AN

ODE,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

QUEEN.

ON THE

Glorious Succeſs

OF

Her MAJESTY's Arms,

1706.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Stile.

Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compoſitis venerantur Armis. Hor.

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THE PREFACE.

WHEN *I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the* Ideas *so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an* Ode, *than for any other sort of Poetry: I therefore set* HORACE *before Me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,*

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis Alitem, *&c.*

which He wrote in Praiſe of DRUSUS *after his Expedition into* GERMANY, *and of* AUGUSTUS *upon his happy Choice of That General. And in the following Poem, tho' I have endeavor'd to Imitate all the great Strokes of that* Ode, *I have taken the Liberty to go off from it, and to add variouſly, as the Subject and my own Imagination carry'd Me. As to the Style, the Choice I made of following the* Ode *in* Latin, *determin'd Me in* Engliſh *to the* Stanza; *and herein it was impoſſible not to have a Mind to follow Our great Countryman* SPENSER; *which I have done (as well at leaſt as I could) in the Manner of my Expreſſion, and the Turn of my Number: Having only added one Verſe to his Stanza, which I thought made the Number more Harmonious; and avoided ſuch of his Words, as I found too obſolete. I have however retain'd ſome few of them, to make the Colouring look more like* SPENSER's. Beheſt, *Command*; Band, *Army*; Proweſs, *Strength*;

Strength; I weet, *I know*; I ween, *I think*; whilom, *heretofore*; *and Two or Three more of that Kind, which I hope the* Ladies *will pardon me, and not judge my* MUSE *leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a Farthingal. I have alſo, in* SPENSER'*s Manner, uſed* Cæſar *for the Emperor,* Boya *for* Bavaria, Bavar *for that Prince,* Iſter *for* Danube, Iberia *for* Spain, *&c.*

That Noble Part of the Ode *which I juſt now mention'd,*

Gens, quæ cremato Fortis ab *Ilio*
Jactata *Tuſcis* æquoribus, *&c.*

where HORACE *praiſes the* Romans, *as being Deſcended from* ÆNEAS, *I have turn'd to the Honor of the* BRITISH *Nation, deſcended from* BRUTE, *likewiſe a* TROJAN. *That this* BRUTE, *Fourth or Fifth from* ÆNEAS, *ſettled in* ENGLAND, *and built* LONDON, *which he call'd* Troja Nova, *or* Troynovante, *is a Story which (I think) owes it's Original if not to* GEOFFRY *of* Monmouth, *at leaſt to the* Monkiſh *Writers; yet is not rejected by Our great* CAMDEN, *and is told by* MILTON, *as if (at leaſt) He was pleas'd with it; though poſſibly He does not believe it: However it carries a Poetical Authority, which is ſufficient for our Purpoſe. It is as certain that* BRUTE *came into* ENGLAND, *as that* ÆNEAS *went into* ITALY; *and upon the Suppoſition of theſe Facts,* VIRGIL *wrote the beſt Poem that the World ever read, and* SPENSER *paid Queen* ELIZABETH *the greateſt Compliment.*

I need not obviate one piece of Criticiſm, that I bring my Hero

From burning *Troy*, and *Xanthus* red with Blood:

whereas He was not born, when That City was deſtroy'd.

VIRGIL,

VIRGIL, *in the Case of His own* ÆNEAS *relating to* DIDO, *will stand as a sufficient Proof, that a Man in his Poetical Capacity is not accountable for a little Fault in Chronology.*

