

A Pindarick, to the Athenian Society.

I.

I'VE toucht *each string*, each muse I have invok't,
Yet still the mighty theam,
Copes my unequal praise ;
Perhaps, the *God of Numbers* is provok't.
I grasp a Subject fit for none but him,
Or *Drydens* sweeter lays ;
Dryden! A name I ne're could yet rehearse,
But straight my thoughts were all transformed to verse.

II.

And now methinks I rise ;
But still the *lofty Subject* baulks my flight,
And still my *muse* despairs to do great *Athens* right ;
Yet takes the *Zealous Tribute* which I bring,
The early products of a Female muse ;
Untill the *God*, into my breast shall *mightier thoughts*
infuse.

When

16 *Poems on several Occasions.*

When I with more Command, and *prouder voice*
shall sing ;

But how shall I describe the matchless men ?

I'm lost in the *bright labyrinth* agen.

III.

When the *lewd age*, as ignorant as accurst,

Arriv'd in vice and error to the worst,

And like *Astrea* banisht from the stage,

Virtue and Truth were ready *stretcht for flight* ;

Their numerous foes,

Scarce one of eithers Champions ventur'd to oppose;

Scarce one *brave mind*, durst openly engage,

To do them right.

Till prompted with a generous rage ;

You cop't with all th' abuses of the age ;

Uumaskt and *challeng'd* its abhorred crimes,

Nor fear'd to *lash* the darling vices of the times.

IV.

Successfully go on,

T' inform and bless mankind as you've begun,

Till

Till like your selves they see ;
The frantick world's imagin'd Joys to be,
Unmanly, sensual and effeminate,
Till they with such exalted thoughts possess ;
As you've inspir'd into my *willing Breast,*
Are *charm'd*, like me, from the impending fate.

V.

For ah ! *Forgive me Heaven,* I blush to say't,
I with the vulgar world thought *Irreligion great,*
Tho fine my breeding, and my Notions high ;
Tho train'd in the *bright* tracts of strictest piety,
I like my *splendid tempters* soon grew vain,
And laid my slighted innocence a side ;
Yet oft my nobler thoughts I have bely'd,
And to be ill was *even reduc'd to feign.*

VI.

Untill by you,
With more Heroick sentiments inspir'd,
I turn'd and *stood* the vigorous torrent too,

18 *Poems on several Occasions.*

And at my former *weak retreat admir'd* ;
So much was I by your *example fir'd*,
So much the *heavenly form* did win :
Which to my eyes *you'd painted virtue in*.

VII.

Oh, could my verse ;
With *equal flights*, to after times rehearse,
Your *fame* : It should as bright and Deathless be ;
As that immortal flame you've rais'd in me.
A flame which time :
And Death it self, wants power to controul,
Not more sublime,
Is the *divine composure of my Soul* ;
A friendship so exalted and immense,
A *firm'st breast* did ne're before commence.