

POETRY (1)

FOR SECOND STAGE

2011-2012

Thomas Wyatt
“Who so List to Hunt”

Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,
But as for me, hélas, I may no more.
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore,
I am of them that farthest cometh behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
Sithens in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
As well as I may spend his time in vain.
And graven with diamonds in letters plain
There is written, her fair neck round about:
Noli me tangere, for Caesar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.

Thomas Wyatt
“They Flea from me”

They flee from me that sometime did me seek
With naked foot stalking in my chamber.
I have seen them gentle tame and meek
That now are wild and do not remember
That sometime they put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range
Busily seeking with a continual change.
Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once in special,
In thin array after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small;
And therewith all sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, Dear heart, *how like you this?*
It was no dream, I lay broad waking.
But all is turned thorough my gentleness
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness
And she also to use newfangleness.
But since that I so kindly am served,
I fain would know what she hath deserved.

Henry Howard, the Earl of Surrey
“Spring”

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale.
The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he slings ;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale ;
The adder all her slough away she slings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the fliës smale ;
The busy bee her honey now she mings ;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

Henry Howard, the Earl of Surrey
“Of the Death of Sir T. W.”

Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest;
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
Such profit he of envy could obtain.
A head where wisdom mysteries did frame,
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stithy, where some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.
A visage stern and mild, where both did grow,
Vice to contemn, in virtues to rejoice,
Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.
A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;
A mark, the which-s-unperfited, for time -
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.
A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
Whose courteous talk to virtue did enflame
Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth, by travail, unto fame.

An eye whose judgment no affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.
A heart where dread yet never so impressed
To hide the thought that might the truth advance;
In neither fortune lost, nor so repressed,
To swell in wealth, nor yield unto mischance.
A valiant corps, where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas! too happy, but for foes,
Lived, and ran the race that nature set;
Of manhood's shape, where she the mold did lose.
But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left with such as covet Christ to know
Witness of faith that never shall be dead,
Sent for our health, but not received so.
Thus, for our guilt, this jewel have we lost;
The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

Henry Howard, the Earl of Surrey
“Love that doth reign and live within my thought”

Love, that doth reign and live within my thought,
And built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms? wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
But she that taught me love and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke? my hot desire *also*
With shamefast look to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.
And coward Love, then, to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, where he doth lurk and plain,
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide? I pain,
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove:"
Sweet is the death that taketh end by love.

Walter Raleigh
“The Lie”

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand;
Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant:
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Say to the court it glows
 And shines like rotten wood,
Say to the church it shows
 What's good, and doth no good:
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
 Acting, by others' action;
Not lov'd unless they give;
 Not strong, but by affection.
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition;
 Their practice only hate.
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
 They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
 Like nothing but commending.
 And if they make reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
 Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it meets but motion;
 Tell flesh it is but dust:
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
 Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
 Tell favour how it falters:
 And as they shall reply,
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In fickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness:
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
 Tell skill it is prevention;
Tell charity of coldness;
 Tell law it is contention:
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
 Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
 Tell justice of delay:
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
 Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood, shakes off pity;
 Tell virtue, least preferred.
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Because to give the lie

Deserves no less than stabbing:
Stab at thee, he that will,
No stab thy soul can kill!

Sir Walter Raleigh
“Farewell to the Court”

Like truthless dreams, so are my joys expir'd,
And past return are all my dandled days;
My love misled, and fancy quite retir'd
Of all which pass'd the sorrow only stays.

My lost delights, now clean from sight of land,
Have left me all alone in unknown ways;
My mind to woe, my life in fortune's hand
Of all which pass'd the sorrow only stays.

As in a country strange, without companion,
I only wail the wrong of death's delays,
Whose sweet spring spent, whose summer well-nigh done
Of all which pass'd only the sorrow stays.

Whom care forewarns, ere age and winter cold,
To haste me hence to find my fortune's fold.

Philip Sidney
“O Sweet Woods”

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, 1593

[*O sweet woods*]

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness!
Oh, how much I do like your solitariness!
Where man's mind hath a freed consideration,
Of goodness to receive lovely direction.
Where senses do behold th' order of heav'nly host,
And wise thoughts do behold what the creator is;
Contemplation here holdeth his only seat,
Bounded with no limits, born with a wing of hope,
Climbs even unto the stars, nature is under it.
Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy service yields,
Each sight draws on a thought (thought, mother of science)
Sweet birds kindly do grant harmony unto thee,
Fair trees' shade is enough fortification,
Nor danger to thyself if 't be not in thyself.

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness!
Oh, how much I do like your solitariness!
Here nor treason is hid, veiled in innocence,
Nor envy's snaky eye finds any harbor here,
Nor flatterers' venomous insinuations,
Nor coming humorists' puddled opinions,
Nor courteous ruin of proffered usury,
Nor time prattled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor causeless duty, nor cumber of arrogance,
Nor trifling title of vanity dazzleth us,
Nor golden manacles stand for a paradise,
Here wrong's name is unheard, slander a monster is;
Keep thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt.
What man grafts in a tree dissimulation?

