

Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.
 Sweet in the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charms of earliest birds : pleasant the Sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye, in Heaven :
 On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers,

Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls : ye birds,
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

SATAN, IN HIS EXPEDITION TO THE UPPER WORLD, MEETS SIN AND DEATH.

MEANWHILE, the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight : sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left ;
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.
 As, when far off at sea, a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs ; they, on the trading flood,

Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole : so seem'd
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice threefold the gates ; three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamant rock
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape ;
 The one seem'd woman to the waist and fair ;
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast ; a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting : About her middle round
 A cry of Hell-hounds, never ceasing, bark'd
 With wide Cerberian mouths full loud,
 and rung
 A hideous peal ; yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there ; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore ;
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring Moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either : black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,

And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd
his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his
seat
The monster moving onward came as
fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he
strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be
admired,
Admired, not feared; God and his son
except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor
shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:
"Whence and what art thou, execrable
shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible,
advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean
to pass,
That be assured, without leave ask'd of
thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by
proof
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of
Heaven."
To whom the goblin full of wrath re-
plied:
"Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and
faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's
sons
Conjured against the Highest; for which
both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here
condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of
Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breathest defiance here
and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee
more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punish-
ment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add
wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue

Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this
dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs un-
felt before."
So spake the grisly Terror, and in
shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew
tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On the
other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid
hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the
head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a
frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black
clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come
rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to
front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal
blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that
Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd
they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great
deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had
rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd
between.
* * * * *
From her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial
train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up
drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian
powers
Could once have moved; then in the key-
hole turns



L'ALLEGRO (MILTON.)

Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity.—P. 99.

The intricate wards, and every bolt and
bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges
grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom
shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open
stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd
host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might
pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose
array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace
mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy
flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth,
and height,
And time, and place are lost; where
eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four
champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle
bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the
flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth,
swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the
sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and
poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these
most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high ar-
biter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,

The womb of Nature, and perhaps her
grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor
fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes
mix'd
Confusedly, and which thus must ever
fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a
while,
Pondering his voyage.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sighs unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-
brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of v'lets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste, thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides :
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free :
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liv'ries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new
pleasures,

While the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied ;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
Tow'rs and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,

Are at their sav'ry dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses :
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.
Till the livelong daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets ate ;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led ;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shad'wy flail had thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's
length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, cropful, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tow'rd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons
bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robes, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native woodnotes wild.

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

II. PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred !
How little you bestead,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your
toys !

Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes
possess,

As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the
sunbeams,

Or likest hov'ring dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus'
train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy !
Hail divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue :
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs
offended,

Yet thou art higher far descended ;
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).

Oft in glim'ring bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hear the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In his sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of
folly,

Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy ev'ning song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen on some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in its fleshy nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin ! that thy pow'r
Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did

seek ;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards besides
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung ;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the

ear.
Thus Night oft see me in thy pale
career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was
wont

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,

When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard, the Nymphs to
daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd
haunt.

There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep :
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid :
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high imbowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine
ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine
eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew ;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once
more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come, to pluck your berries harsh and
crude ;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing
year.

Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his
peer :

Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he
knew,
Himself, to sing, and build the lofty
rhyme.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious
tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth
spring ;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the
string ;

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favour my destined
urn ;

And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same
hill,

Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade,
and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns ap-
pear'd

Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together
heard

What time the gray-fly winds her sultry
horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews
of night,

Oft till the star, that rose at evening
bright,

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his
westerling wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not
mute,

Temper'd to the oaten flute ;
Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with
cloven heel

From the glad sound would not be absent
long :
And old Damocetas loved to hear our
song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou
art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must
return !

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and
desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine
o'ergrown,

And all their echoes, mourn :
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that
graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay ward-
robe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the re-
morseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Ly-
cidas ?

For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids,
lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
stream :

Ah me ! I fondly dream,
Had ye been there : for what could that
have done ?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus
bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous
roar,

His gory visage down the stream was
sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's
trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
raise

(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not
the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling
ears;

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal
soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour
lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
eyes,

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy
meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd
flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with
vocal reeds!