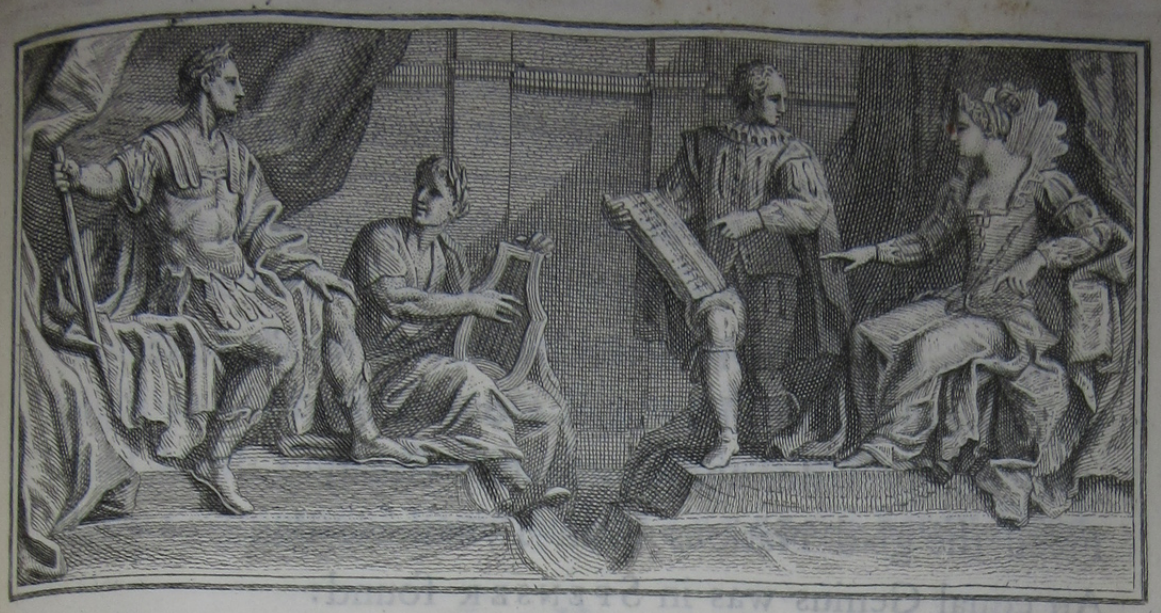
My Two Great Examples, HORACE *and* SPENSER, *in many Things resemble each other: Both have a Height of Imagination, and a Majesty of Expression in describing the* Sublime; *and Both know to temper those Talents, and sweeten the Description, so as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous: Both have equally That agreeable Manner of mixing Morality with their Story, and That* Curiosa Felicitas *in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and so very few have reach'd: Both are particularly Fine in their Images, and Knowing in their Numbers. Leaving therefore our Two Masters to the Consideration and Study of Those, who design to Excel in Poetry, I only beg Leave to add, That it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted* PARNASSUS, *and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country; tho' I thought my self indispensably obliged, upon the present Occasion, to take a little Journey into Those Parts.*



Q



HORACE
And Bol
Snatch'd
And fet t
High as t
And with



AN

ODE,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

QUEEN.

I.

WHEN Great Augustus govern'd Antient Rome,
And ſent his Conqu'ring Bands to Foreign Wars;
Abroad when Dreaded, and Belov'd at Home,
He ſaw his Fame encreaſing with his Years;
Horace, Great Bard (ſo Fate ordain'd) aroſe;
And Bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Proſe,
And ſet their Battels in Eternal Light:
High as their Trumpets Tune His Lyre he ſtrung;
And with his Prince's Arms He moraliz'd his Song.

II. When

II.

When bright ELIZA rul'd BRITANNIA'S State,
Widely diſtributing Her high Commands;
And boldly Wiſe, and fortunately Great,
Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands;
An equal Genius was in SPENSER found:
To the high Theme He match'd his Noble Lays:
He travell'd ENGLAND o'er on Fairy Ground,
In Myſtic Notes to Sing his Monarch's Praiſe:
Reciting wond'rous Truths in pleaſing Dreams,
He deck'd ELIZA'S Head with GLORIANA'S Beams.

III.

But, Greateſt ANNA! while Thy Arms purſue
Paths of Renown, and climb Aſcents of Fame,
Which nor AUGUSTUS, nor ELIZA knew;
What Poet ſhall be found to ſing Thy Name?
What Numbers ſhall record, what Tongue ſhall ſay
Thy Wars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main?
O Faireſt Model of Imperial Sway!
What Equal Pen ſhall write Thy wond'rous Reign?
Who ſhall Attempts and Feats of Arms rehearſe,
Not yet by Story told, nor parallel'd by Verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a Task I weet:
Yet if the Sovereign Lady deigns to Smile,
I'll follow HORACE with impetuous Heat,
And cloath the Verſe in SPENSER'S Native Style.

