

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Anne Killigrew**

**- poems -**

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## **A Farewel To Worldly Joys**

Farewel ye Unsubstantial Joyes,  
Ye Gilded Nothings, Gaudy Toyes,  
Too long ye have my Soul misled,  
Too long with Aiery Diet fed:  
But now my Heart ye shall no more  
Deceive, as you have heretofore:  
For when I hear such Sirens sing,  
Like Ithaca's fore-warned King,  
With prudent Resolution I  
Will so my Will and Fancy tye,  
That stronger to the Mast not he,  
Than I to Reason bound will be:  
And though your Witchcrafts strike my Ear,  
Unhurt, like him, your Charms I'll hear.

Anne Killigrew

## Alexandreis

I Sing the Man that never Equal knew,  
Whose Mighty Arms all Asia did subdue,  
Whose Conquests through the spacious World do ring,  
That City-Raser, King-destroying King,  
Who o're the Warlike Macedons did Reign,  
And worthily the Name of Great did gain.  
This is the Prince (if Fame you will believe,  
To ancient Story any credit give.)  
Who when the Globe of Earth he had subdu'd,  
With Tears the easie Victory pursu'd;  
Because that no more Worlds there were to win,  
No further Scene to act his Glories in.  
Ah that some pitying Muse would now inspire  
My frozen style with a Poetique fire,  
And Raptures worthy of his Matchless Fame,  
Whose Deeds I sing, whose never fading Name

Long as the world shall fresh and deathless last,  
No less to future Ages, then the past.  
Great my presumption is, I must confess,  
But if I thrive, my Glory's ne're the less;  
Nor will it from his Conquests derogate  
A Female Pen his Acts did celebrate.  
If thou O Muse wilt thy assistance give,  
Such as made Naso and great Maro live,  
With him whom Melas fertile Banks did bear,  
Live, though their Bodies dust and ashes are;  
Whose Laurels were not fresher, than their Fame  
Is now, and will for ever be the same.  
If the like favour thou wilt grant to me,  
O Queen of Verse, I'll not ungrateful be,  
My choicest hours to thee I'll Dedicate,  
'Tis thou shalt rule, 'tis thou shalt be my Fate.  
But if Coy Goddess thou shalt this deny,  
And from my humble suit disdaining fly,  
I'll stoop and beg no more, since I know this,  
Writing of him, I cannot write amiss:  
His lofty Deeds will raise each feeble line,  
And God-like Acts will make my Verse Divine.

'Twas at the time the golden Sun doth rise,  
And with his Beams enlights the azure skies,  
When lo a Troop in Silver Arms drew near,  
The glorious Sun did nere so bright appear;  
Dire Scarlet Plumes adorn'd their haughty Crests,  
And crescent Shields did shade their shining Brests;  
Down from their shoulders hung a Panthers Hide,  
A Bow and Quiver ratled by their side;  
Their hands a knotty well try'd Speare did bear,  
Jocund they seem'd, and quite devoyd of fear.  
These warlike Virgins were, that do reside  
Near Thermodons smooth Banks and verdant side,

The Plains of Themiscyre their Birth do boast,  
Thalestris now did head the beauteous Host;  
She emulating that Illustrious Dame,  
Who to the aid of Troy and Priam came,  
And her who the Retulian Prince did aid,  
Though dearly both for their Assistance paid.  
But fear she scorn'd, nor the like fate did dread,  
Her Host she often to the field had lead,  
As oft in Triumph had return'd again,  
Glory she only sought for all her pain.

This Martial Queen had heard how lowly fame,  
Eccho'd our Conquerors redoubted Name,  
Her Soul his Conduct and his Courage fir'd,  
To see the Hero she so much admir'd;  
And to Hyrcania for this cause she went,  
Where Alexander (wholly then intent  
On Triumphs and such Military sport)  
At Truce with War held both his Camp and Court.  
And while before the Town she did attend  
Her Messengers return, she saw ascend  
A cloud of Dust, that cover'd all the skie,  
And still at every pause there stroke her eye.  
The interrupted Beams of Burnisht Gold,  
As dust the Splendour hid, or did unfold;  
Loud Neighings of the Steeds, and Trumpets sound  
Fill'd all the Air, and eccho'd from the ground:  
The gallant Greeks with a brisk March drew near,  
And their great Chief did at their Head appear.  
And now come up to th'Amazonian Band,  
They made a Hault and a respectful Stand:  
And both the Troops (with like amazement strook)  
Did each on other with deep silence look.

