cool fountain, or a shady grove.  
 What can in winter render more delight  
 Than the high sun at noon and fire at night?  
 While our old friends and neighbours feast and play,  
 And with their harmless mirth turn night to day,  
 Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,  
 And part of what they lent return t' our gods.  
 That honour and authority which dwells  
 With Age, all pleasures of our youth excels.  
 Observe that I that Age have only prais'd  
 Whose pillars were on youth's foundations rais'd,  
 And that (for which I great applause receiv'd)  
 As a true maxim hath been since believ'd.  
 That most unhappy Age great pity needs,  
 Which to defend itself new matter pleads.  
 Not from gray hairs authority doth flow,  
 Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,  
 But our past life, when virtuously spent,  
 Must to our Age those happy fruits present.  
 Those things to Age most honourable are  
 Which easy, common, and but light appear,  
 Salutes, consulting, compliment, resort,  
 Crowding attendance to and from the court:  
 And not on Rome alone this honour waits,  
 But on all civil and well-govern'd states.  
 Lyfander pleading in his city's praise,  
 From thence his strongest argument did raise,  
 That Sparta did with honour Age support,  
 Paying them just respect at stage and court:  
 But at proud Athens youth did Age outface,  
 Nor at the plays would rise or give them place.

When an Athenian stranger of great Age  
 Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the stage,  
 To him the whole assembly rose, and ran  
 To place and ease this old and reverend man,  
 Who thus his thanks returns, "Th' Athenians  
 know  
 "What's to be done; but what they know not do."  
 Here our great Senate's orders I may quote,  
 The first in Age is still the first in vote.  
 Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command,  
 In competition with great years may stand.  
 Why should our youth's short transient pleasures  
 With Age's lasting honours to compare? [dare  
 On the world's stage, when our applause grows  
 For acting here life's tragic comedy, [high,  
 The lookers-on will say we act not well,  
 Unless the last the former scenes excel.  
 But Age is sroward, uneasy, scrutinous,  
 Hard to be pleas'd, and parsimonious.  
 But all those errors from our manners rise,  
 Not from our years; yet some morosities  
 We must expect, since jealousy belongs  
 To Age, of scorn, and tender sense of wrongs:  
 Yet those are mollify'd, or not discern'd,  
 Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:  
 So the Twins' humours, in our Terence†, are  
 Unlike, this harsh and rude, that smooth and fair.  
 Our nature here is not unlike our wine;  
 Some sorts, when old, continue brisk and fine;  
 So Age's gravity may seem severe,  
 But nothing harsh or bitter ought t' appear.  
 Of Age's avarice I cannot see  
 What colour, ground, or reason, there should be:  
 Is it not folly when the way we ride  
 Is short, for a long voyage to provide?  
 To avarice some title youth may own,  
 To reap in autumn what the spring had sown;  
 And, with the providence of bees or ants,  
 Prevent with summer's plenty winter's wants:  
 But Age scarce sows till Death stands by to reap,  
 And to a stranger's hand transfers the heap:  
 Afraid to be so once, she's always poor,  
 And to avoid a mischief makes it sure.  
 Such madnes as for fear of death to die,  
 Is to be poor for fear of poverty.

† In his comedy called Adelpi.

## THE FOURTH PART.

Now against (that which terrifies our Age)  
 The last and greatest grievance we engage;  
 To her grim Death appears in all her shapes,  
 The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.  
 Fond, foolish man! with fear of death surpris'd,  
 Which either should be wish'd for or despis'd:

This, if our souls with bodies death destroy;  
 That, if our souls a second life enjoy.  
 What else is to be fear'd, when we shall gain  
 Eternal life, or have no sense of pain?  
 The youngest in the morning are not sure  
 That till the night their life they can secure;