By

By theſe Examples rightly taught to ſing,
And ſmit with Pleaſure of my Country's Praiſe,
Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon Wing,
High as OLYMPUS I my Flight will raiſe:
And lateſt Times ſhall in my Numbers read
ANNA's Immortal Fame, and MARLBRÔ's hardy Deed.

V.

As the ſtrong Eagle in the ſilent Wood,
Mindleſs of warlike Rage, and hoſtile Care,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or cryſtal Flood;
'Till by JOVE's high Beheſts call'd out to War,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Boſom with the vengeful Meſſage glows:
Upward the Noble Bird directs his Wing;
And tow'ring round his Maſter's Earth-born Foes,
Swift He collects his fatal Stock of Ire;
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus Victor MARLBRÔ ſate,
Shaded with Laurels, in his Native Land;
'Till ANNA calls Him from his ſoft Retreat,
And gives Her Second Thunder to his Hand.
Then leaving ſweet Repoſe, and gentle Eaſe,
With ardent Speed He ſeeks the diſtant Foe:
Marching o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wond'rous Blow.
Our Thought flies ſlower than Our General's Fame:
GraſpsHe the Bolt? (We ask) when He has hurl'd the Flame.

VII.

When fierce BAVAR on JUDOIGN's ſpacious Plain
Did from afar the BRITISH Chief behold;
Betwixt Deſpair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
Something within his warring Boſom roll'd:
He views that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom He had met on ISTER's Shoar:
Too well, alas! the Man He knows the ſame,
Whoſe Proweſs there repell'd the BOYAN Pow'r;
And ſent Them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
Swift as the Whirlwind drives ARABIA's ſcatter'd Sands.

VIII.

His former Loſſes He forgets to grieve;
Abſolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
It now would ſhine, and only give Him leave
To Balance the Account of BLENHEIM's Day.
So the fell Lion in the lonely Glade,
His Side ſtill ſmarting with the Hunter's Spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
In ſullen Fury traverſes the Plain,
To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battel Him again.

IX.

Miſguided Prince! no longer urge Thy Fate,
Nor tempt the Hero to unequal War;
Fam'd in Misfortune, and in Ruin Great,
Confeſs the Force of MARLBRÔ's ſtronger Star.

Thoſe

Thoſe Laurel Groves (the Merits of thy Youth)
Which Thou from MAHOMET didſt greatly gain,
While bold Aſſertor of reſiſtleſs Truth,
Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy Brow their falling Honors ſhed;
And their tranſplanted Wreaths muſt deck a worthier
[Head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the Ways of Providence to blame,
And Human Faults with Human Grief confeſs:
'Tis Thou art chang'd; while Heav'n is ſtill the ſame:
From Thy ill Councils date Thy ill Succeſs.
Impartial Juſtice holds Her equal Scales;
'Till ſtronger Virtue does the Weight incline:
If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails;
He now Defends the Cauſe, that once was Thine.
Righteous the War, the Champion ſhall ſubdue;
For JOVE's great Handmaid POWER, muſt JOVE's De-
[crees purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire Trumpets ſound their ſhrill Alarms:
AUVERQUERQUE, branch'd from the renown'd NASSAWS,
Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms,
His Glorious Sword with Dauntleſs Courage draws.
When anxious BRITAIN mourn'd her parting Lord,
And all of WILLIAM that was Mortal Dy'd;
The faithful Hero had receiv'd This Sword
From His expiring Maſter's much-lov'd Side.
Oft from it's fatal Ire has LOUIS flown,
[BRE run.
Where-e'er Great WILLIAM led, or MAESE and SAM-

XII. But

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd Hour
To Thee, proud GAUL, behold thy juſteſt Fear,
The Maſter Sword, Diſpoſer of thy Power:
'Tis That which CÆSAR gave the BRITISH Peer.
He took the Gift: Nor ever will I ſheath
This Steel, (ſo ANNA's high Beheſts ordain)
The General ſaid, unleſs by Glorious Death
Abſolv'd, 'till Conqueſt has confirm'd Your Reign.
Returns like theſe Our Miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a Foreign Prince a Gift Her BRITONS take.