That strain I heard was of a higher
mood:

But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon
winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this
gentle swain?

And question'd every gust, of rugged
wings,
That blows from off each beaked promon-
tory:

They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon
stray'd:

The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses
dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of
thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing
slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed
with woe.

"Ah! who hath rest," quoth he, "my
dearest pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.)
He shook his mitred locks, and stern
bespake:

"How well could I have spared for thee,
young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
fold!

Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers'
feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves
know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else
the least

That to the faithful herdsman's art be-
longs!

What reck's it them? What need they?
They are sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy
songs

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched
straw;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not
fed,

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist
they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf, with privy
paw,

Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no
more."

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is
past,

That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian
Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither
cast

Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
hues.

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers
use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gush-
ing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely
looks;

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd
eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honey'd
showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal
flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken
dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd
with jet,

The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-
bine,

With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
head,

And every flower that sad embroidery
wears:

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid
lies.

For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false
surmise:

Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sound-
ing seas

Wash far away, where'er thy bones are
hurl'd,

Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming
tide,

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous
world;

Or whether thou, to our moist vows de-
nied,

Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded
mount

Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's
hold;

Look homeward, angel, now, and melt
with ruth:

And O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless
youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep
no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery
floor;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and, with new-
spangled ore,

Flames in the forehead of the morning
sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted
high,

Through the dear might of Him that
walk'd the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams
along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks he
laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and
love.

There entertain him all the saints
above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory
move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his
eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no
more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the
shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be
good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the
oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals
gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various
quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric
lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the
hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle
blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures
new.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN
PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints,
whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains
cold ;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure
of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks
and stones,
Forget not : in thy book record their
groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their
ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that
roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks.
Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and
ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still
doth sway
The triple tyrant : that from these may
grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd
thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

O NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy
spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods
are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart
does fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious
May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's
bill,
Portend success in love ; O, if Jove's
will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy
soft lay,
Now timely sing, e'er the rude bird of
hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some
grove nigh ;

As thou from year to year hast sung
too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the muse, or love call thee his
mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train
am I.

CROMWELL OUR CHIEF OF
MEN.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through
a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way
hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his
work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of
Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises
loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet
much remains
To conquer still ; Peace hath her victo-
ries
No less renown'd than war : new foes
arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular
chains :
Help us to save free conscience from
the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their
maw.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
E'er half my days in this dark world
and wide,
And that one talent which is death to
hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide ;
Doth God exact day labour, light
deny'd,
I fondly ask ? but patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies, God doth not
need

Either man's work or his own gifts ;
who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best :
his state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest ;
They also serve who only stand and
wait.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, this three years' day these eyes,
tho' clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the
year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate
a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and
steer
Right onward. What supports me ? dost
thou ask :
The conscience, Friend, to have lost
them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to
side,
This thought might lead me thro' the
world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better
guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused
saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the
grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad
husband gave,
Rescued from death by force though
pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-
bed taint,
Purification in the old law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to
have

Full sight of her in Heav'n, without
restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her
mind :
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied
sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person
shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back
my night.

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
lies ;
Nature, in awe of him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympa-
thise :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty
paramour.
Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent
snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden-white to
throw ;
Confounded, that Her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul de-
formities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came
softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds
dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea
and land.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up
hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign
lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth
began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild
ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influ-
ence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer had often warn'd them
thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and
bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted
speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more
should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-
tree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them
below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so
busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal fingers strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture
took :
The air, such pleasure loathe to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region
thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last
fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in
happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac'd
night array'd ;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's
new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning
sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges
hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy
channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep
organ blow ;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic
symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age
of gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the
peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories
wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds
down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high
palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring
clouds out brake ;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre
shake ;

When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall
spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for, from this happy
day,
The old dragon, underground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words
deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the
prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud
lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemurs mourn with mid-
night plaint.
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service
quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his
wonted seat.