Their Age stands more expos'd to accidents  
 Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:  
 Death's force (with terror) against Nature strives,  
 Nor one of many to ripe Age arrives.  
 From this ill fate the world's disorders rise,  
 For if all men were old they would be wise.  
 Years and experience our forefathers taught,  
 'Them under laws and into cities brought.  
 Why only should the fear of death belong  
 To Age, which is as common to the young?  
 Your hopeful brothers, and my son, to you,  
 Scipio, and me, this maxim makes too true.  
 But vig'rous youth may his gay thoughts erect  
 To many years, which Age must not expect.  
 But when he sees his airy hopes deceiv'd,  
 With grief he says, Whothis would have believ'd?  
 We happier are than they who but desir'd  
 To possess that which we long since acquir'd.  
 What if our age to Nestor's could extend?  
 'Tis vain to think that lasting which must end;  
 And when 'tis past, not any part remains  
 Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.  
 Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,  
 Nor what is past nor what's to come we know.  
 Our date, how short soe'er, must us content.  
 When a good actor doth his part present,  
 In ev'ry act he our attention draws,  
 That at the last he may find just applause;  
 So though but short, yet we must learn the art  
 Of virtue on this stage to act our part.  
 True wisdom must our actions so direct,  
 Not only the last plaudit to expect;  
 Yet griev'd no more, though long that part should last,  
 Than husbandmen because the spring is past.  
 The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,  
 But autumn makes them ripe and fit for use:  
 So Age a mature mellowness doth set  
 On the green promises of youthful heat.  
 All things which Nature did ordain are good,  
 And so must be receiv'd and understood.  
 Age, like ripe apples, on earth's bosom drops,  
 While force our youth, like fruits untimely crops:  
 The sparkling flame of our warm blood expires,  
 As when huge streams are pour'd on raging fires;  
 But Age unforc'd falls by her own consent,  
 As coals to ashes, when the spirit's spent:  
 Therefore to death I with such joy resort,  
 As seamen from a tempest to their port:  
 Yet to that port ourselves we must not force,  
 Before our pilot, Nature, steers our course.  
 Let us the causes of our fear condemn,  
 Then Death at his approach we shall contemn.  
 Though to our heat of youth our Age seems cold,  
 Yet, when resolv'd, it is more brave and bold.  
 Thus Solon to Pisistratus reply'd,  
 Demanded on what succour he rely'd  
 When with so few he boldly did engage?  
 He said he took his courage from his Age.  
 Then death seems welcome, and our nature kind,  
 When, leaving us a perfect sense and mind,  
 She (like a workman in his science skill'd)  
 Pulls down with ease what her own hand did build.  
 That art which knew to join all parts in one  
 Makes the least violent separation.

Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,  
 We must not force them till themselves they break.  
 Pythagoras bids us in our station stand,  
 Till God, our general, shall us disband.  
 Wise Solon dying, wish'd his friends might grieve,  
 That in their memories he still might live;  
 Yet wiser Ennius gave command to all  
 His friends not to bewail his funeral:  
 Your tears for such a death in vain you spend,  
 Which straight in immortality shall end.  
 In death if there be any sense of pain,  
 But a short space to Age it will remain;  
 On which, without my fears, my wishes wait,  
 But tim'rous youth on this should meditate.  
 Who for light pleasure this advice rejects,  
 Finds little when his thoughts he recollects.  
 Our death (though not its certain date) we know,  
 Nor whether it may be this night or no.  
 How then can they contented live who fear  
 A danger certain, and none knows how near?  
 They err who for the fear of death dispute,  
 Our gallant actions this mistake confute.  
 Thee, Brutus! Rome's first martyr I must name;  
 The Curtii bravely div'd the gulf of flame;  
 Attilius sacrific'd himself, to save  
 That faith which to his barb'rous foes he gave:  
 With the two Scipios did thy uncle fall,  
 Rather than fly from conqu'ring Hannibal:  
 The great Marcellus (who restored Rome)  
 His greatest foes with honour did entomb.  
 Their lives how many of our Regions threw  
 Into the breach? whence no return they knew.  
 Must then the wife, the old, the learned, fear  
 What not the rude, the young, th'unlearn'd, forbear?  
 Satiety from all things else doth come,  
 Then life must to itself grow wearisome.  
 Those trifles wherein children take delight  
 Grow nauseous to the young man's appetite;  
 And from those gaities our youth requires  
 To exercise their minds, our Age retires;  
 And when the last delights of Age shall die,  
 Life in itself will find satiety.  
 Now you, my friends, my sense of death shall hear,  
 Which I can well describe, for he stands near.  
 Your father, Lælius, and your's, Scipio,  
 My friends, and men of honour, I did know:  
 As certainly as we must die, they live  
 That life which justly may that name receive:  
 Till from these prisons of our flesh releas'd,  
 Our souls with heavy burdens lie oppress'd;  
 Which part of man from heav'n falling down,  
 Earth, in her low abyss, doth hide and drown,  
 A place so dark to the celestial light  
 And pure eternal fire's quite opposite.  
 The gods through human bodies did disperse  
 An heav'nly soul to guide this universe,  
 That man, when he of heav'nly bodies saw  
 The order, might from thence a pattern draw:  
 Nor this to me did my own dictates shew,  
 But to the old philosophers I owe.  
 I heard Pythagoras, and those who came  
 With him, and from our country took their name  
 Who never doubted but the beams divine,  
 Deriv'd from gods, in mortal breasts did shine.