XIII.

And now fierce GALLIA ruſhes on her Foes,
Her Force augmented by the BOYAN Bands:
So VOLGA's Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
Rolls with new Fury down thro' RUSSIA's Lands.
Like two great Rocks againſt the raging Tide,
(If Virtue's Force with Nature's We compare)
Unmov'd the Two united Chiefs abide,
Suſtain the Impulſe, and receive the War.
Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming Wave with leſſen'd Pow'r retreats.

XIV.

The Rage diſpers'd, the Glorious Pair advance,
With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
To turn the War, and tell aggreſſing FRANCE,
How BRITAIN's Sons and BRITAIN's Friends can fight.

On

On Conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of Fame,
Behold Them ruſhing thro' the GALLIC Hoſt.
Thro' ſtanding Corn ſo runs the ſudden Flame,
Or Eaſtern Winds along SICILIA's Coaſt.
They deal their Terrors to the adverſe Nation:
Pale Death attends their Arms, and ghaſtly Deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt Ire BELLONA glows,
And EUROPE rather Hopes than Fears Her Fate;
While BRITAIN preſſes Her afflicted Foes;
What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great?
Whence look the Soldiers Cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know They now to dread?
The Hoſtile Troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the Purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd Rage proclaims their Grief!
For anxious, lo! They croud around their falling Chief!

XVI.

I thank Thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce BAVAR;
Let BOYA's Trumpet grateful Iö's ſound:
I ſaw Him fall, their Thunderbolt of War:——
Ever to Vengeance ſacred be the Ground——
Vain Wiſh! ſhort Joy! the Hero mounts again
In greater Glory, and with fuller Light:
The Ev'ning Star ſo falls into the Main,
To riſe at Morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe: but near, too near his Side,
A good Man's grievous Loſs, a faithful Servant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious MARS! the Battel is regain'd:
The Foe with leſſen'd Wrath diſputes the Field:
The BRITON fights, by fav'ring Gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs Power muſt yield.
Vain now the Tales which fab'ling Poets tell,
That wav'ring CONQUEST ſtill deſires to rove!
In MARLBRÔ's Camp the Goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love.
Again FRANCE flies: again the Duke purſues:
And on RAMILLIA's Plains He BLENHEIM's Fame renews.

XVIII.

Great Thanks, O Captain great in Arms! receive
From thy Triumphant Country's public Voice:
Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
To ANNE, to Her who made thoſe Arms Her Choice.
Recording SCHELLENBERG's, and BLENHEIM's Toils,
We dreaded leſt Thou ſhould'ſt thoſe Toils repeat:
We view'd the Palace charg'd with GALLIC Spoils;
And in thoſe Spoils We thought thy Praiſe compleat:
For never GREEK, We deem'd, nor ROMAN Knight,
In Characters like theſe did e'er his Acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindleſs ſtill of Eaſe, Thy Virtue flies
A Pitch to Old and Modern Times unknown:
Thoſe goodly Deeds which We ſo highly prize,
Imperfect ſeem, great Chief, to Thee alone.

Thoſe

Thoſe Heights, where WILLIAM's Virtue might have ſtaid,
And on the Subject World look'd ſafely down,
By MARLBRO' paſs'd, the Props and Steps were made,
Sublimer yet to raiſe his Queen's Renown:
Still gaining more, ſtill ſlighting what He gain'd,
Nought done the Hero deem'd, while ought undone re-
[main'd.

XX.

