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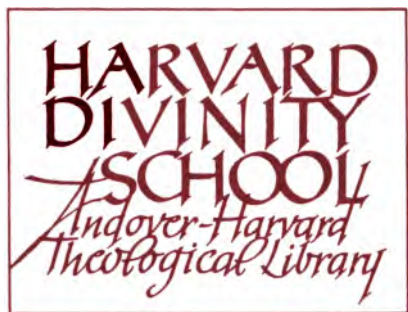
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ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY OF THE

LYRIC KIND:

IN THREE BOOKS.

SACRED

- I. TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.
- II. TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP,
- III. TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

*— Si non Uranie Lyram
Cœlestem cobibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.
HOR. Od. I. Imitat.*

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THE

P R E F A C E.

IT has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poësy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

THE eldest song which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his *right hand became glorious in power; when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy; the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the Red-Sea; thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters.* Exod. xv.—This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture filled their souls far above the level of that œconomy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously
breathed

breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism, the Muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this;

*Pierian muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,
Descend, and sing, the God your father's praise.*

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek, were not terrifying to a nice reader.

BUT some of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty, and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried Reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death,

THE PREFACE.

death, sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poesy was endued with all these allurements that lead the mind away in a pleasing captivity? Was it for this, she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and restless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of Heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxviii, might be addressed to them;

*Ye dragons, whose contagious breath,
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.*

THIS profanation and debasement of so divine an art, has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin: or at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit indeed to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church,

In tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of *unclean and abominable*. 'Tis strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices, to so wild and harsh an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while she marched from the field of Edom, she sets the *earth a trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: When the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength,* Judges v. &c.--When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: *Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones, the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernable; an image before mine eyes; and silence: Then I heard a voice, saying, shall mortal man be more just than God? &c.* Job iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he *hides him from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a*
covenant

covenant of peace, Job v. 21. &c.—When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! It is a region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return: *It is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion, and disorder, and where, the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister: As for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit, Job x. 21. and xvii. 13.* When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he use! *Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth. Job xiii. 25, &c. Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance, Job xxiii. 22.*—Can any man invent more despicable ideas to represent the scoundrel herd and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? Chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches to amazement: *They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness, desolate and waste: They cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in the rocks: Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now am I their song, yea, I am their by-word, &c.* How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! *Terrors are turn-*
ed

ed upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out; he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep.—I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would shew the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression: I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: Nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their description of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue?—When they speak of the dwelling place of God, *He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible.*—When his holiness is mentioned, *The heavens are not clean in his sight: He charges his angels with folly: He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: He is a jealous God, and a consuming fire.*—If we speak of strength, *Behold, he is strong: He removes the mountains, and they know it not, he overturns them in his anger: He shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble: He makes a path through the mighty waters; he discovers the foundations of the world: The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof.* And after all, *These are but a portion of his ways: The thunder of his power who can understand?*—His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior

superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. *Let the potsberds strive with the potsberds of the earth: but shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? He bids the heavens drop down from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, Be dry; and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to bide their council from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars by their names; he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad: He turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish.*—His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: *All nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: He takes up the isles as a very little thing; Lebanon with all her beasts is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God, nor all her trees sufficient for the burning. This God, before whom the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing and vanity. To which of all the Heathen gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord? and what shall I be likened to?—And to which of all the Heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious Orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness.*—Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings where God is creating the world: How meanly do the best of the *Gentiles* talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself, a *Gentile* critic, cites as a master of that sublime stile, when he chose to use it; *And the Lord said, Let there be light.*

light, and there was light; let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and behold they are.—He commanded, and they appear and obey: *By the word of the Lord, were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth:* This is working like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence.—His wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before our eyes in the scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes Divinity. *When he arises out of his place, the earth trembleth, the foundations of the hills are shaken because he is wroth: There goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his presence.* If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage, for a descending God, they might use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of *cherubs*, instead of horses, or seats him in *chariots of salvation*. David beholds him riding upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH: *He was mounted upon a cherub and did fly, he flew on the wings of the wind; and Habbakuk sends the pestilence before him.* Homer keeps a mighty stir with his *Nephelegereta Zeus*, and Hesiod with his *Zeus upsibremetes*. Jupiter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the clouds but the dust of his feet; and when the Highest gives his voice in the heavens, hail-stones and coles of fire follow. A divine poet discovers the channels of the waters and lays open the foundations of nature; at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. When the HOLY ONE alighted upon Mount Sinai, his glory covered the heavens: *He stood and measured the earth: He be-*
held

beld and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered: The perpetual bills did blow; his ways are everlasting. Then the prophet saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble. Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed spirit, which animated these writers, forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions: The divine licence in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poesy to the brightest and best description of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his *Proposal of Criticism* had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for a word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of Deism: while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical book of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? Shall the French Poet* affront us, by saying,

*De la foy, d'un Chretien les mysteres terribles,
D'ornemens egayez, ne sont point susceptibles?*

BUT the French Critic, † in his reflections upon eloquence, tells us, “ That the majesty of our religion
“ the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the
“ height of its mysteries, and the importance of every
“ subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleness

* Boileau.

† Rapin.

“bleness, a majesty, and elevation of style suited to
 “the theme: Sparkling images and magnificent ex-
 “pressions must be used, and are best borrowed from
 “Scripture: Let the preacher that aims at eloquence,
 “read the prophets incessantly, for their writings are
 “an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments
 “of speech.” And, in my opinion, this is far better
 counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

— *Vos exemplaria Graeca*

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

As in the conduct of my studies, with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapsin, and read the prophets night and day. I am sure, the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the holy Scriptures.

BESIDES, we may fetch a further answer to Mons. Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects in some of their best tragedies? What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened in those poems? The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand* that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain

in

* *Philomela.*

in our own. Yet, I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection in *English*, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted. †

It is true indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings, as beautified, or rather composed the heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornaments. The book of the *Revelation*, seems to be a prophecy in the form of an *Opera*, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song. Here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem, than a modern play? There is nothing

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem entitled *Alfred*, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance, 1723. I am persuaded, that many persons who despise the poem, would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

thing among all the ancient fables, or later romances; that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God, becoming an infant of days; the Possessor of the palace of heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him, who was God over all, blessed for ever and the Sovereign of life stretching his arms on the cross, bleeding and expiring: the heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the *Belides*, the furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of *Elysium*. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries, which we can never believe, the advantage for touching the springs of passion, will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow with the long trains of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy, as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure; how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wide world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror? The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not thus to be impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art, whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue.

The

The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine brighter in a dramatic description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient *Jews*, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy: but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings, and racks, and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours and seraphic joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal words, these things may be variously disposed and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty? This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

BUT we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch. I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings, betray an infernal source. This, the incomparable Mr. Cowley; in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one, in a rich variety of thought and fancy; the other, in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

IF shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the *Psalms of David*, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace, and the ancient *Lyrics*; I persuade myself, that the *Christian* preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue, and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light, and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's essays in verse are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm-translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following composures, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

THE *Title* assures them that poesy is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the *First Book*, are many odes, which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of *Hymns*, which have now passed a second impression, but upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian, therefore I have allotted them a place here.

AMONGST the songs that are dedicated to *Divine Love*, I think, I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ, represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Soloman* in his *Song*, and his father David, in *Psalm* xlv. if David was the author: And I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: It was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly in so nice an affair.

THE *Poems sacred to Virtue*, &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: the image of my heart is painted in them; and, if they meet with a reader, whose soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muse. Young
B gentlemen

* Solomon's Song was much more in use among preachers and writers of divinity, when these poems were written, than it is now. 1736.

gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them.--- While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy, in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprize, delight, and devotion, at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Amongst the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptible of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frightened from sin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work; others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity, and their polished imagination. Now, I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling muse are not hard to be obtained; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly

ly smile may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

PERHAPS there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of *Love*; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxvii. and cxxviii. *Psalms* indicted on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poesy be pronounced forever unlawful? It is utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems, of the amorous kind, swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world, that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that state, will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the Jewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless.

THE *imitations* of that noblest *Latin* Poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski of *Poland*, would need no
excuse,

excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks, I can allow so superior a genius, now and then, to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: The riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some *English* pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

THE *Inscriptions* to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the *Lyric* writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind, in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine *Psalmist*, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his *Lyric* odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the *Poems of heroic measure*, I have attempted, in rhyme, the same variety of cadence, comma and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification, when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same place, and with the same pauses. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: The reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the *Essays without rhyme*, I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be forever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and serenity of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parenthesis, runs me out of breath: Some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem: Nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly *Miltonian*. 'Tis my opinion, that blank verse may be written, with all due elevation of thought, in a modern stile, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's *Tales*, or running back so far as the days of *Collin the shepherd*, and the reign of the *Fairy Queen*. The odeness of an antique sound gives but a small pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish, even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old *Romans*, and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased even to astonishment with obsolete words and figures.

Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai.

So the ill drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in the *Chinese* pictures, charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the *Pindarics* I have generally conformed my line to the shorter size of the ancients, and avoided to imitate.

tate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge, nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

AFTER all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him chuse such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults; nor so blind as to espy none: Though I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for my reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up almost half the book; and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again*. So that my friends may be perfectly secure against this impression's growing

* *Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.* *Hor.*
Will this short note of Love excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome? 1736. Ed.
on the 7th.

growing waste upon their hands; and useless as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poetry can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much.--- The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the *Psalms of David* in Christian language, which I have now promised to the world*.

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that dwells in the mysteries of heaven, or of the muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould; and as the name *Vates* belongs to both; so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

— *Cui mens diviniore, atque os
Magna sonaturam.*

BUT what Juvenal spake in his age abides true in ours: A compleat poet or a prophet is such an one.

— *Qualem nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum.*

PERHAPS neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in consort with prophets and saints,

* In the year 1719, these were finished and printed.

saints, and sing to their golden harps, *Salvation, both
our and glory to him that sits upon the throne, and to
the LAMB forever.*

May 14, 1709.

ON READING
MR. WATTS'S POEMS,
SACRED TO
PIETY AND DEVOTION.

REGARD the man who in seraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise ;
He needs invoke no fabled muse's art
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart ;
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inspire
With hoïy raptures, and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man ! whose soul and guiltless breast,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' almighty Guest !
'Tis HE that lends thy tow'ring thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to sing :
HE to thy soul lets in celestial day.
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,
HE, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd ;
Nor shall the grave o'er thee a vict'ry boast ;
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,
In never ending songs of praise and love.

EUSEBIA.

To MR. WATTS,
ON HIS
POEMS SACRED TO DEVOTION.

I.

TO murmuring streams, in tender strains,
My pensive muse no more,
Of love's enchanting force complains,
Along the flow'ry shore,

II.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
 My quiet breast alarms,
 His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
 Have lost their usual charms.

III.

No gay Alexis in the grove
 Shall be my future theme ;
 I burn with an immortal love,
 And sing a purer flame.

IV.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
 And sacred transports feel,
 While WATTS, to thy celestial strain,
 Surpris'd I listen still.

V.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
 When I thy lays repeat :
 The bending forest lends an ear,
 The birds their notes forget.

VI.

With such a graceful harmony
 Thy numbers still prolong ;
 And let remotest lands reply,
 And echo to thy song.

VII.

Far as the distant regions, where
 The beautiful morning springs,
 And scatters odours through the air,
 From her resplendent wings ;

VIII.

Unto the new-found realms which see
 The latter sun arise,
 When, with an easy progress, he
 Rolls down the nether skies.

TO MR. I. WATTS,

ON READING HIS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HAIL, heaven-born muse! that with celestial flame,
 And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt
 To gain thy native skies. No common theme
 Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul
 Superior, though on earth detain'd a while;
 Like some propitious angel that's design'd
 A resident in this inferior orb.
 To guide the wandering souls to heavenly bliss,
 Thou seem'st; while thou their everlasting songs
 Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to earth
 Transfer'd the work of heaven; with thought sublime
 And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st.
 To thy immortal lyre. Amazed, we view
 The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
 Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
 Hymning th' eternal Father; as of old
 When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss,
 Of everlasting night and silence call'd
 The shining worlds with one creating word,
 And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hosts,
 And with external glories fill'd the void,
 Harmonious seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
 And with their cheerful *Hallelujahs* bless'd
 The bounteous author of their happiness;
 From orb to orb the alternate music rang,
 And from the chrysal arches of the sky
 Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat
 Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs,
 To the loud echoes of the angelic choirs,
 And fill'd with blissful hymns, terrestrial heaven,

The paradise of God where all delights
 Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,
 Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal sweets,
 Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
 Fresh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth,

Nor so, alas! the vile apostate race,
 Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
 Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
 The power supreme that gave them life and breath;
 Incarnate fiends! outrageous they defy'd
 Th' Eternal's thunder, and Almighty wrath
 Peerless provok'd, which all the other devils
 Would dread to meet; remembering well the day,
 When driven from pure immortal seats above,
 A fiery tempest huri'd them down the skies,
 And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
 To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulph.
 Where bound on sulph'rous lakes to glowing rocks,
 With adamantine chains, they wail their woes,
 And know Jehovah great as well as good;
 And fix'd forever by eternal fate,
 With horror find his arm omnipotent,

PRODIGIOUS madness! that the sacred muse,
 First taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,
 And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
 Should now to every idol basely bow,
 And curse the Deity she once ador'd,
 Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
 And celebrated the infernal praise
 Of haughty *Lucifer*, the desperate foe
 Of God and man, and winning every hour
 New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
 Here these accursed lays, and thus outdone,
 Raging they try to match the human race,
 Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
 And with loud curses rend the gloomy vault.

UNGRATEFUL mortals! ah! too late you'll find
 What 'tis to banter heaven and laugh at hell;
 To dress up vice in false delusive charms,
 And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
 Leading besotted souls through flow'ry paths,
 In gaudy dreams and vain fantastic joys
 To dismal scenes of everlasting woe;
 When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
 And raging flames surround the trembling globe,
 While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole.
 And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead;
 And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,
 Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
 Expect their sad inexorable doom.
 Say now, ye men of wit! What turn of thought
 Will please you then! Alas, how dull and poor,
 Ev'n to yourselves will your lewd flights appear!
 How will you envy then the happy fate
 Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,
 You'd been as very fools as once you thought
 Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd;
 When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
 Shall sing your lawrels, and the men
 Who thought they flew so high shall fall so low.

No more, my muse, of that tremendous thought;
 Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
 Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse
 Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
 Despises mortal *critics* idle rules:
 While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
 Inspires us, and with holy transport moves
 Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents
 Than all the Pagan poets ever sung,
 Homer, or Virgil; and far sweeter notes
 Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,
 And purer far, though Martial's self might seem
 A modest poet in our Christian days.

May those forgotten and neglected lie,
 No more let men be fond of fab'lous gods,
 Nor heathen wit debauch one Christian line,
 While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide,
 The shining beauties of eternal truth,
 That in her native dress, appears most bright.
 And charms the eyes of angels.--Oh! like thee
 Let every nobler genius tune his voice
 To subjects worthy of their tow'ring thoughts.
 Let HEAVEN and ANNA then your tuneful art
 Improve and consecrate your deathless lays
 To him who reigns above, and her who rules below.
JOSEPH STANDEN.

April 17, 1706.

TO MR. WATTS,
 ON HIS
DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, human seraph, whence that charming force;
 That flame! that soul! which animates each line;
 And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
 Laded with pond'rous sense! Say, did not He,
 The lovely JESUS, who commands thy breast,
 Inspire thee with himself? With JESUS dwells,
 knit in mysterious bands, the *Paraclete*,
 The breath of God, the everlasting source
 Of love: and what is love in souls like thine;
 But air and incense to the poet's fire?
 Should an expiring saint, whose swimming eyes
 Bingle the images of things about him,
 But here the least exalted of thy strains,
 How greedily he'd drink the music in,
 'Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near!
 So great a stress of pow'rful harmony,

Nature, unable longer to sustain,
Would sink opprest with joy to endless rest.

LET none henceforth of providence complain,
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night;
What though no shining angel darts from thence,
With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense,
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his.

BUT then, dear Sir, be cautious how you use,
To transports so intensely rais'd your muse,
Lest while the ecstatic impulse you obey,
The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

HENRY GROVE.

Sept. 4, 1706.

TO DR. WATTS,

ON THE

FIFTH EDITION OF HIS HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SOVEREIGN of sacred verse, accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise,
A muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the song,
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame;
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves;
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.

Soft harmony and manly vigour join
 To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
 For every grace of every muse is thine.
 Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
 Conducts his fav'rite to the realms of light.
 Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng;
 Delighted cherubs list'ning to the song;
 From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,
 And taste the sweets of music and of love.
 But when the softer scènes of life you paint;
 And join the beauteous virgin to the saint,
 When you describe how few the happy pairs,
 Whose hearts united soften all their cares,
 We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
 And Myra's beauties consecrate your song.
 Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
 And on the pleasing theme forever dwell;
 But the muse faints, unequal to the flight,
 And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.
 When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,
 And all but heaven-born *piety* shall die;
 When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,
 And each lascivious poet hides his head,
 With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,
 Crown'd with fresh laurels to thy native skies:
 Great Howe and Gouge, shall hail thee on thy way,
 And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
 Adapt thy tuneful notes to heav'nly strings,
 And join the *Lyric Ode* while some fair seraph sings.

*Sic spirat, sic optat
 Tui amantissimus.*

BRITANNICUS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

Worshipping with Fear.

I.
WHO dares attempt th' Eternal name;
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

II.
Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And heaven attends his smiles;
A wreath of light'ning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

III.
Celestial King, our spirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

IV.
When shall we see the great unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendors of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

V.

In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glories shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

VI.

Angels are lost in sweet surprize
If thou unvail thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

VII.

When mercy joins with majesty,
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

VIII.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

IX.

Created powers how weak they be!
How short their praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' Eternal all.

Asking leave to Sing.

I.

YET mighty God indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes and vent'rous song
To worlds of glory soar.

II.

If thou my darling flight forbid,
 The muse folds up her wings:
 Or at thy word her slender reed
 Attempts almighty things.

III.

Her slender reed inspired by thee,
 Bids a new Eden grow,
 With blooming life on ev'ry tree
 And spreads a heaven below.

IV.

She mocks the trumpeter's loud alarms,
 Fill'd with thy dreadful breath;
 And calls th' angelic host to arms,
 To give the nations death.

V.

But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
 And feels the rapture strong,
 Scarce the divinest harp above
 Aims at a sweeter song.

Divine Judgment.

I.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
 Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies;
 Let all the baneful planets shed
 Their mingled curses on my head,
 How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
 Look through the clouds and bless me with his eyes.
 Creatures with all their boasted sway
 Are but his slaves, and must obey;
 They wait their orders from above;
 And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

II.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand
 The gentler gales are bound to sleep :
The north wind blusters and assumes command
 Over the desert and the deep ;
 Old Boreas with his freezing pow'rs
 Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
 Arrests the dancing riv'lets as they pass,
 And chains them moveless to their shores ;
 The grazing ox, lows to the gelid skies,
 Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
 Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.

III.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
 And mourn the pilgrims there (a wretched throng !)
 Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains
 A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
 And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
 Atheist, forbear ; no more blaspheme :
 God has a thousand terrors in his name,
 A thousand armies at command,
 Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
 Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath ;
 His sharp-artillery from the North
 Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.
 Sublime on Winter's rugged wings
 He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings ;
 And flocks and herds, and nations die ;
 While impious lips profanely bold,
 Grow pale ; and quiv'ring at his dreadful cold,
 Give their own blasphemies the lie.

IV.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
 When the dog-star fires the realms on high,

Drought and diseases, the cruel dearth,
 Are but the flashes of the wrathful eye
 From the incens'd Divinity.
 In vain our parching palates thirst;
 For vital food in vain we cry,
 And pant for vital breath;
 The verdant fields are burnt to dust.
 The sun has drank the channels dry,
 And all the air is death.
 Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
 'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod
 You deal your various plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods
 That all the leafy standards strip,
 And bear down with a mighty sweep
 The riches of the fields, and honours of the woods;
 Storms that ravage o'er the deep,
 And bury millions in the waves:
 Earthquakes, that in midnight-sleep
 Turns cities into heaps, and makes our beds our graves;
 While you dispense your mortal harms,
 'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
 When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

VI.

O for a message from above
 To bear my spirits up!
 Some pledge of my Creator's love
 To calm my terrors and support my hope!
 Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
 Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine;
 While thou art Sovereign, I'm secure;
 I shall be rich till thou art poor; [thine.
 For all I fear, and all I wish, heaven, earth, and hell, are

Heaven and Earth.

I.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy?
 Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
 That grey experience writes for giddy youth
 On every mortal joy?

Pleasure must be dash'd with pain:

And yet with heedless haste,
 The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
 Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
 The rills of pleasure never run sincere;
 (Earth has no unpolluted spring)
 From the curs'd soil; some dangerous taint they bear;
 So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

II.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky;
 The world has false but flat'ring charms;
 Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
 But lessen still as they draw near the eye;
 In our embrace the visions die,
 And when we grasp the airy forms
 We loose the pleasing dream.

III.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
 Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
 With glaring colours, and false light;
 Distance commends it to the sight,
 For fools to gaze upon;
 But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
 Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
 Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

IV.

Look up, my soul, point tow'rd th' eternal hills;
 Those heav'ns are fairer than they seem;

There pleasures all sincere glide on in chrystal rills,
 There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
 Nor grief disturbs the stream.
 That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
 No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
 Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

Felicity Above.

I.

NO, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;
 For bliss can ne'er be found
 Till we arrive where JESUS is,
 And tread on heav'nly ground.

II.

There's nothing round these painted skies,
 Or round his dusky clod;
 Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
 Or lovely as thy God.

III.

'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love
 To feel his quick'ning grace;
 And all the heav'n I hope above
 Is but to see his face.

IV.

Why move my years in slow delay?
 O God of ages! why?
 Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
 To the superior sky,

V.

Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings;
 That bind me to the clay;
 Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
 And stretch and soar away.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

I.

KEEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod;
 The muse stands trembling while she sings,
 The honours of her GOD,

II.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
 Hang on his firm decree:
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to Be,

III.

Th' Almighty Voice bid ancient night
 Her endless realms resign,
 And lo, ten thousand globes of light
 In fields of azure shine.

IV.

Now wisdom with superior sway
 Guides the vast moving frame,
 While all the ranks of being pay
 Deep reverence to his name.

V.

He spake; the sun obedient stood,
 And held the falling day;
 Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
 And disappoints the sea.

VI.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his ways.

VII.

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men
With ev'ry angels form and size
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

VIII.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

IX.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

X.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor GOD the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angels pry
Between the folded leaves.

XI.

My GOD I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

XII.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but see my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

Self-Consecration.

I.

IT grieves me LORD, it grieves me sore,
 That I have liv'd to thee no more,
 And wasted half my days;
 My inward pow'r shall burn and flame,
 With inward passion for thy name,
 I would not speak, but for my GOD, nor move, but
 to his praise.

II.

What are my eyes but aids to see
 The glories of the Deity
 Inscrib'd with beams of light
 On flow'rs and stars? Lord, I behold
 The shining azure, green and gold;
 But when I try to read thy name, a dimness veils my sight

III.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgin sings
 Sicilian swains, or Trojan kings,
 And drink the music in;
 Why should the trumpets brazen voice,
 Or oaten reed awake my joys, [gin.
 And yet my heart so stupid lie when sacred hymns be-

IV.

Change me, O GOD; my flesh shall be
 An instrument of song to thee,
 And thou the notes inspire;
 My tongue shall keep the heav'nly chime,
 My cheerful pulse shall beat the time, [spire.
 And sweet variety of sound, shall in thy praise con-

V.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
 Should it refuse to bear a part,
 With my melodious breath,

I'd tear away the vital chord,
 A bloody victim to my LORD,
 And live without that impious string, or shew my
 zeal in death.

The CREATOR and Creatures.

I.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
 Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
 Nature and grace with all their pow'rs,
 Confess the infinite unknown.

II.

From thy Great Self, thy being springs;
 Thou art thine own original,
 Made up of uncreated things,
 And self-sufficiency bears them all.

III.

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
 Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
 But nothing like thy self appears,
 Through all these spacious works of thine.

IV.

Still restless nature dies and grows;
 From change to change the creatures run:
 Thy being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are one:

V.

A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
 Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame:
 Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
 Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

VI.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
 And worship in submissive forms;
 Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
 This little dwelling-place of worms.

VII.

How shall affrighted morra's dare
 To sing thy glory or thy grace,
 Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
 And see but shadows of thy face?

VIII.

Who can behold the blazing light?
 Who can approach consuming flame?
 None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
 None but thy word can speak thy name.

The Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

‘SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
 ‘ And send your fears away;
 ‘ News from the region of the skies,
 ‘ Salvation's born to-day.

II.

‘JESUS, the God, whom angels fear,
 ‘ Comes down to dwell with you;
 ‘ To-day, he makes his entrance here,
 ‘ But not as monarchs do.

III.

‘No gold, nor purple swaddling bands;
 ‘ Nor royal shining things;
 ‘ A manger for his cradle stands,
 ‘ And holds the King of kings.

IV.

'Go shepherds, where the infant lies;
'And see his humble throne;
'With tears of joy in all your eyes,
'Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.'

V.

Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

VI.

'Glory to God that reigns above,
'Let peace surround the earth;
'Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
'At their Redeemer's birth.'

VII.

LORD! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose those useless tongues
When they forget to praise!

VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn.
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

God Glorious, and Sinners Saved.

I.

FATHER how wide thy glories shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

II.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motion speak thy skill:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still:

III.

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

IV.

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

V.

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,
We love and we adore;
The first arch-angel never saw
So much of God before.

VI.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

VII.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear myst'ries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

VIII.

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn *Immanuel's* name,
And try their choicest strains,

IX.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

The humble Enquiry.