Nor from my knowledge did the Ancients hide  
 What Socrates declar'd the hour he dy'd;  
 He th' immortality of souls proclaim'd,  
 (Whom th' oracle of man the wisest nam'd)  
 Why should we doubt of that whereof our sense  
 Finds demonstration from experience?  
 Our minds are here, and there below, above;  
 Nothing that's mortal can so swiftly move.  
 Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,  
 And in an instant all that's past collect.  
 Reason, remembrance, wit, inventive art,  
 No nature but immortal can impart.  
 Man's soul in a perpetual motion flows,  
 And to no outward cause that motion owes;  
 And therefore that no end can overtake,  
 Because our minds cannot themselves forsake:  
 And since the matter of our soul is pure  
 And simple, which no mixture can endure  
 Of parts which not among themselves agree,  
 Therefore it never can divided be;  
 And Nature shows (without philosophy)  
 What cannot be divided cannot die.  
 We ev'n in early infancy discern  
 Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;  
 E'er they can speak they find so many ways  
 To serve their turn, and see more arts than days:  
 Before their thoughts they plainly can express;  
 The words and things they know are numberless,  
 Which Nature only and no art could find,  
 But what she taught before she call'd to mind.  
 These to his sons (as Xenophon records)  
 Of the great Cyrus were the dying words:  
 "Fear not when I depart; nor therefore mourn)  
 "I shall be no where, or to nothing turn;  
 "That soul which gave me life was seen by none,  
 "Yet by the actions it design'd was known;  
 "And though its flight no mortal eye shall see,  
 "Yet know, for ever it the same shall be.  
 "That soul which can immortal glory give,  
 "To her own virtues must for ever live.  
 "Can you believe that man's all-knowing mind  
 "Can to a mortal body be confin'd?  
 "Though a soul foolish prison her immure  
 "On earth, she (when escap'd) is wise and pure.  
 "Man's body, when dissolv'd, is but the same  
 "With beasts, and must return from whence it  
 came;  
 "But whence into our bodies reason flows,  
 "None sees it when it comes, or where it goes.  
 "Nothing resembles death so much as sleep,  
 "Yet then our minds themselves from slumber keep.  
 "When from their fleshly bondage they are free,  
 "Then what divine and future things they see!  
 "Which makes it most apparent whence they are,  
 "And what they shall hereafter be declare."  
 This noble speech the dying Cyrus made.  
 Me, Scipio, shall no argument persuade  
 Thy grandfire, and his brother, to whom Fame  
 Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their  
 name,  
 Nor thy great grandfire, nor thy father Paul,  
 Who fell at Cannæ against Hannibal;  
 Nor I, (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd  
 To boast their actions) had so oft engag'd