O sweet woods, the delight of solitariness!
Oh, how well I do like your solitariness!
Yet, dear soil, if a soul closed in a mansion
As sweet as violets, fair as lily is,
Straight as cedar, a voice stains the canary birds,
Whose shade safety doth hold, danger avoideth her;
Such wisdom that in her lives speculation;
Such goodness that in her simplicity triumphs;
Where envy's snaky eye winketh or else dieth;
Slander wants a pretext, flattery gone beyond;
Oh! if such a one have bent to a lonely life,
Her steps glad we receive, glad we receive her eyes,
And think not she doth hurt our solitariness,
For such company decks such solitariness.

Michael Drayton
from "Idea's Mirror"

1

LIKE an adventurous seafarer am I,
Who hath some long and dangerous voyage been,
And, called to tell of his discovery,
How far he sailed, what countries he had seen.
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
Shews by his compass how his course he steered,
When East, when West, when South, and when by North,
As how the Pole to every place was reared,
What capes he doubled, of what Continent,
The gulfs and straits that strangely he had past,

7

Where most becalmed, where with foul weather spent,
And on what rocks in peril to be cast.

Thus in my love, Time calls me to relate
My tedious travels and oft-varying fate.

3

TAKING my pen, with words to cast my woe,
Duly to count the sum of all my cares,
I find my griefs innumerable grow,
The reckonings rise to millions of despairs ;
And thus dividing of my fatal hours,
The payments of my love I read and cross,
Subtracting, set my sweets unto my sour,
My joy's arrearage leads me to my loss ;
And thus mine eye's a debtor to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their looks ;
My heart hath paid such grievous usury
That all their wealth lies in thy beauty's books,
And all is thine which hath been due to me,
And I a bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

61

INCE there's no help, come, let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes.

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Edmund Spenser
Introducing *The Fairie Queene*
(Book I: Canto I: stanzas 1-5)

Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Y cladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloody field;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:

His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as liuing euer him ador'd:
Vpon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soueraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but euer was ydrad.

Upon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to haue,
Which of all earthly things he most did craue;
And euer as he rode, his hart did earne
To proue his puissance in battell braue
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Vpon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And ouer all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heauie sat vpon her palfrey slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subiection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule vprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far co[m]peld.

Edmund Spenser
from *Amoretti*

1

HAPPY ye leaues when as those lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead doing might
shall handle you and hold in loues soft bands,
lyke captiues trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines, on which with starry light,
those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look
and reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
written with teares in harts close bleeding book.
And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
of *Helicon* whence she deriued is,
when ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
my soules long lacked foode, my heauens blis.
Leaues, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
whom if ye please, I care for other none.

34

LYKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde,
by conduct of some star doth make her way,
whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
out of her course doth wander far astray.
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-cast,
doe wander now, in darknesse and dismay,
through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past,
My *Helice* the lodestar of my lyfe
will shine again, and looke on me at last,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
in secret sorrow and sad pensiuenesse.

74

MOST happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
with which that happy name was first defynd:
the which three times thrise happy hath me made,
with guifts of body, fortune and of mind.
The first my being to me gaue by kind,
from mothers womb deriu'd by dew descent,
the second is my souereigne Queene most kind,
that honour and large richesse to me lent.
The third my loue, my liues last ornament,

by whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed:
to speake her prayse and glory excellent,
of all aliue most worthy to be prayseed.
Ye three Elizabeths for euer liue,
that three such graces did vnto me giue.

75

ONE day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
but came the waues and washed it away:
agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
a mortall thing so to immortalize.
for I my selue shall lyke to this decay,
and eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, (quod I) let baser things deuize,
to dy in dust, but you shall liue by fame:
my verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
and in the heuens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
our loue shall liue, and later life renew.

William Shakespeare Sonnet 18

How oft have I, my dear and cruel foe,
With those your eyes, for to get peace and truce,
Proffered you mine heart, but you do not use
Among so high things to cast your mind so low.
If any other look for it, as ye trow,
Their vain weak hope doth greatly them abuse,
And thus I disdain that ye refuse.
It was once mine, it can no more be so.
If I then it chase, nor it in you can find
In this exile no manner of comfort;
Nor live alone nor where he is called resort;
He may wander from his natural kind.
So shall it be great hurt unto us twain,
And your's the loss and mine the deadly pain.

William Shakespeare
Sonnet 23

Divers doth use, as I have heard and know,
When that to change their ladies do begin,
To moan and wail, and never for to lin,
Hoping thereby to pease their painful woe.
And some there be, that when it chanceth so
That women change, and hate where love hath been,
They call them false, and think with words to win
The hearts of them which elsewhere doth go.
But as for me, though that by chance indeed
Change hath out-worn the favour that I had,
I will not wail, lament, nor yet be sad,
Nor call her false that falsley did me feed,
But let it pass and think it is of kind,
That often change doth please a woman's mind.

William Shakespeare
Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

John Donne
“A Valediction: Forbidding Morning”

AS virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"Now his breath goes," and some say, "No."

