

Moral and Sacred Poems (1744)¹

Volume 2

[Baker List, #78]

Editorial Introduction:

Poetry played a prominent role in genteel culture in eighteenth-century Britain. In addition to well-selling collections by poets like John Dryden, Alexander Pope, and Edward Young, there were regular sections of poetry in most of the leading periodicals. The genre was embraced for political critique, moral instruction, philosophical argument, religious devotion, light diversion, and a range of other public purposes. John Wesley was typical of many in his day in keeping a manuscript notebook during his Oxford years where he copied poems that he found instructive or worthy of reading repeatedly (see the MS Poetry Miscellany in this collection).

While Wesley's manuscript collection includes several selections that he would have viewed as entertaining, it is clear that he particularly valued poems with strong moral and religious themes. Thus, he was sympathetic to a suggestion made by Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, in 1742 that public culture would greatly benefit from a collection of "chaste" moral and sacred poems. Wesley soon began work on such a collection. It was issued as a series of unbound leaflets, beginning in 1743. The last installment appeared in 1744 and the full compliment were bound as a three-volume set. While the target audience of Wesley's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* series was Anglican worshipers, and the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* series was particularly aimed at those involved in the renewal movement, the hoped-for audience of this series was the larger public, particularly those of genteel society. Slow sales suggest that it was not well received in this setting. About 150 sets of the initial bound copies remained in the inventory at John Wesley's house in London at his death, nearly fifty years after its publication. Despite this lack of commercial success, the three volume collection remains valuable as a window into Wesley's moral and spiritual emphases in the 1740s.

Wesley includes several prominent poets of the last century in this published set (some of which appeared in his earlier MS Poetry Miscellany). He also drew upon more recent works, without seeking permission from their original publishers, which drew him into copyright disputes in a couple of cases, most notably over Edward Young's *Night Thoughts* in this volume.

While we have modernized capitalization in the transcription below, we have generally retained the spelling and punctuation of the original, correcting only the printer errors that are scattered through the text.

Edition:

John Wesley. *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*. 3 vols. Bristol: Farley, 1744.

¹This document was produced under the editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: March 28, 2013.

Table of Contents

Of the True Use of Riches [Alexander Pope]	3–14
The Tenth Satyr of Juvenal [John Dryden]	15–33
[Blank]	34
The Second Satyr of Persius [John Dryden]	35–38
Love of Fame the Universal Passion [Edward Young]	39–49
Satire II [Edward Young]	50–56
A Paraphrase on the 38th, 39th, 40th and 41st Chapters of Job [Edward Young]	57–70
The Last Day [Edward Young]	71–94
The Forty-Third Chapter of Ecclesiasticus paraphrased [William Broome]	95–99
[Blank]	100
The Song of the Three Children paraphrased [Marc Le Pla]	101–34
Bedlam [Thomas Fitzgerald]	135–41
An Ode [Thomas Fitzgerald]	142
Another [Thomas Fitzgerald]	143
The 104 th Psalm paraphrased [Thomas Fitzgerald]	144–48
Abraham's Sacrifice [Thomas Fitzgerald]	149–56

From Mr. Lewis's *Miscellany*

An Ode	157–59
On Riches [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	159–60
Against Life [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	160–61
For Life [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	161
The Pyramid	162
On the Death of Alexander the Great	163
Epitaph on a Man and his Wife	163
Alexander and Xerxes	164
Epitaph on an Infant	165–66
Lapidarium	166
Melissa [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	167–69
Grongar Hill [John Dyer]	170–75
The Thracian	175
Epigram [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	176
On the foregoing Epigram [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	176
The Monument [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	177
The Savage	177–78
An Essay on Time	179–84
Adriani morientis ad Animam [Alexander Pope]	184
Christiani morientis ad Animam [Alexander Pope]	185
To Stella, on Her Picture	186–87
A Hermit's Meditation [George Huddesford ?]	187–91
Wrote at Ocriculum in Italy [John Dyer]	191–93
On an Open Grave	194
The Retirement	195–96
A Thought upon Death [Thomas Fitzgerald]	196–97
On the Creation	198–200
On the Death of a good Poor Woman	200–201
An Anacreontick Ode, Upon a Wedding after Thirteen Years Courtship [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	201–2
To a Young Lady on her Birth-Day [Samuel Wesley Jr.]	203–4
On a Fine Day	204

An Ode	205–7
A Fragment of an Epistle to a Friend	208–9
An Ode to the Creator of the World, by John Hughes	210–16
A Monumental Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes [John Hughes]	217–19
The Ecstasy [John Hughes]	220–28
The Complaint; or, Night-Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality [Edward Young]	
Night the First	229–43
Night the Second	244–61
Night the Fourth	262–84
Night the Fifth	285–308
Night the Sixth	309–38
Night the Seventh	339–73

A
COLLECTION
OF
MORAL AND SACRED
POEMS.

Of the True Use of Riches.¹

**To the Right Honourable
Allen Lord Bathurst.
By Mr. Pope.**

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?

You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the standing jest of heav'n,

¹Alexander Pope, *The Works of Alexander Pope* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1736), 2:22–45.

And GOLD ^a but sent to keep the fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its sire, the sun,
Then, in plain prose, were made two sorts of men,
To squander some, and some to hide agen.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches in effect
No grace of heav'n, or token of th' elect,
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To *ward*, to *waters*, Chartres, and the devil.
What nature wants, commodious *gold* bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows:
But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve.
What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust;
And if we count among the needs of life
Another's toil, why not another's wife?
Useful, we grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires:

^a That the true use of RICHES is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, *avarice*, or *profusion*.

Trade it may help, society extend;
But lures the pyrate,² and corrupts the friend:
It raises armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.

Oh! that such bulky *bribes* as all might see
Still, as of old, encumber'd villainy!
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If *secret gold* saps on from knave to knave.
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs;
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oyl;
"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred *oxen* at your levee roar."^[1]

Poor avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could profusion squander all, in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And *worldly* crying coals from street to street,
(Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.)
Had Colepeper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels, and with a butting head;
To White's be carry'd, as to antient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?

²Ori., "yrate"; corrected in the errata.

Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh! filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, *quadrille!*

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,^b
From the crack'd bagg the dropping guinea *spoke*,
And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Blest *paper-credit!* that advanc'd so high,
Now lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd with this, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, or fetch or carry kings;^c
A single leaf can waft an *army* o'er,
Or ship off *Senates* to some distant shore;^d

^b "Beneath the patriot's cloak." This is a true story which happened in the reign of William III to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out of the back-door from having been closeted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

^c "Fetch and carry kings." In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The Partition Treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain; and Don Carlos to Italy.

^d "Or ship off *Senates* to some distant shore." Alluding to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots, banished in out times to Siberia, and to that *more glorious fate* of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Pontoise in the year 1722.

A leaf like Sybil's,^e scatters to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, gold and all.

What riches give us,^f let us first enquire;
Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner^g finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins^h heirs?
To Chartres vigour, Japhet nose and ears?ⁱ

^e "A leaf like Sybil's." Virg. *Æn.* 6.

^f "What riches give us," &c. That *riches*, either to the *avaricious* or the *prodigal*, cannot afford *necessaries*, much less *happiness*.

^g Turner. One, who being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach because interest was reduced from *five to four per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept this chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have out-lived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both cloaths and all other expences.

^h Hopkins. A citizen whose rapacity obtained him the name of "Vultur[e] Hopkins." He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds.*

ⁱ "Japhet, nose and ears." Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of

Can they in gems bid pallid *hippia* glow,
 In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below,
 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
 With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?
 They might, (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
 Or find some doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife;
 But thousands die, without or this or that,
 Die, and endow a college, or a cat:
 To some indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
 T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
 Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
 That "every man in want is knave or fool:
 "God cannot love (says Blunt, with lifted eyes)
 "The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
 But Rev'rend S——n with a softer air,
 Admits, and leaves them, providence's care.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season, fly.
 Who sees pale *mammon* pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
 This year a reservoir, to keep and spare,
 The next a fountain spouting thro' his heir,

those parts, for having forged a *conveyance* of an estate to *himself*, upon which he took up several thousand pounds.

In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men, and dogs, shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune, and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta^j void of wit, or worth:
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moat with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought,^k and sallads, blest his board.
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from providence?
Like some lone Chartreuse stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafted roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sights the smoakless towr's survey,
And turn the unwilling steed another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unopening door:
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son;^l he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right;
For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.

^j How a *miser* acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable.

^l How a *prodigal* does the same.

^k "With soups unbought." ... *dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.* Virg.

Whole slaughter'd hecatombs, and floods of wine,
 Fill the capacious squire, and deep divine.
 Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
 His oxen perish in his country's cause:
 'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
 And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
 The woods recede around the naked seat,
 The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet.
 Next goes his wool, to clothe our valiant bands,
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
 To town he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils?
 (Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?)
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches,^m with the art
 T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
 To ballance fortune by a just expence,
 Join with oeconomy, magnificence,
 With splendor, charity, with plenty, health;
 Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

To want, or worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
 And ease or emulate, the care of heav'n.

^m The *due medium* and *true use of riches*.

Whose measure full o'erflows on human race,
Mends fortune's fault, and justifies her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd.
In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a chearful noon,
Without a *fidler*, *flatt'rer*, or *buffoon*?
Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a *gamester*, *pimp*, or *play'r*?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,ⁿ
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where-e'er he shines, Oh fortune gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English Bounty yet a while may stand,
And honour linger ere³ it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross;^o

ⁿ "Oxford's better part." Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne.

^o "The Man of Ross." The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the Man of Ross, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John

³Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain?
 Whose cause-way parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
 The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing *quacks* with curses fled the place,
 And vile *attorneys*, now an useless race.
 Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do.
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
 What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies
 interred in the chancel of the Church of Ross, in
 Herefordshire.

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush grandeur, blush! proud courts withdraw your blaze!
Ye *little stars!* hide your diminish'd rays.

“And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
“His race, his form, his name almost unknown?^[*]
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go search it there, where to be born and die,*
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living, sav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.^[P]
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room,^[Q] with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,

* The Parish Register.

^[P] “Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.” Ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.

^[Q] The fate of the PROFUSE miserable in *life* and *death*.

On once a flockbed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw.
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers^r lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

^r George Villers Duke of Buckingham, who died in this manner.

**THE
TENTH SATYR
OF
JUVENAL,**

**Translated
By Mr. Dryden.**

[blank]

The Argument.

The poet's design, in this satyr, is to represent the various wishes and designs of mankind; and to set out the folly of 'em.—He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances in each, how frequently they have prov'd the ruin of those that own'd them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to God to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven lies within a very small compass: 'tis but health of body and mind—and if we have these, 'tis not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

[blank]

**The
Tenth Satyr
of
Juvenal.⁴**

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crown'd!
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found, }
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd. }

⁴John Dryden, *The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis ... with the Satires of Aulus Persius Falccus, Translated into English Verse by Mr. Dryden, and Several Other Eminent Hands* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1693), Section I, pp. 189–216.

The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost:^a
But more have been by avarice opprest,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest:
Unweildly sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshal'd figures can account.
To which the stores of Crœsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.

}

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent, to seize
The rich mens goods, and spoil their palaces:
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moon-shine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red coat rise from ev'ry bush:
The beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught controul;
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl.

^a Milo of Crotona; who for a tryal of his strength, going to rend an oak, perish'd in the attempt: for his arms were caught in the trunk of it; and he was devour'd by wild beasts.

Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursu'd, by several ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Tho' in his country town no *lictors* were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor *tribune* did appear:
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.

What had he done, had he beheld on high
Our *prator* seated, in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back;
A heavy gugaw (call'd a crown) that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head;
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures false and flatt'ring tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.

In his own age Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind.
To laugh at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears;⁵
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

Some ask for envy'd pow'r; which publick hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to its fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses and the chariot wheel
The same effects of vulgar fury feel;
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke;
Sejanus almost first of Roman names,^b
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames.

Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the capitol;
Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along:
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng!

^b Sejanus was Tiberius's first favourite; and while he continued so, had the highest marks of honour bestow'd on him; statues and triumphal chariots were every where erected to him:—but as soon as he fell into disgrace with the emperor, these were all immediately dismounted; and the Senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they fawn'd on him before.

⁵Ori., "fears"; a misprint.

“Good Lord,^[’] they cry, [[‘]what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face!
By heav’n, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)^[’]
[[‘]Nothing of this; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:^[’]
“Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more,
He’s guilty; and the question’s out of door.”
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn’d to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cry’d [[‘]Sejanus,^[’] with a shout as loud:
Had his designs (by fortune’s favour blest)
Succeeded, and the prince’s age opprest.

Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate,⁶
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crouded with resort
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown;
To hold thy prince in pupil age, and sway
That monarch, whom the master’d world obey?

I well believe, thou would’st be great as he;
For every man’s a fool to that degree:
All wish the dire prerogative, to kill;
Ev’n they would have the pow’r, who want the will:

⁶Ori., “state”; a misprint.

But would'st thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good?
Would'st thou not rather chuse a small renown,
To be the may'r of some poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barb'rously to speak;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures break!
Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In ev'ry wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tow'r, of monstrous height,
Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the weight.

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
And ruin'd him, who, greater than the Great,^c
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke:
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke!
What else, but his immoderate lust of pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school)

^c Julius Cæsar, who got the better of Pompey that
was stile'd The Great.

Yet prays, and hopes (and aims at nothing less)
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:
But both those orators so much renown'd,⁷
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:^d
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who rhym'd in doggrel, or who punn'd in prose.

“Fortune fortun'd the dying notes of Rome:
Till I, thy consul sole, consol'd thy doom.”^e
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mevius, thresh for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippique^f fatally divine,
Which is inscrib'd the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.

^d Demosthenes and Tully, both died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave himself poison, to avoid being carried to Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by M. Anthony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

^e The Latin of this couplet, is a famous verse of Tully's, in which he sets out the happiness of his own consulship; famous for the vanity and ill poetry of it. For Tully, tho' he had a great deal of the one, had no great share of the other.

^f The orations of Tully, against M. Anthony, were stile'd by him Philippies, in imitation of Demosthenes, who had given that name before to those he made against Philip of Macedon.

⁷Ori., “renoun'd”; corrected in the errata.

Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars his forge sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn the unlucky art of wheedling fools.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood!
So many would be great, so few be good!
For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few pursu'd,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude;
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the ballance lay;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh?
Whom Africk was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantick main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyreneans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that nature cast:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.

Then, like a torrent rowling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy,
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet still uneasy, cries, "There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punick flags on Roman tow'rs display'd."

Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame?
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame:
A sign-post dawber would disdain to paint
The one-ey'd heroe on his elephant.
Now what's his end? O charming glory! say
What rare fifth act to crown this huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies; is banish'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his sad petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wondrous sort of death has heav'n design'd
Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind! }
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious, bloody war,
But poison, drawn thro' a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys and be a theme at school.

One world suffice'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd:

And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
 The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
 Yet enter'd in the brick-built town,^g he try'd
 The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
 Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
 The mighty soul how small a body holds!

Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,^h
 Cut⁸ from the continent, and sail'd about;
 Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
 The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
 Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
 Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees,
 With a long legend of romantick things,
 Which in his cups the hot-brain'd poet sings.
 But how did he return, this haughty brave,
 Who whipt the winds, and made the sea his slave?
 (Tho' Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
 And Eurus never such hard usage found
 In his Æolian prison under ground;)⁹

^g Babylon, where Alexander died.

^h Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantick manner, affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægean Sea: he is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sail'd round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad; and order'd a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once cross'd his designs, as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus. But after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles, at Salamis; and return'd home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

⁸Ori., "Out"; likely a misprint.

⁹Ori., "gound"; corrected in the errata.

But how return'd he, let us ask again?
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Choak'd with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.
For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn' worth of his pray'r.

}

“Heaven grant me length of life, and years good store
Heap on my bending back, I ask no more.”
Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly, mischievous desire.
Mistaken blessing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums, a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a skin of buff:
A stitch-faln cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worse!
His servants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last night.
Yet worse suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:

Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad poms: a threshold throng'd with daily biers,
And liveries of black for length of years. }

Next to the raven's age, the Pylia kingⁱ
Was longest liv'd of any two-legg'd thing;
Blest to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years, and on his right-hand count.^j
Hold! his brave son upon the fun'ral pyre
He sees extended, and his beard on fire;
He turns and weeping, asks his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysse's father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his ancestors a mighty shade,
While Troy yet stood: when Hector with the race
Of royal children might his funeral grace:
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had heav'n so blest him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd! he liv'd to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:

ⁱ Nestor King of Pylus, who was 300 years old, according to Homer's account, at least as he is understood by his expositors.

^j The antients counted by their fingers. Their *left* hand serv'd 'em till they came up to an hundred. After that they us'd the *right*, to express all greater numbers.

In fine, the feeble sire, reduc'd by fate,
To change his scepter for a sword too late,
His last effort before Jove's altar tries;
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.^k

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates,^l and rich Croesus' fate:^m
Whom Solon wisely counsell'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en in ruin'd Carthage, begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets; descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expir'd.

^k Whilst Troy was sacking by the Greeks, old King Priam is said to have buckled on his armour to oppose them; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the altar of Jupiter, in his own palace.

^l Mithridates, after he had disputed the empire of the world for 40 years together with the Romans, was at last depriv'd of life and empire by Pompey the Great.

^m Cræsus in the midst of his prosperity making his boast to Solon, how happy he was, receiv'd this answer from the wise man, that no one could pronounce himself happy till he saw what *his end* should be. The truth of this Cræsus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemn'd to die.

Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent fever sent:
But publick pray'rs impos'd on heav'n, to give
Their much-lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspir'd to save
The head reserv'd for an Egyptian slave.ⁿ

Cethegus, though a traytor to the state,
And tortur'd, scap'd this ignominious fate:^o
And Serguis, who a bad cause bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.^p

To Venus the fond mother makes a pray'r,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends;
But for the girls the vaulted temple rends.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow;
And fair Virginia^q would her fate bestow
On Rutila; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel-back.

ⁿ Pompey, in the midst of his glory fell into a dangerous fit of sickness, at Naples. A great many cities then made publick supplications for him. He recover'd, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolemy King of Egypt; and instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his order.

^o Cethegus was one that conspir'd with Catiline, and was put to death by the Senate.

^p Catiline dy'd fighting.

^q Virginia was kill'd by her own father, to prevent her being expos'd to the lust of Appius Claudius.

What then remains? are we depriv'd of will?
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Intrust thy fortune to the power above.
Leave him to manage for thee, and to grant
What his unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness how does he, as strength excel!
Ah that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our head-strong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs: but O! to God alone
Our future offspring, and our wives are known;
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son. }

Spare then, O man, the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind;
A soul that can securely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire;
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquets, and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is virtue; what I show,
On all men God is ready to bestow:
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise;
But set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

[blank]

**THE
SECOND SATYR
OF
PERSIUS.¹⁰**

Translated by Mr. Dryden.

The Argument.

This satyr is believed to have given occasion to the foregoing. And both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, call'd, the *Second Alcibiades*. Our author takes his rise from the birth-day of his friend; on which occasions many prayers were made, and sacrifices offer'd. Persius first commending the purity of his friend's vows, then descends to the impious and immoral requests of others.

Let this auspicious morning be exprest
With a white stone,^a distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.

^a *White stone.*] The Romans were us'd to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befel 'em,

¹⁰John Dryden, *The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis ... with the Satires of Aulus Persius Falccus, Translated into English Verse by Mr. Dryden, and Several Other Eminent Hands* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1693), Section III, pp. 20–26.

Pray; for thy pray'rs the test of heav'n will bear;
 Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear:
 While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
 Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come,
 And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
 Heav'n's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
 So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
 What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
 "Give me good fame, ye pow'rs, and make me just."
 Thus much the rogue to publick ears will trust:
 In private then:—"When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
 My wealthy uncle from this world remove?"
 Or—"O thou thund'rer's son, great Hercules,
 That once thy bounteous deity would please
 To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
 Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!^b

"This is my neighbour Nerius his third spouse,
 Of whom in happy time he rids his house.
 But my eternal wife!—grant, heav'n, I may
 Survive to see the fellow of this day!"
 Thus that thou may'st the better bring about
 Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
 But pr'ythee tell me ('tis a small request)
 With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possess?
 Wouldst thou prefer him to some man? suppose
 I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose?

with a *white stone* which they had from the island
 Creta; and their unfortunate with a coal.

^b Hercules was thought to have the power of
 bestowing all hidden treasure.

Which of the two would thy wise head declare
 The trustier tutor to an orphan heir?
 Or, put it thus:—unfold to Staius, strait
 What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late:
 He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
 Canst thou indulge him in this villainy!
 And think'st thou, Jove himself, with patience then
 Can hear a pray'r condemn'd by wicked men?
 That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
 And leaves his bus'ness to be done by fate?
 Because his thunder splits some burley tree,
 And is not darted at thy house and thee?

What well-fed off'ring to appease the god,
 What pow'rful present to procure a nod,
 Hast thou in store? what bribe hast thou prepar'd;
 To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

Should I present thee with rare-figur'd plate,
 Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
 O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
 And thy left side with trembling pleasure, sweat!
 Thou measur'st by thyself the pow'rs divine;
 Thy gods are burnish'd, gilded is their shrine.
 O souls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
 Fat minds and ever grov'ling on the ground!
 We bring our manners to the blest abodes,
 And think what pleases us, must please the gods.
 Of oil and *cassia* one th' ingredients takes,
 And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
 Another finds a way to dye in grain;
 And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian stain;

Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
Or, for the golden ore, in rivers rakes.
Tell me, vain man! if I may be so bold,
What are the gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
These presents, bribes the pow'rs to give him more.

But let us all for heaven a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A soul, where laws both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
What? in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such off'rings to the gods I come;
A cake, thus giv'n, is worth a hecatomb.

Thus far *heathenism* could go: "Be truly
righteous, and thou shalt be accepted of God." But
how wide is even this, from "Unto him that believeth,
his *faith* is counted for righteousness?"¹¹

¹¹A paraphrase of Rom. 4:5.

**LOVE OF FAME
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.**

By Dr. Young.

[blank]

**Love of Fame
the
Universal Passion.^{a 12}**

**To his Grace the
Duke of Dorset.**

Satire I.^b

My verse is satire: Dorset, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muse you cannot *fear*.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And casts a glory round the shelter'd lays.

^a Of all who know not God. I fear, what follows
is too true a picture, of the very best men that have
not faith.

^b N.B. I do not answer for the justness of thought
in many of the following lines. Yet, in general, I
believe, they may be useful, and therefore subjoin
them as they are.

¹²Edward Young, *Love of Fame the Universal Passion* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1728).

Instructive satire, true to virtue's cause!
 Thou shining *supplement* of publick laws!
 When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
 Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
 When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
 Like arts improve in Britain's skilful hand;
 When the *law* shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
 And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light;
 When *churchmen* scripture for the classics quit,
 Polite apostates from God's grace to wit:
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*:
 To chase our spleen, when themes like these increase,
 Shall Panegyrick reign, and *censure* cease?

Doubly distrest, what author shall we find
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly Roman's^c shining path to tread,
 And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?
 Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
 Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
 What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*?

The *love of praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:^d
 The *proud* to gain it toils on toils endure;
 The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er globes, and sceptres, now, on thrones it swells,
 Now, trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.

^c Horace.

^d I grant it, in the heart of every one that is not
 born of God.

'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in senate, squeaks in masquerades.
 Here, to S——e's¹³ *humour* makes a bold pretence;
 There bolder aims at Poultney's *eloquence*.
 It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
 Nor ends with life, but nods in *sable plumes*,
 Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

Who is not *proud*? the pimp is proud to see
 So many like himself in high degree:
 The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
 Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;
 And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
 To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
 And come back much more guilty than they went:
 One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
 They pray to God, but would have mortals hear;
 And when their sins they set sincerely down,
 They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
 When they have got their *picture* tow'rds a book,
 Or pompous *title*, like a gawdy sign
 Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine;
 If at his *title* T——¹⁴ had dropt his quill,
 T—— might have past for a great genius still;
 But T—— alas! (excuse him if you can)
 Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.

Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
 For heaping up, with a laborious hand

¹³Edward Young ori., "Steele's."

¹⁴Edward Young ori., "Trapp."

A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A*'s *depos'd*, and *B* with pomp *restor'd*.

Some for *renown* on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *glass* how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough. All hearts are swoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? the love of fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay it holds Delia from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learnt to *spell* and some to *knot*.
It makes *globose* a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *love of fame* what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *courts*, and leave the *senate* thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer with thy epic rules
To take a catalogue of British fools.

Begin. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
To *quality* belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room:
He stands for *fame* on his fore-fathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise?
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit, in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from *the conqueror*.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise*;
The fool, or knave that wears a title, *lies*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee in worth hereditary shine.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause*;
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
 He buys no phantom, no vain, empty sound,
 But builds himself a name; and to be great,
 Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
 In cost and grandeur, C——han¹⁵ he'll outdo,
 And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
 The pile is finish'd, every toil is past,
 And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
 When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
 And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
 Not domes, but antique statues are his flame;
 Not F——t——n's¹⁶ self more Parian charms has known;
 Nor is good P——m——ke¹⁷ more in love with stone.
 The bailiffs come (rude men, prophanely bold!)
 And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
 "No, sirs,^[33] he cries, [⁴]I'll sooner rot in jail.
 "Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?^[33]
 Such *heads* might make their very busto's laugh,
 His daughter starves, but Cleopatra's safe.^e

No man is blest by *accident* or *guess*,
 True *wisdom* is the way to happiness;
 Yet few without long discipline are sage,
 And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.

But how, my Muse, can'st thou resist so long
 The bright temptation of the courtly throng,

^e A famous *statue*.

¹⁵Edward Young ori., "Chandos."

¹⁶Edward Young ori., "Fontaine's."

¹⁷Edward Young ori., "Pembroke."

Thy most inviting theme? the *court* affords
Much food for satire, it abounds in lords!
“What *lords* are those saluting with a grin?”
One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
“How comes it then to pass we see preside
“On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?”
Pride that impartial passion, reigns thro’ all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home, it triumphs in *high-place*,
And frowns a haughty *exile* in *disgrace*.

What numbers, here, thro’ odd ambition strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by *joy*, desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball, and play.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb’s *dance*?
The tavern! park! assembly, mask, and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down;
Fools grin on fools, and stoic-like, support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wise*, and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss* create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great;

Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry, and show,
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent heaven! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur *there*:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'er-hear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

The *squire* is *proud* to see his courser strain,
Or well-breathe'd beagles *sweep* along the plain,
Say, dear Hippolitus, (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise? let Ringwood's fame alone:
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a *gypsy* you commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe my Muse! and then thy task renew;
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates:
Ladies whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Sc—pe¹⁸ discreetly bend;
And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his *friend*.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At Bath in *summer* chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and such only might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*?

¹⁸Edward Young ori., "Scroope."

Satire II.¹⁹

My Muse, proceed and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' *toil* and *danger* the bold task attend.
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd.
Almighty vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
Hippolitus demands the *sylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? to make Paul Diack^a rise.

^a The name of a tulip.

¹⁹Edward Young, *Love of Fame the Universal Passion* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1728).

From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the heav'ns could be so good.
What shape? what hue? was ever nymph so fair?
He dotes! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.

What's he, who sighs for wealth, or fame or pow'r?
Another Florio doating on a flower;
A short-liv'd flower, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus!²⁰ is thy fancy smit?
The *flow'r* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
The gawdy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And Tonson turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

Orrery, whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long-illustrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *honour!* and the finest *taste!*

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit?
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.

²⁰Ori., "Cordus"; a misprint.

In time he'll learn to use, not waste his sense,
 Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
 His brisk attack on *blockheads* we should prize,
 Were not his jest as flippant with the *wise*.
 He spares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
 Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

Parts may be prais'd, good-nature is ador'd;
 Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*,
 And never on the weak; or you'll appear
 As *there* no heroe, no great genius *here*.
 As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So *wit* is by politeness sharpest set:
 Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen;
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen,
 The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jester*, when the joke's *unkind*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea:
 One learns to *lisp*, another not to see;
 Miss D——²¹ tottering catches at your hand,
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
 Whilst these what nature gave, disown thro' pride,
 Others affect what nature has deny'd;
 What nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
 As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport!
 Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.
 He hems, and cries, with an important air,
 "If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
 Then quotes the Stagyrte to prove it true,
 And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new*."

²¹Edward Young ori., "Duncombe."

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
 But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
 As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
 In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Yet subtle wights (so blind are mortal men
 Tho' satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
 For ever will hang out a solemn face,
 To put off *nonsense* with the better grace:
 As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
 Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
 The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
 A man of sense can *artifice* disdain,
 As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
 And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *sot*.
 I find the fool when I behold the *skreen*;
 For 'tis the wise man's interest to be *seen*.

Hence, ——²² that openness of heart,
 And just disdain for the poor *mimic* part;
 Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
 Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With gen'rous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
 Of *court*, and *town* the noon-tide masquerade,
 Where swarms of *knaves* the vizer quite disgrace,
 And hide secure behind a *naked face*?
 Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
 And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;

²²Edward Young ori., "Dodington."

Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone?

These all their care expend on outward shew
For wealth, and fame; for fame alone the *beau*.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen,
How²³ blank his look? how discompos'd his mien?
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
His sumptuous *watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
By seeming chance he throws his ravish'd eye
On mirrors flushing with the Tyrian dye:
In active measures brought from France he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned *heels*.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf, of genius debonnair, and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty-fellow* in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd
In linnen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd sur-tout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame;
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *rent*;

²³Ori., "Haw"; a misprint.

Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
"And glory at one entrance quite shut out."

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*:
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim:
The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys when they pass,
Scratch at the mimick-monkey in the glass,
While both are *one*; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand as fools alone.

"But who art thou?^l" methinks Florello cries,
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?^l"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt²⁴ be,
I'll conjure thus some profit out of *thee*.

O thou my self! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.

²⁴Ori., "shall"; corrected in the errata.

Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou vain, ambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse than the *last*:
What then is to be done! be wise with speed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour?

**A
Paraphrase
on the
38th, 39th, 40th and 41st
Chapters of Job.²⁵**

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the world's Creator what is just?
Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious *earth*?
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner stone? what hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air?
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud hosanna's rung,
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?

²⁵Edward Young, *A Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1719).

Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*
Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hallow'd side,
And did a bason for the floods provide;
I chain them with my word; the boiling sea
Work'd up in tempests hears my great decree:
"Thus far, nor farther, be thy tide convey'd;
"And here O sea, shall thy proud waves be stay'd."^[3]

Hast thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep;
Where down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths, say, did thy feet e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rowling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are these shades, but deeper they that hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the *light*, in what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom through long ages brought!

Was nature then call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye?

Are *mists* begotten? who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of *dew*?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost*?
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone;
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not, thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds, and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?

Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them rowl
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning, sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough desarts, far from human toil,
Make rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shine,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.
To check the show'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,

But new in life a chearful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth, and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?

Hast thou e'er seal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of *hails*, and *snows* my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance, for the day of war.
When clouds rain death, and storms at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty²⁶ land.

Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast,
And shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes thro' nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*? points it where to fall,
And in fierce *light'ning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rain
That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain;
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?

²⁶Ori., "guitly"; corrected in the errata.

Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Do'st thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the curtain of the purple morn?
Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad the world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious vault of heav'n?
That pomp of light what hand so far displays,
While distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the *soul* with her rich pow'rs invest,
And light up reason in the human breast,
To shine with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?

Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide spreading main,
When mad with tempests all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth in beauty's excellence array'd,
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and frowning make
The spacious round of the creation shake;

Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust, when this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand,
Behind the buckler of thy own right hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
When pain'd with hunger the wild *raven's* brood
Calls upon God importunate for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid *ostrich* has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she roves her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Adopted by the sun in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolifick ray;
Unmindful she that some unhappy tread
May crush her young, in their neglected bed;
What time she skims along the field with speed,
And scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the *peacock*? what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun?
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day,
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the *hawk* to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds discern the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *eagle* drops her in a lower sky;
An *eagle* when deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and set her on the clift;
Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?
She feasts her young with blood, and hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain *goat*, and forest *hind*,
While pregnant they a *mother's* load sustain?^a
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.

^a The meaning of this question is, knowest thou the *time and circumstances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the *hind* with young, is by instinct directed to a certain herb call'd *seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of providence) has the same effect.

Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall *reem*, which knows no Lord but me,
Lowe at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unwon shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care,
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year,
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among the gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the *wild ass* discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Thro' the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng,
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike *horse!*^b didst thou invest
With thunder his robust, distended chest?

^b The description of the *horse* is the most celebrated of any in poem. I only need to observe that in this description, our *vulgar translation* has much more

No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
 To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
 And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
 High-rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
 And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
 And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
 And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
 How does his firm, his rising heart advance
 Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance,
 While his fixt eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
 He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
 Nor feels the shaft, that trembles in his side,
 But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
 Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last!

But fiercer still the lordly *lion* stalks;
 Grimly majestick in his lonely walks:
 When round he glares, all living creatures fly,
 He clears the desert with his rolling eye.
 Say, mortal, does he rouze at thy command,
 And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morsel throw;
 Where bent on death, lie hid his tawny brood,
 And couch'd in dreadful ambush pant for blood;
 Or stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?

spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the most poetical and exalted sense, so that most commentators, even on the Hebrew itself, fall beneath it.

By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,^c
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground:
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
 They rage, they rend, their rav'nous jaws distill
 With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore:
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my *behemoth*, tho' large his frame,
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd: this native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food:
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
 To seek the herds, and mingle with the throng;
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound;
 How like a mountain-cedar moves his tail,
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail:
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel, his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His port majestick, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest and the mountain law:
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.

^c Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the LION, Psal. civ. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the LION, which signifies *the hunter by moonshine*.

The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
 His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat;
 Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade:
 His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
 He thirsts to turn its current down his throat;
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain,
 He sinks a river,^d and he thirsts again.
 Go to the Nile, and from its fruitful side,
 Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;
 With slender hair leviathan command,
 And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand;
 Will he become thy servant, will he own
 Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown;
 Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
 And bound in silk with thy soft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize,
 And the bowl journey next his ample size?
 Or the debating merchants share the prey,
 And various limbs who various marts convey?
 Through his firm skull what steel its way can win?
 What forceful engine can subdue his skin?

^d *Cephesi glaciale caput, quo suetus anhelam
 Ferre sitim python, amnemque avertere ponto.
 Stat. Theb. v. 349.
 Qui spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu
 Flumina, &c.
 Claud. Pref. in Ruf.*

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for
 an eastern poet, tho' some commentators of name
 strain hard in this place for a new construction,
 through fear of it.

Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight.

My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills;
And mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills;
Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own,
And stars and sun, are dust beneath my throne;
And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
Thou who do'st tremble at my creature's eye?

Who, great in arms, e'er strip'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? behold!
Destruction yawns, his spacious jaws unfold,
And marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise,
And what a deep abyss between them lies?
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
Think clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll
As from a furnace; and when rouz'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire;^e

^e This is nearer truth than at first view may be imagin'd. The *crocodile*, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forc'd to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repress is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The *horse* suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce or animated;

Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state,
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully compleat,
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part,
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When late-awake'd he rears him from his floods,
And stretching forth his stature in the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Broad is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.^f

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
His naked breast their impotence defies,
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies:
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their ratling spears;

yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the
same metaphor concerning him:

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

^f His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphick for the morning, which is the *crocodile's* eye, from this passage, through no commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

The cumber'd strand their wasted vollies strow,
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud:
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face,
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd:
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around,
Makes every swoln disdainful heart subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

**The
Last Day.**²⁷

While others sing the fortune of the great,
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields:
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's antient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

This globe is for my verse a narrow bound,
Attend me all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays,
'Tis our Eternal King I strive to praise!

But chiefly thou, great ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall;
If at thy nod, from discord, and from night
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell,
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;

²⁷Edward Young, *A Poem on the Last Day* (Oxford: Sheldonian Theatre, 1713).

To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.

Man bear the brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face.
See spring's gay bloom, see golden autumn's store;
See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide.
There, valleys fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold king's, and kingdom's fortunes in their beds.
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View the whole earth's vast landskip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise,
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? the labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray;
See this grand period rise, and that decay:
So vast, this world's a grain? yet myriads grace
With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal space;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere strange, for heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!

Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where²⁸ *constellations* shone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for ought all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose,
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth:
When other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes:
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before.

(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake,
Ye rulers of the nations hear and shake!)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shoar;
A sanguin stain the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note—

²⁸Ori., "were"; corrected in the errata.

Oh powerful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound!
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,
Tho' God's whole engin'ry discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul should *this* great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threatning lance in vain;
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to supply delight.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely, in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, which late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state,
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest,

A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watry worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendors to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high,
No light, but from the terrors of the sky.
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad,
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate; what then canst thou afford
To comfort, and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast made!
Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; Oh save me, pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!

Thou, who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me thro' ev'ry throbbing vein
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain,
Defend me, O my God! Oh save me, pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!

And is there a LAST DAY? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition swell, and thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that *vanity* can blow;
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, shine,
Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.
Thou, Lord, art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation ought, but God and my own soul.

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round.
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.

Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head, the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and compleat the frame.

That antient, sacred, and illustrious dome,^a
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wise, and just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unsuspected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent, and costly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot, on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.

^a Westminster Abbey.

All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise,
Some lift with pain their slow, unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such in this day of horrors shall be seen,
To face the thunders with a godlike mein;
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Oh wondrous change! what unknown objects rise,
And with fresh wonder fix my lingring eyes?
Here, *greatness* prostrate falls, there, *strength* gives place;
Here, *lazars* smile, there, *beauty* hides her face.
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blending throng, one undistinguish'd band.^b
Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

^b Not altogether undistinguish'd; seeing one star
different from another star in glory.

Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who some few years ago was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
Of ev'ry star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
All that has being in full consort join,
And celebrate the depths of *love divine!*

Lo! the wide theatre whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At heaven's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age, and nation pours along,
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of antient days?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?

Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in numbers more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one²⁹ empire, "Fall"; another, "Stand:"
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! where time, and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,
(Speck of creation!) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

²⁹Ori., "our"; corrected in the errata.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see on an empyreal flying throne
Awfully rais'd heav'n's everlasting Son;
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
We find a newly-open'd paradise;
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand knowledge shines in purest light,
On one, the sword of justice fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd impostor, he shall bleed!

But Oh! ye sons of men, exalt your voice,
And bid the soul through all her pow'rs rejoice;
Mercy, his darling, in his bosom found,
Scatters ambrosial odours all around;
Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
And sooths his rage, and melts his thunders down.
My thoughts are chang'd, now man exalt thine eye,
In thy dread Judge thy dear Redeemer spy:
E'en Judas struggles his despair to quell;
Hope almost blossoms in the shades of hell.

Triumphant King of Glory! soul of bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
Oh! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn,
And indigence of him, in Bethlem born;

A needy, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
How chang'd from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
From him, who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

Mistaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'tis wondrous all! e'en he
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky
Stream from the chrystal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death wrapt in chains low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wondrous height,

Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

“O thou! whose ballance does the mountains weigh,
“Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
“Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,
“That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
“Earth's meanest son, with trembling, prostrate falls,
“And on the plenty of thy goodness calls.

“Ah! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
“To scatter wide, or bury in the deep;
“Thy pow'r, my weakness may I ever see,
“And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.

“Oh may my understanding ever read
“This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
“Who decks the maiden-spring with flowry pride?
“Who calls forth summer, like a sparkling bride?
“Who joys the mother-autumn's bed to crown?
“And bids old winter lay her honours down?
“May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
“To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
“When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
“May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul;
“When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
“Adore my heart, the MAJESTY divine.

“Thro’ every scene of life, or peace, or war,
“Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
“Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
“Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
“Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
“The cluster blasts, or bids it richly flow:
“To thou that lead’st our pow’rful armies forth,
“And giv’st great Anne thy scepter o’er the north.

“Grant I may ever at the *morning-ray*
“Open with pray’r the consecrated day,
“Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
“And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:
“As that advances let my zeal improve
“And glow with ardour of consummate love;
“Nor cease at eve, but with the *setting sun*,
“My endless worship shall be still begun.

“Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh controul
“Subdue by force the rebel in my soul:
“Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
“Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
“Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
“Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
“Oh may I pant for thee in each desire!
“And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
“Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
“Which in *eternity*’s deep bosom lies!
“At the *great day* of recompence behold,
“Devoid of fear, the *fatal book* unfold!
“Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
“From age to age my grateful song repeat,

“My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
“And rival angels in the praise of thee.”^[1]

Ten thousand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse;
So deep the silence and so strong the blast,
As nature dy’d, when she had groan’d her last.
Nor man, nor angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
When high to view supporting seraphs raise;
In solemn form the rituals are prepar’d,
The seal is broken! what a groan is heard!
And thou, my soul, (Oh fall to sudden pray’r,
And let the thought sink deep,) shalt thou be there?

See on the left, (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And every groan is loaden with despair.

Should’st thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended interests levell’d at one aim,
Whose mix’d desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;

How would it wound? what millions would'st thou give
For one more trial, one day more to live?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Restrain the *sun*; but still of this despair.

Mark on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires?
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world; and in blest angels kindle love!
To the great Judge with holy trust they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast,
Look round, and view the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts time's brightest annals grace;
Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd:
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?
Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly?
With what a weight on crowns and scepters lie?
E'en great and good Augustus is not seen,
Nor haughty Babylon's victorious *queen*.

But see the volume vast, since time begun,
 Just register of all beneath the sun,
 Is open'd wide; peace ocean! silence lull
 The sounding winds! ye spheres forbear to roll!
 Hear, Oh creation, thy great Master speak!
 Now first for guilty man blest angels shake.

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
 From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
 Whether his right hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
 Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,
 Southern or eastern scepter downward hurl'd,
 Gave north or west dominion o'er the world.
 The point of time, for which that world was built,
 For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd.—

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display
 Brighter than brightness, one distinguish'd day;
 Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
 Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,³⁰
 And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.
 Horrors, *beneath*, darkness in darkness, hell
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
 Expands its jaws, (how dreadful to survey!)
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
 The sons of light scarce unappal'd look down,
 And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.

What pangs are those which from the guilty breast,
 In those, or words like these, shall be exprest?

³⁰Ori., "rod."

“Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
“Ah! cruel death that would no longer save,
“But grudg’d me e’en that narrow dark abode,
“And cast me out into the wrath of God;
“Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
“And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
“Our only song; black fire’s malignant light,
“The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“Must all those pow’rs, heav’n gave me to supply
“My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
“Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
“*Sense, reason, memory*, increase my woe?
“And shall my voice ordain’d on hymns to dwell,
“Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
“Oh! must I look, with terror on my gain,
“And with existence only measure pain?
“What, no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,
“No beam of hope from any point of heav’n!
“Ah mercy! mercy! art thou dead above!
“Is love extinguish’d in the source of love?^c

“Bold that I am, did heav’n stoop down to hell,
“Th’ expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
“Have I not been industrious to provoke?
“From his embraces, obstinately broke?
“Pursued, and panted for his mortal hate,
“Earn’d my destruction, labour’d out my fate;

^c Is this the voice of a damn’d soul? If Judas spoke thus, would he not in a moment be in Abraham’s bosom?

“And dare I on extinguish’d love exclaim?
“Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack’ning flame,
“Just is my lot—but Oh! must it transcend
“The reach of time, despair a distant end?
“With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
“Where thought can’t follow, and bold fancy dies!

“*Never!* where falls the soul at that dread sound?
“Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?
“Down, down, (I still am falling! horrid pain!)
“Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
“My plunge still but begun.—And this for sin?
“Could I offend, if I had never been,
“But still increas’d the senseless happy mass,
“Flow’d in the stream, or flourish’d in the grass?

“Father of mercies! why from silent earth
“Did’st thou awake, and curse me into birth?
“Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
“And make a thankless present of thy light?
“Push into being a reverse of thee,
“And animate a clod with misery?

“The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep
“Short watch on earth, and then lay down to sleep.
“Pain is for man, and Oh! how vast a pain
“For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
“Now our dire punishment is ever strong,
“Our constitution too for ever young,
“Curs’d with returns of vigour, still the same,
“Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame,

“Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d!
“To perish still, and still to be renew’d?

“And this, *my help! my GOD!* at thy decree?
“Nature is chang’d, and *hell* should *succour* me.
“And can’st thou then look down from perfect bliss,
“And see me plunging in the dark abyss?^d
“Calling thee Father, in a sea of fire?
“Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire?
“With mortal’s anguish wilt thou raise *thy* name,
“And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?

“Thou, who canst toss the planets to³¹ and fro,
“Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe;
“Crush worlds, in hotter flames fall’n angels lay,
“On me almighty wrath is cast away.
“Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
“Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage,
“Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
“But lose me in the greatness of thy name;
“Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
“And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
“Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
“And from its course turn back omnipotence?

“Forbid it! and Oh! grant, *great* God, at least
“This one, this slender, almost no request;
“When I have wept a thousand lives away,
“When torment is grown weary of its prey,
“When I have rav’d ten thousand years in fire,
“Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire.^[b]

^d No. The thought is impossible.

³¹Ori., “too”; a misprint.

Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loath, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
To toss, to writh, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
To swim on seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain;
I chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
And darted downward set the world on fire;

Black rising clouds the thicken'd *æther* choak,
And spiry flames shoot thro' the rolling smoak,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions with immortal force
Angels drive on the winds impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows thro' the sky;
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and desarts in one ruin blend;
There, undermin'd down rush eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound, which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
What wonders must that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell,
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand;
Now dust and smoak, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Some angel say, Where ran proud Asia's bound,
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Lybia? where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden oar?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd!
Thus a full period doth ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, of earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.

Yet earth alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey;
The sun, the moon, the stars all melt away,
And leave a mighty blank: involv'd in flame,
The whole creation sinks! the glorious frame,
In which ten thousand worlds in radiant dance,
Orb above orb their wondrous course advance,
By that o'er-ruling hand, which kindled all
The stars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
Is crush'd and lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from its kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's six day's work devour.

How rich that God who can such charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thousand worlds away?
Vast wealth! and yet (ye nations hear!) one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole.
Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprizes thro' all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for man?

For him omnipotence new measures takes,
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art,
Pay thy self homage with a trembling heart;
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures, thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasure, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky;
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God himself shine forth in one ETERNAL DAY.

**The
Forty-Third Chapter
of
Ecclesiasticus.³²**

**Paraphrased
By the Reverend Mr. Broome.**

The sun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
Pride of the world and glory of the sky,
Illustrious in his course, in bright array
Marches along the heav'ns and scatters day
O'er earth, and o'er the main, and thro' th' ethereal way. }
He in the morn renews his radiant round,
And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground:
But ere³³ the noon of day, in fiery gleams
He darts the glory of his blazing beams;
Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray,
Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;

³²William Broome, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Bernard Lintot, 1727), 151–60.
Wesley included in his MS Poetry Miscellany, 94–98; published later in *Arminian Magazine* 10 (1787):
387–91.

³³Ori., “e’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

Huge vales expand, where rivers roll'd before,
And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O pow'r supreme! O high above all height!
Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light!
Whether he falls or rises in the skies,
He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise;
Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
And measures out the day, the month, and year;
He drives the hours along with slower pace,
While the quick minutes nimbly run their race;
He wakes the flow'rs that sleep within the earth,
And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
The fragrant infants paint th' enamel'd vales,
And native incense loads the balmy gales;
The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
To heav'n, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning shades;
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same!
Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
Now at increase, her gathering beams display
A blaze of light, and gives a paler day;
Ten thousand stars adorn her glitt'ring train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of siderial gold:

Thro' the wide heav'ns she moves serenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the skies.

The Lord of nature fram'd the show'ry bow,
Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow;
Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
And sweetly the rich tinctures faint, and rise;
It bids the horrors of the storm to cease,
Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He when embattled clouds in black array,
O're the wide heav'ns their gloomy fronts display;
Pours down a watry deluge from on high,
And opens all the sluices of the sky;
The rushing torrents drown the floated ground,
The mountains tremble, and the plains resound:
Mean time from every region of the sky,
Red burning bolts in forky vengeance fly;
Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air;
At once the thunders of th' Almighty sound,
Heav'n lowers, descends the torrent, rocks the ground.

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly,
To rend the earth, and wheel along the sky;
In circling eddies whirl'd, it roars aloud,
Drives wave on wave, and dashes cloud on cloud;
Where'er it moves, it lays whole forests low,
And at the blast, eternal mountains bow;
While tearing up the sands, in drifts they rise,
And half the desert mounts the burthen'd skies.

He from aëreal treasures downward pours
 Sheets of unsully'd snow in lucid show'rs,
 Flake after flake, thro' air thick-wavering flies,
 Till one vast shining waste all nature lies;
 Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
 A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
 The hoary trees reflect a silver show,
 And groves beneath the lovely burthen bow.

When stormy winter from the frozen north
 Borne on his icy chariot issues forth;
 Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
 And the broad floods as with a breast-plate binds;
 Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll
 Beneath the freezings of the Northen Pole;
 There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
 And Alps³⁴ of ice invade the wond'ring skies;
 While gulphs below, and slippery vallies lie,
 And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye;
 But if warm winds, a warmer air restore,
 And softer breezes bring a genial show'r;
 The genial show'r unbinds the secret chain,
 And the huge hills flow down into the main.

When the seas rage, and loud old ocean roars,
 When foaming billows lash the sounding shores;
 If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
 The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
 A sudden peace controlls th' unfolded deep,
 And the still waters in soft silence sleep.
 Then heav'n lets down a golden-streaming ray,
 And all the broad expansion flames with day:

³⁴Ori., "Alpes"; corrected in the errata.

In the clear glass the mariners descry
A sun inverted, and a downward sky.

They who advent'rous plow the watry way,
The dreadful wonders of the deep survey;
Familiar with the storms their sails unbind,
Tempt the rough blast, and bound before the wind:
Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
Now smooth their course, and scud before the gale:
There huge Leviathan unweildy moves,
And thro' the waves, a living island, roves:
Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
He breathes a tempest, and he spouts a tide.

Thus, Lord, the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
Thy boundless³⁵ wisdom, and thy pow'r declare;
Thou high in glory, and in might serene,
See'st and mov'st all, thy self unmov'd, unseen:
Should men and angels join in songs to raise
A grateful tribute, equal to thy praise,
Yet far thy glory would their praise outshine,
Tho' men and angels in the song should join;
For tho' this earth with skill divine is wrought,
Tho' wondrous far beyond the reach of thought,
Yet in the spacious regions of the skies
New scenes unfold, and worlds on worlds arise;
There other orbs, round other suns advance,
In ether float, and run their mystic dance;
And yet the pow'r of thy almighty hand,
Can build another world from every sand.³⁶

³⁵Ori., "bounless"; a misprint.

³⁶Note that Wesley omits here, in *MS Poetry Miscellany*, and in *AM Broome's* closing: "And tho' vain man arraign thy high decree, / All, all is just! what is, that ought to be."

[blank]

**THE
SONG
OF THE
THREE CHILDREN
PARAPHRASED.**

**By Mark Le-Pla,
Late Vicar of Finchingfield in Essex.**

[blank]

**The
Preface.**

The following poem, was written as a thanksgiving to God, after a recovery from sickness.

The subject is exceeding poetical, and well chosen; tho' some dreamers of Parnassus affirm, that true religion is almost inconsistent with true poetry. The lesser lights still govern the night, and the sun yet knoweth his going down. The face of nature is as beautiful as ever, why may it not then be as beautifully painted? If poets therefore be enemies to religion, it must be in their personal, not their poetical capacity. The roughness of some Scripture words is no objection against others: not to insist, that strength often atones for the want of smoothness. Is not Sion as harmonious a name as Olympus? Is not the sound

of Lucifer the same, whether it signifies a star in the firmament, or the prince of darkness? It seems unreasonable to confine machinery to heathen gods, that is, to evil spirits only. At the creation, the seraphs join'd in a chorus; "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."³⁷ Why must we call for assistance upon idols and devils, and exclude the best poets in the universe from any part in our terrestrial poetry? This is like what is reported of Ireton, who finding the battle of the angels in a church-window, broke the picture of Michael in pieces, and left the image of the dragon entire.

The Christian, not content with equality, stands on higher ground than the pagan. For Dagon must fall before the ark, and false inspiration give place to true. Cloud-compelling Jove vanishes into nothing when set near Jehovah, "who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind."³⁸ We meet not in Homer either with the name, or thing almighty: nor has he or Virgil any description of divine power fit to be mention'd with that of the Psalmist; "he spake and they were made";³⁹ or

³⁷Job 38:7.

³⁸Ps. 104:3.

³⁹Ps. 148:5.

of Moses, "Let there be light, and there was light."⁴⁰ I should not have alledg'd this latter instance, had it not been commended by Longinus, an acknowledg'd judge of good writing; and perhaps those wits who laugh at the Greek, and despise the critick, will have some respect, at least, for the heathen.

The story, which gave occasion to *The Song of the Three Children*, yields a far nobler example of machinery, than any I can recollect in the *Iliad* or *Aeneid*. Nebuchadnezzar, the king, having cast three men bound into the furnace, which was heated by his commandment seven times hotter, than usual, cries out with astonishment, "Lo, I see four men loose walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."⁴¹ The truth of the fact surely does not lessen the probability; and, without doubt, it heighthens the marvellous. The occasion of this divine interposition is the most important, that fancy can conceive; namely, the vindication of God's honour against false gods, set up in opposition to him; and the defence of honest and pious men, who dar'd pur-

⁴⁰Gen. 1:3.

⁴¹Dan. 3:25.

sue their duty, without any regard to the terrors of this world. Here is no stealing favourites away from danger, but, what is much more, preserving them in it; no raising a cloud, which seems natural enough, but reversing, for a time, the known power of nature, and commanding the fire not to burn, even while it retain'd its fierceness; as appears, by its killing those men, who threw the saints into the furnace. Can any mortal prefer the feign'd actions of the Gentile deities to this real appearance of the true God, so much as in a poetical view, unless he be miserably prejudic'd in favour of hell, and in good earnest possess'd by the *daemon* of Delphi?

But I detain the reader from a stronger proof, than any can be given in prose, that sacred subjects are proper for poetry.

**The
Song
of the
Three Children
Paraphras'd.**⁴²

[I.]

“O all ye works of the Lord,” &c.

Beings, that lifeless meerly being have,
With those, that vegetate and yield increase,
Beings, to whom your author senses gave,
And you, who mind and intellect possess,
 Quit your distinctions of decree and kind,
 Rise, and in sacred raptures all unite,
 To praise for-ever that eternal mind,
Who daily blesses all with mercies infinite.

II.

“O ye angels of the Lord,” &c.

Immortal substances above!
Princes obedient! seraphs bright!

⁴²Marc Le Pla (1650?–1715), *A Paraphrase of the Song of the Three Children, in irregular stanzas*, revised by Samuel Wesley Jr. (London: E. Say, 1728).

For-ever burning with exalted love,
Intelligential rays of the great source of light;
Hosts of the jealous God! ætherial bands,
Who point his thunderbolts, as he commands;
Splendid courtiers of the skies,
Watchful guards of innocence,
Who guide us here, and waft us hence;
Angels, dependent deities,
Praise him, whose height your sharpest ken transcends,
Whom not the first-born seraph comprehends.

III.

“O ye heavens,” &c.

Amazing fabrick of the skies!
Arch'd azure roof, thick-set with living fires,
With orbs unnumber'd of unmeasur'd size,
Which human art in vain to view aspires;
Vast amphitheatre of boundless space,
Where worlds of light run their commanded race,
In time and measure musically move,
And through variety of figures rove,
Yet keep unwearied their unerring ways;
In you your author wrote his awful name
In lasting characters of flame,
In th' universal language, in a hand,
Which all may read, all nations understand:
Through your wide regions praise to him be giv'n,
Who fix'd his everlasting throne in empyrean heav'n.

IV.

“O ye waters that be above the firmament,” &c.

Celestial waters, who at God’s command
Exalted by his Spirit upwards flew
Above the firmament’s expanded blue,
And left gross ocean, and inferior land;
Parent of elements, primæval cold,
 Who, rais’st to fix’d repose and ease,
 With pity from your heights behold
Your little agitated sister seas,
 Whose waves now rise, and now subside,
 Toss’d by wind, and dash’d by tide;
To whom your stores auxiliary you lent
 The rebel sturdy giant race,
 And giant sins from earth t’ efface,
And drown the antient world disdaining to repent;
 Then at the raising of a new
 And better offspring quickly you
Back to your lofty seats obediently withdrew:
 Ye sure foundations of the heav’ns proclaim
 Your Maker’s ever-during fame,
 In your still eloquence his praise rehearse,
Who by your staticks pois’d the new-made universe.

V.

“O all ye powers of the Lord,” &c.

Ye pow’rs of God, to whose vicegerent care
Empires and fates of kinds entrusted are,
Ye sev’n distinguish’d hierarchies, who stand
Nearest the throne, in eminent command;

Ye eyes of ever-waking providence,
Of wonderful effects the cause unseen,
Disposing trivial intricate events
Beyond the wisdom or the strength of men;
To him perpetual hallelujah sing,
Who deigns for man your service to employ,
To the true source of pow'r, the only King,
Who with a word can save, and with a word destroy.

VI.

“O ye sun,”

Unexhausted source of heat,
Whose beams the face of nature paint,
Emblem of all that's good or great,
Or beauteous, or beneficent;
Whose genial parent rays bestow
Life and light on all below;
On whose revolving golden car of state,
The hours, and days, and months, and years, in duteous order wait,
Fair picture of the glorious cause of all;
So⁴³ fair, that erring nations prostrate fall,
And take the copy for th' original;
From east to west your journey bright
Through ev'ry climate as you run,
Bless the uncreated light,
With whom compar'd you are no sun.

⁴³Ori., “Sa”; corrected in the errata.

VII.

“And moon, bless,” &c.

Silver queen of dusky spheres,
Whose cooler fire and female light
Day supply, dispel our fears,
And gild the horror of the night;
To whose imperial sceptre bow
Stars above and seas below;
Whose youth can Phoenix-like return,
Like her with solar fire you burn,
Like her rise fairer from your urn;
To God unceasing homage pay,
Whose native and unborrow'd ray,
Nor wanes, not changes undergoes,
Nor shade of variation knows,
Who bears alone unbounded sway,
Nor circumscrib'd by night, nor limited by day.

VIII.

“O ye stars of heaven,” &c.

Spangles of gold, night's richest dress,
When gay in publick she appears,
And glittering bright like diamonds numberless
Profusely scatter'd on her sable wears;
Huge worlds, yet seeming little points of light,
Whose distance favours and deceives our sight;
Nearer your blaze and heat we could not bear,
Nor could you mark the seasons of our year:
Planets, who regularly rove,
Stars superior fix'd above,

Who lead through night the sailor on,
Sure as the meridian sun;
Bless him, from whom your lustre flows,
Who guides your circling motion ever right,
Your names, your number, and your nature knows,
Creator, as in power, in knowledge infinite!

IX.

“O ye showers,” &c.

Bless God, ye soft-descending show'rs,
Earth's balm infus'd to close her op'ning veins,
To hatch the tender infant flow'rs,
T' inform with springing life the drooping plains.
Let fond Ægyptians boast their seven-mouth'd Nile,
Without your help, supplies their little want;
You water ev'ry coast, and ev'ry soil,
And rivers of the world yourselves may vaunt;
From pole to pole you carry due supplies,
Within no narrow brinks confin'd;
Through trackless roads you float along the skies,
Wafted by providential wind,
Till far-fetch'd northern shores allay
The parching southern heat of day;
Bless him, whose hand unwearied pours
Rich blessings over all his works in never-ceasing show'rs.

X.

“And dews bless,” &c.

Ye drizzling mists, whose silent fall
Wets deeper, than the sounding rain,

Whom solar beams together call,
Whom solar beams dispel again;
Foggs, that thick-gathering can defy,
And veil the world's all-seeing eye,
And, 'till dispers'd by his victorious ray,
Spread midnight o'er us in the noon of day;
Praise him, who tho' a little space
He seems to hide his radiant face,
And when we pray, and when we weep,
An angry silence seems to keep,
After short gloom shines gracious from above
In beams of mercy, faithfulness, and love.

XI.

“O ye winds of God,” &c.

Cool gales, whose healthful show'ry breeze
Wantons 'midst the flow'rs and trees,
And wilder storms, whose fury sends
Invisible resistless blows,
The mariner's perfidious friends,
But dreadful and relentless foes.
Impetuous tyrants of the sea and air,
Who navies wreck, and deep-fix'd forests tear;
Disturbers of the shatter'd universe,
Loud rolling thunder's rapid wings;
Praise him, whose breath, as you the dust disperse,
Scatters the pride of states, and monarchies of kings.

XII.

“O ye fire,”

Pure heav'nly elemental fire,
Who rest within your proper sphere,

And flames, that towards heav'n aspire,
And rage at being fetter'd here;
Furious, when loose, destroying, while you shine,
Ordain'd to waste the world by wrath divine;
That awful God your utmost homage claims,
Ye executioners of milder ire,
Who needs not gross and ministerial flames
But is himself, provok'd, the most consuming fire.

XIII.

“And heat,” &c.

Son of motion, genial heat,
Who motion in your turn beget,
Vital principle, whence flow
Our actions, and our passions too,
Chymist, whose sympathy unites and binds,
Each kindred part, and severs foreign kinds,
Chief spring of nature's wonderful machine,
Who giv'st to flow'rs the bloom, to leaves the green,
Fountain of chearful health, to whom belong
The gay, the fierce, the beauteous, and the strong,
Without whose vig'rous energy
This globe of air, and earth, and sea,
One joyless, useless, lifeless lump would be;
Praise him, by whom preserv'd subsists the whole,
Nor needs a plastick universal soul.

XIV.

“O ye winter,”

Winter, long swoon of each decrepid year,
Who chill its vains, and bring its hoary hair,
When strip'd of ev'ry beauty nature lies
Thrown into pale and dying agonies,
Bless nature's author, whose reviving breath
Makes spring succeed our winter, life our death.

XV.

“And summer,” &c.

Summer, the year's more manly age,
Whose pulse beats strongly, boiling high,
Luxuriant, while the dog-star's rage
Dares with the fiery lion vye;
When all, that breathe within the waters, play,
Gambols on land the blith four-footed throng,
Birds chant melodious on the dancing spray,
And gladsome nature echoes to the song,
 Smallest sparks of life are gay,
 Flies and insects sing and play,
 Lately seeming dead, revive,
 Now they wake, and now they live,
Blest season! whose returning fruits and flow'rs
To earth a yearly paradise restores,
Offer to God your earliest fruits, and raise
Trophies and garlands of unfading praise.

XVI.

“O ye dews,”

Gently-falling pearly dew,
Liquid diamonds of the morn,
Which various glist’ring to the view,
Pendant from the leaf or thorn,
The pomp of nature’s dress declare,
And make the morning self more fair;
Drops that insects feed, and plants,
And, when the meal is done,
No longer useful to their wants,
Shrink from the warmer sun.
(So manna, o’er the desert spread,
Was melted, having Israel fed;)
Dews, that longer oft have shin’d,
Harden’d by the northern wind,
Like bright, but brittle, chrystal seen,
Or silver frosted o’er the green;
Bless God, who deigns his influence to infuse,
Secret, refreshing, as the silent dews.

XVII.

“And frosts,” &c.

