

Classic Poetry Series

**Thomas Parnell**  
**- poems -**

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## Thomas Parnell(1679 - 1718)

Thomas Parnell is more remembered for the fact that Johnson wrote his biography than for his poetry, which was published by Pope after his death.

Parnell was born in Dublin in 1679 to a man of commonwealth, also by the name of Thomas Parnell. At the age of fourteen, he entered Trinity College of Dublin, and at the age of twenty became deacon in the Episcopal church. Being promoted to archdeacon, in 1706 he married the daughter of Thomas Minchin of Tipperary. Five years later, she died. Around this time, he became more deeply attached to the Scribblers circle. He wrote the introduction to Pope's Iliad. In 1718, just two years after being presented the vicarage of Finglass, he died on the way to Ireland (presumably of heavy drink).

The only poems published during his lifetime were in periodicals. After his death, his friends published some of his best poems and wrote his elgy. His biography is in the famous Samuel Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

# 51 Psalm

Look mercyfully down O Lord  
& wash us from our sinn  
Cleanse us from wicked deeds without  
from wicked thoughts within  
Lord I Confess my many sinns  
that I against thee doe  
Each minute they're before my face  
& wound my soul anew  
So Great my god my ills have been  
Gainst thee & onely thee  
Thy Justice tho' I were Condemnd  
would good & righteous bee  
For att my birth I wickedness  
Did with my breath suck in  
But thou shalt teach me in thy ways  
& keep me pure from sinn  
Thoult me with hyssopp purge who am  
all over soil's & stain's  
Thou with thy sanctifyng grace  
shalt wash & make me clean  
Thoult bless my days with peace no sound  
But Joy shall reach mine ear  
That where thy Justice wounded Lord  
There Gladness may appear  
Blott from thy thoughts past faults & from  
The present turn thy face  
O make my spirit right & good  
Confirm my heart with grace  
thy Presence & thy mercy lett  
Me ever Ld possess  
Me with the comfort of thy help  
& with thy love still bless  
Then shall the wicked know thy pow'r  
& turn ym from theyr wayes  
Deliver me from blood my god  
& I will sing thy praise.  
Unseal my lips & to ye Bad  
I will thy mercy shew  
For since thou lovest not sacrifice

Tis all that I can doo  
A heart that is with sorrow pierct  
My God thou wilt receive  
this is ye sweetest offering  
that we to thee can give  
On Sion Graciously look down  
Preserve us still we pray  
& hearts upon thine altars Lord  
Instead of beasts we'el Lay.

Thomas Parnell

# A Beavy Of The Fair & Gay

A Beavy of the fair & Gay,  
Such as are daily Smoakt in tea,  
& toasted over wine,  
Vext to be made so long the Jeast  
Of tongues & pens, to go in quest  
Of reputation Joyn.  
To K---d's house they first repair,  
But scarce find any footsteps there,  
to keep them off cold scent;  
Long had she fled his slavery,  
Her gallants stabbd him first, & she  
Woud bury him in paint.  
To O---y's they next advance,  
But he was vanishd on a glance  
to Make some conquest shott;  
One who so many loves as she,  
& one who loves fooles company,  
Must love for you know what.  
Of T---n neues in vain they sought,  
Scarce M---ws covets to be thought  
So ignorant in dressing;  
For scandall had like Cr---fts appeard,  
He urgd his suit, the God retird,  
& left the Nymph unlacing.  
No longer on your search remain,  
For since your labour must be vain,  
What need you make it long:  
Believe me fairs, that every one  
preserves him for her self alone,  
Upon her proper tongue.

Thomas Parnell

# A Desire To Praise

Propitious Son of God to thee  
With all my soul I bend my knee,  
My wish I send my want impart,  
And dedicate my mind and heart,  
For as an absent parent's son  
Whose second year is only run,  
When no protecting friend is near,  
Void of wit and void of fear,  
With things that hurt him fondly plays,  
Or here he falls, or there he strays;  
So shou'd my soul's eternal guide  
The sacred spirit be deny'd,  
Thy servant soon the loss wou'd know,  
And sink in sin, or run to woe.

O spirit bountifully kind,  
Warm, possess, and fill my mind,  
Disperse my sins with light divine  
And raise the flames of love with thine,  
Before thy pleasures rightly priz'd  
Let wealth and honour be despis'd,  
And let the Father's glory be  
More dear itself than life to me.

Sing of Jesus! virgins sing  
Him your everlasting King;  
Sing of Jesus! chearful youth,  
Him the God of love and truth:  
Write and raise a song divine  
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.  
Son Eternal, word supreme,  
Who made the universal frame,  
Heav'n and all its shining show,  
Earth and all it holds below;  
Bow with mercy bow thine ear  
While we sing thy praises here;  
Son Eternal ever bless'd,  
Resting on the Father's breast,  
Whose tender love for all provides,

Whose power over all presides;  
Bow with pity, bow thine ear  
While we sing thy praises, hear.

Thou, by pity's soft extream,  
Mov'd, and won, and set on flame,  
Assum'd the form of man, and fell  
In pains, to rescue man from hell;  
How bright thine humble glories rise  
And match the lustre of the skies,  
From death and hell's dejected state  
Arising, thou resum'd thy seat,  
And golden thrones of bliss prepar'd  
Above, to be thy saints reward.

How bright thy glorious honours rise,  
And with new lustre grace the skies.  
For thee, the sweet seraphick Choir  
Raise the voice and tune the Lyre,  
And praises with harmonious sounds  
Through all the highest heav'n rebounds.

O make our notes with theirs agree  
And bless the souls that sing of thee:  
To thee, the churches here rejoice,  
The solemn organs aid the voice:  
To sacred roofs the sound we raise,  
The sacred roofs resound thy praise:  
And while our notes in one agree,  
O! bless the church that sings to thee.

Thomas Parnell

# A Divine Pastorall

Strephon & I upon a bank were laid,  
Where the gay spring in varied colours playd,  
& her rich odours lavish nature shed.  
When thus the Youth, while this we wondring view  
Can we but wonder at its maker too,  
Amintas, if I know him, did not use  
Shoud such a subject call, to want a muse,  
Oh sing the great, the wise creating powr,  
While silent I admire, & in your words adore.  
Then I, for long before the thought was mine,  
Did thus to meet the good demand begin.

Ye Mountains, & ye hills which lower rise,  
Ye humble vallies, & ye spreading trees,  
Ye pleasant meadows, & thou easy stream,  
O praise the Lord, O magnify his name!  
Yes, as you can you tell his name abroad,  
The wondrous work proclaims the worker God.  
Gently awhile sweet Breezes move along,  
Then swiftly bear aloft my finisht song.

Ye tame & savage beasts in one accord,  
Joyn with all these to Glorify the Lord;  
Ye Birds, Ye tunefull birds in him rejoyce,  
Give him your musick, who gave you your voice,  
Hark how the cheerfull labour of their throats,  
returns the tribute of their pretty notes.  
Gently awhile sweet Breezes move along,  
Then swiftly bear aloft my rising song.

But still the earth, & still the seas are mute,  
The Birds are speechless, speechless is the Brute,  
Man that alone can speak his praise must doo't.  
Praise him O man with a transported heart,  
Let the melodious hand confess its art,  
Let the raisd voice his bounteous glory's sing,  
Shoud less be joynd to praise so great a King?  
Gently awhile sweet Breezes move along,  
Then swiftly bear aloft my rising song.



For thee the seasons run the circling year,  
The clouds drop fatness, & the fruits appear,  
Thee as the Lord of all below he plac'd,  
Free in thy choice, & by thy chusing bless'd,  
Tis true we must account for all we do,  
But to a God alone th' account is due.  
Gently awhile sweet Breezes move along,  
Then swiftly bear aloft my rising song.

The Seraphim, & all the Heavenly pow'r,  
Bright in their shapes, but in their virtues more,  
Came to the shade where our first parents lay,  
They heard him reason, & they heard her pray,  
Then struck their Golden harps, & as they flew,  
Cry'd, Hallelujah, man is made for heaven too.  
Go on, my Muse, Go on, & Gratefully express,  
The Creatures thanks, in the Creators praise.

To see this pair the fallen powrs came in,  
Torturd with malice, & deformd by sin,  
They saw this happy pair design'd to fill  
The realms, from whence they fell by doing ill,  
They heard their Joyfull anthems to their God,  
& faign they woud have harmd ym if they coud,  
Whom they woud harm they impotently curse,  
Their strength indeed was great but God was ours.  
Go on, My Muse, Go on, & Gratefully express.  
The Creatures thanks, in the Creators praise.

I know I cannot speak his mercy's through,  
Yet what I can, of what I ought Ile do,  
Mean as they are, my notes to him belong,  
Mean as it is, he will reward my song.  
Go on, my Muse go on, & gratefully express  
The Creatures thanks, in the Creators praise.

On such a theam I coud for ever dwell,  
Thus lett my voice when I must perish fail  
& thus my monument my story tell;  
Here lyes a Youth—stay passenger & pray,  
Nor pittty him who di'd no common way,

But when his breath was all in hymns bestowd  
Sent up his soul to bear 'em to his God.

So lett me end, the twilight does appear,  
The heat has left to rarify the air,  
The winds it broke grow strong enough to fly,  
Yes swiftly fly ye winds, & bear my Lays on high.

Thomas Parnell

# A Dream

Just when ye dead of night began to fail  
& boding visions senceless dreams expell  
Methought a matron stood beside my bed  
Upon her face a wondrous sweetness playd  
& pointed Glorys dressd the modest visions head  
my tongue grew speechless & my eyes were fixt  
by silent fear with admiration mixt  
She to my lips a living coal apply's  
perhaps from some well pleasing sacrifice  
then thus she said while I more courage found  
to bear her sight & hear ye heav'nly sound  
from the bright realms my vot'ries have I came  
saints are my vot'ries Piety my name  
Oft do I come but often am dispisd  
happy were all if all my favour prizd  
now my best offers to yr soul I give  
Accept these offers O be mine & live  
Ile teach you how to pray for wt you want  
& when I teach you God yr prayr will grant  
Ile teach you your redeemer to rehearse  
& glide in flames of love along yr verse  
Lett other men describe wth flowing lines  
How Damon courts or Amarillis shines  
But for your subject chuse a theme divine  
fames their reward while heaven it self is thine  
& then since Angells sing of nought below  
they'le sing like men but like an angell you  
Be thou my bard (& as these words she said  
She powrd a sacred unction on my head  
then thus proceeded) Be thy muse thy Zeal  
dare to be good & all my Joys reveal  
if Drunkards to their Deity apply  
A short contentment & a fleeting Joy  
Apply to me true peace & lasting bliss  
I should not dress in weaker charms yn his  
New-paint ye love yt hov'ring over beds  
from purple wings his guilty pleasures sheds  
his bow be sable sable be the darts  
but tingd with endless flame to scorch our hearts

his bones without the sanguin stream or vital parts  
But above all employ thy utmost powr  
on love Divine twill need it all & more  
Oh boundless Goodness to poor mankind shown  
tell but the fact, lett rhetorick alone,  
no colours can become it like its own.  
Draw a Descending Jesus from ye sky  
Make the great being in a manger ly  
Of men despisd of men he came to save  
pursu'd afflicted to ye very grave  
Make ye great being cheerfully submitt  
& me like Mary weeping at his feet  
Much have I said & more woud tell you yet  
but raptures smother what I woud repeat  
My thoughts grow giddy while I strive to sound  
the height & depth of love wthout a bound  
My God I cannot comprehend thy wayes  
but what I cannot comprehend Ile prayse

& then With raptures in her mouth she fled  
the Cloud (for on a cloud she seemd to tread)  
its curles unfolded & around her spread  
My downy rest the warmth of fancy broke  
& when my thoughts grew settled thus I spoke

Ah Gracious Lord make all my dreams like this  
& make mine innocence compose my bliss  
When reason lyes Asleep & leaves to reign  
May my good Angell my passions restrain  
Or I must wake to find upon my breast  
the gaudy forms more deep yn ere imprest  
they'le make my reason's victorys in vain  
& make my former habits mine again  
Thus if the snake wch hardly moves the tail  
to shun the conqu'ring season takes a cell  
if nature in a sleep a skin prepare  
give him more strength & make him look more fair  
He finds his robe is changd fm what he wore  
He proudly shoots along ye sunny shore  
& hunts the man fm whom he fled before.



# A Fairy Tale In The Ancient English Style

In Britain's Isle and Arthur's days,  
When Midnight Faeries daunc'd the Maze,  
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;  
Edwin, I wis, a gentle Youth,  
Endow'd with Courage, Sense and Truth,  
Tho' badly Shap'd he been.

His Mountain Back mote well be said  
To measure heighth against his Head,  
And lift it self above:

Yet spite of all that Nature did  
To make his uncouth Form forbid,  
This Creature dar'd to love.

He felt the Charms of Edith's Eyes,  
Nor wanted Hope to gain the Prize,  
Cou'd Ladies took within;

But one Sir Topaz dress'd with Art,  
And, if a Shape cou'd win a Heart,  
He had a Shape to win.

Edwin (if right I read my Song)  
With slighted Passion pac'd along  
All in the Moony Light:

'Twas near an old enchanted Court,  
Where sportive Faeries made Resort  
To revel out the Night.

His Heart was drear, his Hope was cross'd,  
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the Path was lost  
That reach'd the Neighbour-Town;

With weary Steps he quits the Shades,  
Resolv'd the darkling Dome he treads,  
And drops his Limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the Floor,  
When hollow Winds remove the Door,  
A trembling rocks the Ground:

And (well I ween to count aright)  
At once an hundred Tapers light  
On all the Walls around.

Now sounding Tongues assail his Ear,  
Now sounding Feet approachen near,  
And now the Sounds encrease:

And from the Corner where he lay  
He sees a Train profusely gay  
Come prancing o'er the Place.  
But (trust me Gentles!) never yet  
Was dight a Masquing half so neat,  
Or half so rich before;  
The Country lent the sweet Perfumes,  
The Sea the Pearl, the Sky the Plumes,  
The Town its silken Store.  
Now whilst he gaz'd, a Gallant drest  
In flaunting Robes above the rest,  
With awfull Accent cry'd;  
What Mortall of a wretched Mind,  
Whose Sighs infect the balmy Wind,  
Has here presum'd to hide?  
At this the Swain whose vent'rous Soul  
No Fears of Magick Art controul,  
Advanc'd in open sight;  
'Nor have I Cause of Dreed, he said,  
'Who view by no Presumption led  
'Your Revels of the Night.  
'Twas Grief, for Scorn of faithful Love,  
'Which made my Steps unweeting rove  
'Amid the nightly Dew.  
'Tis well, the Gallant crys again,  
We Faeries never injure Men  
Who dare to tell us true.  
Exalt thy Love-dejected Heart,  
Be mine the Task, or e'er we part,  
To make thee Grief resign;  
Now take the Pleasure of thy Chance;  
Whilst I with Mab my part'ner daunce,  
Be little Mable thine.  
He spoke, and all a sudden there  
Light Musick floats in wanton Air;  
The Monarch leads the Queen:  
The rest their Faerie Partners found,  
And Mable trimly tript the Ground  
With Edwin of the Green.  
The Dauncing past, the Board was laid,  
And siker such a Feast was made  
As Heart and Lip desire;

Withouten Hands the Dishes fly,  
The Glasses with a Wish come nigh,  
And with a Wish retire.  
But now to please the Faerie King,  
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,  
And antick Feats devise;  
Some wind and tumble like an Ape,  
And other-some transmute their Shape  
In Edwin's wond'ring Eyes.  
'Till one at last that Robin hight,  
(Renown'd for pinching Maids by Night)  
Has hent him up aloof;  
And full against the Beam he flung,  
Where by the Back the Youth he hung  
To spraul unneath the Roof.  
From thence, 'Reverse my Charm, he crys,  
'And let it fairely now suffice  
'The Gambol has been shown.  
But Oberon answers with a Smile,  
Content thee Edwin for a while,  
The Vantage is thine own.  
Here ended all the Phantome-play;  
They smelt the fresh Approach of Day,  
And heard a Cock to crow;  
The whirling Wind that bore the Crowd  
Has clap'd the Door, and whistled loud,  
To warn them all to go.  
Then screaming all at once they fly,  
And all at once the Tapers dy;  
Poor Edwin falls to Floor;  
Forlorn his State, and dark the Place,  
Was never Wight in sike a Case  
Through all the Land before.  
But soon as Dan Apollo rose,  
Full Jolly Creature home he goes,  
He feels his Back the less;  
His honest Tongue and steady Mind  
Han rid him of the Lump behind  
Which made him want Success.  
With lusty livelyhed he talks,  
He seems a dauncing as he walks,  
His Story soon took wind;



And beautiful Edith sees the Youth,  
 Endow'd with Courage, Sense and Truth,  
 Without a Bunch behind.  
 The Story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,  
 (The Youth of Edith erst approv'd)  
 To see the Revel Scene:  
 At close of Eve he leaves his home,  
 And wends to find the ruin'd Dome  
 All on the gloomy Plain.  
 As there he bides, it so befell,  
 The Wind came rustling down a Dell,  
 A shaking seiz'd the Wall:  
 Up spring the Tapers as before,  
 The Faeries bragly foot the Floor,  
 And Musick fills the Hall.  
 But certes sorely sunk with woe  
 Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,  
 His Spirits in him dy:  
 When Oberon crys, 'a Man is near,  
 'A mortall Passion, cleeped Fear,  
 'Hangs flagging in the Sky.  
 With that Sir Topaz (Hapless Youth!)  
 In Accents fault'ring ay for Ruth  
 Intreats them Pity graunt;  
 For als he been a mister Wight  
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the Night  
 To tread the circled Haunt;  
 'Ah Losell Vile, at once they roar!  
 'And little skill'd of Faerie lore,  
 'Thy Cause to come we know:  
 'Now has thy Kestrell Courage fell;  
 'And Faeries, since a Ly you tell,  
 'Are free to work thee Woe.  
 Then Will, who bears the wispy Fire  
 To trail the Swains among the Mire,  
 The Caitive upward flung;  
 There like a Tortoise in a Shop  
 He dangled from the Chamber-top,  
 Where whilome Edwin hung.  
 The Revel now proceeds apace,  
 Deffly they frisk it o'er the Place,  
 They sit, they drink, and eat;

The time with frolick Mirth beguile,  
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while  
'Till all the Rout retreat.  
By this the Starrs began to wink,  
They skriek, they fly, the Tapers sink,  
And down ydrops the Knight.  
For never Spell by Faerie laid  
With strong Enchantment bound a Glade  
Beyond the length of Night.  
Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,  
'Till up the Welkin rose the Day,  
Then deem'd the Dole was o'er:  
But wot ye well his harder Lot?  
His seely Back the Bunch has got  
Which Edwin lost afore.  
This Tale a Sybil-Nurse ared;  
She softly strok'd my youngling Head,  
And when the Tale was done,  
'Thus some are born, my Son (she cries)  
'With base Impediments to rise,  
'And some are born with none.  
'But Virtue can it self advance  
'To what the Fav'rite Fools of Chance  
'By Fortune seem'd design'd;  
'Virtue can gain the Odds of Fate,  
'And from it self shake off the Weight  
'Upon th' unworthy Mind.