A FRENCH SONNET IMITATED. 1695.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

I.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above.
 How few the sparks of wrath! how slow they
 And drop and die in boundless seas of love! [move,

II.

But me, vile wretch! should pitying love embrace
 Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
 And flash, and burn me through the boundless seas.

III.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown
 Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
 And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

IV.

Thine honour bids, *Avenge thine injur'd Name,*
 Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
 While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

V.

Shou'd heav'n grow black. Almighty thunder roar,
 And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
 But own thy justice dying, and adore.

VI.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood,
 To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
 Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer's blood.

The Penitent Pardoned.

I.

HENCE from my soul, my sins depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see,
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence to eternal distance flee.

II.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caress'd your viperous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

III.

Black heavy thoughts like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

IV.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of Grace,
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
Father, they know not what they do.

V.

Great Advocate, look down and see
A wretch whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

VI.

Peace, my complaints; let every groan
Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And through his inmost bowels move.

VII.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,
Gently, as morning dews distil,

The Dove Immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

VIII.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my pow'rs adore the grace.

*A HYMN of praise for three great SALVA-
TIONS--viz.*

1. *From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.*—2. *From the Gun-Powder Plot, Nov. 5.*—3. *From Popery and Slavery by K. WILLIAM of glorious memory, who landed, Nov. 5, 1688.*

COMPOSED, NOV. 5, 1695.

I.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Our guardian rocks to break the seas.

II.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heav'n of angels praise;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

III.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the *British Isles*;

D.

*There, said the Lord, to ages stand,
Firm as the everlasting hills.*

IV.

In vain the *Spanish* ocean roar'd,
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

V.

*Come, said the sons of bloody Rome,
Let us provide new arms from hell:
And down they digg'd thro' earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.*

VI.

Old *Satan* lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal and sulph'rous flame,
And all that burns and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

VII.

Beneath the Senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright, but dismal day.

VIII.

Thy love beheld the black design,
Thy love that guards the island round;
Strange how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

THE SECOND PART.

I.

ASSUME, my tongue a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord:
The foes revive their pow'rs again,
And they die beneath his sword.

II.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
 While tyranny possess'd the throne,
 And murders of an *Irish* soul,
 And threat'ning death, thro' ev'ry town.

III.

The *Roman* priest, and *British* prince,
 Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
 And the fierce troops of neighb'ring *France*
 Offer'd the service of their arms.

IV.

'Tis *done*, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
 The courts of darkness rang with joy,
 Th' old Serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
 While *Zion*, mourn'd her ruin nigh.

V.

But lo, the great Deliverer sails
 Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
 And smiling seas, and wishing gales,
 Convey him to the longing land.

VI.

The happy day and happy year, }
 Both in our new salvation meet: } *Nov. 5, 1688.*
 The day that quench'd the burning snare, }
 The year that burnt th' invading fleet. } *Nov. 5, 1558.*

VII.

Now did thine arm, O God of Hosts,
 Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright,
 The sons of might their hands had lost,
 And men of blood forget to fight.

VIII.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
 And guarded William to his throne;
 There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
 And make his palace like your own.

IX.

Then, mighty God, the earth shall know
 And learn'd the worship of the sky:
 Angels and Britons join below,
 To raise their *Hallelujabs* high.

X.

All *Hallelujabs*, heav'nly King:
 While distant lands thy vict'ry sing,
 And tongues their utmost pow'rs employ,
 The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

The Incomprehensible.

I.

FAR in the heav'ns my God retires,
 My God, the mark of my desires,
 And hides his lovely face;
 When he descends within my view,
 He charms my reason to pursue,
 But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chase.

II.

Or if I reach unusual height
 'Till near his presence brought,
 There floods of glory check my flight,
 Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
 And all untune my thought;
 Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
 Where *Wisdom, Justice, Mercy*, shine;
 Infinite rays in crossing lines
 Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm
 my soul.

III.

Come to my aid, ye fellow minds,
 And help me reach the throne;

(What single strength in vain designs,
 United force hath done;
 Thus worms may join and grasp the poles,
 Thus atoms fill the sea)
 But the whole race of creature-souls
 Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge and
 are lost in thee.

IV.

Great God, behold my reason lies
 Adoring; yet my love would rise
 On pinions not her own:
 Faith shall direct her humble flight,
 Through all the trackless seas of light,
 To thee, th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite unknown.

Death and Eternity.

I.

MY thoughts that often mount the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
 Where nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sov'reign, Death.

II.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
 His trophies spread abroad!
 And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground.

III.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
 How loathsome to the eyes!
 These are the heads we lately knew
 So beauteous and so wise.

IV.

But where the souls, these deathless things,
 That left this dying clay?

My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

V.

O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore;
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

VI.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

VII.

There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase thoughtless lies,
Amongst the silent graves.

VIII.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
'These once were strong as mine appear,
'And mine must be as they.'

IX.

Thus shall our mouldring members teach
What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

A sight of Heaven in Sicknes

I.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frightened eyes,
To view the tott'ring clay.

II.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
 Nor dares the flesh complain;
 Diseases bring their profit too;
 The joy o'ercomes the pain.

III.

My cheerful soul now all the day
 Sits waiting here and sings;
 Looks thro' the ruins of her clay,
 And practices her wings.

IV.

Faith almost changes into sight,
 While from afar she spies,
 Her fair inheritance, in light
 Above created skies.

V.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
 And firm without a flaw,
 In darkness he had dwelt too long,
 And less of glory saw.

VI.

But now the everlasting hills,
 Through every chinck appear,
 And something of the joy she feels,
 While she's a pris'ner here.

VII.

The shines of heav'n rush sweetly in
 At all the gaping flaws;
 Visions of endless bliss are seen;
 And native air she draws.

VIII.

O may these walls stand tott'ring still.
 The breaches never close,
 If I must here in darkness dwell,
 And all this glory lose.

IX.

Or rather let this flesh decay,
 The ruins wider grow,
 'Till glad to see th' enlarged way,
 I stretch my pinions thro'.

The Universal HALLELUJAH.

PSALM cxlviii. Paraphrased.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue;
 Ye pow'rs that guard his throne;
 JESUS the Man shall lead the song,
 The God inspire the tune.

II.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
 That fill the realms above,
 Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
 And feeds you with his love.

III.

Shine to his praise, ye chrystal skies,
 The floor of his abode,
 Or veil your little twinkling eyes,
 Before a brighter God.

IV.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
 Whose beams create our days,
 Join with the silver queen of night,
 To own your borrow'd rays.

V.

Blush and refund the honours paid
 To your inferior names,

Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

VI.

Winds ye shall bear his name aloud
Thro' the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore:

IX.

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things shall tune his name,
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow,
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

XII.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky:

While groveling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your King,
Thro' all the nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal Name must fly abroad
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race shall bow to God,
That owns the name of Man.

The ATHEIST'S Mistake.

I.

LAUGH ye profane and swell and burst
With bold impiety:
Yet shall ye live forever curs'd,
And seek in vain to die.

II.

The gasp of your expiring breath
Consigns your souls to chains,
By the last agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

III.

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
Where the old Serpent fell.

IV.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprize you'll find

Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind.

V.

Then you'll confess the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

VI.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues,)
When you exchange'd your souls away,
For vanity and songs.

VII.

Behold the saints rejoice to die,
For heaven shines round their heads;
And angel-guards prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

VIII.

Their longing spirits, part, and rise
To their celestial seat:
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

IX.

Hence, ye profane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And distant are our goals.

The law given at SINAI.

I.

ARM thee with thunder, heav'nly muse,
And keep the expecting world in awe;
Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood,

The melting mercies of thy God ;
 Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
 And sound his dreadful law :
 To *Israel* first the words were spoke,
 To *Israel* freed from *Egypt's* yoke,
 Inhuman bondage ! The hard galling load
 Over-press'd their feeble souls,
 Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
 And broke their ties to God.

II.

Now had they pass'd the *Arabian* bay,
 And march'd between the cleaving sea,
 The rising waves stood guardians of their wond'rous
 But fell with most impetuous force, [way,
 On the pursuing swarms,
 And buried *Egypt* all in arms,
 Blending in wat'ry death the rider and the horse :
 O'er struggling *Pbaraob* roll'd the mighty tide,
 And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and *Ore* in vain he cries,
 And all his horned gods beside,
 He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
 And curs'd the *Hebrews* as he dy'd.

III.

Ah ! foolish *Israel* to comply,
 With *Membian* idolatry !
 And bow to brutes (a stupid slave)
 To idols impotent to save !
 Behold thy God, the Sov'reign of the sky !
 Has wrought salvation in the deep,
 Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
 And rais'd thine honours high ;
 His grace forgives thy follies past,
 Behold he comes in majesty,
 And *Sinai's* top proclaims his law ;
 Prepare to meet thy God in haste ;

But keep an awful distance still :
 Let *Moses* round the sacred hill
 The circling limits draw.

IV.

Hark the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
 And call the trembling armies near !
 Slow and unwilling they appear,
 Rails kept them from the mount before,
 Now from the rails their fear :
 'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same,
 Which shall be blown by high command,
 Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
 And heav'n's Eternal will proclaim,
 That *time shall be no more.*

V.

Thus while the lab'ring angel swell'd the sound;
 And rent the skies and shook the ground,
 Up rose th' Almighty ; round his sapphire seat
 Adoring thrones in order fell ;
 The lesser powers at distance dwell,
 And cast their glories down successive at his feet :
Gabriel the great prepares his way,
Lift up your heads, eternal doors, he cries ;
 Th' eternal doors his words obey,
 Open and shoot celestial day
 Upon the lower skies.
 Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their head,
 As their Creator bid.
 And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere.
 A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

VI.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
 The wheels beset with burning gems.
 The winds in harness with the flames
 Flew o'er th' etherial road :
 Down through his magazines he past

Of hail and ice, and fleecy snow,
 Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
 Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow,
 The day was mingled with the night,
 His feet on solid darkness trod,
 His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
 And scatter'd dreadful light;
 He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream:
 He spok'e, and (though with unknown speed he ca. :)
 Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,
 With axle red, and glowing wheel,
 Did the wing'd chariot light,
 And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.
 Lo, it mounts in curling waves,
 Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves
 The stately pyramids of fire
 The pyramids to heav'n aspire, [higher,
 And mix with stars but see their gloomy offspring
 So you have seen ungrateful ivy grow
 Round the tall oak that six score years has stood,
 And proudly shoot a leaf or two
 Above its kind supporters utmost bough,
 And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.

VIII.

Forbear, young muse, forbear;
 The flow'ry things that poet's say;
 The little arts of *simile*
 Are vain and useless here;
 Nor shall the burning hills of old
 With *Sinai* be compar'd,
 Nor all that lying *Greece* has told;
 Or learned *Rome* has heard;
Etna shall be nam'd no more,
Etna the torch of *Sicily*;

Not half so high
 Her light'nings fly,
 Not half so loud her thunders roar
 Cross the *Sicanian* sea to fright the *Italian* shore.
 Behold the sacred hill: Its trembling spire
 Quakes at the terrors of the fire
 While all below its verdant fœt
 Stagger and reel under th' Almighty weight:
 Press'd with a greater than feign'd *Atlas'* load
 Deep groan'd the mount; it never bore
 Infinity before,
 It bow'd, and shook beneath the burden of a God.

IX.

Fresh horror seiz'd the camp, despair,
 And dying groans torment the air,
 And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there;
 The bellowing thunder, and the lightnings blaze
 Spread thro' the host a wild amaze;
 Darkness on ev'ry soul, and pale was ev'ry face:
 Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
Let Moses speak, or Israel dies;
Moses the spreading terror feels,
 No more the man of God conceals
 His shivering and surprize:
 Yet, with recovering mind, commands
 Silence, and deep attention thro' the *Hebrew* bands.

X.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
 All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
 Majestic sounds break thro' the smoaky cloud:
 Sent from the All-creating Tongue,
 A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
 And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

XI.

'I am the LORD: 'Tis I proclaim,
 'That glorious and fearful Name,'

' **THY GOD AND KING:** 'Tis I, that broke
 ' Thy bondage, and th' *Egyptian* yoke;
 ' Mine is the right to speak my will,
 ' And thine the duty to fulfil.
 ' Adore no God beside me, to provoke mine eyes;
 ' Nor worship ME in shapes and forms that men devise;
 ' With rev'rence use my name, nor turn my words to jest;
 ' Observe my Sabbath well, nor dare profane my rest;
 ' Honour, and due obedience to thy parents give:
 ' Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live:
 ' Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th' unlawful bed;
 ' Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his
 bread;
 ' Forbear to blast his name with falsehood or deceit;
 ' Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate.'

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccl. xii.

I.

CHILDREN; to your Creator, God,
 Your early honours pay,
 While vanity and youthful blood
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.

II.

The memory of his mighty name,
 Demands your first regard;
 Not dare indulge a meaner flame,
 'Till you have lov'd the Lord.

III.

Be wise, and make his favour sure;
 Before the mournful days,
 When youth and mirth are known no more,
 And life and strength decays.

IV.

No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.

V.

Old age with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs and groans, and raging pain,
And death that never spares.

VI.

What will ye do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies?

VII.

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight?

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble arms,
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?

IX.

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust;
Its vile original.

X.

Laden with guilt, a heavy load
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,

The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the LORD.

I.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou Sun, whose beams adorn the spheres;
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years;

II.

Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays:
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

III.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams, and borrow'd light,
Are softer rivals of the noon;

IV.

Arise, and to that sov'reign Pow'r,
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

V.

Ye twinkling Stars, who gild the skies,
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone:

VI.

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd thro' all the heav'nly street,

Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

VII.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine.

VIII.

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

IX.

O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the sun that makes our days:
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

The welcome Messenger.

I.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping for his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death.

II.

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

III.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

IV.

Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
 'Tis guilt creates my fears;
 'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
 And all the arms it bears.

V.

Oh! if my threat'ning sins were none,
 And death had lost his sting,
 I could invite the angel on,
 And chide his lazy wing.

VI.

Away these interposing days,
 And let the lovers meet,
 The angel has a cold embrace,
 But kind, and soft, and sweet.

VII.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
 I'd rush into his arms,
 And lose my breath, and all my cares,
 Amidst those heav'nly charms.

VIII.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
 And leave the lifeless clay,
 Without a sigh, without a groan,
 And stretch and soar away.

Sincere Praise.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker God!
 How wondrous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Thro' the creation's frame.

II.

Nature in ev'ry dress,
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

III.

In native white and red
The rose and lilly stand,
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
To shew thy skillful hand.

IV.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

V.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

VI.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

VII.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of thy favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

VIII.

The very songs I frame,
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

IX.

Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until it's form'd again.

X.

Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me from above,
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice to love.

XI.

Let joy and worship spend
 The remnants of my days,
 And to my God, my soul ascend,
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

True Learning.

Partly Imitated from a French Sonnet by Mr. Poirer.

I.

HAPPY the feet that shining Truth has led
 With her own hand to tread the path she please,
 To see her native lustre round her spread,
 Without a veil, without a shade,
 All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

II.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
 Of painted shapes they thirst upon the mind:
 The truth they shew lies wrapt in sev'nfold shrouds,
 Our senses cast a thousand clouds
 On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly blind.

III.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers rise,
 And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought;
 What empty triflings, and what subtle ways,
 To fence and guard by fule and rote!
 Our God will never charge us, That we know them not.

IV.

Touch, heav'nly Word; O touch these curious souls;
 Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
 From all the vain opinions of the schools,
 (That pageantry of knowing fools)
 I feel my pow'rs releas'd, and stand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,
 He grasps whole nature in his single hand;
 All the eternal truths in him are laid,
 The ground of all things, and their head,
 The circle where they move, & centre where they stand,

VI.

Without his aid, I have no sure defence,
 Troops of errors that besiege me round;
 But he that rests his reason and his sense
 Fast here, and never wanders hence,
 Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground,

VII.

Infinite Truth, the life of my desires,
 Come from the sky, and join thyself to me;
 I'm tir'd, with hearing, and this reading tires;
 But never tir'd of telling Thee,
 'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

VIII.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand
 Shall mark my path out with delusive art:
 All nature silent in his presence stand,

Creatures be dumb at his command,
And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart.

IX.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show,
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

X.

The lord grows lavish of his heav'nly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this;
Fled from the eyes she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the Infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

True Wisdom.

I.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom Wis-
dom guides
In her own path, to her own heav'nly seat;
Thro' all the storms his soul securely glides,
Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

III.

Our head-strong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
Start, and flee raging in a violent course,

He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
 Checks their career, and turns and guides 'em,
 And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

IV.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thought,
 And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
 Whilst he looks down and pities human faults;
 Nor can he think, nor can he find,
 A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

V.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
 To vanquish self is a laborious art;
 What manly courage to sustain the fight,
 To bear the noble pain, and part
 With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart.

VI.

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
 Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds,
 To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
 That clings so close about our minds,
 And where th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison finds.

VII.

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heav'nly fire,
 Come to my breast, and with one pow'ful ray
 Melt off my lusts, my fetters; I can bear
 A while to be a tenant here,
 But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my home, and I must use my wings;
 Sublime above the globe my flight aspires,
 I have a soul was made to pity kings,
 And all their little glitt'ring things;
 I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

IX.

Loos'd from the earth my heart is upward flown;
 Farewel, my friends, and all that once was mine.

Now should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
 Crown me, and call the world my own, [fine.
 The gold that binds my brows, could ne'er my soul con-

X.

I am the Lord's; and Jesus is my love;
 He, the dear God, shall fill my vast desire,
 My flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
 And nearer to my Saviour move;
 There all my soul shall centre, all my pow'rs conspire.

XI.

Thus I with angels live; thus half divine
 I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
 Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
 His glory is my great design,
 That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

A Song to Creating Wisdom.

PART I.

I.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings:
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heav'n's high palace rings.

II.

Place me on the bright wings of day
 To travel with the sun;
 With what amaze shall I survey
 The wonders thou hast done!

III.

Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
 How glorious to behold?
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.

IV.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

P A R T II.

V.

Downward I turn my wond'ring eyes,
On clouds and storms below,
Those under regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

VI.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

VII.

There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast?
While the red light'nings wave along,
The banners of thine host.

VIII.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful show'rs around:
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

P A R T III.

IX.

Now to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad.
Glancing the British isles along,
Bless'd isles confess your God.

X.

How did his wondrous skill array
 Your fields in charming green;
 A thousand herbs his art display,
 A thousand flowers between!

XI.

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
 Fair Albion's best defence,
 While corn and vines rejoice below,
 Those luxuries of sense.

XII.

The bleating flocks his pasture feeds:
 And herds of larger size,
 That bellow thro' the Lindian meads,
 His bounteous hand supplies.

PART IV.

XIII.

We see the Thames caress the shores,
 He guides her silver flood;
 While angry Severn swells and roars,
 Yet hears her ruler God.

XIV.

The rolling mountains of the deep
 Observe his strong command;
 His breath can raise the billows steep,
 Or sink them to the sand.

XV.

Amidst thy wat'ry kingdoms, Lord,
 The finny nations play,
 And scaly monsters, at thy word,
 Rush thro' the Northern sea.

P A R T V.

XVI.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight,
 Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.

XVII.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
 Shine thro' the worlds abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God.

XVIII.

But the sweet beauties of thy grace;
 Our softer passions move;
 Pity Divine in Jesus' face
 We see, adore, and love.

God's absolute Dominion.

I.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
 Fire, air and earth, and stars and seas;
 I call them all thy slaves;
 Commission'd by my Father's will,
 Poisons shall cure, or balm shall kill;
 Vernal suns, or Zephyr's breath,
 May burn or blast the plants to death
 That sharp December saves;
 What can winds or planets boast;
 But a precarious pow'r?
 The sun in all its darkness lost,
 Frost shall be fire, and fire be Frost,
 When he appoints the hour.

II.

Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky,
 Chafe their frozen limbs with snow,
 Their frozen limbs awake and glow,
 The vital flame, touch'd with a strange supply,
 Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh:
 He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow,
 Cold steel expos'd to Northern air,
 Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,
 And burns the unwary stranger there.

III.

Enquire, my soul, of ancient fame,
 Look back two thousand years, and see
 Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
 For boasting to be absolute:
 Once to his court the God of Israel came,
 A King more absolute than he.
 I see the furnace blaze with rage
 Sev'nfold: I see amidst the flame
 Three Hebrews of immortal name;
 They move, they walk across the burning stage
 Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood
 A statue: fear congeal'd his blood:
 Nor did the raging element dare
 Attempt their garments, or their hair;
 It knew the Lord of nature there.
 Nature compell'd by a superior cause,
 Now breaks her own eternal laws,
 Now seems to break them, and obeys
 Her sov'reign King in different ways.
 Father, how bright thy glories shine!
 How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
 Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance are thine!

IV.

Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
 Ye sounding names of vanity!

No more my lips shall sacrifice
 To chance and nature tales and lies;
 Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.
 What is the sun, or what the shade,
 Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save?
 His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead;
 And his awful dictates bid,
 Earth is my mother or my grave.

Condescending Grace.

In Imitation of the cxiv Psalm.

I.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies;
 To visit earthly things,
 With scorn divine he turns his eyes
 From tow'rs of haughty kings?

II.

Rides on a cloud disdainful by
 A Sultan, or a Czar,
 Laughs at the worms that rise so high;
 Or frowns them from afar;

III.

He bids his awful chariot roll,
 Far downward from the skies,
 To visit every humble soul,
 With pleasure in his eyes.

IV.

Why should the Lord that reigns above
 Disdain so lofty kings?
 Say, Lord, and why such looks of love,
 Upon such worthless things?

V.

Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
 Dispute his awful will?
 Ask no account of his affairs,
 But tremble and be still.

VI.

Just like his nature is his grace,
 All sov'reign, and all free;
 Great God, how searchless are thy ways?
 How deep thy judgments be!

The Infinite.

I.

COME seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
 Or harp of golden string,
 That I may raise a lofty song
 To our Eternal King.

II.

Thy names how infinite they be!
 Great Everlasting One!
 Boundless thy might and majesty,
 And unconfin'd thy throne.

III.

Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large thy grace,
 Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.

IV.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot sound,
 An ocean of infinities
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

V.

The mysteries of creation lie,
Beneath enlighten'd minds,
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

VI.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

VII.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee,
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

Confession and Pardon.

I.

ALAS, my aching heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumb'ring eyes.

II.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
Flush crimson in my face.

III.

My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
F

Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

IV.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

V.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls the tenders of a God,
And mercies louddest cries!

VI.

He offers all his grace,
And all his heav'n to me;
Offers, but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

VII.

Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shews the prints of love.

VIII.

But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood?

IX.

The heav'nly Dove came down,
And tender'd me his wings,
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

X.

Lord, I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove.

And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

XI.

Not all thine heav'nly charms;
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

XII.

Lord, 'tis against thy face,
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!
Thy thunder silent lies.

XIII.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of my love?
Am I of such hell harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

XIV.

Now for one pow'rful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face!
This rebel heart no more withstands;
But sinks beneath thy grace.

XV.

O'ercome by dying love, I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie;
And thro' my flesh, my soul, my All,
And weep, and love, and die.

XVI.

"Rise, says the Prince of Mercy, rise,
"With joy and pity in his eyes:
"Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
"Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

XVII.

"See my great Father reconcil'd:"
He said, and lo! the Father smil'd:

The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

*Young men and maidens, old men and babes;
praise ye the Lord, Psal. cxlviii. 12.*

I.

SONS of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whose veins,
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And wields your active limbs, with hardy sinews strong;
Fall prostrate at th' eternal throne
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend;
Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
But choose your Maker for your friend:
His favour is your life, his arm is your support,
His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes
short.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes;
And shoot delicious danger thence;
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reason down to sense;
Boast not of those withering charms;
That must yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the Author of your smiling face;
That heav'nly Bridegroom claims your blooming hours;
O make it your perpetual care
To please that Everlasting Fair;
His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

III.

Infants, whose different destinies
Are wove with threads of different size;

But from the same spring-tide of tears,
 Commence your hopes, and joys and fears,
 (A tedious train!) and date your following years:
 Break your first silence in his praise
 Who wrought your wond'rous frame:
 With sounds of tenderest accent raise
 Your honours to his name;
 And consecrate your early days
 To know the Pow'r supreme.

IV.

Ye heads of venerable age,
 Just marching off the mortal stage:
 Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
 As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
 Adore the hand that led your way
 Thro' flow'ry fields a fair long summer's day;
 Gasp out your soul in praises to the sovereign Pow'r,
 That set your west so distant from your dawning hour.

*Flying fowl, and creeping things, praise ye
 the Lord, Psal. cxlviii. 10.*

I.

SWEET flocks, whose soft enamell'd wing,
 Swift and gently cleave the sky;
 Whose charming notes address the Spring
 With an artless harmony;
 Lovely minstrels of the field,
 Who in leafy shadows sit,
 And your wond'rous structures build,
 Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light;
 To Nature's God your first devotions pay,
 Ere you salute the rising day,
 'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him ev'ry ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the meadow slide,
 And wear upon your shining back
 Num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
 Which thousand mingling colours make;
 Let the fierce glances of your eyes,
 Rebate their baleful fire:
 In harmless play twist and unfold
 The volumes of your scaly gold;
 That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
 Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

III.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,
 That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
 Moulded by wisdom's artful hand.
 And curl'd and painted with a various dye;
 In your innumerable forms
 Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
 And bend his lofty counsels down
 To despicable worms.

The Comparison and Complaint.

I.

INFINITE Pow'r, eternal Lord,
 How sov'reign is thy hand!
 All nature rose t' obey thy word,
 And moves at thy command.

II.

With steady course thy shining sun,
 Keeps his appointed way;
 And all the hours obedient run,
 The circle of the day.

III.

But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
 And wanders from her God!

My soul forgets her heav'nly prize,
And treads the downward road.

IV.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
Perform thine awful will,
And ev'ry beast and ev'ry tree,
Thy great designs fulfil:

V.

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

VI.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee;
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me?

VII.