In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought  
 That only Fame our virtuous actions bought:  
 'Twere better in soft pleasure and repose  
 Ingloriously our peaceful eyes to close:  
 Some high assurance hath possess'd my mind,  
 After my death an happier life to find.  
 Unless our souls from the immortals came,  
 What end have we to seek immortal fame?  
 All virtuous spirits some such hope attends,  
 Therefore the wise his days with pleasure ends.  
 The foolish and short-sighted die with fear  
 That they go no where, or they know not where.  
 The wise and virtuous soul, with clearer eyes,  
 Before she parts some happy port descries.  
 My friends, your fathers I shall surely see;  
 Nor only those I lov'd, or who lov'd me;  
 But such as before ours did end their days,  
 Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praise.  
 This I believe; for were I on my way,  
 None should persuade me to return or stay.  
 Should some god tell me that I should be born  
 And cry again, his offer I would scorn;  
 Asham'd when I have ended well my race,  
 To be led back to my first starting place.  
 And since with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,  
 We should be either satisfy'd or cloy'd,  
 Yet will I not my length of days deplore,  
 As many wise and learn'd have done before;  
 Nor can I think such life in vain is lent,  
 Which for our country and our friends is spent.  
 Hence from an inn, not from my home, I pass,  
 Since Nature meant us here no dwelling-place.  
 Happy when I, from this turmoil set free,  
 That peaceful and divine assembly see:  
 Not only those I nam'd I there shall greet,  
 But my own gallant virtuous Cato meet.  
 Nor did I weep when I to ashes turn'd  
 His belov'd body, who should mine have burn'd.  
 I in my thoughts beheld his soul ascend,  
 Where his fix'd hopes our interview attend.  
 Then cease to wonder that I feel no grief  
 From Age, which is of my delights the chief.  
 My hopes, if this assurance hath deceiv'd,  
 (That I man's soul immortal have believ'd)  
 And if I err, no pow'r shall dispossess  
 My thoughts of that expected happiness.  
 Though some minute philosophers pretend  
 That with our days our pains and pleasures end.  
 If it be so I hold the safer side,  
 For none of them my error shall deride;  
 And if hereafter no rewards appear,  
 Yet virtue hath itself rewarded here.  
 If those who this opinion have despis'd,  
 And their whole life to pleasure sacrific'd,  
 Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,  
 Too late will wish that me they had believ'd.  
 If souls no immortality obtain,  
 'Tis fit our bodies should be out of pain.  
 The same uneasiness which ev'ry thing  
 Gives to our nature life must also bring.  
 Good acts, if long, seem tedious; so is Age,  
 Acting too long upon this earth, her stage.  
 Thus much for Age, to which when you arrive,  
 That joy to you which it gives me 'twill give.

## OF PRUDENCE.

## PREFACE

## TO THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION.

GOING this last summer to visit the Wells, I took an occasion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then solitary) retirement with the Latin original of this translation, which (being out of print) I had never seen before. When I looked upon it, I saw that it had formerly passed through two learned hands, not without approbation, which were Ben. Johnson and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I shall never find myself) in the service of a better master, the Earl of Bristol, of whom I shall say no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living by impairing that of the dead; and my own profession hath taught me not to erect new superstructures upon an old ruin. He was pleased to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me so well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obsolete English

disguise, wherein an Old Monk had clothed it, and to make as becoming a new vest for it as I could.

The author was a person of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with the sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso, which shews that the age they lived in was not so unlearned as that which preceded or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four cardinal virtues; but I have translated only the two first, not to turn the kindness I intended to him into an injury; for the two last are little more than repetitions and recitals of the first: and (to make a just excuse for him) they could not well be otherwise, since the two last virtues are but descendants from the first, Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Justice.

WISDOM'S first progress is to take a view  
What's decent or indecent, false or true.  
He's truly prudent who can separate  
Honest from vile, and still adhere to that:  
Their difference to measure and to reach  
Reason well rectify'd must Nature teach;  
And these high scrutines are subjects fit  
For man's all-searching and inquiring wit:  
That search of knowledge did from Adam flow;  
Who wants it yet abhors his wants to shew.  
Wisdom of what herself approves makes choice,  
Nor is led captive by the common voice.  
Clear-sighted Reason, Wisdom's judgment leads,  
And Sense, her vassal, in her footsteps treads.  
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'st know,  
To thee all her specific forms I'll shew.

