

nipotent Decree,
 thy Face we see;
 explore a kind Relief,
 imates thy Grief;
 Charity benign,
 y Looks confine.
 magination goes:
 THEANOR his disclose
 open to our Sight
 ment gives Delight;
 o's to Perfections climb,
 ut for Things sublime:
 fresh Beauties still present
 ou'd leave the Eye content
 as Hours the Days would
 to observe by HIM.

The Poor Man's Lamb:

OR,

*Nathan's Parable to David after
 the Murder of Uriah, and his
 Marriage with Bathsheba.*

Turn'd into Verse and Paraphras'd.

NOW spent the alter'd King, in am'rous
 The Hours of sacred Hymns and solemn
 [Pray'rs;

In vain the Altar waits his slow returns,
 Where unattended Incense faintly burns:

In vain the whisp'ring Priests their Fears express,
 And of the Change a thousand Causes guess.

Heedless of all their Censures He retires,

And in his Palace feeds his secret Fires;

Impatient, till from *Rabbah* Tydings tell,

That near those Walls the poor *Uriah* fell,

Led

Led to the Onset by a Chosen Few,
 Who at the treacherous Signal, soon withdrew,
 Nor to his Rescue e'er return'd again,
 Till by fierce Ammon's Sword they saw the Victim
 'Tis pass'd, 'tis done! the holy Marriage-Knot,
 Too strong to be unty'd, at last is cut.
 And now to Bathsheba the King declares,
 That with his Heart, the Kingdom too is hers;
 That Israel's Throne, and longing Monarch's Arms
 Are to be fill'd but with her widow'd Charms,
 Nor must the Days of formal Tears exceed,
 To cross the Living, and abuse the Dead,
 This she denies; and signs of Grief are worn;
 But mourns no more than may her Face adorn,
 Give to those Eyes, which Love and Empire fir'd,
 A melting Softness more to be desir'd;
 Till the fixt Time, tho' hard to be endur'd,
 Was pass'd, and a sad Consort's Name procur'd;

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Hear

When, with the Pomp that suits a Prince's
 [Thought,
 By Passion sway'd, and glorious Woman taught,
 A *Queen* she's made, than *Michal* seated higher,
 Whilst light unusual Airs prophane the hallow'd
 [Lyre.

Where art thou *Nathan*? where's that Spirit now,
 Giv'n to brave Vice, tho' on a Prince's Brow?
 In what low Cave, or on what Desert Coast,
 Now Virtue wants it, is thy Presence lost?

But lo! he comes, the Rev'rend *Bard* appears,
 Desil'd with Dust his awful silver Hairs,
 And his rough Garment, wet with falling Tears.
 The King this mark'd, and conscious wou'd have
 The healing Balm which for his Wounds was shed:
 Till the more wary Priest the Serpents Art,
 Join'd to the Dove-like Temper of his Heart,
 And thus retards the Prince just ready now to part.

Hear

Hear me, the Cause betwixt two Neighbours hear
 Thou, who for Justice dost the Sceptre bear:
 Help the Opprest, nor let me weep alone
 For him, that calls for Succour from the Throne,
 Good Princes for Protection are Ador'd,
 And Greater by the *Shield*, than by the *Sword*.
 This clears the Doubt, and now no more he fears
 The Cause his Own, and therefore stays and hears
 When thus the *Prophet*: —

— In a flow'ry Plain

A King-like Man does in full Plenty reign;
 Casts round his Eyes, in vain, to reach the Bound
 Which *Jordan's* Flood sets to his fertile Ground:
 Countless his Flocks, whilst *Lebanon* contains
 A Herd as large, kept by his numerous Swains,
 That fill with morning Bellowings the cool Air,
 And to the Cedar's shade at scorching Noon repair
 Near to this Wood a lowly *Cottage* stands,
 Built by the humble Owner's painful Hands;

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Wixt two Neighbours hear
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Fields

Fenc'd by a Stubble-roof, from Rain and Heat,
 Secur'd without, within all Plain and Neat.

A Field of small Extent furrounds the Place,

In which One single *Eve* did sport and graze:

This his whole Stock, till in fall time there came,

To blest his utmost Hopes, a snowy *Lamb*;

Which, lest the Season yet too Cold might prove,

And Northern Blasts annoy it from the Grove,

Or tow'ring Fowl on the weak Prey might sieze,

(For with his Store his *Fears* must too increase)

He brings it Home, and lays it by his Side;

At once his Wealth, his Pleasure and his Pride;

Still bars the Door, by Labour call'd away,

And, when returning at the Clofe of Day,

With One small Mefs himself, and that sustains,

And half his Dish it shares, and half his slender
 [Gains.

When to the great Man's Table now there

A Lord as great, follow'd by hungry Grooms:

For

Miscellany POEMS.