So let us melt, and make no noise,
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move ;
 'Twere profanation of our joys
 To tell the laity our love.
 Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears ;
 Men reckon what it did, and meant ;
 But trepidation of the spheres,
 Though greater far, is innocent.
 Dull sublunary lovers' love
 —Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
 Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
 The thing which elemented it.
 But we by a love so much refined,
 That ourselves know not what it is,
 Inter-assurèd of the mind,
 Care less, eyes, lips and hands to miss.
 Our two souls therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to aery thinness beat.
 If they be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two ;
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.
 And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet, when the other far doth roam,
 It leans, and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home.
 Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun.

John Donne
from *Holy Sonnets*

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God ; for you
 As yet but knock ; breathe, shine, and seek to mend ;
 That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
 Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
 I, like an usurp'd town, to another due,
 Labour to admit you, but O, to no end.

Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy ;
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

X

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy'or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

George Herbert
“The Pulley”

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said he) poure on him all we can :
Let the worlds riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

For if I should (said he)

Bestow this jewell also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts in stead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse :
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tesse him to my breast.

George Herbert
“Vertue”

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie :
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Henry Vaughan
“Man”

WEIGHING the stedfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless date
 And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flow'rs
 Early, as well as late,
Rise with the sun and set in the same bow'rs ;

2.

I would—said I—my God would give
The staidness of these things to man ! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
 And no new business breaks their peace ;
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine ;
 The flow'rs without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dress'd so fine.

3.

Man hath still either toys, or care ;
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and irregular
 About this Earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where ;
 He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

4.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
 By some hid sense their Maker gave ;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
 And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.

Ben Jonson
“To John Donne”

Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each Muse
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose every work of thy most early wit
 Came forth example, and remains so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live;
And which no affection praise enough can give!

To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife.
All which I meant to praise, and yet I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

Ben Jonson
“On my First Daughter”

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end, she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heaven's queen, whose name she bears,
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed amongst her virgin-train:
Where, while that severed doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth;
Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

Ben Jonson
“On my First Son”

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy ;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
Oh, could I lose all father now ! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And if no other misery, yet age !
Rest in soft peace, and, asked, say, Here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such
As what he loves may never like too much.

Robert Herrick
“An Ode to Ben Jonson”

Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock,--the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

Robert Herrick
“To Anthea who may Command Him Anything”

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.
Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.
Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And, having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.
Thou art my life, my love my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

Richard Lovelace
“To Lucasta, Going to the Wars”

1

Tell me not (Sweet) I am unkind,
That from the Nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To War and Arms I flee.

2

True, a new Mistress now I chase,
The first Foe in the Field;
And with a stronger Faith embrace
A Sword, a Horse, a Shield.

3

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

Andrew Marvell
“An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell’s Return from Ireland”

The forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.
'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil th' unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But thorough advent'rous war
 Urged his active star.
And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
 Did through his own side
 His fiery way divide.
For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous or enemy;
 And with such to enclose
 Is more than to oppose.
Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
 And Cæsar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.
'Tis madness to resist or blame
The force of angry Heaven's flame;
 And, if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,
Who from his private gardens where
He liv'd reserved and austere,
 As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot,
Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
 And cast the kingdom old
 Into another mould.
Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain;
 But those do hold or break
 As men are strong or weak.
Nature that hateth emptiness
Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.
What field of all the civil wars
Where his were not the deepest scars?
 And Hampton shows what part

He had of wiser art,
Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case,
That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed.
This was that memorable hour
Which first assur'd the forced pow'r.
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,
A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.
And now the Irish are asham'd
To see themselves in one year tam'd;
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.
They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust;
Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand;
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.
He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents;

And, what he may, forbears
 His fame, to make it theirs,
 And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
 To lay them at the public's skirt.
 So when the falcon high
 Falls heavy from the sky,
 She, having kill'd, no more does search
 But on the next green bough to perch,
 Where, when he first does lure,
 The falc'ner has her sure.
 What may not then our isle presume
 While victory his crest does plume!
 What may not others fear
 If thus he crown each year!
 A Cæsar he ere long to Gaul,
 To Italy an Hannibal,
 And to all states not free,
 Shall climacteric be.
 The Pict no shelter now shall find
 Within his parti-colour'd mind;
 But from this valour sad
 Shrink underneath the plaid,
 Happy if in the tufted brake
 The English hunter him mistake,
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.
 But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
 March indefatigably on;
 And for the last effect
 Still keep thy sword erect;
 Besides the force it has to fright
 The spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A pow'r, must it maintain.

Andrew Marvell
“A Dialogue Between the Soul and the Body”

Soul

*O who shall, from this dungeon, raise
A soul enslaved so many ways?
With bolts of bones, that fettered stands
In feet, and manacled in hands;
Here blinded with an eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear;
A soul hung up, as it were, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins;
Tortured, besides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart.*

Body

*O who shall me deliver whole
From bonds of this tyrannic soul?
Which, stretched upright, impales me so
That mine own precipice I go:
And warms and moves this needless frame,
(A fever could but do the same)
And, wanting where its spite to try,
Has made me live to let me die.
A body that could never rest,
Since this ill spirit it possest.*

Soul

*What magic could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine?
Where whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain;
And all my care itself employs;
That to preserve which me destroys;
Constrained not only to endure
Diseases, but, what's worse, the cure;
And ready off the port to gain,
And shipwrecked into health again.*

Body

*But physic yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach
Whom first the cramp of hope does tear,
And then the palsy shakes of fear;
The pestilence of love does heat,
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat;
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex,
Or sorrow's other madness vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know,
And memory will not forego.
What but a soul could have the wit
To build me up for sin so fit?
So architects do square and hew
Green trees that in the forest grew.*

**Crashaw
“The Tear”**

What bright soft thing is this?
Sweet Mary, the fair eyes' expense?
A moist spark it is,
A wat'ry diamond; from whence
The very term, I think, was found
The water of a diamond.

