The SPLEEN.

A Pindarick Poem.

What art thou, Spleen, which could find,

Who never yet thy real Caue could find,

Still varying thy perplexing Form,

A Calm of stolid Difcontent,

Then dayling on the Rocks all rage into a Storm,

Trembling sometimes thou dost appear,

On Sleep intruding doth the Shadwos spread,

Thy gloomy Terrors round the silent Bed,

And crowching with boading Dreams the Melancholy Head;

Or, when the Midnight Hour is told,

And drooping Lids thou still dost waking hold,

The SPLEEN.
M erectile POEMS.

Thy fond Delusions cheat the Eyes,
Before them antick Spectres dance,
Unusual Fires their pointed Heads advance,
And airy Phantoms rise.

Such was the monstrous Vifian teen,
When Brutus (now beneath his Cares opprest),
All Rome's Fortunes rolling in his Breaft,
Before Philip's latest Field,

Was vanquished by the Spleen,
Felly, the Mortal Part we blame
Of our depreff, and poudrous Frame,
Which, till the First degrading Sin
Let Thees, its dull Attendant, in,
Still with the Other did comply,
Nor clagg'd the Active Soul, disposed to fly,
And range the Manifolds of it's native Sky.

No,

Not...
Nor, whilst in his own Heaven he dwell,
Whilst Man his Paradise poffect,
His fertile Garden in the fragrant East,
And all united Odours mixt,
No armed Sweets, until thy Reign,
Could coax the Sense, or in the Face,
A flufh, unhand from Colour place.

Now the Jovis the feeble Brain,
We faint beneath the Aromatick Pain,
Till fome offensive Scent thy Pow'r appeale,
And Pleasure we reign for short, and naught
In every One thou doft poffel,
New are thy Motions, and thy Drefs;
Now in fome Grove a lifting Friend,
The Foal Suggftions muft attend,
Thy whisper'd Griefs, thy fancy'd Sorrows hear,
Breath'd in a Sigh, and witnefs'd by a Tear;
M Miscellaneous POEMS.

While in the light, and vulgar Crow d,
Thy Slaves, more clamorous and loud,
By Laughter unprovok'd, thy Influence too confes.

In Clouds to the attractive Brain,
Which from o'ert'heat Pashions rile,
Until defending thence again,
Prim't the o'er-cafe, and show'ring Eyes, o'er

The disputed Point must yield,
Upon her Husband's lotten'd Heart,
Composes for Peace, to make that Right away,
And Woman, arm'd with Sleep, do's fervently.

Till Lordly Man, born to Imperial Sway,
Obey.
Complains of the pretended Fits,
And Dullness, born with him, would lay
Upon thy accidental Sway;

POEMS

[Text continues on the page]
MISCELLANY POEMS.

Because, sometimes, thou dost presume
Into the ablest Heads to come,
That, often, Men of Thoughts denied,
Impatient of unequal Sense,
Such flow Returns, where they do much prevail:
O'er meals! thou dost too much prevail.
I feel thy Force, whilst I against thee rail;
I feel the vice decay, and my cramp Numbers
As Dark, and Terrible as Thine,

Thro' thy black Jaundice I all Objects see,
As Dark, and Terrible as Thine.

My Lines decay'd, and my Employment thought,
An u'd Folly, or prelumptuous Fault;
Whilst in the Muses Paths I stray,
Whilst in their Groves, and by their secret Springs,

My Hand delights to trace unual Things,
Nor will in fading Silks compose.
Faintly, th' inimitable Rgs,

The [fill]
Miscellaneous Poems.

Fill up an ill-drawn Bird, or paint on Glass
The Sovereign's blunted and undistinguishing Face.
Parrot thou art to ev'ry gros' Abuse,
The threaten'g Angel, and the speaking Aes.

When the ill Humour with his Wife he spends,
The fallen Husband's feign'd Excuses, old
And bears recruited Wit, and Spirits to his
[Friends.

The Son of Bacchus pleads thy Pow'r,
As to the Glaives he fell repairs,
Prepends but to remove thy Cares,
W'd in Variety be Fair,

Snatch from thy Shades one gay, and smiling Hour,
And drown thy Kingdom in a purple Show'r,
And ev'ry Fool admires,
From Light, Impertinent, and Vain,

And

Affumes a soft, a melancholy Air,
And
Miscellany POEMS.

And of her Eyes rebates the wand’ring Fires,
The careless Posture, and the Head reclin’d,
   The thoughtful, and composed Face,
Proclaiming the withdrawn, the absent Mind,
   Allows the Fop more liberty to gaze,
   Who gently for the tender Cause inquires;
   The Cause, indeed, is a Deseat in Sense,
Yet is the Spleen alledg’d, and still the dull Pre

   But these are thy fantastick Harms,
   The Tricks of thy pernicious Stage,
   Which do the weaker Sort engage;
   Worse are the dire Effects of thy more pow’
   By Thee Religion, all we know,
   That shou’d enlighten here below,
   Is veil’d in Darkness, and perplexed
   With anxious Doubts, with endless Scruples
And some Restraint imply’d from each perva

   Whilst To,
   Is but thy re

   From Speech
to Desart;
Mistaken
   Whilst the
Do but the S
   In vain to
In vain,
   I
   Or the
Some pass,

   Now Art
Inspire
From the
Musick but for
   And if too
Whilst Touch nor, Taste nor, what is freely giv'n,
Is but thy niggard Voice, disgracing bounteous
Heav'n.

From Speech restrain'd, by thy Deceits abused,
To Dearts banish'd, or in Cells recluse,
Mistaken Vot'ries to the Pow'r's Divine,
Whil'st they a purer Sacrifice design,
Doubt the Spleen obey, and worship at thy Shrine,
In vain the Indian Leaf infuse,
In vain all Remedies apply,
In vain the parch'd Eastern Berry bruise;

Or the parch'd Eastern Berry bruise;
Liquors use.

Liquors use.

In vain, tho' pales in vain, tho' Boundless,
In vain, tho' pales in vain, tho' Boundless,

Some pales, in vain, tho' Boundless, and nobler
In vain the Indian Leaf infuse,
In vain, tho' pales in vain, tho' Boundless,

Now Harmony, in vain, we bring
Inspire thee, and touch the String.

Now Harmony, in vain, we bring
Inspire the Flute, and touch the String.

From Harmony no help is had;
From Harmony no help is had;

Majesty but foolishe, if too sweetly fad,
And if too light, but turns thee gayly Mad.}

Tho'
Tho' the Physicians greatest Gains,
Altho' his growing Wealth he sees
Daily encreas'd by Ladies Fees,
Yet dost thou baffle all his studious Pains.
Not skilful Lower thy Source cou'd find,
Or thro' the well-dissected Body trace
The secret, the mysterious ways,
By which thou dost surprize, and prey upon the
[ Mind.
Tho' in the Search, too deep for Humane
[ Thought,
With unsuccessful Toil he wrought,
'Till thinking Thee to've catch'd, Himself by
[ thee was caught,
Retain'd thy Pris'ner, thy acknowledg'd Slave.
And sunk beneath thy Chain to a lamented Grave.