Peor and Baälím
Forsake their temples dim
With that twice-battered god of Pales-
tine ;

And mooned Ashtoroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy
shine;

The Libyac Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded
Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue:

In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace
blue:

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,
haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with
lowings loud;

Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his
shroud;

In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his wor-
shipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
eyne;

Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky
twine:

Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the
damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several
grave;

And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here
have ending:

Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixed her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid
lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order ser-
viceable.

THE LADY'S SONG.

Comus.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st
unseen

Within thy aery shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth
well;

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the
sphere!

So may'st thou be translated to the
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's
harmonies.

HOW CHARMING IS DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools
suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

BEFORE THE STARRY THRES- HOLD OF JOVE'S COURT.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's
court,
My mansion is, where those immortal
shapes

Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and with low-
thoughted care,
Confin'd and pester'd in this pin-fold
here,

Strive to keep up a frail and feverish
being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives
After this mortal change, to her true ser-
vants,

Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted
seats.

Yet some there be that by due steps
aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden
key

That opes the palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial
weeds

With the rank vapours of this sin-worn
mould.

CHASTITY.

So dear to Heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can
hear,

Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward
shape,

The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's
essence,

Till all be made immortal; but when
Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and
foul talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in Defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows
damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,

Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made
grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the garden fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.

Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can show,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinths and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumbers soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son advanc'd,
Holds her dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free,

She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime ;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

SONG. MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads
with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale prim-
rose.
Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

[SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615—1668.]

THE THAMES.

My eye, descending from the hill, sur-
veys,
Where Thames among the wanton valleys
strays ;
Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's
sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remem-
brance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel
gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to
explore,
Search not his bottom but survey his
shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious
wing
And hatches plenty for the ensuing
spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he
gave.

No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plough-
man's toil,
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he
does.

Nor are his blessings to his banks con-
fined,
But free or common as the sea or wind ;
When he to boast or to disperse her
stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers,
Brings home to us, and makes both
Indies ours :
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where
it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;
So that to us no thing, no place is
strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's ex-
change.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy
stream

My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle,
yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing
full !

[ANONYMOUS. About 1650.]

THE THREE RAVENS.

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be :

The one of them said to his mate,
"Where shall we our breakfast take ?"

"Down in yonder green field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield ;

"His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well do they their master keep ;

"His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl dare come him nigh."

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

She lifted up his bloody head,
And kissed his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her back,
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead herself before even-song
time.

God send every gentleman
Such hawks, such hounds, and such a
leman.

[JOHN DRYDEN. 1636—1700.]

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS.
ANNE KILLIGREW.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the
skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest ;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from para-
dise, [rise,
In spreading branches more sublimely
Rich with immortal green above the rest :
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring
star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering
race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven's majestic pace ;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast
abyss :
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns
divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise re-
hearse,
In no ignoble verse :
But such as thy own voice did practise
here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there ;
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good ;
Thy father was transfused into thy blood ;
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it
was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-
born mind !
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy
rich ore :
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left
behind :
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy
celestial kind.

* * * * *
O gracious God ! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy ?
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of
love ?

O wretched we ! why were we hurried
down
This lubrique and adulterate age ?

* * * * *
What can we say t'excuse our second
fall ?

Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all :
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and unde-
filed ;

Her wit was more than man, her innocence
a child.

Art she had none, yet wanted none ;
For nature did that want supply :
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy :
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas
only born.

Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed.

* * * * *
Ev'n love (for love sometimes her muse
express)
Was but a lambent flame which play'd
about her breast :
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,

So cold herself, while she such warmth
 exprest,
 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall
 sound

To raise the nations under ground;
 When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
 The judging God shall close the book of
 fate;

And there the last assizes keep,
 For those who wake, and those who
 sleep;

When rattling bones together fly,
 From the four corners of the sky;
 When sinews on the skeletons are spread,
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires
 the dead;

The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall
 bound,

For they are cover'd with the lightest
 ground;

And straight, with inborn vigour, on the
 wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning
 sing.