When ſwift-wing'd RUMOR told the mighty GAUL,
How leſſen'd from the Field BAVAR was fled;
He wept the Swiftneſs of the Champion's Fall;
And thus the Royal Treaty-Breaker ſaid:
And lives He yet, the Great, the Loſt BAVAR,
Ruin to GALLIA, in the Name of Friend?
Tell Me, how far has Fortune been ſevere?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd Realm, or guard our ſhatter'd Coaſt?

XXI.

To the cloſe Rock the frighted Raven flies,
Soon as the riſing Eagle cuts the Air:
The ſhaggy Wolf unſeen and trembling lyes,
When the hoarſe Roar proclaims the Lion near.
Ill-ſtarr'd did We our Forts and Lines forſake,
To dare our BRITISH Foes to open Fight:
Our Conqueſt We by Stratagem ſhould make:
Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight.
'Tis Our's, by Craft and by Surprize to gain:
'Tis Their's, to meet in Arms, and Battel in the Plain.

XXII. The

XXII.

The ancient Father of this Hoſtile Brood,
Their boaſted BRUTE, undaunted ſnatch'd his Gods
From burning TROY, and XANTHUS red with Blood,
And fix'd on Silver THAMES his dire Abodes;
And this be TROYNOVANTE, He ſaid, the Seat
By Heav'n ordain'd, My Sons, Your laſting Place:
Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
Whom neither GREECE, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
Nor Great PELEIDES' Arm, nor JUNO's Rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their TUDOR's hence, and STUART's Off-ſpring flow:
Hence EDWARD, dreadful with his Sable Shield,
TALBOT, to GALLIA's Pow'r Eternal Foe,
And SEYMOUR, fam'd in Council, or in Field:
Hence NEVIL, Great to Settle or Dethrone,
And DRAKE, and CA'NDISH, Terrors of the Sea:
Hence BUTLER's Sons, o'er Land and Ocean known,
HERBERT's, and CHURCHILL's Warring Progeny:
Hence the long Roll which GALLIA ſhould conceal:
For, oh! Who vanquiſh'd, loves the Victor's Fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd BRITANNIA, ſturdy as the Oak,
Which on her Mountain-Top She proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax, and ſprouts againſt the Stroke;
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.

And

And as Thoſe Teeth, which CADMUS ſow'd in Earth,
Produc'd new Youth, and furniſh'd freſh Supplies:
So with young Vigor, and ſucceeding Birth,
Her Loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
For Letters more Polite, in Battels more Renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate Pow'r, whom Nothing can repel;
Not the fierce SAXON, nor the cruel DANE,
Nor deep Impreſſion of the NORMAN Steel,
Nor EUROPE's Force amaſs'd by envious SPAIN,
Nor FRANCE on univerſal Sway intent,
Oft breaking Leagues, and oft renewing Wars,
Nor (frequent Bane of weaken'd Government)
Their own inteſtine Feuds, and mutual Jars;
Thoſe Feuds and Jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in My Troops, and Fleets, and all the GALLIC
[Pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful RHEIMS, or fair LUTETIA's Gate
What Tidings ſhall the Meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud Herald our Succeſs relate,
Or mitred Prieſt appoint the Solemn Day?
Alas! my Praiſes They no more muſt Sing;
They to my Statue now muſt Bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their Immortal King:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the GALLIC Pow'r——
The *Woman Chief* is Maſter of the War: [by Pray'r.
Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquiſh'd Heav'n

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd Foe's Deſpair commends
Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious Queen,
What ſhall Thy Subjects ſay, and what Thy Friends?
How ſhall Thy Triumphs in Our Joy be ſeen?
Oh! daign to let the Eldeſt of the NINE
Recite BRITANNIA Great, and GALLIA Free:
Oh! with her Siſter SCULPTURE let her join
To raiſe, Great ANNE, the Monument to Thee;
To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring;
To Thee, our deareſt Dread; to Thee, our ſofter KING.

XXVIII.

Let EUROPE ſav'd the Column high erect,
Than TRAJAN's higher, or than ANTONINE's;
Where ſembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
And full Atchievement of Thy great Deſigns.
In a calm Heav'n, and a ſerener Air,
Sublime the QUEEN ſhall on the Summit ſtand,
From Danger far, as far remov'd from Fear,
And pointing down to Earth Her dread Command.
All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Woe,
Shall ſink beneath Her Feet, and ſpread their Rage below.