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

VIII.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my pow'rs I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.

IX.

Then let my feet no more depart,
Nor wand'ring senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

X.

Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,

Nor travel swifter thro' the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

God Supreme and Self-sufficient.

I.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor man can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

II.

The spacious worlds of heav'nly light,
Compar'd with him how short they fall?
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

III.

He spoke the won'drous word; and lo,
Creation rose at his command:
Whirlwinds, and seas, their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

IV.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

V.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon;
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.

VI.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune, let Michael raise;

All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

JESUS *the only Saviour.*

I.

A DAM, our father and our head
Transgress'd; and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, no pardon there.

II.

Call a bright council in the skies;
"Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
"Say, what expedient can you give,
"That sin be damn'd, and sinners live.

III.

"Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
"The weighty veng'ance of a God?
"Which of you loves our wretched race,
"Or dares to venture in our place?"

IV.

In vain we ask: for all around
Stands silence thro' the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

V.

But, O unutterable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to the world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms and dies.

VI.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose: The law could ask no more.

VII.

Amazing work! look down, ye skies;
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
 Ye heav'nly thrones stoop from above,
 And bow to this mysterious love.

VIII.

See, how they bend! See, how they look!
 Long had they read th' eternal book,
 And studied dark decrees in vain,
 The Cross and Calvary makes them plain.

IX.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
 Each with his wings conceals his face:
 Nor clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
The Wisdom of a DEITY!

X.

Lo, they adore th' incarnate Son,
 And sing the glories he hath won;
 Sing how he broke our iron chains,
 How deep he sunk, how high he reigns!

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
 By all thy flaming hosts ador'd:
 And say, dear Conqueror; say, how long,
 Ere we shall rise to join their song.

XII.

Lo from afar, the promis'd day,
 Shines with a well distinguish'd ray;
 But my wing'd passion hardly bears
 These lengths of slow delaying years.

XIII.

Send down a chariot from above,
 With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love;
 Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

Looking upward.

I.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars' salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus groveling on the ground.

II.

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly,
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.

III.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

IV.

Vain world, farewell to you;
Heav'n is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

V.

I feel my powers releas't
From their old fleshy clod;
Fair Guardian bear me up in haste,
And set me near my God.

CHRIST Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

I.

HE dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound.

On my dear heart-strings : deep he lies,
In the cold caverns of the ground.

II.

Come, Saints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear bosom of your God ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

III.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo, what sudden joys I see,
Jesus the dead revives again.

IV.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

V.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our Great Deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

VI.

Say "Live forever, wond'rous King ;
"Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, "Where's his sting ?"
"And where's thy vict'ry boasting grave ?"

The God of Thunder.

I.

O THE immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the world beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod !

II.

He speaks; and lo, all nature shakes,
Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows thro'.

III.

Well, let the nations start and fly,
At the blue light'nings horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

IV.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below;
Yet will we sing the thunder's praise,
And send our loud *Hosannas* thro'.

V.

Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r,
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

VI.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And light'nings round his chariot play;
Ye light'nings fly to make him room,
Ye glorious storms prepare his way.

The Day of Judgment.

AN ODE.

Attempted in English Sapphic.

I.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red light'ning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down.

II.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble?
 While the hoarse thunder like a bloody trumpet,
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
 Quick to devour them.

III.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly)
 Such the dire terror when the great archangel
 Shakes the creation;

IV.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
 See the graves open, and the bones arising,
 Flames all around 'em.

V.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
 Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
 Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
 Gnawing within them.

VI.

Tho'ts like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
 And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
 Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
 Rolling afore him.

VII.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver
 While devils push them to the pit wide yawning
 Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
 Down to the centre.

VIII.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away ye horrid
 Doleful ideas,) come arise to Jesus,
 How he sits God-like! and the saints around him
 Thron'd, yet adoring.

IX.

O may I sit, there when he comes triumphant,
 Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
 While our Hosannas all along the passage
 Shout the Redeemer;

The song of Angels above.

I.

EARTH has detain'd me pris'ner long
 And I'm grown weary now;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my thoughts I stretch me down;
 And upward glance mine eyes,
 Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.

III.

There the dear Man, my Saviour sits,
 The God, how bright he shines!
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.

IV.

Seraphs, with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around,
 And move and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.

V.

JESUS the Lord, their harps employ,
 JESUS, my love, they sing:
JESUS, the name of both our joys,
 Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

VI.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.

VII.

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day,
Or heavens began to roll.

VIII.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' eternal Godhead down,
To dwell in humble clay.

IX.

O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within!)
His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

X.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wond'rous things he said!
Sweet cherubs stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jesus did.

XI.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

XII.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Whene'er he turn'd his eye:
He spoke, and at the sov'reign sound
The hellish legions fly.

XIII.

Thus while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrals rove
Thro' all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love.

XIV.

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprize;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves and dies.

XV.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, not bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living strains,
They summon ev'ry chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And shew their rising Lord.

XVII.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud Hosanna's on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

XVIII.

In awful state the conqu'ring God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too;

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

XX.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies!

XXI.

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

XXII.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the man I love.

*Fire, Air, Earth and Sea, praise ye the
Lord.*

I.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life, and food;
Our house, our parent, and our nurse;
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around;
(And flow'ry carpets spread the ground)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!

While thy unweildy weight rests on the feeble air,
 Bless that almighty Word that fix'd and held thee there.

II.

Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
 Whose glories rage at his command,
 Levels a palace with the sand,
 Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base:
 Ye heav'nly flames, that singe the air,
 Artillery of a jealous God.
 Bright arrows that his sounding quivers bear
 To scatter deaths abroad;
 Light'nings, adore the sov'reign arm that flings
 His veng'ance, and your fires upon the heads of kings.

III.

Thou vital element, the Air,
 Whose boundless magazines of breath
 Our fainting flame of life repair,
 And save the bubble man from the cold arms of death.
 And ye whose vital moisture yields
 Life's purple stream a fresh supply;
 Sweet waters, wand'ring thro' the flow'ry fields,
 Or dropping from the sky;
 Confess the pow'r whose all-sufficient name
 Nor needs your aid to build, or to support our frame.

IV.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
 Beats up and swells the angry sea,
 They join to make our lives a prey,
 And sweep the sailors hopes away,
 Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
 Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
 Gape hideous in a thousand graves:
 Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand;
 Ye storms adore your Master's hand;
 The winds are in his fist, the waves at his command.

V.

From the eternal emptiness
 His fruitful word by secret springs
 Drew the whole harmony of things
 That forms this noble universe:
 Old nothing knew his pow'ful hand,
 Scarce had he spoke his full command,
 Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea heard the creating call,
 And leap'd from empty nothing to this bounteous All;
 And still they dance and still obey
 The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

The Farewel.

I.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
 To mortal joys and mortal cares:
 To sensual bliss that charms us so
 Be dark my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

II.

Here I renounce my carnal taste,
 Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
 Their paradise shall never waste
 One thought of mine, but to despise.

III.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
 With mountains of vexatious care;
 And where's the sweet that is not laid
 A bait to some destructive snare?

IV.

Be gone forever, Mortal Things,
 Thou mighty mole-hill, Earth, farewell!
 Angels aspire on lofty wings,
 And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

V.

Come Heaven, and fill my vast desires,
 My soul pursues the sov'reign good:
 She was all made of heav'nly fires,
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

GOD only known to himself.

I.

STAND and adore! how glorious He
 That dwells in bright eternity!
 We gaze, and we confound our sight,
 Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.

II.

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,
 Great Everlasting Mystery,
 What lofty numbers shall we frame
 Equal to thy tremendous name?

III.

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
 Begin, and speak the great unknown:
 Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
 To notes untry'd and boundless things.

IV.

You, whose capacious pow'rs survey
 Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
 Yet what a narrow portion too
 Is seen, or known, or thought by you?

V.

How flat your highest praises fall
 Below th' immense Original!
 Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
 To reach an uncreated strain.

VI.

Great God; forgive our feeble lays,
 Sound out thine own eternal praise;
 A song so vast, a theme so high,
 Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

Pardon and Sanctification.

I.

MY crimes awake; and hideous, fear
 Distracts my restless mind;
 Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
 And hell pursues behind.

II.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
 And flames array the throne;
 While thunder murmurs round the sky,
 Impatient to be gone.

III.

Where shall I hide this noxious head;
 Can rocks or mountains save?
 Or shall I wrap me in the shade
 Of midnight and the grave?

IV.

Is there no shelter from the eye
 Of a revenging God?
JESUS, to thy dear wounds I fly,
 Bedew me with thy blood.

V.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
 And wash away my sin:
 Eternal justice frowns no more,
 And conscience smiles within.

VI.

I bless that wond'rous purple stream,
That whitens every stain;
Yet is my soul, but half redeem'd,
If Sin the tyrant reign.

VII.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flatt'ring plagues that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and Grace.

I.

THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command?
Nature with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

II.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
Whilst with a smile or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

III.

A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas:
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.

IV.

Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sov'reign eye looks thro' them all,
And pities mortal worms,

V.

His bowels, to our worthless race,
 In sweet compassion move;
 He cloaths his looks with softest grace,
 And takes his title, Love.

VI.

Now, let the Lord forever reign,
 And sway us as he will;
 Sick, or in health, in ease or pain,
 We are his fav'rites still.

VII.

No more shall peevish passions rise,
 The tongue no more complain:
 'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
 And love resumes again.

The LAW and GOSPEL.

I.

“CURST be the man, forever curst,
 “That doth one wilful sin commit;
 “Death and damnation for the first,
 “Without relief and infinite.”

II.

Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
 Thunder, and fire, and veng'ance flings;
 But JESUS thy dear gasping breath,
 And Calvary say gentler things.

III.

“Pardon and grace, and boundless love,
 “Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
 “And life, and joys, and crowns above,
 “Dear purchas'd by a bleeding God.”

IV.

Hark, how he prays, (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips) Forgive;
 And ev'ry groan, and gaping wound,
 Cries, "Father, let the rebels live."

V.

Go, you that rest upon the law,
 And toil, and seek salvation there;
 Look to the flames that Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

VI.

But I'll retire beneath the cross;
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie:
 And the keen sword that justice draws,
 Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

Seeking a divine calm in a restless world.

O Mens, quæ stabili fata Regis vice, &c.
Casimire, Book iii. Ode 28.

I.

ETERNAL Mind, who rules the fates
 Of dying realms, and rising states,
 With one unchang'd decree,
 While we admire thy vast affairs,
 Say, can our little trifling cares
 Afford a smile to thee?

II.

Thou scatters honours, crowns, and gold;
 We fly to seize, and fight to hold
 The bubbles and the oar:
 So emmets struggle for a grain;
 So boys their petty wars maintain
 For shells upon the shore.

‘And his immortal strength sustains
 ‘The courts that cost him blood.’

XII.

Hark from on high my Saviour calls:
 “I come, my Lord, my Love:”
 Devotion breaks the prison walls,
 And speeds my last remove.

Launching into Eternity.

IT was a brave attempt! adventurous He,
 Who in the first ship broke the unknown seas:
 And leaving his dear native shores behind,
 Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
 I see the surging brine: the tempest raves
 He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
 Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
 He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
 Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
 Fearless when the great Master gives command.
 Death is the storm: She smiles to hear it roar,
 And bids the tempest waft her to the shore:
 Then, with a skillful helm she sweeps the seas,
 And manages the raging storm with ease;
 (*Her faith can govern death*) she spreads her wings }
 Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings }
 And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things. }
 As the shores lessen so her joys arise,
 The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies,
 Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
 She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight, }
 The seas forever calm, the skies forever bright. }

A prospect of the Resurrection.

I.

HOW long shall death the tyrant reign,
 And triumph o'er the just,
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain
 Lies mingled with the dust?

II.

When shall the tedious night be gone?
 When will our Lord appear?
 Our fond desires would pray him down,
 Our love embrace him here.

III.

Let faith arise and climb the hills,
 And from afar descry,
 How distant are his chariot wheels,
 And tell how fast they fly.

IV.

Lo, I behold the scatt'ring shades,
 The dawn of heav'n appears,
 The sweet immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.

V.

I see the Lord of glory come,
 And flaming guards around:
 The skies divide to make him room,
 The Trumpet shakes the ground.

VI.

I hear the voice, *The dead arise,*
 And lo, the graves obey,
 And waking saints with joyful eyes
 Salute th' expected day.

VII.

They leave the dust, and on the wing
 Rise to the middle air,

In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

VIII.

O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

IX.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the skies
On love's triumphant wing?

Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem
JESUM CHRISTUM.

O D A.

I.

TE. grande Numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies patris,
Nomen verendum nostri JESU
Vox, Citharæ, calami sonabunt.

II.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
CHRISTI triumphos incipe Barbite,
Fractosque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

III.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvere, blando dum patris in sinu
Toto fruebar JEHOVAH
Gaudia Mille bibens JESUS;

IV.

Donec superno vidit ab Æthere
 Adam cadentem, Tartara hiantia
 Unaque mergendos ruina
 Heu nimium miseros Nepotes:

V.

Vidit minaces vindicis Angeli
 Ignes & ense, telaque sanguine
 Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
 Spe fremuere Erebæ monstra.

VI.

Commota sacras viscera protinus
 Sensere flammæ, Omnipotens furor
 Ebullit Immensique amoris
 Æthereum calet igne pectus.

VII.

“Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
 “Hosti triumphos: Quid patris & labor
 “Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
 “Funditus? O prius astra cæcis.

VIII.

“Mergantur undis; & redeat chaos;
 “Aut ipse disperdam Satanzæ dolos,
 “Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
 “Septra dabo moderanda dextræ

IX.

“Testor paternum numen, & hoc caput
 “Æquale testor, dixit; & Ætheris”
 Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
 Desiliitque ruens Olympo.

X.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
 Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
 Nimisque viles! Vindicique
 Corda dedit fodjenda ferro.

XI.

Vitamque morti; proh dolor! O graves
 Tonandis iræ! O Lex satis aspera!
 Mercesque peccati severa
 Adamici, vetitique fructus.

XII.

Non pœna lenis! Quo ruis impotens?
 Quo musa! largas fundera lachrymas,
 Bustique Divini triumphos
 Sacrilego temerare fletu?

XIII.

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
 Majore chorda. Psalte sonorius
 Ut ferreas mortis cavernas
 Et rigidam penetravit Aulum.

XIV.

Sensere Numen Regna feralia,
 Mugit Barathrum, contremuit chaos,
 Dirum fremebat Rex Gehennæ,
 Perque suum tremebundus Orcum.

XV.

Late refugit. "Nil agis impie,
 "Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
 "Hoc findet undas fulmen, inquit,"
 Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

XVI.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
 Umbræque flammas Ethereas pavent
 Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
 Præcipites cecidere Cælo.

XVII.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
 Late ruinam mandat: ab infimis
 Lectæque designata Genti
 Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

XVIII.

Hæc strata passim vincula, & hæc jaacent
 Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
 Invisa; ploratuque vasto
 Spicula mors sibi adempta plangit.

XIX.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
 Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
 Astricta raptans monstra noctis
 Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

XX.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilent
 Victor paternum dum repetit polum?
 En qualis ardet dum beati
 Limina scandit ovans Olympi!

XXI.

Io triumphæ plectra seraphica,
 Io triumphæ grex hominum sonet,
 Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
 Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

Sui-impisus Increpatio.

EPIGRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæras, WATTSI? cur incolæ terræ?
 Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum!
 Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
 Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.
 Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem male distrahit auceps.
 Undiqua adest Satanas retia sæva struens.

Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra
 Tramitem, & aula vocat parta cruore DEL.
 Te manet Uriel dux; & tibi subjicit alas
 Stellatas Seraphin officiosa cohors.
 Te superum chorus optat amans, te invitat JESUS,
 "Huc ades & nostro tempora conde sinu."
 Vere amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
 Inde, nec alliciunt Angelus, Astra, Deus.

Excitatio Cordis Cælum versus.

1694.

HEU quot secla teris carcere corporis,
 WATTSI? quid refugis limen & exitum?
 Nec mens Æthereum culmen, & Atria
 Magni patris anhelitat?
 Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
 Circum corda volant & dolor, & metus,
 Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
 Cæcas insidias struit,
 Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
 Surgunt: CHRISTUS abest, deliciæ tuæ,
 Longe CHRISTUS abest, inter & angelos
 Et picta astra perambulans.
 *Coeli summa petas, nec jaculabitur,
 Iracunda tonans fulmina; Te DEUS
 Hortatur; vacuum tende per æra
 Pennas nunc homini datas.

* Vide HORAT. Lib. I. Od. 3.

*Breathing toward the heavenly country.**Casimire. Book I. Od. 19, Imitated.**Urit me Patri Decor, &c.*

THE beauty of my native land
 Immortal love inspires ;
 I burn, I burn with strong desires,
 And sigh, and wait the high command.
 There glides the moon her shining way,
 And shoots my heart thro' with a silver ray,
 Upward my heart aspires :
 A thousand lamps of golden light
 Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
 And wink and beckon with their amorous fires,
 O ye fair glories of my heav'nly home,
 Bright centinels who guard my Father's court,
 Where all the happy minds resort;
 When will my Father's chariot come ?
 Must ye forever walk the ethereal round,
 Forever see the mourner lie
 An exile of the sky,
 A prisoner of the ground !
 Descend some shining servants from on high,
 Build me a hasty tomb :
 A grassy turf will raise my head ;
 The neighbouring lilies dress my bed ;
 And shed a cheap perfume.
 Here I put off the chains of death,
 My soul too long has worn :
 Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
 Or tear to wet my urn ;
 Raphael, behold me all undrest,
 Here gently lay this flesh to rest,
 Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
 Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of
 my own.

Casimiri *Epigramma* 100.

In Sanctum *Ardalionem* qui ex Mîmo Christianus
factus Martyrium passus est.

ARDALIO *sacros deridet carmine ritus,*
Festaque non æqua voce theatre quatit,
Audiit Omnipotens; "Non est opus, inquit, biulco
"Fulmine; tam facilem, Gratia, vince virum."
Deserit illa polos, & deserit iste theatrum,
Et tereti sacrum volvit in ense caput
"Sic, sic, inquit; abit nostræ comædia vita;"
Terra vale Cælum plaude, tyranne feri.

ENGLISHED.

*On Saint Ardalion, who from a Stage-Player became
a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.*

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.

II.

Heaven heard, and strait around the smoking throne
The kindling light'ning in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone;

III.

Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow
Calm'd the loud thunder; "There's no need of you
Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue."

IV.

Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring ax,
And as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks;

V.

"So goes the comedy of life away
"Vain earth adieu; heaven will applaud to-day;
"Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

When the protestant Church at Montpellier was demolished by the French King's Order, the Protestants laid Stones up in their Burying-place, whereon a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.

ENGLISHED THUS :

A HUG'NOT church, once at Montpellier built,
 Stood and proclaim'd their madness & their guilt;
 Too long it stood beneath heav'n's angry frown,
 Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
 Lewis, at last, th' avenger of the skies,
 Commands, and level with the ground it lies :
 The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,
 Gather, and heap them on their Father's tomb,
 Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head :
 And tho' beneath the ground their bones are laid,
 Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead. }

The Answer by a French Protestant.

ENGLISHED THUS :

A CHRISTIAN church once at Montpellier stood,
 And nobly spoke the builder's zeal of God.
 It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
 But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon :
 Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
 Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
 Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
 (Dear monument!) o'er their dead father's bones ;
 The stones shall move when the dead father's rise,
 Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
 And testify his madness to th' avenging skies. }

Two happy rivals, Devotion and the Muse.

I.

WILD as the light'ning, various as the moon,
 Roves my Pindaric song:
 Here she glows like burning noon
 In fiercest flames, and here she plays
 Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas;
 Now in a smiling angel's form,
 Anon she rides upon the storm,
 Loud as the noisy thunder, as the deluge strong,
 Are my thoughts and wishes free,
 And know no number nor degree?
 Such is the muse: lo, she disdains
 The links and chains,
 Measures and rules of vulgar strains [reigns.
 And o'er the laws of harmony, a sov'reign queen she

II.

If she roves,
 By streams or groves,
 Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
 My passion keeps her still in sight,
 My passion holds an equal fight
 Through love's, or nature's wide campaigns,
 If with bold attempt she sings
 Of the biggest mortal things,
 Tottering thrones and nations slain;
 Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
 While thunders roar
 From shore to shore,
 My soul sits fast upon her wings,
 And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple
 Still I attend her as she flies, [plain
 Round the broad globe, and all beneath the skies.

III.

But when from the meridian star,
 Long streaks of glory shine,
 And heaven invites her from afar,
 She takes the hint, she knows the sign,
 The muse ascends her heavenly car,
 And climbs the steepy path, and means the throne d
 Then she leaves my flutt'ring mind [vine
 Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
 Lengths of distance far behind:
 Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
 Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
 Cannot rise,-----Swift and high
 As the winged numbers fly,
 And faint Devotion panting lies
 Half way up th' ethereal hill.

IV.

O why is Piety so weak,
 And yet the muse so strong?
 When shall these hateful fetters break
 That have confin'd me long?
 Inward a glowing heat I feel,
 A spark of heav'nly day;
 But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
 And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
 Faint are the efforts of my will,
 And mortal passion charms my soul astray.
 Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
 Shine from the sky.
 And call me high
 To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss,
 Devotion there begins the flight,
 Awakes the song, and guides the way:
 There love and zeal divine and bright
 Trace out new regions in the world of light,
 And scarce the boldest muse can follow or obey.

V.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
 She spreads her gay delusive scenes;
 Or is the vision true;
 Behold Religion on her throne,
 In awful state descending down. [view,
 And her dominions vast and bright within my spacious
 She smiles, and with a courteous hand
 She beckons me away;
 I feel mine airy pow'r loose from the cumb'rous clay,
 And with a joyful haste obey
 Religion's high command,
 What lengths, and heights, and depths unknown!
 Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
 And seas, and skies, and stars her own,
 In an unmeasur'd sphere!
 What heavens of joy, and light serene,
 Which not the rolling sun has seen,
 Where not the roving muse has been:
 That greater traveller!

VI.

A long farewell to all below,
 Farewel to all that sense can show,
 To golden scenes, and flow'ry fields,
 To all the worlds that fancy builds,
 And all that poets know.
 Now the swift transports of the mind,
 Leave the flut'ring muse behind, [the wind:
 A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering down,
 Amongst the clouds I lose my breath,
 The rapture grows too strong:
 The feeble pow'rs that Nature gave
 Faint and drop downward to the grave;
 Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death;
 I will no more demand my tongue,
 Till the gross organ well refus'd.

Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd mind,
And raise an equal song.

THE FOLLOWING POEMS OF THIS BOOK ARE
PECULIARLY DEDICATED TO *DIVINE LOVE*.

The Hazard of loving the Creatures.

I.

WHERE'ER my flatt'ring passions rove
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

II.

Souls whom the tye of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

III.

Nature has soft but pow'rful hands,
And reason she controuls;
While children, with their little hands,
Hang closest to our souls.

IV.

Thoughtless they act th' old Serpent's part
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

V.

Our hasty wills run blindly on,
Where rising passion rolls.

And thus we make our fetters strong,
To bind our slavish souls.

VI.

Dear Sov'reign, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

Desiring to love CHRIST.

I.

COME, let me love: or, is thy mind
Harden'd to a stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair One bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

II.

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

III.

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

IV.

Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies,
Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

V.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in Divinity and blood?

Was ever rebel courted so
In groans of an expiring God?

VI.

Angels he lives; and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;
By these dear wounds, says he; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

VII.

Sure I must love; or, are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

The heart given away.

I.

IF there are passions in my soul,
(And passions sure they be)
Now they are all at thy controul,
My JESUS, all for Thee.

II.

If love that pleasing power, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

III.

Let the gay world with treacherous art,
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

IV.

I feel my warmest passions dead.
To all that earth can boast:
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

V.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
 Amidst their flatt'ring charms,
 Till the dear Lord that hath my love
 Shall call me to his arms.

VI.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
 From yon celestial hill,
 Walks downward to our worthless land,
 His soul points upward still.

VII.

He glides along my mortal things,
 Without a thought of love,
 Fulfils his task and spreads his wings
 To reach the realms above.

Meditation in a Grove.

I.

SWEET muse, descend and bless the shade,
 And bless the evening grove;
 Business, and noise, and day are fled,
 And every care but love.

II.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
 Mine is a purer flame:
 No Phillis shall infect the air,
 With her unhallow'd name.

III.

Jesus has all my powers possess,
 My hopes, my fears, my joys:
 He the dear Sovereign of my breast,
 Shall still command my voice.

IV.

Some of the fairest choirs above
 Shall flock around my song,
 With joy to hear the name they love
 Sound from a mortal tongue.

V.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
 And hold the falling floods,
 While silence sits on ev'ry bough,
 And bends the list'ning woods.

VI.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
 And every wounded tree
 Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
 That Jesus dy'd for me.

VII.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
 Inscrib'd on all the grove,
 That heaven itself came down and bled
 To win a mortal's love.

The Fairest and the only Beloved.

I.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
 That first allur'd my eyes away
 From every mortal fair;
 All the gay things that hold my sight
 Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
 And languishing in doubtful light
 Die at the morning-star,

II.

Whatever speaks the Godhead great
 And fit to be ador'd,

Whatever makes the creature sweet,
 And worthy of my passion, meet
 Harmonious in my Lord.
 A thousand graces ever rise
 A bloom upon his face ;
 A thousand arrows from his eyes
 Shoot thro' my heart with dear surprize,
 And guard around the place.

III.

All nature's art shall never cure
 The heavenly pains I found,
 And 'tis beyond all beauty's power
 To make another wound :
 Earthly beauty's grow and fade ;
 Nature heals the wounds she made,
 But charms so much divine
 Hold a long empire of the heart ;
 What heaven has join'd shall never part,
 And Jesus must be mine.

IV.

In vain the envious shades of night,
 Or flatteries of the day,
 Would vail his image from my sight,
 Or tempt my soul away ;
 Jesus is all my waking theme,
 His lovely form meets every dream
 And knows not to depart :
 The passion reigns
 Thro' all my veins,
 And floating round the crimson stream,
 Still finds him at my heart.