Thomas Parnell

# A Hymn For Evening

The beam-repelling mists arise,  
And evening spreads obscurer skies;  
The twilight will the night forerun,  
And night itself be soon begun.  
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,  
And pray the Lord of glory now  
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin  
May cause a blinder night within.  
And whether pleasing vapours rise  
Which gently dim the closing eyes,  
Which make the weary members bless'd  
With sweet refreshment in their rest,  
Or whether spirits in the brain  
Dispel their soft embrace again,  
And on my watchful bed I stay,  
Forsook by sleep and waiting day,  
Be God for ever in my view  
And never He forsake me, too;  
But, still as day concludes in night  
To break again with new-born light,  
His wondrous bounty let me find  
With still a more enlighten'd mind  
When grace and love in one agree,  
Grace from God, and love from me,  
Grace that will from heaven inspire,  
Love that seals it with desire,  
Grace and love that mingle beams,  
And fill me with encreasing flames.  
Thou that hast Thy palace far  
Above the moon and every star,  
Thou that sittest on a throne  
To which the night was never known,  
Regard my voice and make me bless'd,  
By kindly granting its request.  
If thoughts on Thee my soul employ,  
My darkness will afford me joy,  
'Till Thou shalt call, and I shall soar,  
And part with darkness evermore.



# A Hymn For Morning

See the star that leads the day  
Rising shoots a golden ray,  
To make the shades of darkness go  
From heaven above and earth below;  
And warn us early with the sight  
To leave the beds of silent night,  
From a heart sincere and sound  
From its very deepest ground,  
Send devotion up on high  
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.  
See the time for sleep has run,  
Rise before, or with the sun,  
Lift thine hands and humbly pray  
The fountain of eternal day,  
That as the light serenely fair  
Illustrates all the tracts of air,  
The sacred spirit so may rest  
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast,  
And kindly clean it all within  
From darker blemishes of sin,  
And shine with grace until we view  
The realm it gilds with glory, too.  
See the day that dawns in air,  
Brings along its toil and care;  
From the lap of night it springs  
With heaps of business on its wings;  
Prepare to meet them in a mind  
That bows submissively resign'd,  
That would to works appointed fall,  
And knows that God has order'd all.  
And whether with a small repast  
We break our sober morning fast,  
Or in our thoughts and houses lay  
The future methods of the day,  
Or early walk abroad to meet  
Our business, with industrious feet,  
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,  
His glory still be kept in view.  
O Giver of eternal bliss,

Heavenly Father, grant me this;  
Grant it all as well as me,  
All whose hearts are fix'd on Thee,  
Who revere Thy Son above,  
Who Thy sacred Spirit love.

Thomas Parnell

# A Hymn For Noon

The sun is swiftly mounted high;  
It glitters in the southern sky;  
Its beams with force and glory beat,  
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.  
Father, also with Thy fire  
Warm the cold, the dead desire,  
And make the sacred love of Thee  
Within my soul a sun to me.  
Let it shine so fairly bright  
That nothing else be took for light,  
That worldly charms be seen to fade,  
And in its lustre find a shade.  
Let it strongly shine within  
To scatter all the clouds of sin,  
That drive when gusts of passion rise  
And intercept it from our eyes.  
Let its glory more than vie  
With the sun that lights the sky;  
Let it swiftly mount in air,  
Mount with that, and leave it there,  
And soar with more aspiring flight  
To realms of everlasting light.  
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,  
I daily wish to live with Thee,  
And feel that union which Thy love  
Will, after death, complete above.  
From my soul I send my prayer;  
Great creator, bow Thine ear;  
Thou for whose propitious sway  
The world was taught to see the day,  
Who spake the word and earth begun  
And show'd its beauties in the sun;  
With pleasure I Thy creatures view,  
And would with good affection, too,  
Good affection sweetly free,  
Loose from them and move to Thee;  
O teach me due returns to give,  
And to Thy glory let me live,  
And then my days shall shine the more

Or pass more blessed than before.

Thomas Parnell



# A Hymn To Contentment

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!  
Sweet delight of human-kind!  
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,  
To crown the fav'rites of the sky  
With more of happiness below,  
Than victors in a triumph know!  
Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
To lay thy meek, contented head;  
What happy region dost thou please  
To make the seat of calms and ease!

Ambition searches all its sphere  
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.  
Increasing Avarice would find  
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.  
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way  
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,  
To gain thy love; and then perceives  
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
The silent heart which grief assails,  
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
And seeks (as I have vainly done)  
Amusing thought; but learns to know  
That solitude's the nurse of woe.  
No real happiness is found  
In trailing purple o'er the ground;  
Or in a soul exalted high,  
To range the circuit of the sky,  
Converse with stars above, and know  
All nature in its forms below;  
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!  
This world itself, if thou art here,  
Is once again with Eden blest,  
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
The branches whisper as they wav'd:  
It seem'd, as all the quiet place  
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.  
When thus she spoke--"Go rule thy will,  
Bid thy wild passions all be still,  
Know God--and bring thy heart to know  
The joys which from religion flow:  
Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its guest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest."

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
In my hours of sweet retreat,  
Might I thus my soul employ,  
With sense of gratitude and joy!  
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,  
In heavenly vision, praise, and pray'r;  
Pleasing all men, hurting none,  
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:  
Then while the gardens take my sight,  
With all the colours of delight;  
While silver waters glide along,  
To please my ear, and court my song;  
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,  
And thee, great source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,  
To light the world, and give the day;  
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;  
The stars that gild the gloomy night;  
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;  
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;  
The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
The yellow treasure of the plain;  
All of these, and all I see,  
Should be sung, and sung by me:  
They speak their maker as they can,  
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,

Your busy or your vain extremes;  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this.

Thomas Parnell

# A Hymn To Contentment

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!  
Sweet delight of human-kind!  
Heavenly-born, and bred on high,  
To crown the fav'rites of the sky  
With more of happiness below,  
Than victors in a triumph know!  
Whither, O whither art thou fled,  
To lay thy meek, contented head;  
What happy region dost thou please  
To make the seat of calms and ease!

Ambition searches all its sphere  
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.  
Increasing Avarice would find  
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.  
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way  
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,  
To gain thy love; and then perceives  
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.  
The silent heart which grief assails,  
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,  
Sees daisies open, rivers run,  
And seeks (as I have vainly done)  
Amusing thought; but learns to know  
That solitude's the nurse of woe.  
No real happiness is found  
In trailing purple o'er the ground;  
Or in a soul exalted high,  
To range the circuit of the sky,  
Converse with stars above, and know  
All nature in its forms below;  
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,  
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear!  
This world itself, if thou art here,  
Is once again with Eden blest,  
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,  
I sung my wishes to the wood,  
And lost in thought, no more perceiv'd  
The branches whisper as they wav'd:  
It seem'd, as all the quiet place  
Confess'd the presence of the Grace.  
When thus she spoke-'Go rule thy will,  
Bid thy wild passions all be still,  
Know God-and bring thy heart to know  
The joys which from religion flow:  
Then ev'ry Grace shall prove its guest,  
And I'll be there to crown the rest.'

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,  
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The wood that spreads its shady leaves;  
The field whose ears conceal the grain,  
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They speak their maker as they can,  
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Your busy or your vain extremes;  
And find a life of equal bliss,  
Or own the next begun in this.

Thomas Parnell

# A Impromptu Like Martial

Gays gon out early, how comes it to pass?  
Not that he has buisness, but thinks that he has

Thomas Parnell

# A Night-Piece On Death

By the blue taper's trembling light,  
No more I waste the wakeful night,  
Intent with endless view to pore  
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:  
Their books from wisdom widely stray,  
Or point at best the longest way.  
I'll seek a readier path, and go  
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!  
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,  
While through their ranks in silver pride  
The nether crescent seems to glide!  
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,  
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,  
Where once again the spangled show  
Descends to meet our eyes below.  
The grounds which on the right aspire,  
In dimness from the view retire:  
The left presents a place of graves,  
Whose wall the silent water laves.  
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight  
Among the livid gleams of night.  
There pass with melancholy state,  
By all the solemn heaps of fate,  
And think, as softly-sad you tread  
Above the venerable dead,  
"Time was, like thee they life possess,  
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."

Those graves, with bending osier bound,  
That nameless heave the crumpled ground,  
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,  
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,  
The chisel's slender help to fame,  
(Which ere our set of friends decay  
Their frequent steps may wear away,)



A middle race of mortals own,  
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,  
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,  
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,  
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,  
These (all the poor remains of state)  
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;  
Who, while on earth in fame they live,  
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,  
The bursting earth unveils the shades!  
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds  
They rise in visionary crowds,  
And all with sober accent cry,  
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,  
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,  
Methinks I hear a voice begin;  
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din;  
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound  
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)  
It sends a peal of hollow groans,  
Thus speaking from among the bones.

"When men my scythe and darts supply,  
How great a king of fears am I!  
They view me like the last of things:  
They make, and then they dread, my stings.  
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,  
No more my spectre form appears.  
Death's but a path that must be trod,  
If man would ever pass to God;  
A port of calms, a state of ease  
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

"Why then thy flowing sable stoles,  
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,  
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,

Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,  
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,  
Nod o'er the scutcheons of the dead?

"Nor can the parted body know,  
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe.  
As men who long in prison dwell,  
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,  
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,  
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring sun:  
Such joy though far transcending sense,  
Have pious souls at parting hence.  
On earth, and in the body plac'd,  
A few, and evil years they waste;  
But when their chains are cast aside,  
See the glad scene unfolding wide,  
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,  
And mingle with the blaze of day."

Thomas Parnell

# A Parody Of Donec Gratus Eram In A Dialogue Between M--- & His Wife

He. When first my Bidy love profest  
My rapture ran so high  
Not Gentle S---s fondly prest  
To beautiful G---s panting breast  
Was half so blest as I  
She. When first my bard you taught my name  
To sound in Song divine  
Not S---s exalted fame  
Tho S---s a P--- aim  
I wishd instead of mine  
He. But now the Muse thy late delight  
You See thy rival prove  
For night & day & day & night  
To write & read & read & write  
Is all ye life I love  
She Forlorn yet senceless of ye pain  
I to the Mirrour fly  
Survey my self am Justly vain  
And but I know my self again  
For that dear face could dy  
He. But should thy Bard no longer pore  
Wilt thou forsake thy glass  
If I admire my works no more  
Wilt thou to court thy shade give o're  
And all be as it was  
She Since none but we our rivals are  
And none the lovers too  
Be fond or void of am'rous care  
I fond or vain of being fair  
Yet both are ever true.

Thomas Parnell

# A Riddle

Upon a Bed of humble clay  
In all her Garments loose  
A Prostitute my Mother lay  
To ev'ry Comer's use.  
'Till one Gallant in heat of love  
His Own Peculiar made her  
And to a Region far above  
And softer Beds convey'd her.  
But in his Absence, to his Place  
His rougher Rival came  
And with a cold constrain'd Embrace  
Begot me on the Dame.  
I then appear'd to Publick View  
A Creature wondrous bright  
But shortly perishable too  
Inconstant, nice and light.  
On Feathers not together fast  
I wildly flew about  
And from my Father's country past  
To find my Mother out.  
Where her Gallant of her beguil'd  
With me enamour'd grew  
And I that was my Mother's Child  
Brought forth my Mother too.

Thomas Parnell

## A Song

Thyrsis, a young and am'rous Swain,  
Saw two, the Beauties of the Plain;  
Who both his Heart subdue:  
Gay Cælia's Eyes were dazzling fair,  
Sabina's easy Shape and Air  
With softer Magick drew.  
He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,  
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,  
And seems for each to dye;  
'Till each a little spiteful grown,  
Sabina Cælia's Shape ran down,  
And she Sabina's Eye.  
Their Envy made the Shepherd find  
Those Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind;  
So set the Lover free:  
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,  
Or with a True-love Knot and Name  
Engraves a wounded Tree.  
Ah Cælia! (sly Sabina cry'd)  
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;  
Now, to support the Sex's Pride,  
Let either fix the Dart.  
Poor Girl! (says Cælia) say no more;  
For shou'd the Swain but one adore,  
That Spite which broke his Chains before,  
Wou'd break the other's Heart.

Thomas Parnell

# A Tavern Feast

Gay Bacchus liking B---s wine  
A noble meal bespoke  
& for ye guests that were to dine  
Brought Comus Love & Joke  
The God near Cupid drew his chair  
& Joke by Comus plact  
Thus wine makes Love forget his care  
& Mirth exalts a feast  
To make it more deserve ye God  
Each sweet engaging Grace  
Put on some cloaths to come abroad  
& took a waiters place  
Then Cupid namd for ev'ry glass  
A Lady of ye sky  
& Bacchus swore he'd drink ye ye Lass  
& had it bumper high  
Fat Comus tossd his brimmers o're  
& allways gott ye most  
For Joke took care to fill him more  
When ere he missd ye toast  
They calld & drunk at evry touch  
& calld & drunk again  
& if ye Gods can take too much  
Tis said they did so then  
Free Jests ran all the table round  
& with ye wine conspire  
While they by sly reflections wound  
To Set their heads afire  
Plump Bacchus little Cupid stung  
By reckning his deceits  
& Cupid mockd his stammring tongue  
& all his stagg'ring gates  
Joke drolld on Comus Greedy ways  
& tales without a Jest  
& Comus calld his witty plays  
But waggerys at best  
such talking sett them all at odds  
& had I Homers pen  
Ide sing you how they drunk like Gods

& how they fought like men  
To part ye fray the Graces fly  
Who make them soon agree  
& had ye furys selves been nigh  
They still were three to three  
Bacchus appeasd letts Cupid up  
& gave him back his bow  
But kept some darts to stirr ye Cup  
Where Sack & Sugar flow  
Joke taking Comus rosy crown  
In triumph wore ye prize  
& thrice in mirth he pushd him down  
As thrice he strove to rise  
Then Cupid sought ye mirtle grove  
Where Venus did recline  
& Beauty close embracing Love  
They Joyn to rail at Wine  
& Comus loudly cursing witt  
Rolld off to some retreat  
Where boon companions gravely sitt  
In dull unwieldy state  
Bacchus & Joke who stay behind  
For one fresh glass prepare  
& kiss & are exceeding kind  
& vow to be sincere  
But part in time whoever here  
Are couchd within my song  
For tho the friendship may be dear  
It cant continue long.

Thomas Parnell

## After The French Manner

As Pope who gathers mony to translate  
With Gay the Shepheard Writer mett of late.  
Says Pope, your Eclogues wont come out wth speed  
For Phillips to reprieve him Tonson feed.  
Indeed the story may be true, says Gay,  
For Your Subscriptions give him powr to pay.

Thomas Parnell



# An Allegory On Man

A thoughtful Being, long and spare,  
Our Race of Mortals call him Care:  
(Were Homer living, well he knew  
What Name the Gods have call'd him too)  
With fine Mechanick Genius wrought,  
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This Being, by a Model bred  
In Jove's eternal sable Head,  
Contriv'd a Shape impow'rd to breathe,  
And be the Worldling here beneath.

The Man rose staring, like a Stake;  
Wond'ring to see himself awake!  
Then look'd so wise, before he knew  
The Bus'ness he was made to do;  
That pleas'd to see with what a Grace  
He gravely shew'd his forward Face,  
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,  
An Under-something of the Sky.

But e'er he gave the mighty Nod,  
Which ever binds a Poet's God:  
(For which his Curls Ambrosial shake,  
And Mother Earth's oblig'd to quake  
He saw old Mother Earth arise,  
She stood confess'd before his Eyes;  
But not with what we read she wore,  
A Castle for a Crown before,  
Nor with long Streets and longer Roads  
Dangling behind her, like Commodities:  
As yet with Wreaths alone she drest,  
And trail'd a Landskip-painted Vest.  
Then thrice she rais'd, (as Ovid said)  
And thrice she bow'd, her weighty Head.

Her Honours made, Great Jove, she cry'd,  
This Thing was fashion'd from my Side;  
His Hands, his Heart, his Head are mine;

Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay rather ask, the Monarch said,  
What boots his Hand, his Heart, his Head,  
Were what I gave remov'd away?  
Thy Part's an idle Shape of Clay.

Halves, more than Halves! cry'd honest Care,  
Your Pleas wou'd make your Titles fair,  
You claim the Body, you the Soul,  
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods Debate began,  
On such a trivial Cause, as Man.  
And can Celestial Tempers rage?  
(Quoth Virgil in a later Age.)

As thus they wrangled, Time came by;  
(There's none that paint him such as I,  
For what the Fabling Antients sung  
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)  
As yet his Winters had not shed  
Their silver Honours on his Head;  
He just had got his Pinions free  
From his old Sire Eternity.  
A Serpent girdled round he wore,  
The Tail within the Mouth before;  
By which our Almanacks are clear  
That learned Ægypt meant the Year.  
A Staff he carry'd, where on high  
A Glass was fix'd to measure by,  
As Amber Boxes made a Show  
For Heads of Canes an Age ago.  
His Vest, for Day, and Night, was py'd;  
A bending Sickle arm'd his Side;  
And Spring's new Months his Train adorn;  
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the Gods, as near he draws,  
They make him Umpire of the Cause.  
O'er a low Trunk his Arm he laid,  
(Where since his Hours a Dial made

Then leaning heard the nice Debate,  
And thus pronounc'd the Words of Fate.

Since Body from the Parent Earth,  
And Soul from Jove receiv'd a Birth,  
Return they where they first began;  
But since their Union makes the Man,  
'Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,  
To Care who join'd them, Man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift Career  
To trace a Circle for the Year;  
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,  
And tread on one another's Heel.

'Tis well, said Jove, and for consent  
Thund'ring he shook the Firmament.  
Our Umpire Time shall have his Way,  
With Care I let the Creature stay:  
Let Bus'ness vex him, Av'rice blind,  
Let Doubt and Knowledge rack his Mind,  
Let Error act, Opinion speak,  
And Want afflict, and Sickness break,  
And Anger burn, Dejection chill,  
And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill.  
'Till arm'd by Care and taught to Mow,  
Time draws the long destructive Blow;  
And wasted Man, whose quick decay  
Comes hurrying on before his Day,  
Shall only find, by this Decree,  
The Soul flies sooner back to Me.

Thomas Parnell

# An Eclogue

Now early shepherds ore ye meadow pass,  
And print long foot-steps in the glittering grass;  
The Cows unfeeding near the cottage stand,  
By turns obedient to the Milkers hand,  
Or loytring stretch beneath an Oaken shade,  
Or lett the suckling Calf defraud the maid.

When Harry softly trod the shaven lawn,  
Harry a youth from Citty care with drawn,  
Unlike the lowly swains Arcadia bore,  
Their Pipes but sounded in the days of yore:  
Now Gales regardless range the Vaults above,  
And No fond swain believes they sigh for love,  
No more the Waters sympathising weep;  
Our Lads unskilld in musick tend the sheep;  
For Tom and Will our Yellow Ceres waves,  
And Kate instead of Chloris binds ye sheaves.  
Sicilian Muse thy higher strains explore,  
Thy higher strains may suit with nature more.

Long was the pleasing Walk he wanderd through;  
A Coverd arbour closd ye distant View:  
Cross-sloping railles a lattice front supplyd,  
And twind the flowring woodbine crept aside.  
There rests the Youth, and while the featherd throng  
Raise their wild Musick, thus contrives a song.