XXIX.

There Fleets ſhall ſtrive by Winds and Waters toſt;
'Till the young AUSTRIAN on IBERIA's Strand,
Great as ÆNEAS on the LATIAN Coaſt,
Shall fix his Foot: and This, be This the Land,

Great

Great JOVE, where I for ever will remain
(The Empire's other Hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, Intomb'd I'll lye, or Crown'd I'll Reign—
O Virtue, to thy BRITISH Mother dear!
Like the fam'd TROJAN ſuffer and abide;
For ANNE is Thine, I ween, as VENUS was His Guide.

XXX.

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,
VIGO, and GIBRALTAR, and BARCELONE,
Their Force deſtroy'd, their Privileges ſav'd,
Shall ANNA's Terrors, and Her Mercies own:
SPAIN, from th' Uſurper BOURBON's Arms retriev'd,
Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,
Numb'ring the Wonders which That Youth atchiev'd,
Whom ANNA clad in Arms, and ſent to War;
Whom ANNA ſent to claim IBERIA's Throne;
And made Him more than King, in calling Him Her [Son.

XXXI.

There ISTER pleas'd, by BLENHEIM's glorious Field
Rolling, ſhall bid his Eaſtern Waves declare
GERMANIA ſav'd by BRITAIN's ample Shield,
And bleeding GAUL afflicted by her Spear:
Shall bid Them mention MARLBRÔ, on that Shore
Leading his Iſlanders, renown'd in Arms,
Thro' Climes, where never BRITISH Chief before
Or pitch'd his Camp, or ſounded his Alarms:
Shall bid Them bleſs the QUEEN, who made his Streams
Glorious as thoſe of BOYN, and ſafe as thoſe of THAMES.

XXXII. BRA-

XXXII.

BRABANTIA, clad with Fields, and crown'd with Tow'rs,
With decent Joy ſhall her Deliv'rer meet;
Shall own Thy Arms, Great QUEEN, and bleſs Thy Pow'rs,
Laying the Keys beneath Thy Subject's Feet.
FLANDRIA, by Plenty made the Home of War,
Shall weep her Crime, and bow to CHARLES reſtor'd;
With double Vows ſhall bleſs Thy happy Care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the Sword.
From theſe their Siſter Provinces ſhall know
How ANNE ſupports a Friend, and how forgives a Foe.

XXXIII.

Bright Swords, and creſted Helms, and pointed Spears
In artful Piles around the Work ſhall lye;
And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
Blazon'd with Signs of GALLIC Heraldry;
And Standards with diſtinguiſh'd Honors bright,
Marks of high Pow'r and National Command,
Which VALOIS' Sons, and BOURBON's bore in Fight,
Or gave to FOIX', or MONTMORANCY's Hand:
Great Spoils, which GALLIA muſt to BRITAIN yield,
From CRESSY's Battel ſav'd, to grace RAMILLIA's Field.

XXXIV.

And as fine Art the Spaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing Thought and curious Eye ſhall ſee
Thy Emblem, Gracious QUEEN, the BRITISH Roſe,
Type of ſweet Rule, and gentle Majeſty:

The

The NORTHERN Thiſtle, whom no Hoſtile Hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
HIBERNIA's Harp, Device of Her Command,
And Parent of Her Mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd Lillies, FRANCE, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd Pomp the laſting Work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, Great QUEEN, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the Ground, and on the humble Baſe,
To ſave Her ſelf from Darkneſs, and from Death,
That MUSE deſires the laſt, the loweſt Place;
Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling String;
For the fair Fame of ANNE and ALBION's Land,
Who durſt of War and Martial Fury Sing:
And when Thy Will, and when Thy Subject's Hand
Had quell'd thoſe Wars, and bid that Fury ceaſe;
Hangs up her grateful Harp to Conqueſt, and to Peace.