V.

Dwell there, forever dwell, my Love ;
 Here I confine my sense ;

Nor dare my wildest wishes rove,
 Nor stir a thought from thence,
 Amidst thy glories and thy grace
 Let all my remnant-minutes pass;
 Grant thou Everlasting Fair,
 Grant my soul a mansion there;
 My soul aspires to see thy face,
 Though life should for the vision pay;
 So rivers run to meet the sea,
 And lose their nature in th' embrace.

VI.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God,
 In thee the passions of the mind,
 With joys and freedom unconfin'd
 Exult, and spread their powers abroad.
 Not all the glittering things on high,
 Can make my heaven, if thou remove;
 I shall be tir'd, and long to die;
 Life is a pain without my love:
 Who could ever bear to be
 Curs'd with immortality
 Among the stars, but far from Thee?

Mutual Love stronger than Death.

I.

NOT the rich world of minds above
 Can pay the mighty debt of love
 I owe to Christ my God:
 With pangs which none but he could feel
 He brought my guilty soul from hell:
 Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
 The value of his blood.

II.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
 From the false world's pernicious charms,
 With force divinely sweet.
 Had I ten thousand lives my own,
 At his command,
 With cheerful hand,
 I'd pay the vital treasure down,
 In hourly tributes at his feet.

III.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace,
 With ev'ry fleeting breath:
 And through that heaven of pleasure pass,
 To the cold arms of death;
 Then I could lose successive souls
 Fast as the minutes fly;
 So billow after billow rolls
 To kiss the shore, and die.

The Substance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. NOKES, with a desire, that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode: but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

A sight of CHRIST.

ANGELS of light, your God and King surround
 With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
 He claims your worship; while his saints on earth,
 Bless their Redeemer-God, with humble tongues.
 Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
 We bowing at his feet, by faith we feel
 His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
 Broke from his eye-leds, and unusual light
 Wrapt me at once in glory and surprize,
 My joyful heart high leaping in my breast
 With transport cry'd, *This is the Christ of God;*
 Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
 And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost in
 him.

While he appears no other charms can hold
 Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
 Which no remembrance now deserve or name
 Tho with contempt; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine and presence soon withdrew;
 I sought him whom I love, but found him not;
 I felt his absence; and with strongest cries
 Proclaim'd, *Where Jesus is not, all is vain.*
 Whether I hold him with a full delight,
 Or seek him panting with extreme desire,
 'Tis he alone can please my wond'ring soul;
 To hold or seek him is my only choice.
 If he refrain on me to cast his eye,
 Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
 With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
 Through his blue pavement, I'll behold him still
 With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
 All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
 Gasping and dying there——
 This sight I ne'er can lose, by it I love.
 A quick'ning virtue from his death inspir'd
 Is life and breath to me; his flesh my food:
 His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength,

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
 Beats quick within my breast; my vigorous mind
 Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings

Reaches the mount of Purposes Divine,
Counsels of peace between th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th' Eternal Mind.
With vast amaze I see the unfathom'd thoughts;
Infinite schemes, and infinite designs
Of God's own heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the beginning and the end of all
I can discover: Christ the end of all,
And Christ the great Beginning; he my Head,
My God, my glory, and my all in all.

O that the day, the joyful day, were come,
When the first Adam, from his ancient dust,
Crown'd with new honours, shall revive and see
Jesus his son and Lord; while shouting saints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious word,
Long hid behind the letter, shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light,
Stand forth to public view; and there disclose
His Father's sacred works, and wond'rous ways:
Then wisdom, righteousness, and grace divine,
Through all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining shall with double blaze,
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death, and the Tempter, and the man of sin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment cast,
Shall vex the saints no more: but perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever-encircling years maintain the blissful state.

Love on a Cross, and a Throne.

I.

NOW let my faith grow strong, and rise,
 And view my Lord in all his love;
 Look back to hear his dying cries,
 Then mount and see his throne above.

II.

See where he languish'd on the cross;
 Beneath my sins he groan'd and dy'd;
 See where he sits to plead my cause
 By his Almighty Father's side.

III.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
 There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
 He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
 And buys my pleasure with his pains.

IV.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills,
 Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd;
 Still in his heart compassion dwells,
 Near the memorials of his wound.

V.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
 How much I love my dying God!
 Lord, here I banish every foe,
 I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

VI.

I hold no more commerce with hell;
 My dearest lusts shall all depart;
 But let thine image ever dwell
 Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

A preparatory thought for the Lord's Supper. In imitation of Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the sky,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eye!

II.

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the smiles he wears:
Dear glorious man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

III.

Lo! he reveals his shining breast:
I own these wounds, and I adore:
Lo! he prepares a royal feast;
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

IV.

Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heav'nly flesh, this sacred food?

V.

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

VI.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

Converse with CHRIST.

I.

I'M tir'd with visits, modes, and forms;
 And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
 Their conversation cloyes;
 Their vain amours, and empty stuff:
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough
 Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys,

II.

When he begins to tell his love,
 Through every vein my passions move,
 The captives of his tongue:
 In midnight shades on frosty ground,
 I could attend the pleasing sound,
 Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the darkness long.

III.

There, while I here my Saviour God,
 Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
 He bore upon the tree,
 Inward I blush with secret shame,
 And weep, and love, and bless the name
 That knew not guilt, nor grief his own, but bare it
 all for me.

IV.

Next he describes the thorns he wore;
 And talks his bloody passion o'er,
 Till I am drown'd in tears:
 Yet with a sympathetic smart,
 There's a strange joy beats round my heart;
 The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest balm
 it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell,
 How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
 And all the powers beneath:
 Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
 Attempts his triumphs in a song:
*How has the serpent lost his sting, and where's the
 victory Death?*

VI.

But when he shews his hands and heart,
 With those dear prints of dying smart,
 He sets my soul on fire:
 Not the beloved John could rest
 With more delight upon that breast,
 Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more in-
 tense desire.

VII.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
 And bids me pour my sorrow there,
 And tell him all my pains:
 Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
 In ev'ry woe he bears a part,
 His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping
 head sustains.

VIII.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
 And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
 And tales of wanton love:
 My soul disdains that little snare
 The tangles of Almira's hair;
 Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can my
 heart remove.

Grace shining, and Nature fainting.

Sol. Song i. 3. ii. 5. & vi. 5.

I.

TELL me, fairest of thy Kind;
 Tell me Shepherd, all divine,
 Where this fainting head reclin'd
 May relieve such cares as mine:
 Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
 If burning noon infect the sky
 The sick'ning sheep to covert fly,
 The sheep not half so faint as I,
 Thus overcome with love.

II.

Say, thou dear Sov'reign of my breast,
 Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest?
 Why should I appear like one
 Wild and wand'ring all alone,
 Unbeloved and unknown?
 O my great Redeemer, say,
 Shall I turn my feet astray!
 Will JESUS bear to see me rove,
 To see me seek another love?

III.

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
 Ne'er had I felt his inward flame,
 Had not his heart-strings first began the tender sound;
 Nor can I bear the thought, that He
 Shou'd leave the sky,
 Shou'd bleed and die,
 Should love a wretch so vile as me
 Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

IV.

His eyes are glory mix'd with grace;
 In his delightful awful face,

Sits majesty and gentleness,
 So tender is my bleeding heart,
 That with a frown he kills;
 His absence is perpetual smart
 Nor is my soul refin'd enough
 To bear the beaming of his love,
 And feel his warmer smiles.
 Where shall I rest this drooping head?
 I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

V.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
 To endure the extasy;
 Beneath these rays I cannot live,
 And yet without them die.
 None knows the pleasure and the pain
 That all my inward powers sustain [again,
 But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God

VI.

Oh! why should beauty heavenly bright
 Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
 And torture with the sweet excess of light?
 Our hearts, alas! how frail their make!
 With their own weight of joy they break,
 Oh! why is love so strong, and nature's self so weak?

VII.

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
 Ascend the azure hills, and shine
 Amongst the happy tenants of the skies,
 They can sustain a vision so divine.
 O turn thy lovely glories from me,
 The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.

VIII.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
 And love me still
 Against my froward will;
 Unveil thy beauties, tho' I faint.

Send the great herald from the sky,
 And at the trumpet's awful roar
 This feeble state of things shall fly,
 And pain and pleasure mix no more:
 Then shall I gaze with strengthen'd sight
 On glories infinitely bright,
 My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

Love to CHRIST present or absent.

I.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
 Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
 Love, the best blessing here below,
 And nearest image of the blest.

II.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
 When the celestial flame I feel;
 In all my hopes, and all my fears,
 There's something kind and pleasing still.

III.

While I am held in his embrace
 There's not a thought attempts to rove;
 Each smile he wears upon his face
 Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

IV.

He speaks, and straight immortal joys
 Run thro' my ears, and reach my heart;
 My soul all melts at that dear voice,
 And pleasure shoots thro' ev'ry part.

V.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
 He leaves a sacred pledge behind;

Here in this breast this image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind,

VI.

While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too,

VII.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

VIII.

JESUS, my God; yet rather come:
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home.
And feel the presence of his grace.

The absence of CHRIST.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall shadows were for lovers made;
And grief becomes the groves.

II.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

III.

JESUS, the spring of all that's bright,
The everlasting Fair,

Heav'n's ornament, and heaven's delight,
Is my eternal care.

IV.

But ah! how far above this grave
Does the bright Charmer dwell?
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain I feel.

V.

Pensive I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes;
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

VI.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the echo in her cell
That best repeats her name.

VII.

My passion breaths perpetual sighs,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear.

Desiring his Descent to Earth,

I.

JESUS, I love, Come, dearest Name,
Come and possess this heart of mine;
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

II.

O! if my Lord would leave the skies,
Drest in the rays of mildest grace,

My soul should hasten to mine eyes
To meet the pleasures of his face.

III.

How would I feast on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worship and love, in all their forms,
Should honour beauty so divine.

IV.

In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,
The world in vain should bid me move,
In vain; for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

V.

Then mighty God, I'd sing and say,
"What empty names are crowns and kings!"
"Amongst them give these worlds away,
"These little despicable things.

VI.

I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heav'n as bright and high,
In the blest vision of my God.

Ascending to Him in Heaven.

I.

TIS pure delight, without alloy,
JESUS, to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

II.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast

Sacred to DEVOTION, &c.

Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

III.

This is the grace must cleave and sing,
When Faith and Fear shall cease,
Must sound from ev'ry joyful string
Thro' the sweet groves of bliss.

IV.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let Love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

V.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

VI.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death must yield to love.

*The presence of GOD worth dying for:
Or, the Death of MOSES.*

I.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

II.

This Gabriel knows ; and sings thy name
 With rapture on his tongue :
 Moses the saint enjoys the same,
 And heaven repeats the song.

III.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
 From each eternal hill,
 Sweet odours of exhaling grace
 The happy region fill.

IV.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
 Spreads life and joy abroad :
 O 'tis a heaven worth dying for
 To see a smiling God !

V.

Shew me thy face, and I'll away,
 From all inferior things ;
 Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
 And stretch my airy wings.

VI.

Sweet was the journey to the sky,
 The wond'rous prophet try'd ;
Climb up the mount, says God, *and die* ;
 The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

VII.

Softly his fainting head he lay
 Upon his Maker's breast ;
 His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
 And laid his flesh to rest.

VIII.

In God's own arms he left the breath,
 That God's own Spirit gave ;
 His was the noblest road to death,
 And his the sweetest grave.

Longing for his Return

I.

O 'Twas a mournful parting day!
Farewel my spouse, he said;
 (How tedious Lord is thy delay!
 How long my Love hath staid!)

II.

Farewel! at once he left the ground,
 And climb'd his Father's sky;
 Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
 Or leap to thee on high.

III.

Round the creation wild I rove,
 And search the globe in vain;
 There's nothing here that's worth my love
 'Till thou return again.

IV.

My passions fly to seek their King,
 And send their groans abroad,
 They beat the air with heavy wing,
 And mourn an absent God.

V.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
 My soul dissolves away;
 Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
 And bring the promis'd day.

Hope in Darkness.

I.

YET gracious God,
 Yet will I seek thy smiling face;
 What tho' a short eclipse his beauties shrowd

And bar the influence of his rays,
 'Tis but a mörning vapour, or a summer cloud;
 He is my sun, though he refuse to shine,
 Tho' for a moment he depart
 I dwell forever on his heart,
 Forever he on mine.
 Early before the light arise
 I'll spring a thought away to God;
 The passion of my heart and eyes
 Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
 A thousand glances strike the skies,
 The floor of his abode.

II.

Dear Sov'reign, hear thy servant pray,
 Bend the blue heavens, Eternal King,
 Downward thy cheerful graces bring;
 Or shall I breathe in vain, and pant my hours away?
 Break, glorious Brightness, thro' the gloomy veil,
 Look how the armies of despair
 Aloft their sooty banners rear,
 Round my poor captive soul, and dare
 Pronounce me prisoner of hell.
 But Thou, my Sun, and Thou, my Shield,
 Wilt save me in the bloody field; [ray;
 Break, gloriöus Brightness, shoot one glimmering
 One glance of thine creates a day,
 And drives the troops of hell away.

III.

Happy the times; but, ah! the times are gone
 When wondrous power and radiant grace
 Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
 And mingled their victorious rays:
 Sin, with all its ghastly train,
 Fled to the deeps of death again,
 And smiling triumph sat on ev'ry face:

Our spirits raptur'd with the sight,
 Where all devotion, all delight,
 And loud Hosanna's sounded the Redeemer's praise:

Here could I say,
 (And point the place whereon I stood)
 Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
 From my descending God:

I was regal'd with heav'nly fare,
 With fruit and manna from above;
 Divinely sweet the blessings were
 While mine Emmanuel was there:
 And o'er my head
 The Conqueror spread
 The banner of his love.

IV.

Then with my heart sunk down so low!
 Why do mine eyes dissolve and flow,
 And hopeless nature mourn?
 Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
 Read his unalterable grace
 Thro' the displeasure of his face,
 And wait a kind return.

A father's love may raise a frown
 To chide the child, and prove the son,
 But love will ne'er destroy;
 The hour of darkness is but short,
 Faith be thy life, and Patience thy support;
 The morning brings the joy.

Come, Lord Jesus.

I.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen?
 When shall our eyes behold our God!

K

What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt? a heavy load?

II.

Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears;
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

III.

Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

IV.

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray, and wait the general doom:
Come, Thou, The Soul of all our Joys,
Thou, the Desire of Nations, come.

V.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou Fairest of ten thousand Fairs.

VI.

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee;
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.

VII.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

VIII.

Now, let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,

And smile to see the light'nings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

IX.

O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thund'ring sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

X.

Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life for Jesus comes.

XI.

JESUS, the God of might and love,
New moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

XII.

Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heav'nly light,
And leave the welt'ring world in fire.

Bewailing my own inconstancy.

I.

I Love the Lord; but, ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are?
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

II.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,

But troops of rivals throng the place
And tempt me off before his face.

III.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all begone,
All but my love: and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

IV.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see,
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

V.

Oft I am told the muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour in my tongue.

VI.

Strangely I lose his heavenly face;
To hold the empty sounds in chase;
At best the chimes divide my heart,
And the muse shares the larger part.

VII.

False confident! and falser breast!
Fickle, and fond of ev'ry guest:
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance thro' my eyes.

VIII.

This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How shall I fix this wand'ring mind?
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

IX.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace;

Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

X.

Say, when shall the bright moment be
That I shall live alone for Thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no more?

Forsaken, yet Hoping.

I.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

II.

Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly guest.

III.

And now he's gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love!
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd him so;
Ye sins that forc'd him to remove.

IV.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue;
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring:
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

V.

But, ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see:

While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan, for Thee, my God for Thee.

VI.

Yet let my hope look thro' my tears;
And spy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot thro' the cleaving spheres,
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

VII.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

VIII.

There smiling joy forever reigns
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewel to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

THE CONCLUSION.

God exalted above all Praise:

I.

ETERNAL Power! whose high abode.
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

II.

The lowest step above thy seat,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach thine height with wand'ring eyes.

III.

Thy dazzling beauties while he sings
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping and spread the ground.

IV.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

V.

Earth from afar has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

VI.

God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short, our tunes; our words, be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Tibi silet laus, O DEUS, Psal. lxxv. c.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO VIRTUE, HONOUR AND FRIENDSHIP.

To Her MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the Northern world whose gentle sway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts to obey
Forgive the Nation's groans when William dy'd:
Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands, nor complains, while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm, that on these lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger lies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.
The German Eagle feels her guardian dead,
Nor her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war;

All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassovian hands
Transfer their souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting Religion, whilst in various forms
Fair Pity shines thro' the British isles:
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles*
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils, and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.
There at a humble distance from the throne†
Beauteous she lies: her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd: yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade:
Cheerful and pleas'd she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear Sovereign, endless vows arise,
And zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety: Here a solemn form*
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm
And guides, but bounds our wishes: There the mind†
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes: Yet still beyond our vows,
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror grows.

PRINCESS, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy§:

* The established Church of England.

† The Protestant Dissenters, § The Pretender.

Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears,
 And speeds his flight; nor overtakes his fears,
 Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
 The iron tears out. Let thy frown controul
 Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit
 Her impious banners to thy sacred feet.
 Mad zeal, and frenzy, with their murderous train,
 Flee these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
 Envy expire in rage, and treason bite the chain.

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage:
 Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
 Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne
 Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
 Nor there unsung; for by thine awful hands
 Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the lands,
 Creates inferior kings,* and gives 'em their com-
 mands.)

Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
 For thee thy sister-Seraph, blest Maria, waits.

But, Oh! the parting stroke! some heav'nly power
 Cheer the sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
 Some new propitious star appear on high
 The fairest glory of the western sky,
 And Anna be its name; with gentle sway
 To check the planets of malignant ray,
 Sooth the rude North wind, and the rugged Bear,
 Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air, [sphere.
 And reign with peaceful influence to the Southern

NOTE.—*This Poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late QUEEN, when she had broke the French power at Blen-*

* She made Charles, the emperor's second son, king of Spain, who is now emperor of Germany.

beim, asserted the right of CHARLES the present emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Protestant succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the Toleration to the Protestant Dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief support of the Reformation, and the Patroness of the Liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which she had conceived. Now the muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages; and while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retraction.

August 1, 1721.

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward muse;
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in Fate's eternal book)
And the deep characters mistook.

GEORGE is the name, that glorious star;
Ye saw his splendors beaming far;
Saw in the East your joys arise,
When ANNA sunk in Western skies,
Streaking the heav'ns with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day:

His influence soothes the Russian Bear,
 Calms rising wars, and heals the air;
 Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
 To scatter blessings round the world,
 Fulfil whate'er the Muse has spoke,
 And crown the work that Anne forsook.

August 1, 1721.

To JOHN LOCKE, Esq.

Retired from Business.

I.

ANGELS are made of heavenly things,
 And light and love our souls compose,
 Their bliss within their bosom springs,
 Within their bosom flows.
 But narrow minds still make pretence
 To search the coasts of flesh and sense,
 And fetch divinèr pleasures thence.
 Men are a-kin to ethereal forms,
 But they belie their nobler birth,
 Debase their honour down to earth,
 And claim a share with worms.

II.

He that has treasures of his own,
 May leave the cottage or the throne,
 May quit the globe, and dwell alone
 Within his spacious mind.
 Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
 Calm as the night, bright as the day,
 There may his vast ideas play,
 Nor feel a thought confin'd.

To JOHN SHUTE, ESQ.
(NOW LORD BARRINGTON.)

On Mr. LOCKE's dangerous sickness, some time after he had retired to study the Scriptures.

JUNE, 1704.

I.

AND must the man of wond'rous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd,
Forsake our longing eyes
Reason at length submits to wear
The wings of Faith; and lo they rear,
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the skies.

II.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's sight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own;
SHUTE is the darling of his years,
Young SHUTE his better likeness bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his son.

III.

Thus when our follies or our faults,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise:
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true interests in our sight,
And open half our eyes,

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES,

Friendship.

1702.

I.

FRRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
 Thou sweet deluding ill,
 The brightest minute mortals find,
 And sharpest hour we feel.

II.

Fate has divided all our shares
 Of pleasure and of pain;
 In love the comforts and the cares
 Are mix'd and join'd again.

III.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
 And drops of joy are few,
 This dear delight of mingling souls
 Serves but to swell our woe.

IV.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
 And friendship stay to moan?
 Why the fond passion cling so fast,
 When every joy is gone!

V.

Yet never let our hearts divide,
 Not death dissolve the chain:
 For love and joy were once ally'd,
 And must be join'd again.

To NATHANAEL GOULD, Esq.

(NOW SIR NATHANAEL GOULD.)

1704.

I.

TIS not by splendour, or by state,
 Exalted mien, or lofty gait,
 My muse takes measure of a king:
 If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
 She calls each mountain of Peru
 A more majestic thing.
 Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
 O'er fellow minds enslav'd in clay,
 Or swell when I shall have engrost,
 A larger heap of shining dust,
 And wear a bigger load of earth than they,
 Let the vain world salute me loud,
 My thoughts look inward and forget
 The sounding names of High and Great,
 The flatteries of the crowd.

II.

When Gould commands his ships to run,
 And search the traffic of the sea,
 His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
 And bears the Westen mines away,
 Or richer spices from the rising sun:
 While the glad tenants of the shore
 Shout, and pronounce him Senator,†
 Yet still the man's the same:
 For well the happy merchant knows
 The soul with treasure never grows,
 Nor swells with airy fame.

† Member of Parliament for a port in SWITZERLAND.

III.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride,
 To rise above the mean controul
 Of flesh and sense, to which we're ty'd;
 This is ambition that becomes a soul.
 We steer our course up thro' the skies;
 Farewel this barren land:
 We ken the heavenly shore with longing eyes.
 There the dear wealth of spirits lies,
 And beckoning angels stand.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

The Life of Souls.

1704

I.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day
 We hasten to the dead,
 Slaves to the wind we puff away
 And to the ground we tread.
 'Tis air that sends us life, when first
 The vital bellows heave:
 Our flesh we borrow of the dust;
 And when a mother's care has nurs'd
 The babe to manly size, we must
 With usury pay the grave.

II.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
 Still tend the dying flame:
 And plants, and roots, of barbarous name,
 Torn from the Indian shore.
 Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,
 Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,

When bark and steel play well their game
 To save our sinking breath,
 And Gibson with his awful power,
 Rescues the poor precarious hour
 From the demands of death.

III.

But art and nature, pow'rs and charms,
 And drugs and recipes, and forms,
 Yield us, at last, to greedy worms
 A despicable prey;
 I'd have a life to call my own,
 That shall depend on heaven alone,
 Nor air, nor earth, nor sea
 Mix their best essences with mine,
 Nor claim dominion so divine
 To give me leave to Be.

IV.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
 O'er the dull current of my veins;
 I feel the inward pulse beat high
 With vigorous immortality?
 Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
 And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
 Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
 That I can lose, or you can save,
 Are not akin to minds.

V.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
 Upward our spirits hourly rise,
 And there our thoughts employ:
 When heaven shall sign our grand release,
 We are no strangers to the place,
 The business, or the joy.

False Greatness.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest,
 That only boasts a large estate:
 Should all the treasures of the West
 Meet and conspire to make him great.
 I know thy better thoughts, I know
 Thy reason can't descend so low.
 Let a broad stream with golden sands
 Thro' all his meadows roll,
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
 That wears a narrow soul.

II.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
 And proudly poizing what he weighs,
 In his own scale he fondly lays
 Huge heaps of shining ore.
 He spreads the balance wide to hold
 His manors and his farms,
 And cheats the beam with loads of gold
 He hugs between his arms.
 So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
 When Cræsus mounts his throne,
 And both stand up, and smile to see
 How long their shadows groan.
 Alas! how vain their fancies be
 To think that shape their own!

III.

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
 Cræsus himself can never know:
 His true dimensions and his weight
 Are far inferior to their show,
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,

I must be measur'd by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.

To SARISSA.

AN EPISTLE.

BEAR up, Sarissa, thro' the ruffling storms,
Of a vain vexing world: tread down the cares,
Those ragged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the muse,
She sings experienc'd truth; This briny dew,
This rain of eyes will make the briars grow.
We travel thro' a desert, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Well scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: the twinge of real smart,
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
Forever blended in one common grave.

Farewel, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns,
Or richer orb, ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
These hours are fled, farewell. Months that are gone
Are gone forever, and have borne away

Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
 Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
 Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
 Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
 Beyond the ken of sight: the sailor safe
 Look far a stern till they have lost the storm,
 And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler muse
 Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
 To dark oblivion; bury'd deep in night
 Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
 Of Fate's immortal Now divides the past
 From all the future, with eternal bars
 Forbidding a return. The past temptations
 No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
 Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse
 Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
 And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
 Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
 At life's sweet period: O celestial point
 That ends this mortal story!

But if a glimpse of light with flattering ray
 Breaks thro' the clouds of life, or wand'ring fire
 Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
 Beware the dancing meteor: faithless guide,
 That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
 To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
 Should vicious pleasure take an angel-form,
 And at a distance rise by slow degrees,
 Treacherous to wind herself into your heart,
 Stand firm aloof: nor let the gaudy phantom
 Too long allure your gaze: The just delight
 That heaven indulges lawful, must obey
 Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
 In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope

To dangerous size: If it approach your feet
 And court your hand, forbid the intruding joy
 To sit too near your heart; still may our souls
 Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
 Our better born affections; leave the globe
 A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
 That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
 With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
 Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
 The branches bend laden with life and bliss
 Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent:
 Hold fast the * golden chain let down from heaven,
 'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
 Draw upwards; fasten to the pearly gate
 It guides the way unerring: Happy clue
 Thro' this dark wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest work,
 All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

TO MR. T. BRADBURY.

Paradise.

1708.

I.