Here wafted o're by mild Etesian air  
Thou Country Goddess Beautious Health repair;  
Here lett my breast thro' quiv'ring trees inhale,  
Thy rosy blessings with the Morning gale.  
The Months that wake ye fragrant year renew,  
The Sun is golden and the skys are blue,  
Fair silver sprinklings fill ye walk with light,  
The boughs are verdant and the blossoms white;  
Yet what are these, or those, or all I see,  
Ah Joyless all! if not enjoyd with thee.

Come Country Goddess come, nor thou suffice,

But bring thy Mountain Sister Exercise.  
Call'd by thy lively voice she turns her pace,  
Her winding horn proclaims a finish'd chace,  
She bounds the rocks, she skims ye level plain,  
Dogs hawks and horses croud her early train,  
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,  
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.  
These all as means of toil the feeble see,  
But these are helps of pleasure all wth thee.

O come the Goddess of my rural Song,  
And bring thy daughter calm content along,  
Dame of the ruddy cheek & laughing eye,  
From whose bright presence clouds of trouble fly;  
For her I mow my walks, I platt my bowrs,  
Clip my low hedges & support my flowrs.  
To wellcome her this summer seat I drest;  
And here Ile court her when she comes to rest.  
She'll lead from exercise to learned Ease,  
And Change again, & teach ye change to please.

Joy to my soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,  
The face of Nature cheers as well as I.  
Ore the flat Green refreshing Breezes run  
To make young Dazys blow beneath the sun;  
While limpid waters to the bottom seen  
Lave the soft margin of the lovely Green,  
Brisk chirping birds from all the compass rove  
To tempt ye warbling Ecchoes of ye grove,  
High sunny summits, deeply-shaded dales,  
Thick mossy banks, and flowry winding vales,  
With Various prospect gratify the sight,  
And scatter fixd attention with delight.  
Till the raisd soul by gay confusion wrought  
Within a sphear of pleasure rolls on thought.  
Here beautious Health for all ye year remain,  
When ye next comes I'll charm thee thus again.

But rustling boughs yt round my temples play,  
Drive the deep doze of Vision swift away.  
Lett sloth ly softning till the noon in down,  
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,

Unnerve with rest & turn her own disease,  
Or foster others in luxurious ease.  
I mount the Courser, call ye deep'ning hounds,  
The fox unkennel'd flys to covert grounds.  
I lead where stags through cumbrous thickets tread,  
And shake the saplings with their branching head.  
I make the falcons wing their airy way,  
And soar to seize, or stooping, strike ye prey.  
To snare ye fish I fix ye luring bait.  
To Wound ye fowl I load ye gun with fate.  
Tis thus through changing shows of toil I range,  
And strength & pleasure rise in ev'ry change.  
Here beautiful Health for all ye year remain,  
When the next comes Ile charm thee thus again.

Now friends my life with usefull talk refine,  
And Tullys Tusculum revives in mine.  
Now to grave books I bid ye mind retreat,  
And such as make me rather good than great.  
Or o're the works of easy fancy rove,  
Where pipes and innocence amuse ye grove:  
The Native Bard that on Sicilian plains  
Best sung the lowly manners of the Swains;  
Great Maro's Muse, that in the finest light  
Paints Country prospects and the charms of sight;  
Strong Spencers Calender, whose Moons appear  
To trace their Changes in the rural year;  
Sweet Pope whose lays along with Nature run  
Through all the seasons which divide ye sun;  
The tender Philips lines, who lately tryd  
To plant Arcadia by the Severn side;  
And Gentle Gays that happily explore  
Those British Shepherds Spencer sought before.  
The Soft Amusements bring content Along,  
And Fancy, void of sorrow, runs to song.  
Here Beautiful Health for all ye year remain,  
When the next comes Ile charm thee thus again.

So sung the Youth. But now ye cool wth dew;  
The sun had dryd the shaking drops of dew,  
Then ragd with flames insufferably bright,  
& shot the lattice with a checq'ring light;

The Zephirs fall, tho' not to hear his lay,  
And in his shade the Flyes offensive play.

Thomas Parnell

# An Elegy, To An Old Beauty

In vain, poor Nymph, to please our youthful sight  
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,  
Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,  
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair.  
If truth in spite of manners must be told,  
Why, really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so long  
She might have born my mother, tells me wrong.  
And once (since Envy's dead before you die,)  
The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,  
Taught the light foot a modish little trip,  
And pouted with the prettiest purple lip --

To some new charmer are the roses fled,  
Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;  
Youth calls the Graces there to fix their reign,  
And airs by thousands fill their easy train.  
So parting Summer bids her flow'ry prime  
Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,  
While with'ring seasons in succession, here,  
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou (since Nature bids) the world resign,  
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.  
With more address, (or such as pleases more)  
She runs her female exercises o'er,  
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the Fan,  
And smiles, or blushes at the creature Man.  
With quicker life, as gilded coaches pass,  
In sideling courtesy she drops the glass.

With better strength, on visit-days she bears  
To mount her fifty flights of ample stairs.  
Her mein, her shape, her temper, eyes and tongue  
Are sure to conquer. -- for the rogue is young;  
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,  
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.



Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,  
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.  
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,  
And hears the flatt'ring tongues of soft desire,  
If not from virtue, from its gravest ways  
The soul with pleasing avocation strays.  
But beauty gone, 'tis easier to be wise;  
As harper better, by the loss of eyes.

Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,  
Haunt less the plays, and more the publick pray'rs,  
Reject the Mechlin Head, and gold brocade,  
Go pray, in sober Norwich Crape array'd.  
Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take,  
(Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake;)   
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,  
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.

So for the rest, with less incumbrance hung,  
You walk thro' life, unmingled with the young;  
And view the shade and substance as you pass  
With joint endeavour trifling at the glass,  
Or Folly drest, and rambling all her days,  
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praise:  
Yet still sedate your self, and gravely plain,  
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.

'Twas thus (if Man with Woman we compare)  
The wise Athenian crost a glittering fair,  
Unmov'd by tongues and sights, he walk'd the place,  
Thro' tape, toys, tinsel, gimp, perfume, and lace;  
Then bends from Mars's Hill his awful eyes,  
And "What a world I never want?" he cries;  
But cries unheard: For Folly will be free.  
So parts the buzzing gaudy crowd, and he:  
As careless he for them, as they for him;  
He wrapt in wisdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

Thomas Parnell

# An Epitaph Desird On One Wheeler

My name is Wheeler here I ly  
Because I happend for to dy  
life wheeld me in death wheeld me out  
how strangely things are wheeld about.

Thomas Parnell

# An Essay On The Different Stiles Of Poetry

To Henry, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

I hate the Vulgar with untuneful Mind,  
Hearts uninspir'd, and Senses unrefin'd.  
Hence ye Prophane, I raise the sounding String,  
And Bolingbroke descends to hear me sing.

When Greece cou'd Truth in Mystick Fable shroud,  
And with Delight instruct the list'ning Crowd,  
An ancient Poet (Time has lost his Name)  
Deliver'd Strains on Verse to future Fame.  
Still as he sung he touch'd the trembling Lyre,  
And felt the Notes a rising Warmth inspire.  
Ye sweet'ning Graces in the Musick Throng,  
Assist my Genius, and retrieve the Song  
From dark Oblivion. See, my Genius goes  
To call it forth. 'Twas thus the Poem rose.

Wit is the Muses Horse, and bears on high  
The daring Rider to the Muses Sky:  
Who, while his strength to mount aloft he tries,  
By Regions varying in their Nature, flies.

At first he riseth o'er a Land of Toil,  
A barren, hard, and undeserving Soil,  
Where only Weeds from heavy Labour grow,  
Which yet the Nation prune, and keep for show.  
Where Couplets jingling on their Accent run,  
Whose point of Epigram is sunk to Pun.  
Where Wings by Fancy never feather'd fly,  
Where Lines by measure form'd in Hatchets lie;  
Where Altars stand, erected Porches gape,  
And Sense is cramp'd while Words are par'd to shape;  
Where mean Acrosticks labour'd in a Frame,  
On scatter'd Letters raise a painful Scheme;  
And by Confinement in their Work controul  
The great Enlargings of the boundless Soul.  
Where if a Warriour's elevated Fire

Wou'd all the brightest Strokes of Verse require,  
Then streight in Anagram a wretched Crew  
Will pay their undeserving Praises too;  
While on the rack his poor disjointed Name  
Must tell its Master's Character to Fame.  
And (if my Fire and Fears aright presage)  
The lab'ring Writers of a future Age  
Shall clear new ground, and Grotts and Caves repair,  
To civilize the babbling Ecchoes there.  
Then while a Lover treads a lonely Walk,  
His Voice shall with its own Reflection talk,  
The closing Sounds of all the vain Device,  
Select by trouble frivolously nice,  
Resound through Verse, and with a false Pretence  
Support the Dialogue, and pass for Sense.  
Can things like these to lasting Praise pretend?  
Can any Muse the worthless Toil befriend?  
Ye sacred Virgins, in my Thoughts ador'd,  
Ah, be for ever in my Lines deplor'd!  
If Tricks on Words acquire an endless Name,  
And Trifles merit in the Court of Fame.

'At this the Poet stood concern'd a while,  
'And view'd his Objects with a scornful Smile:  
'Then other Images of diff'rent kind,  
'With diff'rent Workings enter'd on his Mind;  
'At whose Approach he felt the former gone,  
'And shiver'd in Conceit, and thus went on.

By a cold Region next the Rider goes,  
Where all lies cover'd in eternal Snows;  
Where no bright Genius drives the Chariot high,  
To glitter on the Ground, and gild the Sky.  
Bleak level Realm, where Frigid Stiles abound,  
Where never yet a daring Thought was found,  
But counted Feet is Poetry defin'd;  
And starv'd Conceits that chill the Reader's Mind  
A little Sense in many Words imply,  
And drag with loit'ring numbers slowly by.  
Here dry sententious Speeches half asleep,  
Prolong'd in Lines, o'er many Pages creep;  
Nor ever shew the Passions well exprest,

Nor raise like Passions in another's Breast.  
Here flat Narrations fair Exploits debase,  
In Measures void of ev'ry shining Grace;  
Which never arm their Hero for the Field,  
Nor with Prophetick Story paint the Shield,  
Nor fix the Crest, or make the Feathers wave,  
Or with their Characters reward the Brave;  
Undeck'd they stand, and unadorn'd with Praise,  
And fail to profit while they fail to please.  
Here forc'd Description is so strangely wrought,  
It never stamps its Image on the Thought;  
The liveless Trees may stand for ever bare,  
And Rivers stop, for ought the Readers care;  
They see no Branches trembling in the Woods,  
Nor hear the Murmurs of encreasing Floods,  
Which near the Roots with ruffled Waters flow,  
And shake the shadows of the Boughs below.  
Ah sacred Verse, replete with heav'nly Flame,  
Such cold Endeavours wou'd invade thy Name!  
The Writer fondly wou'd in these survive,  
Which wanting Spirit never seem'd alive:  
But if Applause or Fame attend his Pen,  
Let breathless Statues pass for breathing Men.

'Here seem'd the Singer touch'd at what he sung,  
'And Grief a while delay'd his Hand and Tongue:  
'But soon he check'd his Fingers, chose a Strain,  
'And flourish'd shrill, and thus arose again.

Pass the next Region which appears to show,  
'Tis very open, unimprov'd, and low;  
No noble Flights of elevated Thought,  
No nervous strength of Sense maturely wrought,  
Possess this Realm; but common Turns are there,  
Which idely sportive move with childish Air.  
On callow Wings, and like a Plague of Flies,  
The little Fancies in a Poem rise,  
The jaded Reader ev'ry where to strike,  
And move his Passions ev'ry where alike.  
There all the graceful Nymphs are forc'd to play  
Where any Water bubbles in the way:  
There shaggy Satyrs are oblig'd to rove

In all the Fields, and over all the Grove:  
There ev'ry Star is summon'd from its Sphear,  
To dress one Face, and make Clorinda fair:  
There Cupids fling their Darts in ev'ry Song,  
While Nature stands neglected all along:  
Till the teiz'd Hearer, vex'd at last to find  
One constant Object still assault the Mind,  
Admires no more at what's no longer new,  
And hastes to shun the persecuting View.  
There bright Surprizes of Poetick Rage,  
(Whose Strength and Beauty more confirm'd in Age  
For having lasted, last the longer still)  
By weak Attempts are imitated ill,  
Or carry'd on beyond their proper Light,  
Or with Refinement flourish'd out of sight.  
There Metaphors on Metaphors abound,  
And Sense by differing Images confound:  
Strange injudicious Management of Thought,  
Not born to Rage, nor into Method brought.  
Ah, sacred Muse! from such a Realm retreat,  
Nor idly waste the Infl'ence of thy Heat  
On shallow Soils, where quick Productions rise,  
And wither as the Warmth that rais'd them dies.

'Here o'er his Breast a sort of Pity roll'd,  
'Which something lab'ring in the Mind controul'd,  
'And made him touch the loud-resounding Strings,  
'While thus with Musick's stronger Tones he sings.

Mount higher still, still keep thy faithful Seat,  
Mind the firm Reins, and curb thy Courser's Heat;  
Nor let him touch the Realms that next appear,  
Whose hanging Turrets seem a Fall to fear,  
And strangely stand along the Tracts of Air  
Where Thunder rolls, and bearded Comets glare.  
The Thoughts that most extravagantly soar,  
The Words that sound as if they meant to roar;  
For Rant and Noise are offer'd here to Choice,  
And stand elected by the Publick Voice.  
All Schemes are slighted which attempt to shine  
At once with strange and probable Design;  
'Tis here a mean Conceit, a vulgar View,

That bears the least Respect to seeming true;  
While ev'ry trifling turn of things is seen  
To move by Gods descending in Machine.  
Here swelling Lines with stalking Strut proceed,  
And in the Clouds terrific Rumbings breed:  
Here single Heroes deal grim Deaths around,  
And Armies perish in tremendous Sound:  
Here fearful Monsters are preserv'd to die,  
In such a Tumult as affrights the Sky;  
For which the Golden Sun shall hide with dread,  
And Neptune lift his sedgy-matted Head,  
Admire the Roar, and dive with dire Dismay,  
And seek his deepest Chambers in the Sea.  
To raise their Subject thus the Lines devise,  
And false Extravagance wou'd fain surprize;  
Yet still, ye Gods, ye live untouch'd by Fear,  
And undisturb'd at bellowing Monsters here:  
But with Compassion guard the Brain of Men,  
If thus they bellow through the Poet's Pen:  
So will the Readers Eyes discern aright  
The rashest Sally from the noblest Flight,  
And find that only Boast and Sound agree  
To seem the Life and Voice of Majesty,  
When writers rampant on Apollo call,  
And bid him enter and possess them all,  
And make his Flames afford a wild Pretence  
To keep them unrestrain'd by common Sense.  
Ah, sacred Verse! lest Reason quit thy Seat,  
Give none to such, or give a gentler Heat.

"Twas here the Singer felt his Temper wrought  
'By fairer Prospects, which arose to Thought;  
'And in himself a while collected sat,  
'And much admir'd at this, and much at that;  
'Till all the beauteous Forms in order ran,  
'And then he took their Track, and thus began.

Above the Beauties, far above the Show  
In which weak Nature dresses here below,  
Stands the great Palace of the Bright and Fine,  
Where fair Ideas in full Glory shine,  
Eternal Models of exalted Parts,

The Pride of Minds, and Conquerors of Hearts.

Upon the first Arrival here, are seen  
Rang'd Walks of Bay, the Muses ever-Green,  
Each sweetly springing from some sacred Bough,  
Whose circling Shade adorn'd a Poet's Brow,  
While through the Leaves, in unmolested Skies,  
The gentle breathing of Applauses flies,  
And flatt'ring Sounds are heard within the Breeze,  
And pleasing Murmur runs among the Trees,  
And falls of Water join the flatt'ring Sounds,  
And Murmur soft'ning from the Shore rebounds.  
The warbled Melody, the lovely Sights,  
The Calms of Solitude inspire Delights,  
The dazzled Eyes, the ravish'd Ears, are caught,  
The panting Heart unites to purer Thought,  
And grateful Shiverings wander o'er the Skin,  
And wondrous Ecstasies arise within,  
Whence Admiration overflows the Mind,  
And leaves the Pleasure felt, but undefin'd.  
Stay, daring Rider, now no longer rove;  
Now pass to find the Palace through the Grove;  
Whate'er you see, whate'er you feel, display  
The Realm you sought for, daring Rider stay.

Here various Fancy spreads a vary'd Scene,  
And Judgment likes the sight, and looks serene,  
And can be pleas'd its self, and helps to please,  
And joins the Work, and regulates the Lays.  
Thus on a Plan, design'd by double Care,  
The Building rises in the glittering Air,  
With just Agreement fram'd in ev'ry part,  
And smoothly polish'd with the nicest Art.

Here Lawrel-boughs, which ancient Heroes wore,  
Now not so fading as they prov'd before,  
Wreath round the Pillars which the Poets rear,  
And slope their Points to make a Foliage there.  
Here Chaplets pull'd in gently-breathing Wind,  
And wrought by Lovers innocently kind,  
Hung o'er the Porch, their fragrant Odours give,  
And fresh in lasting Song for ever live.



The Shades, for whom with such indulgent care  
Fame wreaths the Boughs or hangs the Chaplets there,  
To deathless Honours thus preserv'd above,  
For Ages conquer, or for Ages love.

Here bold Description paints the Walls within,  
Her Pencil touches, and the World is seen:  
The Fields look beauteous in their flow'ry Pride,  
The Mountains rear aloft, the Vales subside,  
The Cities rise, the Rivers seem to play,  
And hanging Rocks repell the foaming Sea;  
The foaming Seas their angry Billows show,  
Curl'd White above, and darkly roll'd below,  
Or cease their Rage, and as they calmly lie,  
Return the pleasing Pictures of the Sky;  
The Skies extended in an open View,  
Appear a lofty distant Arch of Blue,  
In which Description stains the painted Bow,  
Or thickens Clouds, and feathers out the Snow,  
Or mingles Blushes in the Morning ray,  
Or gilds the Noon, or turns an Evening gray.

Here on the Pedestalls of War and Peace,  
In diff'rent Rows, and with a diff'rent Grace,  
Fine Statues proudly ride, or nobly stand,  
To which Narration with a pointing Hand  
Directs the Sight, and makes Examples please  
By boldly vent'ring to dilate in Praise,  
While chosen Beauties lengthen out the Song,  
Yet make her Hearers never think it long.  
Or if with closer Art, with sprightly Mien,  
Scarce like her self, and more like Action seen,  
She bids their Facts in Images arise,  
And seem to pass before the Readers Eyes,  
The Words like Charms enchanted Motion give,  
And all the Statues of the Palace live.  
Then Hosts embattel'd stretch their Lines afar,  
Their Leaders Speeches animate the War,  
The Trumpets sound, the feather'd Arrows fly,  
The Sword is drawn, the Lance is toss'd on high,  
The Brave press on, the fainter Forces yield,  
And Death in differing Shapes deforms the Field.

Or shou'd the Shepherds be dispos'd to play,  
Amintor's jolly Pipe beguiles the Day,  
And jocund Ecchoes dally with the Sound,  
And Nymphs in measures trip along the ground,  
And e're the Dews have wet the Grass below,  
Turn homewards singing all the way they go.