O 'tis not a tear,
'Tis a star about to drop
From thine eye its sphere;
The sun will stoop and take it up.
Proud will his sister be to wear
This thine eyes' jewel in her ear.

O 'tis a tear
Too true a tear; for no sad eyne,
How sad so e're,
Rain so true a teare as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so dear,
Weeps for itself, is its own tear.

Such a pearl as this is,
(Slipped from Aurora's dewy breast)
The rose bud's sweet lip kisses;
And such the rose itself, when vexed

With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in too warm a bed.

Such the maiden gem,
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes on the manly sun:
This wat'ry blossom of thy eyne,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

Faire drop, why quak'st thou so?
'Cause thou straight must lay thy head
In the dust? o no;
The dust shall never be thy bed:
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuffed with down of angels' wing.

Thus carried up on high,
(For to Heaven thou must go)
Sweetly shalt thou lie
And in soft slumbers bathe thy woe;
Till the singing orbs awake thee,
And one of their bright chorus make thee.

There thy self shalt be
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th'hadst rather there have shone
An eye of Heaven; or still shine here,
In th'Heaven of Mary's eye, a tear.

John Milton
“On Shakespeare”

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name:
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavoring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book

Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

John Milton
“On His Blindness”

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
E're 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 milde yoke, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and waite.

John Milton
Paradise Lost
Book IV

O, for that warning voice, which he, who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warned
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare: For now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:

Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair,
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;
Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.
O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Lookest from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
Of Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King:
Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I sdeined subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit

The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then
O, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not some other Power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent: Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and scepter high advanced,

The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: Such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilment grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace;
All hope excluded thus, behold, in stead
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell, hope; and with hope farewell, fear;
Farewell, remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know.
Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face
Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair;
Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practised falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge:
Yet not enough had practised to deceive
Uriel once warned; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort; his gestures fierce
He marked and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
Access denied; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung;
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed:
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landskip: And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who fail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambick, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend,
Who came their bane; though with them better pleased
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent

From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.
Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
All path of man or beast that passed that way.
One gate there only was, and that looked east
On the other side: which when the arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdained; and, in contempt,
At one flight bound high over-leaped all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regained, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect, what well used had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth: For blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east

Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Of where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained;
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath engulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bowers: Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,

Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grotts and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirrour holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seemed lords of all:
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he and valour formed;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed;
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banished from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
Of God or Angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair,
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side

They sat them down; and, after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers:
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
 Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking played
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
 His kithemroboscis; close the serpent sly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
 Couch'd, and now filled with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,
 Declined, was hasting now with prone career
 To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
 Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad.
 O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not Spirits, yet to heavenly Spirits bright
 Little inferiour; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.

Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is entered; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied: League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wronged.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet publick reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.
So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn,
By word or action marked. About them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,

Straight couches close, then, rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,
Griped in each paw: when, Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turned him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowest
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferred upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve replied. O thou for whom
And from whom I was formed, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and right.

For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: There I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me; 'What thou seest,
'What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
'With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
'And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
'Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
'Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
'Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
'Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
'Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: Back I turned;
Thou following cryedst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve;
'Whom flyest thou? whom thou flyest, of him thou art,

'His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
'Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
'Substantial life, to have thee by my side
'Henceforth an individual solace dear;
'Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
'My other half:' With that thy gentle hand
Seised mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,
Smiled with superiour love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed Mayflowers; and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure: Aside the Devil turned
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained.
Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,
Imparadised in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfilled with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gained
From their own mouths: All is not theirs, it seems;
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build

Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: What likelier can ensue
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering Spirit of Heaven by fountain side,
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What further would be learned. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed!
So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam
Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levelled his evening rays: It was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelick guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroick games
The unarmed youth of Heaven, but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: He thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image: I described his way
Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him: One of the banished crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.
To whom the winged warriour thus returned.
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitst,
See far and wide: In at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: If Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'er-leaped these earthly bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowest it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tellest, by morrow dawning I shall know.
So promised he; and Uriel to his charge
Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rolled
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;

Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve. Fair Consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: Other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey: So God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: To know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening 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,
Glistening 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.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor replied.
Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonick number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaick; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem: Other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed;
And heavenly quires the hymenaeal sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorned,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endowed with all their gifts, and O! too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son

Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentick fire.
Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also madest the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employed,
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turned, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids encrease; who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else!
By thee adulterous Lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,

Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestick sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,
Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim,
Forth issuing at the accustomed hour, stood armed
To their night watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.
Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he called
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearched no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped

The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such, where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: Him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distempered, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits ingendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly; for no falshood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: Up he starts
Discovered and surprised. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amazed
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.
Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged to Hell
Comest thou, escaped thy prison? and, transformed,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
Know ye not then said Satan, filled with scorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminished brightness to be known,
As when thou stoodest in Heaven upright and pure;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.
So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: Abashed the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impaired; yet seemed
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,
Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: To strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quelled
His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron joined,
A waiting next command. To whom their Chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud.
O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;

Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approached,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couched.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss!
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel? thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question asked
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain!
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doomed! Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who knowest only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bounds us! Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: Thus much what was asked.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied.
O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment!