YOUNG as I am I quit the stage,
 Nor will I know th' applauses of the age;
 Farewel to growing fame. I leave below
 A life not half worn out with cares,
 Or agonies, or years;
 I leave my country all in tears,

* *The Gospel.*

But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
 Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
 The remnant of my days,
 If ye have patience and can bear,
 Along fatigue of life, and drudge thro' all the race,

II.

Hark, my fair guardian chides my stay,
 And waves his golden rod:
 "Angel, I come; lead on the way:"
 And now by swift degrees
 I sail aloft thro' azure seas,
 Now tread the milky road;
 Farewel, ye planets, in your spheres;
 And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears,
 In haste for paradise
 I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
 Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
 Desarts of trackless light, and all th' ethereal waste,
 And to the sacred borders brought;
 There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
 Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
 And well defends the walls from sieges and surprize,

III.

With pleasing rev'rence I behold
 The pearly portals wide unfold:
 Enter, my soul, and view the amazing scenes;
 Sit fast upon the flying muse,
 And let thy roving wonder loose
 O'er all the empyreal plains.
 Noon stands eternal here; here may thy sight
 Drink in the rays of primogenial light;
 Here breath immortal air:
 Joy must beat high in ev'ry vein,
 Pleasure thro' all thy bosom reign;

The laws forbid the stranger, Pain,
And banish ev'ry care.

IV.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise;
The streams in chrystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor sin nor death infects the fruit:
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
And springs from ev'ry root;
Here may thy greedy senses feast
While extasy and health attends on ev'ry taste.
With the fair prospect charm'd I stood:
Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuse salvation from the silver flood,
Nor can excess be there.

V.

In sacred order rang'd along
Saints new releas'd by death
Join the bold seraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal song.
Each has a voice that tunes his strings
To mighty sounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlasting weight,
Sounds, like the softer viol sweet,
And, like the trumpet, strong.
Divine attention held my soul,
I was all ear!
Thro' all my pow'rs the heav'nly accents roll,
I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there;
"Could he but here these notes, I said,
"His tuneful soul would never bear

“The dull unwinding of life’s tedious thread,
 “But burst the vital chords to reach the happy dead.”

VI.

And how my tongue prepares to join
 The harmony, and with a noble aim
 Attempts th’ unutterable name,
 But faints, confounded by the notes divine:
 Again my soul th’ unequal honour sought,
 Again her utmost force she brought,
 And bow’d beneath th’ burden of th’ unweildy tho’t:
 Thrice I essay’d, and fainted thrice:
 Th’ immortal labour strain’d my feeble frame,
 Broke the bright vision, and dissolv’d the dream:
 I sunk at once and lost the skies:
 In vain I sought the scenes of light
 Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
 For all around ’em stook my curtains and the night.

Strict Religion very rare.

I.

I’M borne aloft and leave the crowd,
 I sail upon a morning cloud
 Skirted with dawning gold:
 Mine eyes beneath the opening day
 Command the globe with wide survey,
 Where ants in busy millions play,
 And tug and heave the mould.

II.

“Are these the things, my passion cry’d,
 “That we call men? Are these ally’d
 “To the fair worlds of light?
 “They have ros’d out their Maker’s name,

“ Grav’n on their minds with pointed flame
 “ In strokes divinely bright.

III.

“ Wretches! they hate their native skies;
 “ If an ethereal thought arise,
 “ Or spark of virtue shine,
 “ With cruel force they damp its plumes,
 “ Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
 “ With business, lust, or wine.

IV.

“ Lo! how they throng with panting breath
 “ The broad descending road,
 “ That leads unerring down to death,
 “ Nor miss the dark abode!”
 Thus while I drop a tear or two
 On the wild herd, a noble few
 Dare to stray upward, and pursue
 Th’ unbeaten way to God.

V.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
 I know his candid soul afar;
 Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly
 Each like a rising star,
 Charin I saw and Fidea there,
 I saw them help each other’s flight,
 And bless them as they go;
 They soar beyond my lab’ring sight,
 And leave their loads of mortal care,
 But not their love below.
 On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
 The temple of their God:
 With morning incense up they rise
 Sublime, and thro’ the lower skies
 Spread the perfumes abroad.

VI.

Across the road a seraph flew,
 "Mark, said he, that happy pair,
 "Marriage helps devotion there:
 "When kindred minds their God pursue,
 "They break with double vigour thro'
 "The dull incumbent air."
 Charm'd with the pleasure and surprize
 My soul adore and sings,
 "Blest be the Pow'r that springs their flight
 "That streaks their path with heavenly light,
 "That turns their love to sacrifice,
 "And joins their zeal for wings."

 To MR. C. & S. FLEETWOOD.

I.

FLEETWOODS, young and generous pair,
 Despise the joys that fools pursue;
 Bubbles are light and brittle too,
 Born of the water and the air.
 Try'd by a standard bold and just
 Honour and gold, and paint and dust;
 How vile the last is, and as vain the first?
 Things that the crowd call great and brave,
 With me how low their values brought;
 Titles and names, and life and breath,
 Slaves to the wind and born for death;
 The soul's the only thing we have
 Worth an important thought.

II.

The soul! 'tis of the immortal kind,
 Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind, [behind.
 Out-lives the mould'ring corps, and leaves the globe

In limbs of clay though she appears,
 Array'd in rosy skin, and deck'd with ears and eyes,
 The flesh is but the soul's disguise, [wears;
 There's nothing in her frame kin to the dress she
 From all the laws of matter free,
 From all we feel, and all we see,
 She stands eternally distinct, and must forever be,

III.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,
 Soar beyond all that's made to die;
 Lo! on an awful throne
 Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
 Whirling the planets round the poles,
 Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods on,
 Swift the approach, and solemn is the day,
 When this immortal mind
 Stript of the body's coarse array
 To endless pain, or endless joy,
 Must be at once consign'd.

IV.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
 We possess none of all the past,
 None but the present is our own;
 Grace is not plac'd with'in our power,
 'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
 Bright and declining as a setting sun,
 See the white minutes wing'd with haste;
 The Now that flies may be the last;
 Seize the salvation ere 'tis past,
 Nor mourn the blessing gone:
 A thought's delay is ruin here,
 A closing eye, a gasping breath
 Shuts up the golden scene in death,
 And drowns you in despair.

To WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, Esq.

Casimir, Lib. II. Od. 2. Imitated.

Quæ regit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

I.

MARK how it snows! how fast the valley fills
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yet the warm sun-beams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the vale away, and the young green appear.

II.

But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver-frost, there's no returning sun;
Swift flies our Autumn, swift our Summer's fled,
When youth, and love, and Spring, and golden joys
are gone.

III.

Then cold, and Winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you, not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy grey.

IV.

The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting down,
And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

V.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one gold age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heav'nly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero race immortal kindred claim.

VI.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day:

Thy Blackbourn, we should leave our names our
 heirs;
 Old time and waning moons sweep all the rest away.

True Monarchy.

1701.

THE rising year beheld th' imperious Gaul
 Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
 Crouch'd to the victor: but a steady soul
 Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
 As absolute; and sways ten thousand slaves,
 Lusts and wild fancies with a sov'reign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
 That chains his rebel Will to Reason's throne;
 Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
 Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
 Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well appointed guards
 Create a monarch; nor a purple robe
 Dy'd in the people's blood, nor all the crowns
 Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
 Tho' gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars,
 A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
 And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
 Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
 His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
 Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
 In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
 Of time and chance, himself a num'rous host,
 All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
 Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, Pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in Luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease, (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom: sit above the globe
My rising soul, and dress thyself around
And shine in Virtues armour, climb the height
Of Wisdom's lofty Castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust: then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

True Courage.

HONOUR demands my song. Forget the ground;
 My generous muse, and sit among the stars!
 There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
 Lives like a native of the vital world,
 Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state
 Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
 Her character, superior to the flesh,
 She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
 The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This is the man whom storms could never make
 Meanly complain; nor can a flatt'ring gale
 Make him talk proudly: he hath no desire
 To read his secret fate; yet unconcern'd
 And calm could meet his unborn destiny,
 In all its charming, or its frightful shapes.

He that unshrinking, and without a groan,
 Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
 With mere courageous silence, and come off
 Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
 The heavy strokes of fate, he bears 'em well.

He, through th' Atlantic and the Midland seas
 With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
 Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush again
 Mingled with flames upon his single head,
 And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands
 Secure of his best life; unhurt, unmov'd:
 And drops his lower nature, born for death.
 Then from the lofty castle of his mind
 Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
 The ruins of creation; (*souls alone*
Are heirs of dying worlds;) a piercing glance

Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,
 To reach his birth-place, and, without a sigh,
 He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
 Amongst its native rubbish; whilst the spirit
 Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
 Of the third heaven, th' unruinable sky.

Thither when Fate has brought our willing souls
 No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
 Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on,
 And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend
 Serenely, and break through the stormy brine
 With steady prow; know we shall once arrive
 At the fair haven of eternal bliss,
 To which we ever steer; whether as kings
 Of wide command, we've spread the spacious sea,
 With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
 In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land
 And I'll be happy: Thus I leap ashore
 Joyful and fearless on th' immortal coast,
 Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

TO THE MUCH HONOURED
 MR. THOMAS ROWE,

THE DIRECTOR OF MY YOUTHFUL STUDIES,

Free Philosophy.

I.

CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,
 That leads the learned round the schools;
 In magic chains of forms and rules!

My genius storms her throne ;
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round ;
Loose hands, and quit th' enchanted ground :
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate these shackles, of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wise :
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Sampson, blind and bound ;
But when his native strength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And chuse the channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind ;
The pinions of a single mind
Will through all nature fly :
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls ?
A genius which no chain controuls
Roves with delight, or deep, or high ;
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre, through the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

TO THE REVEREND

MR. BENONI ROWE.

The way of the Multitude.

I.

ROWE, if we make the crowd our guide,
Through life's uncertain road,

M

Mean is the chase, and wand'ring wind
 We miss th' immortal Good;
 Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
 To follow any leader mind,
 I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same;
 Drest in thy notions I'd appear
 Not like a soul of mortal frame,
 Nor with a vulgar air.

II.

Men live at random, and by chance,
 Bright reason never leads the dance;
 Whilst in the broad and beaten way,
 O'er dales and hills, from truth we stray,
 To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
 Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd,
 And with a decent scorn
 Aloof she climbs her steepy seat:
 Where not the grave nor giddy feet,
 Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,
 Have e'er the passage worn.

III.

Mere hazard first began the track,
 Where Custom leads her thousands blind,
 In willing chains and strong;
 There's scarce one bold, one noble mind,
 Dares tread the fatal error back;
 But hand in hand ourselves we bind
 And drag the age along.

IV.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
 As billows on a noisy flood
 In rapid order roll;
 Example makes the mischief good,
 With jocund heel we beat the road,
 Unheedful of the Goal.

Me let *Ithuriel's friendly wing
 Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
 To Wisdom's lofty tower,
 Thence to survey that wretched thing,
 Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
 Bless the delivering Power.

TO THE REVEREND

MR. JOHN HOWE.

1704.

I.

GREAT man, permit the muse to climb
 And seat her at thy feet,
 Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
 And consecrate her wit.
 I feel, I feel, th' attractive force
 Of thy superior soul:
 My chariot flies her upward course,
 The wheels divinely roll.
 Now let me chide the mean affairs,
 And mighty toil of men:
 How they grow grey in trifling cares,
 Or waste the motions of the spheres,
 Upon delights-as vain!

II.

A puff of honour fills the mind,
 And yellow dust is solid good;
 Thus like the ass of savage kind,
 We snuff the breezes of the wind,
 Or steal the serpent's food.

* Ithuriel is the name of an angel in Milton's Par. Lost.

Could all the choirs
 That charm the poles
 But strike one doleful sound,
 'Twould be employ'd to mourn our sorrows,
 Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires,
 In floods of folly drown'd.
 Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy ;
 How they disclaim their heavenly birth,
 Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
 And hate to be rem'd from that impure alloy.

III.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
 With elevated song,
 Bid us renounce this world of sense,
 Bid us divide th' immortal prize
 With the seraphic throng:
 " Knowledge and love makes spirits blest,
 " Knowledge their food, and love their rest,"
 But flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
 Resists the pity of thine eyes,
 And music of thy tongue.
 Then let the worms of grovelling mind,
 Round the short joys of earthly kind,
 In restless windings roam ;
 Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
 Where shining words of knowledge roll,
 Where love the centre and the pole,
 Completes the heaven at home.

The Disappointment and Relief.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
 Upon my better powers:
 She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,

And gilds the gloomy hours.
 How could we bear this tedious round
 Of waning moons and rolling years,
 Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
 If (where no sovereign cure appears)
 No opiates could be found.

II.

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
 Is a deceitful good:
 Young Doris who nor guilt nor danger knows,
 On the green margin stood,
 Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
 And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the flood;
 Then fond to be entirely blest,
 And tempted by a faithless youth
 As void of goodness as of truth,
 She plunges in with heedless haste,
 And rears the nether mud:
 Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
 O'er the fair current, love, with large supplies
 Of pain to tease the heart, and sorrow for the eyes.
 The golden bliss that charm'd her sight
 Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost;
 A spark of glimmering streak at most,
 Shines here and there, amidst the night,
 Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

III.

Recover'd from the sad surprize,
 Doris awakes at last,
 Grown by the disappointment wise;
 And manages with art th' unthucky cast;
 When the low'ring frown she spies
 On her haughty tyrant's brow,
 With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,
 And makes her sov'reign beauty bow;
 Cheerful she smiles upon her grizly form;
 So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,

And paints a rainbow on the storm,
 Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
 And with a virtuous book or friend,
 Beguiles th' uneasy hours:
 Well colouring every cross she meets,
 With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
 She spreads her board with fancy'd sweets,
 And strows her bed with flow'rs.

The Hero's School of Morality.

THERON, amongst his travels, found,
 A broken statue on the ground;
 And searching onward as he went
 He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
 Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
 The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
 Yet ere he past, with much ado,
 He guess'd, and spell'd out, SCI-PI-O.

“Enough, he cry'd: I'll drudge no more
 “In turning the dull Stoics o'er;
 “Let pedants waste their hours of ease
 “To sweat all night at Socrates:
 “And feed their boys with notes and rules,
 “Those tedious recipes of schools,
 “To cure ambition: I can learn
 “With greater ease the great concern
 “Of mortals; how we may despise
 “All the gay things below the skies.

“Methinks a mould'ring pyramid
 “Says all that the old sages said;
 “For me these shatter'd tombs contain
 “More morals than the Vatican.

" The dust of heroes cast abroad,
 " And kick'd and trampled in the road.
 " The relics of a lofty mind,
 " That lately wars and crowns design'd,
 " Toss'd for a jest from wind to wind,
 " Bid me be humble and forbear
 " Tall monuments of fame to rear,
 " They are but castles in the air,
 " The tow'ring heights, and frightful falls,
 " The ruin'd heaps, and funerals,
 " Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
 " Tell me a thousand mournful things
 " In melancholy silence.....
 "He
 " That living could not bear to see
 " An equal, now lies torn and dead;
 " Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
 " Great Pompey! while I meditate,
 " With solemn horror, thy sad fate,
 " Thy carcase, scatter'd on the shore
 " Without a name, instructs no more
 " Than my whole library before,

" Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
 " And my good Seneca may keep
 " Your volumes clos'd forever too
 " I have no further use for you:
 " For when I feel my virtue fail,
 " And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
 " I'll take a turn among the tombs,
 " And see whereto all glory comes;
 " There the vile foot of every clown
 " Tramples the sons of honour down.
 " Beggars with awful ashes spott,
 " And tread the Cæsars in the dirt."

Freedom,

1697.

I.

TEMPT me no more, My soul can ne'er comport
 With the gay slaveries of a court:
 I've an aversion to those charms,
 And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
 Go, vassal-souls; go, cring and wait,
 And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
 Then run in troops before him to compose his state;
 Move as he moves: and when he loiters, stand:
 You're but the shadows of a man.
 Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground:
 Go, catch th' impertinence of sound;
 Adore the follies of the great;
 Wait till he smiles: But lo, the idol frown'd,
 And drove them to their fate.

II.

Thus base-born minds: but as for me,
 I can and will be free:
 Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
 My soul grows firm upright,
 And as I stand, and as I go,
 It keeps my body so;
 No, I can never part with my creation-right:
 Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
 I cannot make this iron knee
 Bend to a meeker pow'r than that which form'd it free.

III.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
 Pindarical; then on a branchy shade
 I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.
 Nature that listen'd to my strain,
 Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.

Sudden rose a whirling wind
 Swelling like Honorio proud,
 Around the straws and feathers crowd,
 Types of a slavish mind;
 Upwards the stormy forces rise,
 The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
 And as th' tempest fell th' obedient vapours sunk;
 Again it roars with bellowing sound,
 The meaner plants that grew around,
 The willow, and the asp, trembled & kiss'd the ground;
 Hard by there stood the iron trunk
 Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;
 In vain the winds their forces try'd,
 In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
 Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's roke,

On Mr. LOCKE's Annotations upon several parts of the New Testament, left behind him at his Death.

I.

THUS reason learns, by slow degrees,
 What faith reveals; but still complains,
 Of intellectual pains,
 And darkness from the too exuberant light.
 The blaze of those bright mysteries
 Pour'd all at once on Nature's eyes
 Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

II.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
 The almighty One, th' eternal Three,
 Or bear the infant Deity;
 Scarce could her pride descend to own

Her maker stooping from his throne,
 And drest in glories so unknown.
 A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,
 And heav'n appeas'd with flowing blood,
 Were themes too painful to be understood.

III.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say,
 Did ever mind of mortal race
 Cost the more' toil, or larger grace,
 To melt and bend it to obey.
 'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,
 And lay her shining honours at thy sov'reign feet.

IV.

Sister of Faith, fair Charity,
 Shew me the wond'rous man on high,
 Tell how he sees the Godhead Three in One;
 The bright conviction fills his eye,
 His noblest powers in deep prostration lie
 At the mysterious throne.
 "Forgive, he cries, ye saints below,
 "Th' wav'ring and the cold assent
 "I gave to themes divinely true;
 "Can you admit the blessed to repent?
 "Eternal darkness veil the lines
 "Of that unhappy book,
 "Where glimmering reason with false lustre shines,
 "Where the mere mortal pen mistook
 "What the celestial meant!

See Mr. Locke's Annotations on Rom. iii. 25. and Paraphrase on Rom. ix. 5. which has inclined some readers to doubt whether he believed the Deity and Satisfaction of Christ. Therefore, in the fourth Stanza, I invoke Charity, that, by her help, I may find him out in heaven, since his notes on 2. Cor. v. ult. and some other places, gives me reason to believe he

was no Socinian, though he has darkened the glory of the gospel, and debased Christianity, in the book which he calls the Reasonableness of it, and in some of his other works.

True Riches,

I Am not concern'd to know
 What to-morrow fate will do:
 'Tis enough that I can say,
 I've possess't myself to-day:
 Then if hap'y midnight death
 Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
 Yet to-morrow I shall be
 Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
 Wealth and honours that have wings,
 Ever fluttering to be gone
 I could never call my own:
 Riches that the world bestows,
 She can take and I can lose;
 But the treasures that are mine
 Lie afar beyond her line.
 When I view my spacious soul,
 And survey myself awhile,
 And enjoy myself alone,
 I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
 That the world hath never seen,
 Rich as Eden's happy ground.
 And with choicer plenty crown'd,
 Here on all the shining boughs
 Knowledge fair and useless grows:

On the same young flow'ry tree
 All the seasons you may see;
 Notions in the bloom of light
 Just disclosing to the sight;
 Here are thoughts of larger growth,
 Rip'ning into solid truth;
 Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
 Seraphs feed on such repast.
 Here in a green and shady grove.
 Streams of pleasure mix with love:
 There beneath the smiling skies
 Hills of contemplation rise;
 Now upon some shining top
 Angels light and call me up;
 I rejoice to raise my feet,
 Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
 Earth has no resemblance for:
 Nothing like them round the pole;
 Nothing can describe the soul:
 'Tis a region half unknown,
 That has treasures of its own,
 More remote from public view
 Than the bowels of Peru;
 Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
 Than the golden Indies are:
 Ships that trace the war'ry stage
 Cannot coast it in an age:
 Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
 Had they wings to help their feet,
 Could not run it half way o'er,
 In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wand'ring mind
 Loth to be too much confin'd,
 Roves and takes her daily tours,
 Coasting round the narrow shores.

Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
 Picking shells and pebbles thence;
 Or she sits at Fancy's door,
 Calling shapes and shadows to her,
 Foreign visits still receiving,
 And t' herself a stranger living,
 Never, never, would she buy
 Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
 Never trade abroad for more,
 If she saw her native shore;
 If her inward worth were known
 She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous Muse.

I.

URANIA takes her morning flight
 With an inimitable wing;
 Through rising deluges of dawning light
 She cleaves her wondrous way,
 She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day,
 Nor *Rapin gives her rules to fly nor † Purcell notes
 to sing.

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears [and,
 Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulphing
 Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
 She meets descending angels as she flies.
 Nor asks them where their country lies,
 Or where the sea-mark stand.
 Touch'd with an empyreal ray
 She springs unferring, upward to eternal day,

* A French critic.

† An English master of music.

Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

III.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores,
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture through the boundless deep.
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of skull;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars behind;
Give me the muse whose generous force,
Impatient for the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critics iron chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

V.

There Milton dwells: the mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by any mortal tongue;
New terrors, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine
Surprize the wond'ring sense, & draw our souls along.
Behold his muse sent out to explore
The unapparent deep where waves and Chaos roar,
And realms of light unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Thro' fields of heavenly war, and seraphs overthrown,
Where his advent'rous genius led;
Sov'reign she fram'd a model of her own,

Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
 The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
 Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
 A monument too high for coupled sounds to climb,
 He mourn'd the garden lost below;
 (Earth is the scene for tuneful woe)
 Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
 Now the lost Eden he regains,
 Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrival'd strains.

VI.

Immortal Bard! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
 But knows no rule but native fire:
 All heaven sits silent, while to his sov'reign strings
 He talks unutterable things;
 With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
 Across the golden lyre:
 From every note devotion springs.
 Rapture, and harmony, and love,
 O'erspreads the list'ning choir.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

The Complaint.

I.

TWAS in a vale where osiers grow
 By murmuring streams we told our woe,
 And mingled all our cares:
 Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
 In both the weeping dews arise,
 And drop alternate tears.

II.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
 Now mounting half his morning way,
 Shone with a fainter bright;

Still sick'ning, and decaying still;
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
With his expiring light.

III.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels;
Nature grew sad to loose the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

IV.

Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our darken'd souls behind;
In the young morning of our years
Distemp'ring fogs have climb'd the spheres,
And chock the lab'ring mind.

V.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
New-bright'ning all the skies;
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
Or when our suns arise?

VI.

In vain are potent herbs apply'd
Harmonious sounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkness fly:
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clatt'ring brass relieve the moon,
When fainting in the sky.

VII.

Some friendly spirit from above,
Born of the light and nurt with love,
Assist our feebler fires;

Force these invading glooms away;
Souls should be seen quite thro' their clay,
Bright as your heav'nly choirs.

VIII.

But if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,
Release the prisoner-mind:
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large
Nor clouded nor confin'd.

The Afflictions of a Friend.

1702.

I.

NOW let my cares all bury'd lie,
My griefs forever dumb:
Your sorrows swell my heart to high,
They leave my own no room.

II.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone:
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

III.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
And all the soul invades:
So the broad gloom of spreading night
Devours the evening shades.

IV.

Thus am I born to be unblest!
This sympathy of woe

N

Drives my own tyrants from my breast
 T' admit a foreign foe.

V.

Sorrows in long succession reign;
 Their iron rod I feel:
 Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
 But I'm the pris'ner still.

VI.

Why was this life for misery made?
 Or why drawn out so long?
 Is there no room amongst the dead?
 Or is a wretch too young.

VII.

Move faster on great Nature's wheel,
 Be kind, ye rooling powers,
 Hurl my days headlong down the hill
 With undistinguish'd hours.

VIII.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
 Nor smile upon a slave:
 Darkness, and death, make haste at once,
 To hide me in the grave.

The Reverse: or, The comforts of a friend.

I.

THUS Nature tun'd her moutaful tongue,
 Till grace lift up her head,
 Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
 And smiling thus she said:

II.

Were kindred spirits born for cares?
 Must every grief be mine?

Is there a sympathy in tears,
Yet joys refuse to join?

III.

Forbid it, heaven, and raise my love,
And make our joys the same:
So bliss and friendship join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

IV.

Sorrows are lost in vast delight
That brightens all the soul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

V.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my powers employ:
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

VI.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

VII.

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
And haste away my years;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

VIII.

Rise glorious, every future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well distinguish'd rays.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
JOHN LORD CUTS.

AT THE SIEGE OF NAMUR.

The Hardy Soldier.

I.

O Why is man so thoughtless grown!
"Why guilty souls in haste to die?"
"Vent'ring the leap to th' worlds unknowns,
"Headless to arms and blood they fly.

II.

"Are lives but worth a soldier's pay?
"Why will ye join such wide extraneous,
"And stake immortal souls, in play
"At desperate chance, and bloody games?"

III.

"Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
"Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears;
"Calmly she meets the deadly shot
"Secure of life above the stars.

IV.

"But Frenzy dares eternal Fate,
"And spurr'd with honour's airy dreams,
"Flies to attack th' infernal gates,
"And force a passage to the flames."

V.

Thus hovering o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heavenly love in Gabriel's form:
Young Thraso left the moving scullus,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

VI.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls,
Vows are but winds, the hero calls;
Then swears by heav'n, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, depairs and dies.

*Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial,
Oldham, Dryden, &c.*

1708.

I.

I Judge the muse of lewd desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire,
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with a heav'nly flight.
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence and fire, and ugly raging sin.

II.

Die, Flora; die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame;
Strip of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens,
Of modern lust, who guild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead;
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her shade.

III.

Strephon*, of noble blood and mind,
(Forever shine his name!)
As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn, he cry'd, with sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of ev'ry page.
"Hell be the fate. (But, O indulgent heaven!
"So vile the muse, and yet the man forgiv'n!)