Here, as on Circumstance Narrations dwell,  
And tell what moves, and hardly seem to tell,  
The Toil of Heroes on the dusty Plains,  
Or on the Green the Merriment of Swains,  
Reflection speaks, then all the Forms that rose  
In Life's enchanted Scene themselves compose;  
Whilst the grave Voice, controlling all the Spells  
With solemn Utt'rance, thus the Moral tells:  
So publick worth its Enemies destroys,  
Or private innocence it self enjoys.

Here all the Passions, for their greater sway,  
In all the Pow'r of Words themselves array;  
And hence the soft Pathetick gently charms,  
And hence the Bolder fills the Breast with Arms.  
Sweet Love in Numbers finds a World of Darts,  
And with Desirings wounds the tender Hearts.  
Fair Hope displays its Pinnions to the Wind,  
And flutters in the Lines, and lifts the Mind.  
Brisk Joy with Transport fills the rising Strain,  
Breaks in the Notes, and bounds in ev'ry Vein.  
Stern Courage, glittering in the sparks of Ire,  
Inflames those Lays that set the Breast on fire.  
Aversion learns to fly with swifter Will,  
In Numbers taught to represent an Ill.  
By frightful Accents Fear produces Fears.  
By sad Expression Sorrow melts to Tears.  
And dire Amazement and Despair are brought  
By words of Horror through the Wilds of Thought.  
'Tis thus tumultuous Passions learn to roll;  
Thus arm'd with Poetry they win the Soul.

Pass further through the Dome, another View  
Wou'd now the Pleasures of thy Mind renew,  
Where oft Description for the Colours goes,

Which raise and animate its native Shows;  
Where oft Narration seeks a florid Grace  
To keep from sinking e're 'tis time to cease;  
Where easy turns Reflection looks to find,  
When Morals aim at Dress to please the Mind;  
Where lively Figures are for Use array'd,  
And these an Action, those a Passion, aid.

There modest Metaphors in order sit,  
With unaffected undisguising Wit,  
That leave their own, and seek anothers place,  
Not forc'd, but changing with an easy pace,  
To deck a Notion faintly seen before,  
And Truth preserves her shape, and shines the more.

By these the beauteous Similes reside,  
In look more open, in Design ally'd,  
Who, fond of Likeness, from anothers Face  
Bring ev'ry Feature's corresponding Grace,  
With near approaches in Expression flow,  
And take the turn their Pattern loves to show;  
As in a Glass the Shadows meet the Fair,  
And dress and practice with resembling Air.  
Thus Truth, by Pleasure doth her Aim pursue,  
Looks bright, and fixes on the doubled View.

There Repetitions one another meet,  
Expresly strong, or languishingly sweet,  
And raise the sort of Sentiment they please,  
And urge the sort of Sentiment they raise.

There close in order are the Questions plac'd,  
Which march with Art conceal'd in shows of haste,  
And work the Reader till his Mind be brought  
To make its Answers in the Writers Thought.  
For thus the moving Passions seem to throng,  
And with their Quickness force the Soul along;  
And thus the Soul grows fond they shou'd prevail,  
When ev'ry Question seems a fair Appeal;  
And if by just degrees of Strength they soar,  
In Steps as equal each affects the more.

There strange Commotion naturally shown,  
Speaks on regardless that we speak alone,  
Nor minds if they to whom she talks be near,  
Nor cares if that to which she talks can hear.  
The warmth of Anger dares an absent Foe;  
The words of Pity speaks to Tears of Woe;  
The Love that hopes, on Errands sends the Breeze;  
And Love despairing moans to naked Trees.

There stand the new Creations of the Muse,  
Poetick Persons, whom the Writers use  
Whene'er a Cause magnificently great,  
Wou'd fix Attention with peculiar weight.  
'Tis hence that humbled Provinces are seen  
Transform'd to Matrons with neglected Mien,  
Who call their Warriors in a mournful Sound,  
And shew their Crowns of Turrets on the ground,  
While over Urns reclining Rivers moan  
They shou'd enrich a Nation not their own.  
'Tis hence the Virtues are no more confin'd  
To be but Rules of Reason in the Mind;  
Their heav'nly Forms start forth, appear to breath,  
And in bright Shapes converse with Men beneath,  
And, as a God, in Combat Valour leads,  
In Council Prudence as a Goddess aids.

There Exclamations all the Voice employ  
In sudden Flushes of Concern or Joy:  
Then seem the Sluices which the Passions bound,  
To burst asunder with a speechless Sound;  
And then with Tumult and Surprize they roul,  
And shew the Case important in the Soul.

There rising Sentences attempt to speak,  
Which Wonder, Sorrow, Shame, or Anger, break;  
But so the Part directs to find the rest,  
That what remains behind is more than ghest.  
Thus fill'd with Ease, yet left unfinish'd too,  
The Sense looks large within the Readers View:  
He freely gathers all the Passion means,  
And artful Silence more than Words explains.

Methinks a thousand Graces more I see,  
And I cou'd dwell—But when wou'd Thought be free?  
Engaging Method ranges all the Band,  
And smooth Transition joins them hand in hand:  
Around the Musick of my Lays they throng,  
Ah too deserving Objects of my Song!  
Live wondrous Palace, live secure of Time,  
To Senses Harmony, to Souls sublime,  
And just Proportion all, and great Design,  
And lively Colours, and an Air divine.

'Tis here, that guided by the Muses Fire,  
And fill'd with sacred Thought, her Friends retire,  
Unbent to Care, and unconcern'd with Noise,  
To taste Repose and elevated Joys,  
Which in a deep untroubled Leisure meet,  
Serenely ravishing politely sweet.  
From hence the Charms that most engage they choose,  
And as they please the glittering Objects use;  
While to their Genius more than Art they trust,  
Yet Art acknowledges their Labours just.  
From hence they look, from this exalted Show,  
To choose their Subject in the World below,  
And where an Hero well deserves a Name,  
They consecrate his Acts in Song to Fame;  
Or if a Science unadorn'd they find,  
They smooth its Look to please and teach the Mind;  
And where a Friendship's generously strong,  
They celebrate the Knot of Souls in Song;  
Or if the Verses must inflame Desire,  
The Thoughts are melted, and the Words on fire:  
But when the Temples deck'd with Glory stand,  
And Hymns of Gratitude the Gods demand,  
Their Bosoms kindle with Celestial Love,  
And then alone they cast their Eyes above.  
Hail sacred Verse! ye sacred Muses hail!  
Cou'd I your Pleasures with your Fire reveal,  
The World might then be taught to know you right,  
And court your Rage, and envy my Delight.  
But whilst I follow where your pointed Beams  
My Course directing shoot in golden Streams,  
The bright Appearance dazzles Fancy's Eyes,

And weary'd out the fix'd Attention lies,  
Enough my Verses have you work'd my Breast,  
I'll seek the sacred Grove, and sink to Rest.

'No longer now the ravish'd Poet sung,  
'His Voice in easy Cadence left the Tongue;  
'Nor o'er the Musick did his Fingers fly,  
'The Sounds ran tingling, and they seem'd to die.

O Bolingbroke! O Fav'rite of the Skies,  
O born to Gifts by which the Noblest rise,  
Improv'd in Arts by which the Brightest please,  
Intent to Business, and polite for Ease;  
Sublime in Eloquence, where loud Applause  
Hath stil'd thee Patron of a Nation's Cause.  
'Twas there the World perceiv'd and own'd thee great,  
Thence ANNA call'd thee to the Reins of State;  
Go, said the Greatest Queen, with OXFORD go,  
And still the Tumults of the World below,  
Exert thy Powers, and prosper; he that knows  
To move with OXFORD never shou'd repose.  
She spoke: the Patriot overspread thy Mind,  
And all thy Days to publick Good resign'd.  
Else might thy Soul so wonderfully wrought  
For ev'ry depth and turn of curious Thought,  
To this the Poet's sweet Recess retreat,  
And thence report the Pleasures of the Seat,  
Describe the Raptures which a Writer knows,  
When in his Breast a Vein of Fancy glows,  
Describe his Business while he works the Mine,  
Describe his Temper when he sees it shine,  
Or say when Readers easy Verse insnares,  
How much the Writers Mind can act on theirs:  
Whence Images in charming Numbers set,  
A sort of Likeness in the Soul beget,  
And what fair Visions oft we fancy nigh  
By fond Delusions of the swimming Eye,  
Or further pierce through Natures Maze to find  
How Passions drawn give Passions to the Mind.

Oh what a sweet Confusion! what Surprize!  
How quick the shifting Views of Pleasure rise!

While lightly skimming, with a transient Wing,  
I touch the Beauties which I wish to sing.  
Is Verse a sov'raign Regent of the Soul,  
And fitted all its Motions to controul?  
Or are they Sisters, tun'd at once above,  
And shake like Unisons if either move?  
For when the Numbers sing an eager Fight,  
I've heard a Soldier's Voice express Delight;  
I've seen his Eyes with crowding Spirits shine,  
And round his Hilt his Hand unthinking twine.  
When from the Shore the fickle Trojan flies,  
And in sweet Measures poor Eliza dies,  
I've seen the Book forsake the Virgins Hand,  
And in their Eyes the Tears but hardly stand.  
I've known them blush at soft Corinna's Name,  
And in red Characters confess a Flame:  
Or wish Success had more adorn'd his Arms,  
Who gave the World for Cleopatra's Charms.

Ye Sons of Glory, be my first Appeal,  
If here the Pow'r of Lines these Lines reveal.  
When some great Youth has with impetuous Thought  
Read o'er Atchievements which another wrought,  
And seen his Courage and his Honour go  
Through crowding Nations in Triumphant Show,  
His Soul enchanted by the Words he reads  
Shines all impregnated with sparkling Seeds,  
And Courage here, and Honour there, appears  
In brave Design that soars beyond his Years,  
And this a Spear, and that a Chariot lends,  
And War and Triumph he by turns attends:  
Thus gallant Pleasures are his waking Dream,  
Till some fair Cause have call'd him forth to Fame.  
Then form'd to Life on what the Poet made,  
And breathing Slaughter, and in Arms array'd,  
He marches forward on the daring Foe,  
And Emulation acts in ev'ry Blow.  
Great Hector's Shade in Fancy stalks along,  
From Rank to Rank amongst the Martial Throng,  
While from his Acts he learns a Noble Rage,  
And shines like Hector in the present Age.  
Thus Verse will raise him to the Victor's Bays,

And Verse, that rais'd him, shall resound his Praise.

Ye tender Beauties, be my Witness too,  
If Song can charm, and if my Song be true.  
With sweet Experience oft a Fair may find  
Her Passions mov'd by Passions well design'd;  
And then she longs to meet a gentle Swain,  
And longs to Love, and to be lov'd again.  
And if by chance an Am'rous Youth appears,  
With Pants and Blushes she the Courtship hears;  
And finds a Tale that must with theirs agree,  
And he's Septimius, and his Acme she:  
Thus lost in Thought her melted Heart she gives,  
And the rais'd Lover by the Poet lives.

Thomas Parnell



# An Imitation Of Some French Verses

Relentless Time! destroying Pow'r  
Whom Stone and Brass obey,  
Who giv'st to ev'ry flying Hour  
To work some new Decay;  
Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,  
Thy secret Saps prevail,  
And ruin Man, a nice Machine  
By Nature form'd to fail.  
My Change arrives; the Change I meet,  
Before I thought it nigh.  
My Spring, my Years of Pleasure fleet,  
And all their Beauties dye.  
In Age I search, and only find  
A poor unfruitful Gain,  
Grave Wisdom stalking slow behind,  
Oppress'd with loads of Pain.  
My Ignorance cou'd once beguile,  
And fancy'd Joys inspire;  
My Errors cherish'd Hope to smile  
On newly-born Desire.  
But now Experience shews, the Bliss  
For which I fondly sought,  
Not worth the long impatient Wish,  
And Ardour of the Thought.  
My Youth met Fortune fair array'd,  
(In all her Pomp she shone)  
And might, perhaps, have well essay'd  
To make her Gifts my own:  
But when I saw the Blessings show'r  
On some unworthy Mind,  
I left the Chace, and own'd the Pow'r  
Was justly painted blind.  
I pass'd the Glories which adorn  
The splendid Courts of Kings,  
And while the Persons mov'd my Scorn,  
I rose to scorn the Things.  
My Manhood felt a vig'rous Fire  
By Love encreas'd the more;  
But Years with coming Years conspire

To break the Chains I wore.  
In Weakness safe, the Sex I see  
With idle Lustre shine;  
For what are all their Joys to me,  
Which cannot now be mine?  
But hold—I feel my Gout decrease,  
My Troubles laid to rest,  
And Truths which wou'd disturb my Peace  
Are painful Truths at best.  
Vainly the Time I have to roll  
In sad Reflection flies;  
Ye fondling Passions of my Soul!  
Ye sweet Deceits! arise.  
I wisely change the Scene within,  
To Things that us'd to please;  
In Pain, Philosophy is Spleen,  
In Health, 'tis only Ease.

Thomas Parnell

# Anacreontick I

Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's Wine,  
A noble Meal bespoke;  
And for the Guests that were to Dine,  
Brought Comus, Love, and Joke.  
The God near Cupid drew his Chair,  
And Joke near Comus plac'd;  
Thus Wine makes Love forget its Care,  
And Mirth exalts a Feast.  
The more to please the sprightly God,  
Each sweet engaging Grace  
Put on some Cloaths to come abroad,  
And took a Waiters Place.  
Then Cupid nam'd at every Glass  
A Lady of the Sky;  
While Bacchus swore he'd Drink the Lass,  
And had it Bumper high.  
Fat Comus tost his Brimmers o're,  
And always got the most;  
For Joke took care to fill him more,  
When-e'er he mist the Toast.  
They call'd, and drank at every Touch,  
Then fill'd, and drank again;  
And if the Gods can take too much,  
'Tis said, they did so then.  
Free Jests run all the Table round,  
And with the Wine conspire,  
(While they by sly Reflection wound,)  
To set their Heads on Fire.  
Gay Bacchus little Cupid stung,  
By reck'ning his Deceits;  
And Cupid mock'd his stammering Tongue,  
With all his staggering Gaits.  
Joke droll'd on Comus' greedy Ways,  
And Tales without a Jest;  
While Comus call'd his witty Plays,  
But Waggeries at Best.  
Such Talk soon set 'em all at Odds;  
And, had I Homer's Pen,  
I'd sing ye, how they drunk, like Gods,

And how they fought, like Men.  
To part the Fray, the Graces fly,  
Who make 'em soon agree;  
And had the Furies selves been nigh,  
They still were Three to Three.  
Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,  
And gave him back his Bow;  
But kept some Darts to stir the Cup,  
Where Sack and Sugar flow.  
Joke taking Comus' rosie Crown,  
In Triumph wore the Prize,  
And thrice, in Mirth, he pusht him down,  
As thrice he strove to rise.  
Then Cupid sought the Myrtle Grove,  
Where Venus did recline,  
And Beauty close embracing Love,  
They join'd to Rail at Wine.  
And Comus loudly cursing Wit,  
Roll'd off to some Retreat,  
Where boon Companions gravely sit,  
In fat unweildy State.  
Bacchus and Joke, who stay behind,  
For one fresh Glass prepare;  
They Kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
And Vow to be sincere.  
But part in Time, whoever hear  
This our Instructive Song;  
For tho' such Friendships may be dear,  
They can't continue long.

Thomas Parnell

## Anacreontick II

When Spring came on with fresh Delight,  
To cheer the Soul, and charm the Sight,  
While easy Breezes, softer Rain,  
And warmer Suns salute the Plain;  
'Twas then, in yonder Piny Grove,  
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her Robe, and green her Wreath,  
Where-e'er she trod, 'twas green beneath;  
Where-e'er she turn'd, the Pulses beat  
With new recruits of Genial Heat;  
And in her Train the Birds appear,  
To match for all the coming Year.

Rais'd on a Bank, where Daizys grew,  
And Vi'lets intermix'd a Blew,  
She finds the Boy she went to find;  
A thousand Pleasures wait behind,  
Aside, a thousand Arrows lye,  
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.

When they met, the Dame and Boy,  
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,  
Wanton Smiles, and airy Play,  
Conspir'd to make the Scene be gay;  
Love pair'd the Birds through all the Grove,  
And Nature bid them sing to Love,  
Sitting, hopping, flutt'ring, sing,  
And pay their Tribute from the Wing,  
To fledge the Shafts that idly lye,  
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.

'Tis thus, when Spring renews the Blood,  
They meet in ev'ry trembling Wood,  
And thrice they make the Plumes agree,  
And ev'ry Dart they mount with three,  
And ev'ry Dart can boast a Kind,  
Which suits each proper turn of Mind.

From the tow'ring Eagle's Plume  
The Gen'rous Hearts accept their Doom;  
Shot by the Peacock's painted Eye  
The vain and airy Lovers dye:  
For careful Dames and frugal Men,  
The Shafts are speckled by the Hen.  
The Pyes and Parrots deck the Darts,  
When Prattling wins the panting Hearts:  
When from the Voice the Passions spring,  
The warbling Finch affords a Wing:  
Together, by the Sparrow stung,  
Down fall the wanton and the young:  
And fledg'd by Geese the Weapons fly,  
When others love they know not why.

All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)  
I learn'd in yonder waving Grove.  
And see, says Love, (who call'd me near)  
How much I deal with Nature here,  
How both support a proper Part,  
She gives the Feather, I the Dart:  
Then cease for Souls averse to sigh,  
If Nature cross ye, so do I;  
My Weapon there unfeather'd flies,  
And shakes and shuffles through the Skies.  
But if the mutual Charms I find  
By which she links you, Mind to Mind,  
They wing my Shafts, I poize the Darts,  
And strike from both, through both your Hearts.

Thomas Parnell

# As Celia With Her Sparrow Playd

As Celia with her Sparrow playd  
She took a glass unseen  
Her mouth she filld  
& while he billd  
She spirts ye liquor in  
Usd to such sweet such rosy lips  
He feard no treach'ry there  
But love & such  
Were too too much  
For one poor bird to bear  
Against ye Pretty fluttering fool  
The Mighty foes combine  
So down he Sunk  
Bewitchd or drunk  
By Beauty or wth wine  
But ere left ye Chirping cup  
& dropp'd the little head,  
The folks who guess  
What Birds express  
have told me thus he said,  
How use the various scenes of joy  
at various times to reign?  
Men kiss'd in one  
They drunk anon  
Then after kiss'd again.  
But Celia shews short life to grasp  
A double store of blisses,  
While by her Means  
A Bird obtains  
At once both Drink & kisses.

Thomas Parnell

# Bacchus: Or, The Vines Of Lesbos

As Bacchus ranging at his leisure,  
(Io Bacchus! king of pleasure)  
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,  
And all his thousand airy fancies;  
Alas! he quite forgot the while  
His fav'rite vines in Lesbos isle.

The God returning ere they died,  
Ah! see my jolly Fawns, he cried,  
The leaves but hardly born are red,  
And the bare arms for pity spread;  
The beasts afford a rich manure,  
Fly, my boys, and bring the cure,  
Up the mountains, down the vales;  
Thro' the woods, and o'er the dales;  
For this, if full the clusters grow,  
Your bowls shall doubly overflow.

So chear'd, with more officious haste  
They bring the dung of ev'ry beast,  
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,  
They lay the rich manure with care,  
While oft he calls to labour hard,  
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants revive, new leaves appear,  
The thick'ning clusters load the year;  
The season swiftly purple grew,  
The grapes hung dangling deep with blue.