There thou, sweet saint, before the quire
 shalt go,

As harbinger of heaven, the way to
 show,

The way which thou so well hast learned
 below.

THE CHARACTER OF THE EARL
 OF SHAFTESBURY DELI-
 NEATED AS ACHITOPHEL.

OF these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst:
 For close designs and crooked counsels
 fit,

Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit:
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
 In power displeas'd, impatient of disgrace;
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay:
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves
 went high

He sought the storms; but, for a calm
 unfit,

Would steer too nigh the sands to boast
 his wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near
 allied,

And thin partitions do their bounds
 divide:

Else why should he, with wealth and
 honours blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
 Punish a body which he could not please;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

In friendship false, inplacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.

To compass this the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel with a foreign yoke;
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting
 fame,

Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name;
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's
 will!

Where crowds can wink, and no offence
 be known, [own!

Since in another's guilt they find their
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the
 judge.

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes or hands more
 clean,

Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to re-
 dress;

Swift of despatch and easy of access.
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
 With virtues only proper to the gown;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble
 seed;

David for him his tuneful harp had
 strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal
 song.

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not
 stand;

And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the
 tree. [since,

Now, manifest of crimes contrived long
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulk'd behind
 the laws.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKING-
 HAM, DELINEATED AS ZIMRI.

A MAN so various that he seem'd to be
 Not one but all mankind's epitome;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing
 long;

But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and
 buffoon.

Blest madman! who could every hour em-
 ploy

With something new to wish or to enjoy.
 Railing and praising were his usual
 themes,

And both, to show his judgment, in ex-
 tremes.

So over-violent or over-civil,
 That every man with him was god or
 devil.

In squandering wealth was his peculiar
 art,

Nothing went unrewarded but desert;
 Beggar'd by fools whom still he found too
 late;

He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court, then had
 relief,

By forming parties, but could ne'er be
 chief;

For, spite of him, the weight of business
 fell

On Absalom and wise Achitophel.

"RELIGIO LAICI."

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and
 stars

To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is reason to the soul: and as on high,

Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here; so reason's glimmering
 ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemi-
 sphere;

So pale grows reason at religion's sight—
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural
 light.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST,
 AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S
 DAY.

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were placed around;

Their brows with roses and with myrtle
 bound,

(So should desert in arms be crown'd):
 The lovely Thais, by his side,

Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,

None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above

(Such is the power of mighty Love!).
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god,
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sove-
 reign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty
 sound,

A present deity! they shout around:
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs re-
 bound:

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet
musician sung :
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face ;
Now give the hautboys breath : he comes !
he comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king
grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and
thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he heaven and earth
defied, [pride,
Changed his hand, and check'd his
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed :
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor
sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree :

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
Honour, but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying !
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
The many rend the skies with loud ap-
plause ;

So love was crown'd, but music won the
cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair,
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and
look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length, with love and wine at once
oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her
breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of
thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head !
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise ;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their
eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle
were slain,

And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain ;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !

Behold how they toss their torches on
high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile
gods !
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal
to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another
Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle
soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred
store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-
known before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

COME, IF YOU DARE.

"COME, if you dare !" our trumpets
sound,
"Come, if you dare !" the foes rebound ;
"We come, we come !"
Says the double beat of the thund'ring
drum ;
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again.
The gods from above the mad labour be-
hold,
And pity mankind that will perish for
gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound—
They fly ! they fly !
"Victoria ! Victoria !" the bold Britons
cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run ;

Then return to our lasses like fortunate
traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd
invaders.

FAIR, SWEET, AND YOUNG.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserved for your victorious eyes :
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
Oh, pity and distinguish me !
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd ;
Your every motion charms my mind ;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with
you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

MANKIND.

MEN are but children of a larger growth ;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain ;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark
room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees
nothing ;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it out-
ward
To the world's open view.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the
deceit ;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will re-
pay :
To-morrow's falser than the former day ;