

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.

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*Paraphrase on Malachy 3. 14.*

**I**N 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

Unmov'd against the vulgar torrent stood,  
In spight of numbers resolutely good,  
Not taxing with undecent insolence  
*The dark Enigma's of my providence.*  
But saw me still illustrious through the same,  
And lov'd and spake, *spake often of my name,*  
As oft I closely listned, nor shall they  
Pass unrewarded at the last great day,  
When all their pious services I'll own,  
For in my records I shall find 'em down,  
Their brows I'll Crown with wreaths of victory;  
Whilst Men and Angels stand spectators by;  
A loud I'll then, aloud proclaim them mine,  
And 'mongst my brightest treasures they shall shine.  
Their frailty with more tenderness, than e're  
A father did his only son's I'll spare,  
And then, but ah! too late you'll find it then,  
*Who were the wise, the only thinking men;*  
Then you shall nothing but derision meet,  
Whilst Angels them with loud applauses greet.