He that the way to honesty will learn,  
First what's to be avoided must discern.  
Thyself from flatt'ring self-conceit defend,  
Nor what thou dost not know to know pretend.  
Some secrets deep in abstruse darkness lie;  
To search these thou wilt need a piercing eye;  
Nor rashly therefore to such things assent,  
Which undeceiv'd thou after may'st repent:  
Study and time in these must thee instruct,  
And others' old experience may conduct.  
Wisdom herself her ear doth often lend  
To counsel offer'd by a faithful friend.  
In equal scales to doubtful matters lay, [weigh.  
Thou may'st choose safely that which most doth  
'Tis not secure this place or that to guard,  
If any other entrance stand unbarr'd.

He that escapes the serpent's teeth may fail,  
 If he himself secures not from his tail.  
 Who saith who could such ill events expect?  
 With shame on his own counsels doth reflect.  
 Most in the world doth self-conceit deceive,  
 Who just and good what'er they act believe.  
 To their wills wedded, to their errors slaves,  
 No man (like them) they think himself behaves.  
 This stiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,  
 Nor high-flown hopes to Reason's lure descend.  
 Fathers sometimes their children's faults regard  
 With pleasure, and their crimes with gifts reward.  
 Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,  
 Virgil and Titian (self-admiring) slight;  
 Then all they do like gold and pearl appears,  
 And others' actions are but dirt to theirs.  
 They that so highly think themselves above  
 All other men, themselves can only love.  
 Reason and virtue, all that man can boast  
 O'er other creatures, in those brutes are lost:  
 Observe (if thee this fatal error touch,  
 Thou to thyself contributing too much)  
 Those who are gen'rous, humble, just, and wise,  
 Who nor their gold nor themselves idolize;  
 To form thyself by their example learn,  
 (For many eyes can more than one discern.)  
 But yet beware of councils when too full,  
 Number makes long disputes, and graveness dull;  
 Though their advice be good, their counsel wise,  
 Yet length still loses opportunities.  
 Debate destroys dispatch, as fruits we see  
 Rot when they hang too long upon the tree.  
 In vain that husbandman his seed doth sow,  
 If he his crop not in due season mow.  
 A gen'ral sets his army in array  
 In vain, unless he fight and win the day.  
 'Tis virtuous action that must praise bring forth,  
 Without which slow advice is little worth.  
 Yet they who give good counsel praise deserve,  
 Though in the active part they cannot serve.  
 In action learned counsellors their age,  
 Profession, or disease, forbids t' engage.  
 Nor to philosophers is praise deny'd,  
 Whose wise instructions after-ages guide;  
 Yet vainly most their age in study spend;  
 No end of writing books, and to no end:  
 Beating their brains for strange and hidden things,  
 Whose knowledge nor delight nor profit brings;  
 Themselves with doubts both day and night perplex,  
 Nor gentle reader please, or teach, but vex.  
 Books should to one of these four ends conduce,  
 For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.  
 What need we gaze upon the spangled sky,  
 Or into matter's hidden causes pry,  
 To describe ev'ry city, stream, or hill,  
 If th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?  
 What is't to hear a sophister that pleads,  
 Who by the ears the decciv'd audience leads?  
 If we were wise these things we should not mind,  
 But more delight in easy matters find.  
 Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too;  
 To live and die is all we have to do:  
 The way (if no digression's made) is even,  
 And free access, if we but ask, is given.