A vineyard ripe a day serene  
Now calls them all to work again;  
The Fawns thro' ev'ry furrow shoot  
To load their flaskets with the fruit;  
And now the vintage early trod,  
The wines invite the jovial God.

Strow the roses, raise the song,  
See the master comes along!



Lusty Revel join'd with Laughter,  
Whim and Frolic follow after.  
The Fawns beside the vatts remain  
To shew the work, and reap the gain.

All around, and all around  
They sit to riot on the ground,  
A vessel stands amidst the ring,  
And here they laugh, and there they sing;  
Or rise a jolly jolly band,  
And dance about it hand in hand;  
Dance about, and shout amain,  
Then sit to laugh and sing again.

But, as an antient author sung,  
The vine manur'd with ev'ry dung,  
From ev'ry creature strangely drew,  
A tang of brutal nature too;  
'Twas hence in drinking on the lawns  
New turns of humour seiz'd the Fawns.

Here one was crying out, by Jove!  
Another, fight me in the grove;  
This wounds a friend, and that the trees;  
The Lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins and leaps about,  
And keeps a merry world of rout,  
And talks impertinently free;  
And twenty talk the same as he:  
Chatt'ring, airy, idle, kind:  
These take the Monkey-turn of mind.

Here one who saw the nymphs that stood  
To peep upon them from the wood,  
Steals off, to try if any maid  
Be lagging late beneath the shade;  
While loose discourse another raises  
In naked Nature's plainest phrases;  
And ev'ry glass he drinks enjoys  
With change of nonsense, lust and noise;  
Mad and careless, hot and vain,

Such as these the Goat retain.

Another drinks and casts it up,  
And drinks and wants another cup,  
Solemn, silent, and sedate,  
Ever long and ever late,  
Full of meats and full of wine;  
This takes his temper from the swine.

Here some who hardly seem to breathe,  
Drink and hang the jaw beneath,  
Gaping, tender, apt to weep;  
Their natures alter'd by the sheep.

'Twas thus one autumn all the crew  
(If what the Poets sing be true)  
While Bacchus made the merry feast  
Inclin'd to one or other beast;  
And since 'tis said for many a mile  
He spread the vines of Lesbos isle.

Thomas Parnell

## By Simon Vallambert. Erasmus

Here Great Erasmus resteth all of thine  
That Death can touch or Monument confine  
Thy Hope and Virtue soard ye lofty sky  
Round ye wide world thy Fame & Knowledge fly  
Those meet rewards above and these below.  
Thus seek Erasmus. What has Death to show?

Thomas Parnell

# Caius Rubrius Urbanus Romae In Domo Lud: Matthæi. E Grutero

The Father lying in Bed hugging in his left arm a pot of Money & laying severall pieces out of it before him. the son sits at his feet in the habit of a souldier taking with his right hand some pieces that drop. A three footstool stands near him on which three other pots: this written.

The Man who livd with avaritious care  
Who starvd the growing virtues of his heir  
Who bound to slav'ry by the vice he chose  
Coud envy to himself his own respose  
Woud have his latest image here exprest  
Thus lolling on ye Genial bed of rest  
That since with death his long vexations cease  
His Stone might speak him with an air of peace  
Beneath his feet the son a Souldier leans  
Compelld by want to warr in forreign plains  
There fell the Youth by deaths unerring dart  
& with fresh sorrows broke ye misers heart  
Here both seem pleasd but what avails ye sight  
No Picturd kindness gives ye dead delight  
The Father Never thus supplyd the son  
But thus to bless them both he shoud have don

Thomas Parnell

# Chloris Appearing In A Looking Glass

Oft have I seen a Piece of Art,  
Of Light and Shade, the Mixture fine,  
Speak all the Passions of the Heart,  
And shew true Life in every Line.  
But what is this before my Eyes,  
With every Feature, every Grace,  
That strikes with Love and with Surprise,  
And gives me all the Vital Face.  
It is not Chloris, for behold  
The shifting Phantom comes and goes;  
And when 'tis here 'tis pale and cold,  
Nor any Female Softness knows.  
But 'tis her Image, for I feel  
The very Pains that Chloris gives;  
Her Charms are there, I know 'em well,  
I see what in my Bosom lives.  
Oh cou'd I but the Picture save!  
'Tis drawn by her own matchless Skill;  
Nature the lively Colours gave,  
And she need only Look to Kill.  
Ah! Fair-one, will it not suffice,  
That I shou'd once, your Victim lye;  
Unless you multiply your Eyes,  
And strive to make me doubly Dye.

Thomas Parnell

## Concerning Resolution

Happy the man whose firm resolves obtain  
Assisting Grace to burst his sinfull chain  
For him the Days with golden minutes glow  
Tis his the Land where milk & hony flow  
Justice & mercy piety & peace  
Attend his workes & crown them with success  
He hopes the best that is for heavn prepar'd  
& wants no bliss while virtue can reward  
That purpled hour which ushers in the light  
& that which shuts its beautys up in night  
Still hears him pray still sees his actions right  
For him they still on easy minutes speed  
& as they move for him the rest succeed

But most Alas by vain opinion lead  
Ore the wild maze of erring passions tread  
& now to this & now to that we go  
& each desire & neither rightly know  
& act irresolute in all we do  
& seldom stay to search our objects through  
Desire is vain & wanton free to range  
Fond of a Chace & fond the Chace to Change  
By turns a thousand inclinations rise  
& each by turns as impotently dies  
Now thought grows wild if loose Aminta's kind  
Shee spreads her Charms & captivates the mind  
Anon Aminta leaves the thought at ease  
No more her aires & soft Allurements please  
We love reclining in ye shady bowers  
by running waters near sweet banks of flowrs  
To surfeit nature with full bowles of wine  
& with forcd appetites on bliss refine  
Then buisy then fantastically wise  
Then to be some thing else we streight devise  
For Fancy still undreind affors supplys  
tis thus if reason from the throne be gon  
The madd affections bear their master on  
His life proves restless & his labour vain  
By hurrying after Phantomes of the brain

So the brave Falcon when its glorys fade  
When its strong wings their generous forces shed  
The vacant holds ignobler birds supply  
With Ravens feathers impd she mounts on high  
& weak or giddy strays along the sky

In Every Change indeed resolves we make  
But those resolves to settle newer break  
By contradictions thus we seem to live  
Nor want the colour of a cause to give  
Kind heav'n forgive us when for what we do  
We woud debauch our knack of reasning too  
When int'rest does on thought its force dispence  
When pleasure beats upon the dazzled sence  
Our resolutions oft in vain are made  
Kind heavn forgive the fault & lend thine aid.  
If by thy law we must temptations find  
If these must try the temper of the mind  
We begg thee not to change thy good decree  
We begg for pardon or support from thee  
Our wisdom never shoud thy ways confine  
but thus confess & humbly rest in thine  
Tis well theres tryalls since the mans so proud  
& since he's weak tis well theres Grace allowd.

Thomas Parnell

# David

My thought, on views of admiration hung,  
Intently ravish'd and depriv'd of tongue,  
Now darts a while on earth, a while in air,  
Here mov'd with praise and mov'd with glory there;  
The joys entrancing and the mute surprize  
Half fix the blood, and dim the moist'ning eyes;  
Pleasure and praise on one another break,  
And Exclamation longs at heart to speak;  
When thus my Genius, on the work design'd  
Awaiting closely, guides the wand'ring mind.

If while thy thanks wou'd in thy lays be wrought,  
A bright astonishment involve the thought,  
If yet thy temper wou'd attempt to sing,  
Another's quill shall imp thy feebler wing;  
Behold the name of royal David near,  
Behold his musick and his measures here,  
Whose harp Devotion in a rapture strung,  
And left no state of pious souls unsung.

Him to the wond'ring world but newly shewn,  
Celestial poetry pronounc'd her own;  
A thousand hopes, on clouds adorn'd with rays,  
Bent down their little beauteous forms to gaze;  
Fair-blooming Innocence with tender years,  
And native Sweetness for the ravish'd ears,  
Prepar'd to smile within his early song,  
And brought their rivers, groves, and plains along;  
Majestick Honour at the palace bred,  
Enrob'd in white, embroider'd o'er with red,  
Reach'd forth the scepter of her royal state,  
His forehead touch'd, and bid his lays be great;  
Undaunted Courage deck'd with manly charms,  
With waving-azure plumes, and gilded arms,  
Displaid the glories, and the toils of fight,  
Demanded fame, and call'd him forth to write.  
To perfect these the sacred spirit came,  
By mild infusion of celestial flame,  
And mov'd with dove-like candour in his breast,



And breath'd his graces over all the rest.  
Ah! where the daring flights of men aspire  
To match his numbers with an equal fire;  
In vain they strive to make proud Babel rise,  
And with an earth-born labour touch the skies.  
While I the glitt'ring page resolve to view,  
That will the subject of my lines renew;  
The Laurel wreath, my fames imagin'd shade,  
Around my beating temples fears to fade;  
My fainting fancy trembles on the brink,  
And David's God must help or else I sink.

As rolling rivers in their channels flow,  
Swift from aloft, but on the level slow;  
Or rage in rocks, or glide along the plains,  
So, just so copious, move the Psalmist's strains;  
So sweetly vary'd with proportion'd heat,  
So gently clear or so sublimely great,  
While nature's seen in all her forms to shine,  
And mix with beauties drawn from truth divine;  
Sweet beauties (sweet affections endless rill,)  
That in the soul like honey drops distil.

Hail holy spirit, hail supremely kind,  
Whose inspirations thus enlarg'd the mind;  
Who taught him what the gentle shepherd sings,  
What rich expressions suit the port of kings;  
What daring words describe the soldiers heat,  
And what the prophet's extasies relate;  
Nor let his worst condition be forgot,  
In all this splendour of exulted thought.  
On one thy diff'rent sorts of graces fall,  
Still made for each, of equall force in all,  
And while from heav'nly courts he feels a flame,  
He sings the place from whence the blessing came;  
And makes his inspirations sweetly prove  
The tuneful subject of the mind they move.

Immortal spirit, light of life instil'd,  
Who thus the bosom of a mortal fill'd,  
Tho' weak my voice and tho' my light be dim,  
Yet fain I'd praise thy wond'rous gifts in him;

Then since thine aid's attracted by desire,  
And they that speak thee right must feel thy fire;  
Vouchsafe a portion of thy grace divine,  
And raise my voice and in my numbers shine;  
I sing of David, David sings of thee,  
Assist the Psalmist, and his work in me.

But now my verse, arising on the wing,  
What part of all thy subject wilt thou sing?  
How fire thy first attempt, in what resort  
Of Palestina's plains, or Salem's court?  
Where, as his hands the solemn measure play'd,  
Curs'd fiends with torment and confusion fled;  
Where, at the rosy spring of chearful light  
(If pious fame record tradition right)  
A soft Efflation of celestial fire  
Came like a rushing breeze and shook the Lyre;  
Still sweetly giving ev'ry trembling string  
So much of sound as made him wake to sing.

Within my view the country first appears,  
The country first enjoy'd his youthful years;  
Then frame thy shady Landscapes in my strain,  
Some conscious mountain or accustom'd plain;  
Where by the waters, on the grass reclin'd,  
With notes he rais'd, with notes he calm'd his mind;  
For through the paths of rural life I'll stray,  
And in his pleasures paint a shepherds day.

With grateful sentiments, with active will,  
With voice exerted, and enliv'ning skill,  
His free return of thanks he duely paid,  
And each new day new beams of bounty shed.  
Awake my tuneful harp, awake he crys,  
Awake my lute, the sun begins to rise;  
My God, I'm ready now! then takes a flight,  
To purest Piety's exalted height;  
From thence his soul, with heav'n itself in view,  
On humble prayers and humble praises flew.  
The praise as pleasing and as sweet the prayer,  
As incense curling up thro' morning air.

When t'wards the field with early steps he trod,  
And gaz'd around and own'd the works of God,  
Perhaps in sweet melodious words of praise  
He drew the prospect which adorn'd his ways;  
The soil but newly visited with rain,  
The river of the Lord with springing grain  
Inlarge, encrease the soft'ned furrow blest,  
The year with goodness crown'd, with beauty drest,  
And still to pow'r divine ascribe it all,  
From whose high paths the drops of fatness fall;  
Then in the song the smiling sights rejoyce,  
And all the mute creation finds a voice;  
With thick returns delightful Ecchos fill  
The pastur'd green, or soft ascending hill,  
Rais'd by the bleatings of unnumb'red sheep,  
To boast their glories in the crowds they keep;  
And corn that's waving in the western gale,  
With joyful sound proclaims the cover'd vale.

When e'er his flocks the lovely shepherd drove  
To neighb'ring waters, to the neighb'ring grove;  
To Jordan's flood refresh'd by cooling wind,  
Or Cedron's brook to mossy banks confin'd,  
In easy notes and guise of lowly swain,  
'Twas thus he charm'd and taught the listning train.

The Lord's my Shepherd bountiful and good,  
I cannot want since he provides me food;  
Me for his sheep along the verdant meads,  
Me all too mean his tender mercy leads;  
To taste the springs of life and taste repose  
Wherever living pasture sweetly grows.  
And as I cannot want I need not fear,  
For still the presence of my shepherd's near;  
Through darksome vales where beasts of prey resort,  
Where death appears with all his dreadful court,  
His rod and hook direct me when I stray,  
He calls to Fold, and they direct my way.

Perhaps when seated on the river's brink,  
He saw the tender sheep at noon-day drink,  
He sung the land where milk and honey glide

And fat'ning plenty rolls upon the tide.

Or fix'd within the freshness of a shade,  
Whose boughs diffuse their leaves around his head,  
He borrow'd notions from the kind retreat,  
Then sung the righteous in their happy state,  
And how by providential care, success  
Shall all their actions in due season bless.  
So firm they stand, so beautiful they look,  
As planted trees aside the purling brook:  
Not faded by the rays that parch the plain,  
Nor careful for the want of dropping rain:  
The leaves sprout forth, the rising branches shoot,  
And summer crowns them with the ripen'd fruit.

But if the flow'ry field with vari'd hue  
And native sweetness entertain'd his view;  
The flow'ry field with all the glorious throng  
Of lively colours, rose to paint his song;  
Its pride and fall within the numbers ran  
And spake the life of transitory man.

As grass arises by degrees unseen  
To deck the breast of earth with lovely green,  
'Till Nature's order brings the with'ring days,  
And all the summer's beauteous pomp decays;  
So by degrees unseen doth man arise,  
So blooms by course and so by course he dies.  
Or as her head the gawdy flowret heaves,  
Spreads to the sun and boasts her silken leaves;  
'Till accidental winds their glory shed,  
And then they fall before the time to fade;  
So man appears, so falls in all his prime,  
'Ere age approaches on the steps of time.  
But thee, my God! thee still the same we find,  
Thy glory lasting, and thy mercy kind;  
That still the just and all his race may know  
No cause to mourn their swift account below.

When from beneath he saw the wand'ring sheep  
That graz'd the level range along the steep,  
Then rose, the wanton straglers home to call,

Before the pearly dews at ev'ning fall;  
Perhaps new thoughts the rising ground supply,  
And that employs his mind, which fills his eye.  
From pointed hills, he crys, my wishes tend,  
To that great hill from whence supports descend:  
The Lord's that hill, that place of sure defence,  
My wants obtain their certain help from thence.  
And as large hills projected shadows throw,  
To ward the sun from off the vales below,  
Or for their safety stop the blasts above,  
That with raw vapours loaded, nightly rove;  
So shall protection o'er his servants spread,  
And I repose beneath the sacred shade,  
Unhurt by rage, that like a summer's day,  
Destroys and scorches with impetuous ray;  
By wasting sorrows undepriv'd of rest  
That fall like damps by moon-shine, on the breast.  
Here from the mind the prospects seem to wear,  
And leave the couch'd design appearing bare;  
And now no more the Shepherd sings his Hill,  
But sings the sovereign Lord's protection still.  
For as he sees the night prepar'd to come  
On wings of ev'ning, he prepares for home,  
And in the song thus adds a blessing more,  
To what the thought within the figure bore:  
Eternal goodness manifestly still  
Preserves my soul from each approach of ill:  
Ends all my days, as all my days begin,  
And keeps my goings and my comings in.

Here think the sinking sun descends apace,  
And from thy first attempt, my fancy, cease;  
Here bid the ruddy shepherd quit the plain,  
And to the fold return his flocks again.  
Go, least the lyon or the shagged bear,  
Thy tender lambs with savage hunger tear;  
Tho' neither bear nor lyon match thy might,  
When in their rage they stood reveal'd to sight;  
Go, least thy wanton sheep returning home,  
Shou'd as they pass thro' doubtful darkness roam.  
Go ruddy youth, to Beth'lem turn thy way,  
On Beth'lem's road conclude the parting day.

Methinks he goes as twilight leads the night,  
And sees the Crescent rise with silver light;  
His words consider all the sparkling show,  
With which the stars in golden order glow.  
And what is man, he cries, that thus thy kind,  
Thy wond'rous love, has lodg'd him in thy mind?  
For him they glitter; him the beasts of prey,  
That scare my sheep, and these my sheep, obey.  
O Lord, our Lord, with how deserv'd a fame,  
Do's earth record the glories of thy name.  
Then as he thus devoutly walks along,  
And finds the road as finish'd with the song;  
He sings with lifted hands and lifted eyes,  
Be this, my God, an ev'ning sacrifice.

But now, the lowly dales, the trembling groves,  
O'er which the whisper'd breeze serenely roves,  
Leave all the course of working fancy clear,  
Or only grace another subject here;  
For in my purpose new designs arise,  
Whose brightning images engage mine eyes.  
Then here my verse thy louder accents raise,  
Thy theme thro' lofty paths of glory trace,  
Call forth his honours in imperial throngs  
And strive to touch his more exalted songs.

While yet in humble vales his harp he strung,  
While yet he follow'd after Ewes with young;  
Eternal wisdom chose him for his own,  
And from the flock advanc'd him to the throne;  
That there his upright heart and prudent hand,  
With more distinguish'd skill and high command,  
Might act the shepherd in a noble sphere,  
And take his nation into regal care.  
He cou'd of mercy then and justice sing,  
Those radiant virtues that adorn a king,  
That make his reign blaze forth with bright renown,  
Beyond those Gems whose splendour decks a crown:  
That fixing peace, by temper'd love and fear,  
Make plains abound, and barren mountains bear.  
To thee to whom these attributes belong,

To thee my God, he cry'd, I send my song,  
To thee from whom my regal glory came,  
I sing the forms in which my court I frame;  
Assist the models of imperfect skill,  
O come with sacred aid, and fix my will.  
A wise behaviour in my private ways,  
And all my soul dispos'd to publick peace,  
Shall daily strive to let my subjects see  
A perfect pattern how to live in me.  
Still will I think as still my glories rise,  
To set no wicked thing before mine eyes.  
Nor will I choose the favourites of state  
Among those men that have incur'd thine hate,  
Whose vice but makes 'em scandalously great;  
'Tis time, that all whose froward rage of heart  
Wou'd vex my realm, shall from my realm depart;  
'Tis time that all whose private sland'ring lye  
Leads judgment falsly, shall by judgment dye;  
And time the Great who loose the reins to pride,  
Shall with neglect and scorn be laid aside.  
But o'er the tracts that my commands obey,  
I'll send my light with sharp disarming ray,  
Thro' dark retreats where humble minds abide,  
Thro' shades of peace where modest tempers hide;  
To find the good that may support my state,  
And having found them, then to make them great.  
My voice shall raise them from the lonely cell,  
With me to govern and with me to dwell.  
My voice shall flatt'ry and deceit disgrace,  
And in their room exulted virtue place;  
That with an early care and stedfast hand,  
The wicked perish from the faithful land.

