

S O L O M O N

O N T H E

V A N I T Y

O F T H E

W O R L D.

A

P O E M

I n T H R E E B O O K S.

Ο Βίβλ. ἡδὲ ὁμοίως ἐχέει, καὶ ὁ δὲ ἐργαζομένη.

Eurip.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, & in cunis vagiam,
valdè recusem. Cicero de Senect.

The bewailing of Man's Miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by Many, in the Writings as well of Philosophers, as Divines. And it is both a pleasant and a profitable Contemplation.

Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning.

SOTOMON

ON THE

VAILITY

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B O E M

IN THREE BOOKS

The first, second, and third books of Solomon's Ecclesiastes, in which he treateth of the vanity of this world, and the certainty of the life to come. The second book is a paraphrase of the first, and the third is a collection of the most excellent sayings of the same author.

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I*t is hard for a Man to speak of himself with any tolerable Satisfaction or Success: He can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a Satyr made on him by another: and though He may justly desire, that a Friend should praise him; yet if He makes his own Panegyric, He will get very Few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own Writings. An Author is in the Condition of a Culprit: the Public are his Judges: by allowing too much, and condemning too far, He may injure his own Cause, and become a kind of Felo de se; and by Pleading and Asserting too boldly, He may displease the Court that sits upon him: His Apology may only beighten his Accusation. I would avoid these Extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the Reader with a long Preface, before he enters upon an indifferent Poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.*

The Noble Images and Reflections, the profound Reasonings upon Human Actions, and excellent Precepts for the Government of Life, which are found in the PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, and other Books commonly attributed to SOLOMON, afford Subjects for finer Poems in every Kind, than

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have,

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have, I think, as yet appeared in the GREEK, LATIN, or any Modern Language: How far They were Verse in their Original, is a Dissertation not to be entred into at present.

Out of this great Treasure, which lies heaped up together, in a confused Magnificence, above all Order, I had a Mind to collect and digest such Observations, and Apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the Proof of that great Assertion, laid down in the beginning of the ECCLESIASTES, ALL IS VANITY.

Upon the Subject thus chosen, such various Images present themselves to a Writer's Mind, that He must find it easier to judge, what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The Difficulty lies in drawing, and disposing; or (as the Painters term it) in grouping such a Multitude of different Objects, preserving still the Justice and Conformity of Style and Coloring, the Simplex duntaxat & unum, which HORACE prescribes, as requisite to make the whole Picture beautiful and perfect.

As Precept, however true in Theory, or useful in Practice, would be but dry and tedious in Verse, especially if the Recital be long; I found it necessary to form some Story, and give a kind of Body to the Poem. Under what Species it may be comprehended, whether Didascalical, or Heroic, I leave to the Judgment of the Critics; desiring them to be favourable in their Censure; and not solicitous what the Poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief Personage or Character in the Epic, is always proportioned to the Design of the Work, to carry on the Narration, and the Moral. HOMER intended to shew us in his Iliad, that Dissentions amongst great Men obstruct the Execution of the noblest Enterprizes, and tend to the Ruin of a State

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State or Kingdom. His ACHILLES therefore is baughty, and passionate, impatient of any Restraint by Laws, and arrogant in Arms. In His Odysses the same Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest Difficulties may be overcome by Labor, and our Fortune restored after the severest Afflictions. ULYSSES therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient. VIRGIL's Design was to tell us, how from a small Colony established by the TROJANS in ITALY, the ROMAN Empire rose, and from what antient Families AUGUSTUS (who was His Prince and Patron) descended. His Hero therefore was to fight his Way to the Throne, still distinguish'd and protected by the Favor of the Gods. The Poet to this End takes off from the Vices of ACHILLES, and adds to the Virtues of ULYSSES; from both perfecting a Character proper for his Work in the Person of ÆNEAS.

As VIRGIL copy'd after HOMER, other Epic Poets have copied after them both. TASSO's Gierusalemme Liberata is directly Troy Town Sacked; with this Difference only, that the two chief Characters in HOMER, which the LATIN Poet had joined in One, the ITALIAN has separated in his GODFREY and RINALDO: but He makes them both carry on his Work with very great Success. RONSARD's FRANCIADÉ, (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again VIRGIL's Æneis. His Hero comes from a Foreign Country, settles a Colony, and lays the Foundation of a future Empire. I instance in these, as the greatest ITALIAN and FRENCH Poets in the Epic. In our Language SPENSER has not contented himself with this submissive Manner of Imitation: He launches out into very flowery Paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great Road. His Fairy Queen (had it been finished) must have ended in the Account, which every

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every Knight was to give of his *Adventures*, and in the accumulated Praises of his Heroine GLORIANA. The Whole would have been an Heroic Poem, but in another Cast and Figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is observable, that every Hero (as far as We can judge by the Books still remaining) bears his distinguished Character, and represents some particular Virtue conducive to the whole Design.

To bring this to our present Subject: The Pleasures of Life do not compensate the Miseries: Age steals upon Us unawares; and Death, as the only Cure of our Ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This Instruction is to be illustrated by the Action of some great Person. Who therefore more proper for the Business than SOLOMON himself? And why may He not be supposed now to repeat what, We take it for granted, He acted almost three thousand Years since? If in the fair Situation where this Prince was placed, He was acquainted with Sorrow; If endowed with the greatest Perfections of Nature, and possess'd of all the Advantages of external Condition, He could not find Happiness; the rest of Mankind may safely take the Monarch's Word for the Truth of what He asserts. And the Author who would perswade, that We should bear the Ills of Life patiently, meerly because SOLOMON felt the same, has a better Argument, than LUCRETIVS had, when in his imperious way, He at once convinces and commands, that We ought to submit to Death without repining, because EPICURUS died.

The whole Poem is a Soliloquy: SOLOMON is the Person that speaks: He is at once the Hero and the Author; but He tells Us very often what others say to Him. Those chiefly introduced are His Rabbies and Philosophers in the First Book, and His Women and their Attendants in the Second: With
These

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These the Sacred History mention Him to have conversed; as likewise with the Angel brought down in the Third Book, to help Him out of His Difficulties, or at least to teach Him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I presume this Poetical Liberty may be very justly allowed Me on so solemn an Occasion.

In my Description I have endeavored to keep to the Notions and Manners of the JEWISH Nation, at the time when SOLOMON lived: And where I allude to the Customs of the GREEKS, I believe I may be justified by the strictest Chronology; though a Poet is not obliged to the Rules, that constrain an Historian. VIRGIL has anticipated Two hundred Years; or the TROJAN Hero and CARTHAGINIAN Queen could not have been brought together: And without the same Anachronism several of the finest Parts of his Æneis must have been omitted. Our Country-man MILTON goes yet further. He takes up many of his Material Images some Thousands of Years after the Fall of Man: Nor could He otherwise have written, or We read one of the sublimest Pieces of Invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the Objection, that some Names of Countries, Terms of Art, and Notions in Natural Philosophy are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the Geography or Astronomy of SOLOMON'S Time. Poets are allowed the same Liberty in their Descriptions and Comparisons, as Painters in their Draperies and Ornaments: Their Personages may be dress'd, not exactly in the same Habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case Probability must atone for the want of Truth. This Liberty has indeed been abused

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by *Eminent Masters in either Science*. *RAPHAEL* and *TASSO* have shewed their *Discretion*, where *PAUL VERONESE* and *ARIOSTO* are to answer for their *Extravagancies*. It is the *Excess*, not the *Thing* it self, that is blameable.

I would say one *Word* of the *Measure*, in which *This*, and most *Poems* of the *Age* are written. *Heroic* with continued *Rhime*, as *DONNE* and his *Contemporaries* used it, carrying the *Sense* of one *Verse* most commonly into another, was found too *dissolute* and *wild*, and came very often too near *Prose*. As *DAVENANT* and *WALLER* corrected, and *DRYDEN* perfected it; It is too *Confined*: It cuts off the *Sense* at the end of every *first Line*, which must always *rhime* to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an *Identity* in the *Sound*, and brings every *Couplet* to the *Point* of an *Epigram*. It is indeed too *broken* and *weak*, to convey the *Sentiments* and represent the *Images* proper for *Epic*. And as it tires the *Writer* while he composes, it must do the same to the *Reader* while he repeats; especially in a *Poem* of any considerable length.

If striking out into *Blank Verse*, as *MILTON* did (and in this kind *Mr. PHILIPPS*, had He lived, would have excelled) or running the *Thought* into *Alternate* and *Stanza*, which allows a greater *Variety*, and still preserves the *Dignity* of the *Verse*; as *SPENSER* and *FAIRFAX* have done; If either of these, I say, be a proper *Remedy* for my *Poetical Complaint*, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed; without presuming to direct the *Judgment* of Others. And while I am speaking of the *Verse* it self, I give all just *Praise* to many of my *Friends* now living; who have in *Epic* carried the *Harmony* of their *Numbers* as far, as the *Nature* of this *Measure* will

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will permit. But once more; He that writes in Rhimes, dances in Fetters: And as his Chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger Steps.

I need make no Apology for the short Digressive Panegyric upon GREAT BRITAIN, in the First Book: I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my Verses a Zeal for the Honor of my Country: and I had rather be thought a good English-man, than the best Poet, or greatest Scholar that ever wrote.

And now, as to the publishing of this Piece, though I have in a literal Sense observed HORACE's Nonum prematur in Annum; yet have I by no means obeyed our Poetical Law-giver, according to the Spirit of the Precept. The Poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the Term prescribed; but in the mean time I had little Leisure, and less Inclination to revise or print it. The frequent Interruptions I have met with in my private Studies, and great Variety of Public Life, in which I have been employed; my Thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in Foreign Language, and even formed by a Habitude very different from what the Beauty and Elegance of English Poetry requires: All These, and some other Circumstances, which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my Excuse in this Behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these Papers in my Scrittoire, there to lie in Peace, 'till my Executors might have taken Them out. What altered this Design; or how my Scrittoire came to be unlocked before my Coffin was nailed; is the Question. The true Reason I take to be the best: Many of my Friends of the first Quality, finest Learning, and greatest Understanding, have wrested the Key from my Hands by a very kind and irresistible

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resistible Violence: And the Poem is published, not without my Consent indeed, but a little against my Opinion; and with an implicate Submission to the Partiality of Their Judgment. As I give up here the Fruits of many of my vacant Hours to Their Amusement and Pleasure; I shall always think my self happy, if I may dedicate my most serious Endeavors to Their Interest and Service. And I am proud to finish this Preface by saying, that the Violence of many Enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed, by the Goodness of more Friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the Liberty of mentioning My Lord HARLEY and Lord BATHURST as the Authors of this Amicable Confederacy, among All Those, whose Names do me great Honor in the beginning of my Book: These Two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive Order, whilst I make even this small Acknowledgment of their particular Kindness.



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T E X T S

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The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON seeking Happiness from Knowledge, condemns the Learned Men of His Kingdom; requires them to explain to Him the various Operations and Effects of Nature; discourses of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; proposes some Questions concerning the Origin, and Situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the System of the visible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a Plurality of Worlds; enquires into the Nature of Spirits and Angels; and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the Attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins, and Doctors; blames His own Curiosity; and concludes, that as to Human Science, ALL IS VANITY.

TEXTS

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TEXTS

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

The Words of the Preacher, the Son of DAVID, King of JERUSALEM.
ECCLESIASTES, Chap. I. Verf. 1.

Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.
Verf. 2.

I communed with mine own Heart, saying, lo, I am come to great Es-
tate, and have gotten more Wisdom, than all they that have been be-
fore me in JERUSALEM: Yea my Heart had great Experience of Wis-
dom and Knowledge. Verf. 16.

He spake of Trees, from the Cedar-tree that is in LEBANON, even unto
the Hyssop that springeth out of the Wall: he spake also of Beasts, and
of Fowl, and of creeping Things, and of Fishes. I KINGS, Chap.
IV. Verf. 33.

I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be
put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men
should fear before him. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. III. Verf. 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: Also he hath set the
World in their Heart, so that no Man can find out the Work that God
maketh from the beginning to the end. Verf. 11.

For in much Wisdom is much Grief: and He that increaseth Knowledge,
increaseth Sorrow. Chap. I. Verf. 18.

And further, by these, my Son, be admonished: of making many Books
there is no End; and much Study is a weariness of the Flesh. Chap.
XII. Verf. 12.

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XII. Ver. 12.
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in much Wisdom is much Grief; and He that increaseth Knowledge

increaseth sorrow. Chap. I. Ver. 18.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: Also he hath set the
end to it, that no man can find out the Work that God

doeth: for whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be
added unto it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that man

shall know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be
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K N O W L E D G E:

THE FIRST BOOK.



E Sons of Men, with just Regard
attend,

Observe the Preacher, and believe the

Friend,

Whose serious MUSE inspires Him to
explain,

That all we Act, and all we Think is
Vain.

That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Destin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End.
That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Passions, Labors, Tumults, Cares; And

And at Approach of Death shall only know
 The Truths, which from these pensive Numbers flow,
 That We pursue false Joy, and suffer real Woe.

Happiness, Object of that waking Dream,
 Which we call Life, mistaking; Fugitive Theme
 Of my pursuing Verse, Ideal Shade,
 Notional Good, by Fancy only made,
 And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
 Whose dancing Beams mislead our fond Desire,
 Cause of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
 O! had'st Thou ever been by Heav'n design'd
 To ADAM, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
 Entire, had been reserv'd for SOLOMON:
 On Me the partial Lot had been bestow'd;
 And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made;
 E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
 It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
 That Joy, still fought, should never be attain'd.
 This, sad Experience cites me to reveal;
 And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great DAVID's fav'rite Son,
 Dear to my People, on the HERBREW Throne
 Sublime, my Court with OPHIR's Treasures blest,
 My Name extended to the farthest East,
 My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace,
 Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,

My

My shining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment found.
Arise (I commun'd with my self) arise;
Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wise:
Content of Spirit must from Science flow;
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I said; and sent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* stand,
Historic Leaves revolve, long Volumes spread,
The Old discoursing, as the Younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and said;

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree
I am allow'd, as *FAME* reports, to know,
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of *LEBANON* nodding supremely tall,
To creeping *Moss*, and *Hyssop* on the Wall:
Yet just and conscious to my self, I find
A thousand Doubts oppose the searching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
Whilst tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* forms arise,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:
Nor why again the changing *Oak* should shed
The Yearly Honour of his stately Head;
Whilst the distinguish'd *Tew* is ever seen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.

Wanting

Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
 Why does the *Cypress* flourish in the Shade?
 The *Fig* and *Date* why love they to remain
 In middle Station, and an even Plain;
 While in the lower Marsh the *Gourd* is found;
 And while the Hill with *Olive*-shade is crown'd?
 Why does one Climate, and one Soil endure
 The blushing *Poppy* with a crimson Hue;
 Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
 Why does the fond *Carnation* love to shoot
 A various Colour from one Parent Root;
 While the fantastic *Tulip* strives to break
 In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?
 The twining *Jasmine*, and the blushing *Rose*,
 With lavish Grace their Morning Scents disclose:
 The smelling *Tubrose* and *Junquae* declare,
 The stronger Impulse of an Evening Air.
 Whence has the Tree (resolve me) or the Flow'r
 A various Instinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?
 Why should one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
 Raise This to Strength, and sicken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
 We name the *Sensitive*, should move and feel?
 Whence know her Leaves to answer her Command,
 And with quick Horror fly the neighbouring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
 Ten thousand Stalks their various Blossoms spread:

Peaceful

Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
 They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
 Yet with confefs'd Magnificence deride
 Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
 The *Cowslip* smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,
 Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breast.
 A fairer Red stands blushing in the *Rose*,
 Than That which on the Bridegroom's Vestment flows.
 Take but the humblest *Lilly* of the Field;
 And if our Pride will to our Reason yield,
 It must by sure Comparison be shown,
 That on the Regal Seat great *DAVID*'s Son,
 Aray'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
 Shines with less Glory, than that simple Flow'r.

Of Fishes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
 How the mute Race engender, or respire;
 From the small Fry that glide on *JORDAN*'s Stream
 Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
 To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
 And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempest plays.
 How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
 From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
 To Southern Climes directing their Career,
 Their Station changing with th'inverted Year.
 How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
 To chuse their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
 To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

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Of

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
 Proper Materials for her Nest can find;
 And build a Frame, which deepest Thought in Man
 Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
 How in small Flights They know to try their Young,
 And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
 Why these frequent the Plain, and those the Wood.
 Why ev'ry Land has her specific Brood.
 Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,
 Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:
 If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
 In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
 Or conscious of the coming Evil, fly
 To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beasts and creeping Insects shall we trace
 The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;
 Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
 Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell me, Ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into Nature's Bosom, whence the *Bee*
 Was first inform'd her vent'rous Flight to steer
 Thro' tractless Paths, and an Abyfs of Air.
 Whence She avoids the slimy Marsh, and knows
 The fertile Hills, where sweeter Herbage grows,
 And Honey-making Flow'rs their opening Buds disclose.
 How from the thicken'd Mist, and setting Sun
 Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?

