

IV.

In vain alas, 'tis all in vain,
To struggle with my fate,
I'm sure I ne're shall cease to love,
How much less can I hate !

V.

Against relentless destiny,
Hopeless to overcome,
Not *Sisiphus* more sadly strives
With his Eternal Doom.

TO

STREPHON.

TO me his sighs, to me are all his vows,
But there's my hell the depth of all my woes,
We burn alike, but oh the distant bliss,
A view of that my greatest torment is ;

Accurst

32. *Poems on several Occasions.*

Accurst ambition, groveling interest,
 Such heated crimes as yet did never rest
 Within my Soul, must now unjustly keep
 Me from my Heaven would they may sink as deep,
 As that black *Chaos* whence they sprung, and leave
 Those mortals wretched which they now deceive.

Paraphrase on Malachy 3. 14.

IN vain ye Murnur, we have serv'd the Lord,
 As vainly listned to his flattering word,
 He has forgot, or spake not as he meant ;
 Else why are we thus Idly penitent ?
 Ye call the haughty blest, erecting those
 That dare my Judgements impiously oppose,
And own, nay, almost boast themselves my foes,
 Whose crimes would (were I not a God) command
 The scarlet bolts from my unwilling hand ;
 Then they that fear'd my great and awful name,
 The only few that dar'd oppose the stream,

Unmov'd