For these must be provided fundry Meats,
 The Best for Some, for Others coarser Cates.
 One Servant, diligent above the rest
 To help his Master to contrive the Feast,
 Extols the Lamb was nourish'd with such Care,
 So fed, so lodg'd, it must be Princely Fare;
 And having this, my Lord his own may spare,
 In haste he sends, led by no Law, but Will,
 Not to entreat, or purchase, but to Kill.
 The Messenger's arriv'd; the harmless Spoil,
 Unus'd to fly, runs Bleating to the Toil:
 Whilst for the Innocent the Owner fear'd,
 And, sure wou'd move, cou'd Poverty be heard
 (*he spares* (he cries) *the Product of my Cares,*
My Stock's Encrease, the Blessing on my Prayrs;
My growing Hope, and Treasure of my Life!
 More was he speaking, when the murd'ring Knave
 Shew'd him, his Suit, tho' just, must be deny'd,
 And the white Fleece in its own Scarlet dy'd;

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 5, when the murd'ring Knife
 , tho' just, must be deny'd;
 e in its own Scarlet dy'd;

Whilst the poor helpless Wretch stands weep-
 And lifts his Hands for Justice to the Sky.

Which he shall find, th' incens'd King replies,
 When for the proud Offence th' Oppressor dies.

O Nathan! by the Holy Name I swear,
 Our Land such Wrongs unpunish'd shall not bear
 If, with the Fault, th' Offender thou declare.

To whom the Prophet, closing with the Time,
 Thou art the Man replies, and thine th' ill-natur'd
 [Crime.

Nor think, against thy Place, or State, I err;

A Pow'r above thee does this Charge prefer;

Urg'd by whose Spirit, hither am I brought

T' expostulate his Goodness, and thy Fault;

To lead thee back to those forgotten Years,

In Labour spent, and lowly Rustick Cares,

When in the Wilderness thy Flocks but few,

Thou didst the Shepherd's simple Art pursue

Thro' crusting Frosts, and penetrating Dew: Till

Till wondring *Jesse* saw six Brothers past,
 And Thou Elected, Thou the Least and Last;
 A Sceptre to thy Rural Hand convey'd,
 And in thy Bosom Royal Beauties laid;
 A lovely Princess made thy Prize that Day,
 When on the shaken Ground the *Giant* lay
 Stupid in Death, beyond the Reach of Cries
 That bore thy shouted Fame to list'ning Skies,
 And drove the flying Foe as fast away,
 As Winds, of old, *Locusts* to *Egypt's* Sea.

Thy Heart with Love, thy Temples with Renown,
 Th' All-giving Hand of Heav'n did largely
 [crown,

Whilst yet thy Cheek was spread with youth-
 ful Down.

What more cou'd craving Man of God implore?
 Or what for favour'd Man cou'd God do more?
 Yet cou'd not These, nor *Israel's* Throne, suffice
 Intemp'rate Wishes, drawn thro' wand'ring Eyes

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Miscellany P O E M S.

81

One Beauty (not thy own) and seen by chance,
 Melts down the Work of Grace with an alluring
 [Glance;

Chafes the Spirit, fed by sacred Art,
 And blots the Title *AFTER GOD'S OWN*
 [*HEART*;

Black Murder breeds to level at *his* Head,
 Who boasts so fair a Part'ner of his Bed,
 Nor longer must possess those envy'd Charms,
 The single Treasure of his House, and Arms:
 Giving, by this thy Fall, cause to Blaspheme
 To all the Heathen the *Almighty* Name.

For which the *Sword* shall still thy Race pursue,
 And, in revolted *Israel's* scornful View,
 Thy captiv'd Wives shall be in Triumph led
 Unto a bold Usurper's shameful Bed;
 Who from thy Bowels sprung shall seize thy
 [Throne,

And scourge thee by a Sin beyond thy own,

Thou

Thou hast thy Fault in secret Darkness done;
 But this the World shall see before the Noon,
 [day's Sun

Enough! the King, enough! the *Saint* replies,
 And pours his swift Repentance from his Eyes,
 Falls on the Ground, and tears the Nuptial Vell,
 By which his Crime's Completion was exprest:
 Then with a Sigh blasting to Carnal Love,
 Drawn deep as Hell, and piercing Heaven, above,
 Let *Me* (he cries) let *Me* attend his Rod,
 For *I* have sinn'd, for *I* have loft my God.

Hold! (says the *Prophet*) of that Speech beware,
 God ne'er was loft, unless by Man's Despair.
 The Wound that is thus willingly reveal'd,
 Th' Almighty is as willing shou'd be heal'd.
 Thus wash'd in Tears, thy Soul as fair does show,
 As the first Fleece, which on the Lamb does ^{grow};
 Or on the Mountain's top the lately fallen ^{[Snow,}

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Yet to the World that Juſtice may appear

Acting her Part impartial, and ſevere,

The *Offspring* of thy Sin ſhall ſoon reſign

That Life, for which thou muſt not once repine;

But with ſubmiſſive Grief his Fate deplore,

And bleſs the Hand, that does inflict no more.

Shall I then pay but Part, and owe the Whole?

My Body's Fruit, for my offending Soul?

Shall I no more endure (the King demands)

And 'ſcape thus lightly his offended Hands?

Oh! let him All reſume, my Crown, my Fame;

Reduce me to the Nothing, whence I came;

Call back his Favours, faſter than he gave;

And, if but Pardon'd, ſtrip me to my Grave:

Since (tho' he ſeems to *Loſe*) He ſurely *Wins*,

Who gives but earthly Comforts for his Sins.