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Who taught Her against Winds and Rains to strive,
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
And thro' the liquid Fields again to pass
Dutious, and hark'ning to the sounding Brass?

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
'Midst Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want:
By constant Journeys careful to prepare
Her Stores; and bringing home the Corny Ear,
By what Instruction does She bite the Grain,
Lest hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
It might elude the Foresight of her Care?
Distinct in either Insect's Deed appear
The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
On the Young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;
On the vile *Worm*, that Yesterday began
To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!
Like Thee they breath, they move, they tast, they see,
They shew their Passions by their Acts like Thee:
Darting their Stings, they previously declare
Design'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
Each then has Organs to digest his Food,
One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood and Heart, and Brain,
Life, and her proper Functions to sustain;
Tho' the whole Fabric smaller than a Grain.

What

What more can our penurious Reason grant
To the large *Whale*, or Castled *Elephant*,
To those enormous Terrors of the *NILE*,
The crested *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
Each defin'd to a less, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract:
Now forms her Work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the Measures of our feeble Sense.
The Object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies it's real Image to the Eye:
Too little, it eludes the daz'd Sight;
Becomes mixt Blackness, or unparted Light.
Water and Air the varied Form confound;
The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus while with fruitless Hope, and weary Pain,
We seek great Nature's Pow'r, but seek in vain;
Safe sits the Goddess in her dark Retreat;
Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
And endless Shapes, which the Mysterious Queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:
As from our lost Pursuit She wills to hide
Her close Decrees, and chasten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* still remains:
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains:

For

For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
 Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
 He seeks his Keeper's Flesh, and thirsts his Blood:
 While the strong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horse*,
 Restrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
 Do to the Rider's Will their Rage submit,
 And answer to the Spur, and own the Bit;
 Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
 Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again: the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
 On secret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud;
 Now haunts the Cliff, now traverses the Lawn;
 And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man:
 While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
 Likest that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,
 Refuses thro' these Cliffs and Lawns to roam;
 Pursues the noted Path, and covets home;
 Does with kind Joy Domestic Faces meet;
 Takes what the glutt'd Child denies to eat;
 And dying, licks his long-lov'd Master's Feet.

By what immediate Cause They are inclin'd,
 In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
 I see in others, or I think I see,
 That strict their Principles, and our's agree.
 Evil like Us they shun, and covet Good;
 Abhor the Poison, and receive the Food.
 Like Us they love or hate: like Us they know,
 To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.

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With

With seeming Thought their Action they intend,
 And use the Means proportion'd to the End.
 Then vainly the Philosopher avers,
 That Reason guides our Deed, and Instinct their's.
 How can We justly diff'rent Causes frame,
 When the Effects entirely are the same?
 Instinct and Reason how can we divide?
 'Tis the Fool's Ign'rance, and the Pedant's Pride.

With the same Folly sure, Man vaunts his Sway;
 If the brute Beast refuses to Obey.
 For tell me, when the empty Boaster's Word
 Proclaims himself the Universal Lord;
 Does He not tremble, lest the *Lion's* Paw
 Should join his Plea against the fancy'd Law?
 Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair;
 If in the Schools or Porches should appear
 The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear*?

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
 When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
 When the swift Vessel flies before the Wind;
 Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.
 And 'tis too late now back again to bring
 Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing;
 Forward She strives, averse to be with-held
 From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

Consider with me this Ætherial Space,
 Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.

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Anxious I ask Ye, how the Penfile Ball
 should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
 When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
 Does round our Globe his crooked Journeys run;
 I doubt of many Lands, if they contain
 Or Herd of Beast, or Colony of Man:
 If any Nations pass their destin'd Days
 Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays:
 If any suffer on the Polar Coast,
 The Rage of ARCTOS, and eternal Frost.

May not the Pleasure of Omnipotence
 To each of These some secret Good dispense?
 Those who amidst the Torrid Regions live,
 May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
 See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirsty Earth,
 And blebs the flow'ry Buds succeeding Birth?
 May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
 The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
 While by fix'd Laws, and with a just Return,
 They feel twelve Hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
 And praise the neighb'ring Sun, whose constant Flame
 Enlightens them with Seasons still the same?
 And may not Those, whose distant Lot is cast
 North beyond TARTARY's extended Waste,
 Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
 Six shining Months pursue their even Way;
 And Six succeeding urge their dusky Flight,
 Obscur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night;

May

Anxious

May not, I ask, the Natives of these Climes
 (As Annals may inform succeeding Times)
 To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
 Their one Vicissitude, and equal Share
 Of Day and Night, disparted thro' the Year?
 May they not scorn our Sun's repeated Race,
 To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
 Hast'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
 Half of our Daily Toil yet scarcely done?
 May they not justly to our Climes upbraid
 Shortness of Night, and Penury of Shade;
 That e'er our weary'd Limbs are justly blest
 With wholesom Sleep, and necessary Rest;
 Another Sun demands return of Care,
 The remnant Toil of Yesterday to bear?
 Whilst, when the Solar Beams salute their Sight,
 Bold and secure in half a Year of Light,
 Uninterrupted Voyages they take
 To the remotest Wood, and farthest Lake;
 Manage the Fishing, and pursue the Course
 With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.
 And when declining Day forsakes their Sky;
 When gathering Clouds speak gloomy Winter nigh;
 With Plenty for the coming Season blest,
 Six solid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
 From all the Labor, Process, Clamor, Woe,
 Which our sad Scenes of daily Action know:
 They light the shining Lamp, prepare the Feast,
 And with full Mirth receive the welcome Guest;

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Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning Fair;
And rais'd in Pleasure, or repos'd in Ease
(Grateful Alternates of substantial Peace)
They bless the long Nocturnal Influence shed
On the crown'd Goblet, and the Genial Bed.

In foreign Isles which our Discoverers find,
Far from this length of Continent disjointed,
The rugged *Bears*, or spotted *Lynx's* brood;
Frighten the Vallies, and infest the Wood:
The hungry *Crocodile*, and hissing *Snake*
Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake:
And Man untaught, and ravenous as the Beast,
Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infest.
Deriv'd these Men and Animals their Birth
From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth:
Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
In EDEN'S Shade, and one created Man?
Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er
By coasting Boats from next adjacent Shoar:
Would Those, from whom We will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless Lands, and Poyson bring?
Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
Feed the *She-Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
Or could they think the new Discover'd Isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

And since the Savage Lineage we must trace
From NOAH fav'd, and his distinguish'd Race;

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How

How should their Fathers happen to forget
 The Arts which NOAH taught, the Rules He set,
 To sow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,
 And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?
 While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
 Unpress'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,
 Stragling o'er Dale and Hill in quest of Food,
 And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How shall We next o'er Earth and Seas pursue
 The vary'd Forms of ev'ry thing we view;
 That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
 Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?
 Of those Materials, which have been confes'd
 The pristine Springs, and Parents of the rest,
 Each becomes other. Water stop'd gives Birth
 To Grass and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
 Diffus'd it rises in a higher Sphere;
 Dilates it's Drops, and softens into Air:
 Those finer Parts of Air again aspire;
 Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
 That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
 And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
 Alters it's Particles; is Fire no more;
 But lies resplendent Dust, and Shining Oar:
 Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
 Changes it's Shape; puts off it's old Remains;
 With wat'ry Parts it's lessen'd Force divides;
 Flows into Waves, and rises into Tides.

Disparted

Disparted Streams shall from their Channels fly,
 And deep furcharg'd by sandy Mountains lye,
 Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating Rain,
 And furious Wind, down to the distant Plain
 The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
 Shall fall: The Plain by slow Degrees shall rise
 Higher than erft had flood the Summit-Hill:
 For Time must Nature's great Behests fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
 All Things are light or heavy, small or great:
 Thus JORDAN's Waves shall future Clouds appear;
 And EGYPT's *Pyramids* refine to Air.
 Thus later Age shall ask for PISON's Flood;
 And Travellers enquire, where BABEL stood.

Now where we see these Changes often fall,
 Sedate we pass them by, as Natural;
 Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
 The Pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
 Let active Thought these close *Meanders* trace:
 Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
 Are all Things Miracle; or nothing such?
 And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
 Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
 Is this more strange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
 Strip'd by *December's* Frost, and white with Snow,

Should

Commence

Disparted

Should push, in Spring, ten thousand thousand Buds;
 And boast returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
 That each successive Night from opening Heav'n
 The Food of Angels should to Man be giv'n;
 Is this more strange, than that with common Bread
 Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;
 Than that each Grain and Seed consum'd in Earth,
 Raises it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth;
 And from the handful, which the Tiller sows,
 The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harvest flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Sense produce
 Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
 From Nature's constant or Eccentric Laws,
 The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Influence draws,
 That an Effect must presuppose a Cause. }
 And while She does her upward Flight sustain,
 Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
 At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
 A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity; }
 What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great Existence thus by Reason found,
 Blest by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd;
 How can we bind or limit His Decree,
 By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may see?
 Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water lost,
 Beyond the Islands, and the Mid-land Coast?
 Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,
 Sever'd those Waters by some other Earth,

Countries

Countries by future Plow-shares to be torn,
 And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn;
 E'er the progressive Course of restless Age
 Performs Three thousand times it's Annual Stage;
 May not our Pow'r and Learning be suppress'd;
 And Arts and Empire learn to travel West?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
 Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
 Ascends my Soul? what sees She White and Great
 Amidst subject Seas? An ISLE, the Seat
 Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne,
 For Justice and for Mercy fought and known;
 Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
 From thence to this distinguish'd Nation given.

Yet farther West the Western ISLE extends
 Her happy Fame; her Armed Fleets She sends
 To Climates folded yet from human Eye;
 And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky.
 From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts resound,
 And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;
 Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
 In other INDIES, and a second World.

Long shall BRITANNIA (That must be her Name)
 Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame;
 Long shall her favor'd Monarchy engage
 The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age;
 Rever'd and Happy She shall long remain,
 Of human Things least changeable, least vain.

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Yet

Yet All must with the gen'ral Doom comply;
And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And chusing Sable for the peaceful Night.
Ask Reason now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n:
Reason our Guide, what can She more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;
Than that Night rises from his absent Ray,
And his returning Lustre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obscur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Light'ning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night sometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:
Our Joy and Wonder sometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.
Send forth, Ye Wise, send forth your lab'ring Thought:
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and scaffolding of Words:

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And take the Doubt the very same I gave.

Lo! as a Giant strong the lusty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Course, yet constant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finishing the Year.
Again when his descending Orb retires,
And Earth perceives the Absence of his Fires;
The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams distributes fainter Day:
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.
Each Planet shining in his proper Sphere,
Does with just Speed his radiant Voyage steer:
Each sees his Lamp with diff'rent Lustre crown'd:
Each knows his Course with diff'rent Periods bound;
And in his Passage thro' the liquid Space,
Nor hastens, nor retards his Neighbor's Race.
Now shine these Planets with substantial Rays?
Does innate Lustre gild their measur'd Days?
Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have shown)
Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?
Again I see ten thousand thousand Stars,
Nor cast in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
(Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
But shining with such vast, such various Light,
As speaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:

How

How mean the Order and Perfection sought
In the best Product of the human Thought,
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his Ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a Day;
How small a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more distant, and remoter Heav'n?
And of those Stars, which our imperfect Eye
Has doom'd, and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
Each by a native stock of Honor great,
May dart strong Influence, and diffuse kind Heat,
It self a Sun; and with transmissive Light
Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
New Moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;
And other Stars may to those Suns be Earths;
Give their own Elements their proper Births;
Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
See their Lands flourish, and their Oceans roll;
Yet these great Orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,
May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes or their Distance, or their Height appear)
Be seen a nobler, or inferior Star;
And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In

In vain We measure this amazing Sphere,
And find and fix it's Centre here or there;
Whilst it's Circumf'rence, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquish'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monsters* driv'n,
With which your Guesces fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?
Where will their fictitious Images remain?
In paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN's Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Guefs,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confefs;
That these fair Stars, these Objects of Delight,
And Terror, to our searching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do these Worlds display their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to serve thy Use, to please thy Pride?
Thy self but Dust, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration; foolish Man!
As well may the minutest Emmet say,
That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way:
The Snail, that LEBANON's extended Wood
Was defin'd only for his Walk, and Food:
The vilest Cockle, gaping on the Coast
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,
The craggy Rock projects above the Sky,
That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye,
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters swell,
Only to quench his Thirst, or move and blanch his Shell.

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A

How mean the Order and Perfection fought

A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race
For Rebel LUCIFER with MICHAEL fought:

(I offer only what Tradition taught:)

Embattl'd Cherub against Cherub rose;

Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppose:

Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.

What were these Forms, of which your Volumes tell,

How some fought great, and others recreant fell?

These bound to bear an everlasting Load,

Durance of Chain, and Banishment of God:

By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;

To swim in sulph'rous Lakes, or land on solid Fire:

While Those exalted to primæval Light,

Excess of Blessing, and Supreme Delight,

Only perceive some little Pause of Joys

In those great Moments, when their God employs

Their Ministry, to pour his threaten'd Hate

On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:

Or to reverse JEHOVAH's high Command,

And speak the Thunder falling from his Hand,

When to his Duty the proud King returns;

And the Rebellious State in Ashes mourns.

How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;

Or view that Presence, which no Space can bind?

Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?

He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?

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O how can wicked Angels find a Night
So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing Light,
Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now of Angel, when I hear
Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?
Spirits to Action spiritual confin'd,

Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,

Should only act and prompt us from within,

Nor by external Eye be ever seen.

Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,

That these had Appetite, and Limb, and Bone?

Else how could ABRAHAM wash their weary'd Feet; or

Or SARAH please their Taste with sav'ry Meat?

Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage

To save their Bodies from abusive Rage?

And how could JACOB, in a real Fight,

Feel or resist the wrestling Angel's Might?

How could a Form it's Strength with Matter try?

Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?

How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,

By stronger Blasts still subject to be tost,

By Tempests scatter'd, and in Whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)

Substances real, and existing Frames?

How comes it, since with them we jointly share

The great Effect of one Creator's Care;

That

That whilst our Bodies sicken, and decay,
 Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
 Why, whilst We struggle in this Vale beneath,
 With Want and Sorrow, with Disease and Death;
 Do They more blest'd perpetual Life employ
 On Songs of Pleasure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World survey'd,
 And found, that Nothing by it self was made;
 When Thought has rais'd it self by just Degrees,
 From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;
 From smoaking Min'rals, and from rising Streams;
 From fatt'ning NILUS, or victorious THAMES;
 From all the Living, that four-footed move
 Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;
 From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
 Thro' the Aërial, or the Wat'ry Sky;
 From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
 That miserable Master of the Whole;
 From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
 This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
 With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd Light;
 From Essences unseen, Celestial Names,
 Enlight'ning Spirits, and ministerial Flames,
 Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
 All that in each Degree the name of Creature owns:
 Lift we our Reason to that Sov'reign Cause,
 Who blest the whole with Life, and bounded it with Laws;

Who

Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
 His Will and Act, His Word and Work the same;
 To whom a thousand Years are but a Day;
 Who bad the Light her genial Beams display;
 And set the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way:
 Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
 Primæval, order'd his predestin'd Course:
 Himself, as in the Hollow of His Hand,
 Holding, obedient to His high Command,
 The deep Abyfs, the long continu'd Store,
 Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes pour
 Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more.
 This ALPHA and OMEGA, First and Last,
 Who like the Potter in a Mould has cast
 The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the Eyes of Sense and Reason see;
 Yet if He wills, may change or spoil the whole;
 May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry Roll,
 And burn it, like an uselefs parchment Scroll:
 May from it's *Basis* in one Moment pour
 This melted Earth——
 Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:
 Who sole in Pow'r, at the Beginning said;
 Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:
 And it was so——And when He shall ordain
 In other Sort, has but to speak again,

And They shall be no more: Of this great Theme,
 This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlasting Name,
 This GOD, I would discourse——

P P P P P

The

The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd;
 And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
 Nor Speech They meditate, nor Answer frame:
 Too plain, alas! their Silence spake their Shame:
 'Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
 And Turn superior to the vulgar Herd,
 Began; that Human Learning's furthest Reach
 Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;
 That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey:
 For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did sway;
 And the astonish'd World in Me beheld
 MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE'S Son excell'd!
 Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;
 Forefaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
 O Live, said He, Thou Wisest of the Wise!
 As None has equall'd, None shall ever rise
 Excelling Thee——

Parent of wicked, Bane of honest Deeds,
 Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
 In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
 Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
 With rising Pride amidst the Corn appear,
 And choak the Hopes and Harvest of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd
 Mute to my Questions, in my Praises loud,
 Echo'd the Word: whence Things arose, or how
 They thus exist, the Aptest nothing know:

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What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dullest see.

My Prophets, and my Sophists finish'd here
Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
Not so my *Rabbins*, and Logicians yield:
Retiring still they combat: from the Field
Of open Arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.
To speak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join,
Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
Ill grounded Maxims by false Gloss enlarg'd,
And captious Science against Reason charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:
The adverse Sect deny'd, what This had taught;
And He at length the amplest Triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!
We erring still Excuse for Error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man! since first thy blushing Sire essay'd
His Folly with connected Leaves to shade;
How does the Crime of thy resembling Race
With like Attempt that pristine Error trace?