Then seek to know those things which make us blest,  
 And having found them, lock them in thy breast:  
 Inquiring then the way, go on, nor slack,  
 But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.  
 Some their whole age in these inquiries waste,  
 And die like fools before one step they 'ave past.  
 'Tis strange to know the way and not t'advance;  
 That knowledge is far worse than ignorance.  
 The learned teach, but what they teach not do,  
 And standing still themselves, make others go.  
 In vain on study time away we throw,  
 When we forbear to act the things we know.  
 The soldier that philosopher well blam'd  
 Who long and loudly in the schools declaim'd;  
 "Tell," said the soldier, "venerable Sir!  
 "Why all these words, this clamour, and this stir?  
 "Why do disputes in wrangling spend the day,  
 "Whilst one says only yea, and t'other nay?"  
 "Oh," said the Doctor, "we for wisdom toil'd,  
 "For which none toils too much." The soldier  
 smil'd;  
 "You're gray and old, and to some pious use  
 "This mass of treasure you should now reduce:  
 "But you your store have hoarded in some bank,  
 "For which th' infernal spirits shall you thank."  
 Let what thou learnest be by practice shown;  
 'Tis said that Wisdom's children make her known.  
 What's good doth open to the inquirer stand,  
 And itself offers to th' accepting hand:  
 All things by order and true measures done;  
 Wisdom will end as well as she begun.  
 Let early care thy main concerns secure,  
 Things of less moment may delays endure.  
 Men do not for their servants first prepare,  
 And of their wives and children quit the care;  
 Yet when we're sick the doctor's fetch'd in haste,  
 Leaving our great concernment to the last.  
 When we are well, our hearts are only set  
 (Which way we care not) to be rich or great.  
 What shall become of all that we have got?  
 We only know that us it follows not;  
 And what a trifle is a moment's breath  
 Laid in the scale with everlasting death!  
 What's time, when on eternity we think?  
 A thousand ages in that sea must sink.  
 Time's nothing but a word; a million  
 Is full as far from infinite as one. [pay;  
 To whom thou much dost owe thou much must  
 Think on the debt against th' accounting-day.  
 God, who to thee reason and knowledge lent,  
 Will ask how these two talents have been spent.  
 Let not low pleasures thy high reason blind;  
 He's mad that seeks what no man e'er could find.  
 Why should we fondly please our sense, wherein  
 Beasts us exceed, nor feel the stings of sin?  
 What thoughts man's reason better can become  
 Than th' expectation of his welcome home?  
 Lords of the world have but for life their lease,  
 And that too (if the lessor please) must cease.  
 Death cancels Nature's bonds, but for our deeds  
 (That debt first paid) a strict account succeeds.  
 If here not clear'd, no suretyship can bail  
 Condemned debtors from th' eternal jail.

Christ's blood's our balsam ; if that cure us here,  
 Him, when our Judge, we shall not find severe ;  
 His yoke is easy when by us embrac'd,  
 But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis cast.  
 Be just in all thy actions, and if join'd  
 With those that are not, never change thy mind.  
 If aught obstruct thy course, yet stand not still,  
 But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill.  
 To the same end men sev'ral paths may tread,  
 As many doors into one temple lead ;  
 And the same hand into a fist may close,  
 Which instantly a palm expanded shews.  
 Justice and faith never forsake the wise,  
 Yet may occasion put him in disguise ;  
 Not turning like the wind ; but if the state  
 Of things must change, he is not obstinate ;  
 Things past and future with the present weighs,  
 Nor credulous of what vain rumour says.  
 Few things by wisdom are at first believ'd ;  
 An easy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd :  
 For many truths have often pass'd for lies ;  
 And lies as often put on truth's disguise :  
 As flattery too oft' like friendship shews,  
 So them who speak plain truth we think our foes.  
 No quick reply to dubious questions make ;  
 Suspense and caution still prevent mistake.  
 When any great design thou dost intend,  
 Think on the means, the manner, and the end :  
 All great concernments must delays endure ;  
 Rashness and haste make all things unsecure ;  
 And if uncertain thy pretensions be,  
 Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty ;  
 But if to unjust things thou dost pretend,  
 E'er they begin let thy pretensions end  
 Let thy discourse be such that thou may'st give  
 Profit to others, or from them receive.  
 Instruct the ignorant ; to those that live  
 Under thy care good rules and patterns give :  
 Nor is't the least of virtues to relieve  
 Those whom afflictions or oppressions grieve.  
 Commend but sparingly whom thou dost love ;  
 But less condemn whom thou dost not approve :  
 Thy friend, like flatt'ry, too much praise doth  
 wrong,  
 And too sharp censure shews an evil tongue :  
 But let inviolate truth be always dear  
 To thee ; ev'n before friendship truth prefer.  
 Than what thou mean'st to give still promise less :  
 Hold fast the pow'r thy promise to increase.  
 Look forward what's to come, and back what's past,  
 Thy life will be with praise and prudence grac'd :  
 What loss or gain may follow thou may'st guess,  
 Thou then wilt be secure of the success :