So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incurrest by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? Courageous Chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.
To which the Fiend thus answered, frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting Angel! well thou knowest I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried:
I, therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
And practised distances to cringe, not fight,
To whom the warriour Angel soon replied.
To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar traced,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawned, and cringed, and servily adored
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
Fly neither whence thou fledst! If from this hour
Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred.
So threatened he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud liminary Cherub! but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, drawest his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved.
While thus he spake, the angelick squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,
Left on the threshing floor his hopeless sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seemed both spear and shield: Now dreadful deeds

Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weighed,
The pendulous round earth with balanced air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: In these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam,
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowest mine;
Neither our own, but given: What folly then
To boast what arms can do? since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: For proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;
Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The Fiend looked up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: Nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

John Dryden
“Mac Flecknoe”

All human things are subject to decay,
And, when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was called to empire, and had governed long;
In prose and verse was found without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourished in peace,
And blessed with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And, pondering which of all his sons was fit

To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried,-- "'Tis resolved! for nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years;
 Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense;
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty;
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology!
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare the way;
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
 To teach the nation in thy greater name."

Alexander Pope
Essay on Criticism
 (Part I)

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But of the two less dangerous is th' offence
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense:
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose;
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well;

Authors are partial to their wit, 't is true,
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?
 Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right:
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced
 Is by ill col'ring but the more disgraced,
 So by false learning is good send defaced:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools:
 In search of wit these look their common sense,
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.
 Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass'd;
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
 Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal;
 To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire.
 But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your Genius, Taste, and Learning go,
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where Sense and Dulness meet.
 Nature to all thing fix'd the limits fit,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
 Thus in the soul while Memory prevails,
 The solid power of Understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm Imagination play,
 The Memory's soft figures melt away.
 Our Science only will one genius fit;
 So vast is Art, so narrow human wit:

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like Kings we lost the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more:
 Each might his sev'ral province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.
 First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same;
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides.
 In such fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole;
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more to turn it to its use;
 For Wit and Judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed,
 Restrain his fury than provoke his speed:
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
 Those rules of old, discover'd, not devised,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
 Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
 Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites
 When to repress and when indulge our flights:
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
 She drew from them what they derived from Heav'n.
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the poets fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
 But following Wits from that intention stray'd:
 Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid;
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,

Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they;
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
 These leave the sense their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.
 You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
 Know well each ancient's proper character;
 His fable, subject, scope in every page;
 Religion, country, genius of his age:
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night;
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
 When first young Maro in his boundless mind
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;
 But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
 Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine
 As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
 To copy Nature is to copy them.
 Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry; in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach.
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)
 Some lucky license answer to the full
 Th' intent proposed, that license is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
 May boldly deviate from the common track.

Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art,
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of Nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
 But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
 Moderns, beware ! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
 And have at least their precedent to plead;
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
 I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, may, seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
 Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
 Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring !
 Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring !
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant ! born in happier days,
 Immortal heirs of universal praise !
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !
 O may some spark of your celestial fire
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,

(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a science little knows,
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

Samuel Johnson
The Vanity of Human Wishes

Let Observation with extensive View,
Survey Mankind, from *China* to *Peru*;
Remark each anxious Toil, each eager Strife,
And watch the busy Scenes of crowded Life;
Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate,
O'er spread with Snares the clouded Maze of Fate,
Where wav'ring Man, betray'd by vent'rous Pride,
To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide;
As treach'rous Phantoms in the Mist delude,
Shuns fancied Ills, or chases airy Good.
How rarely Reason guides the stubborn Choice,
Rules the bold Hand, or prompts the suppliant Voice,
How Nations sink, by darling Schemes oppres'd,
When Vengeance listens to the Fool's Request.
Fate wings with ev'ry Wish th' afflictive Dart,
Each Gift of Nature, and each Grace of Art,
With fatal Heat impetuous Courage glows,
With fatal Sweetness Elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the Speaker's pow'rful Breath,
And restless Fire precipitates on Death.
But scarce observ'd the Knowing and the Bold,
Fall in the gen'ral Massacre of Gold;
Wide-wasting Pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with Crimes the Records of Mankind,
For Gold his Sword the Hireling Ruffian draws,
For Gold the hireling Judge distorts the Laws;
Wealth heap'd on Wealth, nor Truth nor Safety buys,
The Dangers gather as the Treasures rise.
Let Hist'ry tell where rival Kings command,
And dubious Title shakes the madd'd Land,
When Statutes glean the Refuse of the Sword,
How much more safe the Vassal than the Lord,
Low sculks the Hind beneath the Rage of Pow'r,
And leaves the *bonny Traytor* in the *Tow'r*,
Untouch'd his Cottage, and his Slumbers sound,
Tho' Confiscation's Vulturs clang around.