Too

Too plain thy Nakedness of Soul espy'd,
 Why dost Thou strive the conscious Shame to hide
 By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

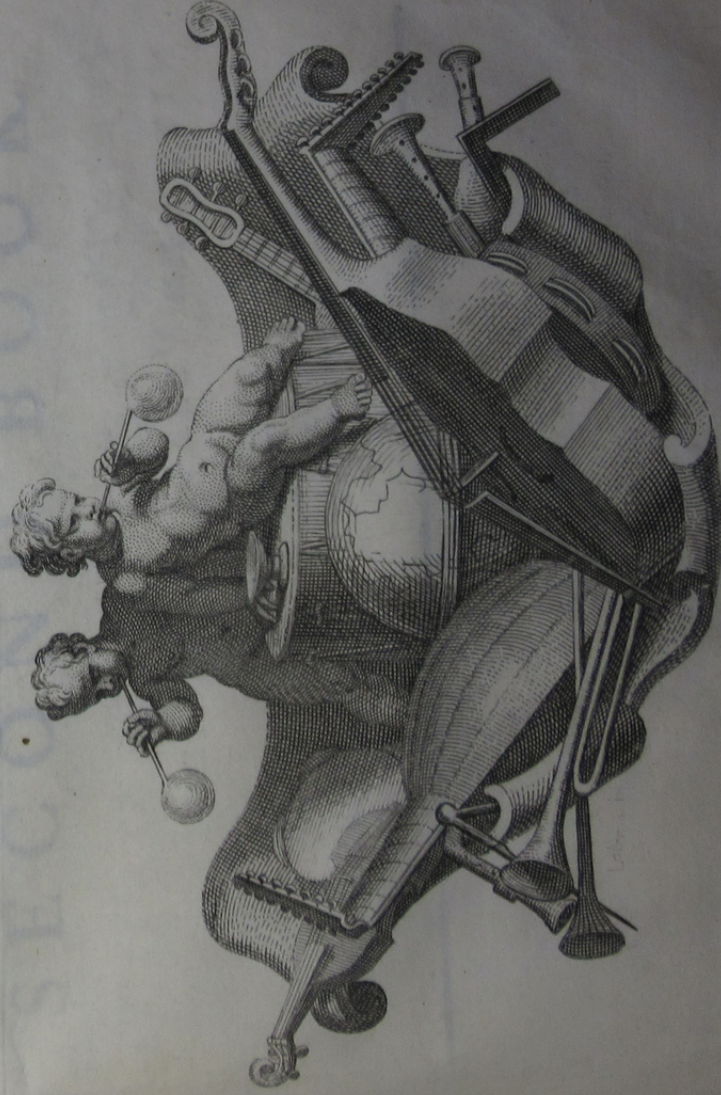
With outward Smiles their Flattery I receiv'd;
 Own'd my Sick Mind by their Discourse reliev'd;
 But bent and inward to my Self again
 Perplex'd, these Matters I revolv'd; in vain.
 My Search still tir'd, my Labor still renew'd,
 At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
 Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid:
 Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective Reason I confess,
 That human Science is uncertain Guefs.
 Alas! We grasp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
 Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
 Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
 Or who shall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
 In vain We lift up our presumptuous Eyes
 To what our Maker to their Ken denies:
 The Searcher follows fast; the Object faster flies.
 The little which imperfectly We find,
 Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
 To fruitless Search of Something yet behind.
 Various Discussions tear our heated Brain:
 Opinions often turn; still Doubts remain;
 And who indulges Thought, increases Pain.

How

How narrow Limits were to Wisdom giv'n?
 Earth She surveys: She thence would measure Heav'n:
 Thro' Mists obscure, now wings her tedious Way;
 Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
 And from the Summit of a pathless Coast
 Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd Desire to know,
 Off-spring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe.
 Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Pursuit,
 And rashly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
 With empty Labor and eluded Strife
 Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
 For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
 Which flaming Swords and angry CHERUBS guard.



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PLEA-

Q d d d d

P L E N A



Which flaming swords and angry Chariots guard,
For ever from that fatal Tree depart;
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
With empty Labor and eluded Strife
And rashly catch at the forbidden Fruit;
Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Pursuit,
Casting off Adam, was thy source of Woe.
Remember, that the curst Desire to know,
Sees Infinite, and in that Sight is lost.
And from the Summit of a purpled Coast
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
Thou, Miss obscure, now wings her tedious Way;
Forth She surveys; She thence would measure Heaven;
How narrow Limits were to Wisdom giv'n;

PLASUROL:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

TEXTS

The A R G U M E N T.

SOLOMON *again seeking Happiness, enquires if Wealth and Greatness can produce it: begins with the Magnificence of Gardens and Buildings, the Luxury of Music and Feasting; and proceeds to the Hopes and Desires of Love. In two Episodes are shewn the Follies and Troubles of that Passion. SOLOMON still disappointed, falls under the Temptations of Libertinism and Idolatry; recovers his Thought, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the Pursuit of Pleasure, and sensual Delight, ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT.*

TEXTS

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

I said in my own Heart, go to now, I will prove thee with Mirth;
therefore enjoy Pleasure. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. II. Vers. 1.

I made me great Works, I builded me Houses, I planted me Vineyards.
Vers. 4.

I made me Gardens and Orchards; and I planted Trees in them of all
kind of Fruits. Vers. 5.

I made me Pools of Water, to water therewith the Wood that bringeth
forth Trees. Vers. 6.

Then I looked on all the Works that my Hands had wrought, and on
the Labour that I had laboured to do: And behold, all was Vanity,
and Vexation of Spirit; and there was no Profit under the Sun. Vers. 11.

I gat me Men-Singers and Women-Singers, and the Delights of the Sons
of Men, as Musical Instruments, and that of all Sorts. Vers. 8.

I sought in mine Heart to give my self unto Wine (yet acquainting mine
Heart with Wisdom) and to lay hold on Folly, 'till I might see what
was that Good for the Sons of Men, which they should do under Hea-
ven, all the Days of their Life. Vers. 3.

Then I said in my Heart, as it happeneth unto the Fool, so it happeneth
even unto Me; and why was I then more Wise? Then I said in my
Heart, that this also is Vanity. Vers. 15.

Therefore I hated Life, because the Work that is wrought under the Sun
is grievous unto me. Chap. II. Vers. 27.

Dead Flies cause the Oyntment to send forth a stinking Savour: so doth
the little Folly him that is in Reputation for Wisdom and Honour.
Chap. X. Vers. 1.

The Memory of the Just is blessed, but the Memory of the Wicked
shall rot. PROVERBS, Chap. X. Vers. 7.

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Chap. X. Vers. 1.

The Memory of the Just is blessed, but the Memory of the Wicked
is polluted. Prov. X. Vers. 7.



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From the
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Artists and Plans reliev'd my solemn Hours; but

P L E A S U R E

Birds, Fishes, Beasts of each Exotic Kind

I to the Limits of my Court confin'd

To Trees transferr'd I gazed

And bid a foreign Shade grace Judah's Earth;

Fish-ponds were made, where former Forests grew;

Rivers diverted from their Native Course,

And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,

Or rose thro' figh'd Stone

Or rose thro' figh'd Stone

Or rose thro' figh'd Stone

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R Y then, O Man, the Moments to

deceive,

That from the Womb attend Thee to

the Grave:

For weary'd Nature find some apter

Scheme:

Health be thy Hope; and Pleasure be

thy Theme:

From the perplexing and unequal Ways,

Where Study brings Thee; from the endless Maze,

Which

Which Doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede,
 To the gay Field, and flow'ry Path, that lead
 To jocund Mirth, soft Joy, and careless Ease:
 Forsake what may instruct, for what may please:
 Essay amusing Art, and proud Expence;
 And make thy Reason subject to thy Sense.

I commun'd thus: the Pow'r of Wealth I try'd,
 And all the various Luxe of costly Pride.

Artists and Plans reliev'd my solemn Hours:

I founded Palaces, and planted Bow'rs.
 Birds, Fishes, Beasts of each Exotic Kind

I to the Limits of my Court confin'd.

To Trees transferr'd I gave a second Birth;

And bid a foreign Shade grace JUDAH'S Earth.

Fish-ponds were made, where former Forrests grew;

And Hills were levell'd to extend the View.

Rivers diverted from their Native Course,

And bound with Chains of Artificial Force,

From large Cascades in pleasing Tumult roll'd;

Or rose thro' figur'd Stone, or breathing Gold.

From furthest AFRICA'S tormented Womb

The Marble brought erects the spacious Dome;

Or forms the Pillars long-extended Rows,

On which the planted Grove, and pensile Garden grows.

The Workmen here obey the Master's Call,

To gild the Turret, and to paint the Wall;

To mark the Pavement there with various Stone;

And on the Jasper Steps to rear the Throne:

The

The spreading *Cedar*, that an Age had stood,
 Supreme of Trees, and Mistress of the Wood,
 Cut down and carv'd, my shining Roof adorns;
 And LEBANON his ruin'd Honor mourns.

A thousand Artists shew their cunning Pow'r,
 To raise the Wonders of the Iv'ry Tow'r.
 A thousand Maidens ply the purple Loom,
 To weave the Bed, and deck the Regal Room;
 'Till TYRE confesses her exhausted Store,
 That on her Coast the *Murex* is no more;
 'Till from the PARIAN Isle, and LYBIA'S Coast,
 The Mountains grieve their hopes of Marble lost;
 And INDIA'S Woods return their just Complaint,
 Their Brood decay'd, and want of *Elephants* I

My full Design with vast Expence achiev'd,
 I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
 I chid the Folly of my thoughtless Ha't:
 For, the Work perfected, the Joy was past.

To my new Courts sad Thought did still repair;
 And round my gilded Roofs hung hov'ring Care.
 In vain on silken Beds I sought Repose;
 And restless oft' from purple Couches rose:
 Vexatious Thought still found my flying Mind
 Nor bound by Limits, nor to Place confin'd;
 Haunted my Nights, and terrify'd my Days;
 Stalk'd thro' my Gardens, and pursu'd my Ways,
 Nor shut from artful Bow'r, nor lost in winding Maze.

SSSS

Yet

Yet take thy Bent, my Soul ; another Sense
Indulge ; add Music to Magnificence :
Essay, if Harmony may Grief controll ;
Or Pow'r of Sound prevail upon the Soul.

Often our Secrs and Poets have confest,
That Music's Force can tame the furious Beast ;
Can make the Wolf, or foaming Boar restrain
His Rage ; the Lion drop his crested Mane,
Attentive to the Song ; the Lynx forget
His Wrath to Man, and lick the Minstrel's Feet,
Are we, alas ! less savage yet than these ?
Else Music sure may human Cares appease.

I spake my Purpose ; and the chearful Choir
Parted their shares of Harmony : the Lyre
Softened the Timbrel's Noise : the Trumpet's Sound
Provok'd the DORIAN Flute (both sweeter found
When mix'd :) the Fife the Viol's Notes refin'd ;
And ev'ry Strength with ev'ry Grace was join'd.
Each Morn they wak'd Me with a sprightly Lay :
Of opening Heav'n they Sung, and gladsome Day.
Each Evening their repeated Skill exprest
Scenes of Repose, and Images of Rest :
Yet still in vain : for Music gather'd Thought :
But how unequal the Effects it brought ?
The soft *Ideas* of the chearful Note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot.
The solemn Violence of the graver Sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting Wound.

And

And now reflecting, I with Grief descry
The sickly Lust of the fantastic Eye;
How the weak Organ is with Seeing cloy'd,
Flying e'er Night what it at Noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy Search of Thought!) I found
The fickle Ear soon glutted with the Sound,
Condemn'd eternal Changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the New.

I bad the Virgins and the Youth advance,
To temper Music with the sprightly Dance.
In Vain! too low the Mimic-Motions seem:
What takes our Heart, must merit our Esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a Part,
Forming her Movements to the Rules of Art;
And vex'd I found, that the Musician's Hand
Had o'er the Dancer's Mind too great Command.

I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas Rage; 'twas Noise;
An airy Scene of transitory Joys.

In vain I trusted, that the flowing Bowl
Would banish Sorrow, and enlarge the Soul.
To the late Revel, and protracted Feast
Wild Dreams succeeded, and disorder'd Rest;
And as at Dawn of Morn fair Reason's Light
Broke thro' the Fumes and Phantoms of the Night;
What had been said, I ask'd my Soul, what done;
How flow'd our Mirth, and whence the Source begun?

Perhaps

Perhaps the Jest that charm'd the sprightly Croud,
 And made the Jovial Table laugh so loud,
 To some false Notion ow'd it's poor Pretence,
 To an ambiguous Word's perverted Sense,
 To a wild Sonnet, or a wanton Air,
 Offence and Torture to the sober Ear.
 Perhaps, alas! the pleasing Stream was brought
 From this Man's Error, from another's Fault;
 From Topics which Good-nature would forget,
 And Prudence mention with the last Regret.

Add yet unnumber'd Ills, that lye unseen
 In the pernicious Draught; the Word obscene,
 Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
 Irrevocable; the too prompt Reply,
 Seed of severe Distrust, and fierce Debate;
 What We should shun, and what We ought to hate.

Add too the Blood impoverish'd, and the Course
 Of Health suppress'd, by Wine's continu'd Force.

Unhappy Man! whom Sorrow thus and Rage
 To diff'rent Ills alternately engage.
 Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees,
 That melancholy Sloath, severe Disease,
 Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted Thought,
 Death's Harbingers, lye latent in the Draught:
 And in the Flow'rs that wreath the sparkling Bowl,
 Fell Adders hiss, and poy'snous Serpents roll.

remains

Remains

Remains there Ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickness of Mind, and heal the Bosom:—Love,
Love yet remains: Indulge his genial Fire,
Cherish fair Hope, solicit young Desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious Soul explore
This last great Remedy's Mysterious Pow'r.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful Breast?
Why ceases it one Moment to be blest?
Fly swift, my Friends; my Servants, fly; employ
Your instant Pains to bring your Master Joy.
Let all my Wives and Concubines be dress'd:
Let them to Night attend the Royal Feast;
All ISRAEL's Beauty, all the foreign Fair,
The Gifts of Princes, or the Spoils of War.
Before their Monarch They shall singly pass;
And the most Worthy shall obtain the Grace.

I said: the Feast was serv'd: the Bowl was crown'd;
To the King's Pleasure went the mirthful Round:
The Women came: as Custom wills, they pass:
On One (O that distinguish'd One!) I cast
The fav'rite Glance: O! yet my Mind retains
That fond Beginning of my infant Pains.
Mature the Virgin was of EGYP't's Race:
Grace shap'd her Limbs; and Beauty deck'd her Face:
Easy her Motion seem'd, serene her Air;
Full, tho' unzon'd, her Bosom rose: her Hair

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Unty'd,

Remains

Unty'd, and ignorant of artful Aid,
Adown her Shoulders loofely lay display'd;
And in the Jetty Curls ten thousand CUPIDS play'd.

Fix'd on her Charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
Aid me my Friends, contribute to improve
Your Monarch's Blifs, I said; fresh Roses bring
To strow my Bed; 'till the impov'rish'd Spring
Confess her Want; around my am'rous Head
Be dropping Myrrhe, and liquid Amber shed,
'Till A R A B has no more. From the soft Lyre,
Sweet Flute, and ten-string'd Instrument, require
Sounds of Delight: and Thou, fair Nymph, draw nigh;
Thou, in whose graceful Form, and potent Eye
Thy Master's Joy long sought at length is found;
And as thy Brow, let my Desires be crown'd;
O fav'rite Virgin, that hast warm'd the Breast,
Whose sov'reign Dictates subjugate the East!

I said; and sudden from the golden Throne
With a submissive Step I hasted down.
The glowing Garland from my Hair I took,
Love in my Heart, Obedience in my Look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely Head:
O fav'rite Virgin! (yet again I said)
Receive the Honors destin'd to thy Brow;
And O above thy Fellows happy Thou!
Their Duty must thy sov'reign Word obey.
Rise up, my Love; my fair One, come away.

What Pang, alas! what Ecstasy of Smart
Tore up my Senses, and transfix'd my Heart;
When She with modest Scorn the Wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous Neck, and inward mourn'd;

Forc'd by my Pride, I my Concern suppress'd
Pretended Drowfiness, and Wish of Rest;
And fullen I forsook th' Imperfect Feast:
Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper Care
Our Eastern Grandeur gives th'imprison'd Fair,
To lead Her forth to a distinguish'd Bow'r,
And bid her dress the Bed, and wait the Hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate Maid;
(Swift are the Steps that Love and Anger tread:)
Approach'd her Person, courted her Embrace,
Renew'd my Flame, repeated my Disgrace:
By Turns put on the Suppliant and the Lord;
Threaten'd this Moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted Wreath,
And Choice of happy Love, or instant Death.

Averse to all her am'rous King desir'd,
Far as She might, She decently retir'd;
And darting Scorn, and Sorrow from her Eyes,
What means, said She, King SOLOMON the Wife?