Destroying angel, general blast,
Who lay’st our fertile countries waste,
Whose pinch nor herb nor animal can bear,
Universal forager!
Leanness, whose teeth, like Pharaoh’s kine, devour
What plenteous harvests gave before,
Yet oft with usury repay
What their first keenness snatch’d away,

The wearied soil impregnate, and prepare
For fuller richer crops th' ensuing year;
Bless him, whose all-disposing providence
Adds bitter physick to our pleasing food,
With good and evil chequers all events,
T' exalt his glory, and his creature's good.

XVIII.

“O ye frost and cold,” &c.

Shiv'ring ague of the air,
Churlish colony sent forth
From your inhospitable north,
Rugged companion of the polar bear,
Cold, whom like a beast of prey
Oft by fire we chase away,
Cold, whose searing breath bereaves
Hills of trees, and trees of leaves,
Yet, which atones for all the ills you do,
With trees and leaves you sweep diseases too:
Bless him, whose gracious wisdom stores
The north with fuel, and with furs,
(Furs, that defensive armour make,
Soft bastions, which your forces cannot shake)
Who for each ill, which here on earth we see,
Provides a fitly-suited remedy.

XIX.

“O ye ice,”

Ice, who the fluid element can bind,
Protected from its tyrant wind:
In shining fetters, tho' at large, confin'd

By thee, the finny race immur'd
Rest safe from hooks and nets secur'd:
Encroaching ships are sudden staid,
That pass the antient bounds, which prudent nature made:
Nor can th' unwilling captives force their way,
Held faster, than by fabled remora:
By thee weak waves a solid road can form,
And firm, as marble, stand the winter's storm:
Nor can the icy sea, when most it swells
With raging tides, its bridge of chrystal shock;
Bless him, who turns hard rock to springing wells,
And turns by you soft water into rock.

XX.

“And snow,” &c.

Light congeal'd in feather'd show'rs,
Of innocence the emblem bright,
Mantling trees, and fields, and tow'rs,
Dazling with a waste of white;
Flakes, that, thick-pouring from the low-hung cloud,
At once both ornament and safety yield,
From piercing cold, whose gather'd fleeces shroud
The tender verdant offspring of the field;
Bless God, who shields his saints from ev'ry harm,
At whose command fire shall not heat, and snow itself shall warm.

XXI.

“O ye nights,”

Relict of chaos, melancholy night,
Night, at whose pencil's touch the colours fade

Of nature's landskip; vanish'd from our sight
The rose and bri'r are equal in the shade:
Night, the world's dark and temporary grave,
Who lays the monarch level with the slave,
 Daily Sabbath, made to rest
 Toiling man, and weary beast;
A Comforter, in whom th' afflict'd find
Oblivion of their woes, and indolence of mind;
Praise him, whose radiant and all-piercing sight
Makes midnight darkness clear as noon-day light.

XXII.

“And days,” &c.

Day, universal beauty, ray divine,
 Whom none but guilt and falshood fear,
Truth undisguis'd and spotless virtue shine
With native lustre bright, when you appear;
 Day, whom gloomy sorrow flies,
 Pouring eye-sight on our eyes,
 Mountain, forest, sea, and plain
 Departed late, return again;
Nature from night's dark prison forth you call,
Type of the resurrection general;
 New motion, and new life you give
 To all, that move, and all, that live;
 Bless God, Father of lights, who bids you rise
With undistinguish'd beams on friends and enemies.

XXIII.

“O ye light,”

Light, creation’s first essay,
Gladsome usher of the day,
Who your shining parent sun
Still attend, and still outrun;
Purest angel’s blest abode,
Robe majestic of God,
Swifter than whirlwind from the east you flow,
And in an instant strike our eyes below;
Who dar’st almost for speed with spirit vie,
For thought, and only thought can quicker fly:
Whose beams with false unreal colours cheat,
Yet, hateing falshood, show your own deceit;
Whom noblest painter’s mimick pain
Strives to imitate in vain,
Contracting largest objects, earth, or sky,
Within the narrow pupil of the eye:
Praise never-ceasing be to him convey’d,
To whom your utmost lustre’s but a shade.

XXIV.

“And darkness,” &c.

Darkness! whose empire no beginning knew,
The blind confusion, whence this order grew,
Ere⁴⁴ yet the Spirit’s wings, that brooding lay,
Had hatch’d the new-made world, ere⁴⁵ shone the joyous day;

⁴⁴Ori., “E’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

⁴⁵Ori., “e’er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

Black privation, shadowy name,
Phantom, to scare the wicked sent,
The close retreat of blushing shame,
Of guilty sin the punishment,
Dreaded unsubstantial spright,
Shy vanishing at morning light;
Bless him, whose fertile word to being brought
Light from thy bosom, and the world from nought.

XXV.

“O ye lightnings,”

Rolling thunders, voice divine,
Lightnings, blasting while ye shine,
Th’ alarm of angry heaven, whose terrors make
The nations tremble and the forests shake,
God’s weapons of resistless flame,
Arrows of sure unerring aim,
Walls within walls no more the passage bar,
Than unopposing space of liquid air;
Through the welkin see they glide,
Quick to punish human pride,
By these did Sodom’s lust in flames expire,
And felt the vengeance of æthereal fire;
Swift-wing’d lightnings, thunders loud,
Praise the everlasting God,
From whom descending at the judgment day,
Both earth and heav’n itself shall flee away.

XXVI.

“And clouds,” &c.

Clouds, soft furls of folded air,
Beauteous tap’stry of the skies,
Ever-fleeting landskips, fair
With infinite varieties;
Ye pensile lakes, that arm our floods with rage,
God’s magazines, when purpos’d war to wage,
Whether to cause the plowman’s hopes to fail,
He pours unkindly rain incessant down,
Or else, from frozen stores of moulded hail,
Destroy the herbage with a show’r of stone;
Praise him, who when of old the heav’ns he bow’d,
Chose for his pompous car an awful cloud,
Who, when delighted to appear
Tho’ object more of love, than fear,
Assum’d a gentler cloud, and milder ray,
To lead his Israel through the desart way,
Or o’er the mercy-seat his glory bright display.

XXVII.

“O let the earth bless,” &c.

Mother of all things, earth, the womb
Of worms and monarchs, and their tomb;
The happy seat, at first, of peace,
Love, and innocence, and joys,
Untill’d, producing blest increase,
Flow’rs and fruits of paradise,
Till curs’d for sin, tho’ till’d, you scarcely grant
Supplies for guilty man’s redoubled want,

And yield, for chearing wine, and strength'ning corn,
The prickly thistle, and the fruitless thorn;
Great theatre of change, whereon we play
Perhaps a gay, but short and anxious part,
Where sins, vexations, losses, pains allay,
Our greatest joys with sure-attending smart;
 Bless God, and thankfully receive,
 What still his goodness deigns to give,
Who grants, when waken'd from your dust we rise,
A better earth, and safer paradise,
Where neither pain nor trouble shall molest,
Nor sin, nor serpent break our endless rest.

XXVIII.

“O ye mountains,”

Mountains, who clouds beneath you can despise,
Earth's pillars, who triumphant arches form,
Unshaken objects of perpetual storm,
Beauteous, tho' vast, noble deformities,
Old stately monuments of nature's birth,
 Whether you overlook the sea,
 And point to mariners there way,
Or else with various gifts enrich the earth,
Ripen the minerals, and gems, and ore,
And wealthy rivers-unexhausted pour,
Fix'd land-marks, friendly umpires of debates,
Ramparts of wars, and boundaries of states;
 Bless him, who makes your pride to fail,
 Whose presence, when provok'd, you fly
 Lighter than dust within his scale,
 Less than nothing in his eye.

XXIX.

“And hills,” &c.

Small hills, whose gently rising height,
And prophets sweet and pleasant shades,
The pomp of courts, and crowd of cities slight,
Thrones of delight, which treason ne'er invades,
Where artless bliss, and genuine beauties grow,
That neither av'rice base, nor worse ambition know,
Where flocks and herds are shelter'd, and are fed,
A table plenteous, and flow'ry bed;
Praise him, who make ev'n kinds, who scepters wield,
Dependant on the slighted field,
With cares and dangers has beset
The lofty stations of the great,
While calm and safe the middle seats appear,
Too high to envy, and too low to fear.

XXX.

“O all ye green things upon the earth,” &c.

Tall stately cedars, shedding rich perfumes,
Wherewith our verdant Lebanon is grac'd,
Who, self embalm'd in your own fragrant gum;
Defy corruption, and for ever last;
All that each diff'rent clime or season bears,
Who spicy odours breathe, or balmy tears,
All that from Mother Earth's fair bosom rise,
Whate'er was known of old to Solomon the wise;

Or flow'rs, our dainty sense to please,
Or herbs, to yield our hunger food,
Simples, to remedy disease,
To temper, or exalt our blood;
Bless him, who gave your virtues and your scents,
Whose hand your various glowing colours paints,
Colours, whose native lustre has outshone
Great David's pompous heir, bright on his iv'ry throne.

XXXI.

“O ye wells, bless,” &c.

Fountains, transparent mirrors, where
The sun, delighted to appear,
Stamps on fluid trembling glass
His glorious, tho' reflected face;
Common, yet precious vessels, which o'erflow,
And silver potable on all bestow;
Praise him, who feeds your springs, and want supplies,
The never-failing source, whence living waters rise.

XXXII.

“O ye seas,”

Vast ocean, moving world, unsure abode
Of fleets, a beaten, yet a trackless road,
Who once devoted earth o'er-spread,
Now chain'd for ever to your bed,
Where furious oft you rage in vain
At the full moon, and at the wane;

Monster, whose foam and roaring threat the shore,
Who, like a lion couchant in the way,
Sometimes with seeming sleep deceive your prey,
Then sudden rous'd insatiately devour;
Yet made a beast of burden you convey
Treasures of diff'rent coasts along the watry way,
The strong, like Sampson's riddle, yielding sweet,
The great devourer thus affording meat;
Praise him whose nod, presiding o'er the deep,
Or swells to storms, or bids the ocean sleep,
Fast bound by his almighty hand
In adamant chains of despicable sand.

XXXIII.

“And floods,” &c.

Rivers, earth's circulating blood,
Which feeds her seas, and feeds her lands,
The life of in-land trade, whose friendly flood
For distant cities joins in sure tho' fluid bands;
Serpentine waters, who yourselves out-run,
Yet with an equal pace yourselves pursue,
Your mansions always keep, and always shun,
Ever the fame, yet ever new;
Useful wanderers that err,
Your blessings wider to confer,
Ceaseless exalt his praise, from whom alone
Created being flows, himself deriv'd from none.

XXXIV.

“O ye whales, and all that move in the waters,” &c.

Ye whales, who midst the wide extended main,
When floating huge like living islands show,
Where lawless tyrants uncontroul'd you reign,
And fat with lives of your interiors grow,
 Who sport at large, and take your ease,
 In spacious azure palaces,
 Whose boding visits from afar
No less than earthquakes, or a bearded star,
 Your conscious brother tyrants fear,
And by your ruin dread their own is near:
Ye lesser sea-born nations, nameless fry,
Who by uncounted millions multiply;
Ye curious work of sporting nature's hand,
Who imitate each species of the land,
Strangers to sound, your Maker's glory raise,
And let your silence speak aloud his praise.

XXXV.

“O all ye fowls of the air,” &c.

Inhabitants of woods and air,
With rich embroider'd plumage fair,
Builders, whose structures far transcend
 What human architecture shows
Of diff'rent form, yet all defend
The callow breed from cold and foes;

Wise prophets of the future year,
Who fly from mischiefs ye foresee;
Poetick choirs, who charm the ear
With artless melting melody,
Nature composing ev'ry song
 Eccho'd to the dales and groves,
Wherein the painted feather'd throng
 Sing their passions and their loves;
To God who gave your sweetest lays,
Grateful chant ye hymns of praise.

XXXVI.

“O all ye beasts and cattle,” &c.

Brutes, grov'ling spirits, souls that die,
Slaves to your senses, and to man,
Oft showing, when you fight, or fly,
His forfeited dominion vain,
Living machines, by art divine
 Built, beyond description fine;
Pursuing nature's end, by instinct taught,
Whose strange impulses oft exceed our thought,
Lay all your wonted enmities asleep,
From pards and tigers, down to dogs and sheep,
 Unanimous your author bless,
 In all your diff'rent languages,
Whose providence preserves each various beast,
All that in desarts range, or pastures rest,
That company in herds, or single stray,
And feeds the lion roaring for his prey.

XXXVII.

“O ye children of men,” &c.

Man, sum of beings, little world, where we
All nature in a point contracted see,
Where num'rous contradictions join in wondrous harmony;
 Body sustain'd by fleeting breath,
 Immortal, liable to death,
 Mind, that beyond the world can fly,
 Yet, chain'd to dust, must groveling lie;
Who all things seek to know with curious eye,
Yet to your self, your self a mystery,
When of th' amazing union you dispute
Of thought with matter, and with angel brute;
Great monarch of all creatures here below,
Where'er th' almighty pow'r and word did form,
Yet crush'd beneath the meanest, vilest foe,
Nearly allied to God, and kindred to the worm;
 Bless God, who makes you over all things reign,
And after death reviv'd a nobler kingdom gain;
 Collective praises to your sov'reign pay,
Who reigns alone supreme with everlasting sway.

XXXVIII.

“O let Israel bless,” &c.

Bless God, O Israel, his peculiar care,
For whom fix'd nature's rules inverted are,
 Divinely taught, divinely fed,
 With heav'nly laws, and angel bread,
 And cloath'd by miracles, and led:

Ægypt, sad theatre of judgment, sees,
How vain t' oppress, whom God to save decrees;
O'er burning sands the chosen fav'rites go,
Lo, from the stricken rock refreshing waters flow,
The travellers point out the river's course,
The river guides not here the travellers,
Jehovah's self in person leads you on,
Arms the creation for the war,
The earth, the insects, and the air,
Divides th' opposing sea, and stops the noon-day sun;
For whom so many wonders wrought we see,
They lose almost their name by frequency;
Tune, tune your harps, and Sion's anthem sing
To God, your Guide, your Chief, your Father, and your King.

XXXIX.

“O ye priests of the Lord,” &c.

Bless God, ye priests, who at his altars wait,
Chose from the chosen people of his love,
Who here your future bliss anticipate,
And do on earth what angels do above;
Your hallow'd unction heav'ns vicegerents share,
Should monarchs to usurp your honours dare,
Struck from above they die! for crimes alone
Blest typick mediators you atone,
By death of beasts in feeble emblem shew
Sorer death to sinners due;
Ambassadors of peace to God aspire,
Your breasts and altars touch'd with heav'nly fire;

Before his footstool prostrate low,
Your selves as living victims show;
Free from spot of worldly cares,
Let your praise, and let your prayers
As morning, and as ev'ning incense, rise,
Perpetual and accepted sacrifice.

XL.

“O ye servants of the Lord,” &c.

You that to his courts belong,
Sons of Levi, join the song;
In his temple, your abode,
Born the servants of your God,
To bear his ark with awful dread,
Round his altar daily tread,
And nightly banish dewy sleep,
Watches in his house to keep;
Safe-arm'd with innocence you may despise
The threat'ning demagogues and tyrant's frown;
The king, that serves him not, is slave to vice,
The slave, that serves him, titled to a crown!
Ardent in praise of your great Master be,
Whose service is alone true genuine liberty.

XLI.

“O ye spirits, and souls of the righteous,” &c.

You righteous souls, from chains of body free,
Who long were tost on life's tempestuous sea,
Now landed safe in blest eternity,

For ever past this troublous fickle state,
 Publick distraction, and domestick hate,
 And wilful violence of the lawless great,
 Who dar'd for right, while here on earth, be bold,
 With steady hand th' unbyass'd balance hold,
 Nor cast by favour, nor weigh'd down by gold,
 Nor longer taught by faith, by sight you know,
 Justice, is noblest wisdom here below;
 Praise ye the Judge, whose righteous doom will pay
 Just recompence to all at the great final day.

XLII.

“O ye holy,”

Bless God, ye saints, ye wise and happy few,
 He his own image sees, and loves in you;
 Unmov'd by scoffers, who with haughty air
 Dictate their follies from the scorner's chair,
 Where pleas'd and proud the ideots sit,
 Their guilt the standard of their wit;
 Frantick the shout, the jeft, the mirth appears,
 With ends in fruitless and eternal tears;
 You who from vice, as from infection fly,
 And care not to be damn'd for company;
 Numbers to sin nor strength nor safety give;
 'Tis better, tho' with few, to live,
 Than⁴⁶ die with many; in th' embattled field
 Who falls, is dead, as he, that's singly killed;
 Praise God, whose gracious pow'r has set you free
 From guilt, the basest heaviest slavery;
 Praises to you peculiarly belong,
 He, who your triumph⁴⁷ gives, claims your triumphal song.

⁴⁶Ori., “That”; corrected in the errata.

⁴⁷Ori., “tiumph”; corrected in the errata.

XLIII.

“And humble men of heart,” &c.

You humble men, who know all praise is due
To God supreme, and none to you,
Sole author of your good, and witness too,
Who fear applause, and greater pains bestow
In being pure, than seeming so;
Pride threw aspiring angels from the skies,
Humility their vacant thrones supplies,
And you, neglected here, low-stooping thither rise;
Th’ eternal bless, who dwells on high,
Who ever to the lowly nigh,
Views from afar with scorn the sons of pride,
With humble contrite hearts delighted to reside.

XLIV.

“O Ananias, Azarias and Misael, bless,” &c.

Let us, to sev’nfold fire condemn’d in vain,
Bless him, whose nod can fiercest flames restrain,
God, the oppress’d all-gracious to defend,
God, of the friendless never-failing friend:
Whoe’er vain idols to his throne would raise,
Against their aim yield matter for his praise;
If barb’rous *dæmons* human lives require,
Let sons of curst idolaters expire,
When pass’d to murd’rer Moloch through the fire:
Flames have idol gods subdu’d,
Melted their ore, consum’d their wood,

But seem discerning to revere
Those, who the God of Israel fear:
Thee therefore, Lord, safe-shielded by thy pow'r,
Thee, Son of God, Jehovah we adore,
In form of man descending to appear,
To thee be ceaseless hallelujahs giv'n,
Praise, as in heav'n, thy throne, we offer here,
For, where thy presence is display'd, is heav'n.

Bedlam.⁴⁸

*... major parcas insane minori.*⁴⁹

By the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald.

Where proud Augusta, blest with long repose,
Her ancient wall and ruin'd bulwark shows;
Close by a verdant plain, with graceful height
A stately fabric rises to the sight.
Yet though its parts all elegantly shine,
And sweet proportion crowns the whole design;
Though art, in strong expressive sculpture shown,
Consummate art informs the breathing stone;
Far other views than these within appear,
And woe and horror dwell for ever here.
For ever from the echoing roofs rebounds
A dreadful din of heterogeneous sounds;
From this, from that, from ev'ry quarter rise
Loud shouts, and sullen groans, and doleful cries;
Heart-soft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,
And peals of hideous laughter shock the ear.

Thus, when in some fair human form we find
The lusts all rampant, and the reason blind,
Griev'd we behold such beauty given in vain,
And nature's fairest work survey with pain.

⁴⁸Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 1–11.

⁴⁹Cf. Horace, *Satires*, II.iii.326, “*O major tandem parcas insane minori*”; “O greater madman, pray have mercy on a lesser one.”

Within the chambers which this dome contains,
 In all her frantic forms distraction reigns.
 For when the sense from various objects brings,
 Through organs craz'd, the images of things;
 Ideas, all extravagant and vain,
 In endless swarms croud in upon the brain:
 The cheated reason true and false confounds,
 And forms her notions from fantastic grounds.
 Then, if the blood impetuous swells the veins,
 And choler in the constitution reigns,
 Outrageous fury straight inflames the soul,
 Quick beats the pulse, and fierce the eye-balls roll;
 Rattling his chains the wretch all raving lies,
 And roars, and foams; and earth and heav'n defies.
 Not so, when gloomy the black bile prevails,
 And lumpish phlegm the thick'ned mass congeals:
 All lifeless then is the poor patient found,
 And sits for ever moping on the ground;
 His active pow'rs their uses all forego,⁵⁰
 Nor senses, tongue, nor limbs their functions know.
 In melancholy lost, the vital flame
 Informs, and just informs the listless frame.
 If brisk the circulating tides advance,
 And nimble spirits through the fibres dance,
 Then all the images delightful rise,
 The tickled fancy sparkles through the eyes;
 The mortal, all to mirth and joy resign'd,
 In ev'ry gesture shews his freakish mind;
 Frolic and free, he laughs at fortune's pow'r,
 And plays ten thousand gambols in an hour.

⁵⁰Ori., "forgo"; corrected in the errata.

Now ent'ring in, my Muse, thy theme pursue,
And all the dome, and each apartment view.

Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port,
A shiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court,
And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,
Extends a vast imaginary sway.
Utopian princes bow before his throne,
Lands unexisting his dominion own, }
And airy realms, and regions in the moon. }
The pride of dignity, the pomp of state,
The darling glories of the envy'd great,
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,
And guards and courtiers crowd his empty cell.
See how he walks majestic through the throng!
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)
And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain,
In this small spot expatiates unconfi'd,
Supreme of monarchs, first of human kind.

Such joyful extasy as this possest
On some triumphal day great Cæsar's breast;
Great Cæsar, scarce beneath the gods ador'd,
The world's proud victor, Rome's imperial lord,
With all his glories in their utmost height,
And all his pow'r display'd before his sight;
Unnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.

With laurell'd ensigns glitt'ring from afar,
 His legions, glorious part'ners of the war,
 His conqu'ring legions march behind the golden car:
 Whilst shouts on shouts from gather'd nations rise,
 And endless acclamations rend the skies.
 For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,
 Urging with rapid speed his restless arms,
 From clime to clime the mighty madman flew,
 Nor tasted quiet, nor contentment knew,
 But spread wild ravage all the world abroad,
 The plague of nations, and the scourge of God.

}

Poor Cloe—whom yon little cell contains,
 Of broken vows and faithless man complains:
 Her heaving bosom speaks her inward woe;
 Her tears in melancholy silence flow.
 Yet still her fond desires tumultuous rise,
 Melt her sad soul, and languish in her eyes,
 And form her wild ideas as they rove,
 To all the tender images of love;
 And still she soothes and feeds the flatt'ring pain,
 False as he is, still, still she loves her swain,
 To hopeless passion yields her heart a prey;
 And sighs and sings the livelong hours away.

So mourns th' imprison'd lark his hapless fate,
 In love's soft season ravish'd from his mate,
 Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,
 And hops and flutters round and round his cage,
 And moans and droops, with pining grief opprest,
 Whilst sweet complainings warble from his breast.

Lo! here a wretch to avarice resign'd,
'Midst gather'd scraps, and shreds, and rags confin'd;
His riches these—for these he rakes and spares,
These rack his bosom, these engross his cares;
O'er these he broods, for ever void of rest,
And hugs the sneaking passion of his breast.
See, from himself the sordid niggard steals,
Reserves large scantlings from his slender meals;
Scarce to his bowels half their due affords,
And starves his carcase to increase his hoards,
'Till to huge heaps the treasur'd offals swell,
And stink in ev'ry corner of his cell.
And thus with wondrous wisdom he purveys
Against contingent want, and rainy days,
And scorns the fools that dread not to be poor,
But eat their morsel, and enjoy their store.

Behold a sage! immers'd in thought profound:
For science he, for various skill renown'd.
At no mean ends his speculations aim,
(Vile pelf he scorns, nor covets empty fame)
The public good, the welfare of mankind
Employ the generous labour of his mind.
For this his rich imagination teems
With rare inventions and important schemes;
All day his close attention he applies,
Nor gives he midnight slumbers to his eyes;
Content if this, his toilsome studies crown,
And for the world's repose neglects his own.
All nature's secret causes he explores,
The laws of motion, and mechanic pow'rs:

Hence ev'n the elements his art obey,
 O'er earth, o'er fire, he spreads his wond'rous sway,
 And thro' the liquid sky, and o'er the watry way.
 Hence, ever pregnant with some vast design,
 He drains the moor-land, or he sinks the mine,
 Or levels lofty mountains to the plain,
 Or stops the roaring torrents of the main;
 Forc'd up by fire he bids the water rise,
 And points his course reverted to the skies.
 His ready fancy still supplies the means,
 Forges⁵¹ his tools, and fixes his machines,
 Erects his sluices, and his mounds sustains,
 And whirls perpetual windmills in his brains.
 All problems has his lively thought subdu'd,
 Measur'd the stars, and found the longitude,
 And squar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd:
 The grand Arcanum once he had attain'd,
 Had quite attain'd, but that a pipkin broke,
 And all his golden hopes expir'd in smoke.
 And once, his soul inflam'd with patriot zeal,
 A scheme he finish'd for his country's weal:
 This in a private conference made known,
 A statesman stole, and us'd it for his own,
 And then, O baseness! the deceit so blind,
 Our poor projector in this jayl confin'd.

The Muse forbears to visit ev'ry cell,
 Each form, each object of distress to tell;
 To shew the fopling curious in his dress,
 Gaily trick'd out in gaudy raggedness:

⁵¹Ori., "Forces"; a misprint.

The poet, ever wrapt in glorious dreams
Of pagan gods, and Heliconian streams:
The wild enthusiast, that despairing sees
Predestin'd wrath, and heav'n's severe decrees;
Thro' these, thro' more sad scenes she grieves to go,
And paint the whole variety of woe.

Mean time, on these reflect with kind concern,
And hence this just, this useful lesson learn:
If strong desires thy reasoning pow'rs controul;
If arbitrary passions sway thy soul;
If pride, if envy, if the lust of gain,
If wild ambition in thy bosom reign,
Alas! thou vaunt'st thy sober sense in vain.
In these poor Bedlamites thy self survey,
Thy self, less innocently mad than they.

}
}

An Ode.⁵²

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me:
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which providence freely has lent
I'll justly and gratefully prize,
Whilst sweet meditation and chearful content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvy'd, I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble and strife
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

⁵²Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 12–13.

Another
[An Ode].⁵³

The charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose
With semblance apt compare:

With semblance apt, for ah, how soon!
How soon they all decay!
The lilly droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confest,
With sweet discretion join'd;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

⁵³Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 64–65.

**The
Hundred and Fourth Psalm
Paraphrased.⁵⁴**

*“Ex ipso, & per ipsum, & in ipso sunt omnia: ipsi gloria
in sæcula. Amen.”—Rom. xi. 36.*

Thee, thee my rising soul aspires to sing,
Almighty Father, everlasting King,
Benign Creator! wond’rous to survey,
Thy works excite the grateful pious lay.
So full, so plain through all thy system shine
Thy glorious pow’r, and majesty divine.
From thy bright throne beyond the starry height,
Spread the vast plains of empyræan light;
The spheres assume the next inferior place,
And form their orbits through th’ æthereal space.
Denser beneath, and close-compacted lie
The elemental regions of the sky;
Here float the clouds, and hence the thunders roll,
And tempests shake the world from pole to pole;
And here thy ministerial spirits find
Thy dreadful stores of vengeance for mankind;
And hence, well-pleas’d thy orders to perform,
Lance the hot bolt, or drive the raging storm.

⁵⁴Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 82–89.

'Till thou restrain'd'st it, like an ample robe,
 The deep involv'd the habitable globe;
 And now, though where permit thy dread decrees,
 Or through the oceans, or the midland seas,
 Restless and proud the foaming surges rise,
 Range the wide wat'ry waste, and threat the skies;
 Yet where thou bidst the firm dry land extend,
 Fix'd is their barrier, and their tumults end;
 Aw'd with thy voice, aloof they vainly roar,
 And tumble⁵⁵ unincroaching to the shore.
 Mean while the penetrating liquid strains
 Through paths unseen, and subterraneous veins,
 And thence forc'd up, and struggling into light,
 Gushes spontaneous from the mountains height;
 Down from each hill the silver currents flow,
 And wind and wander through the vales below:
 And, whilst their streams refreshing moisture yield
 To the dry cattle panting from the field,
 Trees by the sides project their branches fair,
 And lodge the little songsters of the air.

With grateful food thy creatures to sustain,
 Thou send'st the former and the latter rain:
 The earth receives it with a quick embrace,
 And strait springs up the vegetable race;
 Their sev'ral fruits the sev'ral seasons bear,
 And various plenty crowns the loaded year:
 Hence have the beasts, to answer nature's call,
 Grass in the field, and fodder in the stall:
 And hence for man, the fatt'ning olive grows:
 To chear man's heart, hence the rich vintage flows:

⁵⁵Ori., "humble"; likely a misprint.

And hence, his life and vigour to maintain,
O'er the long furrows waves the rip'ning grain,
Lord, how does thy all-bounteous goodness send
Unnumber'd gifts, and blessings without end!

To their full growth advanc'd, by just degrees,
Firm and majestic stand the forest-trees;
Up to the clouds their sturdy arms they throw,
And seek the center in their roots below.
And here a hospitable dwelling find
All the wild nations of the feather'd kind:
And here the stork, in the tall fir-trees height,
Leaves her young brood and takes her airy flight:
And whilst a long extended gloom they show,
And hang tremendous o'er the mountains brow,
Beneath (for nothing breathes too mean to share
Thy tender love and providential care)
The goat among the precipices stoles,
And the small conies borough in their holes.

The moon, refulgent with a borrow'd ray,
Fills her pale orb, and runs her destin'd way.
The sun revolving in his just career,
Points out the seasons, and divides the year;
Duly withdrawing his diurnal light,
He leaves o'ershaded with the veil of night
Half the terrestrial globe; then rav'ning stray
The savage beasts, outrageous for their prey;
Growling they roam the spacious desarts o'er;
The hills re-echo, and the forests roar.

When the east reddens with the op'ning day,
Back to their dens abash'd they haste away;

And man comes forth, his stated task begun,
His task, returning with the rising sun,
Pursues his work with anxious toil and strife,
And earns the needful sustenance of life;
Till ev'ning aids him, wearied and opprest,
With sweet refreshment and alternate rest.
O Lord, how various is thy praise display'd
In all the creatures which thy hand hath made!
Lost at the view, in wonder down we fall;
Lord, with what wisdom hast thou made them all!
How on the earth thy riches dost thou show'r,
And bless it with an unexhausted store!

And yet, behold another scene disclose!
Nor less the wat'ry world thy goodness knows.
What shoals, what endless shoals fill ev'ry space!
Or the testaceous, or the scaly race.
What forms uncouth, innumerable stray,
Dive through the deep, or on the surface play!
How vast the huge leviathans that reign,
Fierce in their might, the tyrants of the main!
Their monst'rous backs like floating islands rise;
Their nostrils spout a tempest to the skies.
And here the ships in all their glory ride,
And spurn the billows with triumphant pride.

These all subsist by thy paternal care,
Only in thee they live, and move, and are.
To thee they owe their life's perpetual stay,
And ask of thee their food from day to day;
Enjoy the copious good thy hand bestows,
And solace on thy bounty as it flows.

But, thy enliv'ning influence once withdrawn,
No more does joy, nor light, nor comfort dawn:
Tormenting pain succeeds, and sad decay,
And greedy death demands his destin'd prey.
The soul thou gav'st us then resigns its trust,
And the poor carcase tumbles into dust.

Yet undiminish'd stand the species all,
And flourish, whilst the individuals fall.
A new succession ev'ry chasm supplies,
And still one rises as another dies.
Hence is the praise of thy all-glorious name
From age to age, from race to race the same;
Thy pow'r, throughout the whole creation known,
As was, is now, and ever shall be shown,
Till thou who mad'st it, with devouring flame
Shalt quite consume the universal frame.

O praise the Lord, my soul, whilst sinners wait
From his consuming hand a dreadful fate,
Praise thou the Lord: be he thy stedfast friend,
He the first cause of all things, and the end:
So over time and fate shalt thou prevail,
For God sustains thee, and thou canst not fail.