When on the throne he sat in calm repose,  
And with a royal hope his Offspring rose,  
His prayers, anticipating time, reveal  
Their deep concernment for the publick weal;  
Upon a good forecasted thought they run,  
For common blessings in the king begun:  
For righteousness and judgment strictly fair,  
Which from the king descends upon his heir.  
So when his life and all his labour cease,

The reign succeeding brings succeeding peace;  
So still the poor shall find impartial laws,  
And Orphans still a guardian of their cause:  
And stern oppression have its galling yoke,  
And rabid teeth of prey to pieces broke.  
Then wond'ring at the glories of his way,  
His friends shall love, his daunted foes obey;  
For peaceful Commerce neighb'ring kings apply  
And with great presents court the grand ally.  
For him rich gums shall sweet Arabia bear,  
For him rich Sheba, mines of gold prepare,  
Him Tharsis, him the foreign isles shall greet,  
And ev'ry nation bend beneath his feet.  
And thus his honours far extended grow,  
The type of great Messiah's reign below.

But worldly realms that in his accents shine,  
Are left beneath the full advanc'd design,  
When thoughts of empire in the mind encrease  
O'er all the limits that determine place,  
If thus the monarch's rising fancy move  
To search for more unbounded realms above,  
In which celestial courts the king maintains  
And o'er the vast extent of nature reigns;  
He then describes in elevated words,  
His Israel's shepherd, as the Lord of Lords:  
How bright between the Cherubims he sits,  
What dazzling lustre all his throne emits,  
How righteousness with judgment join'd, support  
The regal seat, and dignify the court.  
How fairest honour and majestick state  
The presence grace, and strength and beauty wait;  
What glitt'ring ministers around him stand,  
To fly like winds or flames at his command.  
How sure the beams on which his palace rise  
Are set in waters rais'd above the skies,  
How wide the skies like outspread curtains fly  
To veil majestick light from humane eye,  
Or form'd the wide expanded vaults above,  
Where storms are bounded tho' they seem to rove,  
Where fire and hail and vapour so fulfil  
The wise intentions of their makers will,



How well 'tis seen the great eternal mind  
Rides on the clouds and walks upon the wind.

O wond'rous Lord! how bright thy glories shine,  
The heav'ns declare, for what they boast is thine:  
And yon blew tract, enrich'd with orbs of light,  
In all its handy work displays thy might!

Again the monarch touch'd another strain,  
Another province claim'd his verse again,  
Where goodness infinite has fix'd a Sway,  
Whose outstretch'd limits are the bounds of day.  
Beneath this empire of extended air,  
Yet still in reach of Providences care,  
God plac'd the rounded earth with stedfast hand  
And bid the basis ever firmly stand;  
He bid the mountains from confusion's heaps  
Exalt their summits, and assume their shapes.  
He bid the waters like a garment spread,  
To form large seas, and as he spake, they fled;  
His voice, his thunder made the waves obey,  
And forward hasten, 'till they form'd the sea;  
Then least with lawless rage the surges roar,  
He mark'd their bounds, and girt them in with shoar;  
He fill'd the land with brooks that trembling steal  
Through winding hills along the flow'ry vale,  
To which the beasts that graze the vale, retreat  
For cool refreshings in the summers heat;  
While perch'd in leaves upon the tender sprays  
The birds around their singing voices raise.  
He makes the vapours which he taught to fly,  
Forsake the chambers of the clouds on high,  
And golden harvest rich with ears of grain,  
And Spiry blades of grass adorn the plain,  
And grapes luxuriant cheer the soul with wine,  
And ointment shed, to make the visage shine.  
Through trunks of trees, fermenting sap proceeds,  
To feed, and tinge the living boughs it feeds:  
So shoots the firr, where airy storks abide,  
So cedar, Lebanon's aspiring pride,  
Whose birds by God's appointment in their nest,  
With green surrounded, lye secure of rest.

Where small encrease the barren mountains give,  
There kine adapted to the feeding live,  
There flocks of goats in healthy pastures browse,  
And in their rocky entrails rabbits house.  
Where forrests thick with shrub entangled stand,  
Untrod the roads and desolate the land;  
There close in coverts hide the beasts of prey  
'Till heavy darkness creeps upon the day,  
Then roar with hunger's voice, and range abroad  
And in their method seek their meat from God;  
And when the dawning edge of eastern air  
Begins to purple, to their dens repair.  
Man next succeeding, from the sweet repose  
Of downy beds, to work appointed goes;  
When first the morning sees the rising sun,  
He sees their labours both at once begun,  
And night returning with its starry train,  
Perceives their labours done at once again.  
O manifold in works supremely wise,  
How well thy gracious store the world supplies!  
How all thy creatures on thy goodness call,  
And that bestows a due support for all!  
When from an open hand thy favours flow,  
Rich bounty stoops to visit us below;  
When from thy hand no more thy favours stream,  
Back to the dust we turn from whence we came;  
And when thy spirit gives the vital heat,  
A sure succession keeps the kinds compleat;  
The propagated seeds their forms retain,  
And all the face of earth's renew'd again.  
Thus, as you've seen th' effect reveal the cause,  
Is nature's ruler known in nature's laws;  
Thus still his pow'r is o'er the world display'd  
And still rejoices in the world he made.  
The Lord he reigns, the king of kings is king,  
Let nations praise, and praises learn to sing.

My verses here may change their stile again,  
And trace the Psalmist in another strain;  
Where all his soul the soldiers spirit warms,  
And to the musick fits the sound of arms,  
Where brave disorder does in numbers dwell,

And artful number speaks disorder well.  
Arise my genius and attempt the praise  
Of dreaded pow'r and perilous essays,  
And where his accents are too nobly great,  
Like distant ecchos give the faint repeat.  
For who like him with enterprizing pen,  
Can paint the Lord of Hosts in wrath with men,  
Or with just images of tuneful lay  
Set all his terrors in their fierce array?  
He comes! The tumult of discording spheres,  
The quiv'ring shocks of earth, confess their fears;  
Thick smoaks precede, and blasts of angry breath  
That kindle dread devouring flames of death.  
He comes! the firmament with dismal night  
Bows down, and seems to fall upon the light,  
The darkling mists inwrap his head around,  
The waters deluge and the tempests sound,  
While on the cherub's purple wings he flys,  
And plants his black pavilion in the skies.  
He comes! the clouds remove, the rattling hail  
Descending, bounds and scatters o'er the vale;  
His voice is heard, his thunder speaks his ire,  
His light'ning blasts with blue sulphurious fire,  
His brandish'd bolts with swift commission go  
To punish man's rebellious acts below.  
His stern rebukes lay deepest ocean bare,  
And solid earth by wide eruption tear;  
Then glares the naked gulph with dismal ray,  
And then the dark foundations see the day.  
O God! let mercy this thy war asswage,  
Alas! no mortal can sustain thy rage.

While I but strive the dire effects to tell,  
And on another's words attentive dwell,  
Confusing passions in my bosom roll,  
And all in tumult work the troubled soul:  
Remorse with pity, fear with sorrow blend,  
And I but strive in vain; my verse, descend,  
To less aspiring paths direct thy flight,  
Tho' still the less may more than match thy might,  
While I to second agents tune the strings,  
And Israel's warrior, Israel's battles sings;

Great warrior he, and great to sing of war,  
Whose lines (if ever lines prevail'd so far)  
Might pitch the tents, compose the ranks anew,  
To combat sound, and bring the toil to view.  
O nation most securely rais'd in name,  
Whose fair records he wrote for endless fame;  
O nation oft victorious o'er thy foes,  
At once thy conquests and thy thanks he shews;  
For thus he sung the realms that must be thine  
And made thee thus confess an aid divine.  
When mercy look'd, the waves perceiv'd its sway,  
And Israel pass'd the deep divided sea.  
When mercy spake it, haughty Pharoah's host  
And haughty Pharoah by the waves were tost.  
When mercy led us through the desert sand,  
We reach'd the borders of the promis'd land:  
Then all the kings their gather'd armies brought,  
And all those kings by mercy's help we fought:  
There with their monarch Amor's people bleed,  
For God was gracious, and the tribes succeed.  
There monst'rous Ogg was fell'd on Basan's plain,  
For God was gracious to the tribes again.  
At length their yoke the realms of Canaan feel,  
And Israel sings that God is gracious still.

Nor has the warlike prince alone enroll'd  
The wond'rous feats their fathers did of old;  
His own emblazon'd acts adorn his lays,  
These too may challenge just returns of praise.  
My God! he crys, my surest rock of might,  
My trust in dangers and my shield in fight,  
Thy matchless bounties I with gladness own,  
Nor find assistance but from thee alone;  
Thy strength is armour, and my path success,  
No pow'r like thee can thus securely bless;  
When troops united wou'd arrest my course,  
I break their files, and through their order force;  
When in their towns they keep, my seige I form,  
And leap the battlements, and lead the storm;  
And when in camps abroad intrench'd they lye,  
As swift as hinds in chace I bound on high;  
My strenuous arms thou teachest how to kill,

And snap in sunder temper'd bows of steel;  
My moving footsteps are enlarg'd by thee,  
And kept from snares of planned ambush free;  
And when my foes forsake the field of fight,  
Then flush'd with conquest I pursue their flight;  
In vain their fears that almost reach despair,  
The trembling wretches from mine anger bear;  
As swift as fear brisk warmth of conquest goes,  
And at my feet dejects the wounded foes;  
For help they call, but find their helper's gone,  
For God's against them, and I drive them on:  
As whirling dust in airy tumult fly  
Before the tempest that involves the sky;  
And in my rage's unavowed sway,  
I tread their necks like abject heaps of clay.

The warrior thus in song his deeds express'd,  
Nor vainly boasted what he but confess'd,  
While warlike actions were proclaim'd abroad,  
That all their praises, shou'd refer to God.

And here to make this bright design arise  
In fairer splendor to the nation's eyes,  
From private valour he converts his lays,  
For yet the publick claim'd attempts of praise,  
And publick conquests where they jointly fought,  
Thus stand recorded by reflecting thought;  
God sent his Samuel from his holy seat  
To bear the promise of my future state,  
And I rejoicing see the tribes fulfil  
The promis'd purpose of almighty will;  
Subjected Sichern, sweet Samaria's plain,  
And Succoth's valleys have confess'd my reign;  
Remoter Gilead's hilly tracts obey,  
Manasseh's parted sands accept my sway;  
Strong Ephraim's sons, and Ephraim's ports are mine,  
And mine the throne of princely Judah's line;  
Then since my people with my standard go,  
To bring the strength of adverse empire low:  
Let Moab's soil, to vile subjection brought,  
With groans declare how well our ranks have fought;  
Let vanquish'd Edom bow its humbled head,

And tell how pompous on its pride I tread;  
And now Philistia with thy conqu'ring host,  
Dismaid and broke, of conquer'd Israel boast;  
But if a Seir or Rabbah yet remain  
On Johemaan's Hill, or Ammon's plain,  
Lead forth our armies Lord, regard our prayer,  
Lead Lord of battles and we'll conquer there.  
As this the warrior spake, his heart arose,  
And thus with grateful turn perform'd the close;  
Though men to men their best assistance lend,  
Yet men alone will but in vain befriend,  
Through God we work exploits of high renown,  
'Tis God that treads our great opposers down.

Hear now the praise of well disputed fields,  
The best return victorious honour yields;  
'Tis common good restor'd, when lovely peace  
Is join'd with righteousness in strict embrace;  
Hear all ye victors what your sword secures,  
Hear all you nations for the cause is yours;  
And when the joyful trumpets loudly sound,  
When groaning captives in their ranks are bound;  
When pillars lift the bloody plumes in air,  
And broken shafts and batter'd armour bear,  
When painted arches acts of war relate,  
When slow procession's poms augment the state,  
When fame relates their worth among the throng,  
Thus take from David their triumphant song;  
Oh clap your hands together, Oh rejoice  
In God with melody's exalted voice,  
Your sacred Psalm within his dwelling raise,  
And for a pure oblation offer praise,  
For the rich goodness plentifully shews,  
He prospers our design upon our foes.  
Then hither all ye nations hither run,  
Behold the wonders which the Lord has done,  
Behold with what a mind, the heap of slain,  
He spreads the sanguine surface of the plain,  
He makes the wars that mad confusion hurl'd,  
Be spent in victories, and leave the world.  
He breaks the bended bows, the spears of Ire,  
And burns the shatter'd chariots in the Fire,

And bids the realms be still, the tumult cease,  
And know the Lord of war, for Lord of peace;  
Now may the tender youth in goodness rise,  
Beneath the guidance of their parents eyes,  
As tall young poplars when the rangers nigh,  
To watch their risings lest they shoot awry.  
Now may the beauteous Daughters bred with care,  
In modest rules and pious acts of fear,  
Like polish'd corners of the Temple be,  
So bright, so spotless, and so fit for thee.  
Now may the various seasons bless the soil,  
And plenteous Garners pay the Ploughman's toil;  
Now sheep and kine upon the flow'ry meads,  
Encrease in thousands and ten thousand heads,  
And now no more the sound of grief complains,  
For those that fall in fight, or live in chains;  
Here when the blessings are proclaim'd aloud,  
Join all the voices of the thankful crowd,  
Let all that feel them thus confess their part,  
Thus own their worth with one united heart;  
Happy the realm which God vouchsafes to bless  
With all the glories of a bright success!  
And happy thrice the realm if thus he please,  
To crown those glories with the sweets of ease.

From warfare finish'd, on a chain of thought  
To bright attempts of future rapture wrought;  
Yet stronger, yet thy pinnions stronger raise,  
Oh fancy, reigning in the pow'r of lays.  
For Sion's Hill thine airy courses hold,  
'Twas there thy David Prophecy'd of old,  
And there devout in contemplation sit,  
In holy vision and extatick fit.

Methinks I seem to feel the charm begin,  
Now sweet contentment tunes my soul within,  
Now wond'rous soft arising musick plays,  
And now full sounds upon the sense encrease;  
Tis David's Lyre, his artful fingers move,  
To court the spirit from the realms above,  
And pleas'd to come where holiness attends,  
The courted spirit from above descends.

Hence on the Lyre and voice new graces rest,  
And bright Prophetick forms enlarge the breast;  
Hence firm decrees his mystick Hymns relate,  
Affix'd in Heav'ns adamantine gate,  
The glories of the most important age,  
And Christ's blest empire seen by sure presage.

When in a distant view with inward eyes,  
He sees the Son descending from the skies,  
To take the form of Man for Mankind's sake,  
Tis thus he makes the great Messiah speak:  
It is not, Father, blood of bullocks slain  
Can cleanse the World from universal stain,  
Such Off'rings are not here requir'd by thee,  
But point at mine, and leave the work for me;  
To perfect which, as Servants ears they drill,  
In sign of op'ning to their Masters will,  
Thy will wou'd open mine, and have me bear,  
My sign of Ministry, the body there.

Prophetick volumes of our state assign  
The worlds redemption as an act of mine,  
And lo, with chearful and obedient heart,  
I come, my father, to perform my part.  
So spake the Son, and left his throne above,  
When wings to bear him were prepar'd by love,  
When with their Monarch on the great descent,  
Sweet humbleness and gentle patience went,  
Fair sisters both, both bless'd in his esteem,  
And both appointed here to wait on him.

But now before the Prophet's ravish'd eyes,  
Succeeding Prospects of his Life arise,  
And here he teaches all the world to sing,  
Those strains in which the nation own'd him King.  
When boughs as at an holy feast they bear,  
To shew the Godhead manifested there;  
And garments as a mark of glory strow'd,  
Declar'd a Prince proclaim'd upon the road;  
This day the Lord hath made we will employ  
In songs, he crys, and consecrate to joy.  
Hosannah, Lord, Hosannah, shed thy peace,  
Hosannah, long expecting nations grace,



Oh, bless'd in honour's height triumphant, thou  
That wast to come, Oh bless thy people now.

Twere easy dwelling here with fix'd delight,  
And much the sweet engagement of the sight;  
But fleeting visions each on other throng,  
And change the musick and demand the song.  
Ah! musick chang'd by sadly moving show,  
Ah! song demanded in excess of woe!  
For what was all the gracious Saviour's stay,  
Whilst here he trod in Life's encumber'd way,  
But troubled patience, persecuted breath,  
Neglected sorrows, and afflicting death?  
Approach ye sinners, think the garden shews  
His bloody sweat of full arising throes,  
Approach his grief, and hear him thus complain  
Through David's person, and in David's strain.

Oh save me God, thy floods about me roll,  
Thy wrath divine hath overflow'd my soul,  
I come at length where rising waters drown,  
And sink in deep affliction deeply down.  
Deceitful snares to bring me to the dead,  
Lye ready plac'd in ev'ry path I tread;  
And Hell itself, with all that Hell contains,  
Of fiends accurs'd, and dreadful change of pains;  
To daunt firm will, and cross the good design'd,  
With strong temptations fasten on the mind;  
Such grief such sorrows in amazing view,  
Distracted fears and heaviness pursue.  
Ye sages deeply read in human frame,  
The passions causes, and their wild extream,  
Where mov'd an object more oppos'd to bliss,  
What other agony cou'd equal his?

The musick still proceeds with mournful airs,  
And speaks the dangers, as it speaks the fears.  
Oh sacred Presence from the son withdrawn,  
Oh God my father wither art thou gone?  
Oh must my soul bewail tormenting pain,  
And all my words of anguish fall in vain?  
The trouble's near in which my life will end,

But none is near that will assistance lend;  
Like Basan's bulls my foes against me throng  
So proud, inhuman, numberless, and strong.  
Like desert lyons on their prey they go,  
So much their fierce desire of blood they shew:  
As ploughers wound the ground, they tore my back  
And long deep furrows manifest the track.  
They pierc'd my tender hands, my tender feet,  
And caus'd sharp pangs, where nerves in numbers meet;  
Rich streams of life forsake my rended veins  
And fall like water spill'd upon the plains;  
My bones that us'd in hollow seats to close,  
Disjoint with anguish of convulsive throes;  
My mourning heart is melted in my frame  
As wax dissolving runs before a flame,  
My strength dries up, my flesh the moisture leaves,  
And on my tongue my clammy palate cleaves.  
Alass! I thirst, alass! for drink I call,  
For drink they give me vinegar and gall.  
To sportful game the savage soldiers go  
And for my vesture on my vesture throw;  
While all deride who see me thus forlorn  
And shoot their lips and shake their heads in scorn.  
And with despiteful jest, behold, they cry,  
The great peculiar darling of the sky,  
He trusted God wou'd save his soul from woe,  
Now God may have him if he loves him so.  
But to the dust of death by quick decay  
I come, O Father, be not long away.  
And was it thus the prince of life was slain?  
And was it thus he dy'd for worthless men?  
Yes blessed Jesus! thus in ev'ry line  
These suff'rings which the Prophet spake were thine.