This wretched Body trembles at your Pow'r:
Thus far could Fortune: but She can no more.

Free

Free to her Self my potent Mind remains;

Nor fears the Victor's Rage, nor feels his Chains.

'Tis said, that Thou can'st plausibly dispute,
 Supreme of Seers, of Angel, Man, and Brute;
 Can'st plead, with subtil Wit and fair Discourse,
 Of Passion's Folly, and of Reason's Force.
 That to the Tribes attentive Thou can'st show,
 Whence their Misfortunes, or their Blessings flow.
 That Thou in Science, as in Pow'r art great;
 And Truth and Honor on Thy Edicts wait.
 Where is that Knowledge now, that regal Thought,
 With just Advice, and timely Counsel fraught?

Where now, O Judge of J S R A E L, does it rove?

What in one Moment dost Thou offer? Love—

Love? why 'tis Joy or Sorrow, Peace or Strife:

'Tis all the Color of remaining Life:

And Human Mis'ry must begin or end,

As He becomes a Tyrant, or a Friend.

Would D A V I D's Son, religious, just, and grave,

To the first Bride-bed of the World receive

A Foreigner, a Heathen, and a Slave?

Or grant, Thy Passion has these Names destroy'd;

That Love, like Death, makes all Distinction void;

Yet in his Empire o'er Thy abject Breaſt,

His Flames and Torments only are exprest:

His Rage can in my Smiles alone relent;

And all his Joys solicit my Consent.

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Soft Love, ſpontaneous Tree, it's parted Root
Muſt from two Hearts with equal Vigour ſhoot:
Whiſt each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleaſing Ecſtaſy, which each receives:
Cheriſh'd with Hope, and fed with Joy it grows:
It's chearful Buds their opening Bloom diſcloſe;
And round the happy Soil diffuſive Odor flows. }
If angry Fate that mutual Care denies; }
The fading Plant bewails it's due Supplies: }
Wild with Deſpair, or ſick with Grief, it dies. }

By Force Beaſts act, and are by Force refrain'd:
The Human Mind by gentle Means is gain'd.
Thy uſeleſs Strength, miſtaken King, employ:
Sated with Rage, and ignorant of Joy,
Thou ſhalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the Harveſt, tho' Thou ſpoil'ſt the Field.
Know, S O L O M O N, Thy poor Extent of Sway;
Contract thy Brow, and I S R A E L ſhall obey:
But wilful Love Thou muſt with Smiles appeaſe;
Approach his awful Throne by juſt Degrees;
And if Thou would'ſt be Happy, learn to pleaſe. }

Not that thoſe Arts can here ſucceſſful prove:
For I am deſtin'd to another's Love.
Beyond the cruel Bounds of Thy Command,
To my dear Equal, in my Native Land,
My plighted Vow I gave: I His receiv'd:
Each ſwore with Truth: with Pleaſure each believ'd.

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The mutual Contract was to Heav'n convey'd:
In equal Scales the busy Angels weigh'd
It's solemn Force, and clap'd their Wings, and spread
The lasting Roll, recording what We said.

Now in my Heart behold Thy Poynard stain'd:
Take the sad Life which I have long disdain'd:
End, in a dying Virgin's wretched Fate,
Thy ill-starr'd Passion, and My steadfast Hate.
For long as Blood informs these circling Veins;
Or fleeting Breath it's latest Pow'r retains;
Hear Me to EGYPT's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is My Part: be Thine, O King, Despair.

Now strike, She said, and open'd bare her Breast:
Stand it in JUDAH's Chronicles confest,
That DAVID's Son, by impious Passion mov'd,
Smote a She-Slave, and murder'd what He lov'd.

As Ham'd, confus'd I started from the Bed;
And to my Soul yet uncollected said:
Into Thy self, fond SOLOMON, return;
Reflect again, and Thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd Years have Pleasure fought;
And in vain Hope the wanton Phantom caught;
To mock my Sense, and mortify my Pride,
'Tis in another's Pow'r, and is deny'd.
Am I a King, great Heav'n! does Life or Death
Hang on the Wrath, or Mercy of My Breath;
While kneeling I My Servant's Smiles implore;
And One mad Dam'sel dares dispute My Pow'r?

To

To Ravish Her? That Thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the Monarch to the Beast.
To send Her back? O whither, and to whom?
To Lands where SOLOMON must never come;
To that Insulting Rival's happy Arms,
For whom, disdaining Me, She keeps her Charms.

Fantastic Tyrant of the am'rous Heart;
How hard Thy Yoke! how cruel is Thy Dart!
Those 'scape Thy Anger, who refuse Thy Sway;
And those are punish'd most, who most Obey.
See JUDAH's King revere thy greater Pow'r:
What can'st Thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O LOVE, with an obdurate Ear
Does this proud Nymph reject a Monarch's Pray'r?
Why to some simple Shepherd does She run,
From the fond Arms of DAVID's Fav'rite Son?
Why flies She from the Glories of a Court,
Where Wealth and Pleasure may Thy Reign support,
To some poor Cottage on the Mountain's Brow,
Now bleak with Winds, and cover'd now with Snow,
Where pinching Want must curb her warm Desires,
And Household Cares suppress Thy Genial Fires?

Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
The Force, while they erect the Shrines of LOVE.
His Mystic Form the Artizans of GREEN
In wounded Stone, or molten Gold express:
And CYPRIUS to his Godhead pays her Vow:
Fast in his Hand the Idol holds his Bow;

A

A Quiver by his Side sustains a Store
 Of pointed Darts; sad Emblems of his Pow'r;
 A pair of Wings He has, which He extends
 Now to be gone; which now again He bends
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton Ends.
 Entirely thus I find the Fiend pourtray'd,
 Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous Maid:
 I felt Him strike; and now I see Him fly:
 Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lye
 Those fatal Shafts, by which I inward bleed!
 O! can my Wishes yet o'ertake thy Speed!
 Tis'd may'st Thou pant, and hang thy flagging Wing;
 Except Thou turn'st Thy Course, resolv'd to bring
 The Dam'sel back, and save the Love-sick King.

My Soul thus struggling in the fatal Net,
 Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
 I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd:
 'Till hopeless plung'd in an Abyss of Grief,
 I from Necessity receiv'd Relief:
 Time gently aided to assuage my Pain;
 And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd Rein.

But O how short My Interval of Woe!
 Our Grievs how swift; our Remedies how slow!
 Another Nymph (for so did Heav'n ordain,
 To change the Manner, but renew the Pain)
 Another Nymph, amongst the many Fair,
 That made My softer Hours their solemn Care, Before

Before the rest affected still to stand;
 And watch'd My Eye, preventing My Command.
 A B R A, She so was call'd, did soonest hast
 To grace my Presence: A B R A went the last:
 A B R A was ready e'er I call'd her Name;
 And tho' I call'd another, A B R A came.

Her Equals first observ'd her growing Zeal;
 And laughing gloss'd, that A B R A serv'd so well.
 To Me her Actions did unheeded dye,
 Or were remark'd but with a common Eye;
 'Till more appri'd of what the Rumor said,
 More I observ'd peculiar in the Maid.

The Sun declin'd had shot his Western Ray;
 When tir'd with Bus'ness of the solemn Day,
 I purpos'd to unbend the Evening Hours,
 And banquet private in the Women's Bow'rs.
 I call'd, before I sat, to wash My Hands:
 For so the Precept of the Law commands.
 Love had ordain'd, that it was A B R A's Turn
 To mix the Sweets, and minister the Urn.

With awful Homage, and submissive Dread
 The Maid approach'd, on my declining Head
 To pour the Oyls: She trembled as She pour'd;
 With an unguarded Look She now devour'd
 My nearer Face: and now recall'd her Eye,
 And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden Sigh.

X x x x x

And

And whence, said I, canst Thou have Dread, or Pain?
 What can thy Imag'ry of Sorrow mean?
 Secluded from the World, and all it's Care,
 Hast Thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
 For sure, I added, sure thy little Heart
 Ne'er felt Love's Anger, or receiv'd his Dart.

Abash'd She blush'd, and with Disorder spoke;
 Her rising Shame adorn'd the Words it broke.

If the great Master will descend to hear
 The humble Series of His Hand-maid's Care;
 O! while She tells it, let him not put on
 The Look, that awes the Nations from the Throne:
 O! let not Death severe in Glory lye
 In the King's Frown, and Terror of his Eye.

Mine to obey; Thy Part is to ordain:
 And tho' to mention, be to suffer Pain;
 If the King smiles, whilst I my Woe recite;
 If weeping I find Favour in His Sight;
 Flow fast my Tears, full rising his Delight.

O! Witness Earth beneath, and Heav'n above;
 For can I hide it? I am sick of Love:
 If Madnes may the Name of Passion bear;
 Or Love be call'd, what is indeed Despair.

Thou Sov'reign Pow'r, whose secret Will controls
 The inward Bent and Motion of our Souls!

Why

z z z z X

Why hast Thou plac'd such infinite Degrees
 Between the Cause and Cure of my Disease? I had Thought
 The mighty Object of that raging Fire, nor could I see
 In which unpy'd ABRA must expire,
 Had He been born some simple Shepherd's Heir,
 The lowing Herd, or fleecy Sheep his Care;
 At Morn with him I o'er the Hills had run,
 Scornful of Winter's Frost, and Summer's Sun,
 Still asking, where He made his Flock to rest at Noon.
 For him at Night, the dear expected Guest,
 I had with hasty Joy prepar'd the Feast;
 And from the Cottage, o'er the distant Plain,
 Sent forth my longing Eye to meet the Swain;
 Wav'ring, impatient, tofs'd by Hope and Fear;
 Till He and Joy together should appear;
 And the lov'd Dog declare his Master near.
 On my declining Neck, and open Breast,
 I should have lull'd the lovely Youth to Rest;
 And from beneath his Head, at dawning Day,
 With softest Care have stol'n my Arm away;
 To rise, and from the Fold release the Sheep,
 Fond of his Flock, indulgent to his Sleep.

Or if kind Heav'n propitious to my Flame
 (For sure from Heav'n the faithful Ardor came)
 Had blest my Life, and deck'd my natal Hour
 With Height of Title, and Extent of Pow'r;
 Without a Crime my Passion had aspir'd,
 Found the lov'd Prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then

Then I had come, preventing SHEBA'S Queen,
 To see the comeliest of the Sons of Men;
 To hear the charming Poet's am'rous Song,
 And gather Honey falling from his Tongue;
 To take the fragrant Kisses of his Mouth,
 Sweeter than Breezes of her native South;
 Likening his Grace, his Person, and his Mien
 To all that Great or Beauteous I had seen.
 Serene and bright his Eyes, as solar Beams
 Reflecting temper'd Light from Crystal Streams;
 Ruddy as Gold his Cheek; his Bosom fair
 As Silver; the curl'd Ringlets of his Hair
 Black as the Raven's Wing; his Lip more red,
 Than Eastern Coral, or the scarlet Thread;
 Even his Teeth, and white, like a young Flock
 Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear Brook
 Recent, and blanching on the Sunny Rock.
 Iv'ry with Saphirs interspers'd, explains
 How white his Hands, how blue the Manly Veins.
 Columns of polish'd Marble firmly set
 On golden Bases, are his Legs, and Feet.
 His Stature all Majestic, all Divine,
 Strait as the Palmtree, strong as is the Pine.
 Saffron and Myrrhe are on his Garments shed:
 And everlasting Sweets bloom round his Head.
 What utter I? where am I? wretched Maid!
 Dye, ABRA, dye: too plainly hast Thou said
 Thy Soul's Desire to meet His high Embrace,
 And Blessings stamp'd upon thy future Race;

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To bid attentive Nations bleſs thy Womb, and Solomons to come.
With unborn Monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.

Here o'er her Speech her flowing Eyes prevail,
O foolish Maid! and O unhappy Tale!
My ſuff'ring Heart for ever ſhall defy
New Wounds, and Danger from a future Eye.
O! yet my tortur'd Senſes deep retain
The wretched Mem'ry of my former Pain,
The dire Affront, and my EGYPTIAN Chain.

As Time, I ſaid, may happily efface
That cruel Image of the King's Diſgrace;
Imperial Reaſon ſhall reſume her Seat;
And Solomon once fall'n, again be great.
Betray'd by Paſſion, as ſubdu'd in War,
We wiſely ſhould exert a double Care,
Nor ever ought a ſecond time to Err.

This ABRA then—
I ſaw Her; 'twas Humanity: it gave
Some Reſpite to the Sorrows of my Slave.
Her fond Exceſs proclaim'd her Paſſion true;

And generous Pity to that Truth was due.
Well I intreated Her, who well deſerv'd;
I call'd Her often; for She always ſerv'd
Uſe made her Perſon eaſy to my Sight;
And Eaſe inſenſibly produc'd Delight.

When'er I revell'd in the Women's Bow'rs;

(For firſt I ſought Her but at looſer Hours:)

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The

The Apples She had gather'd smelt most sweet:
 The Cake She kneaded was the fav'ry Meat:
 But Fruits their Odor lost, and Meats their Taste;
 If gentle ABR A had not deck'd the Feast.
 Dishonor'd did the sparkling Goblet stand,
 Unless receiv'd from gentle ABR A's Hand:
 And when the Virgins form'd the Evening Choir,
 Raising their Voices to the Master-Lyre;
 Too flat I thought This Voice, and That too shrill;
 One shew'd too much, and one too little Skill:
 Nor could my Soul approve the Music's Tone;
 'Till all was hush'd, and ABR A Sung alone.
 Fairer She seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest;
 And better Mein disclos'd, as better drest.
 A bright *Tiara* round her Forehead ty'd,
 To juster Bounds confin'd it's rising Pride:
 The blushing Ruby on her snowy Breast,
 Render'd it's panting Whiteness more confess'd:
 Bracelets of Pearl gave Roundness to her Arm;
 And ev'ry Gem augmented ev'ry Charm.
 Her Senses pleas'd, her Beauty still improv'd;
 And She more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
 The several Follies of my former Flame;
 Willing my Heart for Recompence to prove
 The certain Joys that Iye in prosp'rous Love.
 For what, said I, from ABR A can I fear,
 Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?

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The Dam'sel's sole Ambition is to please: to please: to please:
 With Freedom I may like, and quit with Ease: to please:
 She sooths, but never can enthrall my Mind:
 Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?

Great Heav'n! how frail thy Creature Man is made!
 How by Himself insensibly betray'd!
 In our own Strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse Pow'r;
 And by the Blast of Self-opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be lov'd.
 On Pleasure's flowing Brink We idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning Way:
 Seeing no Danger, We disarm our Mind;
 And give our Conduct to the Waves and Wind:
 Then in the flow'ry Mead, or verdant Shade
 To wanton Dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the Chaplet, and We crown the Bowl;
 And smiling see the nearer Waters roll;
 'Till the strong Gusts of raging Passion rise;
 'Till the dire Tempest mingles Earth and Skies;
 And swift into the boundless Ocean born,
 Our foolish Confidence too late We mourn:
 Round our devoted Heads the Billows beat;
 And from our troubl'd View the less'n'd Lands retreat.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded Pow'r
 How shall the human Bosom rest secure?
 How shall our Thought avoid the various Snare?
 Or Wisdom to our cautious Soul declare

The

The diff'rent Shapes, Thou pleasest to imploy,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

The haughty Nymph in open Beauty drest,
To-Day encounters our unguarded Breast:
She looks with Majesty, and moves with State:
Unbent her Soul, and in Misfortune great,
She scorns the World, and dares the Rage of Fate.

Here whilst we take stern Manhood for our Guide,
And guard our Conduct with becoming Pride;
Charm'd with the Courage in her Action shown,
We praise her Mind, the Image of our own.
She that can please, is certain to perswade:
To-day belov'd, To-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see thro' Reason's Optics right;
Nor find, how Beauty's Rays elude our Sight:
Struck with her Eye whilst We applaud her Mind;
And when We speak Her great, We wish Her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, Thou arm'st the Fair
With flowing Sorrow, and dishevel'd Hair:
Sad her Complaint, and humble is her Tale,
Her Sighs explaining where her Accents fail.
Here gen'rous Softness warms the honest Breast:
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd:
And whilst our Wish prepares the kind Relief;
Whilst Pity mitigates her rising Grief:
We sicken soon from her contagious Care;
Grieve for her Sorrows, groan for her Despair;

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And against Love too late those Bosoms arm,
Which Tears can soften, and which Sighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruelest of Foes,
What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose?
Whence, feeble Nature, shall We summon Aid;
If by our Pity, and our Pride betray'd?
External Remedy shall We hope to find,
When the close Fiend has gain'd our treach'rous Mind;
Insulting there does Reason's Pow'r deride;
And blind Himself, conducts the dazl'd Guide?

My Conqueror now, my Lovely A B R A held
My Freedom in her Chains: my Heart was fill'd
With Her, with Her alone: in Her alone
It fought it's Peace and Joy: while She was gone,
It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her Stay:
Return'd, She chas'd those Sighs, that Grief away:
Her Absence made the Night: her Presence brought the
[Day.]