Yet be not always on affairs intent,  
 But let thy thoughts be easy and unbent :  
 When our minds' eyes are disengag'd and free,  
 They clearer, farther, and distinctly see ;  
 They quicken sloth, perplexities untie,  
 Make roughness smooth, and hardness mollify ;  
 And though our hands from labour are releas'd,  
 Yet our minds find (ev'n when we sleep) no rest.  
 Search not to find how other men offend,  
 But by that glass thy own offences mend ;  
 Still seek to learn, yet care not much from whom,  
 (So it be learning) or from whence it come.  
 Of thy own actions others judgments learn ;  
 Often by small great matters we discern.  
 Youth what man's age is like to be doth shew ;  
 We may our ends by our beginnings know.  
 Let none direct thee what to do or say,  
 Till thee thy judgment of the matter sway.  
 Let not the pleasing many thee delight ; [right.  
 First judge if those whom thou dost please judge  
 Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,  
 Nor to know things whose knowledge is forbid ;  
 Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round  
 Standing, and whence no safe descent is found.  
 In vain his nerves and faculties he strains  
 To rise, whose raising unsecure remains.  
 They whom desert and favour forwards thrust,  
 Are wise when they their measures can adjust.  
 When well at ease, and happy, live content,  
 And then consider why that life was lent.  
 When wealthy, shew thy wisdom not to be  
 To wealth a servant, but make wealth serve thee.  
 Though all alone, yet nothing think or do  
 Which nor a witness nor a judge might know.  
 The highest hill is the most slipp'ry place,  
 And Fortune mocks us with a smiling face ;  
 And her unsteady hand hath often plac'd  
 Men in high pow'r, but seldom holds them fast ;  
 Against her then her forces Prudence joins,  
 And to the golden mean herself confines.  
 More in prosperity is reason tost  
 Than ships in storms, their helms and anchors lost :  
 Before fair gales not all our sails we bear,  
 But with side-winds into safe harbours steer :  
 More ships in calms on a deceitful coast,  
 Or unseen rocks, than in high storms are lost.  
 Who casts out threats and frowns no man deceives ;  
 Time for resistance and defence he gives ;  
 But flatt'ry still in sugar'd words betrays,  
 And poison in high-tasted meats conveys :  
 So Fortune's smiles unguarded man surpriseth,  
 But when she frowns, he arms, and her despiseth.

## OF JUSTICE.

'Tis the first sanction Nature gave to man,  
 Each other to assist in what they can;  
 Just or unjust this law for ever stands;  
 All things are good by law which she commands.  
 The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,  
 Who to' us himself, and all we have, did give.  
 In vain doth man the name of Just expect,  
 If his devotions he to God neglect.  
 So must we rev'ence God, as first to know  
 Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow.  
 God those accepts who to mankind are friends,  
 Whose Justice far as their own pow'r extends;  
 In that they imitate the Pow'r divine;  
 The sun alike on good and bad doth shine;  
 And he that doth no good, although no ill,  
 Does not the office of the just fulfil.  
 Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer;  
 'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear:  
 We live not only for ourselves to care,  
 Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.  
 Wise Plato said the world with men was stor'd,  
 That succour each to other might afford;  
 Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,  
 But sev'ral parts to sev'ral men consign'd.  
 He that of his own stores no part can give,  
 May with his counsel or his hands relieve.  
 If Fortune make thee pow'rful, give defence,  
 'Gainst fraud and force, to naked innocence:  
 And when our Justice doth her tributes pay,  
 Method and order must direct the way.  
 First to our God we must with rev'ence bow;  
 The second honour to our prince we owe;  
 Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,  
 And to our friends and kindred we direct:  
 Then we must those who groan beneath the weight  
 Of age, disease, or want, commiserate.  
 'Mongst those whom honest lives can recommend,  
 Our Justice more compassion should extend:  
 To such who thee in some distress did aid,  
 Thy debt of thanks with int'rest should be paid.  
 As Hesiod sings, Spread waters o'er thy field,  
 And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.  
 But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,  
 Mischief and wrong be to another done:  
 Such moderation with thy bounty join,  
 That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine:  
 That liberality's but cast away  
 Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay,  
 And no access to wealth let rapine bring;  
 Do nothing that's unjust to be a king.