Th'Heroick Queen (whose high pretence to War  
Cancell'd the bashful Laws and nicer Bar  
Of Modesty, which did her Sex restrain)  
First boldly did advance before her Train,  
And thus she spake. All but a God in Name,  
And that a debt Time owes unto thy Fame.

Anne Killigrew

## **An Invective Against Gold**

OF all the Poisons that the fruitful Earth  
E'er yet brought forth, or Monsters she gave Birth,  
Nought to Mankind has e'er so fatal been,  
As thou, accursed Gold, their Care and Sin.

Methinks I the Advent'rous Merchant see,  
Ploughing the faithless Seas, in search of thee,  
His dearest Wife and Children left behind,  
(His real Wealth) while he, a Slave to th' Wind,  
Sometimes becalm'd, the Shore with longing Eyes  
Wishes to see, and what he wishes, Spies:  
For a rude Tempest wakes him from his Dream,  
And Strands his Bark by a more sad Extream.  
Thus, hopeless Wretch, is his whole Life-time spent,  
And though thrice Wreck't, 's no Wiser than he went.

Again, I see, the Heavenly Fair despis'd,  
A Hagg like Hell, with Gold, more highly priz'd;  
Mens Faith betray'd, their Prince and Country Sold,  
Their God deny'd, all for the Idol Gold.

Unhappy Wretch, who first found out the Oar,  
What kind of Vengeance rests for thee in store?  
If Nebats Son, that Israel led astray,  
Meet a severe Reward at the last Day?  
Some strange unheard-of Judgement thou wilt find,  
Who thus hast caus'd to Sin all Humane Kind.

Anne Killigrew

### **First Epigram: Upon Being Contented with a Little**

1 We deem them moderate, but Enough implore,  
2 What barely will suffice, and ask no more:  
3 Who say, (O Jove) a competency give,  
4 Neither in Luxury, or Want we'd live.  
5 But what is that, which these Enough do call?  
6 If both the Indies unto some should fall,  
7 Such Wealth would yet Enough but onely be,  
8 And what they'd term not Want, or Luxury.  
9     Among the Suits, O Jove, my humbler take;  
10    A little give, I that Enough will make.

Anne Killigrew

## Love, The Soul Of Poetry

WHen first Alexis did in Verse delight,  
His Muse in Low, but Graceful Numbers walk't,  
And now and then a little Proudly stalk't;  
But never aim'd at any noble Flight:  
The Herds, the Groves, the gentle purling Streams,  
Adorn'd his Song, and were his highest Theams.

But Love these Thoughts, like Mists, did soon disperse,  
Enlarg'd his Fancy, and set free his Muse,  
Biding him more Illustrious Subjects choose;  
The Acts of Gods, and God-like Men rehearse.  
From thence new Raptures did his Breast inspire,  
His scarce Warm-Heart converted was to Fire.

Th' exalted Poet rais'd by this new Flame,  
With Vigor flys, where late he crept along,  
And Acts Divine, in a Diviner Song,  
Commits to the eternal Trompe of Fame.  
And thus Alexis does prove Love to be,  
As the Worlds Soul, the Soul of Poetry.