The Ball, the Play, the Mask by Turns succeed.
For Her I make the Song: the Dance with Her I lead.
I court Her various in each Shape and Dress,
That Luxury may form, or Thought express.

To-day beneath the Palm-tree on the Plains
In D E B O R A H's Arms and Habit A B R A reigns:
The Wreath denoting Conquest guides her Brow:
And low, like B A R A K, at her Feet I bow.

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The

The Mimic Chorus sings her prosp'rous Hand;
As She had slain the Foe, and sav'd the Land.

To-morrow She approves a foster Air;
Forfakes the Pomp and Pageantry of War;
The Form of peaceful ABIGAIL assumes;
And from the Village with the Present comes:
The Youthful Band depose their glitt'ring Arms;
Receive her Bounties, and recite her Charms;
Whilst I assume my Father's Step and Mein,
To meet with due Regard my future Queen.

If hap'ly ABRA's Will be now inclin'd
To range the Woods, or chase the flying Hind,
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly Court
Leave their Repose, and hasten to the Sport.
In lessen'd Royalty, and humble State,
Thy King, JERUSALEM, descends to wait,
'Till ABRA comes. She comes: a Milk-white Steed,
Mixture of PERSIA's, and ARABIA's Breed,
Sustains the Nymph: her Garments flying loose
(As the SYDONIAN Maids, or THRACIAN use)
And half her Knee, and half her Breast appear,
By Art, like Negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
Her left Hand guides the hunting Courser's Flight:
A Silver Bow She carries in her Right:
And from the golden Quiver at her Side,
Rustles the Ebon Arrow's feather'd Pride.
Saphirs and Diamonds on her Front display
An artificial Moon's increasing Ray.

DIANA,

DIANA, Huntress, Mistress of the Groves,
The fav'rite ABR A speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present Goddess, I obey:
Beneath her Feet the captive Game I lay.
The mingl'd Chorus sings DIANA's Fame:
Clarions and Horns in louder Peals proclaim
Her Mystic Praise: the vocal Triumphs bound
Against the Hills: the Hills reflect the Sound.

If tir'd this Evening with the hunted Woods,
To the large Fish-pools, or the glassy Floods
Her Mind To-morrow points; a thousand Hands
To-night employ'd, obey the King's Commands.
Upon the wat'ry Beach an artful Pile
Of Planks is join'd, and forms a moving Isle.
A golden Chariot in the Midst is set;
And silver Cygnets seem to feel it's Weight.
ABRA, bright Queen, ascends her gaudy Throne,
In semblance of the GRÆCIAN VENUS known:
TRITONS and Sea-green NAIADS round Her move;
And sing in moving Strains the Force of Love:
Whilst as th'approaching Pageant does appear;
And echoing Crouds speak mighty VENUS near;

I, her Adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost Margin of the Land,
With Arms and Hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd Goddess rising from the Wave.

O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would My Folly rove?

Is

Is it enough, that ABR A should be great
 In the wall'd Palace, or the Rural Seat?
 That masking Habits, and a borrow'd Name
 Contrive to hide my Plenitude of Shame?
 No, no: JERUSALEM combin'd must see
 My open Fault, and Regal Infamy.
 Solemn a Month is destin'd for the Feast:
 ABR A Invites: the Nation is the Guest.
 To have the Honor of each Day sustain'd,
 The Woods are travers'd; and the Lakes are drain'd:
 ARABIA's Wilds, and EGYPT's are explor'd:
 The Edible Creation decks the Board:
 Hardly the *Phoenix* 'scapes—
 The Men their Lyres, the Maids their Voices raise,
 To sing my Happiness, and ABR A's Praise.
 And slavish Bards our mutual Loves rehearse
 In lying Strains, and ignominious Verse:
 While from the Banquet leading forth the Bride,
 Whom prudent Love from public Eyes should hide;
 I show Her to the World, confess'd and known
 Queen of my Heart, and Partner of my Throne.

And now her Friends and Flatt'ers fill the Court:
 From DAN, and from BEERSHEBA They resort:
 They barter Places, and dispose of Grants,
 Whole Provinces unequal to their Wants.
 They teach Her to recede, or to debate;
 With Toys of Love to mix Affairs of State;
 By practis'd Rules her Empire to secure;
 And in my Pleasure make my Ruin sure.

They

They gave, and She transferr'd the curs'd Advice,
 That Monarchs should their inward Soul disguise,
 Dissemble, and command; be false, and wise;
 By ignominious Arts for servile Ends
 Should compliment their Foes, and shun their Friends.
 And now I leave the true and just Supports
 Of Legal Princes, and of honest Courts,
 BARZILLAI's, and the fierce BENAIAH's Heirs;
 Whose Sires, Great Partners in my Father's Cares,
 Saluted their young King at HEBRON crown'd,
 Great by their Toil, and glorious by their Wound.
 And now, unhappy Council, I prefer
 Those whom my Follies only made me fear,
 Old CORAH's Brood, and taunting SHIMEI's Race;
 Miscreants who ow'd their Lives to DAVID's Grace;
 Tho' they had spurn'd his Rule, and curs'd Him to his
 [Face.]

Still ABRA's Pow'r, my Scandal still increas'd;
 Justice submitted to what ABRA pleas'd:
 Her Will alone could settle or revoke;
 And Law was fix'd by what She latest spoke.

ISRAEL neglected, ABRA was my Care:
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd for Her.
 I durst not reason with my wounded Heart.
 ABRA possess'd; She was it's better Part.
 O! had I now review'd the famous Cause,
 Which gave my righteous Youth so just Applause;
 In vain on the dissembl'd Mother's Tongue
 Had cunning Art, and sly Perswasion hung;

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And

They

And real Care in vain, and native Love
In the true Parent's panting Breast had strove;
While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd Child
Or slain, or sav'd, as A B R A frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A life-less King, a Royal Shade I lay.
Unhear'd the injur'd Orphans now complain:
The Widow's Cries address the Throne in vain.
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded File;
And sleeping Laws the King's Neglect revile.
No more the Elders throng'd around my Throne,
To hear My Maxims, and reform their own.
No more the Young Nobility were taught,
How M O S E S govern'd, and how D A V I D fought.
Loose and undisciplin'd the Soldier lay;
Or lost in Drink, and Game, the solid Day:
Porches and Scholes, design'd for public Good,
Uncover'd, and with Scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threat'ning Ruin——
Half Pillars wanted their expected Height;
And Roofs imperfect prejudic'd the Sight.
The Artists grieve; the lab'ring People droop:
My Father's Legacy, my Country's Hope,
God's Temple lies unfinish'd——

The Wife and Grave deplor'd their Monarch's Fate,
And future Mischiefs of a sinking State.
Is this, the Serious said, is this the Man,
Whose active Soul thro' every Science ran?

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Who by just Rule and elevated Skill
 Prescrib'd the dubious Bounds of Good and Ill?
 Whose Golden Sayings, and Immortal Wit,
 On large *Phylacteries* expressive writ,
 Were to the Forehead of the *Rabbins* ty'd,
 Our Youth's Instruction, and our Age's Pride?
 Could not the Wife his wild Desires restrain?
 Then was our Hearing, and his Preaching vain:
 What from his Life and Letters were we taught,
 But that his Knowledge aggravates his Fault?

In lighter Mood the Humorous and the Gay,
 As crown'd with Rosés at their Feasts they lay;
 Sent the full Goblet, charg'd with *ABRA*'s Name,
 And Charms superior to their Master's Fame:
 Laughing some praise the King, who let 'em see,
 How aptly Luxe and Empire might agree:
 Some gloss'd, how Love and Wisdom were at Strife;
 And brought my Proverbs to confront my Life.
 However, Friend, here's to the King, one cries:
 To Him who was the King, the Friend replies.
 The King, for *JUDAH*'s, and for Wisdom's Curse,
 To *ABRA* yields: could I, or Thou do worse?
 Our looser Lives let Chance or Folly steer;
 If thus the Prudent and Determin'd err.
 Let *DINAH* bind with Flowers her flowing Hair;
 And touch the Lute, and sound the wanton Air:
 Let Us the Bliss without the Sting receive,
 Free, as We will, or to enjoy, or leave.

Pleasures

Pleasures on Levity's smooth Surface flow:
Thought brings the Weight, that sinks the Soul to Woe.
Now be this Maxim to the King convey'd,
And added to the Thousand He has made.

Sadly, O Reason, is thy Pow'r express'd,
Thou gloomy Tyrant of the frightened Breast!
And harsh the Rules, which We from Thee receive;
If for our Wisdom We our Pleasure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve.
If JUDAH'S King at thy Tribunal try'd,
Forfakes his Joy to vindicate his Pride;
And changing Sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the Chains of Love, in Thine more strictly
[bound.

But do I call Thee Tyrant, or complain,
How hard thy Laws, how absolute thy Reign?
While Thou, alas! art but an empty Name,
To no Two Men, who e'er discours'd, the fame;
The idle Product of a troubled Thought,
In borrow'd Shapes, and airy Colors wrought;
A fancy'd Line, and a reflected Shade;
A Chain which Man to fetter Man has made,
By Artifice impos'd, by Fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched Name, or Arbitrary Thing,
Whence ever I thy cruel Effence bring,
I own thy Influence; for I feel thy Sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my Soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.

Yes:

Yes; thy insulting Dictates shall be heard: O Virtue for once shall be Her own Reward: most to me
Yes; Rebel I S R A E L, this unhappy Maid
Shall be dismiss'd: the Crowd shall be obey'd: W more
The King his Passion, and his Rule shall leave,
No longer A B R A 's, but the People's Slave. Hest ore H
My Coward Soul shall bear it's wayward Fate:
I will, alas! be wretched, to be great; dw egue I ind V
And sigh in Royalty, and grieve in State. V bat ind V

I said: resolv'd to plunge into my Grief
At once so far, as to expect Relief
From my Despair alone——
I chose to write the Thing I durst not speak,
To Her I lov'd; to Her I must forsake.
The harsh Epistle labour'd much to prove,
How inconsistent Majesty, and Love.
I always should, It said, esteem Her well;
But never see her more: It bid Her feel
No future Pain for Me; but instant wed
A Lover more proportion'd to her Bed;
And quiet dedicate her remnant Life
To the just Duties of an humble Wife.

She read; and forth to Me She wildly ran,
To Me, the Ease of all her former Pain:
She kneel'd intreated, struggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate Passion liv'd, and dy'd:
'Till now deny'd the Liberty to mourn,
And by rude Fury from my Presence torn,

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This

This only Object of my real Care,
Cut off from Hope, abandon'd to Despair,
In some few posting fatal Hours is hurl'd
From Wealth, from Pow'r, from Love, and from the World.

Here tell Me, if Thou dar'st, my conscious Soul,
What diff'rent Sorrows did within Thee roll:
What Pangs, what Fires, what Racks didst Thou sustain,
What sad Vicissitudes of smarting Pain?
How oft from Pomp and State did I remove,
To feed Despair, and cherish hopelefs Love?
How oft, all Day, recall'd I ABRA's Charms,
Her Beauties press'd, and panting in my Arms?
How oft, with Sighs, view'd every Female Face,
Where mimic Fancy might her Likeness trace?
How oft desir'd to fly from ISRAEL's Throne,
And live in Shades with Her and Love alone?
How oft, all Night, pursu'd Her in my Dreams,
O'er flow'ry Vallies, and thro' Crystal Streams;
And waking, view'd with Grief the rising Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear Delusion gone?

When thus the gather'd Storms of wretched Love
In my swoln Bosom, with long War had strove;
At length they broke their Bounds: at length their Force
Bore down whatever met it's stronger Course:
Lay'd all the Civil Bonds of Manhood waste;
And scatter'd Ruin as the Torrent past.

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So from the Hills, whose hollow Caves contain
 The congregated Snow, and swelling Rain;
 'Till the full Stores their antient Bounds disdain;
 Precipitate the furious Torrent flows:
 In vain would Speed avoid, or Strength oppose:
 Towns, Forests, Herds, and Men promiscuous drown'd,
 With one great Death deform the dreary Ground;
 The echo'd Woes from distant Rocks rebound.

And now what impious Ways my Wishes took;
 How they the Monarch, and the Man forsook;
 And how I follow'd an abandon'd Will,
 Thro' crooked Paths, and sad Retreats of Ill;
 How JUDAH'S Daughters now, now foreign Slaves,
 By turns my prostituted Bed receives.
 Thro' Tribes of Women how I loosely rang'd
 Impatient; lik'd To-night, To-morrow chang'd;
 And by the Instinct of capricious Lust,
 Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:
 O, be these Scenes from human Eyes conceal'd,
 In Clouds of decent Silence justly veild!
 O, be the wanton Images convey'd
 To black Oblivion, and eternal Shade!
 Or let their sad *Epitome* alone,
 And outward Lines to future Age be known,
 Enough to propagate the sure Belief,
 That Vice engenders Shame; and Folly broods o'er Grief.

Bury'd

Bury'd in Sloth, and lost in Ease I lay:
 The Night I revell'd; and I slept the Day.
 New Heaps of Fewel damp'd my kindling Fires;
 And daily Change extinguish'd young Desires.
 By it's own Force destroy'd, Fruition ceas'd;
 And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
 No longer now does my neglected Mind
 It's wonted Stores, and old *Ideas* find.
 Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
 To take the True, or set the False aside.
 No longer does swift Mem'ry trace the Cells,
 Where springing Wit, or young Invention dwells.
 Frequent Debauch to Habitude prevails:
 Patience of Toil, and Love of Virtue fails.
 By sad Degrees impair'd my Vigor dyes;
 Till I Command no longer ev'n in Vice.

The Women on my Dotage build their Sway:
 They ask; I grant: They threaten; I obey.
 In Regal Garments now I gravely stride,
 Aw'd by the PERSIAN Dam'sel's haughty Pride.
 Now with the looser SYRIAN dance, and sing,
 In Robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the King.

Charm'd by their Eyes, their Manners I acquire;
 And shape my Foolishness to their Desire.
 Seduc'd and aw'd by the PHILISTINE Dame,
 At DAGON'S Shrine I kindle impious Flame.

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With the CHALDEAN's Charms her Rites prevail;
And curling Frankincense ascends to BAALE,
To each new Harlot I new Altars dress;
And serve Her God, whose Person I carefs.

Where, my deluded Sense, was Reason flown?
Where the high Majesty of DAVID's Throne?
Where all the Maxims of Eternal Truth,
With which the Living GOD inform'd my Youth? A
When with the lewd EGYPTIAN I adore

Vain Idols, Deities that ne'er before
In ISRAEL's Land had fix'd their dire Abodes,
Beastly Divinities, and Drovers of Gods:
OSIRIS, APIS, Pow'rs that chew the Cud,
And Dog ANUBIS, Flatt'rer for his Food:
When in the Woody Hill's forbidden Shade
I carv'd the Marble, and invok'd it's Aid;
When in the Fens to Snakes and Flies, with Zeal
Unworthy human Thought, I prostrate fell;
To Shrubs and Plants my vile Devotion paid;
And set the bearded Leek, to which I pray'd:
When to all Beings Sacred Rites were giv'n;
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heav'n.

Thro' these sad Shades, this *Chaos* in my Soul,
Some Seeds of Light at length began to roll.
The rising Motion of an Infant Ray
Shot glimm'ring thro' the Cloud, and promis'd Day.
And now one Moment able to reflect,
I found the King abandon'd to Neglect,
Seen without Awe, and serv'd without Respect.

C c c c c

With

I found my Subjects amicably joyn,
 To lessen their Defects, by citing Mine.
 The Priest with Pity pray'd for DAVID'S Race;
 And left his Text, to dwell on my Disgrace.
 The Father, whilst he warn'd his erring Son,
 The sad Examples which He ought to shun,
 Describ'd; and only nam'd not, SOLOMON.
 Each Bard, each Sire did to his Pupil sing,
 A Wise Child better than a Foolish King.

Into My self my Reason's Eye I turn'd;
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
 A Mighty King I am, an Earthly God:
 Nations obey my Word, and wait my Nod.
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free;
 And Life or Death depends on My Decree.
 Fond the *Idea*, and the Thought is vain:
 O'er JUDAH'S King ten thousand Tyrants reign.
 Legions of Lust, and various Pow'rs of Ill
 Insult the Master's Tributary Will:
 And He, from whom the Nations should receive
 Justice, and Freedom, lyes Himself a Slave,
 Tortur'd by cruel Change of wild Desires,
 Lash'd by mad Rage, and scorch'd by brutal Fires.

O Reason! once again to Thee I call:
 Accept my Sorrow, and retrieve my Fall.
 Wisdom, Thou say'st, from Heav'n receiv'd her Birth;
 Her Beams transmitted to the subject Earth.
 Yet this great Empress of the human Soul
 Does only with imagin'd Pow'r controul;

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Awaking
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 Resolv'd,

If restless Passion by Rebellious Sway
Compells the weak Usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and Coward, as thou art list
Without thy poor Advice the labring Heart
To worse Extremes with swifter Steps would run,
Not sav'd by Virtue, yet by Vice undone.