* Earl of Rochester.

"Burn on my songs; For not the silver Thames,
 "Nor Tyber with his yellow streams
 "In endless currents rolling to the main,
 "Can e'er delute the poison, or wash out the stain."
 So Moses by divine command,
 Forbid the leprous house to stand,
 When deep the fatal spot was grown.
Break down the timber, and dig up the stone.

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

Against Tears.

1699.

I.

MADAM, persuade me tears are good
 To wash our moral cares away;
 These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
 And stream into a briny sea.

II.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
 (These orbs that never use to rain)
 Some star direct me where to buy
 One sovereign drop for all my pain.

III.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
 I'd give both Indies for a tear;
 I'd barter all but what's divine:
 Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

IV.

But tears, alas? are trifling things,
 They rather feed than heal our woe;
 From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
 As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

V.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
 In vain our miseries hope relief,
 For one drop calls another down,
 Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

VI.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
 Wear native courage on your face;
 These vulgar things were never made
 For souls of a superior race.

VII.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
 And thousand foes your steps surround,
 Tread the thorns down, charge thro' the foe:
 The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

Few Happy Matches.

Aug. 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my song,
 To whom my sweetest joys belong,
 And who the happy pairs,
 Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
 Find blessings twisted with their bands,
 To soften all their cares.

II.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
 That thoughtless fly into the chains,
 As custom leads the way:
 If there be bliss without design,
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blest as they.

III.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould
 Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
 To dull embraces move:
 So two rich mountains of Peru
 May rush to wealthy marriage too,
 And make a world of love.

IV.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
 With wanton flames: those raging fires
 The purer bliss destroy:
 On Ætna's top let Furies wed,
 And sheets of lightning dress the bed
 To improve the burning joy.

V.

Nor the dull pairs, whose marble forms
 None of the melting passions warms,
 Can mingle hearts and hands:
 Logs of green wood that quench the coals,
 Are married just like Stoic souls,
 With osiers for their bands.

VI.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
 Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear bondage bless:
 As well may heavenly concerts spring
 From two old lutes, with ne'er a string,
 Or none beside the bass.

VII.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
 Two jarring souls of angry mould,
 The rugged and the keen:
 Sampson's young foxes might as well
 In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
 With fire-brands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
 A gentle to a savage mind;
 For love abhors the sight;
 Loose the fierce tyger from the deer,
 For native rage and native fear
 Rise and forbid delight.

IX.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
 And feeds their mutual loves;
 Bright Venus on her rolling throne
 Is drown'd by gentlest birds alone,
 And Cupid's yoke the doves.

To DAVID POLHILL, Esq.

AN EPISTLE.

December 1702.

I.

LET useless souls to woods retreat:
 POLHILL should leave a country seat
 When Virtue bids him dare be great.

II.

Nor Kent*, nor Sussex*, should have charms,
 While liberty with loud alarms,
 Calls you to counsels and to arms.

III.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
 Bids you receive a † base-born lord;
 Awake your cares! awake your sword!

* His country seat and dwelling.
 † The Pretender, proclaim'd king in France.

IV.

Factions amongst the † Britons rise,
And warring thoughts, and wild surmise.
And burning zeal without her eyes.

V.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd, *Tis for diviner weight;*
To save the steeple than the state.

VI.

The † bold Machine is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

VII.

Your grandsire shades with jealous eye,
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

VIII.

If § Trevia fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul with spear in hand,
At †† feast Petition for the land.

*The celebrated Victory of the Poles over
Osman the Turkish Emperor in the
Dacian Battle.*

*Translated from Cazimire. Book IV. Od. 4, with
large additions.*

GADOR the old, the wealthy and the strong,
Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic muse

*The Parliament. † The bill against occasional conformity.
1702. § Mrs Polbill of the family of the Lord Trevor.
†† Mr. Polbill was one of the five zealous gentlemen who

Unknowing, or unknown) held fair possessions
 Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy springs
 Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest moons
 Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
 Still he resum'd the toil: and fame reports,
 While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
 In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
 Helmets, and swords (bright furniture of war
 Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones,
 The sun descending to the Western deep
 Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
 Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
 With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
 Or feed beside me: taste the greens and bows
 That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
 And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
 Leans on his spear, and breathes; yet still his eye
 Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
 How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
 Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles
 Of vast destruction, and of Thracian dead
 Fill and amaze my eyes? broad bucklers lie
 (A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,
 And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,
 Deep-bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
 This the fierce Saracen wore, (for when a boy,
 I was a captive and remind their dress:)
 Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
 In august port, and regular array,
 Led on to conquest: Here the Turkish chief

*presented the famous Kentish petition to parliament in the
 reign of King William, to hasten their supplies in order to
 support the king in his war with France.*

Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
 His long battalions, while his populous towns
 Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, drest in arms,
 Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
 These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain
 Was throng'd with Dacian spears; when polish'd helms
 And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun
 Restoring all his beams! but frowning war
 All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood
 Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The storm of missive steel delay'd a while
 By wise command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
 And scymiter and sabre bore the sheath
 Reluctant: till the hollow brazen clouds
 Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
 Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulph'rous fire.
 Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms;
 Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,
 For both fled hissing death: With adverse edge
 The crook'd sauchions met; and hideous noise
 From flashing shields, thro' the long ranks of war,
 Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms
 Roar diverse: and in harsh confusion drown
 The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
 Of harmony! nor all the frozen stores
 Of the cold North, when pour'd in rattling hail
 Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,
 Or so torment the ear. Scarce sounds so far
 The direful fragor, when some Southern blast
 Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
 Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
 The massy fragment, many a rood in length,
 With hideous clash rolls down the rugged cliff
 Resistless, plunging in the subject lake

Como, or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
 And various thunder all the valley fills,
 Such was the noise of war: the troubled air
 Complains aloud, and propagates the din
 To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
 Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage, and hate appear
 In all their murderous forms; and flame and blood,
 And swear and dust array the broad campaign
 In horror: hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
 And all the savage passions of the soul
 Engage in the warm business of the day.
 Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
 Join in the fight; and breasts in close embrace,
 But mortal, as the iron arms of death.
 Here words austere, of perilous command,
 And valour swift t' obey; bold feats of arms
 Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,
 Shine thro' the field with more surprising brightness
 Than glittering helms of spears. What loud applause
 (Best weed of warlike toil) what many shouts,
 And yells unmanly, through the battle ring:
 And sudden wrath dies into endless hate.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
 Stood the more numerous Turk, the valiant Pole
 Fought here; more dreadful, tho' with lesser wings,

But what the Danes, or the coward soul
 Of a Cydanian, what the stoutful crowds
 Of base Cilketans, escaping from the slaughter,
 Or Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders.
 What could they mean against th' intrepid breast
 Of the pursuing foe! Th' impetuous Poles
 Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
 Drive down upon them, like a double bolt.

Of kindled thunder, raging thro' the sky
 On sounding wheels: or as some mighty flood
 Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
 Precipitant, and bears along the stream
 Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
 And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

The bold Borussian smoking from afar,
 Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
 And imitates th' artillery of heaven,
 The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!
 What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
 Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm
 Met like the thunder, and an equal storm,
 From hostile troops, but with a braver mind,
 Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war
 And rush on the sharp point; while baleful mischiefs
 Deaths and bright dangers flew across the field
 Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
 Fled murm'ring thro' their wounds. I stood aloof,
 For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
 Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,
 Eager of glory, and profuse of life,
 They bore down fearless on the charging foes,
 And drove them backward. Then the Turkish moons
 Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse
 Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,
 Long night to all her sons: at length disrob'd
 The standards fell; the barbarous ensigns torn
 Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heaven:
 And a large cloud of infantry and horse,
 Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

Nor noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
 Nor high built size prevails; 'Tis courage fights,
 'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
 (A spacious ruin) by one single ax,

And steel well sharpen'd: so a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flow'ry green
Drank deep in flowing crimson. Veteran bands
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty chiefs
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event
Oppress'd with iron slumbers, and long night,
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world.
Fled, but attended well for at their side
Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,
Firm as they stood; to the Warsovian troops,
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight,
But the broad sabre, and keen poll-ax flew
With speedy terror through the feebler herd,
And made rude havock and irregular spoil
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright a thousand different ways [rains
Thro' brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy moun-
Bellowing; yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
With awe: till the last relics of the war
The thin Edonians, flying had disclos'd
The ghastly plain: I took a nearer view,
Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay weltring on the ground; while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost
All taste of pain! Here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud
Torn with fresh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down

By the hard laws of nature, to sustain
 Long torment: his wild eye-balls roll; his teeth
 Gnashing with anguish, chide his ling'ring fate.
 Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command . . .
 Amongst th' neighb'ring dead; they round their lord
 Lay prostrate; some in flight ignobly slain,
 Some to the skies their faces upward turn'd
 Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
 Two beauteous youths of richest Ott'man blood
 Extended on the field: In friendship join'd,
 Nor fate divides them: hardy warriors both;
 Both faithful: drown'd in show'rs of darts they fell,
 Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart,
 In vain: for on those orbs of friendly brass
 Stood groves of javelins; some, alas! too deep
 Were planted there, and thro' their lovely bosoms
 Made painful avenues for cruel death.
 O my dear native land, forgive the tear
 I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong compassion
 Fore'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
 And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.
 Dacia, forgive the sight that wish'd the souls
 Of those fair infidels some humble place
 Among the blest. "Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,
 "Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better fate:
 "And better faith." Hard by the general lay,
 "Of Saragen descent, a grizly form
 "Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front
 "In disappointment, with a sately brow
 Louring in death, and vex'd; his rigid brow
 Forming with blood bits hard the Polish Spear.
 In that dead visage my remembrance reads
 Rash Caracass: In vain, the boasting slave
 Promis'd and sooth'd the Sultan threatening fierce,
 With royal suppers, and triumphant fare,
 Spread wide, beneath Warsovian silk and gold;

See on the naked ground all cold he lies,
 Beneath the damp wide covering of the air,
 Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
 Insulting-hopes! with what an awful smile
 Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins
 To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
 Their blind ambition to a shameful end!

But whether am I born? This thought of arms
 Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls,
 What generous horse should hear. Break off, my song.
 My barb'rous muse be still: Immortal deeds
 Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse:
 The martial trumpet, and the following age,
 And growing fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
 In sounds of glory. Lo, the evening-star
 Shines o'er the western hill; my oxen, come,
 The well-known star invites the labourer home.

TO MR. HENRY BENDISH.

Aug. 24, 1705.

DEAR SIR,

THE following Song was yours when first composed: The muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be all matched; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this Ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutual in more complete likeness and love: Persevere and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the Press what the pen more privately inscribed to you long

O

ago; and I am at no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this Poem: Nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect, how many divine truths are spoken, by the Holy Writers, in visions, and images, parables and dreams: Nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious.

The Indian Philosopher.

Sept. 3, 1701.

I.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
 Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
 A plague of iron prove?
 BENDISH, 'tis strange the chain that binds
 Millions of hands should leave their minds—
 At such a loose from love.

II.

In vain I sought the wond'rous cause
 Rang'd the wide field of Nature's laws,
 And urg'd the schools in vain;
 Then deep in thought, within my breast
 My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
 A bright instructive scene.

III.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
 On fancy's airy horse I ride,
 (Sweet rapture of the mind!)
 Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
 In a tall ancient grove I stood
 For sacred use design'd

IV.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
 Ris'n with his God, the Sun, from rest,
 Awoke his morning song;
 Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream;
 The birth of souls was all his theme,
 And half divine his tongue.

V.

“He sang th' eternal rolling flame,
 “The vital mass, that still the same.
 “Does all our minds compose!
 “But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
 “Thence diff'ring souls of diff'ring names,
 “And jarring tempers rose.

VI.

“The mighty pow'r that form'd the mind
 “One mould for ev'ry two design'd,
 “And bless the new-born pair;
 “*This be a match for this*; (he said)
 “Then down he sent the souls he made,
 “To seek them bodies here:

VII.

“But, parting from their warm abode,
 “They lost their fellows on the road,
 “And never join'd their hands:
 “Ah! cruel chance, and crossing fates!
 “Our Eastern souls have dropt their mates,
 “On Europe's barbarous lands.

VIII.

“Happy the youth that finds the bride,
 “Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
 “The sweetest joy of life:
 “But, oh! the crowds of wretched souls,

"Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
"And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

IX.

Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow;
"Sure then I cry'd, might I but see,
"That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
"I may be happy too."

X.

"Some courteous angel, tell me where.
"What distant lands this unknown fair,
"Or distant seas detain?"
"Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
"I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
"And wear the joyful chain."

The Happy Man.

I.

SERENE as light, is MYRON's soul,
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
In manly beauty shines his face;
Every muse, and ev'ry grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood scarce begun!
Behold his race of virtue run!
Behold the goal of glory won!
Nor Fame denies the merit, nor with-holds the prize;
Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where learning never flew,

Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
 Surely Japan and rich Peru,
 In barbarous songs, pronounce the British hero's name.

“ Airy bliss, the hero cry'd,
 “ May feed the tympany of pride :
 “ But healthy souls were never found
 “ To live on emptiness and sound.”

II.

Lo, at his honourable feet
 Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears ;
 She comes to pay obedience meet,
 Providing joys for future years
 Blessings with lavish hand she pours
 Gather'd from the Indian coast ;
 Not Danæ's lap could equal treasure's boast,
 When Jove came down in golden show'rs.
 He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
 With high disdain I heard him say,
 “ Bliss is not made of glittering clay.”

III.

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head,
 With scutcheons, arms, and ensigns spread :
 Gay magnificence and state,
 Guards and chariots at his gate,
 And slaves in endless order round his table wait :
 They learn the dictates of his eyes,
 And now they fall, and now they rise,
 Watch every motion of their Lord,
 Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,
 With swift ambition seize th' unfinish'd word,
 And the command fulfil,
 Tir'd with the train that Grandeur brings,
 He dropt a tear and pity'd kings :
 Then flying from the noisy throng,
 Seeks the diversion of a song.

IV.

Music descending on a silent cloud,
 Tun'd all her strings with endless art;
 By slow degrees, from soft to loud,
 Changing she rose: The harp and flute
 Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
 And make a captive of his heart.
 Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love,
 Each with utmost luxury strove,
 To treat their fav'rite best;
 But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
 And lawless love in vain combine
 To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

V.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
 Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
 "In crowds of pleasure still I find
 "A painful solitude of mind.
 "A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.
 "Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring snares,
 "Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
 "Ye unperforming promisers!
 "Be all my baser passions dead,
 "And base desires, by nature made
 "For animals and boys:
 "Man has a relish more refin'd,
 "Souls are for social bliss design'd,
 "Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
 "A kindred soul to double and to share my joys."

VI.

Myrrha appear'd: "Serene her soul
 "And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole:
 "In softer beauties shone her face;
 "Every muse, and every grace,

"Made her heart, and tongue their seat,
 "Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely sweet:
 "Myrrha the wonder of his eyes."
 His heart recoil'd with sweet surprize,
 With joys unknown before;
 His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain,
 Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
 And could endure no more,
 "Enough! th' impatient hero cries
 "And seiz'd her to his breast,
 "I seek no more below the skies,
 "I give my slaves the rest."

To DAVID POLHILL, Esq.

AN ANSWER to an infamous Satyr, called, ADVICE TO
 A PAINTER; written by a nameless Author, a-
 gainst King William III. of glorious Memory,
 1698.

SIR,

*WHEN you put this Satyr into my hand, you
 gave me the occasion of employing my pen to an-
 swer so detestable a writing; which might be done
 much more effectually by your known zeal for the
 interest of his Majesty, your counsels and your cour-
 age employed in the defence of your king and coun-
 try. And since you provoked me to write, you will
 accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of
 kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his
 subjects, by,*

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND must the hero that redeem'd our land,
 Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
 The man of wond'rous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
 Tempting the Winters, and the faithless seas,
 And paid an annual tribute of his life
 To guard his England from the Irish knife,
 And crush the French Dragoon? Must William's name,
 That brightest star that gilds the wings of Fame,
 William the brave, the pious, and the just,
 Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust!

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame;
 Can your zeal sleep? Or are your passions tamè?
 Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's name?
 Why smoke the skies not? why no thunders roll?
 Nor kindling light'nings blast his guilty soul?
 Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
 And fire his subjects with a rebel flame;
 To call the painter to his black designs,
 To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines:
 Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
 Under no shape but angels, or his own,
 Gabriel, or William, or the British throne.

O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
 And words with infinite ideas join,
 I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
 And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
 Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain
 Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
 Scattering just vengeance thro' the red campaign.
 Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
 Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
 And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the
 squadron broke.

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
 Far from his troops; there like a rock he stood
 His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
 Calmly he leaves the pleasure of a throne,
 And his Maria weeping; whilst alone
 He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own:
 But heaven secures his champion, o'er the field
 Paint hov'ring angels; though they fly conceal'd.
 Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.

Now noble pencil lead him to our isle,
 Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
 Then imitate the glory on the strand
 Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
 Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
 All red the warrior, white the rural paint;
 Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
 Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
 Lust and profaneness dying at his feet,
 While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
 The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow
 With flow'ry blessings ever on his brow.
 At his right hand pile up the English laws
 In sacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
 His wise and just commands.....
 Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
 On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,
 And bless the peace; these statutes are your own,
 That sway the cottage and direct the throne!
 People and prince are one in William's name,
 Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the same.

Let Liberty and Right, with plumes display'd,
 Clap their glad wings around the Guardian's head,
 Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
 Religion guards him; round th' imperial queen
 Place waiting virtues, each of heav'nly meta;

Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes:
 The just, the bold, the temperate and the wise
 Dwell in his looks; majestic, but serene;
 Sweet, with no fondness; cheerful, but not vain:
 Bright, without terror; great without disdain.
 His soul inspires us what his lips command,
 And spreads his brave example through the land:
 Not so the former reigns;.....
 Bend down his earth to each afflicted cry,
 Let beams of grace dart gently from his eyes;
 But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
 Are too divine, too vast to be exprest;
 Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,
 And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

NOW, muse, pursue the satyrst again,
 Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen;
 Hark, how he bids the servile painter draw,
 In monstrous shapes, the patrons of our law;
 At one slight dash he cancels every name
 From the white rolls of honesty and fame:
 This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
 Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and brave,
 And with unpardonable malice shades
 Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads,
 Painter, forbear; or, if thy bolder hand
 Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
 Draw first this poet, like some baleful star,
 With silent influence shedding civil war;
 Or *factions* trumpeter, whose magic sound

Calls off the subject to the hostile ground,
 And scatters hellish feuds the nation round.
 These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe
 That first create the plague, and then the pain describe:

Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,
 Still from the good distinguishing the vile;
 Seat 'em in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
 Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand:
 Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
 And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.
 Mark what a selfish faction undermines
 The pious monarch's generous designs,
 Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
 Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
 Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
 Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
 Mingling soft pity with an awful frown:
 He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
 To make us blest, how vain his labours prove
 To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

To the Discontented and Unquiet.

Imitated partly from Casimire, Book IV. Ode 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
 From wearisome anxiety:
 And the whole round of mortal joys
 With short possession tires and cloy:
 'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
 Just from the window to the bed,

We rise to see and to be seen,
 Gaze on the world a while and then
 We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
 But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
 Still holds a longing in our breast:
 She finds or frames vexations still,
 Herself the greatest plague we feel,
 We take strange pleasure in our pain,
 And make a mountain of a grain,
 Assume the load, and pant and sweat
 Beneath th' imaginary weight.
 With our dear selves we live at strife,
 While the most constant scenes of life
 From peevish humours are not free;
 Still we affect variety:
 Rather than pass an easy day,
 We fret and chide the hours away,
 Grow weary of this chattering sun,
 And vex that he should ever run
 The same old track; and still, and still
 Rise red behind yon eastern hill,
 And chide the moon that darts her light
 Through the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers, and our homes,
 To dwell where trouble never comes;
 Sylvia has left the city crowd,
 Against the court-exclaims aloud,
 Flies to the woods! a hermit-saint!
 She loaths her patches, pins, and paint,
 Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
 But Humour, that eternal thorn,
 Sticks in her heart: She is hurry'd still,
 'Twixt her wild passions and her will:
 Haunted and hagg'd where-e'er she roves,
 By purling streams, and silent groves,
Or with her furies or her loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air ;
In vain we change, in vain we fly :
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain : if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind,
Faithful disease, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desert or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

Happy the soul that virtue shows
To fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move ; for she can dwell
In her old grandsire's hall as well,
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home.
And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise,
And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,
Should the waves swell, and make her roll
Across the line, or near the pole,
Still she's at peace ; for well she knows
To launch the stream that duty shows
And makes her home where'er she goes.
Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
Or waft her, winds, from East to West
On the soft air ; she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

To JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.

(Now SIR JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.)

Casimire, Book I. Ode 4, Imitated.

Vive jucunda metuens juvenæ, &c.

July, 1700.

I.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to day,
 Nor let the sun look down and say,
 "Inglorious, here he lies;"
 Shake off your ease, and send your name
 To immortality and fame,
 By every hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not;
 Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
 Slide off the slipp'ry sphere;
 Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
 The sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
 And whirls about the year.

III.

Let folly dress in green and red,
 And gird her waste with flowing gold,
 Knit blushing roses round her head,
 Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
 The garment waxes old.
 Hartopp, mark the withering rose,
 And the pale gold how dim it shows!

IV.

Bright and lasting bliss below
 Is all romance and dream;

Only the joys celestial flow
 In an eternal stream,
 The pleasures that the smiling day
 With large right-hand bestows,
 Falsely her left conveys away,
 And shuffles in our woes.
 So have I seen a mother play,
 And cheat her silly child;
 She gave, and took a toy away,
 The infant cry'd and smil'd.

V.

Airy Chance, and iron Fate
 Hurry and vex our mortal state,
 And all the race of ills create;
 Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
 Commands the reins of human life;
 The wheels impetuous roll;
 The harnest hours and minutes strive,
 And days with stretching pinions drive.....
down fiercely on the goal.

VI.

Not half so fast the galley flies,
 O'er the Venetian sea,
 When sails, and oars, and lab'ring skies
 Contend to make her way.
 Swift wings for all the flying hours
 The God of time prepares,
 The rest lie still yet in their nest
 And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

1700.

Happy Solitude.

Casimire, Book IV. Ode 12. Imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

THE noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight and see,
Visits, and crowds, and company,
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascends the skies;
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heavens I rise.

II.

Yet they will urge, "This private life
"Can never make you blest,
"And twenty doors are still at strife
"To engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
To employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

III.

When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great;
My busy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of Me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;

There I walked o'er the mazes I have trod
 While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
 Whether this Opera of life
 Be acted well to gain the Plaudit of my God.

IV.

There's a day hast'ning, ('tis an awful day!)
 When the great Sov'reign shall at large review
 All that we speak, and all we do,
 The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay:
 These he approves, and those he blames,
 And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
 O if the Judge from his tremendous seat
 Shall not condemn what I have done,
 I shall be happy though unknown,
 Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.

V.

I hate the glory, Friend, that springs
 From vulgar breath, and empty sound;
 Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring gale
 Upon her airy wings,
 Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the wound;
 Then her flagging pinions fall,
 Down glory falls and strikes the ground,
 And breaks her batter'd limbs.
 Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame:
 How happy I should be,
 In sweet obscurity,
 Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
 Here I could live and die alone;
 Or if society be due
 To keep our taste of pleasure new,
 Gunston I'd live and die with you,
 For both our souls are one.

VI.

Here we could sit and pass the hour;
 And pity kingdoms, and their kings,
 And smile at all their shining things;
 Their toys of state, and images of power;
 Virtue should dwell within our seat,
 Virtue alone could make it sweet,
 Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat.
 While she withdraws from public praise
 Envy perhaps would cease to rail;
 Envy itself may innocently gaze
 At beauty in a veil:
 But if she once advance to light,
 Her charms are lost in Envy's sight,
 And virtue stands the mark of universal spite.

To JOHN HARTOPP, Esq.

(Now SIR JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.)

The Disdain.

1700

I.

HARTOPP, I love the soul that dares
 Tread the temptation of his years
 Beneath his youthful feet:
 Fleetwood, and all the heav'nly line
 Look thro' the stars and smile divine
 Upon an air so great,
 Young Hartopp knows this noble theme—
 That the wild scenes of busy life,
 Th' noise, th' amusements, and the strife:
 Are but the visions of the night,
 Gay phantoms of delusive light,
 Or a vexatious dream.

II.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
 Ingredient of our frame:
 We're born to live above the beast,
 Or quit the manly name.
 Pleasures of sense we leave for boys;
 Be shining dust the Miser's food;
 Let fancy feed on fame and noise,
 Souls must pursue diviner joys.
 And seize th' immortal Good.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

- AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, MITIO, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems, inscribed to you so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the completest happiness on earth: But you will quickly discover, that the muse, in the first poem, only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the social life. In the second, perhaps she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet, if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feign'd name.

The Mourning Piece.

LIFE's a long tragedy: This globe the stage,
 Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
 Gay fields, and skies, and seas: The actors many;
 The plot immense: A flight of dæmons sit
 On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose:
 And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows
 Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
 With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
 The pointed plagues fly silent thro' the air
 Nor twangs the blow, yet sore and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her fute part alone,
 Nor wishes an associate. Lo, she glides
 Single thro' all the storm, and more secure;
 Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
 The fewest darts. But, O my lov'd Marilla,
 My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
 How much art thou expos'd! Thy growing soul
 Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
 Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
 That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage;
 Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest
 pieces
 Of your own flesh, those little other selves,
 How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
 And soften every fibre to improve
 The mother's sad capacity of pain!
 I mourn Fideia too; though heaven has chose
 A favorite mate for him, of all her sex
 The pride and flower: How blest the lovely pair,
 Beyond expression, if well mingled loves
 And woes well mingled could improve our bliss!
 Amidst the rugged cares of life behold
 The father and the husband; flattering names,
 That spread his title, and enlarge his share

* Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
 * To multiply his joys; but ev'ry hour
 * Renews the disappointment and the smart.
 * There not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
 * Of his fair partner, or her infant-train,
 * (Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmost soul.
 * Strange is thy power, O Love! what num'rous veins,
 * And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
 * Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart,
 * By strong but secret strings: with vain attempt
 * We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
 * To break the ties of nature and of blood;
 * Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion
 * Inviolably firm: their thrilling motions
 * Reciprocal give endless sympathy
 * In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
 * Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew
 * These avenues of love to reach our souls,
 * And pain had never found 'em!