Anne Killigrew

## On Death

1 Tell me thou safest End of all our Woe,  
2 Why wretched Mortals do avoid thee so:  
3 Thou gentle drier o' th' afflicted Tears,  
4 Thou noble ender of the Cowards Fears;  
5 Thou sweet Repose to Lovers sad dispaire,  
6 Thou Calm t' Ambitions rough Tempstuous Care.  
7 If in regard of Bliss thou wert a Curse,  
8 And then the Joys of Paradise art worse;  
9 Yet after Man from his first Station fell,  
10 And God from Eden Adam did expel,  
11 Thou wert no more an Evil, but Relief;  
12 The Balm and Cure to ev'ry Humane Grief:  
13 Through thee (what Man had forfeited before)  
14 He now enjoys, and ne'r can loose it more.  
15 No subtile Serpents in the Grave betray,  
16 Worms on the Body there, not Soul do prey;  
17 No Vice there Tempts, no Terrors there afright,  
18 No Coz'ning Sin affords a false delight:  
19 No vain Contentions do that Peace annoy,  
20 No feirce Alarms break the lasting Joy.  
22 Such real Good as Life can never know;  
23 Come when thou wilt, in thy afrighting'st Dress,  
24 Thy Shape shall never make thy Welcome less.  
25 Thou mayst to Joy, but ne'er to Fear give Birth,  
26 Thou Best, as well as Certain'st thing on Earth.  
27 Fly thee? May Travellers then fly their Rest,  
28 And hungry Infants fly the profer'd Brest.  
29 No, those that faint and tremble at thy Name,  
30 Fly from their Good on a mistaken Fame.  
31 Thus Childish fear did Israel of old  
32 From Plenty and the Promis'd Land with-hold;  
33 They fancy'd Giants, and refus'd to go,  
34 When Canaan did with Milk and Honey flow.

Anne Killigrew

## The Complaint Of A Lover

Seest thou younder craggy Rock,  
Whose Head o'er-looks the swelling Main,  
Where never Shepherd fed his Flock,  
Or careful Peasant sow'd his Grain.  
No wholesome Herb grows on the same,  
Or Bird of Day will on it rest;  
'Tis Barren as the Hopeless Flame,  
That scortches my tormented Breast.

Deep underneath a Cave does lie,  
Th' entrance hid with dismal Yew,  
Where Phebus never shew'd his Eye,  
Or cheerful Day yet pierced through.

In that dark Melancholy Cell,  
(Retreate and Sollace to my Woe)  
Love, sad Dispair, and I, do dwell,  
The Springs from whence my Griefs do flow.

Treacherous Love that did appear,  
(When he at first approach't my Heart)  
Drest in a Garb far from severe,  
Or threatning ought of future smart.

So Innocent those Charms then seem'd,  
When Rosalinda first I spy'd,  
Ah! Who would them have deadly deem'd?  
But Flowers do often Serpents hide.

Beneath those sweets conceal'd lay,  
To Love the cruel Foe, Disdain,  
With which (alas) she does repay  
My Constant and Deserving Pain.

When I in Tears have spent the Night,  
With Sighs I usher in the Sun,  
Who never saw a sadder sight,  
In all the Courses he has run.

Sleep, which to others Ease does prove,  
Comes unto me, alas, in vain:  
For in my Dreams I am in Love,  
And in them too she does Disdain.

Some times t'Amuse my Sorrow, I  
Unto the hollow Rocks repair,  
And loudly to the Eccho cry,  
Ah! gentle Nimph come ease my Care.

Thou who, times past, a Lover wer't,  
Ah! pity me, who now am so,  
And by a sense of thine own smart,

Alleviate my Mighty Woe.

Come Flatter then, or Chide my Grief;  
Catch my last Words, and call me Fool;  
Or say, she Loves, for my Relief;  
My Passion either sooth, or School.

Anne Killigrew

## The Discontent

### I.

1 Here take no Care, take here no Care, my Muse,  
2 Nor ought of Art or Labour use:  
3 But let thy Lines rude and unpolisht go,  
4 Nor Equal be their Feet, nor Num'rous let them flow.  
5 The ruggeder my Measures run when read,  
6 They'l livelier paint th'unequal Paths fond Mortals tread.  
7 Who when th'are tempted by the smooth Ascents,  
8 Which flatt'ring Hope presents,  
9 Briskly they clime, and Great Things undertake;  
10 But Fatal Voyages, alas, they make:  
11 For 'tis not long before their Feet,  
12 Inextricable Mazes meet,  
13 Perplexing Doubts obstruct their Way,  
14 Mountains with-stand them of Dismay;  
15 Or to the Brink of black Dispaire them lead,  
16 Where's nought their Ruine to impede,  
17 In vain for Aide they then to Reason call,  
18 Their Senses dazle, and their Heads turn round,  
19 The sight does all their Pow'rs confound,  
20 And headlong down the horrid Precipice they fall:  
21 Where storms of Sighs for ever blow,  
22 Whre raped streams of Tears do flow,  
23 Which drown them in a Briny Floud.  
24 My Muse pronounce aloud, there's nothing Good,  
25 Nought that the World can show,  
26 Nought that it can bestow.