**Abraham's
Sacrifice.⁵⁶**

... *dignus vindice nodus*.

From the third morning dawn'd the orient light,
When Abraham gain'd the destin'd mountain's height;
And Isaac, now their journey's period found,
Had thrown his cumbrous burden to the ground,
His load of wood, with solemn rite⁵⁷ assign'd
To burn the sacrifice by God enjoin'd.
And now the ready care and zealous toil
Of sire and son had rear'd the sacred pile,
When thus (yet oft' with sighs his utt'rance broke,
And oft' with gushing tears) the patriarch spoke.

“Thou, in whom heav'n's best love to me was shown,
Kind, good, and duteous; O my darling son!
Firm to my soul, whom all dear ties engage,
Crown of my hopes, and comfort of my age;
Now be the ardour of thy faith display'd,
And summon all thy⁵⁸ virtue to thy aid,
To hear the doom by God's own voice decreed,
That thou, O can I speak it! thou must bleed:

⁵⁶Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 90–102.

⁵⁷Ori., “right”; but clearly used in sense of “religious practice.”

⁵⁸Ori., “my”; corrected in the errata.

Thy harmless life, so runs the dread command,
 Must here be offer'd by thy Father's hand.
 Fain, fain, heav'n knows, by strong reluctance prest,
 And partial nature pleading in my breast,
 Fain would I have mistook the sacred call:
 'Twas dream, 'twas fancy, 'twas illusion all.
 Can God, I reason'd, his own law controul,
 Impress'd so deeply on the human soul;
 His law, which as the wrath divine they dread,
 Prohibits man man's vital blood to shed?
 Did he establish this a rule to bind
 Through all successive ages all mankind?
 And can he, faithful, gracious, just, and mild,
 Can he command me to destroy my child?
 Alas! why not? who shall maintain the strife
 With him, sole sov'reign, arbiter of life?
 On these plain terms he gives us all to see
 New-born th' æthereal light, and bids us be;
 That whensoever he, or soon, or late,
 Shall summon us to leave our earthly state,
 The body its congenial dust must claim,
 The soul return to God from whom it came.
 And sure for this, the time, the means, the way,
 'Tis his to choose, his providential sway
 Inflicts the sudden stroke, or slow decay:
 To each inferior cause he gives its weight,
 And arms with all its darts the hand of fate.

"Then, great Creator, since 'tis thy decree
 That Isaac now must fall, and fall by me,
 Prostrate and mute, I bow before thy throne,
 Thy name be hallow'd, and thy will be done.

Of't thy dread voice has fill'd me with delight,
Or in the trance, or vision of the night;
And still as I obey'd it hast thou shed
Riches, and peace, and honour round my head
And shall I now resist the well-known call?
And grudge one gift to thee who gav'st me all?
Hast thou so blest my whole long life-time past,
And shall I now forsake thee at the last?
Yet, my good God, all gracious as thou art,
Forgive the yearnings of a parent's heart;
That my poor service may be rightly paid,
Support my frailness with thy heav'nly aid,
And suffer not, by this hard instance try'd,
My stedfast faith in thee to start aside."
Thus far his grief the rev'rend sire exprest,
A spacious flood of tears forbad the rest.

When Isaac thus; "Ill must it surely suit,
When God commands, for mortals to dispute;
His will once spoke the whole creation awes,
And what am I, to make a moment's pause?
But here so plainly stands his love exprest,
Here to obey, is only to be blest;
'Tis only earlier to be call'd away
To God's own presence, and the realms of day,
Snatch'd from the ill to come, nor doom'd to know
The various bitterness of human woe.
Can I beneath good Abraham's forming hand,
In heav'nly truth and steady virtue train'd,
Taught, O my God, with one perpetual aim,
To love thy service, and to fear thy name;

Can I not hope, unbodied when I roam
 Where sp'rits immortal find their destin'd home,
 In that new world thy goodness still to share,
 And praise and bless my kind preserver there?
 Can I thy mercy not securely trust
 To hide my human frailties in the dust,
 And there admit me, one short struggle o'er,
 Where death, and sin, and sorrow are no more?
 But, O my Father! how shall he sustain
 This load of woe, this heart-oppressing pain!
 Cancell'd at once to view high heav'n's decree
 Of blessings to his future race in me!
 His hopes all blasted, all his comforts fled,
 Grief to the grave must bow his hoary head.
 Him, thro'⁵⁹ the op'ning scenes my thoughts employ,
 Of heav'n and raptures of immortal joy:
 Yet him with deep affliction I condole,
 And feel his anguish in my inmost soul."

With just rebuke the patriarch mild replies,
 "In vain, my son, thy anxious terrors rise.
 Think'st thou that change affects th' eternal will?
 Hath God once said, and shall not he fulfil?
 Revolving time must bring the dreadful day
 When heav'n and earth dissolv'd shall pass away:
 At once the glorious universal frame⁶⁰
 Shall shrink like parchment crackling in the flame;
 Ruin o'er total nature shall prevail:
 But not one tittle of his word can fail.
 Thee, the just heir of all my hopes to come,
 His goodness gave me from the barren womb:

⁵⁹Ori., "though"; likely a misprint.

⁶⁰Ori., "flame"; a misprint.

Thee, the same goodness, sacrific'd and slain,
Can raise and quicken into life again.
Or as the seed, though from the sower's hand
It dies and rots beneath the furrow'd land,
Soon with new strength reviv'd, essays to rise,
And seeks the genial influence of the skies;
The rip'ning ears a rich abundance yield,
And golden harvests crown the smiling field.
So from what here the hallow'd pile must burn,
Ev'n from thy ashes sleeping in their urn,
A new corporeal system he may frame,
And re-inspire the animating flame.

Events to come, and fate by God design'd,
The counsels of his own omniscient mind,
Himself alone surveys; but here we rest,
That what he wills must be, and must be best.
'Tis his to man his pleasure to display:
Ours to adore, to tremble, and obey.
Yet, had it rather pleas'd the will divine
To spare my Isaac's life, and call for mine,
In her own tenor to let nature run,
Nor bid the sire survive the slaughter'd son;
How had I then (my course all faithful found,
My end by God's express acceptance crown'd)
How had I joy'd to hear his orders spoke?
Bow'd my old head submissive to the stroke:
In praise resign'd my last expiring breath,
And met with transport the embrace of death?"

He said, and both the sacred rite⁶¹ prepare,
And both pour out their souls in ardent pray'r,

⁶¹Ori., "right"; but clearly used in sense of "religious practice."

And humbly hope heav'n's mightiest aid to find,
 To wake each latent virtue in their mind.
 And now the altar blaz'd, and now display'd
 Abraham advanc'd aloft his glitt'ring blade,
 With strenuous zeal repress his inward woe,
 And rais'd his trembling hand to strike the blow:
 When lo! effulgent with amazing light,
 A form celestial stood before his sight;
 Less glorious shines, his rapid race to run
 Forth issuing from his eastern goal, the sun;
 The patriarch gaz'd, nor speech nor motion found,
 And dropt his lifted weapon to the ground.
 A sweet regard the pitying angel show'd,
 And thus his solemn words complacent flow'd:
 "Sheath, Abraham, sheath the sword; in gracious part
 Accepts th' Almighty thy obedient heart,
 For the full forfeit takes thy service done,
 And freely gives thee thy devoted son.
 Now hear, thou faithful man, whilst I unfold
 Successive scenes, illustrious to behold,
 Of fame to thee, and wond'rous love design'd,
 In thy distinguish'd race to human-kind.
 Try if thou canst by numb'ring to explore
 All the loose atoms on the sandy shore;
 Or upwards turn thy penetrating eye,
 And count the radiant spangles of the sky:
 Like these shall Isaac's progeny outgo
 What bounds or thought can reach or number show.
 From his fam'd seed, as heav'n its aid supplies,
 Shall states be form'd, and mighty empires rise,

And kings, ordain'd in future realms to shine,
Shall boast their royal stock deriv'd from thine.

But one fair branch God's larger love must share,
His chosen people, his peculiar care:
Himself confest, shall own their favour'd cause,
Conduct their counsels, and prescribe their laws.
Himself shall raise, inspir'd with matchless might,
In rule their judges, and their chiefs for fight.
How oft' for them shall his fierce wrath confound
The faithless nations gather'd all around!
How oft' shall rise his wonder-working sway,
And turn old nature from her destin'd way,
To crush whoe'er their conqu'ring arms withstand,
And plant his people in the promis'd land!

Whilst the vain world to impious rites resign'd,
To lusts abandon'd, and to reason blind,
Stray in the dark; to them, to them alone
Shall heav'n's pure will and genuine truth be known:
Religion shall be theirs, her sacred ray
Shall wisdom pour to guide them in the way.
For this shall rev'rend seers, divinely taught,
God's great designs imprest upon their thought,
From age to age his gradual word display,
And shed the chearful dawning of the day;
Till in full light Messiah's self shall rise,
Sprung from thy seed, descending from the skies;
Stupendous union! heav'n and earth combin'd!
Incarnate God, to rescue lost mankind!
With him, erst fled from sins polluting stain,
Shall ancient virtue visit earth again;

Peace sent from heav'n shall bless the world below,
And like the spreading sea shall knowledge flow.
Mercy divine Messiah shall bring down
To sinful man, and mighty in renown
Shall break hell's pow'r and death's tyrannick chain,
And end the long reproach of Satan's reign."

He said: And instant, pleas'd whilst they pursue
The great ideas, vanish'd from their view;
A thousand thoughts their reas'ning pow'rs controul,
And deep amazement fills the lab'ring soul.
Yet all they could to shew their just regard,
A beast they bring, for sacrifice prepar'd,
And, his free grace with holy vows implor'd,
Burn the vicarious victim to the Lord.
Then pond'ring all the wonders of the day.
With hearts exulting, homeward bend their way.

**From Mr. Lewis's
Miscellany.⁶²**

An Ode.⁶³

Fain would I sing the pow'r supreme,
And make th' Omnipotent my theme;
The first! the last! be he my choice,
Be he my song that gave my voice!

Rise, O my soul, with vigour rise,
And wing thy noblest faculties:
Thy God with all they reason trace,
And stretch thy thought o'er time and space.

Begin the song; and first disclose,
How with eternity he rose!
Whence, what, and how he is, define;
And speak the entity divine.

To view him at his source, my soul,
Turn back, and thither turn thee whole:

⁶²Wesley draws in this section from two volumes of *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* collected by David Lewis. Samuel Wesley Jr. had assisted Lewis in the collection, contributing several of the poems. John Wesley sent his older brother some of his own verse as candidates, and at least one of these items was included (with Samuel Jr.'s adaptations); see John Wesley, letter to Samuel Wesley Jr., March 21, 1726, *Works*, 25:190–93; comparing the verse on pp. 192–93 with David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 232–34. Interestingly, John Wesley did not select his own contribution for inclusion in this selection from the volumes edited by Lewis.

⁶³[Unidentified author], "An Ode," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 1–4.

The long, unmeasur'd course essay,
And launch into the trackless way.

Thro' ages and thro' ages glide;
O'er myriads and o'er myriads stride:
Thro' time's ideal progress run,
And grasp the point where he begun.

Back still, still back: but Oh! forbear;
Thou strainst in vain to reach him there:
That point for ever flies the thought,
For ever equally remote.

Then turn thee where his arms embrace
The vast immensity of space;
Thither expand thee all abroad,
And mark the image of thy God.

Haste, ardent and unwearied haste,
And worlds and worlds behind thee cast:
Wide through the void æthereal stray;
Away, my soul; and yet away.

But see how skies succeed to skies!
See prospect after prospect rise!
Still, full they rise, and still extend,
Fatigue the ken, and never end!

Ah, fond eluded soul! who shows
Whence underiv'd duration flows?
What mind conceives, what tongue repeats,
Where infinite expansion sets?

Yet urge thy aim; and try to scan,
How man is God, and God is man!

With reason's eye prepare to see,
How Three are One, and One is Three!

Thy mighty mysteries invade,
Call art and nature to thy aid;
Range all the stores thou draw'st from sense,
And form the grand solution thence.

But here again, bewilder'd, lost
Are all th' ideas thou canst boast:
Th' unequal task is too sublime;
'Tis boundless space! 'tis birthless time!

How God exists, and what he is,
His own omniscience only sees!
Desist, my soul, and dare no more;
'Tis thine to wonder and adore.

On Riches.⁶⁴

1. What man, in his wits, had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give?
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live.
2. Inviron'd from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent, or alone:
Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
And at every one's call, but his own.

⁶⁴[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "Song," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 5–6 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 80].

3. Still repining, and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;
With the means of enjoying his wish in his pow'r,
But accurst with his wanting the will.
4. For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest:
He must add to his store this or that pretty sum;
And then will have time to be blest.
5. But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye;
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please;
Let not even mine enemy die.

Against Life.⁶⁵

From the Greek.

What path of life by man is trod,
Without repenting of the road?
Business is tumult, noise and jar,
At home is weariness and care:
The ocean storm and terror yields,
And painful toil and sweat, the fields:

⁶⁵[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "Against Life," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 72 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 108].

Abroad you're destitute, if poor;
If rich, endanger'd by your store.
By griefs the nuptial state is torn;
The single, friendless and forlorn.
With children, sorrows will increase;
Childless, we moan our barrenness.
Folly our giddy youth ensnares;
And weakness sinks our hoary hairs.
The wise this only choice would try,
Or not to live, or soon to die.

For Life.⁶⁶

From the Greek.

What path of life by man is trod
Without rejoicing at the road?
From business, wealth and wisdom flows,
At home is quiet and repose.
The ocean, gainful traffick yields,
And nature cheers us in the fields.
Abroad you're less expos'd, if poor;
If rich, respected for your store.
More bliss the nuptial state receives,
The single, more in freedom lives.
The parent's heart with transport swells;
And less of care the childless feels.
Our youth, firm health and vigour shares,
And rev'rence crowns our hoary hairs.
The wise this choice would never try,
Or not to live, or soon to die.

⁶⁶[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "For Life," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 73 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 109].

The Pyramid.⁶⁷

In Latin and English.

*Pyramidum sumptus ad cælum & sidera ducti,
Quid dignum tantà mole, quid intus habent?
Ah! nihil intus habent, nisi nigrum, informe cadaver,
Durata in saxum est cui medicata caro.
Ergone porrigitur monumentum in jugera tota?
Ergo tot annorum, tot manuumq; labor?
Integra sit morum mihi vita: hæc pyramis esto:
Et poterant tumulo sex satis esse pedes.*

The lofty pyramid that threatens the skies!
For what august possessor does it rise?
You've there a little formless mummy shown;
A human carcass harden'd into stone.
Ascends for this the huge stupendous tomb?
For this includes whole acres in its womb?
For this were drain'd the tributes of the Nile?
Was so much treasure spent, and time, and toil?

Be pure my heart, and upright be my deed,
Give me of honest fame a pyramid;
This grant me, heav'n! and for my monument
My length of humble earth; and I'm content.

⁶⁷“The Pyramid,” in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 98–99. The Latin text is by Vincent Bourne; cf. his *Poematia* (London: J. Watts, 1734), 142. The translation may be by Samuel Wesley Jr.

**On the Death of
Alexander the Great.**⁶⁸

Is then that hero number'd with the dead!
That mighty chief whom all the world obey'd!
Great Ammon's son! th' invincible! O why,
Why did he ever condescend to die?

**Epitaph
On a Man and his Wife.**⁶⁹

Here sleep, whom neither life, nor love,
Nor friendship's strictest tye,
Could in such close embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave, ally.

Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
For bonds of love divine,
For union only more complete,
Thou faithful grave! than thine.

⁶⁸[Unidentified author], "On the Death of Alexander the Great," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 99.

⁶⁹[Unidentified author], "Epitaph on a Man and His Wife," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 116.

Alexander and Xerxes.⁷⁰

In Latin and English.

*Flet Macedo, sibi totum ubi debellaverat orbem,
Indignans armis nil superesse suis.
Flet Xerxes, quod nemo suis de millibus, ætas
Proxima cum veniet, nemo superstes erit.
Nolo tuas, Macedo, lacrymas: ego laudo dolorem
Humanum, & tecum, Persa, dolere volo.*

The Macedonian youth with tears deplor'd
The scanty globe should stin[t] his conqu'ring sword;
Xerxes in tears dissolv'd, to think how soon
His num'rous host would all be dead and gone.
The Persian's juster tears my praise employ;
Admire who will the froward Græcian boy.

⁷⁰“Alexander and Xerxes,” in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 127. The Latin text is by Vincent Bourne; cf. his *Poematia* (London: J. Watts, 1734), 139. The translation may be by Samuel Wesley Jr.

**Epitaph
On an Infant.**⁷¹

To the dark and silent tomb,
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
'Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew,
I no gay delights could view;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

*Happy infant! early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares,
Which encrease with growing years.*

*No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem and gay;
All our gayety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain.*

Are then all your pleasures vain?
Is there none exempt from pain?
Is there no delight or joy,
But your fondest hopes will cloy?

*Short and sickly are they all:
Hardly tasted, ere they pall:*

⁷¹[Unidentified author], "Epitaph on an Infant," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 158–60.

*Lasting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.*

Sickly pleasures all adieu!
Pleasures which I never knew:
I'll enjoy my early rest,
Of my innocence possess;
Happy, happy! from the womb
That I hasted to the tomb.

Lapidarium.⁷²

*Sub brevi hoc marmore reconditur,
Quod reliquum est
(Heu quantuli quantillum!)
J.C.*

*Qui vitam prospexit tantum
Et egressus est:
In ipso primo aditu,
Nugarum & lachrymarum satur.*

⁷²[Unidentified author], "Lapidarium," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 160.

Melissa.⁷³

If, friend, a wife you mean to wed,
 Worthy of your board and bed,
 That she be virtuous be your care,
 Not too rich, and not too fair:
 One who nor labours to display
 New complexions ev'ry day,
 Nor studying artificial grace
 Out of boxes culls a face;
 Nor live-long hours for dressing spares,
 Placing to displace her hairs,
 And strait replace, an idle pin
 Ten times shifting out and in.
 Nor daily varies, vainly nice,
 Thrice her silks, and colours thrice.
 Fond o'er and o'er her suits to range,
 Changing still, and still to change.
 Nor gads to pay, with busy air,
 Trifling visits here and there;
 Long rapping at each door aloud,
 Nuisance to a neighbourhood.
 She likes not wit in lewdness shown,
 Jest ill-manner'd for a clown;
 Her spotless mind, the lustful tale
 Nauseates in the nicest veil.
 She ne'er is found in crowds unclean
 Entred mysteries obscene,

⁷³[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "Melissa," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 210–19. Lewis gives the poem in Latin (by Vincent Bourne; cf. *Poematia* [1734], 82) and then in English (by Wesley) [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Simpkin, 1862), 415–20].

Nor seeks in mask and antick dress
 Unconfin'd lasciviousness.
 Nor pale, and angry, gaming high
 Rattles the unlucky die,
 'Till sun-rise restless vigils keeps,
 Light consuming in her sleeps,
 Inverting nature, turns with play
 Day to night, and night to day.
 This round of follies let her chuse
 Flitting life who likes to lose,
 And lets her quickly-ending days
 Pass, and perish as they pass.
 The time that vulgar maids despise,
 Careless, thoughtless how it flies,
 Melissa wise,⁷⁴ esteems and knows
 Well to use it ere it goes.
 If e'er Melissa wed my friend,
 With her entring shall attend
 Virtues and graces by her side,
 Bride-maids fit for such a bride;
 Neat beauty without art display'd,
 Rosy health with native red;
 With her bright innocence shall go,
 Purer than the falling snow;
 Quiet that far from quarrels flies;
 Mirth and pleasure, love and joys;
 Firm faith that plighted promise keeps,
 Silence watching o'er her lips;
 Prudence that ponders all events,
 Wealth-increasing diligence.

⁷⁴Ori., "wife"; corrected in the errata.

Religion, mindful what is ow'd
To herself and to her God.
Patient to bear, to pardon free,
Loveliest grace! humanity;
If erring nature chance to fail,
Feeble, inadvertent, frail.
Who hates low-whisper'd spight conceal'd,
Scandal yet to few reveal'd,
Since envy makes with rumour'd lies,
Friends and brethren enemies.
Good-breeding shall her handmaid be,
Join'd with chast-look'd modesty;
While open heart, and hand and face
Hospitality displays.
If e'er Melissa grace your home,
These attendants with her come.
What e'er can good or ill befall
Faithful partner she of all.
Whose wisdom teaching well to bear,
Sooths the bitterness of care,
Whose joy if prosp'rous fate you meet,
Adds new sweetness to the sweet.
These ties will nuptial love engage,
Down from youth to hoary age,
If e'er Melissa, lovely spouse,
Life's companion! crown your vows,
Such, such a consort chuse to wed,
Worthy of your board and bed.

Grongar Hill.⁷⁵

Silent *nymph* with curious eye!
 Who, the purple ev'ning lye
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man,
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forest with her tale,
 Come, with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
 Now while Phœbus riding high
 Gives lustre to the land and sky?
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landskip bright and strong;
 Grongar, in whose mossie cells
 Sweetly musing quiet dwells;
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,
 So oft I have, the even shrill,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
 With my hand beneath my head;
 And stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 'Till contemplation had her fill.

⁷⁵[John Dyer], "Grongar Hill," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 223–31.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale;
As circles on a smooth canal;
The mountains round, (unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height!)
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beyond the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds,
On the yellow mountain-heads!

Gilds the fleeces of the flocks;
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dies:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender firr, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love;
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And antient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependance find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds;
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds:
While ever and anon, there falls,
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.

}

Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day
Is all the proud and mighty have,
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river slow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r:
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side, }
 Where the prospect opens wide, }
 Where the ev'ning gilds the tide; }
 How close and small the hedges lie!
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
 A step methinks may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glass.
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren and brown, and rough appear;
 Still we tread tir'd the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with my self agree,
 And never covet what I see:
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul;
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air;
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joy runs high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie;
 While the wanton Zephir sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;
 While the waters murmur deep,
 While the shepherd charms his sheep.

While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with musick fill the sky,
 Now, ev'n now, my joy runs high.]

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;—
 Search for peace with all your skill:⁷⁶
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor,
 In vain ye search, she is not there,
 In vain ye search the domes of care;
 Grass and flowers quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with pleasure, close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side:
 And often by the murm'ring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.]

The Thracian.⁷⁷

The Thracian infant, ent'ring into life,
 Both parents mourn for, both receive with grief.
 The Thracian infant, snatch'd by death away,
 Both parents to the grave with joy convey.
 This, Greece and Rome, you with derision view,
 This is meer Thracian ignorance to you:
 But if you weigh the custom you despise,
 This Thracian ignorance may teach the wise.

⁷⁶The line "Search for peace with all your skill," in the original poem, was omitted in *MSP*; almost certainly a printer's error.

⁷⁷[Unidentified author], "The Thracian," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 275. Lewis gives in Latin (by Vincent Bourne; cf. *Poematia* [1734], 122) then this translation, possibly by Samuel Wesley Jr.

**Epigram
From the Greek.**⁷⁸

On Stygian banks, Diogenes the wise
Bursts into laughter when he Cræsus spies;
And thus bespeaks, in thread-bare cloak and old,
The monarch famous for his gather'd gold:
I, nothing leaving, all to Charon bear;
Thou, Cræsus, rich on earth hast nothing here.

On the Foregoing Epigram.⁷⁹

The Lydian prince is blam'd for wealth alone,
Tho' greater in his virtues than his throne.
The Cynick churl is prais'd, of fame secure,
Tho' void of ev'ry grace, but being poor.
Nor wonder whence this partial judgment springs,
Such crowds are envious, and so few are kings.

⁷⁸[Samuel Wesley Jr], "Epigram from the Greek," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 283 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 126].

⁷⁹[Samuel Wesley Jr], "On the Foregoing Epigram," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 283 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 126].

**The
Monument.**⁸⁰

Post funera virtus.

A monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold:
Streight breaths⁸¹ his bust, streight are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

**The
Savage;**⁸²

Occasion'd by the bringing to court a wild youth, taken in the
woods in Germany, in the year 1725.

Ye courtiers, who the blessings know
From sweet society that flow,
Adorn'd with each politer grace
Above the rest of human race;

⁸⁰[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "The Monument," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 290 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 133].

⁸¹I.e., "breathes."

⁸²[Unidentified author], "The Savage," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 305–6.

Receive this youth unform'd, untaught,
From solitary deserts brought,
To brutish converse long confin'd,
Wild, and a stranger to his kind:
Receive him, and with tender care,
For reason's use his mind prepare;
Shew him in words his thoughts to dress,
To think, and what he thinks express;
His manners form, his conduct plan,
And civilize him into man.

But with false alluring smile
If you teach him to beguile;
If with language soft and fair
You instruct him to ensnare;
If to foul and brutal vice,
Envy, pride, or avarice,
Tend the precepts you impart;
If you taint his spotless heart:
Speechless send him back agen
To the woods of Hamelen;
Sill in desarts let him stray,
As his choice directs his way;
Let him still a rover be,
Still be innocent and free.

He whose lustful, lawless mind
Is to reason's guidance blind,
Ever slavish to obey
Each imperious passion's sway,
Smooth and courtly tho' he be,
He's the SAVAGE, only he.

**An
Essay on Time.**⁸³

Though TIME in haste for ever glide along,
 Nor heed my subject, nor attend my song,
 Incessant still beneath my searches float,
 Waste in my hands, and fade upon my thought;
 Yet would I, Muse, the wond'rous theme essay,
 And to the fleeting phantom lend my lay:
 Through all the revolutions, pains, and strife
 That or befall or busy human life;
 Whether we chace our joys, or tempt our woes,
 Pursue our toil, or deviate to repose,
 To manhood rise, or verge beyond our prime,
 One tide transports us, and that tide is TIME.
 Of this consist our dates, in this commence,
 'Tis what admits us here, what bears us hence,
 Involves us in an unrelaxing course;
 And what's exempt from TIME's imperial force?
 Wide as th' extent of nature's fair array,
 Th' unweary'd trav'ler spreads his airy way;
 By nought controul'd, one rigid motion keeps,
 And matter moulders where his pinion sweeps.
 For him fierce lightnings cleave the sultry air,
 For him the total band of meteors war;
 For him successive seasons, as they stray,
 Or scatter genial life, or reap decay.

⁸³[Unidentified author], "An Essay on Time," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 1–9.

And as in forests we promiscuous see
 The shooting scyon and the shiver'd tree,
 Or midst a silent show'r as rise and break
 The bubbles various on the level lake,
 So births and deaths, an intermingled train,
 For ever swell the records of his reign.
 Amongst the stars, or underneath the sun,
 Whate'er is suffer'd, and whate'er is done,
 Events or actions, all the vast amount
 But stretch his scroll, and add to his account.
 Yet while his stern vicissitudes advance
 O'er ev'ry orb, through all the vast expanse;
 While scenes succeed to scenes, and forms to forms;
 And other thunders roll, and others storms,
 Sedate he triumphs o'er the gen'ral frame,
 And, changing all things, is himself the same.
 Fain would the learn'd th' ideal pow'r define,
 And on the mighty measu'rer cast their line.
 With emu'lous ardor on the task they wait,
 Contrive their circles, and their æra's state;
 From these compute, by those the tale devise,
 And vaunt to match our annals with the skies:
 Yet ever devious miss the promis'd end,
 Tho' Meto plan, and tho' Calippus mend;
 Tho' antient periods be reform'd by new,
 And Greg'ry polish what Hipparchus drew.
 Schemes rais'd on schemes see endless error start,
 And regu'lar nature mocks the boast of art.
 In what regard the works of mortals stand
 To this great fabrick of th' Almighty's hand,

Is his to view; and sure to him alone
 His world and all its relatives are known;
 And acts and things distant before him lie,
 And TIME itself retires not from his eye.
 But whence, O Muse, celestial voice! rehearse,
 That speak'st the theme, and aid'st the sacred verse,
 Whence this progressive now, untaught to stay,
 This glimm'ring shadow of eternal day?
 When first th' Almighty from the womb of night
 Bade infant nature hear, and spring to light,
 Her place he sever'd from the boundless waste,
 And, from eternity, her TIME to last;
 'Twas then it issu'd on the new-form'd stage,
 With her coeval, and it self her age,
 Ordain'd o'er ether, air and earth to range,
 The scope of every life, and every change.
 Its progress note; th' illustrious globes above,
 Shine in its shade, and in its motion move,
 With stated pace around their orbits play,
 And waft th' impatient moments on their way,
 While, to a new⁸⁴ eternity consign'd,⁸⁵
 They haste from that before to that behind.
 So where some streight its every channel draws,
 From main to main th' impetuous waters pass;
 Yet rush but to return from whence they came,
 The mighty oceans diff'rent, and the same.
 See TIME, lanch'd⁸⁶ forth in solemn pomp proceed,
 And man on man advance, and deed on deed!
 No pause, no rest in all the world appears,
 Ev'n live-long patriarchs waste their thousand years.

⁸⁴Ori., "anew"; corrected in the errata.

⁸⁵Ori., "unconsign'd"; corrected in the errata.

⁸⁶I.e., "launch'd."

If Babel's tow'r no more with heav'n contends,
 In spiry heights a Nineveh ascends.
 See in their sires each future nation stray,
 And or desert or meet the morning ray!
 Or visit Lybia's sands or Scythia's snows,
 And brethren scatter that must soon be foes.
 See other kings hold other crowds in chains!
 And Nimrod but the first of monarchs reigns.
 These suns behold a Cyrus lord of all.
 These view young Ammon triumph o'er the ball.
 Now haughty Rome in martial rigor frowns,
 And bears down pow'rful states and treads on crowns;
 Bids mighty cities in a blaze expire,
 Nor dreams of Vandal rage and Gothic fire.
 Mankind and theirs possess one common thrall;
 And, like the gods that sway them, empires fall.
 Some periods, void of science and of fame,
 Scarce e'er exist, or leave behind a name;
 Meer sluggish rounds to let succession climb,
 Obscure, and idle expletives of TIME.
 Others behold each nobler genius thrive,
 And in their gen'rous labours long survive,
 By learning grac'd, extend a distant light;
 And circling science has her day and night.
 Rise, rise, ye dear contemporaries, rise!
 On whom devolve⁸⁷ these seasons, and these skies!
 Assert the portion destin'd to your share,
 And make the honour of the times your care:
 Be each great end pursu'd, each art sustain'd,
 As when Augustus or Eliza reign'd;

⁸⁷Ori., "devolves"; corrected in the errata.

When lofty Varius shone the Roman boast,
Or Bacon furnish'd what must ne'er be lost.
Be by each future age your worth confest,
O bless the present, and by those be blest.

Still be your darling study, nature's laws;
And to its fountain trace up every cause.
Explore, for such it is, this high abode,
And tread the paths which Boyle and Newton trod.
Lo, earth smiles wide, and radiant heav'n looks down,
All fair, all gay, and urgent to be known!
Attend, and here are sown delights immense
For every intellect, and every sense.
With adoration think, with rapture gaze,
And hear all nature chant her Maker's praise.
With reason stor'd, by love of knowledge fir'd,
By dread awaken'd, and by hope inspir'd,
Can we, the product of another's hand,
Nor whence, nor how, nor why we are demand?
And, not at all, or not aright employ'd,
Behold a length of years, and all a void?

Happy, thrice happy he! whose conscious heart
Enquires his purpose, and discerns his part;
Who runs with heed th' involuntary race,
Nor lets his hours reproach him as they pass;
Weighs how they steal away, how sure, how fast,
And as he weighs them apprehends the last,
Or vacant, or engag'd, our minutes fly;
We may be negligent, but we must die.

And thou supreme of beings and of things!
Who breath'st all life, and giv'st duration wings;

Intense O let me for thy glory burn,
Nor fruitless view my days and nights return:
Give me with wonder at thy works to glow;
To grasp thy vision, and thy truths to know:
To reach at length thy everlasting shore,
And live and sing till time shall be no more.