Come christian to the corps, in spirit come,  
And with true signs of grief surround the tomb.  
Upon the threshold stone let sin be slain,  
Such sacrifice will best avenge his pain.  
Bring thither then repentance, sighs and tears,  
Bring mortify'd desires, bring holy fears;  
And earnest pray'r express'd from thoughts that roll  
Through broken mind, and groanings of the soul;

These scatter on his hearse, and so prepare  
Those obsequies the Jews deny'd him there,  
While in your hearts the flames of love may burn,  
To dress the vault, like lamps in sacred urn.  
There oft my soul in such a grateful way,  
Thine humblest homage with the godly pay.

But David strikes the sounding chords anew,  
And to thy first design recalls thy view;  
From life to death, from death to life he flies  
And still pursues his object in his eyes.  
And here recounts in more enliven'd song  
The sacred Presence, not absented long.  
The flesh not suffer'd in the grave to dwell,  
The soul not suffer'd to remain in hell;  
But as the conqueror fatigu'd in war,  
With hot pursuit of enemies afar,  
Reclines to drink the torrent gliding by,  
Then lifts his looks to repossess the sky,  
So bow'd the Son in life's uneasy road,  
With anxious toil, and thorny danger strew'd;  
So bow'd the son, but not to find relief,  
But taste the deep imbitter'd floods of grief;  
So when he tasted these he rais'd his head,  
And left the sabled mansions of the dead,  
Ere mould'ring time consum'd the bones away,  
Or slow corruption's worms had work'd decay;  
Here faith's foundations, all the soul employ  
With springing graces, springing beams of joy,  
Then paus'd the voice where nature's seen to pause,  
And for a time suspend her ancient laws.

From hence arising as the glories rise,  
That must advance above the lofty skies,  
He runs with sprightly fingers o'er the Lyre,  
And fills new songs with new celestial fire:  
In which he shews by fair description's ray,  
The Christ's Ascention, to the realms of day;  
When Justice, pleas'd with life already paid,  
Unbends her brows, and sheaths her angry blade;  
And meditates rewards, and will restore  
What mercy woo'd him to forsake before,

When on a cloud with gilded edge of light,  
He rose above the reach of human sight,  
And met the pomp that hung aloft in air  
To make his honours more exceeding fair.  
See, cries the prophet, how the chariots wait  
To bear him upwards in triumphant state,  
By twenty thousands in unnumber'd throng,  
And Angels draw the glitt'ring ranks along.  
The Lord amongst them sits in glory dress'd,  
Nor more the Presence Sinai mount confest.  
And now the chariots have begun to fly,  
The triumph moves, the Lord ascends on high,  
And Sin and Satan, us'd to captive men,  
Are dragg'd for captives in his ample train;  
While as he goes seraphick circles sing  
The wond'rous conquest of their wond'rous king,  
With shouts of joy their heav'nly voices raise,  
And with shrill trumpets manifest his praise.  
From such a point of such exceeding height  
A while my verses stoop their airy flight,  
And seem for rest on Olivet to breath,  
And charge the two that stand in white beneath,  
That as they move and join the moving rear,  
Within their honour'd hands aloft they bear  
The crown of thorns, the cross on which he dy'd,  
The nails that pierc'd his limbs, the spear his side;  
Then where kind mercy lays the thunder by,  
Where Peace has hung great Michael's arms on high,  
Let these adorn his magazine above,  
And hang the trophies of victorious love,  
Least man by superstitious mind entic'd,  
Shou'd idolize whatever touch'd the Christ.

But still the Prophet in the spirit soars  
To new Jerusalem's imperial doors;  
There sees and hears the bless'd angelick throng,  
There feels their musick, and records their song:  
Or with the vision warm'd, attempts to write  
For those inhabitants of native light,  
And teaches harmony's distinguish'd parts,  
In sweet respondence of united hearts;  
For thus without might warbling angels sing,

Their course containing on the flutter'd wing;  
Eternal gates! your stately portals rear,  
Eternal gates! your ways of joy prepare,  
The king of glory for admittance stays,  
He comes, he'll enter, O prepare your ways;  
Then bright arch-angels that attend the wall,  
Might thus upon the beauteous order call;  
Ye fellow ministers that now proclaim  
Your king of glory, tell his awful name.  
At which the beauteous order will accord,  
And sound of solemn notes pronounce the Lord,  
The Lord endew'd with strength, renown'd for might,  
With spoils returning from the finish'd fight.  
Again with Lays they charm the sacred gates,  
And graces double while the song repeats,  
Again within the sacred guardians sing,  
And ask the name of their victorious king,  
And then again the Lord's the name rebounds  
From tongue to tongue, catch'd up in frequent rounds.

New thrones and pow'rs appear, to lift the gate,  
And David still pursues their enter'd state;  
Oh prophet! father! whither woudst thou fly?  
Oh mystick Israel's chariot for the sky,  
Thou sacred spirit! what a wond'rous height,  
By thee supported, soars his airy flight!  
For glimpse of Majesty divine is brought,  
Among the shifted prospects of the thought;  
Dread sacred sight! I dare not gaze for fear,  
But sit beneath the singers feet and hear,  
And hold each sound that interrupts the mind,  
Thus in a calm by pow'r of verse confin'd.

Ye dreadful ministers of God, displeas'd,  
Loud blasting tempests, be no longer rais'd!  
Ye deep mouth'd thunders leave your direful groan,  
Nor roll in hollow clouds around the throne,  
The still small voice more justly will express  
How great Jehovah did the Lord address,  
And you bright feather'd choirs of endless peace,  
A while from tuneful Hallelujahs cease,  
A while stand fix'd with deep attentive care,

You'll have the time to sing for ever there.  
The royal prophet will the silence break,  
And in his words almighty goodness speak.  
He spake (and smil'd to see the business done,)  
Thou art my first, my great begotten son;  
Here on the right of Majesty sit down,  
Enjoy thy conquest and receive thy crown,  
While I thy worship and renown compleat,  
And make thy foes the foot-stool of thy feet,  
For I'll pronounce the long resolv'd decree,  
My sacred Sion be reserv'd for thee.  
From thence thy peaceful rod of pow'r extend,  
From thence thy messenger of mercy send,  
And teach thy vanquish'd enemies to bow,  
And rule where Hell has fix'd an empire now.  
Then ready nations to their rightful king,  
The free-will off'rings of their hearts shall bring,  
In holy beauties for acceptance dress'd,  
And ready nations be with pardon bless'd;  
Mean while thy dawn of truth begins the day,  
Enlightened subjects shall encrease thy sway,  
With such a splendid and unnumber'd train,  
As dews in morning fill the grassy plain.  
This by myself I swore; the great intent  
Has past my sanction and I can't repent;  
Thou art a king and priest of peace below,  
Like Salem's monarch and for ever so.  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine; the gentiles claim,  
For thy possession take the world's extream,  
The kings shall rage, the parties strive in vain,  
By persecuting rage to break thy reign;  
Thou art my Christ and they that still can be  
Rebellious subjects, be destroy'd by thee.  
Bring like the Potter to severe decay,  
Thy worthless creatures, found in humble clay.  
Then hear ye monarchs, and ye judges hear,  
Rejoice with trembling, serve the Lord with fear,  
In his commands with signs of homage move,  
And kiss the gracious offers of his love;  
Ye surely perish if his anger flame,  
And only they be bless'd that bless his name.  
Thus does the Christ in David's anthems shine,

With full magnificence of art divine,  
Then on his subjects gifts of grace bestow,  
And spread his Image on their hearts below,  
As when our earthly kings receive the globe,  
The sacred unction and the purple robe,  
And mount the throne with golden glory crown'd,  
They scatter medals of themselves around;  
There heav'nly singers clap their vary'd wings,  
And lead the choir of all created things,  
Relate his glory's everlasting prime,  
His fame continu'd with the length of time,  
While e're the Sun shall dart a gilded beam,  
Or changing Moons diffuse the silver'd gleam,  
Where e're the waves of rolling ocean sent,  
Encompass land with arms of wide extent.  
Hail, full of mercy, ready nations cry!  
Hail, for ever, ever bless'd on high!  
Hail, Oh for ever on thy beauteous throne!  
Thou Lord that workest wond'rous things alone,  
Still let thy glory to the world appear,  
And all the riches of thy goodness hear.

But thou fair Church in whom he fixes love,  
Thou queen accepted of the prince above;  
Behold him fairer than the sons of men,  
Embrace his offer'd heart, and share his reign;  
In Moses's laws they bred thy tender years,  
But now to new commands incline thine ears,  
Forget thy people, bear no more in mind  
Thy Father's household, for thy spouse is kind.  
Within thy soul let vain affections dye,  
Him only worship, and with him comply.  
So shall thy spouse's heart with thine agree,  
So shall his fervour still encrease for thee.  
Come while he calls, supremely favour'd queen,  
In heav'nly glories dress thy soul within;  
With pious actions to the throne be brought,  
In close connection of the virtues wrought,  
Let these around thee for a garment shine,  
And be the work to make them pleasing, thine:  
Come, lovely queen, advance with stately port,  
Thy good companions shall compleat thy court,

With joyful souls their joyful entrance sing,  
And fill the palace of your gracious king.  
What tho' thy Moses and the prophets cease,  
What tho' the Priesthood leaves the settled race,  
The Father's place their offspring well supplies,  
When at thy spouse's Ministry they rise,  
When thy bless'd household on his orders go,  
And rule for him where'er he reigns below.  
Come, Queen exalted, come, my lasting song  
To future ages shall thy fame prolong.  
The joyful nations shall thy praise proclaim,  
And for their safety crowd beneath thy name.  
Oh bounteous Saviour! still thy mercy kind,  
Still what thy David sung, thy servants find,  
Still why thy David sung thy servants see,  
From thee sent down, and sent again to thee.  
They see the words of thanks and love divine,  
In strains mysterious intermingl'd shine,  
As sweet and rich unite in costly waves,  
When purling gold the purpled webb receives,  
And still the Church he shadow'd hears the lays,  
In daily service as an aid to praise.  
At these her temper good devotion warms,  
And mounts aloft with more engaging charms.  
Then as she strives to reach the lofty sky,  
Bids gratitude assist her will to fly;  
In these our gratitude becomes on fire,  
Then feels its flames improv'd by strong desire,  
Then feels desire in eager wishes move,  
And wish determine in the point of love.

Such hymns to regulate and such to raise,  
Approach, ye sounding instruments of praise.  
Tis fit you tune for him whose holy love,  
In wish aspiring to the choir above,  
And fond to practice e're his time to go,  
Devoutly call'd you to the choir below;  
There where he plac'd you, with your solemn sound,  
For Gods high glory fill the sacred ground,  
And there and ev'ry where his wond'rous name,  
Within his firmament of pow'r proclaim.  
Soft pleasing lutes with easy sweetness move,



To touch the sentiments of Heav'nly love,  
Assist the Lyre and voice to tell the charms  
That gently stole him from the Father's arms;  
Gay trembling Timbrels us'd with airs of mirth,  
Assist the loud Hosannah rais'd on earth,  
When on an Ass he meekly rides along,  
And multitudes are heard within the song.  
Full-tenor'd Psalt'ry, join the doleful part,  
In which his agony possest his heart;  
And seem to feel thyself, and seem to shew,  
Arising heaviness and signs of woe.  
Sonorous organ at his passion moan,  
And utter forth thy sympathizing groan,  
In big slow murmurs anxious sorrow speak,  
While melancholy winds thine entrails shake,  
As when he suffer'd, with complaining sound,  
The storms in vaulted caverns shook the ground;  
Swift chearful cymbals give an airy strain,  
When having bravely broke the doubled chain,  
Of Death and Hell, he left the conquer'd grave,  
And rose to visit those he dy'd to save.  
And as he mounts in song and Angels sing  
With grand procession their returning king,  
Triumphant trumpets raise their notes on high,  
And make them seem to mount, and seem to fly.  
Then all at once conspire to praise the Lord,  
In musick's full consent, and just accord:  
Ye sons of art, in such melodious way  
Conclude the service which you join to pay,  
While nations sing Amen, and yet again,  
Hold forth the note and sing aloud Amen.

Here has my fancy gone where David leads,  
Now softly pacing o'er the grassy meads,  
Now nobly mounting where the monarchs rear  
The gilded spires of palaces in air,  
Now shooting thence upon the level flight,  
To dreadful dangers and the toils of fight,  
Anon with utmost stretch ascending far,  
Beyond the region of the farthest star;  
As sharpest sighted eagles tow'ring fly,  
To weather their broad sails in open sky,

At length on wings half clos'd slide gently down,  
And one attempt shall all my labours crown.  
In other's verse the rest be better shewn,  
But this is more, or should be more, thine own.

If then the spirit that supports my lines,  
Have prov'd unequal to my large designs,  
Let others rise from earthly passion's dream,  
By me provok'd to vindicate the theme.  
Let others round the world in rapture rove,  
Or with strong feathers fan the breeze above,  
Or walk the dusky shades of death, and dive  
Down Hell's abyss, and mount again alive.  
But Oh my God! may these unartful rhimes,  
In sober words of woe bemoan my crimes.  
Tis fit the sorrows I for ever vent,  
For what I never can enough repent;  
Tis fit, and David shews the moving way,  
And with his pray'r instructs my soul to pray.  
Then since thy guilt is more than match'd by me,  
And since my troubles shou'd with thine agree,  
O Muse to glories in affliction born!  
May thine humility my soul adorn.  
For humblest prayers are most affecting strains,  
As Mines lye rich in lowly planted veins;  
Such aid I want to render mercy kind,  
And such an aid as here I want I find:  
Thy weeping accents in my numbers run,  
Ah thought! ah voice of inward dole begun!

My God, whose anger is appeas'd by tears,  
Bow gently down thy mercy's gracious ears;  
With many tongues my sins for justice call,  
But mercy's ears are manifold for all.  
Those sweet celestial windows open wide,  
And in full streams let soft compassion glide,  
There wash my soul and cleanse it yet again,  
O th'roughly cleanse it from the guilty stain,  
For I my life with inward anguish see,  
And all its wretchedness confess to thee.  
The large Inditement stands before my view,  
Drawn forth by conscience, most amazing true,

And fill'd with secrets hid from human eye,  
When foolish man, thy God stood witness by.  
Then Oh, thou majesty divinely great,  
Accept the sad confessions I repeat,  
Which clear thy justice to the world below,  
Shou'd dismal sentence doom my soul to woe.  
When in the silent womb my shape was made,  
And from the womb to lightsome life convey'd,  
Curs'd sin began to take unhappy root,  
And thro' my veins its early fibres shoot;  
And then what goodness did'st thou shew, to kill  
The rising weeds, and principles of ill;  
When to my breast in fair celestial flame,  
Eternal truth and lovely wisdom came,  
Bright gift by simple nature never got,  
But here reveal'd to change the antient blot.  
This wond'rous help which mercy pleas'd to grant,  
Continue still, for still thine aid I want,  
And as the men whom leprosy invade,  
Or they that touch the carcase of the dead,  
With Hysop sprinkled and by water clean'd,  
Their former pureness in the law regain'd;  
So purge my soul diseas'd alas! within,  
And much polluted with dead works of sin.  
For such bless'd favours at thine hand I sue,  
Be grace thine Hysop and thy water too.  
Then shall my whiteness for perfection vie  
With blanching snows that newly leave the sky.  
Thus through my mind thy voice of gladness send,  
Thus speak the joyful word, I will be clean'd;  
That all my strength consum'd with mournful pain,  
May by thy saving health rejoice again:  
And now no more my foul offences see,  
Oh turn from these, but turn thee not from me,  
Or least they make me too deform'd a sight,  
Oh, blot them with oblivion's endless night.  
Then further pureness to thy servant grant,  
Another heart, or change in this, I want.  
Create another, or the change create,  
For now my vile corruption is so great,  
It seems a new creation to restore  
Its fall'n estate to what it was before.

Renew my spirit, raging in my breast,  
And all its passions in their course arrest,  
Or turn their motions, widely gone astray,  
And fix their footsteps in thy righteous way.  
When this is granted, when again I'm whole,  
Oh ne'er withdraw thy presence from my soul:  
There let it shine, so let me be restor'd  
To present joy which conscious hopes afford.  
There let it sweetly shine, and o'er my breast  
Diffuse the dawning of eternal rest;  
Then shall the wicked this compassion see,  
And learn thy worship and thy works from me.  
For I to such occasions of thy praise  
Will tune my lyre, and consecrate my lays.  
Unseal my lips, where guilt and shame have hung  
To stop the passage of my grateful tongue,  
And let my prayer and song ascend, my prayer  
Here join'd with saints, my song with angels there;  
Yet neither prayer I'd give, nor songs alone,  
If other off'rings were as much thy own:  
But thine's the contrite spirit, thine's an heart  
Oppress'd with sorrow, broke with inward smart;  
That at thy footstool in confession shews  
How well its faults, how well the judge it knows;  
That sin with sober resolution flies,  
This gift thy mercy never will despise.  
Then in my soul a mystick altar rear,  
And such a sacrifice I'll offer there;  
There shall it stand in vows of virtue bound,  
There falling tears shall wash it all around;  
And sharp remorse, yet sharper edg'd by woe,  
Deserv'd and fear'd, inflict the bleeding blow;  
There shall my thoughts to holy breathings fly  
Instead of incense to perfume the sky,  
And thence my willing heart aspires above,  
A victim panting in the flames of love.

Thomas Parnell

# Deborah

Time Sire of years unwind thy leaf anew,  
& still the past recall to present view,  
Spread forth its circles, swiftly gaze ym ore,  
But where an action's nobly sung before  
There stop & stay for me whose thoughts design  
To make anothers song resound in mine.  
Pass where ye priests procession bore the law,  
When Jourdans parted waters fixd with awe,  
While Israel marchd upon ye naked Sand,  
Admird ye wonder, & obtaind the land.  
Slide through the num'rous fates of Canaans kings,  
While conquest rode on Expeditions wings.  
Glance over Israel at a single view  
In bondage oft, & oft unbound anew,  
Till Jabin rise, & Deborah stand enrolld  
On the broad guilded leafs revolving fold.

O King subdu'd! O Woman born to fame!  
O Wake my fancy for the glorious theme,  
O wake my fancy with the sense of praise,  
O wake with warblings of triumphant lays.  
The Land you rise in sultry suns invade,  
But where you rise to sing you'le find a shade.

Those trees in order & with verdure crownd,  
The Sacred Prophetesses tent surround.  
& that fair palm afront exactly plact  
That overtops & overspreads the rest,  
Near ye broad root a mossy bank supports,  
Where Justice opens unexpensive courts.  
There Deb'rah sits, the willing tribes repair,  
Referr their causes, & she Judges there.  
Nor needs a guard to bring her subjects in,  
Each Grace each Virtue proves a guard unseen.  
Nor wants the penaltys enforcing law,  
While Great Opinion gives effectuall awe.

Now twenty years that rolld in heavy pain  
Saw Jabin gall them with Oppressions chain,

When she submissive to divine command,  
Proclaims a warr for freedome o're ye land,  
& bids young Barack with those men descend,  
Whom in the mountains he for battle traird.  
Go, says the Prophetess, thy foes assail,  
Go make ten thousand over all prevail,  
Make Jabins captains feel thy glittering sword,  
Make all his army: God has spoke the word.  
He fitt for warr & Israels hope in sight  
Yet doubts ye number & by that the fight,  
Then thus replies with wish to stand secure,  
Or eager thought to know the conquest sure:  
Belovd of God, lend thou thy presence too  
& I with gladness lead th' appointed few,  
But if thou wilt not lett thy son deny,  
For whats ten thousand men or what am I?  
If so, she crys, a share of toil be mine,  
Another share & some dishonour thine,  
For God to punish doubt resolves to show  
That less than numbers can suppress his foe;  
You'll move to conquer, & the foes to yield,  
But 'tis a womans act assures the field.