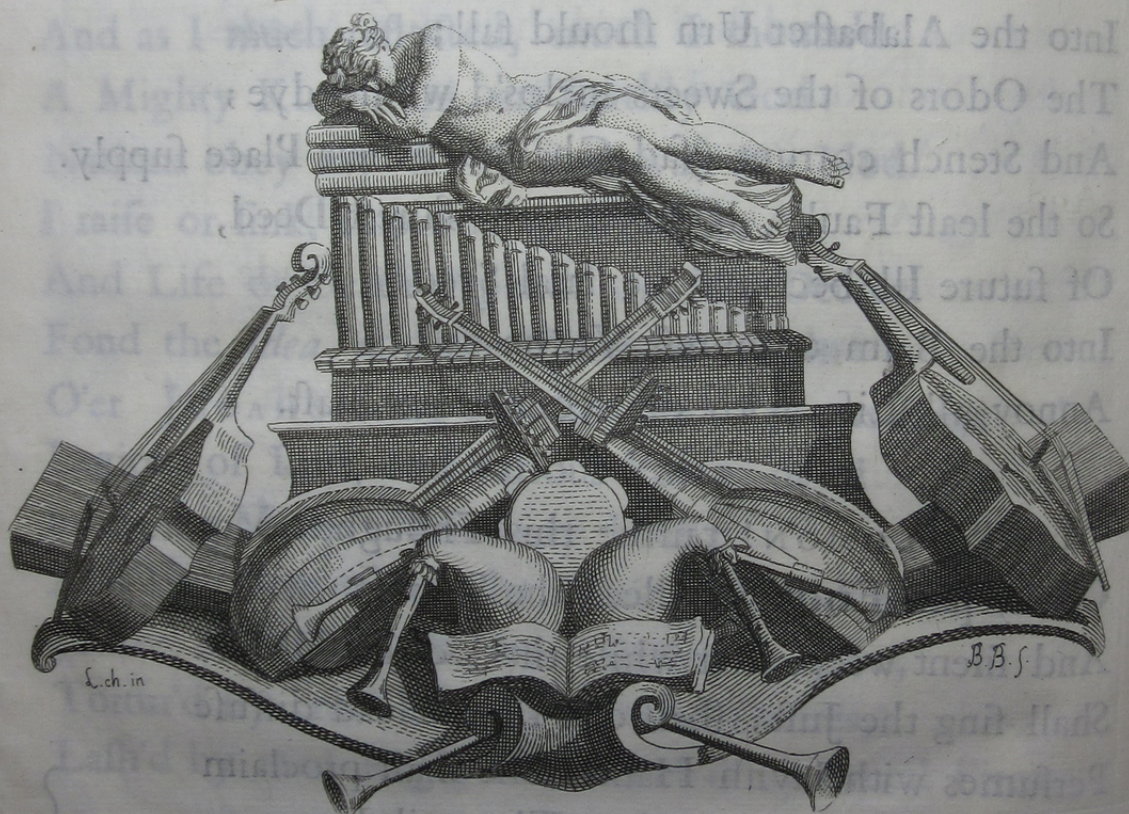
Oft have I said, the Praise of doing well
Is to the Ear, as Oyntment to the Smell.
Now if some Flies perchance, however small,
Into the Alabaſter Urn should fall;
The Odors of the Sweets inclos'd would dye;
And Stench corrupt (sad Change!) their Place supply.
So the least Faults, if mix'd with fairest Deed,
Of future Ill become the fatal Seed:
Into the Balm of purest Virtue cast,
Annoy all Life with one contagious Blast.

Loſt SOLOMON! pursue this Thought no more:
Of thy past Errors recollect the Store:
And silent weep, that while the Deathless Muse
Shall sing the Just; shall o'er their Head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish Hand; She shall proclaim
Thy Crimes alone; and to Thy evil Fame
Impartial, scatter Damps, and Poysons on thy Name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my Women, and their Gods aſham'd,
From this Abyſs of exemplary Vice
Reſolv'd, as Time might aid my Thought, to riſe;

Again

Again I bid the mournful Goddess write
 The fond Pursuit of fugitive Delight:
 Bid her exalt her melancholy Wing,
 And rais'd from Earth, and sav'd from Passion, sing
 Of human Hope by cross Event destroy'd,
 Of useless Wealth, and Greatness unenjoy'd,
 Of Lust and Love, with their fantastic Train,
 Their Wishes, Smiles, and Looks deceitful all, and vain.



From this Abyss of exemplary Vice, and
 Much of my Women, and their Gods, and
 Asking therefore, as who long had dream'd
 That in my power, and my thought, I
 From this Abyss of exemplary Vice, and
 Much of my Women, and their Gods, and
 Asking therefore, as who long had dream'd
 That in my power, and my thought, I
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 Much of my Women, and their Gods, and
 Asking therefore, as who long had dream'd
 That in my power, and my thought, I

Again

POWER;

EXTS

PPPPPD

TEXTS

Endures and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.
of ISRAEL: and, upon the empire, refuses to submit his
Himself his Family, and his Kingdom, till the Redemption
of Israel: and, upon the empire, refuses to submit his
Himself his Family, and his Kingdom, till the Redemption

TEXT

upon Life, Death, and a future Being; Jesus Human Nature
will conquer that ALTHOUGH He resists against
some instances thereof from ADAM upon to Himself; and
Throne and Uncertainty of Greatness and Power; gives
me all Miserable. He rejects more particularly upon the
and Condition of Life; and Wonders in Obedience that P

The ARGUMENT.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON considers Man through the several Stages and Conditions of Life; and concludes in general, that *We* are all Miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the Trouble and Uncertainty of Greatness and Power; gives some Instances thereof from **ADAM** down to Himself; and still concludes that **ALL** is **VANITY**. He reasons again upon Life, Death, and a future Being; finds Human Wisdom too imperfect to resolve his Doubts; has Recourse to Religion; is informed by an Angel, what shall happen to Himself, his Family, and his Kingdom, 'till the Redemption of **ISRAEL**: and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his Enquiries and Anxieties to the Will of his Creator.

TEXTS

b b b b b d

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

Or ever the Silver Cord be loosed, or the golden Bowl be broken, or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Cistern. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verf. 6.

The Sun ariseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to his Place where He arose. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. I. Verf. 5.

The Wind goeth towards the South, and turneth about unto the North. It whirleth about continually; and the Wind returneth again according to his Circuit. Verf. 6.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the Place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Verf. 7.

Then shall the Dust return to the Earth, as it was: and the Spirit shall return unto God who gave it. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verf. 7.

Now when SOLOMON had made an End of Praying, the Fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the Burnt-offering, and the Sacrifices; and the Glory of the Lord filled the House. II CHRONICLES, Chap. VII. Verf. 1.

By the Rivers of BABYLON, there We sat down; Yea We wept, when We remembred Sion &c. PSALM CXXXVII. Verf. 1.

I said of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what doeth it? ECCLESIASTES, Chap. II. Verf. 2.

—No Man can find out the Work that God maketh, from the Beginning to the End. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. III. Verf. 11.

Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men should fear before Him. Verf. 14.

Let us hear the Conclusion of the whole Matter; Fear God, and keep his Commandments; for this is the whole Duty of Man. ECCLESIASTES, Chap. XII. Verfe. 13.

POWER;

EXTS

Chap. XII. Verse 13.

Let us hear the Conclusion of the whole Matter; Let God and his

power shine. Verse 14.

not any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that Men should fear

Whosoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it,

and to the End. Ecclesiastes Chap. III. Verse 11.

—No Man can find out the Work that God maketh, from the Begin-

nings Chap. II. Verse 5.

I said of Languish, it is mad; and of Minsh, what doeth it; Eccle-

siastes Chap. II. Verse 1.

He remembered Zion &c. Psalm CXXXVII. Verse 1.

By the Rivers of Babylon, where We sat down: Yet We wept, when

we remembered Zion &c. Psalm CXXXVII. Verse 1.

Chap. VII. Verse 1.

And the Glory of the Lord filled the House. II. Chronicles

down from Heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacri-

Now when Solomon had made an End of Building, the Fire came

down unto God who gave it. Ecclesiastes Chap. XII. Verse 2.

Then shall the Dust return to the Earth, as it was; and the Spirit shall

return unto God who gave it. Ecclesiastes Chap. XII. Verse 2.

from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again. Verse 3.

All the Rivers run into the Sea: yet the Sea is not full. Unto the Place

to his Office. Verse 8.

Is which about continually; and the Wind returneth again according

the Wind goes towards the South, and directly about into the North,

where it stole. Ecclesiastes Chap. I. Verse 6.

The Sun ariseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to his Place

again. Ecclesiastes Chap. XII. Verse 6.

Which he broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel broken at the Ci-

Or even the Silver Cord be loosed, or the Golden Bowl be broken, or the



And try if
Guiding
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Praise the

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And



P the O W as Degree R;
 As the wild, Courses of the Blood ordain; and round about
 As Tempting'st with thy Partner's latest Breath
 Guided thyself in Death, THE in Death, thou fly'st, divided in
 And try if Life be worth the Lover's Care.

THIRDBOOK.

OME then, my Soul: I call Thee by
 that Name, I call Thee by
 Thou busie Thing, from whence I
 know I am:
 For knowing that I am, I know Thou
 art;
 Since That must needs exist, which
 can impart.



But how Thou cam'st to be, or whence Thy Spring:
 For various of Thee Priests and Poets sing.
 Eeeeee Hear'st

And

Hear'st Thou submissive, but a lowly Birth,
 Some separate Particles of finer Earth,
 A plain Effect, which Nature must beget,
 As Motion orders, and as Atoms meet;
 Companion of the Body's Good or Ill,
 From Force of Instinct more than Choice of Will;
 Conscious of Fear or Valor, Joy or Pain,
 As the wild Courses of the Blood ordain;
 Who as Degrees of Heat and Cold prevail,
 In Youth dost flourish, and with Age shalt fail;
 'Till mingl'd with thy Partner's latest Breath
 Thou fly'st, dissolv'd in Air, and lost in Death.

Or if Thy great Existence would aspire
 To Causes more sublime; of Heavenly Fire
 We'rt Thou a Spark struck off, a separate Ray,
 Ordain'd to mingle with Terrestrial Clay;
 With it condemn'd for certain Years to dwell,
 To grieve it's Frailties, and it's Pains to feel;
 To teach it Good and Ill, Disgrace or Fame;
 Pale it with Rage, or redden it with Shame:
 To guide it's Actions with informing Care,
 In Peace to Judge, to Conquer in the War;
 Render it Agile, Witty, Valiant, Sage,
 As fits the various Course of human Age;
 Till as the Earthly Part decays and falls,
 The Captive breaks Her Prison's mould'ring Walls;
 Hovers a-while upon the sad Remains,
 Which now the Pile, or Sepulchre contains;

And

And thence with Liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain Her native Skies.

Whate'er Thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go:
(Points which We rather may dispute, than know)
Come on, Thou little Inmate of this Breast,
Which for Thy Sake from Passions I divest:
For these, Thou say'st, raise all the stormy Strife,
Which hinder Thy Repose, and trouble Life.
Be the fair Level of Thy Actions laid,
As Temp'rance wills, and Prudence may persuade;
Be Thy Affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may Great or Good appear;
And try if Life be worth the Liver's Care.

Amass'd in Man there justly is beheld
What thro' the whole Creation has excell'd:
The Life and Growth of Plants, of Beasts the Sense,
The Angel's Forecast and Intelligence:
Say from these glorious Seeds what Harvest flows;
Recount our Blessings, and compare our Woes.
In it's true Light let clearest Reason see
The Man dragg'd out to Act, and forc'd to Be;
Helpless and Naked on a Woman's Knees
To be expos'd or rear'd as She may please;
Feel her Neglect, and pine from her Disease.
His tender Eye by too direct a Ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd Day;
His Heart assaulted by invading Air,
And beating fervent to the vital War;

To

To his Young Sense how various Forms appear;
 That strike his Wonder, and excite his Fear?
 By his Distortions he reveals his Pains;
 He by his Tears, and by his Sighs complains;
 Till Time and Use assist the Infant Wretch,
 By broken Words, and Rudiments of Speech,
 His Wants in plainer Characters to show,
 And paint more perfect Figures of his Woe.
 Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish Years
 To babbling Ign'rance, and to empty Fears;
 To pass the riper Period of his Age,
 Acting his Part upon a crowded Stage;
 To lasting Toils expos'd, and endless Cares,
 To open Dangers, and to secret Snares;
 To Malice which the vengeful Foe intends,
 And the more dangerous Love of seeming Friends.
 His Deeds examin'd by the People's Will,
 Prone to forget the Good, and blame the Ill:
 Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd Debate,
 Who in the Scorer's, or the Judge's Seat
 Dare to condemn the Virtue which They hate.
 Or would he rather leave this frantic Scene;
 And Trees and Beasts prefer to Courts and Men?
 In the remotest Wood and lonely Grott
 Certain to meet that worst of Evils, Thought;
 Diff'rent I D E A S to his Mem'ry brought:
 Some intricate, as are the pathless Woods;
 Impetuous some, as the descending Floods:
 With anxious Doubts, with raging Passions torn,
 No sweet Companion near with whom to mourn;

He

He hears the Echoing Rock return his Sighs;
And from himself the frighted Hermit flies.

Thus, thro' what Path so'er of Life We rove,
Rage companies our Hate, and Grief our Love:
Vex'd with the present Moment's heavy Gloom,
Why seek We Brightness from the Years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick Man's Sleep,
Our troubl'd Thoughts to distant Prospects leap;
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
For Hope is but the Dream of Those that wake:
But looking back, We see the dreadful Train
Of Woes, a-new which were We to sustain,

We should refuse to tread the Path again.

Still adding Grief, still counting from the first;

Judging the latest Evils still the worst;

And sadly finding each progressive Hour

Heighten their Number, and augment their Pow'r;

Till by one countless Sum of Woes oppress'd,

Hoary with Cares, and Ignorant of Rest,

We find the vital Springs relax'd and worn:

Compell'd our common Impotence to mourn,

Thus, thro' the Round of Age, to Childhood We return;

Reflecting find, that naked from the Womb

We yesterday came forth; that in the Tomb

Naked again We must To-morrow lye,

Born to lament, to labor, and to dye.

Pass We the Ills, which each Man feels or dreads,

The Weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our Heads;

F f f f f f

The

The Bear, The Lyon, Terrors of the Plain,
 The Sheepfold scatter'd, and the Shepherd slain;
 The frequent Errors of the pathless Wood,
 The giddy Precipice, and the dang'rous Flood:
 The noisom Pest'ence, that in open War
 Terrible, marches thro' the Mid-day Air,
 And scatters Death; the Arrow that by Night
 Cuts the dank Mist, and fatal wings it's Flight;
 The billowing Snow, and Violence of the Show'r,
 That from the Hills disperse their dreadful Store,
 And o'er the Vales collected Ruin pour;
 The Worm that gnaws the ripening Fruit, sad Guest,
 Canker or Locust hurtful to infect
 The Blade; while Husks elude the Tiller's Care,
 And Eminence of Want distinguishes the Year.

Pass we the slow Disease, and subtil Pain,
 Which our weak Frame is destin'd to sustain;
 The cruel Stone, with congregated War
 Tearing his bloody Way; the cold Catarrh,
 With frequent Impulse, and continu'd Strife,
 Weak'ning the wasted Seats of irksom Life;
 The Gout's fierce Rack, the burning Feaver's Rage,
 The sad Experience of Decay; and Age,
 Her self the foarest Ill; while Death, and Ease,
 Oft and in vain invoc'd, or to appease,
 Or end the Grief, with hasty Wings recede
 From the vex'd Patient, and the sickly Bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming Fair,
 Angelic, softest Work of Heav'n, draws near

To the cold shaking paralytic Hand,
 Senseless of Beauty's Touch, or Love's Command,
 Nor longer apt, or able to fulfill
 The Dictates of it's feeble Master's Will.

Nought shall the Pfaltry, and the Harp avail,
 The pleasing Song, or well repeated Tale,
 When the quick Spirits their warm March forbear;
 And numbing Coldness has unbrac'd the Ear.

The verdant Rising of the flow'ry Hill,
 The Vale enamell'd, and the Crystal Rill,
 The Ocean rolling, and the shelly Shoar,
 Beautiful Objects, shall delight no more;
 When the lax'd Sinews of the weaken'd Eye
 In wat'ry Damps, or dim Suffusion lye.
 Day follows Night; the Clouds return again
 After the falling of the later Rain:
 But to the Aged-blind shall ne'er return
 Grateful Vicissitude: He still must mourn
 The Sun, and Moon, and ev'ry Starry Light
 Eclips'd to Him, and lost in everlasting Night.

Behold where Age's wretched Victim lies:
 See his Head trembling, and his half-clos'd Eyes:
 Frequent for Breath his panting Bosom heaves:
 To broken Sleeps his remnant Sense He gives;
 And only by his Pains, awaking finds He Lives.