The needy Traveller, serene and gay,
 Walks the wild Heath, and sings his Toil away.
 Does Envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding Joy,
 Encrease his Riches and his Peace destroy,
 New Fears in dire Vicissitude invade,
 The rustling Brake alarms, and quiv'ring Shade,
 Nor Light nor Darkness bring his Pain Relief,
 One shews the Plunder, and one hides the Thief.
 Yet still the gen'ral Cry the Skies assails
 And Gain and Grandeur load the tainted Gales;
 Few know the toiling Statesman's Fear or Care,
 Th' insidious Rival and the gaping Heir.
 Once more, *Democritus*, arise on Earth,
 With chearful Wisdom and instructive Mirth,
 See motley Life in modern Trappings dress'd,
 And feed with varied Fools th' eternal Jest:
 Thou who couldst laugh where Want enchain'd Caprice,
 Toil crush'd Conceit, and Man was of a Piece;
 Where Wealth unlov'd without a Mourner dy'd;
 And scarce a Sycophant was fed by Pride;
 Where ne'er was known the Form of mock Debate,
 Or seen a new-made Mayor's unwieldy State;
 Where change of Fav'rites made no Change of Laws,
 And Senates heard before they judg'd a Cause;
 How wouldst thou shake at *Britain's* modish Tribe,
 Dart the quick Taunt, and edge the piercing Gibe?
 Attentive Truth and Nature to descry,
 And pierce each Scene with Philosophic Eye.
 To thee were solemn Toys or empty Shew,
 The Robes of Pleasure and the Veils of Woe:
 All aid the Farce, and all thy Mirth maintain,
 Whose Joys are causeless, or whose Griefs are vain.
 Such was the Scorn that fill'd the Sage's Mind,
 Renew'd at ev'ry Glance on Humankind;
 How just that Scorn ere yet thy Voice declare,
 Search every State, and canvass ev'ry Pray'r.
 Unnumber'd Suppliants croud Preferment's Gate,
 Athirst for Wealth, and burning to be great;
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant Call,
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
 On ev'ry Stage the Foes of Peace attend,
 Hate dogs their Flight, and Insult mocks their End.
 Love ends with Hope, the sinking Statesman's Door
 Pours in the Morning Worshiper no more;
 For growing Names the weekly Scribbler lies,

To growing Wealth the Dedicator flies,
 From every Room descends the painted Face,
 That hung the bright *Palladium* of the Place,
 And smok'd in Kitchens, or in Auctions sold,
 To better Features yields the Frame of Gold;
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry Line
 Heroic Worth, Benevolence Divine:
 The Form distorted justifies the Fall,
 And Detestation rids th' indignant Wall.
 But will not *Britain* hear the last Appeal,
 Sign her Foes Doom, or guard her Fav'rites Zeal;
 Through Freedom's Sons no more Remonstrance rings,
 Degrading Nobles and controuling Kings;
 Our supple Tribes repress their Patriot Throats,
 And ask no Questions but the Price of Votes;
 With Weekly Libels and Septennial Ale,
 Their Wish is full to riot and to rail.
 In full-blown Dignity, see *Wolsey* stand,
 Law in his Voice, and Fortune in his Hand:
 To him the Church, the Realm, their Pow'rs consign,
 Thro' him the Rays of regal Bounty shine,
 Turn'd by his Nod the Stream of Honour flows,
 His Smile alone Security bestows:
 Still to new Heights his restless Wishes tow'r,
 Claim leads to Claim, and Pow'r advances Pow'r;
 Till Conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
 And Rights submitted, left him none to seize.
 At length his Sov'reign frowns — the Train of State
 Mark the keen Glance, and watch the Sign to hate.
 Where-e'er he turns he meets a Stranger's Eye,
 His Suppliants scorn him, and his Followers fly;
 Now drops at once the Pride of awful State,
 The golden Canopy, the glitt'ring Plate,
 The regal Palace, the luxurious Board,
 The liv'ried Army, and the menial Lord.
 With Age, with Cares, with Maladies oppress'd,
 He seeks the Refuge of Monastic Rest.
 Grief aids Disease, remember'd Folly stings,
 And his last Sighs reproach the Faith of Kings.
 Speak thou, whose Thoughts at humble Peace repine,
 Shall *Wolsey's* Wealth, with *Wolsey's* End be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer Pride content,
 The richest Landlord on the Banks of *Trent*?
 For why did *Wolsey* by the Steps of Fate,
 On weak Foundations raise th' enormous Weight

Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's Blow,
 With louder Ruin to the Gulphs below?
 What gave great *Villiers* to th' Assassin's Knife,
 And fixed Disease on *Harley's* closing life?
 What murder'd *Wentworth*, and what exil'd *Hyde*,
 By Kings protected and to Kings ally'd?
 What but their Wish indulg'd in Courts to shine,
 And Pow'r too great to keep or to resign?
 When first the College Rolls receive his Name,
 The young Enthusiast quits his Ease for Fame;
 Resistless burns the fever of Renown,
 Caught from the strong Contagion of the Gown;
 O'er *Bodley's* Dome his future Labours spread,
 And *Bacon's* Mansion trembles o'er his Head;
 Are these thy Views? proceed, illustrious Youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the Throne of Truth,
 Yet should thy Soul indulge the gen'rous Heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last Retreat;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest Ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless Day;
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose Delight,
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;
 Should tempting Novelty thy Cell refrain,
 And Sloth's bland Opiates shed their Fumes in vain;
 Should Beauty blunt on Fops her fatal Dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd Heart;
 Should no Disease thy torpid Veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's Phantoms haunt thy Shade;
 Yet hope not Life from Grief or Danger free,
 Nor think the Doom of Man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing World to turn thine Eyes,
 And pause awhile from Learning to be wise;
 There mark what Ills the Scholar's Life assail,
 Toil, Envy, Want, the Garret, and the Jail.
 See Nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried Merit raise the tardy Bust.
 If Dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear *Lydiat's* Life, and *Galileo's* End.
 Nor deem, when Learning her lost Prize bestows
 The glitt'ring Eminence exempt from Foes;
 See when the Vulgar 'scap'd despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful Talons seize on *Laud*.
 From meaner Minds, tho' smaller Fines content
 The plunder'd Palace or sequester'd Rent;
 Mark'd out by dangerous Parts he meets the Shock,

And fatal Learning leads him to the Block:
 Around his Tomb let Art and Genius weep,
 But hear his Death, ye Blockheads, hear and sleep.
 The festal Blazes, the triumphal Show,
 The ravish'd Standard, and the captive Foe,
 The Senate's Thanks, the Gazette's pompous Tale,
 With Force resistless o'er the Brave prevail.
 Such Bribes the rapid *Greek* o'er *Asia* whirl'd,
 For such the steady *Romans* shook the World;
 For such in distant Lands the *Britons* shine,
 And stain with Blood the *Danube* or the *Rhine*;
 This Pow'r has Praise, that Virtue scarce can warm,
 Till Fame supplies the universal Charm.
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal Game,
 Where wasted Nations raise a single Name,
 And mortgag'd States their Grandsires Wreaths regret
 From Age to Age in everlasting Debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought Right convey
 To rust on Medals, or on Stones decay.
 On what Foundation stands the Warrior's Pride?
 How just his Hopes let *Swedish Charles* decide;
 A Frame of Adamant, a Soul of Fire,
 No Dangers fright him, and no Labours tire;
 O'er Love, o'er Force, extends his wide Domain,
 Unconquer'd Lord of Pleasure and of Pain;
 No Joys to him pacific Scepters yield,
 War sounds the Trump, he rushes to the Field;
 Behold surrounding Kings their Pow'r combine,
 And One capitulate, and One resign;
 Peace courts his Hand, but spread her Charms in vain;
 "Think Nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,
 "On *Moscow's* Walls till *Gothic* Standards fly,
 "And all is Mine beneath the Polar Sky."
 The March begins in Military State,
 And Nations on his Eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary Coast,
 And Winter barricades the Realms of Frost;
 He comes, nor Want nor Cold his Course delay;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide *Pultowa's* Day:
 The vanquish'd Hero leaves his broken Bands,
 And shews his Miseries in distant Lands;
 Condemn'd a needy Supplicant to wait,
 While Ladies interpose, and Slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her Error mend?
 Did no subverted Empire mark his End?

Did rival Monarchs give the fatal Wound?
 Or hostile Millions press him to the Ground?
 His Fall was destin'd to a barren Strand,
 A petty Fortress, and a dubious Hand;
 He left the Name, at which the World grew pale,
 To point a Moral, or adorn a Tale.
 All Times their Scenes of pompous Woes afford,
 From *Persia's* Tyrant to *Bavaria's* Lord.
 In gay Hostility, and barb'rous Pride,
 With half Mankind embattled at his Side,
 Great *Xerxes* comes to seize the certain Prey,
 And starves exhausted Regions in his Way;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his Myriads o'er,
 Till counted Myriads sooth his Pride no more;
 Fresh Praise is try'd till Madness fires his Mind,
 The Waves he lashes, and enchains the Wind;
 New Pow'rs are claim'd, new Pow'rs are still bestowed,
 Till rude Resistance lops the spreading God;
 The daring *Greeks* deride the Martial Shew,
 And heap their Vallies with the gaudy Foe;
 Th' insulted Sea with humbler Thoughts he gains,
 A single Skiff to speed his Flight remains;
 Th' incumber'd Oar scarce leaves the dreaded Coast
 Through purple Billows and a floating Host.
 The bold *Bavarian*, in a luckless Hour,
 Tries the dread Summits of *Cesarean* Pow'r,
 With unexpected Legions bursts away,
 And sees defenceless Realms receive his Sway;
 Short Sway! fair *Austria* spreads her mournful Charms,
 The Queen, the Beauty, sets the World in Arms;
 From Hill to Hill the Beacons rousing Blaze
 Spreads wide the Hope of Plunder and of Praise;
 The fierce *Croatian*, and the wild *Hussar*,
 And all the Sons of Ravage croud the War;
 The baffled Prince in Honour's flatt'ring Bloom
 Of hasty Greatness finds the fatal Doom,
 His foes Derision, and his Subjects Blame,
 And steals to Death from Anguish and from Shame.
 Enlarge my Life with Multitude of Days,
 In Health, in Sickness, thus the Suppliant prays;
 Hides from himself his State, and shuns to know,
 That Life protracted is protracted Woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the Passages of Joy:
 In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,

