

The Fatality.

Let unmixt Darkness shade the gloomy Air,
 Till all our fable Horizon appear,
 Dismale as I, black as the Weeds I wear;
 With me thy abdicated State deplore,
 And be like me, that's by thy self no more.

The Fatality.

COME all ye grand Predestinarians now,
 Your Doctrin to the Height I will allow:
 I who with utmost Force resist my Fate,
 But am to Ills alone predestinate;
 In vain I strive th' immutable Decree,
 Has pass'd on my unlucky Destiny.
 With Sighs and Tears I did at first begin,
 To conquer Fate as others would their Sin;
 Each Path I trod I went with Caution on,
 But every Step doth lead to be undone:
 And when a threatening Storm was in my View,
 I from it (wisely as I thought) withdrew;
 But whilst the approaching Ills with Fear I shun,
 Into some other certain Harms I run;
 So when some mighty Grief did press my Soul,
 I would th' uneasy Tyranny controul;

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(Like a distracted Man that will not bear,
Those Fetters which Discretion makes him wear;
But frets and raves, and breaks the friendly Chain,
Which did from greater Injuries refrain;
He'll not be bar'd a dangerous Liberty,
Tho' he to Outrages and Mischief fly.)
Thus I from one Misfortune force my Way,
By Means that does to greater still betray;
One Sorrow seldom attends long on me,
I have a torturing Variety,
I change and change, yet still 'tis Misery.
A Hydra Fate my Ruin does pursue,
Cut off one ill, strait, there springs up a new,
And they'll arise *ad infinitum* too.
Ther's none the mystick Scrolls of Fate can read,
Nor shun the Ills by mighty Powers decreed,
Hood-wink'd by them, just as they guide we tread.
In vain we say we this or that will do,
It cannot be unless they'll have it so;
The only Way to ease our Discontents,
Is to conclude they must be such Events;
Such as the mighty hidden source of Things,
Bubbles from it's inevitable Springs.