### II.

27 Not boundless Heaps of its admired Clay,  
28 Ah, too successful to betray,  
29 When spread in our fraile Vertues way:  
30 For few do run with so Resolv'd a Pace,  
31 That for the Golden Apple will not loose the Race.  
32 And yet not all the Gold the Vain would spend,  
33 Or greedy Avarice would wish to save;  
34 Which on the Earth refulgent Beams doth send,  
35 Or in the Sea has found a Grave,  
36 Joyn'd in one Mass, can Bribe sufficient be,  
37 The Body from a stern Disease to free,  
38 Or purchase for the Minds relief  
39 One Moments sweet Repose, when restless made by grief,  
40 But what may Laughter, more than Pity, move:  
41 When some the Price of what they Dear'st Love  
42 Are Masters of, and hold it in their Hand,  
43 To part with it their Hearts they can't command:  
44 But chose to miss, what miss't does them torment,

45 And that to hug, affords them no Content.  
46 Wise Fools, to do them Right, we these must hold,  
47 Who Love depose, and Homage pay to Gold.

### III.

48 Nor yet, if rightly understood,  
49 Does Grandeur carry more of Good;  
50 To be o'th' Number of the Great enroll'd,  
51 A Scepter o're a Mighty Realm to hold.  
52 For what is this?  
53 If I not judge amiss.  
54 But all th'Afflicted of a Land to take,  
55 And f one single Family to make?  
56 The Wrong'd, the Poor, th'Opprest, the Sad,  
57 The Ruin'd, Malecontent, and Mad?  
58 Which a great Part of ev'ry Empire frame,  
59 And Interest in the common Father claime.  
60 Again what is't, but always to abide  
61 A Gazing Crowd? upon a Stage to spend  
62 A Life that's vain, or Evil without End?  
63 And which is yet not safely held, nor laid aside?  
64 And then, if lesser Titles carry less of Care,  
65 Yet none but Fools ambitious are to share  
66 Such a Mock-Good, of which 'tis said, 'tis Best,  
67 When of the least of it Men are possest.

### IV.

68 But, O, the Laurel'd Fool! that doats on Fame,  
69 Whose Hope's Applause, whose Fear's to want a Name;  
70 Who can accept for Pay  
71 Of what he does, what others say;  
72 Exposes now to hostile Arms his Breast,  
73 To toylsome Study then betrays his Rest;  
74 Now to his Soul denies a just Content,  
75 Then forces on it what it does resent;  
76 And all for Praise of Fools: for such are those,  
77 Which most of the Admiring Crowd compose.  
78 O famisht Soul, which such Thin Food can feed!  
79 O Wretched Labour crown'd with such a Meed!  
80 Too loud, O Fame! thy Trumpet is, too shrill,  
81 To lull a Mind to Rest,  
82 Or calme a stormy Breast,  
83 Which asks a Musick soft and still.  
84 'Twas not Almaleck's vanquisht Cry,  
85 Nor Israels shout of Victory,  
86 That could in Saul the rising Passion lay,

87 'Twas the soft strains of David's Lyre the Evil Spirit chace't away.

V.

88 But Friendship fain would yet it self defend,  
89 And Mighty Things it does pretend,  
90 To be of this Sad Journey, Life, the Baite,  
91 The Sweet Refection of our toylsome State.  
92 But though True Friendship a Rich Cordial be,  
93 Alas, by most 'tis so alay'd,  
94 Its Good so mixt with Ill we see,  
95 That Dross for Gold is often paid.  
96 And for one Grain of Friendship that is found,  
97 Falshood and Interest do the Mass compound,  
98 Or coldness, worse than Steel, the Loyal heart doth wound.  
99 Love in no Two was ever yet the same,  
100 No Happy Two ere felt an Equal Flame.

VI.