Adriani morientis ad Animam:
or,
The Heathen to his Departing Soul.⁸⁸

1. Ah fleeting spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, chearful guest?
2. Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, fainting, dying,
And wit and humour are no more.

⁸⁸[Alexander Pope], "Adriani morientis ad Animam," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 36–37.

Christiani morientis ad Animam:
or,
The Christian to his Departing Soul.⁸⁹

1. Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Dost thou quit this mortal frame?
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife:
Let me languish into life.
2. My swimming eyes are sick of light,
The lessening world forsakes my sight,
A damp creeps cold o'er every part,
Nor moves my pulse, nor heaves my heart,
The hov'ring soul is on the wing;
Where, mighty death! Oh where's thy sting?
3. I hear around soft musick play,
And angels becken me away!
Calm, as forgiven hermits rest,
I'll sleep, as infants at the breast,
'Till the last trumpet rend the ground:
Then wake with transport at the sound!

⁸⁹[Alexander Pope], "Adriani morientis ad Animam," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 37–38.

**To
Stella,
On Her Picture.**⁹⁰

See, Stella, yonder picture see,
The lovely portraiture of thee!
There may'st thou view thy various charms,
Thy iv'ry neck, thy snowy arms,
Thy hair, that with the jet may vie,
The fires, that sparkle in thy eye,
The curious arch, that forms thy brow,
Thy lips, the beds where roses blow,
Thy rising bosom, graceful side,
Thy vesture's easy-flowing pride,
With all th' harmonious shape and air,
That to the world proclaim thee fair.
These coxcombs see, and are on fire,
The wise approve, the fools admire;
These the most stubborn soul may move,
But not secure a lasting love.

Unless from all rough passions free,
From pride, self-love and vanity,
Thou'lt let the friendly truth prevail
Before the softest flatt'ring tale;

⁹⁰[Unidentified author], "To Stella, on Her Picture," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 52–53.

Unless thy tears in pity flow,
Thy bosom heave at other's woe;
Unless good sense and nature join
To shew thy other half divine;
The air, the shape, the eye, the brow,
Those charms so prais'd, and envy'd so, }
Are all but paint, a PICTURE thou.

A
Hermit's
Meditation.⁹¹

1. In lonesome cave,
Of noise and interruption void,
His thoughtful solitude
A Hermit thus enjoy'd.

2. His choicest book,
The remnant of a human head,
The volume was, whence he
This solemn lecture read.

⁹¹“A Hermit's Meditation,” in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 118–23. Note: This poem was published later by George Huddesford (1749–1809); it may have been written by his father, George Huddesford (1699?–1776).

3. Whoe'er thou wert,
Partner of my retirement now,
My nearest intimate,
My best companion thou.

4. On thee to muse
The busy living world I left;
Of converse all but thine,
And silent that, bereft.

5. Wert thou the rich,
The idol of a gazing crowd?
Wert thou the great, to whom
Obsequious thousands bow'd?

6. Was learning's store
E'er treasur'd up within this shell?
Did wisdom e'er within
This empty hollow dwell?

7. Did youthful charms
E'er redden on this ghastful face?
Did beauty's bloom, these cheeks,
This forehead ever grace?

8. If on this brow
E'er sate the scornful haughty frown,
Deceitful pride! where now
Is that disdain?—'tis gone.
9. If chearful mirth
A gayness o'er this baldness cast,
Delusive fleeting joy!
Where is it now?—'tis past.
10. To deck this scalp
If tedious long-liv'd hours it cost,
Vain fruitless toil! where's now
That labour seen?—'tis lost.
11. But painful sweat,
The dear-earn'd price of daily bread,
Was all, perhaps, that thee
With hungry sorrows fed.
12. Perhaps, but tears,
Surest relief of heart-sick woe,
Thine only drink, from down
These sockets us'd to flow.

13. Oppress'd, perhaps,
With aches and with aged cares,
Down to the grave thou brought'st
A few and hoary hairs.
14. 'Tis all perhaps!
No marks, no token can I trace;
What on the stage of life,
Thy rank or station was.
15. Nameless, unknown!
Of all distinction stript and bare,
In nakedness conceal'd,
Oh, who shall thee declare!
16. Nameless, unknown!
Yet fit companion thou for me,
Who hear no human voice,
No living visage see.
17. From me, from thee,
The glories of the world are gone;
Nor yet have either lost
Ought we could call our own.

18. What we are now,
 The great, the wise, the fair, the brave,
 Shall all hereafter be,
 All HERMITS in the grave.

Wrote at Ocriculum in Italy.⁹²

Deep in a desart solitary, wild,
 Pathless of human foot, with brakes perplex;
 Among recumbent, moulder'd, hoar remains
 Of once a city populous and proud!
 Long I reclin'd, and with laborious hand
 Figur'd in picture, of the solemn scene
 The gloomy image; studious to excel,
 Of fame ambitious. When, at purple eve
 Her shade extending o'er the nodding tow'rs,
 As long fatigue oppress'd the droused sense,
 Up-rose before the eye, or awful stood
 To inward vision in the mental sight,
 The semblance of a seer; his open brow
 Calm wisdom smooth'd; a veil of snowy white
 Hung on his silver hairs; his form erect
 A robe impurpled wrapt, in comely folds
 Amply declining; to use fall he turn'd
 With our-rais'd arm his aspect; eloquence
 Spoke in the graceful act, and usher'd these
 In numbers solemn— painful is thy toil,

⁹²[John Dyer (1700–58)], “Wrote at Ocriculum in Italy,” in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 145–49.

Obscure and tedious; know'st thou aught of life,
 Its days and seasons? canst thou thus extend
 Thy term of youth? or shall thy sum of years
 Be with thy labours told? vain man, ev'n now
 The step of time is at thy heels, and thee,
 With these thy mimick works, a little hence,
 Will humble to the dust; for round, behold,
 To age corrosive all submit their forms;
 The Parian statue, and the brazen bust,
 The dome superb, and column, of huge size
 Prone on the ground, beneath the wand'ring weed.
 And shall the tender light and shade survive
 In the depictur'd tablet? of yon tomb
 Deep sunk in earth, with mould'ring sculpture grac'd,
 Observe the proud inscription, how it bears
 But half a tale; or turn thy curious eye
 To yonder obelisk in antient days
 By earthquake fall'n, an acre in extent,
 Thebaic stone, from waste ev'n yet secure,
 While hieroglyphic learn'd inwrought; but all
 With vain intent, where nations pass away,
 Where language dies. And now the veil of night
 Sables the vault of heav'n; the busy now
 Retire to rest with these the bitter fruits
 Of their mistaken labours, care, and pain,
 And weariness, and sickness, and decay;
 Such as to-morrow shall their portion be,
 To-morrow, and to-morrow: wretched man!
 Were it not better in the arms of ease
 To lie sapine? or give the soul a loose,
 And frolick join in song and riant dance,
 The sons of luxury? O yet beware

The sound avoid, as did, in fable old,
 Laertes' son on Sylla's baleful coast
 The Syren's incantations: there remains
 Another path, nor all things folly deem;
 But with slow humble step fair truth explore,
 Learn what her laws ordain; and first thy self
 Assay to know; how little truly thine
 Is thy corporeal! how thou shalt survive
 (When that frail part dissolves to formless earth)
 Ages of endless time! still higher rise
 To the supreme of things, howe'er no eye
 Th' immediate beam endures; yet as the sun
 In ocean's wave, so by reflection mild
 Him in his works behold; how beauteous all!
 How perfect each in its peculiar state!
 How therefore wise, how just, how gracious he!
 As far as nature weak may imitate,
 So be thou just and wise, and fill thy life
 With deeds of goodness; not in trivial acts
 Attemper'd to short pomp, the praise of men
 Vain-seeking; but, contented, humble, meek,
 Humane, and chearful, thou, with pious care,
 (In due regard to thy contingent state)
 Weigh what may best be done, and what forbore.
 Thus shall thy name possess the boundless skies,
 Of all good beings ever known and lov'd;
 Thus shalt thou taste the bliss they seek on earth,
 Vainly they seek on earth, unspotted fame,
 Untroubled joy, and frequent extasy,
 Thro' blest eternity, in visions fair,
 Beyond whate'er mortality conceives.

**On
An Open Grave.**⁹³

Laborious passenger, look down,
Behold thy journey's end;
See! whither all thy weary steps,
'Tis hither, see! they tend.

Observe the distance, mark, how small,
But six foot deep or less,
A measure scarce beyond thy own,
That leads from pain to ease!

Nor here alone, but wheresoe'er
Thy toilsome foot-steps sound;
Thy length and breadth will shew the spot,
Where rest is to be found.

Then patient, the fatigues of life,
With this reflection, bear;
That journey can't be over long,
Whose end is ev'ry where.

⁹³[Unidentified author], "On an Open Grave," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 182–83.

**The
Retirement.**⁹⁴

1. 'Tis weak and worldly to conclude
Retirement all a solitude;
The wise and good will always own,
That man is never less alone,
Than when alone; 'tis so with me,
When in my own large company.

2. Withdrawn and pensive while I move,
Beneath the shade of yonder grove;
Monarchs, that triple circles wear,
Feel not the weight of half my care:
In sighs and pray'rs my soul I bend,
But rise to transports in the end.

3. When from the world retir'd apart,
To dress the temple of my heart;
To make it beautiful and fair,
Fit for the God residing there;
'Tis then, and only then I live,
Enjoying all this globe can give.

⁹⁴[Unidentified author], "The Retirement," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 183–85.

4. Think'st thou to treat almighty pow'r
Is but the bus'ness of an hour?
O who, that gets so dear a guest,
But once enshrin'd within his breast,
Would, for this world's impertinence,
Neglect him there, or drive him thence?

5. My Eden then be my abode,
And the great visitant, my God!
He only my companion be,
From whom I hope eternity!
They who below their heav'n fore-date,
Ne'er dread th' up-lifted hand of fate,
Tasting the glories that shall crown
An endless life when this is done.

**A Thought upon
Death.**⁹⁵

'Tis vain, my soul, 'tis impious all
The human lot to mourn;
That life so soon must fleet away,
And dust to dust return.

⁹⁵[Thomas Fitzgerald], "A Thought upon Death," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 185–86.

Alas, from death the terrors fly,
When once 'tis understood;
'Tis nature's call, 'tis God's decree,
And is and must be good.

Wearied his limbs with honest toil,
And void of cares his breast,
See how the labouring hind sinks down,
Each night, to wholesome rest.

No nauseous fumes perplex his sleep,
No guilty starts surprize;
The visions that his fancy forms,
All free, and chearful rise.

So thou, nor led by lusts astray,
Nor gall'd with anxious strife,
With virtuous industry fulfil
The plain intent of life.

Pass calmly thy appointed day,
And usefully employ:
And then thou'rt sure, whate'er succeeds,
Is rest, and peace, and joy.

**On the
Creation.**⁹⁶

1. We to Jehovah's altar bring
The incense of these pious lays;
May he inspire us, while we sing
His greatness, and his goodness praise.
2. But how shall we exalt his name,
Whose wise, all-comprehending thought
Projected this stupendous frame,
And fashion'd all things out of nought?
3. Who, midst the realm of ancient night,
One undistinguish'd, void abyss!
By his bare *fiat* form'd the light,
And bade this beauteous fabrick rise.
4. Celestial hosts of cherubs, say,
Attendants on his awful nod!
How issu'd forth the dawning ray,
Refulgent shadow of the God?

⁹⁶[Unidentified author], "On the Creation," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 208–11.

5. Rais'd with stupendous arch, the skies
Widely their azure mantle spread;
On sable wings the tempest flies,
New risen from the liquid bed.
6. The marshall'd waves, with headlong course,
Retreat from the aspiring land,
And rally their divided force,
Obedient to the great command.
7. Nocturnal lamps, their measur'd round
Now leading, radiant blessings shed;
With dignity unrivall'd crown'd,
The sun, just lighted, rears his head.
8. Unbrooded flocks in *æther* play,
The deep enliven'd shines in scales;
There infant eagles brave the day,
Here drops commence enormous whales.
9. But O! what numbers shall we find
Expressing how ourselves began?
When the ador'd almighty mind
His scheme epitomiz'd in man;

10. Resemblance of himself imprest,
 In reason, sanctity, command;
With wisdom fill'd his stately breast,
 With scepter of the globe his hand.
11. Ye glorious works of heav'n and earth,
 Chiefly, thou last, hosannahs raise
To him, whose goodness gave you birth:
 Unwearied your Creator praise!

**On the Death of
A Good Poor Woman.⁹⁷**

1. In even scale, by truth divine,
 When greatness weigh'd shall be,
Nor laurel'd chiefs shall equal shine,
 Nor scepter'd kings, with thee.
2. Thy patient faith, no grief defac'd,
 No form of woe could move,
Not meagre want, securely plac'd
 On God, thy hope! thy love!

⁹⁷[Unidentified author], "On the Death of a Good Poor Woman," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 244–45. See the closely related poem (either a predecessor or adaptation of this one) in John Wesley's *MS Poetry Miscellany*, p. 148.

3. What tho' by fawning crowds employ'd,
They grasp'd a wider fame?
No finer dust their limbs compos'd,
Their minds no purer flame.
4. O'ercharg'd with vanity and sin,
T' impartial fate they bend;
In death thy glories but begin,
Where all their glories end.
5. The Sov'reign drops his pomp and show,
And lays his scepter down;
A richer robe adorns thee now,
A never-fading crown!

**An
Anacreontick Ode,
Upon a Wedding after Thirteen Years Courtship.⁹⁸**

Begin, the joyous nuptial sing!
Wake the warbling dancing string!
Not old Anacreon would desire
Sweeter subject for his lyre,

⁹⁸[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "An Anacreontick Ode upon a Wedding, After Thirteen Years Courtship," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 246–48 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 92–93].

Than love for length of years the same,
Bright with undiminish'd flame;
What later ages rarely see,
Patriarchal constancy!
Let misers, fond of yellow mould;
Truck their happiness for gold;
No shining dust his choice could move,
Wisely fix'd to live and love.
May he for all the years he spent,
Ne'er have reason to repent;
And she be studious to repay
Sev'n years service in a day!
And both the pain that's past employ,
More to raise their present joy.
If children e'er should bless their eyes,
Healthy, virtuous, let them rise;
With new endearment still improve
All the tenderness of love.
Far from the chearful mansion, far,
Shy suspicion breeding jar;
Pride, too aspiring to descend,
Wanton wit that wounds a friend:
And spirit high, with humour join'd,
Curse of man and womankind!
May neither miss the happy road,
To their duty, to their God;
While many, many years they see,
Bless'd with peace and piety!
That all the wise their praise may give,
Well this pair knew how to live!
That all who see their death may cry,
Well this pair knew how to die.

**To a
Young Lady on her Birth-Day,
Being the First of April.⁹⁹**

Let others write for by-designs,
I seek some moral in my lines,
Which whosoever reads must bear,
Or great, or learn'd, or young, or fair.
Permit me then with friendly lay,
To moralize your April day.

Checquer'd your native month appears
With sunny gleams and cloudy tears;
'Tis thus the world our trust beguiles,
Its frowns as transient as its smiles;
Nor pain nor pleasure long will stay,
For life is but an April day.

Health will not always last in bloom,
But age or sickness surely come;
Are friends belov'd? why fate must seize
Or these from you, or you from these:
Forget not earnest in your play,
For youth is but an April day.

When piety and fortune move
Your heart to try the bands of love,

⁹⁹[Samuel Wesley Jr.], "To a Young Lady, on her Birthday, being the First of April," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 279–81 [cf. Wesley, *Poems on Several Occasions* (2nd edn.; Cambridge: Bentham, 1743), 167–68].

As far as duty gives you pow'r,
Guiltless enjoy the present hour:
"Gather your rose-buds while you may,"
For love is but an April day.

What clouds soe'er without are seen,
Oh may they never reach within;
But virtue's stronger fetters bind
The strongest tempest of the mind:
Calm may you shoot your setting ray,
And sunshine end your April day.

On a Fine Day.¹⁰⁰

Boast not, ye few, your better fate,
Who on the rich and pow'rful wait;
Who early at the *levée* bow,
And cringing watch the gracious brow.
See here, our troubles to beguile,
See here an universal smile!
Tho' little else our own we call,
Free air and sun-shine are for all.

The poor and unprovided, see,
Come forth to meet their property!
The halt and maim'd to pleasure move,
For they're invited from above;
Nay, ev'n the blind himself, with glee,
Enjoys the day, he cannot see.
Tho' little else our own we call,
Free air and sun-shine are for all.

¹⁰⁰[Unidentified author], "On a Fine Day," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 282.

**An Ode
Sung
At the Anniversary Meeting of a Very
Worthy and Antient Fraternity.¹⁰¹**

1.

To endless rounds of hopes and fears
Our glory we betray;
And toils on toils, and cares on cares
Consume our lives away.

The fond desire and flatt'ring view
But lead us to despair;
With pain we all our ends pursue,
And all our ends are air.

Chorus.

Then lose we care, and balk we toil,
Our sorrows well deceiving;
And wisely now, a little while,
Devote we life to living.

¹⁰¹[Unidentified author], "An Ode sung at the Anniversary . . .," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 295–88. It appears in John Wesley's MS Poetry Miscellany, 86–87, under the title "Ode to the Grand Khaibar, 1726". It may have been written in response to *An Ode to the Grand Khaibar* (London: J. Roberts, 1725), which was a satire on Free Masonry. Wesley also published it in *Arminian Magazine* 11 (1788): 277–78.

2.

Our better part, the human mind,
('Tis reason's chearful voice)
Ally'd to angels, was design'd
Like them for social joys:

And to diffuse the heart in mirth,
And give the soul to shine,
Distinguish man from vulgar earth,
And speak him half divine.¹⁰²

Chorus.

'Tis thus we live, and thus we'll rise
Above all worldly measure,
Assert our kindred to the skies,
And grasp immortal pleasure.

3.

The good and brave the vertues own
To gen'rous converse due;
And they're the good and brave alone
That can and dare be true.

They're such who feel the steady rays
Of friendship's purest flame;
And, clear or cloudy be their days,
For ever love the same.

¹⁰²Wesley deleted this stanza in the later reprint in *Arminian Magazine*.

Chorus.

So friend with friend we'll nobly close,
While all around us wonder
There should be found in nature those,
Whom fortune cannot sunder.

4.

What tho' the many wholly bend
To things beneath our state,
Some poorly to be rich contend,
And others meanly great?

There liv'd a few thro' ev'ry space,
Since first our kind began,
Who still maintain'd, with better grace,
The dignity of man.

Chorus.

For this, as met our sires, meet we,
With brother join we brother:
For souls, from pride and av'rice free,
Were form'd for one another.

A
Fragment
Of an Epistle to a Friend,
In Imitation of One of Horace's.¹⁰³

If you will use the little that you have,
More has not heav'n to give, or you to crave;
Cease to complain; he never can be poor,
Who has sufficient,¹⁰⁴ and who wants no more.
If but from cold and pining hunger free,
The richest monarch can but equal thee.
If, where the costliest dishes load the board,
That earth's remotest regions can afford;
Abstemious thou those cheaper dainties chuse,
Such as thy gardens or thy fields produce;
Ev'n with this mean repast, this simple food,
Thou liv'st possess'd of fortune's lavish flood:
For gold o'er nature can exert no sway,
Make the rose sweeter, or the mead more gay.
And virtue's palace stands on high secure,
A pitch beyond what ought so mean can soar.
While lust and av'rice taint a groveling age,
Far nobler thoughts thy tow'ring mind engage,

¹⁰³[Unidentified author], "A Fragment of an Epistle to a Friend," in David Lewis (ed.), *Miscellaneous Poems by Several Hands* (London: J. Watts, 1730), 299–300.

¹⁰⁴Ori., "sufficiant"; corrected in the errata.

The lunar changes from what secret cause,
What guides the year, and gives the ocean laws;
Whether the stars spontaneous fall and rise,
Or take their bidden station in the skies;
If round the central earth th' obedient sun
His daily talk of revolution run;
Or this dark globe know its diurnal way,
Respect the central sun, and catch the day:
From cause to cause still ardent to ascend,
Till in the great FIRST CAUSE thy searches end.

Introduction to the Following Ode.

That the praises of the Author of nature, which is the fittest subject for the sublime way of writing, was the most ancient use of poetry, cannot be learn'd from a more proper instance (next to examples of holy writ,) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus; a relique of great antiquity: they contain several verses concerning God, and his making and governing the universe; which, tho' imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expressions. Whether these verses were indeed written by that celebrated father of poetry and musick, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus who lived about the time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a question of little use or importance.

A large paraphrase of these in French verse has been prefix'd to the translation of Phocylides, but in a flat stile, much inferior to the design. The following Ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the same model, in a language which having stronger sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best critick Rapin, more capable of sustaining great subjects.

An Ode To the Creator of the World.¹⁰⁵

By Mr. John Hughes.

- [1.] O muse unfeign'd! O true cælestial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Descend! a mortal tongue inspire
To sing some great immortal lay;

¹⁰⁵John Hughes, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Tonson & Watts, 1735), 2:81–88.

Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
Hence ye profane! be far away!
Hence all the impious slaves that bow
To idol lusts, or altars raise;
And to false heroes give fantastick praise!
And hence ye gods, who to a crime your spurious beings owe!
But hear O heav'n and earth, and seas profound!
Hear ye unfathom'd depths below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
Let nature trembling all around,
Attend her Master's awful name,
From whom heav'n, earth, and seas, and wide creation came!

2. He spoke the great command, and light,
Heav'n's eldest-born and fairest child,
Flash'd in the lowring face of ancient night,
And pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.
The sons of morning on the wing,
Hov'ring in choirs his praises sing,
When from th' unbounded vacuous space,
A beauteous rising world they saw;
When nature shew'd her yet unfinish'd face,
And motion took th' establish'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier sprung to his appointed race.

3. Supreme, Almighty, still the same!
 'Tis he, the great inspiring mind,
 That animates this universal frame,
Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
 Not heav'n itself can bound his sway,
 Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,
 Invisible to mortal eye
 He dwells in uncreated day.
 Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
That fills th' unmeasur'd orb of vast immensity.
4. What pow'r but his can rule the changeful main,
And wake the sleeping storm, or its loud rage restrain?
 When winds their gather'd forces try,
 And the chas'd ocean proudly swells in vain,
 His voice rebukes th' impetuous roar;
 In murm'ring tides th' abated billows fly,
 And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
 The meteor-world is his, heaven's wintry store,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;
 The summer breeze, the soft refreshing show'r,
The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
 The crooked lightning darts around,
 His sovereign orders to fulfil;
 The shooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
 Lanch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain Oak, or blast th' unshelter'd ground.

5. Yet pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
 He, with a Father's tender care,
 Supports the num'rous family
 That peoples earth and sea and air.
From nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
 Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
 From th' eagle, sov'reign of the sky,
 To each inferior, feather'd brood;
 From crowns and purple majesty
 To humble shepherds on the plains,
His hand unseen divides to all their food,
 And the whole world of life sustains.
6. At one wide view his eye surveys
 His works, in ev'ry distant clime;
 He shifts the seasons, months and days,
The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
 By turns they die, by turns are born;
 Now chearful spring the circle leads,
 And strows with flow'rs the smiling meads;
Gay summer next, whom russet robes adorn,
 And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of nature spreads;
 Decrepit winter, laggard in the dance,
 (Like feeble age opprest with pain)
 A heavy season does maintain,
 With driving snows and winds and rain;

Till spring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

7. But who, thou great ador'd! who can withstand
The terrors of thy lifted hand,
When long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conscious nature to her center shakes?
Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confusion round.
How dreadful is the inimitable sound,
The shock of earth and seas, and labour of the skies!
Then where's ambition's haughty crest?
Where the gay head of wanton pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wish the opening ground
Would take them quick to shades of rest,
And in their common parent's breast
From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide.
In vain—for all the elements conspire,
The shatter'd earth, the rushing sea,
Tempestuous air, and raging fire,
To punish vile mankind and fight for thee;
Nor death itself can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.
8. O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball!
Once gods of earth, the living destinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where's yours extent of empire now?

Say, where preserv'd your phantom glory lies?
Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling time, and scorn decay?
Ah no! the mould'ring monuments of fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor shew the ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with your selves in the same mass of clay.

9. Proceed my Muse! time's wasting thread pursue,
And see at last th' unravell'd clue,
When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary nature shall her work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of fate!
Myriads of spirits fill the sky
T' attend, with dread solemnity,
The world's last scene, and time's concluding date.
The feeble race of shortliv'd vanity
And sickly pomp at once shall die;
Foul guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
Look back and tremble in her flight,
And curse at heav'n's pursuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will you then, ye impious, 'scape your doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Nor shall ye hope more solid bliss t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But sigh, a long eternity of pain,
Tost in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

10. But see where the mild Sovereign sits prepar'd
His better subjects to reward!
Where am I now! what pow'r divine
Transports me! what immortal splendors shine!
Torrents of glory that oppress the sight!
What joys, cælestial King! thy throne surround!
The sun, who with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
Would here diminish'd fade away,
Like his pale sister of the night,
When she resigns her delegated light,
Lost in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place;—
Then Muse, th' adventurous flight forbear!
These mystick scenes thou can'st no farther trace;
Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vast immeasurable thought contain.

A
Monumental Ode.
To the Memory of
Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes.¹⁰⁶

Late wife of Edward Hughes, Esq; of Hertingfordbury,
in the county of Hertford, and daughter of
Richard Harrison, Esq; of Balls in the same county.

Obiit 15 Nov. MDCCXIV.

1. See! how those dropping monuments decay!
 Frail mansions of the silent dead,
Whose souls to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wise scorn their mouldring dust survey.
Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they;
 For see! to dust they both return,
And time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

2. We ask the sculptor's art in vain
To make us for a space our selves survive;
In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
 Or seem in figur'd brass to live.

¹⁰⁶John Hughes, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Tonson & Watts, 1735), 2:98–102.

Yet stone and brass our hopes betray,
Age steals the mimick forms and characters away.
In vain, O Ægypt, to the wondring skies
With giant pride thy pyramids arise;
Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
No names distinct of their great dead remain,
Beneath the mass confus'd, thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

3. From yon verdant rising brow
See Hertford's ancient town, and lands,
Where nature's hand in slow meanders leads
The lee's clear stream its course to flow
Thro' flow'ry vales, and moisten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous prospect spreads
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
Eliza's soul, born first above,
Descended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties strove.
So, on some tow'ring peak that meets the sky,
When missive seraphs downward fly,
They stop, and for a-while alight,
Put off their rays cælestial-bright,
Then take some milder form familiar to our eye.

4. Swiftly her infant virtues grew:
Water'd by heav'n's peculiar care
Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
Like summer's day-break, when we see

The fresh-drop'd stores of rosy dew,
(Transparent beauties of the dawn)
Spread o'er the grass their cobweb-lawn,
Or hang moist pearls on ev'ry tree.
Pleas'd with the lovely sight a-while
Her friends behold, and joyful smile,
Nor think the sun's exhaling ray
Will change the scene ere noon of day,
Dry up the glist'ring drops, and draw those dews away.

5. Yet first, to fill her orb of life,
 Behold, in each relation dear,
The pious saint, the duteous child appear,
The tender sister, and the faithful wife.
Alas! but must one circlet of the year
 Unite in bliss, in grief divide
 The destin'd bridegroom and the bride?
Stop, gen'rous youth, the gathering tear,
That as you read these lines or hear
Perhaps may start, and seem to say,
That short-liv'd year was but a day!
Forbear—nor fruitless sorrowings now employ,
 Think she was lent a-while, not giv'n,
 (Such was th' appointed will of heav'n)
Then grateful call that year an age of virtuous joy.

Advertisement.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimire, intituled, *E Rebus Humanis Excessus*, from which it is plain that Cowley likewise took the first hint of his ode call'd, *The Ecstasy*. The former part therefore is chiefly an imitation of that ode, tho' with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a further improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens, according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

**The
Ecstasy.**¹⁰⁷

- [1]. I leave mortality's low sphere.
Ye winds and clouds, come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift thro' the regions of the sky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,

¹⁰⁷John Hughes, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: Tonson & Watts, 1735), 2:299–307.

(The rich abodes
Of heav'nly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decrease beneath my rising view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its scatter'd nations I survey,
And all the mass of earth and sea;
Oh object well deserving tears!
Capricious state of things below,
That changeful from their birth no fix'd duration know!

2. Here new-built towns, aspiring high,
 Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
 There others fall, and mouldring lie,
Obscure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
 (Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
 Still load with useless pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
 Lifts she to heav'n her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
 Or where's the pride of Africk's shore?
 Is Rome's great rival then no more?
 In Rome herself behold th' extreams of fate,
Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted state!
 See her luxurious palaces arise
 With broken arches mix'd between!
 And here what splendid domes possess the skies!

And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moss display;
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roof-less heads to form the various scene.

3. Around the space of earth I turn my eye;
 But where's the region free from woe?
Where shall my soul one little spot descry
 The seat of happiness below?
 Here peace would all its joys dispence,
The vines and olives unmolested grow,
 But lo! a purple pestilence
 Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
 Whilst vainly thro' deserted fields
 Her unreap'd harvests Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns.
 There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
 But slaves to arbitrary power,
 And pleas'd each other to devour,
 The mad possessors rush to arms.
 I see, I see them from afar.
 I view distinct the mingled war!
 I see the charging squadrons prest
 Hand to hand, and breast to breast.
Destruction, like a vultur, hovers nigh;
 Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd food.

4. Here cruel discord takes a wider scene,
To exercise more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous pow'rs engage,
 With scarce a space of sea between.
Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
 Rends the elements asunder!
 Affrighted ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the distant shore;
 The distant shore,
 That such a storm ne'er felt before,
 Transmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling sound.
5. Still greater horrors strike my eyes.
 Behold convulsive earthquakes there
 A shatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise!
Thro' opening mines th' astonish'd wretches go,
 Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin sleeps; and nought remains
 But dust above and desert plains,
Unless some stone this sad inscription wear,
 Rais'd by some future traveller,
The prince, his people, and his kingdom here
 One common tomb contains.

6. Again, behold where seas, disdainful bound,
 O'er the firm land usurping ride,
And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping tide.
Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples sound.
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
 A watery monument, in which profound
 The courts and cottages together lie.
 E'en now the floating wreck I spy,
 And the wide surface far around
With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
 When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe
 Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and rising in its might
Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.
 Thus fire, and air, and earth, and main,
 A never-ceasing fight maintain,
While man on ev'ry side is sure to lose;
And fate has furnish'd out the stage of life
 With war, misfortune, and with strife;
Till death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of woes.
7. But why do I delay my flight?
 Or on such gloomy objects gaze?
I go to realms serene with ever-living light.
Haste, clouds and whirlwinds, haste to raise;
Mount me sublime along the shining way,

Where planets, in pure streams of æther driv'n,
Swim thro' the blue expanse of heav'n.
And lo! th' obsequious clouds and winds obey!
And lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide-stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye,
Heav'n! what bright visions now arise!
What opening worlds my ravish'd sense surprise!
I pass cerulean gulphs, and now behold
New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd bear,
Unprop'd amidst the fluid air,
And round the central sun, in circling eddies roll'd.
Unequal in their course, see they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the same laws ordain
T' obey the earth, and rule the main;
Her spots no more in shadowy streaks appear;
But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
My wond'ring eye transported sees,
And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward cast my sight,
When lo! the earth, a larger moon, displays
Far off, amidst the heav'ns, her silver face,
And to her sister-moon by turns gives light!
Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky white.

8. What pow'r unknown my course still upward guides,
Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw
Thro' heat-less skies that round him seem to glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons presides.

