

30 *Poems on several Occasions.*

What mad *mistaken bravery* draws 'em in,  
Where *Constancy's* no Virtue but a Sin?  
How can they still their *fallen Prince* esteem?  
When *false* to *Heaven*, why are they *true* to *him*?  
O! must they *sink*! a glorious *Starry Race*!  
They are almost too *good*, for that *sad place*.  
That *waits* their *Fall*: It must not, *cannot* be,  
If *err* we do, wee'l *err* with *Charity*,  
*Father!* they may be *Sav'd!* we'll *joyn* with  
*Thee!*

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*Upon King William's passing the  
Boyn, &c.*

**W**Hat *mighty geniours* thus excites my  
(Breast  
With flames too great to manage or  
(resist;  
And prompts my humbler Muse at once to Sing,  
( Unequal Task ) the *Hero and the King.* Ob

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*Oh were the potent inspiration less !*

I might find words its Raptures to express ;

But now I neither can its force controul,

Nor paint the *great Ideas* of my Soul :

Even so the *Priests Inspir'd*, left half the Mind

Of the *unutterable* God behind.

Too soft's my Voice the *Hero* to express ;

Or, like himself, the War-like Prince to dress ;

Or, speak him Acting in the dreadful Field,

As Brave Exploits as e'r the Sun beheld ;

( Secure, and Threatning as a *Martial God*,

Among the thickest of his Foes he Rode ;

And, like an Angry *Torrent* forc't his way

Through all the Horrors that in Ambush lay :)

Or at the *Boyne* describe him as he stood

*Resolv'd, upon the edges of the Flood :*

On, on, Great *William* ; for no Breast but  
Thine,

Was ever urg'd with such a Bold Design :

Indulge

32 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Indulge the Motions of this Sacred Heat ;

For none but thee *can weild a thought so great.*

*He's lanch'd, he's lanch'd ;* the foremost from the

Shore ;

The Noblest Weight that e'r the River Bore.

To smooth their Streams, the smiling *Naides*

haft ;

And, Rising, did him Homage as he pass'd :

*And all the shapes of Death and Horror——*

*No more--ah stay--though in a cause so good ;*

'Tis pitty to expend that Sacred Blood.

Why wilt thou thus the boldest Dangers seek,

*And foremost through the Hostile Squadrons break ?*

Why wilt thou thus so bravely venture all ?

Oh, where's unhappy *Albion*, should'st thou

fall ?

Keep near him still, you *kind Aethereal Powers*,

That Guard him, and are pleas'd, the Task is  
yours.

All

*Poems on several Occasions.* 33

All the Ill Fate that threatens him oppose ;  
Confound the Forces of his Foreign Foes,  
*And Treacherous Friends less generous than those ;*  
May Heaven success to all his Actions give,  
*And long, and long, and long, let WILLIAM live.*

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*The Vanity of the World,  
In a Poem to the Athenians.*

**W**hat if serenely blest with Calms I swam  
Pactolus ! in thy golden Sanded stream?  
Not all the wealth that lavish Chance cou'd give  
My soul from Death cou'd one short Hour reprieve.  
When from my Heart the wandring Life must move  
No Cordial all my useles Gold cou'd prove.  
What tho' I plung'd in Joys so deep and wide,  
'Twou'd tire my Thoughts to reach the distant side,  
Fancy it self 'twou'd tire to plumb the Abyss ;  
If I for an uncertain Lease of this  
Sold the fair hopes of an eternal bliss?

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What