Thus sung the tuneful Maid, fearful to try
 The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
 And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
 Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
 And gay the silken bondage. Firm she stood
 And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
 Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
 And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
 Sat on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
 Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops
 Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
 Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
 To soften life, and make our iron cares
 Easy: But thy own cares of softer kind
 Give sharper wounds: They lodge too near the heart,
 Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
 A strange uneasy sence, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mirrio, speak sincere,
 (For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
 What kind perplexitie's tumultuous rise,
 If but the absence of a day divide
 Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
 The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
 Twinkles in vain: The region of thy soul
 Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
 Tell me, what toil, what torment to sustain
 The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
 The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
 Restless in fond enquiry, nor believes
 Clarissa safe: Clarissa, in whose life
 Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine,
 Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
 Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears
 Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
 Till thy frame shudders at her fancy'd death;
 Then dies my Mirrio, and his blood creeps cold
 Thro' every vein. Speak, does the stranger muse
 Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,
 Or has she fabled all? Inform me, Friend,
 Are half thy joys sincere; thy hopes fulfill'd,
 Or frustrate! Here commit thy secret griefs
 To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
 In friendship and oblivion; lest they spoil
 Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.
 Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
 The frightful prospect, when untimely death
 Shall make vile inroads on a parent's heart,
 And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
 Are dragg'd in sad succession, while his soul
 Is torn away piece-meal: Thus dies the wretch
 A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
 The theatre, and makes his *exit* final,

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate
 Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs

Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
 To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,
 What racks, what twinges rend his heart-strings off,
 From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove
 He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous cares
 Hang on his parting soul to think his love
 Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
 Of savage men? So parts the dying turtle
 With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
 Leaves his kind feather'd mate: The widow bird
 Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
 Forgets her life; and falls a speedier prey
 To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
 Of hawks athirst for blood.....

THE SECOND PART: OR,

The Bright Vision.

THUS far the muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
 And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
 Indulg'd a gloom of thought: and thus she sang
 Partial; for Melancholy's hateful form
 Stood by in sable robe: The pensive muse
 Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
 Some bright, relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
 In the fair world of love: but while she gaz'd
 Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
 United, bless'd, the cruel shade apply'd
 A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
 Deceitful; blending love and life at once
 In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
 Of misery: Now Urania feels the cheat,

And breaks the heated optic in disdain.
 Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
 The scene shines bright with bliss; Behold the place
 Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
 With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
 Nor malice forked tongue'd. On this dear spot,
 Mirror, my love, would fix and plant thy station
 To act thy part of life, serene and blest
 With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
 Where the first authors of our mournful race
 Liv'd in sweet partnership; one hour they liv'd,
 But chang'd the tasted bliss (Imprudent pair!)
 For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness
 Of briars, and nine hundred years of pain.
 The wishing muse new dresses the fair garden
 Amid this desert-world, with budding bliss,
 And ever-greens, and balms, and flow'ry beauties
 Without one dangerous tree: There heavenly dew
 Nightly descending shall imperl the grass
 And verdent herbage; drops of fragrantcy
 Sit trembling on the spires: The spicy vapours
 Rise with the dawn, and through the air diffus'd
 Salute your waking senses with perfume:
 While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
 Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
 From vicious taint; and with your innocence
 Immortalize the structure of your clay.
 On this new paradise the cloudless skies
 Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
 With flames unsully'd, (as the fabled torch
 Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
 Along his azure road. The nuptial moon
 In milder rays serene, should nightly rise
 Full orb'd (if Heaven and Nature will indulge
 So fair an emblem) big with silver joys,

And still forget her wane, The feathered choir
 Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
 Or perch'd on evening bough, shall join your worship
 Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony! Hark, through the grove
 I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
 All ear, all extasy; unknown delight!
 And the fair muse proclaims the heav'n below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
 Disdain converse with men: Again returning
 I see th' ethereal host on downward wing.
 Lo! at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
 Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
 To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
 Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
 Supernal, and from brutal dregs refrain'd.
 Raphael shall teach thee, Friend, exalted thoughts
 And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
 The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
 Of Heaven: (So Milton sings, enlightened bard
 Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain
 The angel's great narration he repeats
 To Albion's sons high favour'd.) Thou shalt learn
 Celestial lessons from his awful tongue;
 And with soft grace and interwoven loves
 (Grateful digression) all his words rehearse
 To thy Clarissa's ear, and charm her soul.
 Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers
 Of Eden, our first Father entertain'd
 Eve his sole auditors; and deep dispute
 With conjugal caresses on her lip
 Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now MIRTH comes
 From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.

Behold the dear associates seated low
 On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strow'd;
 But high their conference! how self suffic'd
 Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
 With glories: arm'd with thunders; and his throne
 Mortal access forbids, projecting far
 Splendors unsufferable and radiant death.
 With rev'rence and abasement deep they fall
 Before his sovereign Majesty to pay
 Due worship: Then his mercy on their souls
 Smiles with a gentler ray, but sovereign still;
 And leads their meditation and discourse
 Long ages backward, and across the seas
 To Bethlehem of Judah! There the Son,
 The filial Godhead, character express
 Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
 His beamy robes, and made descent to earth,
 Sprung from the sons of Adam he became
 A second father, studious to regain
 Lost Paradise for men, and purchase heav'n.

The lovers with indearment mutual thus
 Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
 His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
 Held her attention fix'd: she musing sat
 On the sweet mention of incarnate love,
 Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains
 • She sang the Infant God; (mysterious theme!)
 • How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
 • The ox and ass his mean companions; there
 • In habit vile, the shepherds flock around,
 • Saluting the great mother, and adore
 • Israel's anointed King, the anointed heir
 • Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
 • Beneath his regal state; for thee, my MIRTHO,
 • Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
 / Minist'ring round their charge with folded wings

† Obsequious, tho' unseen ; while lightsome hours
 † Fulfill'd the day, and the grey evening rose.
 † Then the fair guardians hovering o'er his head
 † Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
 † And with their fanning pinions purge the air
 † From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,
 † And impure taint ; while their ambrosial plumes
 † A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
 † Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers sung
 † Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
 † And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then
 † Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
 † Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.
 † Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn
 † Smiles in the East with eye-lids opening fair,
 † But not so fair as thine ; O I could fold thee,
 † My young Almighty, my Creator Babe,
 † Forever in these arms ! Forever dwell
 † Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
 † And every pulse should beat seraphic love !
 † Around my seat should crowding cherubs come
 † With swift ambition, zealous to attend
 † Their Prince, and form a heav'n below the sky.

† Forbear, Clarissa ; O forbear the thought
 † Of female fondness, and forgive the man
 † That interrupts such melting harmony !
 Thus Mirro ; and awakes her nobler powers
 To pay just worship to the sacred King,
 JESUS, the God ; nor with devotion pure
 Mix the caresses of her softer sex ;
 (Vain blandishment) † Come, turn thine eyes aside
 † From Bethle'em, and climb up the doleful steep
 † Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls
 † Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller,
 † Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
 † Of her Redeemer panting up the hill

- Hard burden'd? Can thy heart attend his cross?
- Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,
- For thee he dies! Beneath thy sins and mine
- (Horrible load!) the sinless Saviour groans
- And in fierce anguish of his soul expires!
- Adoring angels pry with bending head
- Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
- This infinite design. Here peace is made
- Twixt God the Sov'reign, and the rebel man;
- Here Satan overthrown with all his hosts
- In second ruin rages and despairs;
- Malice itself despairs. The captive prey
- Long held in slavery, hopes a sweet release,
- And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive,
- Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of death.

The fair disciple heard; her passions move
 Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
 Refin'd devotion; while new smiles of love
 Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
 Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
 Brought down to men; seal'd by the sacred Three
 In heaven; and seal'd on earth with God's own blood.
 Here they unite their names again, and sign
 Those peaceful articles. (Hail, blest co-heirs
 Celestial! Ye shall grow to manly age,
 And spite of earth and hell, in season due
 Possess the fair inheritance above.)
 With joyous admiration they survey
 The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
 By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
 And unconceiv'd by thought: Riches divine
 And honors which the almighty Father God
 Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,
 High Treasurer of heaven. The Son bestows
 The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
 On bankrupt mortals, who believe and love

His name. ' Then, my Clarissa, all is thine.
 ' And thine, my Mirro, the fair saint replies.
 ' Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
 ' And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,
 ' And past, and present, for our interest stands
 ' Firm in our mystic Head, the title sure.
 ' 'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment, (while
 ' We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful earth
 ' Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still
 ' Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
 ' For us this cheerful sun and cheerful light
 ' Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky
 ' Hangs a rich canopy above our heads
 ' Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold
 ' Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
 ' For us time wears his wings out: Nature keeps
 ' Her wheels in motion: and her fabric stands,
 ' Glorious beyond our ken of mortal sight
 ' Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
 ' Awaits us, where the saints unbody'd live.
 ' Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from sin:
 ' Thither our hearts with most incessant wish
 ' Parting aspire; when shall that dearest hour
 ' Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
 ' Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home."

O blest connubial state! O happy pair,
 Envy'd by yet unassociated souls
 Who seek their faithful twins! Your pleasures rise
 Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
 Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
 As summer evenings. The vile sons of earth
 Grovelling in dust with all their noisy jars
 Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
 Than barking animals affright the moon
 Sublime, and riding in her midnight way,
 Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign

O'er all your passions with unrivall'd sway
 Mutual and everlasting: Friendship knows
 No property in good, but all things common
 That each possesses, as the light of air
 In which we breath and live: there's not one thought
 Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
 But every passage open as the day
 To one another's breast, and inmost mind:
 Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
 Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they flow
 Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely grow.

THE THIRD PART: OR;

The Account Balanced.

I.

SHOULD Sov'reign love before me stand,
 With all his train of pomp and state,
 And bid the daring muse relate
 His comforts and his cares;
 MIRTH, I would not ask the sand
 For metaphors t' express their weight,
 Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
 Thy cares and comforts, sov'reign love
 Vastly out-weigh the sand below
 And to a larger audit grow
 Than all the stars above.
 Thy mighty losses and thy gains
 Are their own mutual measures:
 Only the man that knows thy pains
 Can reckon up thy pleasures.

II.

Say, Damon, say how bright the scene,
 Damon, is half-divinely blest,
 Leaning his hand on his Florella's breast
 Without a jealous thought, or busy care between;
 Then the sweet passions mix and share,
 Florella tells thee all her heart,
 Nor can thy soul's remotest part
 Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
 Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
 When friendship all sincere grows up to ecstasy
 Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy.
 While thy dear offspring round thee sit
 Or sporting innocently at thy feet
 Thy kindest thoughts engage:
 Those little images of thee,
 What pretty toys of youth they be,
 And growing props of age!

III.

But short is earthly bliss! The changing wind
 Blows from the sickly South, and brings,
 Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,
 Relentless death sits close behind:
 Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
 With piercing groans salutes his ears,
 Through every vein the thrilling torments roll;
 While sweet and bitter are at strife,
 In those dear miseries of life.
 Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.
 The pleasing sense of love awhile,
 Mixt with the head-ach may the pain beguile,
 And make a feeble fight:
 Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
 Then every smiling passion dies.
 And hope alone, with wakeful eyes,
 Darkling and solitary waits the slow returning light.

IV.

Here then let my ambition rest,
 May I be moderately blest,
 When I the laws of love obey :
 Let but my pleasure and my pain,
 In equal balance ever reign,
 Or mount by turns and sink again.
 And share just measures of alternate sway,
 So Damon lives, and ne'er complains ;
 Scarce can we hope diviner scenes,
 On this dull stage of clay ;
 The tribes beneath the Northern Bear
 Submit to darkness half the year,
 Since half the year is day.

ON THE DEATH OF

The Duke of Gloucester, just after

Mr. DRYDEN.

1700.

AN EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead ; Dryden alone could sing
 The full-grown glories of a future king.
 Now Gloucester dies : Thus lesser heroes live
 By that immortal breath that poets give ;
 And scarce receive the muse : but William stands,
 Nor asks his honours from the poet's hands,
 William shall shine without a Dryden's praise,
 His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

*An Epigram of MARTIAL to CIRINUS.**Sic tua Cirini, promas epigrammata vulgo,
Ut mecum possis, &c.*

INSCRIBED TO

MR. JOSIAH HORT.

NOW LORD BISHOP OF KILMORE IN IRELAND.

1694.

SO smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so
sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
Yet modest, you decline the public stage,
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age.
So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus strings.
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horation lyre
Though his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could silence all the Lyric quire.
So to his Varjus he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a leftier vein,
And sing of gods and hero's in a bolder strain.

A handsome treat, a piece of gold or so,
And compliments will every friend bestow;
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirene we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour, Wit.

EPISTOLA

Fratri suo dilecto R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

*RURSUM tuas, amande Frater, accepti literas,
eodem fortasse momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt;
idemque qui te scribentem vidit dâs, meum ad epistol-
are munus excitavit Calamum; non inane est inter
nos fraternum nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intus
animat, agitque, & concordet in ambobus efficit motus:
Omninam crescat in dies, & vigescat mutua charitas:
faxit, Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat & defecet
pectora, tunc etenim & alternis pura amicitie flam-
mis erga nos invicem Divinum in modum ardebimus;
contemplerur JESUM nosorum, caeleste illud & ador-
andum exemplar charitatis. Ille est.*

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Hæc miseræ) suffere vices; sponsoris obivit
Munus, & in sese tabulæ maledicta Minacis
Transtulit, & sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jace desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula patris
Amplexus solitosve; artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, & sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Nominis armati. Pater, hic infige* sagittas,
“Hæc, ait, iratum sorbebunt pectora ferrum,
“Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis.”

Dixit, & horrendum fremuere tonitrua cila
Insensusque Deus: (quem jam posuisse paternum

* Job iv. 6.

Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores
 Ad tantos pavefacta silet,) jam dissillit æther,
 Pandanturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
 IRA, & pœnarum thesauros mille coerces,
 Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
 Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
 In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus
 Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus
 *Purdureo vestes tinctæ sudore madescunt.
 Nec tamen infando vindex regina labori
 Segnius incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
 Acriter, & somno languentem suscitât †ensem:
 "Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, & imbue sacro
 "Flumine mucronem; vos hinc, mea spicula, late
 "Ferreâ per totum dispergite tormina *Christum*,
 "Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondere pœnæ
 "Sustetanda hominem suffulciet incola Numen.
 "Et tu sacra decas legum, violata tabella,
 "Ebibe vindictam; vasta satiabere cæde,
 "Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
 "Permissus Deitate cruor."

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnere dextra
 Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetrabilia cordis
 Panpuntur, sævis avidus dolor involat alis,
 Atque audax mentem scrutator, & illia mordet;
 Interia servator § ovât, victorque doloris
 Eminet, illustri † perfusus membra cruore,
 Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortius illum
 Urget patris honos, & non vincenda voluptas
 Servandi miseros fontes: O nobilis ardor
 Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis
 Durus amor? Quid non celestia?

* Luke xxii. 44.
 § Col. ii. 15.

† Zech. xiii. 7.
 †† Luke xxii. 24.

*Ad subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagines; nescio
quo me proripuit amens musa: Volui quatuor lineas
pedibus astringere, & ecce! numeri crescunt in im-
mensum: dumque concitato genio laxavi fræna, ve-
reor ne juvenilis impetus theologiam læserit, & audax
nimis imaginatio. Heri allata est ad me epistola in-
dicans matrem meliuscule se habere, licet ignis febrili-
s non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plu-
ra volui, sed turgidi & crescentes versus noluerè pul-
& coarctarunt scriptoris limites. Vale amice frater,
& in studio pietatis & artis medicæ strenuus de-
curre.*

Datum a musæo meo Londini xvto Kalend.

Febr. Anno salutis c̄m̄dc̄xc̄m̄.

Fratri E. W. olim navigaturo.

SEPT. 30, 1698.

Felix, pedito prospero
 I frater, trabe pinea
 Sulces æquora cœrula
 Pandas carbasa flatibus
 Quæ tunc reditura sint
 Non te monstra natantia
 Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
 Prædentur rate naufraga.
 Navis, tu tibi creditum
 Fratrem diindium mei,
 Salvum fer per inhospita
 Ponti regna, per avios
 Tractus, & liquidum chaos.
 Nec re sorbeat horrida
 Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
 Rumpat roborem latum.
 Capteint mitta famula.

Antennæ; & zephyri leves
 Dent portum placidum tibi.
 Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
 Fluctus oceanæ regis,
 Et sævum Boream domas.
 Da fratri faciles vias,
 Et fletum reducem suis.

AD REVERENDUM VIRUM
 Dm. JOHANNEM PINHORNE:
 FIDUM ADOLESCENTIÆ MEÆ PRÆCEPTOREM.
Pindarici Carminis Specimèn. 1694.

I.

ET te, Pinhorii, mûsa Trisantica
 Salutat ardens discipulam tuata
 Grate frateri: nunc Athenas,
 Nunc Latias per amœnitates
 Tuto pererrans te recolit ducem,
 Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per aspera gressus
 Non dura duxisse manu.
 Tuo patescunt lumine Thespil
 Campi atque ad arcem Pieridon iter:
 En altus assurgens Homerus
 Arma Deosque virosque Miscens
 Occupat Ætherium Parnassi culmen: Homeri
 Immensos stupeo manes.....
 Te, Maro, dulce catens sylvas, te bella sonantem
 Ardua, da veniam tenni venerare camœna;
 Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates
 Debita thura lyre
 Vobis, magna trias! clarissima nomina semper
 Scrinia nostra patent, & pectora nostra patebunt,
 Quum mihi cunque levem concesserit otia & horam
 Divina Mosis pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc viadem ponatur, at ipsa pudenda
 Deponat veneres: venias sed * *purus & insons*
Ut te collandem, dum sordes & mala lustra
 Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve. Recisa
 Hac lege accedant Satyræ Juyenalis, amari
 Terrores vitiorum. At long cæcus abesset
 Persus, obscurosvates, nisi lumina circum-
 -fusa, forent, Sphingisque ænigmata, Bonde, scidisses,
 Grande sonans, Senecæ fulmen, prandisque cothurni
 Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem
 Ordine, & ambabus simul hos amplectar in unis.

Tuto, poetæ, tuto habitabitis

Pictos abacos: improba tinea

Oblit, nec audat sæva castas

Artingere blattæ camœnas.

At tu renidens *foeda epigrammatum*

Farrago inertum, stercoris impii

Sentina fetens, Martialis,

In barathrum, relegendus imum

Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias Catullum

Insulse mollem, naribus, auribus

Ingrata castis carmina, & improbi

Spureos Nasonis amores.

III.

Nobilis extrema gradiens Caledonis ab ara

En Buchananus adest. Divini Psaltis imago

Jessidæ salvetos. potens seu numinis iras

Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine teneas

Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono

Sedare fluctus pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes abulanti.

Tu Domi astabis socius perennis,

* Hornt Lib. 1. Sat. 6.

Seu levi mensæ simul assidere
 Dignabere, seu lecticæ.
 Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
 Aureos suadebis inire somnos
 Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-
 livia curis
 Stet juxta * Casimirus, huic nec parcius ignem
 Natura indulsit nec musa armavit alumnum
 * Sarbivium rudiore lyra.
 Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!
 † *Humana linquens* (en sibi *devi*
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
 Spatiatur in ære pennis
 Seu tu forte virum tollis ad æthera,
 Cognatosque thronos & Patrium Polum
 Visurus consurgis ovans,
 Visum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
 Dum tuum a longe stupeo volatum
 O non imitabilis ales.

IV.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
 Musa, simul totus fervescere
 Sentio, stellatas levis induor
 Alas & toror in altum
 Jam juga Zionis radens pede
 Elato inter sidera radens vertice
 Longe despecto mortalia.
 Quam Juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis.
 Et ridere procul fallacia gaudid secli
 Terrellæ grandia inania,
 Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit
 O curas hominum meseras! Cano,]

* M. Casimirus, Sarbiewski poeta insignis Polonis.

† Ode V. Lib. 2.

Et miserās nugas diadematal
 Ventosæ sortis ludibrilum.
 En mihi subsidunt terrenæ a pectore fæces,
 Gestit & effrænis divinum effundere carmen
 Mens afflata Deo.....

.....at vos heroes & arma
 Et procul este Dii, ludicra Numina,
 Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
 Pallas! aut vestris Dionyse, thyrsis!
 Et clava, & anguis, & leo, & Hercules,
 Et brutum tonitru siccitij patris.
 Abstare a carmine nostro.

V.

Te, Deus omnipotens! te nostra sonabit JESU.
 Musa, nec assueto cælestes Barbiton ausu
 Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite Numen &
 Immensum sine lege Deum Numeri sine lege sonabunt.

*Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor;
 Divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En
 labascit pennis, tremat artubus, ruit deorsum per
 inane ætheris, jacet vilita, obstupescit, silet.*

*Ignoscas, Reverende Vir, vano conamini; frag-
 men hoc rude licet & impositum æqui boni consulas,
 & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.*

Votum, sue Vita in terris beata.

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIMUM

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, BART.

1702.

I.

HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis
 Venâque ingenii divite, si roges
 Quem mea musa beat,
 Ille mihi felix ter & amplius,

Et similes superis annos agit
 Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.
 Hunc longe a curis mortalibus
 Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
 Se misisque suis tranquilla in pace fruentem
 Sol oreus videt & recumbens.

II.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis
 (Plausus insani tumidus popelli)
 Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
 Feriat licet æthera clamor.
 Nec gaza flammans divitis Indicæ,
 Nec, Tage, vestræ fulgor arenulæ
 Ducent ab obscura quiete
 Ad laquear radiantis aulæ.

III.

O si daretur statim propria
 Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
 Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
 Candidus vix color innocentis
 Fila nativo decoraret albo
 Non Tyria vitata concha.
 Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura tela
 Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.
 Longe a triumphis, & sonitu tubæ
 Longe remotos transigere dies:
 Abstare fasces (splendida vanitas)
 Et vos abstare, coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
 Captet auroras, procul urbis utro
 Distet a fumo, fugiatque longe
 Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
 Displicet Byrsa & fremitu molesto
 Turba mercantium; gratius alvear
 Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
 Fons salientis aquæ.

V.

Litigiosa fori me terrent iurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto a linguis.....

Bladimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, cives, & amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! & inane sacri
Nomen amici!

VI.

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternum, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longius avola?
Nil mihi eum fœdis, puer, ignibus.
Ætherea fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est urania,
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat Jyræ
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonea,
Nec Watsianis e medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciae meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædja vitæ.

TO MRS. SINGER.

(Now Mrs. ROWE.)

ON THE SIGHT OF SOME OF HER DIVINE POEMS, NEVER
PRINTED.

July 19, 1706.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celestial themes

Refuse to dance upon my strings:
 There beneath the evening sky
 I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
 To everlasting things.
 Sudden from Albion's western coast
 Harmonious notes come gliding by
 The neighbouring shepherds knew the silver sound;
 "'Tis Philomela's voice the neighbouring shepherds
 At once my strings all silent he, "cry;"
 At once my fainting muse was lost,
 In the superior sweetness drown'd.
 In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
 My soul retir'd, and left my tongue,
 I was all ear, and Philomela's song
 Was all divine delight.

II.

Now be my harp forever dumb,
 My muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
 I bid adieu to mortal things,
 To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
 'Twas long ago I brok'e all but th' immortal strings;
 Now those immortal strings have no employ,
 Since a fair angel dwells below,
 To tune the notes of heaven, and propagate the joy.
 Let all my powers with awe profound
 While Philomela sings,
 Attend the rapture of the sound,
 And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH ON

KING WILLIAM, III.

OF GLORIOUS MEMORY.

Who died March 8th, 1701.

I.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb,
Greatness in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

II.

Preserve, O venerable pile,
Inviolate thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British Isle,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

III.

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

IV.

Rest his dear Sword beneath his head
 Round him his faithful arms shall stand;
 Fix his bright Ensigns on his bed,
 The guards and honours of our land:

V.

Ye sister Arts of Paint and Verse,
 Place Albion fainting by his side;
 Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
 And Belgia sinking when he dy'd.

VI.

High o'er the grave Religion set
 In solid gold; pronounce the ground
 Sacred to bar unshallow'd feet,
 And plant her guardian Virtues round:

VII.

Fair Liberty in sablés drest,
 Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
 WILLIAM, the scourge of tyrants past,
 And awe of princes yet unborn:

VIII.

Sweet Peace his sacred relics keep,
 With olives blooming round her head,
 And stretch her wings across the deep
 To bless the nations with the shade.

IX.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
 Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe;
 Thy thousand voices sound his name:
 In silver accents round the globe.

X.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
 While hoary Truth inspires the song;
 Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
 And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

XI.

Night and the Grave remove your gloom;
 Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
 But Glory bids the royal tomb
 Disdain the horrors of a shade.

XII.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
 And watch the warriors sleeping clay,
 Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
 To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF
 MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

*An Elegiac Song, sent in a Letter of Condolance to
 Mr. N. P. Merchant at Amsterdam.*

I.

HARK! she bids all her friends adieu;
 Some angel calls her to the spheres;
 Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
 Through liquid telescopes of tears.

II.

Farewel, bright soul, a short farewell,
 Till we shall meet again above
 In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell
 And trees of life bear fruits of love;

III.

There Glory sits on every face,
 There friendship smiles in every eye,
 There shall our tongues relate the Grace
 That led us homeward to the sky.

IV.

O'er all the names of Christ our King
 Shall our harmonious voices rove,

Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

V.

Come, sovereign Lord; dear Saviour, come;
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it stays!

VI.

How long must we lie ling'ring here,
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

VII.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out and climb the shining road.

VIII.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

Epitaphium Viri Venerabilis

Dom. N. MATHER,

Carminē Lapidario. Conscriptum.