And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
And pass his planetary guards, and his bright ring behold:
Here the sun's beams so faintly play,
The mingled shades almost extinguish day.
His rays reverted hence the sire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;
And other suns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

9. And now far off thro' the blue vacant borne,¹⁰⁸
I reach at last the Milky Road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode
Where stars, profuse in heaps, heav'ns glittering height, adorn.
Lost in each other's neighb'ring rays,
They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze.
So thick the lucid gemms are strown,
As if th' Almighty Builder here
Laid up his stores for many a sphere
In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,¹⁰⁹
Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
Like distant morning in the skies;
And wonders from what source its dawning splendors rise.

¹⁰⁸Ori., "corn"; likely a misprint.

¹⁰⁹This line in the original poem is missing in *MSP*, likely as a printer's error; it is required to preserve rhyme and metre.

10. But lo!—what's this I see appear?
 It seems far off a pointed flame;
 From earth-wards too the shining meteor came.
 How swift it climbs th' aëreal space!
 And now it traverses each sphere,
 And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.
 'Tis he—as I approach more near
 The great Columbus of the skies I know!
 'Tis Newton's soul, that daily travels here
 In search of knowledge for mankind below.
 O stay, thou happy spirit, stay,
 And lead me on thro' all th' unbeaten wilds of day.
 As when the Sybil did Rome's father guide
 Safe thro' the downward roads of night,
 And in Elysium blest his sight
 With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.
 Here let me, thy companion, stray,
 From orb to orb, and now behold
 Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold,
 And trace each comet's wand'ring way,
 And now descry light's fountain head,
 And measure its descending speed;
 Or learn how sun-born colours rise
 In rays distinct, and in the skies
 Blended in yellow radiance flow,
 Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watry bow;
 Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures shed
 On ev'ry planet's hills, and ev'ry verdant mead.

11. Thus, rais'd sublime on contemplation's wings,
Fresh wonders I would still explore,
Still the great Maker's pow'r adore,
Lost in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth, and earthly things;
But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the heav'ns, adopted into light!
So for a-while the royal eagle's brood
In his low nest securely lies,
Amid the darkness of the shelt'ring wood:
Yet warm with in-born vigour hopes the skies:
'Till fleg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
The bird of heav'n to heav'n aspires,
Soars 'midst the meteors and cælestial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,
And bears the thunder thro' th' ætherial plains.

**The
Complaint.
or,
Night-Thoughts
on
Life, Death and Immortality.**¹¹⁰

Night the First.

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy *sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.

From short, (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding thought
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery,

¹¹⁰Edward Young, *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality* (London: Dodsley, 1742–45); note that only seven “nights” were published by 1744, thus nights 8–9 do not appear in this extract.

At random drove, her helm of reason lost;
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change; severer for severe:
The *day* too short for my distress! and *night*
Even in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sun-shine, to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world:
Silence, how dead? and darkness how profound?
Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence, and *darkness*! solemn sisters! twins
From antient *night*, who nurse the tender thought
To *reason*, and on reason build *resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *there* this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine:
But what are ye? *thou*, who didst put to flight
Primæval *silence*, when the morning-stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O thou! whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure;
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of *nature*, and of *soul*,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten, and to chear: O lead my mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
 Lead it thro' various scenes of *life* and *death*,
 And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire:
 Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song*;
 Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
 Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear.
 Nor let the vial of thy vengeance pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *one*: we take no note of time,
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the *knell* of my departed hours;
 Where are they? with the years beyond the flood:
 It is the *signal* that demands dispatch;
 How much is to be done? my hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
 A dread eternity! how surely *mine!*
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensi'oner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor? how rich? how abject? how august?
 How complicate? how wonderful is man?
 How passing wonder he, who made him such?
 Who center'd in our make such strange extremes?
 From different natures, marvelously mixt,

Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguisht *link* in being's endless chain!
Mid way from *nothing* to the *deity*!
 A beam ethereal sully'd, and absorpt!
 Tho' sully'd, and dishonour'd, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect *infinite*!
 A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her *own*: how reason reels?
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd? what joy, what dread?
 Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
 While o'er my limbs *sleep*'s soft dominion spread,
 What, tho' my soul phantastic measures trod,
 O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods: or down the craggy steep
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
 Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
 Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
 Active aëreal, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
 Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:

Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day:
For human weal, heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Who then *their* loss deplores, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? are *angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, æthereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead:
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous? how vital is the grave?
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades:
All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*;
How solid all, where change shall be no more?

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule,
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,

Yon ambient, azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of God:¹¹¹ O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here bury's all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God:
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
In *his* full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more?
Where time, and pain, and chance and death expire?
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At ought this scene can threaten, or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? it o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart encrusted by the world?
O how self-fetter'd was my groveling soul?
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile *fancy* spun,
Till darken'd *reason* lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies?

¹¹¹Ori., "gods"; corrected in the errata.

Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
 Of things impossible? (could sleep do more?)
 Of joys perpetual in perpetual change?
 Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave?
 Eternal sun-shine in the storms of life?
 How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
 With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys?
 Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
 Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
 Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
 Starting I woke, and found myself undone?
 Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
 The *cobweb'd* cottage with its ragged wall
 Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me!
 The *spider's* most attenuated thread
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

O ye blest scenes of *permanent* delight!
 Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
 And quite unparadise the realms of light.
 Safe are you lodg'd above those rolling spheres;
 The baleful influence of whose giddy dance,
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
 And rarely for the better; or the best,
 More mortal than the common births of fate.
 Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
 Of *time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep

Strikes empires from the root; each *moment* plays
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud words! and vain:
 Implicit treason to divine decree!
 A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
 I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
 O had I weigh'd it ere¹¹² my fond embrace!
 What darts of agony had miss'd my heart?
 Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars;
 The sun himself by thy permission shines,
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
 Amid such plunder, why wouldst thou exhaust
 Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so mean?
 Why, thy *peculiar* rancor wreck'd on me?
 Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
 Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
 And thrice, ere¹¹³ thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn:
 O Cynthia! why so pale? dost thou lament
 Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to see thy wheel
 Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
 How widow'd every thought of every joy?
 Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,
 Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
 Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
 Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing *past*,

¹¹²Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

¹¹³Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

In quest of wretchedness perversely strays:
 And finds all desert *now*; and meets the ghosts
 Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
 I rue the riches of my former fate;
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me sigh:
 I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
 And every pleasure pains me to the heart.
 Yet why *complain?* or why complain for one!
 Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me?
 The single man? are angels all beside?
 I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
 In *this* shape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
 The mother's throes on all of woman born,
 Not more the children, than sure heirs of *pain*.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
 Intestine broils, *oppression*, with her heart
 Wrapt up in tripple brass, besiege mankind:
 God's image, disinherited of day,
Here plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made;
There beings deathless as their haughty lord,
 Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
 And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair:
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
 In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
 Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,
 If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom:
Want, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair!)
 On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
 At once; and make a refuge of the grave:
 How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead?
 What numbers groan for sad admission there?

What numbers once in *fortune*'s lap high-fed,
 Sollicit the cold hand of charity?
 To shock us more, sollicit it in vain?
 Ye silken sons of pleasure! visit *here*,
 And breathe from your debauch: *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
 Your impudence, you blush at what is right!

Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone:
 Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
 Disease invades the chastest temperance;
 And punishment the guiltless; and alarm
 Thro' thickest shades pursues the sons of peace;
 Man's caution often into danger turns,
 And his guard falling, crushes him to death.
 The *smoothest* course of nature has its pains,
 And *truest* friends, thro' error wound our rest;
 Without misfortune, what calamities?
 And what hostilities, without a foe?
 Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth:
 But endless is the list of human ills,
 And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
 Is tenanted by man? the rest a *waste*,
 Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
 Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death:
 Such is earth's melancholy map! but far
 More sad! this earth is a true map of *man*:
 So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
 To *woe*'s wide empire; where deep *troubles* toss;
 Loud *sorrows* howl; envenom'd *passions* bite;

Ravenous *calamities* our vitals seize,
And threat'ning *fate*, wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind:
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels;
More generous sorrow while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Sworn thought a second channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief:
Take then, O world! thy much-indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour?
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Would'st thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou would'st; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend:
Thou happy *wretch!* by blindness art thou blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles:
Know, *smiler!* at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

I would not damp, but to secure thy joys:
Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:

Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of fate.
 Is heaven tremendous in its frown! most sure:
 And in its favours formidable too;
 Its favours here are tryals, not rewards;
 A call to duty, not discharge from care,
 And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
 Awake us to their *cause*, and *consequence*,
 O'er our scan'd conduct give a jealous eye;
 Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
 All joys, but joys that never can expire:
 Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
 Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
 Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanting earth
 Lost all her lustre; where, her glittering towers?
 Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
 To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
 The great magician's dead! thou poor, pale piece
 Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
 From yesterday! thy darling hope so near,
 (Long-labour'd prize!) death's subtle seed within,
 (Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
 Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
 The worm to riot on that rose so red,
 Unfaded ere¹¹⁴ it fell; one moment's prey!

The present moment terminates our sight;
 Clouds thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*;
 We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
 Ere¹¹⁵ mingled with the streaming sands of life,

¹¹⁴Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

¹¹⁵Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours:
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? in another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not even Philander had bespoke his shroud;
Nor had he cause, a warning was deny'd;
How many fall as suddain, not as safe?
As suddain, tho' for years admonisht home;
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprize?
Be wise to day, 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life:
Procrastination is the thief of time,
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene,
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, "that all men are about to live."
 For ever on the brink of being born:
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise;
 How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead?
 Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vail;¹¹⁶
 That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign;
 The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
 All *promise* is poor dilatory man,
 And that thro' every stage: when young, indeed,
 In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise:
 At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
 At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves; and re-resolves:¹¹⁷ then dies the same.

And why? because he thinks himself immortal:
 All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the suddain dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close, where past the shaft, no trace is found:
 As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
 Even with the tender tear which nature sheds

¹¹⁶Ori., "vails"; corrected in the errata.

¹¹⁷Ori., "re-solves"; likely a misprint; the original poem has "re-resolves".

O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? that were strange;
O my full heart! but should I give it vent,
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.

**The
Complaint.**

Night the Second.

“When the *cock* crew, he wept”—smote by that eye,
Which looks on me, on all: that pow’r, who bids
This midnight centinel with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouze souls from slumber, into thoughts of *heaven*.
Shall I too weep? where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon’d, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is listed: life is war;
Eternal war with woe: who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I’ll dwell.
Where most is need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander’s dust. He, thus, tho’ dead
May still befriend—what themes? *time’s wondrous price*,
Death, friendship, and Philander’s *final scene*.
Themes meet for man! and meet at ev’ry hour,
But most as this, at midnight ever clad
In *death’s* own sables; silent as his realms;

And prone to weep; profuse of dewy tears
O'er nature, in her temporary tomb.

He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of TIME,
(Blest avarice!) which the thought of death inspires?
O *time!* than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wise.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *years* are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid?
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious *death!* should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.

How late I shudder'd on the brink? how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair?
That *time* is mine, O *mead!* to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*:
But ill my genius answers my desire;
Accept the will; it dies not with my strain.
For what calls *thy* disease Lorenzo? not
For Esculapian, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in *time*; it may be, poor:
Part with *it* as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth:
And what its worth, ask death-beds, they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come:
Time higher-aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?
 And sport we like the natives of the bough,
 When vernal suns inspire? *amusement* reigns
 Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
 And is it then a trifle, too, to die?—
 Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
 Is it not treason, to the soul immortal,
 Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
 Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?
 When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
 Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
 Will toys amuse?—no: thrones will then be toys,
 And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time?—its loss we dearly buy:
 What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
 He pleads time's numerous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
 The straw-like *trifles*, on life's common stream.
 From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from thee?
 No *blank*, no *trifle* nature made, or meant.
 Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue still be thine:
This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
 In *act* no trifle, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all:
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
 A royal tribute, from the poorest hours.
 Immense revenue! every moment *pays*.
 If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power,
 Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;
 'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer;
 Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.

On all-important *time*, through every age,
 Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man
 Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
 "I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,
 Had been an emperor without his crown;
 Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race;
 He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: *so reason* speaks in all:
 From the soft whispers of that god in man,
 Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
 For rescue from the *blessing* we possess?
Time, the supreme!—time is eternity;
 Pregnant with all eternity can give;
 Pregnant with all, that makes arch-angels smile:
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
 A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man?
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure nature for a span too short;
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed;
 And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *art!* our furious charioteer
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;

Death, most our dread: death thus more dreadful made.
 O what a riddle of absurdity?
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels,
 How heavily we dragg the load of life?
 Yet when *death* kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
 Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
 But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Ruefull, aghast! cry out at his career.

We throw away our suns, as made for sport,
 And not to light us, on our way to scenes
 Whose lustre turns *their* lustre into shade.
 We *waste*, not *use* our time: we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence, us'd is life:
 And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
 Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
 And why? since *time* was given for use, not waste,
 Enjoin'd to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;
 That man might *feel* his error, if unseen;
 And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure.

Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
 Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
 We rave, we wrestle with *great nature's plan*;

We thwart the deity; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves;
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;
Life we think long, and short; *death* seek, and shun;
 Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
 How tasteless? and how terrible, when gone?
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
 The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd,
 And smiles an angel; or a fury frowns.
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
 And time *possest*, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the deity to please ordain'd,
 Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death:
 He *walks with nature*; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause, and cure are seen: see next
 Time's *nature, origin, importance, speed*;
 And thy great *gain* from urging his career.—
 He looks on *time*, as nothing. Nothing else
 Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's.—*Time's* a god.
 Hast thou ne'er heard of *time's* omnipotence;
For, or *against*, what wonders can he do?
 And *will*: to stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
 Not on *those terms* was *time*, (heaven's stranger!) sent
 On his important embassy to man.
 When the dread sire, on emanation bent,
 And big with nature, rising in his might,
 Call'd forth creation, (for then *time* was born)
 By Godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds,

Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heaven,
 From old eternity's mysterious orb,
 Was *time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
 The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
 Measuring his motions by revolving spheres:
 Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
 Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies:
 Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
 His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
 To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
 And join anew *eternity* his sire;
 When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd
 (Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
 To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.
 Why spur the speedy? why with levities
 New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
 Man flies from *time*, and *time* from man: too soon
 In sad divorce, this double flight must end;
 And then, where are we? where Lorenzo! then,
 Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state
 Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud,
 Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
 Has *death* his fopperies? then well may *life*
 Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye well-array'd! ye lilies of our land!
 Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil, nor spin,
 Ye delicate! who nothing can support,
 Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
 The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
 A brighter beam in Leo; silky-soft

Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
 And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
 And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
 Ye who for every bawble, call aloud
 For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
 To drag you patient, through the tedious length
 Of a short winter's *day*; say, sages! say,
 Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
 How will you weather an eternal *night*,
 Where such expedients fail? where wit's a fool,
 Mirth mourns; dreams vanish; laughter drops a tear?

O treacherous *conscience!* while she seems to sleep
 On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with *syren* song;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong *appetite*, the slackned rein,
 The sly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills:
 Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
 Our dawning purposes of heart she 'explores,
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history; which *death* shall read
 In every pale delinquent's private ear;
 And *judgment* publish: publish to more worlds
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
 And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon?*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
 Hell threatens; all exerts; in effort, all;
 More than creation labours!—labours more?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst

This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
 And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—
Man sleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whose fate,
 Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
 Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
 A moment trembles; drops: and *man*, for whom
 All else is in alarm: *man*, the sole cause
 Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
 As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw years away?
 Throw empires, and be blameless. Moments seize,
 Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish
 When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* stand still,
 Bid him drive back his carr, recall, retake
 Fate's hasty prey; implore him, reimport
 The period past; regive the given hour.
 Lorenzo, more than miracles we want:
 Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!

That more than miracle the heavens indulge:
To-day is *yesterday* return'd; return'd
 Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
 And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
 Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
 Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
 Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
 Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
 Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
 More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

Where shall I find him? angels! tell me where,
 You know him; he is near you; point him out;
 Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?

Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?
 Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him shed
 Protection; now, are waving in applause
 To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
 That awful independent on *to-morrow!*
 Whose work is done; who triumphs in the *past*;
 Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;
 Nor like the Parthian wound him as they fly;
 That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours
 If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
 If folly bounds our prospect by the grave;
 All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
 All god-like passion for eternals quench't;
 All relish of realities expir'd;
 Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
 Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
 In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar,
 Prone to the center, crawling in the dust;
 Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
 Embruted every faculty divine;
 Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world:
 The world, that gulph of souls, immortal souls,
 Souls elevate, angelick, wing'd with fire
 To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
 On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd,
 Tho' we from earth; ethereal, they that fell.
 Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
 For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd world,
 Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
 A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,

And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
 Life's little stage is a small eminence,
 Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
 Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around,
 We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
 We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
 Lamenting, or lamented all our lot!
 Is death at distance? no: he has been on thee;
 And given sure earnest of his final blow.
 Those hours which lately smil'd, where are they now?
 Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
 In that great deep, which nothing disembogues;
 And, dying, they bequeath'd thee¹¹⁸ small renown.
 The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
 Already has the fatal train took fire;
 A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;
 The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
 And ask them, what report they bore to heaven;
 And how they might have born more welcome news.
 Their answers form what men *experience* call,
 If *wisdom*'s friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
 O reconcile them; kind *experience* cries,
 "There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
 "The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
 "And by success are tutor'd to despair."
 Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so:
 Who knows not this, tho' grey, is still a child.
 Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
 Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

¹¹⁸Ori., "the"; a misprint.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
 Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
 Since, by *life's* passing breath, blown up from earth,
 Light, as the summer's dust, we take in air
 A moment's giddy flight; and fall again;
 Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
 And sleep till earth herself shall be no more;
 Since then (as emmets their small world o'erthrown)
 We, sore-amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
 And rise to fate extreme, of foul or fair,
 As man's own choice, controuler of the skies!
 As man's despotick will, perhaps one hour,
 (O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
 Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm?
 Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
 From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead?
 Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
 Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,
 O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
 Ere¹¹⁹ while, high flusht with insolence, and wine?
 Like *that*, the dial speaks; and points to thee;
 Loth as thou art to break the banquet up.
 "O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
 "And while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
 Its silent language, such; nor needst thou call
 Thy Magi, to decypher what it means.
 Know; like the *median*, fate is in thy walls:
 Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate he thrives
 On her own meal; and then his nurse devours.

¹¹⁹Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
 It life resembles too: life speeds away
 From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still:
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
 Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger, *gnomons*, time;
 As *these* are useless when the sun is set;
 So *those*, but when more glorious *reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all: in reason's eye,
 That sedentary shadow travels hard:
 But such our gravitation to the wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
 That all mankind mistake their time of day;
 Even age itself: fresh hopes are hourly sown
 In furrow'd brows. So gentle life's descent,
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:
 We take fair days in winter, for the spring:
 We turn our blessings into bane; since oft
 Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*;
 He scarce believes he's older for his years.
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *this*, or similar, Philander! thou
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
 And strong, to wield all science, worth the name;
 How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream?
 How often thaw'd, and shortned winter's eve,

By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth;
 Best found, so sought; to the *recluse* more coy?
 Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip;
 Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;
 Song, fashionably fruitless! such as stains
 The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *passion* fires;
 Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.

Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
Good sense will stagnate: thoughts shut up want air,
 And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been deny'd;
 Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too.
 Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or dross;
 When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
 If sterling; store it for thy future use:
 Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possest;
 Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
 The births of intellect: when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine:
 Brightens for ornament; and whets for use:
 'Tis thought's exchange, which like th' alternate push
 Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
 And defecates the students standing pool.

In *contemplation* is his proud resource?
 'Tis poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd;
 Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation*'s field;
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit.

'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
 As exercise, for salutary rest.
 By that untutor'd, *contemplation* raves
 A lunar prince; or famish'd beggar dies;
 And *nature's* fool, by *wisdom's* is outdone.

Wisdom, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,
 And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
 What is she, but the means of *happiness*?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
 A melancholy fool without her bells:
Friendship the means, and friendship richly gives
 The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
 Celestial *happiness*, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heaven,—the bosom of a friend;
 Beware the counterfeit; in *passion's* flame
 Hearts melt; but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
 True love strikes root in reason; *passion's* foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
 I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
 Of *friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
 This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
 And gives the rivet of eternity.

From *friendship* which outlives my former themes,
 Glorious survivor of old *time*, and *death*!
 From friendship, thus, that flow'r of heavenly seed,
 The wise draw wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy;
 O store it in the soul's most golden cell!

But for whom blossoms this *elysian* flower?
Tho' choice of follies fasten on the *great*,
None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure;
Or fascination of a high-born smile.
Can gold gain friendship? impudence of hope!
As well meer man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Delusive pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase, few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

A friend is worth all hazard we can run.
"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung he (angels hear that angel sing!
Angels from friendship gather half their joy).
So sung Philander, let me paint that scene!
Is it his deathbed? no; it is his shrine;
Behold him, there, just rising to a god.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven;
Fly, ye profane! or else draw near with awe,
For, *here*, resistless demonstration dwells;
Here tir'd *dissimulation* drops her masque,
Here real, and apparent, are the same.
You see the *man*; you see his hold on heaven:

Heaven waits not the last moment, owns her friends
On this side death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.
"No warning given! unceremonious fate!
"A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!
"A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble *nature's* dread!
"Strong *reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!
"A sun extinguish'd! a just opening grave!
"And Oh! the last, last; what? (can words express?
"Thought reach?) the last, last—*silence* of a friend!"

Thro' nature's wreck, thro' vanquish'd agonies,
Like the stars struggling thro' this midnight gloom,
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene?
Whence, this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour:
His final hour brings glory to his God,
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze; we weep; mix'd tears of grief and joy!

Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and *infidels* believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the sun, illustrious from its height;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps, and darkness drown the spacious vale:
Undamp't by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *peace*, and heavenly *hope*, and humble *joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
Life take thy chance: but O! for such an end!

**The
Complaint.**

Night the Fourth.

How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death? I sing its sov' reign cure.

Why start at death? where is he? death arriv'd,
Is past; not come, or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere¹²⁰ *hope, sensation* fails; black-boding man
Receives, not *suffers* death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But was death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date, cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? look the world around,
And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought

¹²⁰Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Full range, on just *dislike*'s unbounded field;
 Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
 Flaws in the *best*; the many, flaw all o'er,
 As *leopards* spotted, or as *Æthiops*, dark;
 Vivacious *ill*; *good* dying immature;
 And at its death bequeathing endless pain;
 His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,
 And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.

But grant to life some perquisites of joy;
 A time there is, when like a thrice-told tale,
 Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
 But from our *comment* on the comedy,
 Pleasing *reflections* on parts well-sustain'd,
 Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
 Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
 When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
 And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
 A new world rises, and new manners reign:
 Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,
 To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
 What a pert race starts up? the strangers gaze,
 And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
 Nor that the worst; ah me! the dire effect
 Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long;
 Of old so gracious, (and let that suffice)
 My very master knows me not.—

The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,

I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
 And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
 I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
 As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
 Till *death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
 What, tho' we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
 Earth's highest¹²¹ station ends in "here he lies,"
 And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
 If this song lives, posterity shall know
 One, tho' in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
 Who thought even gold might come a day too late;
 Nor on his subtle deathbed plan'd his scheme
 For future vacancies in church, or state;
 Some avocation deeming it—to die;
 Unbit by rage canine of dying rich;
 Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coëvals! remnants of yourselves!
 Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave!
 Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
 Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,
 Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?

¹²¹Ori., "higest"; an archaic spelling.

With avarice, and convulsions grasping hard?
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
 Man wants but little; nor that little, long;
 How soon must he resign his very dust;
 Which frugal nature lent him for an hour?
 Years unexperienc'd rush on numerous ills;
 And soon as man, expert from time, has found
 The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look
 And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
 I still survive; and am I fond of life,
 Who scarce can think it¹²² possible, I live?
 Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
 Alive by *mead!* if I am still alive,
 Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
 Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
 Life's lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*,
 And *vapid*; *sense*, and *reason* show the door,
 Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death!
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
 Whose all-prolific beam, late call'd me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
 The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence; and could'st know

¹²²Ori., "in"; corrected in the errata.

No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
 A rise in blessing! with the *patriarch's* joy,
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
 I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
 Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs,
 All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

Tho' *nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be repress;
 Still frowns grim *death*; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
 And whence all human guilt? from death forgot.
 Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm
 Of friendly warnings, which around me flew,
 And smil'd unsmitten: small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,
 More dreadful by delay, the longer ere¹²³
 They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
 O think how deep, Lorenzo! *here* it stings;
 Who can appease its anguish? how it burns?
 What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can draw?
 What healing hand can pour the balm of peace?
 And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?

With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I see;
 Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high?
 On high?—what means my frenzy? I blaspheme;
 Alas! how low? how far beneath the skies?
 The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
 But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it *bleeds*;
 Draw the dire steel—ah no!—the dreadful blessing
 What heart, or can sustain? or dares forego?

¹²³Ori., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

There hangs all human hope: that nail supports
 Our falling universe: that gone, we drop;
 Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
 Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
 Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
 When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
 In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
 O what a groan was there? a groan *not his*,
 He seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd;
 And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
 A thousand worlds *so* bought, were bought too dear,
 Sensations *new*, in angels bosoms rise;
 Suspend their song; and make a pause in bliss.

O for their song to reach my lofty theme!
 Inspire me *night!* with all thy tuneful spheres!
 Much rather *thou!* who dost those spheres inspire;
 Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
 Shall *pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
 And Christian, languish? on our hearts, not heads,
 Falls the foul infamy: my heart! awake,
 Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold night
 Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
 Of endless day: to feel, is to be fired;
 And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous power!
 Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
 That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
 And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night.
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense?
 In love immense, inviolably just!

Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
 Didst stain the *cross*; and work of wonders, far
 The greatest, that thy dearest far, might bleed.

O'er guilt, (how mountainous?) with outstretcht arms,
 Stern *justice*, and soft-smiling *love*, embrace,
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
 When seem'd its majesty to need support,
 Or *that*, or *man* inevitably lost?
 What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
 Could labour such expedient from despair,
 And rescue both? both rescue! both exalt!
 O how are both exalted by the *deed*?
 The wond'rous deed! or shall I call it more?
 A wonder in omnipotence itself!
 A mystery, no less to gods than men!

Not, *thus*, our infidels th' *eternal* draw,
 A god all o'er, consummate, absolute,
 Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays compleat:
 They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
 Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
 Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
 Unedify'd¹²⁴ by their opprobrious praise:
 A god *all* mercy, is a god unjust.

Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
 The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
 Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
 All price beyond: tho' curious to compute,
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
 Its value vast ungraspt by minds *create*,
 For ever hides, and glows, in the *supreme*.

¹²⁴Both Young's original and Wesley's later *Extract* read: "Undeify'd".

And was the ransom paid? it was: and paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
 The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot; *midnight* veil'd his face;
 Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;
 A *midnight*, nature shudder'd to behold;
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross;
 Made groan the center; burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead:
 Hell howl'd; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear;
 Heav'n wept, that men might smile! heav'n bled, that man
 Might never die!—

What heart of stone, but glows at thoughts, like these?
 Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
 The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
 Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where rowl my thoughts
 To rest from wonders? other wonders rise,
 And strike where'er they rowl: my soul is caught;
 Heav'n's sovereign blessings clust'ring from the cross,
 Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
 The prisoner of amaze!—in his blest *life*,
 I see the *path*, and in his *death*, the *price*,
 And in his great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme
 Of immortality.—And did he rise?
 Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
 He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!

And give the King of Glory to come in:
 Who is the King of Glory? he who left
 His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
 And give the King of Glory to come in.
 Who is the King of Glory? he who slew
 The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
 The King of Glory, he, whose glory fill'd
 Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
 And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain?
 Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!
 Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and heaven!
 This *sum of good*, to man: whose nature, then,
 Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb?
 Then, then, I rose; and man's mortality
 Was, then, transfer'd to death; then heaven's duration
 Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
 This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal! hail;
 Hail, heaven! all-lavish of strange gifts to man!
 Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
 On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
 Th' Aonian mount?—alas small cause for joy!
 What if to pain, immortal? if extent
 Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
 Where, then, my boast of immortality?
 I boast it still, tho' cover'd o'er with guilt;
 For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;

If sick of folly, I relent; he writes
 My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
 (A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
 And open'd there a font for all mankind
 Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only this subdues the fear of death.

And what is *this*?—survey the wond'rous cure:
 And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
 "Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
 "Thro' means, that speaks its value infinite!
 "A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
 "With blood divine of him, I made my foe!
 "Persisted to provoke! tho' woo'd, and aw'd,
 "Blest, and chastiz'd, a flagrant rebel still!
 "A rebel 'midst the thunders of his throne!
 "Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
 "Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies."

Bound every heart! and every bosom burn!
 Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
 Its lowest round, high-planted on the skies;
 Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 Of man, or angel: Oh that I could climb
 The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever, (if astonishment
 Will give thee leave) my praise! for ever flow;
 Praise ardent, cordial, constant,¹²⁵ to high heaven
 More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd;
 And all her spicy mountains, in a flame.

So dear, so due to heaven, shall *praise* descend
 With her soft plume, (from plausible angels wing
 First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears?

¹²⁵Ori., "canstant"; likely a misprint.

Shall *praise* her odours waste, on *virtue*'s dead,
 Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt?
 Return, apostate *praise!* thou vagabond!
 Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
 Thy first, thy greatest, once, unrivall'd theme.

There flow redundant; like *meander* flow,
 Back to thy fountain; to that parent power,
 Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
 The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
 Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
 In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
 Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on thee,
 Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
 Oh the presumption, of man's awe for man!
 Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!
 Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
 With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
 What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
 What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?
 And shall not *praise* be thine? not human praise?
 While heaven's high host on *hallelujahs* live?

Oh may I breath, no longer, than I breath
 My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,
 And all her infinite of prospect fair,
 Cut thro' the shades of hell, great love! by thee
 Where shall that praise begin, which ne'er should end?
 How is *night*'s sable mantle labour'd o'er,
 How richly wrought, with attributes divine?
 What *wisdom* shines? what *love*? this midnight pomp,

This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd;
 Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
 For others this profusion: thou, apart,
 Above, beyond! Oh tell me, mighty mind!
 Where art thou? shall I dive into the *deep*?
 Call to the *sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
 For their Creator? shall I question loud
 The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
 Or holds¹²⁶ he furious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
 And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid carr?

What mean these questions?—trembling I retract;
 My prostrate soul adores the *present* God;
 Praise I a distant deity? he tunes
 My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sustains;
 Wrap'd in his being, I resound his praise:
 But tho' past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
 His essence; *local* is his throne, (as meet)
 To gather the disperst (as standards¹²⁷ call
 The listed from afar) to fix a point,
 A central point, collective of his sons,
 Since finite, ev'ry nature, but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature*'s birth;
 And *nature*'s shield, the shadow of his hand;
 Her dissolution, his suspended smile;
 The great First-Last! pavilion'd high he sits
 In darkness, from excessive splendor, born,
 By gods unseen, unless, through lustre lost.
 His glory, to created glory, bright,
 As that, to central horrors; he looks down
 On all that soars; and spans immensity.

¹²⁶Ori., “bolds”; corrected in the errata.

¹²⁷Ori., “standers”; which the *Oxford English Dictionary* lists as a 15th century spelling for “standards.”

How shall an atom of this atom-world,
 Mutter in dust, and sin, the theme of heaven?
 Yon stars, tho' rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,
 Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King?
 If of those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
 Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,
 I ask their strain; they want it, more they want;
 Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
 Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
 Short of its mark, defective, tho' divine.

Still more—this theme is man's, and man's alone;
 Their vast appointments reach it not; they see
 On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high;
 And downward look for heaven's superior praise!
 First-born of æther! high in fields of light!
 View man, to see the glory of your God!
 Ye sung *creation*, (for in that ye shar'd)
 How rose in melody, the child of love?
Creation's great superiour, man! is thine;
 Thine is *redemption*; eternize, the song;
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
 Far more than labour—it was death in heaven.

Here pause, and ponder: was there death in heaven?
 What then on earth? on earth which struck the blow?
 Who struck it? who?—O how is man enlarg'd
 Seen thro' this medium? how the pigmy tow'rs?
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust?
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return?
 How voided his vast distance from the skies?
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing?