101 Is there that Earth by Humane Foot ne're prest?  
102 That Aire which never yet by Humane Breast  
103 Respir'd, did Life supply?  
104 Oh, thither let me fly!  
105 Where from the World at such a distance set,  
106 All that's past, present, and to come I may forget:  
107 The Lovers Sighs, and the Afflicted Tears,  
108 What e're may wound my Eyes or Ears.  
109 The grating Noise of Private Jars,  
110 The horrid sound of Publick Wars,  
111 Of babling Fame the Idle Stories,  
112 The short-liv'd Triumphs Noysy-Glories,  
113 The Curious Nets the subtile weave,  
114 The Word, the Look that may deceive.  
115 No Mundan Care shall more affect my Breast,  
116 My profound Peace shake or molest:  
117 But Stupor, like to Death, my Senses bind,  
118 That so I may anticipate that Rest,  
119 Which only in my Grave I hope to find.

Anne Killigrew

## The Miseries of Man

1 In that so temperate Soil Arcadia nam'd,  
1 For fertile Pasturage by Poets fam'd;  
2 Stands a steep Hill, whose lofty jetting Crown,  
3 Casts o'er the neighbouring Plains, a seeming Frown;  
4 Close at its mossie Foot an aged Wood,  
5 Compos'd of various Trees, there long has stood,  
6 Whose thick united Tops scorn the Sun's Ray,  
7 And hardly will admit the Eye of Day.  
8 By oblique windings through this gloomy Shade,  
9 Has a clear purling Stream its Passage made,  
10 The Nymph, as discontented seem'd t'ave chose  
11 This sad Recess to murmur forth her Woes.

12 To this Retreat, urg'd by tormenting Care,  
13 The melancholly Cloris did repair,  
14 As a fit Place to take the sad Relief  
15 Of Sighs and Tears, to ease oppressing Grief.  
16 Near to the Mourning Nymph she chose a Seat,  
17 And these Complaints did to the Shades repeat.

18 Ah wretched, trully wretched Humane Race!  
19 Your Woes from what Beginning shall I trace,  
20 Where End, from your first feeble New-born Cryes,  
21 To the last Tears that wet your dying Eyes?  
22 Man, Common Foe, assail'd on ev'ry hand,  
23 Finds that no Ill does Neuter by him stand,  
24 Inexorable Death, Lean Poverty,  
25 Pale Sickness, ever sad Captivity.  
26 Can I, alas, the sev'ral Parties name,  
27 Which, muster'd up, the Dreadful Army frame?  
28 And sometimes in One Body all Unite,  
29 Sometimes again do separately fight:  
30 While sure Success on either Way does waite,  
31 Either a Swift, or else a Ling'ring Fate.

32 But why 'gainst thee, O Death! should I inveigh,  
33 That to our Quiet art the only way?  
34 And yet I would (could I thy Dart command)  
35 Crie, Here O strike! and there O hold thy Hand!  
36 The Lov'd, the Happy, and the Youthful spare,  
37 And end the Sad, the Sick, the Poor Mans Care.  
38 But whether thou or Blind, or Cruel art,  
39 Whether 'tis Chance, or Malice, guides thy Dart,  
40 Thou from the Parents Arms dost pull away  
41 The hopeful Child, their Ages only stay:  
42 The Two, whom Friendship in dear Bands hs ty'd,  
43 Thou dost with a remorseless hand devide;  
44 Friendship, the Cement, that does faster twine  
45 Two Souls, than that which Soul and Body joyn:  
46 Thousands have been, who their own Blood did spill,  
47 But never any yet his Friend did kill.

48 Then 'gainst thy Dart what Armour can be found,  
49 Who, where thou do'st not strike, do'st deepest wound?  
50 Thy Pitty, than thy Wrath's more bitter far,  
51 Most cruel, where 'twould seem the most to spare:  
52 Yet thou of many Evils art but One,  
53 Though thou by much too many art alone.

54 What shall I say of Poverty, whence flows?  
55 To miserable Man so many Woes?  
56 Rediculous Evil which too oft we prove,  
57 Does Laughter cause, where it should Pitty move;  
58 Solitary Ill, into which no Eye,  
59 Though ne're so Curious, ever cares to pry,  
60 And were there, 'mong such plenty, onely One  
61 Poor Man, he certainly would live alone.

