

Poems on several Occasions. 21

The *Moon*, to see her *Brother* stop his *Car*,
Grew *pale*, and curb'd her *sable Reins* for *Fear*,
Thy *threatning Arrows* gild their *flaming way*,
And at the *glittering* of thy *Spear* the *Heathen* dare
not stay ;

The very *sight* of thee did them *subdue*,
And arm'd with *Fury* thou the *Vict'ry* didst pur-
sue.

So now, great *God*, wrapt in avenging *Thun-*
(der,
Meet thine and *William's Foes*, and tread them
groveling under.

The **ATHENIANS**
To the Compiler of the Pindarick
now Recited.

(1.)
WE yield ! we yield ! the *Palm*, bright
Maid ! be thine !

How *vast* a *Genius* sparkles in each
Line !

How *Noble* all ! how *Loyal* ! how *Di-*
vine ! B 3 Sure

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Sure thou by *Heaven-inspir'd*, art sent
To make the *Kings* and *Nations Foes* repent,
To melt each *Stubborn Rebel* down,
Or the Almighty's *how'ring Vengeance* show,
Arm'd with his *glittering Spear* and *dreadful*
Bow,

And yet *more dreadful Frown.*

Ah wou'd they *bear* ! ah wou'd they *try*
Th' *exhaustless Mercy* yet in store
From *Earths* and *Heavens* offended *Majesty*,
Both calmly ask, *Why will they dye* ?
Ah ! wou'd they yet *Repent*, and *sin* no more !

(2.)

How *blest'd*, how *happy* we,
Cou'd all we *write* one *Convert* make,
How gladly *New Affronts* cou'd take
One Convert to dear *Virtue*, and dear *Loyalty* ?
Tho' the *full Crop* reserv'd for *thee*.
Oh *Virgin* ! touch thy *Lyre* :

What

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What *Fiend* so stubborn to refuse

The *soft*, yet *powerful Charms* of thy *Celestial*
Muse?

What *gentle Thoughts* will they *inspire*!

How will thy *Voice*, how will thy *Hand*,

Black Rebel-Legions to the *Deep Command*!

Black Rebel-Legions murmuring take their
flight,

And sink away to conscious *Shades* of *everlasting*
Night :

While those they left, *amazed stand*,

And scarce *believe* themselves, themselves to
find

Cloath'd, calm, and in a *better Mind*.

(3.)

Begin, begin, thy *Noble Choice*,

Great *William* claims thy *Lyre*, and claims
thy *Voice*,

All like himself the *Hero* shew,

Which *none* but *thou* canst do.

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At *Landen* paint him, *Spears* and *Trophies*
round,
And *Twenty thousand Deaths* upon the slippery
ground :

Now, now the dreadful *Shock's* begun,
Fierce *Luxemburg* comes *thundering* on :
They *charge, retreat, return* and *fly,*
Advance, retire, kill, conquer, dye !

Tell me, some *God,* what *Gods* are those
Enwrapt in *Clouds of Smoak* and *Foes,*
Who oft the *tottering Day* restore ?
'Tis *William* and *Bavaria,* say no more !
William—— that lov'd, that dreadful *Name !*
Bavaria ! Rival of his *Fame.*

A *third* comes close behind, who shou'd he be ?
'Tis *Ormond ! mighty Ormond !* sure 'tis he :
'Tis nobly fought—they must prevail ;
Ah no, our *Sins* weigh down the doubtful
Scale.

Ah

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Ah thankless *England*, they engag'd for thee,
Or never cou'd have miss'd the *Victory* :

With high *Disdain* from the moist *Field* they go,
And dreadfully *Retreat*, yet *Face* the trembling
Foe.

Thus Sing, *Bright Maid* ! ^(4.) thus and yet louder
Sing,

Thy *God* and *King* !

Cherish that *Noble Flame* which warms thy
Breast,

And be by *future Worlds* admir'd and bless'd :

The *present Ages* short-liv'd *Glories* scorn,

And into wide *Eternity* be born !

There *Chast Orinda's* Soul shall meet with
thine,

More *Noble*, more *Divine* ;

And in the *Heaven of Poetry* for ever shine :

There all the *glorious few*,

To *Loyalty* and *Virtue* true,

Like *her* and *you*.

'Tis

26 *Poems on several Occasions.*

'Tis that, 'tis that alone must make you *truely*
great,

Not all your *Beauty* equal to your *Wit,*

(For sure a *Soul* so *fine*

Wou'd ne'r possess a *Body* less *divine*)

Not all *Mortality* so loudly *boast,*

Which *withers* soon and *fades,*

Can ought avail when *hurry'd* to th' uncomfor-
table *Coasts,*

Where wander wide *lamenting Ghosts,*

And thin *unbody'd Shades.*

'Tis *Virtue* only with you goes,

And guards you thro' Ten thousand *Foes* ;

Hold fast of that, 'twill soon direct your flight

To *endless Fame* and *endless Light* ;

If that you lose, you *sink* away,

And take eternal leave of *Day.*

Then fly false *Man,* if you'd an *Angel* prove,

And consecrate to *Heaven* your *Nobler Love.*