Loos'd by devouring Time the Silver Cord
 Dissever'd lies: unhonor'd from the Board

The

The Cryſtal Urn, when broken, is thrown by;
 And apter Utenſils their Place ſupply.
 Theſe Things and Thou muſt ſhare One equal Lot;
 Dye and be loſt, corrupt and be forgot;
 While ſtill another, and another Race
 Shall now ſupply, and now give up the Place.
 From Earth all came, to Earth muſt all return;
 Frail as the Cord, and brittle as the Urn.

But be the Terror of theſe Ills ſuppreſs'd:

And view We Man with Health and Vigor bleſt.

Home He returns with the declining Sun,
 His deſtin'd Task of Labor hardly done;
 Goes forth again with the aſcending Ray,
 Again his Travel for his Bread to pay,
 And find the Ill ſufficient to the Day.

Hap'ly at Night He does with Horror ſhun
 A widow'd Daughter, or a dying Son:
 His Neighbor's Off-ſpring He To-morrow ſees;
 And doubly feels his Want in their Increaſe:
 The next Day, and the next he muſt attend
 His Foe triumphant, or his buried Friend.
 In ev'ry Act and Turn of Life he feels
 Public Calamities, or Houſehold Ills:
 The due Reward to juſt Deſert refus'd:
 The Truſt betray'd, the Nuptial Bed abus'd:
 The Judge corrupt, the long depending Cauſe,
 And doubtful Iſſue of miſconſtrud Laws:
 The crafty Turns of a diſhoneſt State,
 And violent Will of the wrong-doing Great:

The

The Venom'd Tongue injurious to his Fame,
Which nor can Wisdom shun, nor fair Advice reclaim.

Esteem We these, my Friends, Event and Chance,
Produc'd as Atoms form their flutt'ring Dance?
Or higher yet their Effence may We draw
From destin'd Order, and Eternal Law?
Again, my Muse, the cruel Doubt repeat:
Spring they, I say, from Accident, or Fate?
Yet such, We find, they are, as can controll
The servile Actions of our wav'ring Soul;
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the Will;
Their Ills all built on Life, that fundamental Ill.

O fatal Search! in which the lab'ring Mind,
Still press'd with Weight of Woe, still hopes to find
A Shadow of Delight, a Dream of Peace,
From Years of Pain, one Moment of Release;
Hoping at least She may Her self deceive,
Against Experience willing to believe,
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the Mortal Man, who now at last
Has thro' this doleful Vale of Mis'ry past;
Who to his destin'd Stage has carry'd on
The tedious Load, and laid his Burden down;
Whom the cut Brags, or wounded Marble shows
Victor o'er Life, and all Her Train of Woes;
He happier yet, who privileg'd by Fate
To shorter Labor, and a lighter Weight,

G g g g g
Receiv'd

Receiv'd but Yesterday the Gift of Breath,
 Order'd To-morrow to return to Death.
 But O! beyond Description happyest He,
 Who ne'er must roll on Life's tumultuous Sea;
 Who with blest'd Freedom from the gen'ral Doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming Womb,
 Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the Tomb.

Who breaths, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
 And He alone is blest'd, who ne'er was born.

“ Yet in thy turn, Thou frowning Preacher, hear:

“ Are not these general Maxims too severe?

“ Say: cannot Pow'r secure it's Owner's Blis?

“ And is not Wealth the potent Sire of Peace?

“ Are Victors blest'd with Fame, or Kings with Ease?

I tell Thee, Life is but one common Care;
 And Man was born to suffer, and to fear.

“ But is no Rank, no Station, no Degree

“ From this contagious Taint of Sorrow free?

None, Mortal, None: Yet in a bolder Strain

Let Me this melancholy Truth maintain:

But hence, Ye Worldly, and Prophane, retire:

For I adapt my Voice, and raise my Lyre

To Notions not by Vulgar Ear receiv'd:

Ye still must covet Life, and be deceiv'd:

Receiv'd

g g g g g

Your

Your very Fear of Death shall make Ye try
To catch the Shade of Immortality;
Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save
Part of it's Prey from the devouring Grave;
To those who may survive Ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of Time, and Death;
A fancy'd Kind of Being to retrieve,
And in a Book, or from a Building live.
False Hope! vain Labor! let some Ages fly:
The Dome shall moulder, and the Volume dye:
Wretches, still taught, still will Ye think it strange,
That all the Parts of this great Fabric change;
Quit their old Station, and Primæval Frame;
And lose their Shape, their Effence, and their Name?

Reduce the Song: our Hopes, our Joys are vain:
Our Lot is Sorrow; and Our Portion Pain.

What Pause from Woe, what Hopes of Comfort bring
The Name of Wife or Great, of Judge or King?
What is a King? A Man condemn'd to bear
The public Burden of the Nation's Care;
Now crown'd some angry Faction to appease;
Now falls a Victim to the People's Ease:
From the first blooming of his ill-taught Youth,
Nourish'd in Flattery, and estrang'd from Truth:
At Home surrounded by a servile Crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in Detraction loud:
Abroad begirt with Men, and Swords, and Spears,
His very State acknowledging his Fears:

Marching

Marching amidst a thousand Guards, He shows
 His secret Terror of a thousand Foes; In War however Prudent, Great, or Brave, no gainst W
 To blind Events, and fickle Chance a Slave: all to me
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies; yet who shall show
 Sure of the Toil, uncertain of the Prize. in no gainst me

But He returns with Conquest on his Brow; ni bu
 Brings up the Triumph, and absolves the Vow:
 The Captive Generals to his Carr are ty'd:
 The Joyful Citizens tumultuous Tyde }
 Echoing his Glory, gratify his Pride. what all the Part
 What is this Triumph? Madnefs, Shouts, and Noise, O
 One great Collection of the People's Voice. dol bu
 The Wretches he brings back, in Chains relate,
 What may To-morrow be the Victor's Fate.
 The Spoils and Trophies born before Him, show }
 National Loss, and Epidemic Woe,
 Various Distress, which He and His may know.
 Does He not mourn the valiant Thousands slain;
 The Heroes, once the Glory of the Plain,
 Left in the Conflict of the Fatal Day,
 Or the Wolfe's Portion, or the Vulture's Prey?
 Does He not weep the Lawrel, which he wears,
 Wet with the Soldier's Blood, and Widow's Tears?

See, where He comes, the Darling of the War!
 See Millions crowding round the gilded Car!
 In the vast Joys of this Ecstatic Hour,
 And full Fruition of successful Pow'r,

One Moment and one Thought might let Him scan
The various Turns of Life, and fickle State of Man.

Are the dire Images of sad Distrust,
And Popular Change, obscur'd a-mid the Dust,
That rises from the Victor's rapid Wheel?
Can the loud Clarion, or shrill Fife repel
The inward Cries of Care? can Nature's Voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the Noise;
Tho' Shouts as Thunder loud afflict the Air;
Stun the Birds now releas'd, and shake the Iv'ry Chair?

Yon' Crowd (He might reflect) yon' joyful Crowd,
Pleas'd with my Honors, in my Praises loud,
(Should fleeting Vict'ry to the Vanquish'd go;
Should She deprefs my Arms, and raise the Foe;)
Would for That Foe with equal Ardor wait
At the high Palace, or the crowded Gate;
With restless Rage would pull my Statues down;
And cast the Brass a-new to His Renown.

O impotent Desire of Worldly Sway!
That I, who make the Triumph of To-day,
May of To-morrow's Pomp one Part appear,
Ghastly with Wounds, and lifeless on the Bier!
Then (Vileness of Mankind!) then of all These,
Whom my dilated Eye with Labor sees,
Would one, alas! repeat Me Good, or Great?
Wash my pale Body, or bewail my Fate?

H h h h h

Or

Or, march'd I chain'd behind the Hostile Carr,
The Victor's Pastime, and the Sport of War;
Would One, would One his pitying Sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own He was my Friend?

Avails it then, O Reason, to be Wise?
To see this cruel Scene with quicker Eyes?
To know with more Distinction to complain,
And have superior Sense in feeling Pain?

Let us revolve that Roll with strictest Eye,
Where safe from Time distinguish'd Actions lye;
And judge if Greatness be exempt from Pain,
Or Pleasure ever may with Pow'r remain.

ADAM, great *Type*, for whom the World was made,
The fairest Blessing to his Arms convey'd,
A charming Wife; and Air, and Sea, and Land,
And all that move therein, to his Command
Render'd obedient: say, my Pensive Muse,
What did these golden Promises produce?
Scarce tasting Life, He was of Joy bereav'd:
One Day, I think, in PARADISE He liv'd;
Destin'd the next His Journey to pursue,
Where wounding Thorns, and cursed Thistles grew.
E'er yet He earns his Bread, a-down his Brow,
Inclin'd to Earth, his lab'ring Sweat must flow:
His Limbs must ake, with daily Toils oppress'd;
E'er long-wish'd Night brings necessary Rest:

Still

Still view
He for
Bewailing
His Ear
Of Heav'
A-ghast,
And the
Arm'd wi
His Youn
First Fruit
Giv'n by
Flies, mar
Yet why
Becomes
Each A
The Son
'Till GO
Lo! it rep
Withdraw
And from

The frig
And o'er t
Tempests a
Mean time
The Guard
Exempt fro
Contemn'd

Still viewing with Regret his Darling EVE,
He for Her Follies, and His own must grieve.
Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless Choice;
His Ear oft frighted with the imag'd Voice
Of Heav'n, when first it thunder'd; oft his View
A-ghast, as when the Infant Light'ning flew;
And the stern CHERUB stop'd the fatal Road,
Arm'd with the Flames of an AVENGING GOD.
His Younger Son on the polluted Ground,
First Fruit of Death, lies Plaintiff of a Wound
Giv'n by a Brother's Hand: His Eldest Birth
Flies, mark'd by Heav'n, a Fugitive o'er Earth.
Yet why these Sorrows heap'd upon the Sire,
Becomes nor Man, nor Angel to enquire.

Each Age sinn'd on; and Guilt advanc'd with Time:
The Son still added to the Father's Crime;
'Till GOD arose, and great in Anger said:
Lo! it repenteth Me, that Man was made.
Withdraw thy Light, Thou Sun! be dark, Ye Skies!
And from your deep Abyss, Ye Waters, rise!

The frightened Angels heard th' Almighty Lord;
And o'er the Earth from wrathful Viols pour'd
Tempests and Storm, obedient to His Word.
Mean time, His Providence to NOAH gave
The Guard of All, that He design'd to save.
Exempt from general Doom the Patriarch stood;
Contemn'd the Waves, and triumph'd o'er the Flood.

The

The Winds fall silent; and the Waves decrease:
 The Dove brings Quiet, and the Olive Peace:
 Yet still His Heart does inward Sorrow feel,
 Which Faith alone forbids Him to reveal.
 If on the backward World his Views are cast;
 'Tis Death diffus'd, and universal Waste.
 Present (sad Prospect!) can He Ought descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy Eye)
 The Beauties of the Antient Fabric lost,
 In Chains of craggy Hill, or Lengths of dreary Coast?
 While to high Heav'n his pious Breathings turn'd,
 Weeping He hop'd, and Sacrificing mourn'd;
 When of GOD's Image only Eight He found
 Snatch'd from the Wat'ry Grave, and sav'd from Nations
 And of three Sons, the future Hopes of Earth, [drown'd;
 The Seed, whence Empires must receive their Birth,
 One He foresees excluded Heav'nly Grace,
 And mark'd with Curses, fatal to his Race.

ABRAHAM, Potent Prince, the Friend of GOD,
 Of Human Ills must bear the destin'd Load;
 By Blood and Battles must his Pow'r maintain,
 And slay the Monarchs, e'er He rules the Plain;
 Must deal just Portions of a servile Life
 To a proud Handmaid, and a peevish Wife;
 Must with the Mother leave the weeping Son,
 In Want to wander, and in Wilds to groan;
 Must take his other Child, his Age's Hope
 To trembling MORIAM's melancholy Top,

Order'd

Order'd to drench his Knife in filial Blood;
 Destroy his Heir, or disobey his GOD.

MOSES beheld that GOD; but how beheld?
 The Deity in radiant Beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep Abyfs of Light;
 While present, too severe for Human Sight,
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd Night.
 The following Days, and Months, and Years decreed
 To fierce Encounter, and to toilsome Deed.
 His Youth with Wants and Hardships must engage:
 Plots and Rebellions must disturb his Age.
 Some CORAH still arose, some Rebel Slave,
 Prompter to sink the State, than He to save:
 And ISRAEL did his Rage so far provoke,
 That what the God-head wrote, the Prophet broke.
 His Voice scarce heard, his Dictates scarce believ'd,
 In Camps, in Arms, in Pilgrimage, He liv'd;
 And dy'd obedient to severest Law,
 Forbid to tread the promis'd Land, He saw.

My Father's Life was one long Line of Care,
 A Scene of Danger, and a State of War.
 Alarm'd, expos'd, his Childhood must engage
 The Bear's rough Gripe, and foaming Lion's Rage!
 By various Turns his threaten'd Youth must fear
 GOLIAH's lifted Sword, and SAUL's emitted Spear.
 Forlorn He must, and persecuted fly;
 Climb the steep Mountain, in the Cavern lye;
 And often ask, and be refus'd to dye.

I i i i i

For

For ever, from His manly Toils, are known
 The Weight of Pow'r, and Anguish of a Crown.
 What Tongue can speak the restless Monarch's Woes;
 When GOD, and NATHAN were declar'd his Foes?
 When ev'ry Object his Offence revil'd,
 The Husband murder'd, and the Wife defil'd,
 The Parent's Sins impress'd upon the dying Child?
 What Heart can think the Grief which He sustain'd;
 When the King's Crime brought Vengeance on the Land;
 And the inexorable Prophet's Voice
 Gave Famine, Plague, or War; and bid Him fix his Choice?

He dy'd; and Oh! may no Reflection shed
 It's poy'snous Venom on the Royal Dead:
 Yet the unwilling Truth must be express'd;
 Which long has labor'd in this pensive Breast:
 Dying He added to my Weight of Care:
 He made Me to his Crimes undoubted Heir:
 Left his unfinish'd Murder to his Son,
 And JOAB's Blood intail'd on JUDAH's Crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfill
 The cruel Dictates of My Parent's Will.
 Of his fair Deeds a distant View I took;
 But turn'd the Tube upon his Faults to look;
 Forgot his Youth, spent in his Country's Cause,
 His Care of Right, his Rev'rence to the Laws:
 But could with Joy his Years of Folly trace,
 Broken and old in BATHSHEBA's Embrace;

Could

Could follow Him, where e'er He stray'd from Good,
 And cite his sad Example; whilst I trod
 Paths open to Deceit, and track'd with Blood.
 Soon docile to the secret Acts of Ill,
 With Smiles I could betray, with Temper kill:
 Soon in a Brother could a Rival view;
 Watch all his Acts, and all his Ways pursue.
 In vain for Life He to the Altar fled:
 Ambition and Revenge have certain Speed.
 Ev'n there, My Soul, ev'n there He should have fell;
 But that my Interest did my Rage conceal.
 Doubling my Crime, I promise, and deceive;
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, Perswasions, Sighs, and Tears are vain:
 With a mean Lie curs'd Vengeance I sustain;
 Joyn Fraud to Force, and Policy to Pow'r;
 'Till of the destin'd Fugitive secure,
 In solemn State to Parricide I rise;
 And, as GOD lives, this Day my Brother dies.

Be Witness to my Tears, Celestial Muse!
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
 Fraternal Blood by my Direction spilt;
 In vain on JOAB's Head transfer the Guilt:
 The Deed was acted by the Subject's Hand;
 The Sword was pointed by the King's Command.
 Mine was the Murder: it was Mine alone;
 Years of Contrition must the Crime atone:
 Nor can my guilty Soul expect Relief,
 But from a long Sincerity of Grief.

With

With an imperfect Hand, and trembling Heart,
Her Love of Truth superior to her Art,
Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
The mournful Figures of my Action past.
The pensive Goddess has already taught,
How vain is Hope, and how vexatious Thought;
From growing Childhood to declining Age,
How tedious ev'ry Step, how gloomy ev'ry Stage.
This Course of Vanity almost compleat,
Tir'd in the Field of Life, I hope Retreat
In the still Shades of Death: for Dread and Pain,
And Grief will find their Shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their Points broke, retorted from the Head,
Safe in the Grave, and free among the Dead.

Yet tell Me, frightened Reason! what is Death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted Breath?
The utmost Limit of a narrow Span,
And End of Motion which with Life began?
As Smoke that rises from the kindling Fires
Is seen this Moment, and the next expires:
As empty Clouds by rising Winds are tost,
Their fleeting Forms scarce sooner found than lost:
So vanishes our State: so pass our Days:
So Life but opens now, and now decays:
The Cradle and the Tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to dye.

Cure

Cure of the Miser's Wish, and Coward's Fear,
 Death only shews Us, what We knew was near.
 With Courage therefore view the pointed Hour;
 Dread not Death's Anger; but expect his Pow'r;
 Nor Nature's Law with fruitless Sorrow mourn;
 But dye, O Mortal Man! for Thou wast born.