62 Yet Poverty does leave the Man entire,  
63 But Sickness nearer Mischiefs does conspire;  
64 Invades the Body with a loath'd Embrace,  
65 Prides both its Strength, and Beauty to deface;  
66 Nor does it Malice in these bounds restrain,  
67 But shakes the Throne of Sacred Wit, the Brain,  
68 And with a ne're enough detested Force  
69 Reason disturbs, and turns out of its Course.  
70 Again, when Nature some Rare Piece has made,  
71 On which her Utmost Skill she seems t'ave laid,  
72 Polish't, adorn'd the Work with moving Grace,  
73 And in the Beauteous Frame a Soul doth place,  
74 So perfectly compos'd, it makes Divine  
75 Each Motion, Word, and Look from thence does shine;  
76 This Goodly Composition, the Delight  
77 Of ev'ry Heart, and Joy of ev'ry sight,  
78 Its peevish Malice has the Power to spoyle,  
79 And with a Sully'd Hand its Lusture soyle.  
80 The Grief were Endless, that should all bewaile,  
81 Against whose sweet Repose thou dost prevail:  
82 Some freeze with Agues, some with Feavers burn,  
82 Whose Lives thou half out of their Holds dost turn;  
83 And of whose Sufferings it may be said,  
84 They living feel the very State o' th' Dead.  
85 Thou in a thousand sev'ral Forms are drest,  
86 And in them all dost Wretched Man infest.

87 And yet as if these Evils were too few,  
88 Men their own Kind with hostile Arms pursue;  
89 Not Heavens fierce Wrath, nor yet the Hate of Hell,  
90 Not any Plague that e're the World befel,  
91 Not Inundations, Famines, Fires blind rage,  
92 Did ever Mortals equally engage,  
93 As Man does Man, more skilful to annoy,  
94 Both Mischievous and Witty to destroy.  
95 The bloody Wolf, the Wolf doe not pursue;

96 The Boar, though fierce, his Tusk will not embrue  
97 In his own Kind, Bares, not on Bares do prey:  
98 Then art thou, Man, more savage far than they.

99 And now, methinks, I present do behold  
100 The Bloody Fields that are in Fame enroll'd,  
101 I see, I see thousands in Battle slain,  
102 The Dead and Dying cover all the Plain,  
103 Confused Noises hear, each way sent out,  
104 The Vanquishts Cries joyn'd with the Victors shout;  
105 Their Sighs and Groans who draw a painful Breath,  
106 And feel the Pangs of slow approaching Death:  
107 Yet happier these, far happier are the Dead,  
108 Than who into Captivity are led:  
109 What by their Chains, and by the Victors Pride,  
110 We pity these, and envy those that dy'd.  
111 And who can say, when Thousands are betray'd,  
112 To Widdowhood, Orphants or Childless made.  
113 Whither the Day does draw more Tears or Blood  
114 A greater Chrystal, or a Crimson Floud.  
115 The faithful Wife, who late her Lord did Arm,  
116 And hop'd to shield, by holy Vows, from Harm,  
117 Follow'd his parting-steps with Love and Care,  
118 Sent after weeping Eyes, while he afar  
119 Rod heated on, born by a brave Disdain,  
120 May now go seek him, lying 'mong the Slain:  
121 Low on the Earth she'l find his lofty Crest,  
122 And those refulgent Arms which late his Breast  
123 Did guard, by rough Encounters broke and tore,  
124 His Face and Hair, with Brains all clotted ore.  
125 And Warlike Weeds besmeer'd with Dust and Gore.

126 And will the Suffering World never bestow  
127 Upon th'Accursed Causers of such Woe,  
128 A vengeance that may parallel their Loss,  
129 Fix Publick Thieves and Robbers on the Cross?  
130 Such as call Ruine, Conquest, in their Pride,  
131 And having plagu'd Mankind, in Triumph ride.  
132 Like that renounced Murder who staines  
133 In these our days Alsatias fertile Plains,  
134 Only to fill the future Tomp of Fame,  
135 Though greater Crimes, than Glory it proclame.  
136 Alcides, Scourge of Thieves, return to Earth,  
137 Which uncontrolled gives such Monsters birth;  
138 On Scepter'd-Cacus let thy Power be shown,  
139 Pull him not from his Den, but from his Throne.