How this demonstrates, thro' the thickest cloud
 Of guilt, and clay condens, the son of heaven?
 The double son; the made, and the re-made;
 And shall heaven's double property be lost?
 Man's double madness only can destroy.
 To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;
 The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
 Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
 O ye! who from this Rock of Ages, leap
 Disdainful, plunging headlong in the deep!
 What cordial joy, what consolation strong
 Whatever winds arise, or billows rowl,
 Our interest in the Master of the storm?
 Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins smile;
 While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

Man! know thyself; all wisdom centers there:
 To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
 Angels that grandure, men o'er-look, admire:
 How long shall human nature be their book,
 Degenerate mortal! and unread by thee?
 The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there;
 What high contents? illustrious faculties?
 But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
 By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *cross!*

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
 A glorious partner with the deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life!
 I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul
 Catches strange fire, eternity! at thee.

How chang'd the face of nature? how improv'd?
 What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
 Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
 It is another scene! another self!
 And still another, as time rolls along,
 And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
 Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades,
 Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
 What evolutions of surprizing fate?
 How nature opens, and receives my soul
 In boundless walks of raptur'd thought? where gods
 Encounter, and embrace me! what new births
 Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
 Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
 Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot?

He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
 The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
 From spirits awful fountain; pour'd himself
 Thro' all their souls; but not in equal stream,
 Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God
 As his wise plan demanded; and when past
 Their various trials, in their various spheres,
 If they continue rational, as made,
 Resorbs them all into himself again;
 His throne their center, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing?
 Angels are men of a superiour kind;
 Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
 High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
 And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
 Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
 And slippery step, the bottom of the steep:

Yet summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
 Which flames eternal crimson thro' the skies.
 Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
 Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
 Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
 Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown;
 Sent by the Sovereign: and are these, O man!
 Thy friends? and art thou rival to the brute?

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
 To wretched man, the goddess in her left
 Holds out *this* world, and in her right, the *next*;
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
 Supporter sole of man above himself;
 Religion! providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
 This can support us; all is sea besides,
 Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth rowl, nor feels her idle whirl.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
 And groaning Calvary, of thee! *there* shine
 The noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sting!
 There, sacred violence assaults the soul;
 Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
 If, in his love, so terrible, what then
 His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
 Can prayer, can praise avert it?—thou, my *all!*
 My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!

My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

O what art thou? by what name shall I call thee?
None half so dear, as that, which tho' unspoke,
Still glows at heart; O how omnipotence
Is lost in love? thou great Philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress?
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
To challenge, and to distance, all return?
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale?
But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
(That noblest hymn to heaven!) for ever lye
Intomb'd my *fear of death!* and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but thy frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
Ye Quietists, in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who *halt* indeed

But for the blessing, *wrestle* not with heaven!
 Think you my song, too turbulent? too warm?
 Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul?
 Oh! far still warmer! age benumbs my pow'rs;
 Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song!
 Thou, my much injur'd theme! with that soft eye
 Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
 Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
 And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!
 On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
 Shall heaven which gave us ardor, and has shewn
 Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
 What smooth emollients in theology,
 Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
 That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
 Rise odours sweet from incense uninflam'd?
 Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
 But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven;
 To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
 High heaven's *orchestra* chaunts *Amen* to man.

Oh when will *death*, (now stingless) like a friend,
 Admit me of their choir? Oh when will *death*,
 This mould'ring, old, partition-wall thrown down,
 Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
 Oh death divine! that gives us to the skies.
 Great *future!* glorious patron of the *past*,
 And *present!* when shall I thy shrine adore?
 From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,

Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
 This dark, incarcerating *colony*,
 Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
 And re-admits us, thro' the guardian hand
 Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne;
 Who hears our Advocate, and thro' his wounds
 Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
 'Tis this makes *Christian triumph*, a command:
 'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wise.

Seest thou, O sinner! where hangs all our hope?
 Touch'd by the *cross* we live. That *touch* divine
 Sacred to man, and sovereign thro' the whole
 Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
 From heaven thro' all duration, and supports
 In one illustrious, and amazing plan,
 Thy welfare, *nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
 Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
 Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms
 The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
 Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
 On gazing nations, from his fiery train
 Of length enormous; takes his ample round
 Thro' depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
 Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
 Heav'ns mighty cape, and then revisits earth,
 From the long travel of a thousand years.
 Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze;
 And with him all our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point;
 Or hope precarious in low whisper breaths:
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; even *adders* hear,
 But turn¹²⁸ and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge a-cross the gulph of death,
 To break the shock blind *nature* cannot shun,
 And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
 Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
 That mountain barrier between man and peace.
 'Tis *faith* disarms destruction; and absolves
 From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.

Why shouldst thou disbelieve?—"Tis *reason* bids,
 "All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still;
 Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
 All-sacred *reason!* source, and soul, of all
 Demanding praise, on earth, or heaven¹²⁹ above!
 My heart is thine: deep in its inmost folds,
 Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
 Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp't
 On passive nature, before thought was born?
 My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
 No; *reason* rebaptiz'd me when adult;
 Weighed true and false in her impartial scale;
 My heart became the convert of my head;
 And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
 "On argument my solid faith is built:"
Reason pursu'd is *faith*; and unpursu'd
 Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more:
 And such our *proof*, that, or our *faith* is *right*,
 Or *reason* lies, and heaven design'd it *wrong*:
 Absolve we this? what, then, is blasphemy?

¹²⁸Ori., "turns"; corrected in the errata.

¹²⁹Ori., "earth"; corrected in the errata.

Fond as we are, and justly fond of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,
 The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear;
Reason, the root, fair *faith* is but the flow'r;
 The fading flower shall die; but *reason* lives
 Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
 Wrong not the Christian, think not reason *yours*;
 'Tis *reason* our great Master holds so dear;
 'Tis *reason*'s injur'd rights his wrath resents;
 'Tis *reason*'s voice obey'd his glories crown;
 To give lost *reason* life, he pour'd his own:
 Believe, and show the reason of a man;
 Believe, and taste the pleasure of a god;
 Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
 Thro', reason's wounds alone, thy *faith* can die;
 Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
 And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.

Learn hence what honours, what loud pæans due
 To those, who push our *antidote* aside;
 Those boasted friends to *reason*, and to *man*,
 Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
 Death's terror heighten'd gnawing on his heart.
 These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd,
 And vilify'd at once; of reason dead,
 Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old,
 What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
 While *love of truth* thro' all their camp resounds,
 They draw *pride*'s curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
 Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
 Of philosophic wit, call'd argument,

And then exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the sun:" and Indian-like, adore.

Talk they of *morals*? O thou bleeding love!
Thou Maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of thee.
A Christian is the highest stile of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot, from his dishonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?

Ye sold to sense! ye citizens of earth!
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
"And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
"Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
"A freedom, far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career;
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud?
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,

Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift: eternity is all;
And whose eternity? who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!
For ever basking in the deity!

Conscience, reply! O give it leave to speak;
For it *will* speak ere¹³⁰ long! O! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild.
Truth is deposited with man's *last hour*;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.
Truth, eldest daughter of the deity;
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds,
Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made;
Tho' silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Then from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
Loud shall burst forth in thunder, and in flame;
Ye deaf to truth! peruse this parson'd page,
And trust, for once, a prophet and a priest,
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

¹³⁰Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

**The
Complaint.**

Night the Fifth.

Lorenzo! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain, who writes for praise.
Praise no man ere¹³¹ deserv'd, who sought no more.

As just thy *second* charge. I grant the Muse
Has often blusht at her degenerate sons.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*;
These share the man; and these distract him too;
Draw different ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces: man would both enjoy,
And both at once: a point how hard to gain!

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason*'s taste;
In subtle *sophistry*'s laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and greets them with applause.

¹³¹Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

A thousand opiates scatters to delude,
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
 And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
 Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no more;
 That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
 By *wit*'s address, patch up a fatal peace,
 And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
 From rank refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush
 From nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame.
 Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
 And infamy stands candidate for praise.

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
 These *sensual ethicks* far, in bulk, transcend.
 The flow'rs of eloquence profusely pour'd
 O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.

But let not these inexpiable strains
 Condemn the Muse that knows her dignity,
 Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
 As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
 A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
 And run the round of universal space,
 To visit being universal there,
 And being's source, that utmost flight of mind!

Think'st thou, Lorenzo! to find pastimes here?
 No guilty passion blown into a flame,
 No rainbow colours, *here*, or silken tale;
 But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man

With double weight, through these revolving spheres,
 This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade.
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
 Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
 And thy dark pencil, *midnight!* darker still
 In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, even this, my laughter-loving friends!
 Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
 Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
 The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel,
 And feeling give assent, and their assent
 Is ample recompence, is more than praise.

O thou! blest Spirit! *whether*, the supreme,
 Great antemundane Father! in whose breast
 Embryo-creation, unborn being dwelt,
 And all its various revolutions rowl'd
 Present, tho' future; prior to themselves;
 Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne some delegated pow'r,
 Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
 From vain, and vile, to solid, and sublime!
 Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
 Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
 And fuller of the God, than that which burst
 From fam'd Castalia; nor is yet allay'd
 My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd
 Through pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
 By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the *stars*.

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
 Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:

Darkness has more divinity for me;
 It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul
 To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre; there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
 'Tis the kind hand of providence stretcht out
 'Twixt man, and vanity; 'tis *reason*'s reign,
 And *virtue*'s too; these tutelary shades
 Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
 It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.

Virtue for ever frail, as fair, below,
 Her tender nature suffers in the croud,
 Nor touches on the world, without a stain;
 The world's infectious; few bring back at eve
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*
 Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
 Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it strange, *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
 All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound
 Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
 In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
 And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
 Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breath;

And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home,
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy, rancour, or impure desire*.
We see, we hear with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficient swarm around?
We must or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an athiest half-believes a god.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall
On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time: auspicious midnight! hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n,
Here, the soul sits in council, ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life; and reasons with the storm;

All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.
 What are we? how unequal? now we soar,
 And now we sink; to be *the same*, transcends
 Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
 For lodging-ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds
 The blush of weakness, to the bane of woe.
 The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
 In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
 But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
 Or flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
 Our utmost strength! when down, to rise again;
 And not to *yield*, tho' *beaten*, all our praise.

'Tis vain to seek in men, for more than man.
 Tho' proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
 Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
 Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
 And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off; *now* down I rush
 Like him, whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
 In sorrow drown'd.—But not, in sorrow, lost.
 How wretched is the man, who never mourn'd?
 I dive for precious pearl, in *sorrow's* stream:
 Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves;
 Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
 (Inestimable gain!) and gives heaven leave
 To make him but more wretched,¹³² not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
 Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficient in thy school are made,

¹³²Ori., “wtetched”; a misprint.

Than *genius*, or proud *learning*, e'er could boast
 Voracious *learning*, often overfed,
 Digests not into sense her motley meal.
 This *forager* on others wisdom, leaves
 Her native-farm, her *reason* quite untill'd.
 With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
 Dung'd, but not drest; and rich to beggary.
 A pomp untameable of weed prevails.
 Her *servants*'s wealth encumber'd *wisdom* mourns.

And what says *genius*? "*Let the dull be wise.*"
 It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*;
 Considers *reason* as a leveller,
 And scorns to share a blessing with the croud.
 That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
 To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
 When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as plows the glebe,
 And hearts obdurate feel her softning shower:
 Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows,
 Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
 If so, I'll gain by my calamity,
 And reap rich compensation from my pain.
 I'll range the plenteous, intellectual field;
 And gather ev'ry thought of sovereign power,
 To chase the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
 Tho' natives of this coarse penurious soil,
 Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing;
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd in heaven.

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?
“Th’ importance of contemplating the tomb;
“*Why* men decline it; *suicide*’s foul birth;
“The various *kinds of grief*; the *faults of age*;
“And *death*’s *dread character*—invite my song.^[b]”

And first, th’ importance of our end survey’d.
Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief;
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.
Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it back, a true, and endless peace;
Calamities are *friends*: as glaring *day*
Of these unnumbered lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumbered thoughts
Of import high, and light divine to man.

The man how blest, who sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,
Beneath *death*’s gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc’d by *vanity*’s fantastick ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust.
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs?
What cause have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep;
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from yon tomb, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,
And puts *delusion*’s dusky train to flight;
Dispells the mists our sultry *passions* raise,

And shews the *real* estimate of things;
 Pulls off the veil from *virtue*'s rising charms;
 Detects *temptation* in a thousand lies,
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
 Driven by the whirlwind; lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
 See things invisible, feel things remote,
 Am present with futurities; think nought
 To man so foreign, as the joys possest,
 Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.

No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight.
 Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms;
 In pompous promise from her schemes profound,
 If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves
 Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
 At the first blast it vanishes in air.
 How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine*?
 Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.
 More empty *worldly wisdom* every day;
 And every day more fair her *rival* shines.
 But soon our term for wisdom is expir'd,
 (Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave)
 And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
 Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble Sibyl's leaves,
 The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare,
 (In antient story read. Thou know'st the tale)
 In price still rising, as in number less,
 Inestimable quite his final hour:

Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
 “O let me die his death!”, all nature cries.
 “Then live his life”—all nature falters there.
 Our Great Physician daily to consult,
 To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.

What grave prescribes the best?—a friend’s; and yet
 From a friend’s grave, how soon we disengage?
 Even to the dearest,¹³³ as his marble, cold.
 Why are friends ravisht from us? ’tis to bind,
 By soft affection’s tyes, on human hearts,
 The thought of death, which *reason* too supine,
 Or misemploy’d, so rarely fastens *there*.
 Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
 Combin’d, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
 Behold th’ inexorable hour at hand!
 Behold th’ inexorable hour forgot!
 And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life;
 Tho’ well to ponder it, is life’s chief *end*.

Is death, that ever threatenng, ne’er remote,
 That all important, and that only sure,
 (Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
 Nay, tho’ invited by the loudest calls
 Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still?
 Tho’ num’rous messengers are sent before
 To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
 The wond’rous cause, of this mysterious ill?
 All heaven looks down astonish’d at the sight.

Is it, that life has sown her joys so thick,
 We can’t thrust in a single care between?
 Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,

¹³³Ori., “derest”; corrected in the errata.

The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
 Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet,
 Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;
 We take the lying sister for the same.
 Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
 For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
 In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
 To the same life none ever twice awoke.
 We call the brook the same; the same we think
 Our life, tho' still more rapid in its flow;
 Nor mark the *much* irrevocably laps'd,
 And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
 (Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
 That life is like a vessel on the stream?
 In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
 Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent;
 Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
 'Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
 We start, awake, look out; what see we there?
 Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought?
 Or is it, *judgment* by the *will* struck blind,
 That domineering mistress of the soul!
 Like *him* so strong by Dalilah the fair?
 Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,
 From looking down a precipice so steep?
 'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
 By nature conscious of the make of man.
 A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
 A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.

By that unaw'd, man, on each pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And marr the schemes of providence below.

What groan was that! there took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamount,
So call'd, so thought: and then he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for suicide!
An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rational*s beside.
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man, (let man in homage bow
Who names his soul) a native of the skies!
Highborn, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes,
The illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
With cool reserve light-touching, should indulge

On *immortality*, her godlike tast;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
 To beggarly vile appetites descend;
 Ask alms of *earth*, for guests that came from *heaven*;
 Sink into slaves: and sell for *present* hire,
 Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate,)
 Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
 This nether world. And when his payments fail,
 When his foul basket gorges them no more;
 Are, instantly, with wild dæmoniac rage,
 For breaking all the chains of providence,
 And bursting their confinement; tho' fast barr'd
 By laws divine and human; guarded strong
 With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
 The blackest *nature*, or dire *guilt* can raise;
 And moated round, with fathomless *destruction*,
 Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons! is the *cause*, to you unknown,
 Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
 Thus, criminals themselves. I grant the deed
 Is madness; but the madness of the *heart*.
 And what is that? our utmost bound of guilt.
 A sensual, unreflecting life is big
 With monstrous births, and *suicide*, to crown
 The black infernal brood. The bold to break
 Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
 Thro' sacred *nature*'s murder, on their own,
 Because they never *think of death*, they die.
 'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,

At once to wait, and meditate, his end.
 When by the bed of languishment we sit,
 Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
 Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
 Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock,
 Start at the voice of an eternity;
 See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift,
 An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
 Then sink again, and quiver into death,
 How read we such sad scenes? as sent to man
 In perfect vengeance? no; in pity sent,
 To melt him down, like wax, and then impress
 Indelible, *death's* image on his heart;
 Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
 We bleed, we tremble; we forget, we smile.
 The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
 Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
 As the tide rushing rases what is writ
 In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh*?
 Or studied the philosophy of *tears*?
 (A science, yet, unlectur'd in our schools.)
 Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
 And seen their source? if not descend with me,
 And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our funeral tears from different causes, rise.
 As if, from separate cisterns in the soul,
 Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts
 By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
 And stream obsequious to the leading eye.

Some, ask more time, by curious *art* distill'd.
 Some hearts in secret hard, unapt to melt,
 Struck by the magic of the public eye,
 Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain,
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
 So high in merit, and to them so dear.
Some mourn in proof that something they could love.
 They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *show*.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
 As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
 And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
 By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,
 Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest; and yet weep in vain
 As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
 Tears, that deserve more tears; while *reason* sleeps
 Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd;
 Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
 Knows not it speaks to *her*, and her *alone*:
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
 That noble gift! that privilege of man!
 But *these* are barren of that birth divine.
 They weep impetuous, as the summer-storm,
 And full as short! the cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
 They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
 Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread
 The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
 No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.

Time on this head has snow'd, yet still 'tis borne
 Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.

As if, like objects pressing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:
 Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
 And men might plead prescription from the grave;
 Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
 Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already;
 Their hearts are buried, and the world their grave.

Tell me some god! my guardian angel! tell,
 What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
 The phantom of an age, 'twixt us and death,
 Already at the door? he knocks, we hear him,
 And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
 Our untouch'd hearts? what miracle turns off
 The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
 Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
 We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
 Around us falling? wounded oft ourselves?
 Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
 We see time's furrows on another's brow,
 And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
 How few themselves, in that just mirror, see?

Absurd *longevity!* more, more, it cries.
 More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
 And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
 Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
 Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
 While *nature* is relaxing ev'ry string?
 Ask *thought* for joy; grow rich and hoard *within*.
 Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
 Has nothing of more manly to succeed?

Contract the taste immortal; learn even now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth, your joys for ever.
Of *age*, the glory is to *wish* to die.
That wish is *praise* and *promise*; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority to faults of youth,
How shocking? it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.

What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*; and the *will*'s subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore,
Of that vast ocean, it must sail so soon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene!

All should be prophets to themselves, foresee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
A disaffection to that pretious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,

Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost thou then ask, but why so warmly prest,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? that thought is the machine,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the dust,
And rears us into men. That thought ply'd home
Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave;
How warmly to be wisht? what heart of flesh,
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? what hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
Would at a moment give its *all* to chance,
And stamp the die for an eternity?

Aid me, who know'st my follies, to keep pace
With *destiny*; and ere¹³⁴ her scissars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my slumbring *reason* to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To sally, and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man?
Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *nature* sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, tho' dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.

¹³⁴Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his; my *yesterday*;
The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers wast, that instant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?
If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale
Which murders *strength*, and *ardor*; what remains
Should rather call on death than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder, scarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in ev'ry place and hour,
Nor longer want, ye monumental sires!
A brother tomb to tell you you shall die.
That death you *dread* (so great is nature's skill!)
Know, you shall *court*, before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd; in volumes deep you sit;
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food

Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
 And bids *all* welcome to the vital feast.
 You scorn what lies before you in the page
 Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
 Truth, on which mortals feeding turn to gods;
 And dive in *science* for distinguisht names,
 Dishonest fomentation of your pride;
 Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
 Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
 Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
 Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
 Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
 Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
 If you would learn *death's character*; attend.
 All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
 All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
 Together shook in his impartial urn,
 Come forth at random. Or if choice is made
 The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults
 All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.

Like other tyrants, *death* delights to smite,
 What smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
 To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
 The feeble, wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
 And weeping fathers, build their children's tomb;
 Me thine, Narcissa!—what tho' short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
 That life is long, which answers life's great end.
 The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
 The man of wisdom is the man of years.

In hoary youth Methusalem's may die,
O how misdated on their flattering tombs?

All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life.
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commission: "Strike, but *so*,
"As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprize*,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim,
And where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.

What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* assumes
The name, and look of *life*, and dwells among us.

Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or, ambush in a smile; or, wanton dive
In dimple's deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.

Most happy they! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.

Where is not death? sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure*'s footsteps round the world,
When *pleasure* treads the paths which *reason* shuns.
When, against *reason*, *riot* shuts the door,

And *gayety* supplies the place of *sense*,
 Then foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
 Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
 Gayly carousing to his gay compeers,
 Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
 As absent far; and when the revel burns,
 When *fear* is banisht, and triumphant thought
 Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
 Against him turns the key; and bids him sup
 With their progenitors,—he drops his mask,
 Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprize,
 From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire
 He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
 And is not this triumphant treachery
 And *more than simple conquest* in the fiend?

And now gay trifler dost thou wrap thy soul
 In soft security, because unknown
 Which moment is commissioned to destroy?
 In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
 Is *death* uncertain? therefore thou be fixt;
 Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
 All expectation of the coming foe.
 Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,
 Least slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
 And *fate* surprize thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
 Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
 Of dying well; tho' doom'd but once to die.
 Nor let life's *period* hidden, (as from most,)

Hide too from thee, the precious *use* of life.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that misses it, is blind.
Does wealth with *youth*, and *gayety*, conspire?
To weave a *tripple* wreath of happiness?

That shining mark invites the tyrant's spear.
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man,
O how portentous is prosperity?
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines?
Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition
To cull his victims from the fairest fold!
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss;
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy center of the publick eye,
When *fortune*, thus, has toss'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our evening's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

High-fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*.
Ask you for what? to give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.

And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow, which while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands, with a single fall.
As, when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance! and the flocks defence!
By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,
Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height
In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground,
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resounds.

**The
Complaint.**

Night the Sixth.

**Containing the
Nature, Proof and Importance
of
Immortality.**

**The
Preface.**

Few ages have been deeper in dispute about religion, than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, [[“]Is man immortal, or is he not?[”]] If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. *Truth, reason, religion*, which give our discourses such pomp, and solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal; it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablish'd, or unawaken'd in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source, and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanc'd, may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than *abstract reasonings*; and we daily see *bodies* drop around us, but the *soul* is invisible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment*, is greater than can be well conceived by those, that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it, the sad interest, that souls should not survive? The heathen world confess'd, that they rather *hoped*, than firmly *believed* immortality, and how many heathens have we still amongst us? The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the gospel: but by how many is the gospel rejected, or overlook'd? From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And I am satisfied that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians.

For it is hard to conceive that a man fully conscious, eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, enquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest, and impartial enquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offer'd; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible: and such as I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes, round about them, in the world. If some arguments shall, *here*, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted with all deference to better judgments in this, of all points, the most important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed, for this reason only, viz., because where the least pretence to rea-

son is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

Night the Sixth.

She* (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.

O the long dark approach thro' years of pain,
Death's gallery! (might I dare to call it so)
With dismal *doubt*, and sable *terror*, hung;
Sick *hope*'s pale lamp, its only glimmering ray:
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter, there.
How oft I gaz'd prophetically sad?
How oft I saw her dead while yet in smiles?
In smiles she sunk *her* grief, to lessen *mine*.
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,

* Referring to Night the Fifth.

Death urg'd his deadly siege: in spite of art,
 Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
 To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!
 (Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
 And thou O moon! bear witness; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
 Ty'd down my sore attention to the shock,
 By ceaseless depredations on a life,
 Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
 Of observation! darker every hour!
 Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
 And pointed at eternity below.
 When my soul shudder'd at futurity,
 When, on a moment's point, th' important die
 Of life and death, spun doubtful, ere¹³⁵ it fell,
 And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.

But why more woe? more comfort let it be.
 Nothing is dead, but *that* which wish'd to dye;
 Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain.
 Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
 Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
 Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wise?
 Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars
 Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
 O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our *transition*; tho' the mind,
 Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? our sketch, conjecture all;
 Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death, and his image rising in the brain

¹³⁵Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil, *fancy* loves excess,
Dark *ignorance* is lavish of her shades;
And *these* the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the soul unsated with her theme.
Its *nature, proof, importance*, fire my song.

Thy *nature, immortality!* who knows?
And yet who knows it not? it is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian die, how *black*, how *brittle here?*
How short our correspondence with the sun?
And while it lasts, inglorious! our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight? our highest joys,
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*,
To mingle interests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd? to live free citizens
Of universal nature? to lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the Supreme?
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines,
(Mines, which support arch-angels in their state)
Our own? to rise in science, as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies?

To read creation; read its mighty plan
 In the deep bosom of the deity?
 The plan, and execution, to collate?
 To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
 All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave
 No mystery—but that of love divine,
 Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
 From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
 Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
 From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene?
 Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair.

These are the thoughts that aggrandize the great.
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod *we* tread; soon trodden by our sons).
 How great, in the wild whirl of *time*'s pursuits
 To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
 Through the long vista¹³⁶ of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarg'd, ennobl'd, elevate, divine?
 To prophesy our own futurities?
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends?
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception, as desert,
 Ourselves the astonish'd talkers, and the tale!

How *just* our joy, when we behold *those* heights!
 Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
 And angels emulate; our joy how just!

¹³⁶Ori., "visto"; an archaic spelling.

When mount we? when these shackles cast? when quit
This cell of the creation? this small nest,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent
To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breath
Ambrosial gales; and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on *time*'s farther shore.

In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike?
What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there*?
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep?
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straiten its inextricable maze?

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To *know*; how rich, how full our banquet *here*?
Here, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material* lately seen in shades,
And in those shades, by fragments, only seen,
And seen those fragments by the *labouring* eye,
Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey.
From some superior point (where, who can tell?)
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port? the *least*
Of these disseminated orbs, how great?

Yet what are these to the stupendous *whole*?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins.

If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport, hence? yet this the least in heaven.
What *this* to that illustrious robe *he* wears,
Who tost this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power?
'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flowret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heaven?
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death, cheap-bought the ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chac'd below.

And chace we still the phantom thro' the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A name, a mortal immortality.

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
For sordid lucre plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, thro' every shame; for gain throw up

Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man?
 And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, avarice! the two *dæmons*, these
 Which goad thro' every slough our human herd,
 Hard-travel'd from the cradle to the grave.
 How low the wretches stoop? how steep they climb?

Is it in *time* to hide *eternity*?
 And why not in an atom on the shore,
 To cover ocean? or, a mote, the sun?
Glory, and wealth! have they this blinding pow'r?—
 But what is *true* ambition? the pursuit
 Of glory, nothing less than man can share.
 Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
 Their arts, and conquests, *animals* might boast,
 And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as we,
 But not *celestial*. *Here* we stand alone,
 As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
 If prone in thought, our stature is our shame,
 And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
 The *visible* and *present!* are for brutes,
 A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
 These, *reason*, with an energy divine,
 O'erleaps; and claims the *future*, and *unseen*;
 The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
 When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
 Leaving gross *nature's* sediment below,
 Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
 The sage and heroe, of the fields and woods,
 Asserts his rank, and rises into man.

Can *parts*, or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
 Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?

Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
 Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
 Dædalian enginery! if these alone,
 Assist our flight, *fame*'s flight is *glory*'s fall.
 Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,
 Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.

Great *ill* is an atchievement of great *pow'rs*,
 Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* chuse our end;
 Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
 If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
 Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
 Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom: worldly-wise
 Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

Let *genius* then despair to make thee great;
 Nor flatter *station*: what is station high?
 'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity.
 Monarchs, and ministers, are awful names;
 Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
 Religion, publick order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up, to serve
 The meanest slave; *all more* is merit's due;

Her sacred, and inviolable right,
 Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth*;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
 And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
 Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His *own*, descending fairly from his sires.
 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
 And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without?
 Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?
 Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch on Alps,
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
 Virtue alone out-builds the *pyramids*;
 Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
 The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.
 Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r;
 'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
 Then thou before wast something less than man.
 Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
 The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.
 That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
 From blindness bold, and trowning to the skies.
 'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man
 An angel's second; nor his second long.

Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
 Of *just* ambition, to the grand result,
 The curtain's fall; *there*, see the buskin'd chief
 Unshod behind this momentary scene?
 Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
 As vice, or virtue sinks him, or sublimes;
 And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
 Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
 A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
 And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
 To Christian pride! which had with horror shockt
 The darkest pagans, offer'd to their gods.

That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
 Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths;
 On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
 And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why *this* so rare? because forgot of all
 The day of death; that venerable day,
 Which sits as judge; that day which shall pronounce
 On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
 Lorenzo! never shut thy thought against it;
 Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
 And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
 That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
 Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
 Is that *ambition*? then let flames *descend*,
 Point to the center their inverted spires,
 When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
 And downward pores, for that which shines above,

Substantial happiness, and true renown;
 Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
 At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition! powerful source of good and ill!
 Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
 When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease
 And swifter flight, transports us to the skies:
 By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
 It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
 In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
 Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense*;
 All prospect of eternity shut out;
 And, but for execution, ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
 Find we Lorenzo wiser in his *wealth*?
 Where's thy *true* treasure? gold says, "not in me,"
 And, "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
 India's insolvent: seek it in thyself;
 Seek in thy naked self, and find it there.
 In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;
 Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
 Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
 In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heavens;
 Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
 Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
 Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
 Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright sire;
 Take-in, at once, the landscape of the world,
 At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
 And half create the wonderous world, they see.

Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.
 But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
 Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.
 Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
 Superior wonders in himself forgot,
 His admiration waste on objects round,
 When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
 Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in *senses* such as these? what wealth
 In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
 Than *sense* surveys? in *memory*'s firm record,
 Which, should it perish, could this world recall,
 From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years?
 In colours fresh, originally bright
 Preserve its portrait, and report its fate?
 What wealth in *intellect*, that sovereign power!
 Which *sense*, and *fancy*, summons to the bar;
 Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
 And from the mass those *underlings* import,
 From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
 Forms *art*, and *science*, *government*, and *law*;
 Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
 Of *his* idea, whose indulgent thought
 Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plan'd *human* bliss.

What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time,
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 The almighty *fiat*, and the *trumpet*'s *sound*?
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be;

Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new, in fancy's field to rise?
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
In *liberty* to chuse, in *power* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches rise?)
Duration to perpetuate—boundless bliss?

Ask you, what *power* resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? is *virtue*'s, then, unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improveable at will, in virtue, lies;
Its tenure sure; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng?
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish, from displying engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New masters court, and call the former fool,
(How justly?) for dependence on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our play-things, then, our dust.

Much learning shows how little mortals *know*;
Much wealth, how little worldings can *enjoy*:
At best, it babys us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find, what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face

Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want?
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold
In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her pow'r.
The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony, this? a *being*
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possest can raise it; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course,
When thine, O *nature!* ends; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this?*

Immortal! ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshortned by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning still, where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a deity!
'Tis the description of the meanest slave.

Immortal! what can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul?* it thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd, at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breaths her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.

Immortal! was but *one* immortal, how
 Would others envy? how would thrones adore?
 Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
 How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven?
 O vain, vain, vain! all else: *eternity!*
 A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*
 From vile imprisonment in abject views.
 'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
 Amid life's *pains, abasements, emptiness,*
 The soul can *comfort, elevate, and fill.*
 That only, and that amply, this performs;
 Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Eternity depending covers all;
 Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;
 Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;
 The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
 Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
 Make one promiscuous, and neglected heap,
 The man beneath; if I may call him man,
 Whom *immortality's* full force inspires.
 Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
 Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
 By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
 Their present province, and their future prize;
 Divinely darting upward every wish,
 Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost.

Doubt you this truth? why labours your belief?
 If earth's whole orb, by some due-distanc'd eye,
 Was seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink
 And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.

Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *eternity*'s vast round.
To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastic, this? then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts: to this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all may do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What slave, unblest, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? he forgets his chain,
And thron'd in thought, his absent scepter waves.