Cautious thro' Doubt; by Want of Courage, Wife,
 To such Advice, the Reas'ner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continu'd Space,
 Ev'ry successive Day's repeated Race,
 Since Time first started from his pristin Goal,
 'Till He had reach'd that Hour, wherein my Soul
 Joyn'd to my Body swell'd the Womb; I was,
 (At least I think so) Nothing: must I pass

Again to Nothing, when this vital Breath
 Ceasing, consigns Me o'er to Rest, and Death?
 Must the whole Man, amazing Thought! return
 To the cold Marble, or contracted Urn?

And never shall those Particles agree,
 That were in Life this Individual He?

But sever'd, must They join the general Mass,
 Thro' other Forms, and Shapes ordain'd to pass;

Nor Thought nor Image kept of what He was?

Does the great Word that gave him Sense, ordain,
 That Life shall never wake that Sense again?

And will no Pow'r his sinking Spirits save

From the dark Caves of Death, and Chambers of the Grave?

K k k k k

Each

Cure

Each Evening I behold the setting Sun,
 With down-ward Speed into the Ocean run:
 Yet the same Light (pass but some fleeting Hours)
 Exerts his Vigor, and renews his Pow'rs;
 Starts the bright Race again: His constant Flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the Same.
 I mark the various Fury of the Winds:

These neither Seasons guide, nor Order binds:
 They now dilate, and now contract their Force:
 Various their Speed, but endless is their Course.
 From his first Fountain and beginning Ooze,
 Down to the Sea each Brook, and Torrent flows:
 Tho' fundry Drops or leave, or swell the Stream;
 The Whole still runs, with equal Pace, the Same.
 Still other Waves supply the rising Urns;
 And the eternal Floud no Want of Water mourns.

Why then must Man obey the sad Decree,
 Which subjects neither Sun, nor Wind, nor Sea?

A Flow'r, that does with opening Morn arise,
 And flourishing the Day, at Evening dyes;
 A Winged Eastern Blast, just skimming o'er
 The Ocean's Brow, and sinking on the Shore;
 A Fire, whose Flames thro' crackling Stubble fly;
 A Meteor shooting from the Summer Sky;
 A Bowl a-down the bending Mountain roll'd;
 A Bubble breaking, and a Fable told;

Each

K K K K K

A

A Noon-tide Shadow, and a Mid-night Dream;
Are Emblems, which with Semblance apt proclaim
Our Earthly Course: But, O my Soul! so fast
Must Life run off; and Death for ever last?

This dark Opinion, sure, is too confin'd:
Else whence this Hope, and Terror of the Mind?
Does Something still, and Somewhere yet remain,
Reward or Punishment, Delight or Pain?
Say: shall our Relicks second Birth receive?

Sleep We to wake, and only dye to live?
When the sad Wife has clos'd her Husband's Eyes,
And pierc'd the Echoing Vault with doleful Cries;
Lyes the pale Corps not yet entirely Dead?
The Spirit only from the Body fled,
The grosser Part of Heat and Motion void,
To be by Fire, or Worm, or Time destroy'd;
The Soul, immortal Substance, to remain,
Conscious of Joy, and capable of Pain?
And if Her Acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly Clay She deign'd to dwell;
Shall She with Safety reach her pristine Seat?
Find her Rest endless, and her Bliss complete?
And while the buried Man We idly mourn;
Do Angels joy to see His better Half return?
But if She has deform'd this Earthly Life,
With murder'd Rapine, and seditious Strife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those Angels driv'n
From the Ætherial Seat, and blissful Heaven;

In

In everlasting Darkneſs muſt She lye,
Still more unhappy, that She cannot dye?

Amid Two Seas on One ſmall Point of Land

Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd We ſtand:

On either Side our Thoughts inceſſant turn:

Forward We dread; and looking back We mourn.

Loſing the Preſent in this dubious Haſt,

And loſt Our ſelves betwixt the Future, and the Paſt.

Theſe cruel Doubts contending in my Breſt,
My Reaſon ſtagg'ring, and my Hopes oppreſs'd,
Once more I ſaid: once more I will enquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious Fire,
This flutt'ring Motion, which We call the Mind?

How does She act? and where is She confin'd?

Have We the Pow'r to guide Her, as We pleaſe?

Whence then thoſe Evils, that obſtruct our Eaſe?

We Happineſs purſue; We fly from Pain;

Yet the Purſuit, and yet the Flight is vain:

And, while poor Nature labors to be bleſt,

By Day with Pleaſure, and by Night with Reſt;

Some ſtronger Pow'r eludes our ſickly Will;

Daſhes our riſing Hope with certain Ill;

And makes Us with reflective Trouble ſee,

That all is deſtin'd, which We fancy free.

That Pow'r ſuperior then, which rules our Mind,
Is His Decree by Human Pray'r inclin'd.

Will

Will He for Sacrifice our Sorrows ease?
 And can our Tears reverse His firm Decrees?
 Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails:
 Throw Loads of Incense in, to turn the Scales;
 And let the silent Sanctuary shew,
 What from the babling Scholes We may not know,
 How Man may shun, or bear his destin'd Part of Woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our Fate?
 Anxious We hover in a mediate State,
 Betwixt Infinity and Nothing; Bounds,
 Or boundless Terms, whose doubtful Sense confounds
 Unequal Thought; whilst All We apprehend,
 Is, that our Hopes must rise, our Sorrows end;
 As our Creator deigns to be our Friend.

I said;—and instant bad the Priests prepare
 The ritual Sacrifice, and solemn Pray'r.

Select from vulgar Herds, with Garlands gay,
 A hundred Bulls ascend the Sacred Way.
 The artful Youth proceed to form the Choir;
 They breath the Flute, or strike the vocal Wire.
 The Maids in comely Order next advance;
 They beat the Tymbrel, and instruct the Dance.
 Follows the chosen Tribe from LEVI sprung,
 Chanting by just Return the Holy Song.
 Along the Choir in Solemn State they pass.

—The Anxious King came last.

The Sacred Hymn perform'd, my promis'd Vow
 I paid; and bowing at the Altar low,

L11111

Father

Father of Heav'n! I ſaid, and Judge of Earth!
 Whoſe Word call'd out this Univerſe to Birth;
 By whoſe kind Pow'r and influencing Care
 The various Creatures move, and live, and are;
 But, ceaſing once that Care; withdrawn that Pow'r;
 They move (alas!) and live; and are no more:
 Omni-ſcient Maſter, Omni-preſent King,
 To Thee, to Thee, my laſt Diſtreſs I bring.

Thou, that can'ſt Still the Raging of the Seas,
 Chain up the Winds, and bid the Tempeſts ceaſe;
 Redeem my ſhip-wreck'd Soul from raging Guſts
 Of cruel Paſſion, and deceitful Luſts:
 From Storms of Rage, and dang'rous Rocks of Pride,
 Let Thy ſtrong Hand this little Veſſel guide
 (It was Thy Hand that made it) thro' the Tide
 Impetuous of this Life: let Thy Command
 Direct my Courſe, and bring me ſafe to Land.

If, while this weary'd Fleſh draws fleeting Breath,
 Not ſatisfy'd with Life, afraid of Death,
 It hap'ly be Thy Will, that I ſhould know
 Glimpſe of Delight, or Pauſe from anxious Woe;
 From Now, from inſtant Now, great Sire, diſpell
 The Clouds that preſs my Soul; from Now reveal
 A gracious Beam of Light; from Now inſpire
 My Tongue to ſing, my Hand to touch the Lyre:
 My open'd Thought to joyous Proſpects raiſe;
 And, for Thy Mercy, let me ſing Thy Praise.

Or,

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Or, if Thy Will ordains, I still shall wait
 Some New *Here-after*, and a future State;
 Permit me Strength, my Weight of Woe to bear;
 And raise my Mind superior to my Care.
 Let Me, how'er unable to explain
 The secret Lab'rynths of Thy Ways to Man,
 With humble Zeal confess Thy awful Pow'r;
 Still weeping Hope, and wond'ring still Adore.
 So in my Conquest be Thy Might declar'd:
 And, for Thy Justice, be Thy Name rever'd.

My Pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous Gloom
 Darkens the Air; loud Thunder shakes the Dome:
 To the beginning Miracle succeed
 An awful Silence, and religious Dread.
 Sudden breaks forth a more than common Day:

The sacred Wood, which on the Altar lay,
 Untouch'd, unlighted glows——
Ambrosial Odor, such as never flows
 From ARAB'S Gum, or the SABÆAN Rose,
 Does round the Air evolving Scents diffuse:
 The holy Ground is wet with Heav'nly Dews:
 Celestial Music (such JESSIDES' Lyre,
 Such MIRIAM'S Timbrel would in vain require)
 Strikes to my Thought thro' my admiring Ear,
 With Ecstasy too fine, and Pleasure hard to bear.
 And, lo! what sees my ravish'd Eye? what feels
 My wond'ring Soul? an opening Cloud reveals
 An Heav'nly Form embody'd and array'd
 With Robes of Light. I heard: the Angel said:

Cease,

Cease, Man of Woman born, to hope Relief
 From daily Trouble, and continu'd Grief.
 Thy Hope of Joy deliver to the Wind:
 Suppress thy Passions; and prepare thy Mind.
 Free and familiar with Misfortune grow:
 Be us'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe.
 By weak'ning Toil, and hoary Age o'ercome,
 See thy Decrease; and hasten to thy Tomb.
 Leave to thy Children Tumult, Strife, and War,
 Portions of Toil, and Legacies of Care.
 Send the Successive Ills thro' Ages down;
 And let each weeping Father tell his Son,
 That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
 He must augment the Sorrows He receiv'd.

The Child to whose Success thy Hope is bound,
 E'er thou art scarce Interr'd, or he is Crown'd;
 To Lust of Arbitrary Sway inclin'd,
 (That curst Poyson to the Prince's Mind!)
 Shall from thy Dictates and his Duty rove,
 And lose his great Defence, his People's Love.
 Ill Counsell'd, Vanquish'd, Fugitive, Disgrac'd,
 Shall mourn the Fame of JACOB'S Strength effac'd.
 Shall sigh, the King diminish'd, and the Crown
 With lessen'd Rays descending to his Son.
 Shall see the Wreaths, His Grandfire knew to reap
 By active Toil, and Military Sweat,
 Pining incline their sickly Leaves, and shed
 Their falling Honors from His giddy Head.

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By Arms, or Pray'r unable to assuage
Domestic Horror, and intestine Rage,
Shall from the Victor, and the Vanquish'd fear,
From I S R A E L's Arrow, and from J U D A H's Spear:
Shall cast his weary'd Limbs on J O R D A N's Floud,
By Brother's Arms disturb'd, and stain'd with Kindred-
[Blood.

Hence lab'ring Years shall weep their destin'd Race
Charg'd with ill Omens; fully'd with Disgrace.
Time by Necessary compell'd, shall go
Thro' Scenes of War, and Epocha's of Woe:
The Empire lessen'd in a parted Stream,
Shall lose it's Course——
Indulge thy Tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme:
J U D A H shall fall, oppress'd by Grief and Shame;
And Men shall from her Ruins know her Fame.

New Æ G Y P T's yet, and second Bonds remain,
A harsher P H A R A O H, and a heavier Chain.
Again obedient to a dire Command,
Thy Captive Sons shall leave the promis'd Land.
Their Name more low, their Servitude more vile,
Shall, on E U P H R A T E S' Bank, renew the Grief of N I L E.

These pointed Spires that wound the ambient Sky
Inglorious Change! shall in Destruction lye
Low, levell'd with the Dust; their Heights unknown,
Or measur'd by their Ruin. Yonder Throne,
For lasting Glory built, design'd the Seat
Of Kings for ever blest, for ever great,

M m m m m Remov'd

Remov'd by the Invader's barb'rous Hand,
 Shall grace his Triumph in a foreign Land.
 The Tyrant shall demand yon' sacred Load
 OF Gold and Vessels fet a-part to GOD,
 Then by vile Hands to common Use debas'd;
 Shall send them flowing round his drunken Feast,
 With sacrilegious Taunt, and impious Jest.

Twice fourteen Ages shall their Way complete:
 Empires by various Turns shall rise and set;
 While Thy abandon'd Tribes shall only know
 A diff'rent Master, and a Change of Woe:
 With down-cast Eye-lids, and with Looks a-ghast,
 Shall dread the Future, or bewail the Past.

Afflicted ISRAEL shall sit weeping down,
 Fast by the Streams, where BABEL's Waters run;
 Their Harps upon the neighb'ring Willows hung,
 Nor joyous Hymn encouraging their Tongue,
 Nor chearful Dance their Feet; with Toil oppress'd,
 Their weary'd Limbs aspiring but to Rest.
 In the reflective Stream the sighing Bride,
 Viewing her Charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
 Her pensive Head; and in her languid Face
 The Bridegroom shall fore-see his sickly Race:
 While pond'rous Fetters vex their close Embrace.
 With irksome Anguish then your Priests shall mourn
 Their long-neglected Feasts despair'd Return,
 And sad Oblivion of their solemn Days.
 Thenceforth their Voices They shall only raise,

Louder

Louder to weep. By Day your frightened Seers
 Shall call for Fountains to express their Tears;
 And wish their Eyes were Flouds: by Night from Dreams
 Of opening Gulphs, black Storms, and raging Flames,
 Starting amaz'd, shall to the People show
 Emblems of Heav'nly Wrath, and Mystic Types of Woe.

The Captives, as their Tyrant shall require,
 That They should breath the Song, and touch the Lyre,
 Shall say: can JACOB's servile Race rejoice,
 Untun'd the Music, and diffus'd the Voice?
 What can We play? (They shall discourse) how sing
 In foreign Lands, and to a Barb'rous King?
 We and our Fathers from our Childhood bred
 To watch the cruel Victor's Eye, to dread
 The arbitrary Lash, to bend, to grieve;
 (Out-cast of Mortal Race!) can We conceive
 Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay?

Alas! when We have toy'd the longsome Day;

The fullest Blifs our Hearts aspire to know,

Is but some Interval from active Woe;

In broken Rest, and startling Sleep to mourn;

'Till Morn, the Tyrant, and the Scourge return.

Bred up in Grief, can Pleasure be our Theme?

Our endless Anguish does not Nature claim?

Reason, and Sorrow are to Us the Same.

Alas! with wild Amazement We require,

If Idle Folly was not Pleasure's Sire:

Madness,

Madness, We fancy, gave an Ill-tim'd Birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.

This is the Series of perpetual Woe,
Which Thou, alas! and Thine are born to know.

Illustrious Wretch, repine not, nor reply:

View not, what Heav'n ordains, with Reason's Eye;

Too bright the Object is: the Distance is too high.

The Man who would resolve the Work of Fate,

May limit Number, and make Crooked Strait:

Stop Thy Enquiry then; and curb Thy Sense;

Nor let Dust argue with Omnipotence.

'Tis GOD who must dispose, and Man sustain,

Born to endure, forbidden to complain.

Thy Sum of Life must His Decrees fulfill:

What derogates from His Command, is Ill;

And that alone is Good, which centers in His Will.

Yet that thy Lab'ring Senses may not droop,

Lost to Delight, and destitute of Hope;

Remark what I, GOD's Messenger, aver

From Him, who neither can deceive, nor err.

The Land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn;

Shall from her sad Captivity return.

SION shall raise her long-dejected Head;

And in her Courts the Law again be read.

Again the glorious Temple shall arise,

And with new Lustre pierce the neighb'ring Skies.

The

The promis'd Seat of Empire shall again
 Cover the Mountain, and command the Plain,
 And from Thy Race distinguish'd, O N E shall spring,
 Greater in A c t than V i c t o r, more than King
 In Dignity and Pow'r, sent down from Heav'n,
 To succour Earth. T O H I M, to H I M 't is giv'n,
 Passion, and Care, and Anguish to destroy.
 Thro' H I M soft Peace, and Plenitude of Joy
 Perpetual o'er the World redeem'd shall flow.
 No more may Man inquire, nor Angel know.

Now, S O L O M O N, rememb'ring Who thou art,
 A c t thro' thy remnant Life the decent Part.
 Go forth: Be strong: With Patience, and with Care
 Perform, and Suffer: To Thy self severe,
 Gracious to Others, Thy Desires suppress'd,
 Diffus'd Thy Virtues, First of Men, be Best.
 Thy Sum of Duty let Two Words contain;
 O may they graven in thy Heart remain!
 Be Humble, and be Just. The Angel said:
 With upward Speed His agile Wings He spread;
 Whilst on the holy Ground I prostrate lay,
 By various Doubts impell'd, or to obey,
 Or to object: at length (my mournful Look
 Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:

Supreme, Allwise, Eternal Potentate!
 Sole Author, Sole Disposer of our Fate!

N n n n n

Enthron'd

The

Enthron'd in Light, and Immortality,
Whom no Man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of Beings! Pow'r Divine!
Since that I Live, and that I Think, is Thine;
Benign Creator, let Thy plastic Hand
Dispose it's own Effect. Let Thy Command
Restore, Great Father, Thy Instructed Son;
And in My Act may THY great WILL BE DONE.



THE