140 Clouds of black Thoughts her further Speech here broke,  
141 Her swelling Grief too great was to be spoke,  
142 Which struggl'd long in her tormented Mind,  
143 Till it some Vent by Sighs and Tears did find.  
144 And when her Sorrow something was subdu'd,

145 She thus again her sad Complaint renewed.

146 Most Wretched Man, were th'Ills I nam'd before  
147 All which I could in thy sad State deplore,  
148 Did Things without alone 'gainst thee prevail,  
149 My Tongue I'de chide, that them I did bewaile:  
150 But, Shame to Reason, thou are seen to be  
151 Unto thy self the fatall'st Enemy,  
152 Within thy Breast the Greatest Plagues to bear,  
153 First them to breed, and then to cherish there;  
154 Unmanag'd Passions which the Reins have broke  
155 Of Reason, and refuse to bear its Yoke.  
156 But hurry thee, uncurb'd, from place to place,  
157 A wild, unruly, and an Uncouth Chace.  
158 Now cursed Gold does lead the Man astray,  
159 False flatt'ring Honours do anon betray,  
160 Then Beauty does as dang'rously delude,  
161 Beauty, that vanishes, while 'tis pursu'd,  
162 That, while we do behold it, fades away,  
163 And even a Long Encomium will not stay.

164 Each one of these can the Whole Man employ,  
165 Nor knows he anger, sorrow, fear, or joy,  
166 But what to these relate; no Thought does start  
167 Aside, but tends to its appointed Part,  
168 No Respite to himself from Cares he gives,  
169 But on the Rack of Expectation lives.  
170 If crost, the Torment cannot be exprest,  
171 Which boyles within his agitated Breast.  
172 Musick is harsh, all Mirth is an offence,  
173 The Choicest Meats cannot delight his Sense,  
174 Hard as the Earth he feels his Downy Bed,  
175 His Pillow stufft with Thornes, that bears his Head,  
176 He rolls from side to side, in vain seeks Rest;  
177 For if sleep come at last to the Distrest,  
178 His Troubles then cease not to vex him too,  
179 But Dreams present, what does waking do.  
180 On th'other side, if he obtains the Prey,  
181 And Fate to his impetuous Sute gives way,  
182 Be he or Rich, or Amorous, or Great,  
183 He'll find this Riddle still of a Defeat,  
184 That only Care, for Bliss, he home has brought,  
185 Or else Contempt of what he so much sought.  
186 So that on each Event if we reflect,  
187 The Joys and Sufferings of both sides collect,  
188 We cannot say where lies the greatest Pain,  
189 In the fond Pursuit, Loss, or Empty Gain.

190 And can it be, Lord of the Sea and Earth,  
191 Off-spring of Heaven, that to thy State and Birth  
192 Things so incompatible should be joyn'd,  
193 Passions should thee confound, to Heaven assign'd?

194 Passions that do the Soul unguarded lay,  
195 And to the strokes of Fortune ope' a way.  
196 Were't not that these thy Force did from thee take,  
197 How bold, how brave Resistance would'st thou make?  
198 Defie the Strength and Malice of thy Foes,  
199 Unmoved stand the Worlds United Blows?  
200 For what is't, Man, unto thy Better Part,  
201 That thou or Sick, or Poor, or Captive art?  
202 Since no Material Stroke the Soul can feel,  
203 The smart of Fire, or yet the Edge of Steel.  
204 As little can it Worldly Joys partake,  
205 Though it the Body does its Agent make,  
206 And joyntly with it Servile Labour bear,  
207 For Things, alas, in which it cannot share.  
208 Surveigh the Land and Sea by Heavens embrac't,  
209 Thou'lt find no sweet th'Immortal Soul can tast:  
210 Why dost thou then, O Man! thy self torment  
211 Good here to gain, or Evils to prevent?  
212 Who only Miserable or Happy art,  
213 As thou neglects, or wisely act'st thy Part.

214 For shame then rouse thy self as from a Sleep,  
215 The long neglected Reins let Reason keep,  
216 The Charret mount, and use both Lash and Bit,  
217 Nobly resolve, and thou wilt firmly sit:  
218 Fierce Anger, boggling Fear, Pride prauncing still,  
219 Bound-hating Hope, Desire which nought can fill,  
220 Are stubborn all, but thou may'st give them Law;  
221 Th'are hard-Mouth'd Horses, but they well can draw.  
222 Lash on, and the well govern'd Charret drive,  
223 Till thou a Victor at the Goal arrrive,  
224 Where the free Soul does all her burden leave,  
225 And Joys commensurate to her self receive.

Anne Killigrew