The Fruit autumnal, and the Vernal Flow'r,
 With listless Eyes the Dotard views the Store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more;
 Now pall the tastless Meats, and joyless Wines,
 And Luxury with Sighs her Slave resigns.
 Approach, ye Minstrels, try the soothing Strain,
 And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain:
 No Sounds alas would touch th' impervious Ear,
 Though dancing Mountains witness'd *Orpheus* near;
 Nor Lute nor Lyre his feeble Pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter Musick of a virtuous Friend,
 But everlasting Dictates croud his Tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning Tale, and ling'ring Jest,
 Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Guest,
 While growing Hopes scarce awe the gath'ring Sneer,
 And scarce a Legacy can bribe to hear;
 The watchful Guests still hint the last Offence,
 The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence,
 Improve his heady Rage with treach'rous Skill,
 And mould his Passions till they make his Will.
 Unnumber'd Maladies each Joint invade,
 Lay Siege to Life and press the dire Blockade;
 But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded Losses aggravate his Pains;
 He turns, with anxious Heart and cripled Hands,
 His Bonds of Debt, and Mortgages of Lands;
 Or views his Coffers with suspicious Eyes,
 Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.
 But grant, the Virtues of a temp'rate Prime
 Bless with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime;
 An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,
 And glides in modest Innocence away;
 Whose peaceful Day Benevolence endears,
 Whose Night congratulating Conscience cheers;
 The gen'ral Fav'rite as the gen'ral Friend:
 Such Age there is, and who could wish its end?
 Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary Minutes flagging Wings:
 New Sorrow rises as the Day returns,
 A Sister sickens, or a Daughter mourns.
 Now Kindred Merit fills the sable Bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a Tear.
 Year chases Year, Decay pursues Decay,
 Still drops some Joy from with'ring Life away;

New Forms arise, and different Views engage,
 Superfluous lags the Vet'ran on the Stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last Release,
 And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.
 But few there are whom Hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the Gulphs of fate.
 From *Lydia's* monarch should the Search descend,
 By *Solon* caution'd to regard his End,
 In Life's last Scene what Prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wise?
 From *Marlb'rough's* Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,
 And *Swift* expires a Driv'ler and a Show.
 The teeming Mother, anxious for her Race,
 Begg for each Birth the Fortune of a Face:
 Yet *Vane* could tell what Ills from Beauty spring;
 And *Sedley* curs'd the Form that pleas'd a King.
 Ye Nymphs of rosy Lips and radiant Eyes,
 Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
 Whom Joys with soft Varieties invite
 By Day the Frolick, and the Dance by Night,
 Who frown with Vanity, who smile with Art,
 And ask the latest Fashion of the Heart,
 What Care, what Rules your heedless Charms shall save,
 Each Nymph your Rival, and each Youth your Slave?
 An envious Breast with certain Mischief glows,
 And Slaves, the Maxim tells, are always Foes.
 Against your Fame with Fondness Hate combines,
 The Rival batters, and the Lover mines.
 With distant Voice neglected Virtue calls,
 Less heard, and less the faint Remonstrance falls;
 Tir'd with Contempt, she quits the slipp'ry Reign,
 And Pride and Prudence take her Seat in vain.
 In croud at once, where none the Pass defend,
 The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
 The Guardians yield, by Force superior ply'd;
 By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.
 Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
 Where then shall Hope and Fear their Objects find?
 Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant Mind?
 Must helpless Man, in Ignorance sedate,
 Swim darkling down the Current of his Fate?
 Must no Dislike alarm, no Wishes rise,
 No Cries attempt the Mercies of the Skies?
 Enquirer, cease, Petitions yet remain,

Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for Good the supplicating Voice,
But leave to Heav'n the Measure and the Choice.
Safe in his Pow'r, whose Eyes discern afar
The secret Ambush of a specious Pray'r.
Implore his Aid, in his Decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet with the Sense of sacred Presence prest,
When strong Devotion fills thy glowing Breast,
Pour forth thy Fervours for a healthful Mind,
Obedient Passions, and a Will resign'd;
For Love, which scarce collective Man can fill;
For Patience sov'reign o'er transmuted Ill;
For Faith, that panting for a happier Seat,
Thinks Death kind Nature's Signal of Retreat:
These Goods for Man the Laws of Heav'n ordain,
These Goods he grants, who grants the Pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the Mind,
And makes the Happiness she does not find.