M. S.

REVERENDI ADMODUM VIRI

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

QUOD mori potuit hic sup̄ns. depositum est,
Si quæris, hospes, quantus & qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen a familia duxit
 Sanctioribus studiis & evangelio devota,
 Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
 Americanam sc. atque Europæam.
 Et hic quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
 Non fallacem:
 Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
 Doctum & doceptem.
 Corpore fuit proçero, forma placide verenda;
 At supra corpus & formam sublimè eminuerunt
 Indoles, ingenium, atq; eruditio:
 Supra hæc pietas, & (si fas dicere)
 Supra pietatem modestia,
 Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
 Quoties in rebus divinis peragenda
 Divinitus afflatæ mentis specimina
 Præstantiora edidit,
 Toties hominem sedulus oculuit
 Ut solus conspiceretur DEUS:
 Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
 Heu quantum tamen sui nos lætet!
 Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor,
 Invito obruit silentio,
 Gratiam JESU CHRISTI salutiferam
 Quam abunde hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
 Puram ab humana sæce.
 Veritatis evangelicæ decus in gens,
 Et ingens propugnaculum
 Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce;
 Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
 Nec deerat;
 Flosculos rhetoricos supervacaneos fecit
 Rerum dicendarum majestas, & Deus præsens.
 Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
 Hinc toties fugatus Satanus.
 Et hinc victoria
 Ab inferorum portis toties reportata
 Solers ille ferreis imploram animis infigere

Altum & salutare vulnus:
 Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
 Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem,
 Ex defæcato cordis fonte
 Divinis eloquiis effatim scatebant labia,
 Etiam in familiari contubernio:
 Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates
 Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recens delibitus,
 Et semper supra socios;
 Gratumque delictissimi sua JESU odorem
 Quaquaversus & late diffudit.
 Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
 Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
 Invicto animo, victrice patientia
 Varias curarum moles pertulit
 Et in stadio & in meta vitæ:
 Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
 Pterophoria fidel quasi curru alato vectus
 Propere & exultim attigit.
 Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20 Martii, 1630.
 Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ Tyrocinia fecit.
 Pastoral munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus;
 Tandem (ut semper) providentiam secutus ducem,
 Cœtui fidelium apud Londinensis præpositus est,
 Quos doctrina precibus, & vita beavit:
 Ah brevi!
 Corpore solutus 26 Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67
 Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemptar reliquit.
 Probis piisque omnibus
 Infandum sui desiderium:
 Dum pulvis CHRISTO charus hic dulcere dormit
 Expectans stellam matutinam.

TO THE REVEREND
 MR. JOHN SHOWER,
 ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER,
 MRS. ANNE WARNER.

Reverend and dear Sir,

HOW great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence, and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much imprest with the tidings of our daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in the best estate, yet I must acknowledge, that my temper leads me most to the pleasing scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the victory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove in the world of spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace out Mrs. WARNER: and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment.--- The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen on the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines that I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

Sir,

Your affectionate
 Humble Servant,
 I. W.

Dec. 22, 1707.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT ON
MRS. ANNE WARNER,

*Who died of the Small-Pox, Dec. 18, 1707, at one
of the clock in the Morning; a few days
after the birth and death of
her first Child.*

A WAKE my muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Vernera fled; with upward arm
Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels that patrol
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing scapes thy search, nor canst thou miss
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of Amaranth, or cheerful Ever-green
She sits recounting to her kindred minds,
Angelic or human, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderness;
By what divine protections she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls) but heaven secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' eternal Sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! There

Thou art forever hers, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal, and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due,
Such as are paid in heaven: And last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light
But vacant: *This* (with sure presage she cries)
Awaits my Father; when will he arrive?
How long, alas, how long! (Then calls her mate)
Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares;
Die, and partake my bliss; we are forever one.

Ah me! where roves my fancy! what kind dreams
Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, muse,
Chuses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own: so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears & pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death,
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite Truth pursuing. (When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumb'rous flesh
Pass the great seal of heaven? What happy hours
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? Divine delight!
Venera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she sings
To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour God;
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
Oh! could I imitate th' exalted notes
And mortal ears could bear them?-----

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne
 Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
 O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the sight
 Of the uncover'd Godhead, face to face?
 Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
 And hers among them, not of dimmer ore,
 Not set with meaner gems; but vain ambition,
 And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
 And pride forever banish'd flies the place,
 Curst pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,
 How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
 Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
 Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd
 To call my passions and my eyes aside
 From the dear breathless clay, distressing sight!
 I look and mourn and gaze with greedy view
 Of melancholy fondness: tears bedewing
 That form so late-desir'd, so late-belov'd.
 Now loathsome, and unlovely. Base disease,
 That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd
 So sweet a structure! The impoisoning taint
 O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
 And ruins the rich temple to the dust!

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
 Features of wit and virtue! This the face
 Where love triumph'd? and beauty on these cheeks,
 As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
 Was seated to advantage; mild, serene,
 Reflecting rosy light? So sets the sun
 (Fair eye of heav'n!) upon a crimson cloud
 Near the horizon! and with gentle ray
 Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
 Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
 Involve the golden star, and sink him down
 Opprest with darkness.----

*On the Death of an aged and honoured
Relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13, 1693-*

I.

I Know the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she
Among the heavenly forms I see
The kindred mind from fleshly bondage free ;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air, and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between.

II.

Long did the earthly house restrain
In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest ;
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her chain :
Till by the weight of num'rous days opprest
The earthly house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell ;
The captive soul became her own again :
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourscore years,
The pris'ner smil'd to be releas't,
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

III.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew ;
Raze out those melancholy shapes of woe
That hang around thy memory, and becloud it so.
Come Fancy, come, with essences refin'd,
With youthful green, and spotless white ;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a shade ;
All things above of vary'd light are made,

Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid,
 But if the features too divine
 Beyond the power of Fancy shine, [shrine.
 Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind the graceful

IV.

Describe the saint from head to feet,
 Make all the lines in just proportion meet;
 But let the posture be
 Filling a chair of high degree;
 Observe how near it stands to the Almighty seat.
 Paint the new graces of her eyes;
 Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
 And joys unknown below the skies.
 Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,
 And to the breast confin'd,
 Sits here triumphant on the brow,
 And breaks with radiant glories through
 The features of the mind.
 Express her passion still the same,
 But more divinely sweet;
 Love has an everlasting flame,
 And makes the work complete.

V.

The painter-muse with glancing eye
 Observ'd a manly spirit nigh,*
 That death had long disjoin'd:
 "In the fair tablet they shall stand
 "United by a happier band;"
 She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly mind,
 Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round!)

* My Grandfather, Mr. THOMAS WATTS, had such an acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war, 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war, he was drowned in his youth.

Since he was seen on earth no more;
 He fought in lower seas and drown'd;
 But victory and peace he found;
 On the superior shore,
 There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
 Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.
 Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,
 The pencil and the well known lute,
 Powerful numbers, charming wit,
 And every art and science meet, [feet.
 And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his

VI.

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall
 (Rich varnish of immortal art)
 To gild the bright original!
 'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd her part.
 Bring down the piece. Urania, from above,
 And let my Honour and my Love
 Dress it with chains of gold, to hang upon my heart.

A FUNERAL POEM,

ON THE DEATH OF

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

PRESENTED TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ABNEY,
LADY-MAYORESS OF LONDON.

July 1701.

MADAM,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friend-

ship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolv'd indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently check'd the too forward muse; but the importunity was not to be resisted, long lines of sorrow flow'd in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden, adjoining his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. *Tomr* *Ladyship* will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just rais'd for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses lead me to,

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other: it rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks where I so often enjoy'd his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat.---- Now, if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest things that belong'd to so valuable a person, still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: And I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: But I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your Ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations mingled with a subject so solemn as this is: had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more Christian poem; but it was grief purely natural, for a death so surprising, that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your Ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which as your Ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered by

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

most hearty and

obedient Servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY HONORED FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Who died, Nov. 11, 1700.

When he had just finished his seat at Newington.

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing heavenly muse: Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous and the young,
Gunston the friend is dead, O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin through the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hope complete,
Smiling and tasting every lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while numerous years
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres:
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw th' uncommon thread to an unusual length,
But hasty Fate thursts her dead shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
Till they are lost in shades, and mingled with the night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair Fabric that thy dying friend

Bultr nameless ; 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundation strong
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting ; there a numerous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun ;
Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are ! The founder dies
Childless, his sisters weep and close his eyes
And wait upon his hearse with never ceasing cries.
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods to every plume ;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey,
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacred tears well-watering all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the sable road ;
But no dear son to tread the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind to play
Wanton about the painted ball, and say,
This was my Father's, with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend ; but awful fate,
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this building then, this costly frame
Stand here for strangers ? Must some unknown name,
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend ?
Why was these walls rais'd for this hapless end ?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay ?
Why his rich fancy lavish thus away ?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hovering light

Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
 And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,
 Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece;
 But night, eternal night, hangs black around
 The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
 And solid shades unmingled round his bed.
 Stand hideous: earthly fogs embrace his head,
 And noisome vapours glide along his face
 Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
 Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
 Look to his airy spacious *hall* and say,
 "How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
 "Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"

Th' unhappy house, looks desolate and mourns,
 And every door groans doleful as it turns;
 The pillars languish: and each lofty wall
 Stately in grief, laments the master's fall
 In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
 His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.
 Solid and square it rises from below:
 A noble air, without a gaudy show,
 Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
 Manly and plain. Such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
 That dear memorial of the best lov'd name!
 Then could I wish for some prodigious cave
 Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave.
 Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
 Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off,
 Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
 At the gray twilight, and the early dawn.
 There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,
 Numb'ring the sorrows of my drooping soul.
 But these are airy thoughts! substantial grief
 Grows by these objects that should yield relief;

Fond of my woes I heave my eyes around,
 My grief from every prospect courts a wound ;
 Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
 Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise ;
 My wand'ring feet round the fair mansion rove,
 And there to sooth my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
 And the sweet Cowley with impatient eye,
 To see those walls, pay the sad visits there,
 And drop the tribute of an hourly tear :
 Still I behold some melancholy scene,
 With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.

Two days ago we took the evening air,
 I, and my grief, and my Urania there ;
 Say, my Urania, how the Western sun
 Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone
 Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
 And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day :
 Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
 From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead,
 The rising sun adorn'd with all his light
 Smiles on these walls again but endless night
 Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gunston lies,
 He's set forever, and must never rise.
 Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
 These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
 To greet a mourning house ? In vain the day
 Breaks through the *windows* with a joyful ray,
 And marks a shining path along the floors,
 Bounding the evening and the morning hours ;
 In vain it bounds them : while vast emptiness
 And hollow silence reigns thro' all the place,
 Nor heeds the cheerful change of Nature's face.
 Yet Nature's wheels will on without controul,
 The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,

And the two nightly *Bears* walk-round and watch the pole.

See, while I speak high on her sable wheel
 Old night advancing climbs the eastern hill :
 Troops of dark clouds prepare her way ; behold,
 How their brown pinions edg'd with evening gold
 Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away
 Slowly pursuing the declining day ;
 O'er the broad *roof* they fly their circuit still,
 Thus days before they did, and days to come they will ;
 But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,
 Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies :
 Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone
 Ah, fruitless wish ! how are his curtains drawn
 For a long evening that despairs the dawn !

Muse, view the *turret* ; just beneath the skies
 Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
 As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat,
 Sacred to friendship ! O divine retreat ?
 Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
 And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy,
 When weary of the noisy town, my friend
 From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
 And lead me thither. We alone would sit
 Free and secure of all intruding feet :
 Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings and [rise,
 Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies :
 Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
 And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
 Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats
 Built high in heaven for souls : We'd trace the streets
 Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
 And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains
 yield :
 Then would we swear to keep the sacred road
 And walk right upwards, to that blest abode :

We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
 There hand in hand approach th' Almighty seat,
 And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
 Thus should we mount on bold advent'rous wings
 In high discourse, and dwell on heav'nly things,
 While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
 And minutes measur'd, as they are above,
 By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty flight,
 Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
 A large round prospect of the spreading plain
 The wealthy river, and his winding train,
 The smoky city, and the busy men.
 How we should smile to see degenerate worms
 Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
 Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound,
 Till envy rise, and shoot a secret wound
 At swelling glory, strait the bubble breaks,
 And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
 Then the tall titles, insolent and proud,
 Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: Still vain and wild,
 Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:
 His hurrying lust, still break the sacred bound
 To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
 And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
 For a short dying joy, to sell a deathless soul!
 'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
 And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
 And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
 To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the oar,
 Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
 And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just,
 Of earthly things? nor is enslav'd to dust.
 'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
 To favourite souls. Then happy thou, my friend.
 For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
 The wealth that heav'n bestow'd with liberal hand:
 Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this seat
 Made to invite my not unwilling feet;
 In vain 'twas made; for we shall never meet,
 And smile, and love, and bless each other here,
 The envious tomb forbids thy face to appear,
 Detains thee; Gunston, from my longing eyes,
 And all my hopes lie bury'd where my Gunston lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know
 The heights of fondness, and the depths of woe;
 Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
 Unjustly murder'd with a ghastly wound;
 Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
 Clasp'd in your arms your lover's cold and dead,
 Come; in the pomp of all your wild despair,
 With flowing eye-lids, and disorder'd hair,
 Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,
 And drown your little streams in my unbounded sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
 Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
 Beyond all Nature's ties; you that have known
 Two happy souls make intimately one,
 And felt a parting stroke; 'tis you must tell
 The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
 This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
 Off from its side, its dearest half is torn,
 The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
 Oh, infinite distress! such raging grief
 Should command pity, and despair relief.

Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky *woods* and echoing *bills* around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound :
Be all ye flow'ry *vales*, with thorns o'ergrown,
Assist my sorrows, and declare your own ;
Alas ! your Lord is dead. The humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again :
Mourn, ye gay smiling *meadows*, and be seen
In wintry robes instead of youthful green ;
And bid the *brook*, that still runs warbling by,
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.
Hither, methinks, the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er the tomb :
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul with
mine.

Ye stately elms in your long order mourn*,
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn :
Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears ;
Ye elms, the rev'rend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
Of the mad winds ; thus it becomes your age
To shew your sorrows. . . Often you have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green :
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here Friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway :
Hither our souls their constant offerings brought
The burdens of the breast, and labours of the thought ;
Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground,
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found

* There was a long row of tall elms then standing where in other years after the lower garden was made.

And mingled every care; nor was it known
 Which of the pains and pleasures were our own;
 Then, with an equal hand, and honest soul,
 We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,
 And all the passions there thro' both our bosoms roll.
 By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
 And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic pow'rs
 Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours?
 Bound to thy foot we boast our birthright still,
 And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,
 And chang'd away our souls: At thy command
 We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,
 To call them ours; and thoughtless of our ease,
 Plague the dear Self that we were born to please,
 Thou Tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
 Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own:
 As though our mother Nature could no more
 Find woes sufficient for each son she bore, [store.
 Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out the
 Yet are we fond of thy imperious reign,
 Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain, [the chain.
 And chide the courteous hand when death dissolves

Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving muse,
 Wild and despairing, knows not what she does,
 Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
 Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
 She is thy vot'ress too; and at thy shrine,
 O sacred Friendship, offer'd songs divine,
 While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were thine,
 Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,
 To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
 Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind!
 And sweet the aids of sense! Each ruder wind
 Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
 Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting thro' the trees.

The linnet and the lark their vespers sung,
 And clouds of crimson o'er the horizon hung;
 The slow declining sun with sloping wheels
 Suak down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, ye young *gardens*, ye unfinish'd gates,
 Ye green inclosures, and ye growing sweets
 Lament, for ye our midnight hours have known,
 And watch'd us walking by the silent moon
 In conference divine, while heavenly fire,
 Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
 With joys almost immortal; then our zeal
 Blaz'd and burnt high to reach the ethereal hill
 And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
 Threw both our arms round one another's souls
 In rapture and embraces. Oh! forbear;
 Forbear, my song! this is too much to hear,
 Too dreadful to repeat; such joys as these
 Fled from the earth forever !.....

Oh, for a general grief! let all things share
 Our woes, that knew our loves: the neighbouring air
 Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
 And tell the gales, that every breath that flies
 Over these fields should murmur and complain,
 And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain,
 Weep all ye *buildings*, and the groves around
 Forever weep: this is an endless woud,
 Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
 His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
 At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice;
 And I no more must hear the charming voice:
 Woe to my drooping soul! that heavenly breath
 That could speak life lies now congeal'd in death;
 While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
 Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
 Once more at least, one gentle word, and then

Gunston aloud I call : In vain I cry :
 Gunston aloud ; for he must ne'er reply .
 In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
 Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears :
 Wand'ring I tune my sorrows to the groves, [loves :
 And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds our
 While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them not ;
 He hath forgot me : In the lonesome vault
 Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies,
 Deaf and unthinking clay.....

But whither am I led ? This artless grief
 Hurries the muse on, obstinate and deaf
 To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
 From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground,
 The pleasing hours, the happy moments past
 In these sweet fields reviving on my taste,
 Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.
 Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
 And reach the turret thou hast left so long :
 O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
 Long waiting our converse : but only hears
 The noisy tumults of the realms on high :
 The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
 Or jarring round the windows : rattling showers
 Lash the fair sides ; above loud thunder roars ;
 But still the master sleeps ; nor hears the voice
 Of sacred friendship, nor the tempest's noise :
 An iron slumber sits on every sense,
 In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it thence .

One labour more, my muse, the golden sphere,
 Seems to demand ; See through the dusky air
 Downward it shines upon the rising moon :
 And, as she labours up to reach her noon,
 Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
 And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night ;

But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
 Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
 Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
 Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
 Through the mid-heaven, and overcome the stars;
 "So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres."
 Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears,
 "We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
 "We heard thy grief shriek out. *He dies, he dies.*
 "Mistaken grief! to call the flesh the friend!
 "On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,
 "All heaven embrac'd him with immortal love,
 "And sung his welcome to the courts above.
 "Gentle Ichuriel led him round the skies,
 "The building struck him with immense surprise;
 "The spires all radiant and the mansions bright,
 "The roof high vaulted with ethereal light:
 "Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat
 "In heavenly diamond; and for every gate
 "On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
 "Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
 "Millions of glories reign through every part;
 "Infinite power, and uncreated art
 "Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
 "How it out-shines the noblest scenes below.
 "The stranger fed his gazing pow'rs a while
 "Transported: Then with a regardless smile,
 "Glanc'd his eye downward thro' the chrysal floor,
 "And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urbin, leave the doleful strain;
 Raphael commands: Assume thy joys again.
 In everlasting numbers, sing, and say,
 "Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day;
 "Gunston the friend lives still: and give thy groans
 away."

AN ELEGY ON
MR. THOMAS GOUGE.

TO MR. ARTHUR SHALLET, MERCHANT.

WORTHY SIR,

*THE subject of the following Elegy was
high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your
affection. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance
of the Muse to make it perpetual, but when she can at
once pay her honours to the venerable Dead, and by
this address acknowledge the favours she has received
from the Living, 'tis a double pleasure to,*

Sir,

Your obliged
Humble Servant,

J. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. MR. THOMAS GOUGE.

Who died Jan. 8th, 1699.....1700.

I.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint *Psal. 137*
 Could teach Euphrates not to flow, *Lam. i.*
 Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint, *2, 3.*
 Array'd in beauty and in woe:
 Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn,
 And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophets urn,
 O could my lips or flowing eyes
 But imitate such charming grief,
 I'd teach the seas, and reach the skies
 Wainings, and sobs, and sympathies.

Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;
 Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears
 While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

II.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
 And sent his minister of death
 To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
 And to demand our prophet's breath:
 He came commission'd for the fates
 Of awful Mead, and charming Bates;
 There he essay'd the vengeance first, [dust.
 Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge to

III.

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the sound!
 How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!
 Oh, painful stroke! distressing death!
 A wound unmeasurably wide:
 No vulgar mortal dy'd
 When he resign'd his breath.
 The muse that mourns a nation's fall,
 Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
 Should mingle majesty and groans,
 Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
 And in deep sounding numbers tell
 How Zion trembled, when this pillar fell.
 Zion grows weak, and England poor,
 Nature herself, with all her store,
 Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

IV.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
 Sure he was some ethereal mind,
 Fated in flesh to be confin'd,
 And order'd to be born.
 His soul was of th' angelic frame,
 The same ingredients, and the mould the same,
 When the Creator makes a minister of flame,

He was all form'd of heavenly things,
Morals, believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly,
Up through the ocean of the sky,
Tow'rd the celestial coast;
With what amazing swiftness soar,
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost!
Scarcely could the muse pursue him with her sight;
But angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wondrous flight,
And knew the stranger well;
Say, how he past the radiant spheres
And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the well known turnings of the golden
And walk'd among the stars. [streets]

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears,
To learn the unutterable name,
To view the eternal base that bears
The new creations frame.
The countenance of God he saw,
Full of mercy; full of awe,
The glories of his power, and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel, and the fiery law.

In that majestic face.
 That face did all his gazing powers employ,
 With most profound abasement and exalted joy,
 The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
 He stood adoring by;
 The volumes open'd to his eye,
 And sweet intelligence he held,
 With all his shining kindred of the sky.

VII.

Ye seraphs that surround the throne,
 Tell how his name was through the palace known,
 How warm his zeal was, and how like your own;
 Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
 And bold blasphemers shrink and fear*:
 Impudent tongues! to blast a prophet's name!
 The poison store was fetch'd from hell,
 Where the old blasphemers dwell,
 To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame!
 Impudent tongues! you should be dartsed through,
 Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
 Useless and dead till Slander die,
 Till Slander die with you.

VIII.

"We saw him, said the ethereal throng,
 "We saw his warm devotion rise;
 "We heard the fervor of his cries,
 "And mix his praises with our song:
 "We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,
 "Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,
 "Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
 "And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial
 towers,
 "To reach the blessing down for those that sought
 "Of us we beheld the Thunderer's hand

* Though he was so great and good, a man he did not escape censure.

" Rais'd high to crush the factious foe;
 " And oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand
 " Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
 " While his ascending pray'r upheld the falling blow."

IX.

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
 My muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight,
 Place him surrounded as he stood
 With pious crowds; while from his tongue
 A stream of harmony ran soft along,
 And every year drank in the flowing good:
 Softly it ran its silver way,
 Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong:
 Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode
 Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
 Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent flood,
 And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts and
 souls to God.

O might we dwell forever there!
 No more return to breathe this grosser air,
 This atmosphere of sin, calamity and care.

X.

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight,
 While we belong to clay,
 Passions of terror and delight,
 Demand alternate sway.
 Behold the man whose awful voice
 Could well proclaim the fiery law,
 Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
 And swell the trumper's warlike noise,
 He stands the herald of the threatening skies,
 Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,
 All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in his
 Round the high roof the curses flew
 Distinguishing each guilty head,
 Far from th' unequal war, th' Atheist fled,

His kindled arrows still pursue,
 His arrows strike the Atheist through,
 And o'er his ignominy a shuddering horror spread,
 The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
 Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel
 Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
 And dread the echoes of the sound.
 The lofty wretch arm'd and array'd
 In gaudy pride sinks down his impious head,
 Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the dead.

XI.

Now, muse, assume a softer strain,
 Now sooth the sinner's raging smart,
 Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
 To calm the surging conscience and assuage the pain;
 He from a bleeding God derives
 Life for the souls that guilt had slain,
 And strait the dying rebel lives,
 The dead arise again;
 The opening skies almost obey
 His powerful song; a heavenly ray
 Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful day,
 His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,
 Recalls the scenes of ancient years,
 To make the Saviour known;
 Sweetly the flying charmer roves
 Through all his labours and his loves,
 The anguish of his cross, and triumphs of his throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our feet to try
 The steep ascent of Calvary,
 And sets the fatal tree before our eye:
 See, here celestial sorrow reigns;
 Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
 Tint'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.
 In wondrous words he sung the vital flood
 Where all our sins were drown'd,
 Words fit to heal and fit to wound,

Sharp as the spear, and balmy as the blood,
In his discourse divine
A fresh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept sympathetic time.
And trickled to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful sound,
Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring God.

XIII.

Down to the mansions of the dead,
With trembling joy our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear Prince of life reclines his head,
Darkness and shades among.
With pleasing horror we survey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs;
The rising God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing train.

XIV.

See the bright squadrons of the sky,
Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly.
Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him high.
A shining car the Conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to the wheel.
The opening gates of bliss receive the King,
The Father God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing,
Behold him on his native throne,
Dress'd in new light, and beamy robes,

Glory sits fast upon his head ;
 His hand rolls on the seasons and the shining globes,
 And sways the living worlds and regions of the dead.

XV.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below,
 Vast was his trust, and great his skill,
 Bright the credentials he could show,
 And thousands own'd the seal ;
 His hallow'd lips could well impart
 The grace, the promise, and command :
 He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
 And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
 How did our souls start out to hear
 The embassies of love he bare,
 While every ear in rapture hung
 Upon the charming wonders of his tongue !
 Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound
 Attention stood with all her powers,
 With fixed eyes and awe profound,
 Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
 Nor knew the flying hours.

XVI.

But, O my everlasting grief !
 Heav'n has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
 Hence deluges of sorrow rise,
 Nor hope the impossible relief.
 Ye remnants of the sacred tribe,
 Who feel the loss, come share the smart,
 And mix your groans with mine :
 Where is the tongue that can describe
 Infinite things with equal art,
 Or language so divine ?
 Our passions want the heavenly flame,
 Almighty love breathes faintly in our songs,
 And awful threat'nings languish on our tongues ;
 Howe is a great but single name :
 Amidst the crowd he stands alone ;

Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone,
Eternal God, command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay ;
O we could wish his age were one immortal day !
But when the flaming chariots come,
And shining guards t' attend the prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies.

FINIS.

10. The following information is provided for the year ended 31/12/2018:

Revenue
Cost of sales
Gross profit
Less: Administrative expenses
Less: Selling expenses
Less: Depreciation
Less: Finance charges
Less: Income tax
Profit before tax
Less: Income tax
Profit after tax

2018

£ million

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