Justice must be from violence exempt,  
 But fraud's her only object of contempt.  
 Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells,  
 But Justice both from human hearts expels;  
 But he's the greatest monster (without doubt)  
 Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.  
 Nor only ill injurious actions are,  
 But evil words and slanders bear their share.  
 Truth Justice loves, and truth injustice fears;  
 Truth above all things a just man reveres.  
 Though not by oaths we God to witness call,  
 He sees and hears, and still remembers all;  
 And yet our attestations we may wrest  
 Sometimes, to make the truth more manifest.  
 If by a lie a man preserve his faith,  
 He pardon, leave, and absolution hath;  
 Or if I break my promise, which to thee  
 Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.  
 All things committed to thy trust conceal,  
 Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.  
 Express thyself in plain not doubtful words,  
 That ground for quarrels or disputes affords,  
 Unless thou find occasion hold thy tongue;  
 Thyself or others careless talk may wrong.  
 When thou art called into public pow'r,  
 And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,  
 Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms;  
 Small praise from len'ty and remissness comes:  
 Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,  
 Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright.  
 When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt,  
 The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt.  
 Who accuse rigour make a gross mistake;  
 One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make.  
 When justice on offenders is not done,  
 Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown;  
 As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire  
 To unlock the gates and set the town on fire.  
 Yet lest the punishment th' offence exceed,  
 Justice with weight and measure must proceed:  
 Yet when pronouncing sentence seem not glad,  
 Such spectacles, though they are just, are sad;  
 Though what thou dost thou ought'st not to repent,  
 Yet human bowels cannot but relent  
 Rather than all must suffer some must die;  
 Yet nature must condole their misery:  
 And yet, if many equal guilt involve,  
 Thou may'st not these condemn and those absolve.  
 Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind;  
 Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind.

When some escape for that which others die,  
 Mercy to those to these is cruelty.  
 A fine and slender net the spider weaves,  
 Which little and light animals receives;  
 And if she catch a common bee or fly,  
 They with a piteous groan and murmur die;  
 But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,  
 They tear her cords, like Samson, and escape:  
 So like a fly the poor offender dies,  
 But like the wasp the rich escapes and flies.

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,  
 The punishment beyond the crime extend,  
 Or after warning the offence forget;  
 So God himself our failings doth remit.  
 Expect not more from servants than is just;  
 Reward them well if they observe their trust;  
 Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,  
 Since God and Nature them our brothers made:  
 If his offence be great, let that suffice;  
 If light forgive; for no man's always wise.

## AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION

OF A MODERN AUTHOR

### UPON THE GAME OF CHESS.

**A** TABLET stood of that absterfive tree  
 Where *Aethiop's* swarthy bird did build her nest,  
 Inlaid it was with *Libyan* ivory,  
 Drawn from the jaws of *Afric's* prudent beast.  
 Two kings like *Saul*, much taller than the rest,  
 Their equal armies draw into the field;  
 'Till one take th' other pris'ner they contest;  
 Courage and fortune must to conduct yield.  
 This game the *Persian* Magi did invent,  
 The force of *Eastern* wisdom to express;

From thence to busy *Europeans* sent,  
 And styl'd by modern *Lombards* *Pensive* Chefs,  
 Yet some that fled from *Troy* to *Rome* report,  
*Penthesilea* *Priam* did oblige;  
 Her *Amazons* his *Trojans* taught this sport,  
 To pass the tedious hours of ten years' siege.  
 There she presents herself, whilst kings and peers  
 Look gravely on whilst fierce *Bellona* fights;  
 Yet maiden modesty her motions steers,  
 Nor rudely skips o'er *bishops* heads like knights.



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