And what a scepter waits us? what a throne?
To comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine?
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
What heart but trembles at so strange a bliss?

In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung,
Are there, who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedless vanity's phantastic toe,
Till stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance, and song?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore?

Or rock of its inestimable gem?
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
 Shall know their treasure; treasure, then, no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
 The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
 The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
 Who thro' this bosom-barrier burst their way?
 And, with reverst ambition, strive to sink?
 Who labour downwards thro' th' opposing pow'rs,
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
 Of endless night? night darker than the grave's?
 Who fight the proofs of immortality?

To contradict them see all nature rise!
 What object, what event, the moon beneath,
 But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
 To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?
 All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance
 One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.
 A thousand arguments swarm round my thought,
 From *heaven*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few,
 By nature, as her common habit, worn.

Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,
 Whose hand directs, whose Spirit fills, and warms
 Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
 Eternity's inhabitant august!
 Of two eternities amazing Lord!
 One past, ere¹³⁷ man's, or angels, had begun;
 Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault,
 Thy glorious immortality in *man*.

¹³⁷Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
 Of thee the great *immutable*, to man
 Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
 And he who most consults her, is most wise.
 Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all.
 All change, no death. Day follows night; and night
 The dying day; stars, rise, and set, and rise;
 Earth takes th' example. See, the *summer* gay,
 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
 Droops into pallid *autumn*; *winter* grey
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows *autumn*, and his golden fruits away,
 Then melts into the *spring*; soft *spring*, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the *first*. All, to reflowerish, fades.
 A[s] in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend.
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
 Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul
 Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends;
Zeal, and *humility*, her wings to heaven.
 The world of matter, with its various forms,
 All dies into new life. Life born from death
 Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
 No single atom, once in being, lost,
 With change of counsel, charges the Most High.

Matter, immortal? and shall *spirit* die?
 Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
 Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,

No resurrection know? shall man alone,
 Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
 Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
 Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
 The bliss of being, or with previous pain
 Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate
 Severely doom'd *death's* single unredeem'd?

If nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
 In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.
 Look nature thro', still 'tis *gradation* all.
 By what minute degrees her scale ascends?
 Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
 To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
 Parts into parts reciprocally shot,
 Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns?
 Here, dormant matter, waits a call to life;
 Half-life, half-death join there; here, life and sense;
 There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;
 Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
 The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
 Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,
 Where death hath no dominion? grant a make
 Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy part,
 And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
 Eternal; or in man the series ends.
 Wide yawns the gap, connexion is no more;
 Checkt *reason* halts, her next step wants support;
 Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme,
 A scheme, *analogy* pronounc'd so true;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.

Of man immortal! hear the lofty style.
“If so decreed, th’ Almighty will be done.
“Let earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
“And grind us into dust: the *soul* is safe;
“The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
“As tow’ring flame from *nature*’s funeral pyre;
“O’er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
“His charter, his inviolable rights,
“Well-pleas’d to learn from thunder’s impotence,
“Death’s pointless darts, and hell’s defeated storms.”

**The
Complaint.**

Night the Seventh.

**The
Proof and Importance
of
Immortality.**

Heav'n gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
The grave's our subterranean road to bliss.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so;
Thro' various parts our glorious story runs;
Time gives the preface, *endless age* unrolls
The volume, (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.

This, earth, and skies* already have proclaim'd.
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who, what God foretels, (who speaks in *things*,
Still louder than in *words*) shall dare deny?
If *nature's* arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.
If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,
Can he prove infidel to what he *feels*?
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
Or, *nature*, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables; man was made a *lye*.

Why *discontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable consumption of our peace!
Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter's blast, with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near.

Is it, that things terrestrial can't content?
Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is deny'd
To share their sweet *serene*. Man, ill at ease,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.
Is heav'n then kinder to thy flocks, than thee?
Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;

* Night the Sixth.

In part, remote; for that remoter part
 Man pants from *instinct*, tho', perhaps debauch'd
 By *sense*, his *reason* sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
 The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes?
 His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
 And discontent is *immortality*.

Shall sons of æther, shall the blood of heav'n,
 Set up their hopes on earth, and stable *here*,
 With brutal acquiescence in the mire?
 No! no, my friend! they shall be nobly pain'd:
 The glorious foreigners distress, shall sigh
 On thrones; and thou congratulate the sigh:
 Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
 His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing.

Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our *pow'rs*,
 Speak the same language: call us to the skies;
 Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime,
 Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake;
 And for this land of trifles, *those* too strong,
 Tumultuous rise and tempest human life;
 What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?
 Meet objects for our *passions* heav'n ordain'd,
 Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
 No fault, but in defect: blest heav'n! avert
 A bounded ardor for unbounded bliss;
 O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath
 A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
 Nor are our *pow'rs* to perish immature;
 But, after feeble effort, *here*, beneath
 A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,

Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

Reason progressive, *instinct* is complete;
Swift *instinct* leaps; slow *reason* feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Was man to live co-eval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.
Men perish in advance, as if the sun
Should set ere noon, in *eastern* oceans drown'd;
To man, why, stepdame *nature!* so severe?
Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man must die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread?
Why curst with foresight? wise to misery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why less pre-eminent in rank than pain?—
His *immortality* alone can tell,
Full ample fund to ballance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favour of the just.

His *immortality* alone can solve
That darkest of ænigmas, human *hope*;
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*.
With no past toils content, still planning new,

Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why, more tasteless than *pursuit*?
 Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
 That wish accomplish'd, why, the grave of bliss?
 Because in the *great future* bury'd deep,
 Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
 Lies all that man with ardor should pursue;
 And *He* who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart th' Almighty to the *future* sets,
 By secret, and inviolable springs;
 And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
 Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
 Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
 In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
 In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
 Supreme? because he could no higher fly:
 His *riot* was *ambition* in despair.

Lo! restless hope, is ever on the wing;
 And never stooping, but to want again.
 Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
 And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

There should it fail us, (it must fail us there,
 If being fails) more mournful riddles rise,
 And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.
 Why virtue? where its praise, its being, fled?
 Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd;
 What, true self-int'rest of quite-mortal man?
 To close with all that makes him happy *here*.
 If vice, (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
 Then vice is virtue, 'tis our sov'reign good.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
 So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
 Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
 Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
 Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?
 Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool!
 Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink;
 Thy country! what to thee? (I speak with awe)
 The God-head, what? tho' he should bid thee bleed?
 If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt,
 Nor can omnipotence reward the blow,
 Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Since virtue's recompence is doubtful, *here*,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?
 Why to be good in vain, is man injoin'd?
 Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?
 Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
 By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
 Why whispers *nature* lyes on virtue's part?
 Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name
 Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
 Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat?
 Why are the wisest, loudest in her praise?
 Can man by *reason*'s beam be led astray?
 Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
 Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
 Or *both* are true; or, man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo!
 Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.

Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
 Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.
 The man immortal, *rationaly* brave,
 Dares rush on death,—because he cannot die.
 But if man loses all, when life is lost,
 He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
 A daring infidel, (and such there are,
 From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
 Or pure heroical defect of thought)
 Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When, to the grave, we follow the renown'd
 For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
 And all we praise; for worth, whose noon-tide beam
 Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;
 Dream we, that lustre of the moral world,
 Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
 Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
 And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
 The mind Almighty? could it be, that fate,
 Just when the lineaments began to shine,
 Should snatch the draught, and blot it out for ever?
 Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man;
 The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
 From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes*;
 And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom, and *worth*, how boldly he commends?
Wisdom, and *worth*, are sacred names; rever'd,
 Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
 Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
 Both are calamities, inflicted both,
 To make us but more wretched: *wisdom's eye*
 Acute, for what? to spy more miseries;

And *worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their stings:
 Or man the grave surmounts, or gain is loss,
 And worth exalted humbles us the more.
 Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
 Weakness, and vice, the refuge of mankind.

In man the more we dive, the more we see
 Heav'n's signet stamping an immortal make.
 Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
 Sustaining all; what find we? *knowledge, love*.
 As light, and heat, essential to the sun,
These, to the soul. And why, if souls expire?
 How little lovely *here*? how little known?
 Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil;
 And love, unfeign'd, may purchase perfect hate.
 Why starv'd, on earth, our *angel*-appetites?
 Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
 As a mock-diadem, in savage¹³⁸ sport,
 Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?
 In future age lies no redress? and shuts
 Eternity the door on our complaint?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made!
 The worst to wallow, and the best to weep;
 The man who merits most, must most complain:
 Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
 What the worst perpetrate, or best endure?

This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
 Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
 Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heav'n suits in all;

¹³⁸Ori., "salvage"; likely a misprint.

Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
 Is man the sole exception from her laws?
 Eternity struck off from human hope,
 (I speak with truth, but veneration too)
 Man is a monster, the reproach of heav'n,
 A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
 On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
 (Amazing blot!) deforms her with her Lord.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
 All *order*. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
 And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
 Thro' ev'ry scene of *sense* superior far:
 They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
 With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,
 Mankind's peculiar! *reason's* precious dow'r!
 No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes;
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
 Their *good* is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd;
 They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
 Their *ill*, no more than strikes the sense; unstretcht
 By previous dread, or murmur in the rear;
 When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
 Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but once;
 Blest incommunicable privilege!
 For which who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
 Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.
 No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,

But what beams on it from eternity.
 O sole, and sweet solution! that unties
 The difficult, and softens the severe;
 The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face dispels;
 Restores bright *order*; casts the brute beneath;
 And re-inthrones us in supremacy
 Of joy, ev'n *here*: admit immortal life,
 And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
 Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dow'r,
 Far richer in reversion: *hope* exults;
 And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
 Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.
 O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
 Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart? for *there*
 The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; *will* alone rebels.
 What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
 New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain!
 Can'st thou suspect that *these*, which make the soul
 The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n?
 Can'st thou suspect, what makes us *disbelieve*
 Our immortality, should prove it *sure*?

First, then, *ambition* summon to the bar.
 Ambition's *shame, extravagance, disgust,*
 And *inextinguishable nature*, speak.
 Each much deposes; hear them in their turn.

Thy soul, how passionately fond of fame?
 How anxious, that fond passion to conceal?
 We blush detected in designs on praise,

Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men;
 And why? because immortal. Art divine
 Has made the body tutor to the soul;
 Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
 Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
 Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
 Which stoops to court a character from man;
 While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
 Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.

Ambition's *boundless appetite* out-speaks
 The verdict of its *shame*. When souls take fire
 One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
 The thunder by the living *few* begun,
 Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound:
 We wish our names *eternally* to live.
 Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought
 Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
 But our blind *reason* sees not where it lies;
 Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
 And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
 Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
 Consult th' ambitious; 'tis ambition's cure.
 "And is this all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. This *third* proof ambition brings
 Of immortality. The first in fame,
 Observe him near, your envy will abate:
 Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
 The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
 At *such* success, and blush at his renown.

And why? because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls.

And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'er-look'd by some reputed wise.
Tho' disappointments in ambition *pain*,
And tho' success *disgusts*, yet still, in vain!
We strive to pluck it from us. Man *must* soar;
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring will toss him up
In spite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too,
No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts,
And cry,—“Behold the wonders of my might.”
And why? because immortal as their lord;
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of heav'n.

Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice*?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine,
“The wise and wealthy are the same.” I grant it.
To store up treasure, is man's highest praise.
To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on.
To guide that instinct, *reason!* is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies:
But reason failing to discharge her trust,
A blunder follows, and blind *industry*,
O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,

The jaded spirits of the present hour,
Provides for an eternity below.

“Thou shalt not covet,” is a wise command,
But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys:
Look farther, the command stands quite revers’d,
And av’rice is a virtue most divine.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man:
Sour grapes I grant *ambition, avarice*;
Yet still their root is immortality.
These its wild growths religion can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois’nous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

See the third witness laughs at bliss remote,
And falsly promises an Eden here;
Truth she shall speak for once, tho’ prone to lye,
A common cheat, and *pleasure* is her name.

Since nature made us not more fond, than *proud*
Of happiness, (whence hypocrites in joy,
Makers of mirth! artificers of smiles!)
Why should the joy most poignant *sense* affords,
Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride?
Those heav’n-born blushes tell us man *descends*,
Ev’n in the zenith of his earthly bliss:
Should *reason* take her infidel repose,
This honest *instinct* speaks our lineage high;
This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
Our glory covers us with noble shame,
And he that’s unconfounded, is unman’d.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
Thus far with thee, I close, pleasure is good,
But pleasure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleasure, which neither blushes, nor expires.

The witnesses are heard, the cause is o'er;
Let *conscience* file the sentence in her court,
Thus, seal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.

“Know all; know infidels,—unapt to know!
“’Tis immortality decyphers man,
“And opens all the mysteries of his make.
“Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
“Without it, all his virtues are a dream:
“His very *crimes* attest his dignity;
“His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,
“Declares him born for blessings infinite;
“What, less than infinite, makes unabsurd
“Passions, which all on earth but more inflames?
“Fierce passions so mismesur’d to this scene,
“Stretch’d out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,
“Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
“For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
“And evidence our title to the skies.”

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold¹³⁹ yourselves, think ardour comes from hell!
Think not our passions from *corruption* sprung,
Tho’ to corruption, now, they lend their wings;
That is their *mistress*, not their *mother*. *Reason*
All judge divine: but in the passions too

¹³⁹Ori., “could”; likely a misprint; restored to reading of original poem.

I see a grandeur speaks their glorious end;
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere Adam fell; tho' wiser in their aim.
What tho' our passions are run mad, and stoop
With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze
On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire;
Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But *these*, when *reason* takes the rein again,
Shall reascend, and mount their native sphere.

But grant their frenzy lasts; their frenzy fails
To disappoint *one* providential end;
Was *reason* silent, boundless *passion* speaks
A future scene of boundless *objects* too.
Consider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible, all; and all is great;
Consider man as mortal, all is dark,
And wretched; reason weeps at the survey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak, modern reason; antient times were wise.
"Authority, that venerable guide,
"Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch,
"(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)
"Deny'd this immortality to man."
I grant it; but affirm they prov'd it too.
A riddle, this? have patience, I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wisdom's page,
Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?

Fable is flat to these high-season'd sires,
 They leave th' extravagance of song below.
 "Flesh shall not feel; or feeling, shall enjoy
 "The dagger, or the rack; to them alike
 "A bed of roses, or the burning bull."
 In men exploding all beyond the grave,
 Strange doctrine, this: as *doctrine* it was strange,
 But not as *prophecy*; for such it prov'd,
 And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
 They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign,
 The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame.

Whence, then, those thoughts? those tow'ring thoughts that flew
 Such monstrous heights?—from *instinct*, and from *pride*,
 The glorious *instinct* of a deathless soul,
 Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
 Suggested truths, they could not understand.
 In *lust*'s dominion, and in *passion*'s storm,
Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
 As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom:
 Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments
 Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reason* disbeliev'd.
They spoke, what nothing but immortal souls
 Could speak, and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.

Can then *absurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
 Speak man *immortal*? all things speak him so.
 Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
 Call; and with endless questions be distrest,
 All unresolveable, if earth is all.

“Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
 “Our wish, eternity; our home, the grave?
 “Heav’n’s *promise* dormant lies in human *hope*,
 “Who *wishes* life immortal, *proves* it too.
 “Why happiness pursu’d, tho’ never found?
 “Man’s thirst of happiness declares *It is*,
 “(For nature never gravitates to nought;)
 “That thirst unquencht declares *It is not here*.
 “Why by *reflection* marr’d the joys of *sense*?
 “Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
 “And putting all our *present* joys to death?
 “Why labours *reason? instinct* were as well;
 “Instinct, far better; what can *chuse* can *err*;
 “O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute?
 “*Reason* with *inclination*, why at war?
 “Why sense of *guilt? why conscience* up in arms?”

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
 And bosom-council to decline the blow.
 Reason with inclination ne’er had jarr’d,
 If nothing future paid forbearance here.
 Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall’d,
 All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene;
 Which was it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
 Than all things else most *certain*; was it *false*,
 What *truth* on earth so precious as the lye?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
 This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*;
 The future of the present is the soul;
 How this life groans, when sever’d from the next?
 Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
 By dark distrust his being cut in two,

In both parts perishes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish! with what thoughts
Abhor'd ANNIHILATION! blasts the soul,
And wide-extends the bounds of human woe?
In *this* black channel would my ravings run:

“*Grief*, from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere-while.
“The future vanisht! and the present pain'd!
“Fall, how profound! hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
“To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
“If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe!
“O for delusion! O for error still!
“Could vengeance strike much stronger, than to plant
“A thinking being in a world like this,
“Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite;
“More curst than at the *fall*? the sun goes out!
“The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry thought?
“Why sense of better? it imbitters worse.
“Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
“To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!
“Woe, from heav'n's bounties! woe, from what was wont
“To flatter most, high intellectual pow'rs.

“*Thought*, *virtue*, *knowledge*! blessings, by *thy* scheme,
“All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once
“My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
“To *know myself*, true wisdom?—no, to shun

“That shocking science, parent of despair!
“Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.

“*Know my Creator?* climb his blest abode
“By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
“Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
“And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
“Obtruding life, with-holding happiness?
“From the full rivers that surround his throne,
“Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
“Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
“To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
“Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
“Hide *him*, for ever hide him, from my thought.

“*Know his achievements?* study his renown?
“Contemplate this amazing universe,
“Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete?—
“For what? ’mid miracles of nobler name,
“To find one miracle of misery?
“To find the being, which alone can *know*,
“And *praise* his works, a blemish on his praise?
“Thro’ nature’s ample range, in thought, to stray,
“And start at man, the single mourner there,
“Breathing high hope! chain’d down to pangs, and death!

“Knowing is suff’ring: and shall *virtue* share
“The sigh of *knowledge?*—virtue shares the sigh.
“By straining up the steep of *excellent*,
“By battles fought, and from *temptation*, won,
“What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
“*Angelic* worth, soon, shuffled in the dark

“With ev’ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?
“Merit is madness; virtue is a crime;
“A crime to *reason*, if it costs us pain
“*Unpaid*: what pain, amidst a thousand more,
“To think the most *abandon’d*, after days
“Of triumph o’er their betters, find in death
“As soft a pillow, nor make fouler clay?

“*Duty! religion!* these, our duty done,
“Imply reward. *Religion* is mistake.
“*Duty?*—there’s none, but to repel the cheat.
“All is inverted, wisdom is a fool.
“*Sense!* take the rein; blind *passion!* drive us on;
“And, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way;
“Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
“Since, as the brute, we die. The sum of man,
“Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.

“But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
“*Their* revels a more poignant relish yield,
“And safer too; *they* never poisons chuse,
“For sensual life *they* best philosophize;
“*Theirs*, that *serene*, the *sages* sought in vain:
“’Tis man alone expostulates with heav’n,
“His, all the pow’r, and all the cause, to mourn.
“Shall *human* eyes alone dissolve in tears?
“And, bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts?
“The wide-stretcht realm of *intellectual* woe,
“Surpassing *sensual* far, is all our own.
“In life so fatally distinguisht, why
“Cast in one lot, confounded, lumpt, in death?

“And why then have we *thought?* to toil and eat,
 “Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
 “What superfluities are reas’ning souls?
 “Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.—
 “But without thought our curse were half unfelt;
 “Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart,
 “And therefore ’tis bestow’d. I thank thee, *reason!*
 “For aiding *life*’s too small calamities,
 “And giving being to the dread of *death*.
 “Such are thy bounties!—was it then too much
 “For *me*, to trespass on the brutal rights?
 “Too much for *heav’n* to make one emmet more?
 “Too much for *chaos* to permit my mass
 “A longer stay with essences unwrought,
 “Unfashion’d, untormented into man?
 “Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
 “Wretched capacity of frenzy, *thought!*
 “Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
 “*Life, thought, worth, wisdom*, all (Oh foul revolt!)
 “Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

“*Death*, then, has chang’d its nature too: O death!
 “Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav’n!
 “Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
 “Why in this thorny *wilderness* so long,
 “Since there’s no *promis’d land*’s ambrosial bow’r?
 “But why this sumptuous insult o’er our heads?
 “Why this illustrious canopy display’d?
 “Why so magnificently lodg’d *despair*?
 “At stated periods, sure-returning, rowl
 “These *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
 “Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose

“Their misery’s full measure?—smiles with flow’rs,
“And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming *earth*,
“That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
“And in an Eden mourn his with’ring joys?

“Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful scene;
“Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn’d*?
“Why not the dragon’s subterranean den,
“For man to howl in? why not his abode,
“Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
“A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence
“Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
“As congruous, as for man, this lofty dome,
“Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire,
“If from her humble chamber in the dust,
“While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
“The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates there;
“And, round us, *death*’s inexorable hand
“Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
“*Undrawn no more?* behind the cloud of *death*,
“Once, I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt
“That sable cloud, and turn’d it all to gold;
“How the *grave*’s alter’d? fathomless, as hell!
“A *real* hell to those, who dreamt of heav’n.
“ANNIHILATION! how it yawns before me?
“Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sense*,
“The privilege of angels, and of worms,
“An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
“This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
“This particle of energy divine,
“Which travels nature, flies from star to star,

“And visits gods, and emulates their pow’rs,
“For ever is extinguisht. Horror! death!
“Death of *that* death I *fearless*, once, survey’d.
“When horror *universal* shall descend,
“And heav’n’s dark concave urn all human race,
“On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
“How just this verse? this monumental sigh!

*Beneath the lumber of demolisht worlds,
Of matter, never dignify’d with life,
Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heav’n!
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
Who liv’d in terror, and in pangs expir’d!*

Hear, ponder and pronounce. If *such* is man,
Mankind’s historian, tho’ divine, might weep.
Dar’st thou persist? and is there nought on earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic lord, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy’d?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compar’d to thee:
Oh! spare this waste of being half divine;
And vindicate th’ oeconomy of heav’n.

Heav’n is all love; all joy in giving joy;
It never had created, but to bless:
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy *so* to be?
Heav’n starts at an *annihilating* God.

Is that, all *nature* starts at, thy desire?
 Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
 What is that dreadful wish?—the dying groan
 Of nature murder'd by the blackest guilt:
 What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
 To nature undebaucht no shock so great;
 Nature's *first* wish is *endless happiness*;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
 A monstrous wish unborn, till virtue dies.
 And Oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd?
 For non-existence¹⁴⁰ no man ever wisht,
 But, first, he wisht the Deity destroy'd.

There's nought, thou sayst, but one eternal flux
 Of feeble essences, tumultuous driv'n
 Thro' *time*'s rough billows into *night*'s abyss.
 Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
 Is there no *rock*, on which man's tossing thought
 Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
 And boldly think it something to be born?
 Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
 Is there no central, all-sustaining base,
 All-realizing, all-connecting pow'r,
 Which, as it call'd-forth all things, can *recall*,
 And force *destruction* to refund her spoil?
 Command the grave, restore her taken prey?
 Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
 And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,
 True to the grand deposit trusted there?
 Is there no potentate, whose out-stretcht arm,
 (When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,)
 Pluckt from foul *devastation*'s famisht maw,

¹⁴⁰Ori., "noon-existence"; a misprint.

Binds *present, past, and future*, to his throne?
A throne, by heav'n's omnipotence in smiles,
Built, (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves,)
Amidst immense effusions of his love,
An ocean of *communicated* bliss.

Think'st thou omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and when the call
Of that loud trump collects us, round heav'n's throne
Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day.

How bright *this* prospect shines? how gloomy, *thine*?
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the shambles of omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *lost*. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial, but our mis'ry?
A world, where dark, mysterious vanity
Of *good*, and *ill*, the distant colours blends,
Confounds all *reason*, and all *hope* destroys;
Reason, and hope, our sole asylum *here*!
A world so far from *great*, (and yet how great
It shines to thee?) there's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a shadow! consciousness, a dream!

A dream, how dreadful? universal blank
Before it, and behind! poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *night*,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb.

Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the short result,
“*IF* man's immortal, there's a god in heav'n.”

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? one sets *my* soul at rest!
So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.

I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and fable
As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing, vengeance: O be wise!
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.

Say, know'st thou what *it* is? or, what *thou* art?
Know'st thou th' *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory; worlds, on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation, poor.

For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
 Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
 Than those of the Supreme; nor his, a few;
 Consult them all; consulted, all proclaim
 Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;
 For whom *omnipotence* has wak'd so long;
 Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
 Of nature, to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of his vast domain,
 (All *nature* bow, while I pronounce his name!)
 What has God done, and not for this sole end,
 To rescue souls from death? the *soul's high price*
 Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
 The *soul's high price* is the *creation's key*,
 Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
 The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine:
That, is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
 Their obvious correspondence, and unites
 Most distant periods in one blest design:
That, is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
 All revolutions, whether we regard
 The *nat'ral*, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
 The former two, but servants to the third:
 To that their duty done, they both expire,
 Their *mass* new-cast, forgot their *deeds renown'd*;
 And angels ask, "Where once they shone so fair?"

To lift us from *this* abject, to sublime;
 This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
 This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
 This mean, to mighty!—for this glorious end
 Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke;

The world was made; was ruin'd; was restor'd;
 Laws from the *skies* were publish'd; were repeal'd;
 On *earth* kings, kingdoms rose; kings, kingdoms fell;
 Fam'd sages lighted up the *pagan* world,
 Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
 Thro' distant age; saints travell'd; martyrs bled;
 By wonders sacred nature stood controul'd;
 The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
 Angels, and more than angels came from heav'n,
 That hallow'd page, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
 Of all these truths thrice-venerable code!
Deists! perform your quarentine; and then,
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent *infernal* pow'rs
 To mar, than those of *light*, this end to gain.
 O what a scene is here! expand, thy soul
 To take the vast idea: warring worlds,
 Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!
 High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife!
 This sublunary ball.—But strife, for what?
 In their own cause conflicting? no; in *thine*,
 In *man*'s. His *single* int'rest blows the flame;
 His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns?
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!

Think not this fiction.¹⁴¹ “There was war in heav'n.”
 From heav'n's high crystal mountain where it hung,
 Th' Almighty's outstretcht arm took down his bow;
 And shot his indignation at the *deep*:
 Rethunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires.—
 And slumbers man, who singly caus'd the storm?

¹⁴¹Ori., “faction”; corrected in the errata.

Why this exertion? why this strange regard
 From heav'n's omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
 Because, in man, the glorious, dreadful pow'r,
 Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for ever.
Duration gives importance; swells the price.
 An angel, if a creature of a day,
 What would he be? a trifle of no weight;
 Or stand, or fall; no matter which: he's gone.
 Because IMMORTAL, therefore is indulg'd
 This strange regard of deities to dust.
 Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes:
 Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight:
 Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
 Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
 Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid.
 Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
 And PROVIDENCE came forth to meet mankind:
 Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,
 And shaken basis own'd the present God:
 Witness, ye *billows!* whose returning tide,
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
 Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:
 Witness, ye *flames!* th' Assyrian tyrant blew
 To sev'nfold rage, as impotent, as strong:
 And thou, *earth!* witness, whose expanding jaws
 Clos'd o'er *presumption's* sacrilegious sons:*
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd

* Corah, &c.

The *soul's high price*, and sworn it to the wise!
 Has not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, strove
 To strike *this truth*, thro' adamantine man?
 And shall each *toy* be still a match for heav'n?
 And full equivalent for groans below?
 Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*,
 What he would give a thousand worlds to *cure*?

Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee,
 This hard alternative; or, to renounce
 Thy *reason*, and thy *sense*; or, to *believe*?
 What then is *unbelief*? 'tis an exploit;
 A strenuous enterprize: to gain it, man
 Must burst thro' ev'ry bar of common sense,
 Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
 And what rewards the sturdy combatant?¹⁴²
 His prize, *repentance*; *infamy*, his crown.

But wherefore, *infamy*?—for want of worth.
 Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides,
 There's nothing to support him in the *right*.
 If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
 Why not his country sold, his father slain?
 'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;
 And his supreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, *av'rice*, by the wise disdain'd,
 Is wisdom, if a touchstone, covers all;
These find employment, and provide for *sense*
 A richer pasture, and a larger range;
 And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne,
 When *reason's* prize, and prospect is no more.

The virtues grow on *immortality*,
 That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.

¹⁴²Ori., "compatant"; corrected in the errata.

A Deity believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *punishments* make God ador'd;
 And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her pow'r:
 As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
 Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
 Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave.
 His *duty* 'tis, to love himself alone,
 Nor care tho' mankind perish, if he smiles.

And are there such?—such candidates there are
 For *more* than death; for utter loss of being!

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
 Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope*!
 Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
 Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
 Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains!
 More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn!
 Far more undone! O ye most infamous
 Of beings, from superior dignity!
 And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,
 From the full flood of evidence against you?
 In the coarse drudgeries, and sinks of *sense*,
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of heav'n,
 By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own:
 But tho' you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;
 To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your pow'r.

Look thou on *truth* unbroken, and intire;
 Truth in the *system*, the full orb; where truths
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford

An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
 More firm; who most examine, most believe.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the *whole*
 Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
 Who not in *fragments* writes to human race;
 Read his *whole* volume, sceptic! then, reply.

This, this is thinking-free, a thought that grasps
 Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
 Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene;
 What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs?
 And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike man!
 Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
 And ask more space in heav'n, can rowl at large
 In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
 For ampler orbs; for new creations, there.
 Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
 A point of no dimension, of no weight?
 It can; it does: the world is such a point,
 And, of *that* point, how small a part enslaves?

How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
 Why not?—*friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they drop?
 How the world falls to-pieces round about us,
 And leaves us in a ruin of our joy?
 What says, this transportation of my friends?
 It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
 And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
 Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;

Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
 That rock of souls immortal; cut thy chord,
 Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
 Eye thy *great pole-star*: make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
 And two of death; the last far most severe.
 Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun;
 Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
 Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
 Triumphant in *his* beams, who made the day.
 When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*,
 (The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
 'Tis utter darkness; strictly, *double* death.
 We sink by no *judicial* stroke of heav'n,
 But nature's *course*; as sure as plummets fall.

If, then, that *double-death* should prove thy lot,
 Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
 Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.
 Not man alone, all *rationals*, heav'n arms
 With an illustrious, but tremendous, pow'r,
 To counter-act its one most gracious end;
 And this, of strict necessity, not choice;
That pow'r deny'd, *men, angels*, were no more,
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
 A nature *rational* implies the pow'r
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
 Else idle *reason* would have nought to do;
 And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
 Heav'n *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not *compells*;

Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
 And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,
 The dreadful secret,—that he *lives* for ever.

Why *this* to thee? thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
 Of second life: but wherefore doubtful still?
 Eternal life is nature's ardent wish;
 Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd:
 When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wisht,
 And when unwisht, we *strive* to disbelieve.

Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,
 Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*,—
 From *purser manners*, to *sublimar faith*,
 Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
 An *honest* deist, where the gospel shines,
 Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends.
 When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
 This song superfluous; *life immortal* strikes
 Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
 A Christian dwells, like Uriel,* in the sun;
 Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight;
 And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.
 Read, and revere the *sacred* page; a page
 Where triumphs *immortality*; a page
 Which not the whole *creation* could produce;
 Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy;
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost:
 'Tis printed in the minds of gods for ever.

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live *for ever*?
 Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live *at all*?

* Milton.

This is a miracle; and *that* no more.
 Deny thou *art*, then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.
 A miracle, with miracles inclos'd,
 Is man? and starts his faith at what is *strange*?
 What less than miracles, from God, can flow?
 Admit a GOD,—that mystery supreme!
 That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
 Deny *him*,—all is mystery besides;
 If *weak* thy faith, why chuse the harder side?
 We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
 So weak our *reason*, and so great our God,
 What most surprizes in the *sacred page*,
 Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.
Faith is not *reason*'s labour, but repose.

To *faith*, and *virtue*, why so backward man?
 From hence;—the *present* strongly strikes us all;
 The *future*, faintly: can we, then, be *men*?
Reason is man's peculiar; *sense*, the brute's.
 The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense*;
 The *future*, *reason*'s empire unconfin'd;
 On *that* expending all her godlike pow'r,
 She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
 There, builds her *blessings*; there, expects her *praise*.
 Oh! be a man;—and strive to be a god.

End of the SECOND VOLUME.