Now seem the warriours in their ranks assignd,  
Now furling banners flutter in the wind,  
Her words encourage, & his actions lead,  
Hope spurrs them forward, valour draws ye blade,  
& Freedome like a fair reward for all  
Stands reaching forth her hand & seems to call.

On T'other side & allmost ore ye plain  
Proud Sis'ra Jabins captain brings his men,  
As thick as locusts on the vintage fly,  
As thick as scatterd leaves in Autumn ly,  
Bold with success against a nation tryd,  
& proud of numbers, & secure in pride.

Now sound the trumpets, now my fancy warms,  
& now methinks I view their toiles in arms,  
The lively Phantomes tread my boundless mind  
With no faint colours or weak strokes designd.  
See where in distant conflict from afarr

The pointed arrows bring the wounds of warr.  
See where the lines with closer force engage,  
& thrust the spear & whirl ye sword of rage.  
Here break the files & vainly strive to close,  
There on their own repelld assist their foes.  
Here Deb'rah calls & Jabins souldiers fly,  
There Barack fights & Jabins souldiers dy.  
But now nine hundred chariots roll along,  
Expert their guiders & their horses strong,  
& Terrour rattling in their fierce array  
Bears down on Israel to restore the day.  
O Lord of battles, O the dangers near,  
Assist thine Israel or they perish here.  
How swift is Mercys aid, behold it fly  
On rushing tempests through ye troubled sky,  
With dashing rain with pelting hail they blow,  
& sharply drive them on the facing foe,  
Thus blessd with help & onely touchd behind,  
The fav'rite Nation presses in the wind.  
But heat of action now disturbs ye sight,  
& wild confusion mingles all ye fight,  
Cold-whistling winds & shriekes of dying men  
& groans & armour sound in all ye plain.  
The bands of Canaan fate no longer dare,  
Oppressd by weather & destroyd by warr,  
& from his chariot whence he ruld ye fight,  
Their haughty Leader leaps to Joyn ye flight.  
See where he flys, & see the Victour near,  
See rapid Conquest in pursuit of Fear,  
See See they both make off, ye work is ore,  
& fancy cleard of vision as before.

Thus (if ye mind of man may seem to move  
With some resemblance of ye skyes above)  
When warrs are gath'ring in our hearts below  
We've seen their battles in Ætheriall show:  
The Long-distended tracts of opening sky  
The Phantoms Azure field of fight supply;  
The whitish clouds an argent armour yield;  
A radiant blazon guilds their argent shield;  
Young glittering comets point ye leveld spear,  
Which for the pennons hang their flaming hair;

& ore their helms for gallant glory dresst  
Sit curls of air & nod upon the crest.  
Thus armd they seem to march & seem to fight,  
& seeming wounds & deaths delude ye sight,  
The ruddy thunder-clouds look staid with gore,  
& for ye din of warr within they roar.  
Then flys a side, & then a side pursues,  
Till in the motion all their shapes they loose,  
Dispersing air concludes ye mimick scene,  
The sky shuts up & swiftly clears again.

But does their Sis'ra share ye common fate,  
Or mourn his humbled pride in dark retreat?  
With such enquiry near the palm repair,  
Victorious Honour knows & tells it there.

To that fair type of Israels late success  
Which nobly rises as its weights depress,  
To that fair type returns ye Joyfull band,  
Whose courage rose to free their groaning land,  
There stands ye Leader in the pomp of arms,  
There stands the Judge in beautys awfull charms.  
& whilst reclind upon the resting spear  
He pants with chace & breaths in calmer air,  
Her thoughts are working with a backward view,  
& woud in song the great exploit renew.

She sees an armd Oppressions hundred hands  
impose its fetters on the promis'd lands.  
She sees her nation struggling in the chains,  
& warrs arising with unequall trains.  
She sees their feats in arms, the field embru'd,  
The foe disorderd, & the foe pursud.  
Till Conquest dressd in rays of Glory come  
With Peace & Freedome brought in triumph home.  
Then round her heart a beamy gladness plays,  
Which darting forward thus converts to praise.

For Israels late avengings on ye foe  
When led by no compelling powr below,  
When each sprung forward of their own accord,  
For this, for all the mercy praise the Lord.



Hear O ye Kings, ye neighbring Princes hear,  
My song triumphant shall instruct your fear,  
My song triumphant bids your glory bow  
To God confesd the God of Jacob now.

O Glorious Lord when with thy sov'raign hand  
Thou led thy nation off from Edoms Land,  
Then trembled Earth, & shook ye Heav'ns on high,  
& clouds in drops forsook ye melted sky,  
With tumbling waters hills were heard to roar,  
& felt such shocks as Sinai felt before.

But fear abating which by time decays,  
The Kings of Canaan rose in Shamgars days,  
& still continud into Jaels times  
Their empire fixing with succesfull crimes.  
Oppression ravagd all our lost abodes,  
Nor durst ye people trust ye common roads,  
But paths perplexd & unfrequented chose  
To shun the dangers of insulting foes.  
Thus direfull wast deformd ye country round,  
Unpeopled towns & disimprovd the ground.  
Till I resolving in the gap to stand  
I Deb'rah rose a Mother of the Land,  
Where others slaves by settled custome grown  
Coud serve & chuse to serve the Gods unknown,  
Where others sufferd with a tame regret  
Destruction spilling blood in ev'ry gate,  
& fourty thousand had not for the field  
One spear offensive or defensive shield.

O towrds ye Leaders of my nation move  
O beat my warming heart with sense of love,  
Commend th' Assertours on their own accord,  
& bless ye Sovreign causer, bless the Lord.

Speak ye that ride with powr returnd in state,  
Speak ye the praise that rule ye Judgement seat,  
Speak ye the praise to God that walk ye roads,  
While Safety brings you to restord abodes.

The rescud villagers no more affraid  
Of Archers lurking in the faithless Shade,  
& sudden death conveyd from sounding strings,  
Shall safe-approach ye waters rising springs,  
& while their turns of drawing there they wait,  
Loytring in ease upon a grassy Seat,  
Call all ye blessing of ye Lord to mind,  
& sing the Lord in all ye blessing kind.  
The townsmen rescud from ye tyrants reign  
Shall flock with Joy to fill their walls again,  
See Justice in ye gates her ballance bear,  
& none but her unsheath a weapon there.

Awake O Deb'rah, O Awake to praise,  
Awake & utter forth triumphant lays,  
Arise O Barack, be thy pomp begun,  
Lead on thy triumph thou Abinoams Son,  
Thy captives bound in chains when Gods Decree  
Made humbled Princes stoop their necks to thee,  
When He the Giver of Success in fight  
Advancd a Woman Ore ye Sons of Might.

Against this Amalek of banded foes  
I Deb'rah root of All ye warr arose,  
From Ephraim sprung, & leading Ephraims line,  
The next in rising Benjamin was thine.  
The ruling heads of half Manassehs land  
To serve in danger left their safe command.  
The tribe of Zebuluns unactive men  
For Glorious arms forsook ye peacefull pen.  
The Lords of Issachar with Deb'rah went,  
The tribe with Barack to ye vale was sent,  
Where he on foot performd the gen'ralls part,  
& shard ye souldiers toil to raise their heart.

But Reubens strange divisions Justly wrought  
Amongst his brethren deep concern of thought.  
Ah while ye nation in affliction lay,  
How couldst thou Reuben by ye sheepfold stay?  
& lett thy bleating flock divert ye days  
That idely passd thee with inglorious ease.  
Divided Tribe, without thy danger free,

Deep were the Searchings of our hearts for thee.  
Our Gilead too by such example swayd  
With unconcern beyond ye river staid,  
& Dan in ships at sea for safety rode,  
& frighted Asher in its rocks abode.

Now Sing ye field, ye feats of warr begun,  
& Praise thy Nepthali with Zebulun.  
To deaths exposd, in posts advancd they stood,  
With soules resolvd & gallant rage of blood.  
Then came ye Kings & fought, ye Gatherd Kings  
By waters streaming from Megiddo's springs,  
In Tanaach vale sustaind ye daring toil,  
Yet neither fought for pay, nor won ye spoil.  
The skys indulgent to the cause of right  
On Israels side against their army fight;  
In evil aspects starrs & Planets range,  
& by the weather in tempestuous change  
Promote their dire distress, & make it known  
That God has hosts above to save his own.  
The Kishon swelld, grew rapid as they fled,  
& rolld them sinking down its sandy bed.  
O River Kishon, River of renown!  
& O my soul that trod their glory down!  
The stony paths by which disorderd flight  
Conveyd their troops & chariots from ye fight  
With rugged points their horses hoofs distresst,  
& broke them prancing in impetuous hast.

Curse curse ye Meroz, curse ye town abhorrd,  
(So spake ye glorious Angel of ye Lord.)  
For Meroz came not into field prepard  
To Joyn that side on which the Lord declard.

But bless ye Jael, be ye Kenites name  
Above our womens blessd in endless fame.  
The Captain faint with sore fatigue of flight,  
Implord for water to support his might,  
& milk she powrd him while he water sought,  
& in a lordly dish her butter brought.  
With courage well deserving to prevail  
One hand her hammer held & one ye nail,

& him reclind to sleep she boldly slew,  
She Smote, she piercd, she struck ye temples through,  
Before her feet reluctant on the clay  
He bowd he fell, he bowd he fell he lay,  
He bowd he fell he dyd. by such degrees  
As thrice she struck each strokes effect she sees.

His mother gazd with long-expecting eyes,  
& grown impatient through ye lattice cryes;  
Why moves ye chariot of my son so slow?  
Or what affairs retard his coming so?  
Her Ladys answerd.—but she woud not stay,  
(For Pride had taught what Flattery meant to say)  
They've sped she says, & now ye prey they share,  
For each a damsel or a lovely pair,  
For Sis'ras part a robe of gallant grace  
Where diverse colours rich embroid'ry trace,  
Meet for ye necks of those who win ye spoil  
When triumph offers its reward for toil.

Thus perish all who Gods decrees oppose,  
Thus like ye vanquishd perish all thy foes.  
But lett ye men that in thy name delight  
Be like ye Sun in heavnly glory bright,  
When mounted on ye dawn he posts away,  
& with full strength encreases on the day.

Twass here ye Prophetess respird fm song.  
Then loudly shouted all ye chearfull throng,  
By freedome gaind, by victory compleat,  
Prepard for mirth irregularly great.  
The frowns of sorrow gave their ancient place  
To pleasure drawn in smiles on ev'ry face.  
The groans of slav'ry were no longer wrung,  
But thoughts of comfort from ye blessing sprung.  
& as they shouted in ye breezy west,  
Amongst ye plumes that deckt ye singers crest  
The Spirit of Applause it self conveyd  
On waving air, & lightly wanton plaid.  
Such was ye case, (or such Ideas flow  
From thought replenishd with triumphant show.)

What raisd their Joy their love coud also raise,  
& each contended in the words of praise,  
& evry word proclaimd the wonders past,  
& God was still ye first & still ye last,  
Deep in their soules ye fair impression lay,  
Deep-tracd & never to be worn away.

From hence ye rescud generation still  
Abhorrd the practice of rebellious ill,  
& feard the punishment for ill abhorrd,  
& lovd repentance & adord ye Lord.

From hence in all their day ye Lord was kind,  
His face serene with settled favour shind,  
Fair banishd Order was recalld in state,  
The Laws revivd, the princes ruld ye gate,  
Peace cheard ye vales, Contentment laughd wth Peace,  
Gay-blooming Plenty rose with large encrease,  
Sweet Mercy those who thought on mercy blesst,  
& so for fourty years ye land had rest.

Rest happy Land awhile, ah longer so  
didst thou thine happiness sincerely know!  
But soon thy quiet with thy goodness past,  
& in the song alone obtaind to last.

Live song triumphant, live in fair record,  
& teach succeeding times to love ye Lord:  
For fancy moves by bright example wood,  
& wins ye mind with images of good.

Touchd with a sacred rage & heavnly flame,  
I strive to sing thine universall aim,  
To quit ye subject, & in lays sublime  
The morall fitt for any point of time:  
Then go my verses with applying strain  
Go form a triumph not ascribd to men.

Lett all ye clouds of Grief impending ly,  
& storms of Trouble drive along ye sky,  
Then Humble Piety thine accents raise,  
For prayr will prove ye powrfull charm of ease.

Lo now thy soul has spoke its best desires,  
How blessings answer what ye prayr requires.  
Before thy sighs the cloudes of Grief retreat,  
The Storms of trouble by thy tears abate,  
& Radiant Glory from her upper sphear  
Lookes down & glitters in relented air.

Rise Lovely Piety from earthy bed,  
The Parted flame descends upon thine head,  
This wondrous Mitre framd by Sacred Love,  
& for thy triumph sent thee from above,  
In two bright points with upper rays aspires,  
& rounds thy temples with innocuous fires.  
Rise Lovely Piety, with Pomp appear,  
& thou Kind Mercy Lend a chariot here,  
On either side fair Fame & Honour place,  
Behind lett Plenty walk in hand with peace,  
While Irreligion mutt'ring horrid sound  
With fierce & proud Oppression backward bound  
dragg by the wheeles along ye dusty plain,  
& gnashing lick ye ground, & curse with pain.

Now come ye thousands & more thousands yet,  
With order Joyn to fill ye train of state,  
Soules tund for praising to ye temple bring,  
& thus amidst ye Sacred Musick sing.  
Hail Piety! triumphant Goodness hail!  
Hail O prevailing! Ever O prevail!  
At thine Entreaty Justice leaves to frown,  
& Wrath appeasing lays ye Thunder down,  
The tender heart of yearning Mercy burns,  
Love asks a blessing & ye Lord returns.  
In his great name that heavn & earth has made  
In his great name alone we find our aid,  
Then bless the Name, & lett ye world adore  
From this time forward & for evermore.

Thomas Parnell

# Dr. Parnel To Dr. Swift, On His Birth-Day, November 30th, Mdccxiii

Urg'd by the warmth of Friendship's sacred flame,  
But more by all the glories of thy fame;  
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,  
In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd,  
Resolv'd I sing: Tho' lab'ring up the way  
To reach my theme, O Swift, accept my lay.

Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,  
Thro' Contemplation's airy fields I rove;  
Where pow'rful Fancy purifies my eye,  
And lights the beauties of a brighter sky;  
Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,  
Clear rivers wind, and op'ning plains extend;  
Then fills its landscape thro' the vary'd parts  
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts:  
Superiour Forms, of more than mortal air,  
More large than mortals, more serenely fair.  
Of these two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,  
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.  
Ye Future Times, I heard the silver sound!  
I saw the Graces form a circle round!  
Each, where she fix'd, attentive seem'd to root,  
And all, but Eloquence herself, was mute.

High o'er the rest I see the Goddess rise,  
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:  
By turns, within her eyes the Passions burn,  
And softer Passions languish in their turn:  
Upon her tongue Persuasion, or Command;  
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.

From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)  
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day.  
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,  
And taught the list'ning audience to admire,  
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought,  
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought;

How sure you wound when Ironies deride,  
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside.  
'Twas thus exploring she rejoic'd to see  
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:  
Then here, she cries, let future ages dwell,  
And learn to copy where they can't excel.

She spake. Applause attended on the close:  
Then Poesy, her sister-art, arose;  
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,  
Not made so much for bus'ness, more to please.  
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;  
The Soul of Music warbles on her tongue;  
Bright in her eyes a pleasing Ardour glows,  
And from her heart the sweetest Temper flows:  
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,  
And binds their order to the dancing air:  
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,  
And, from the Spheres, she takes a pitch to sing.

Thrice happy Genius his, whose Works have hit  
The lucky point of bus'ness and of wit.  
They seem like show'rs, which April months prepare  
To call their flow'ry glories up to air:  
The drops descending, take the painted bow,  
And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow.  
To me retiring oft, he finds relief  
In slowly-wasting care, and biting grief:  
From me retreating oft, he gives to view  
What eases care and grief in others too.  
Ye fondly grave, be wise enough to know,  
'Life ne'er unbent were but a life of woe.'  
Some full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,  
On his own rack each puts himself to pain.  
I'll gently steal you from your toils away,  
Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play;  
Where, on the banks as crystal rivers flow,  
They teach immortal amarants to grow:  
Then, from the mild indulgence of the scene,  
Restore your tempers strong for toils again.

She ceas'd: Soft music trembled in the wind,



And sweet delight diffus'd thro' ev'ry mind:  
The little Smiles, which still the Goddess grace,  
Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.  
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bless)  
A gentle band their eager joys express:  
Here Friendship asks, and Love of Merit longs  
To hear the Goddesses renew their songs;  
Here great Benevolence to Man is pleas'd;  
These own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.  
You gentle band, you well may bear your part,  
You reign Superior Graces in his heart.

O swift! if fame be life, (as well we know  
That Bards and Heroes have esteem'd it so)  
Thou canst not wholly die; thy works will shine  
To future times, and Life in Fame be thine.

Thomas Parnell

# Epigram

The greatest Gifts that Nature does bestow,  
Can't unassisted to Perfection grow:  
A scanty Fortune clips the Wings of Fame,  
And checks the Progress of a rising Name;  
Each dastard Vertue drags a Captive's Chain,  
And moves but slowly, for it moves with Pain.  
Domestick Cares sit hard upon the Mind,  
And cramp those Thoughts which shou'd be unconfin'd;  
The Cries of Poverty alarm the Soul,  
Abate its Vigour, its Designs controul:  
The Stings of Want inflict the Wounds of Death,  
And Motion always ceases with the Breath.  
The Love of Friends is found a languid Fire,  
That glares but faintly, and will soon expire;  
Weak is its Force, nor can its Warmth be great,  
A feeble Light begets a feeble Heat.  
Wealth is the Fuel that must feed the Flame,  
It dyes in Rags, and scarce deserves a Name.

Thomas Parnell

## Epigram. On A Ladys Lace Shown For A Favour

As Nelly to a chamber got  
To take her leave of Ned  
She loosd her lace & Cast a knot  
(Ah why unlacd the maid.).  
Now pull the further end she cryd  
The Youth obeyd commands  
And still the knot ye faster tyd  
The more they parted hands  
This fancy by the lover seen  
She gave the silken braid  
And with a kiss or two between  
The parting posy said  
When this you see remember me  
And love me more & more  
This knot when you at distance drew  
Came closer than before.

Thomas Parnell

## For Philip Ridgate Esq.

To friend with fingers quick & limber,  
I send this piece of tunefull timber:  
that, as 'tis said in Orpheus story,  
He may teach trees to dance a Bory;  
Or else in modern Phrase more knavish,  
He may the heart of broomstick ravish.  
The man whose parts in Taverns shine,  
Doates on the merry pipe of wine;  
& he who late has got his pate full,  
perceives the water pipe is gratefull;  
But these are pipes that still are mute,  
there is some musick in a flute.  
Which since I as a present send,  
the presents worth to recommend,  
Ile in soft words its praises warble,  
translated from Italian marble.  
'When ere we hear its strains & closes,  
'Enchanted reason sweetly dozes,  
'on laps of nymphs, & beds of roses;  
'the Soul that all its charms admires,  
'for lodgings in the ear enquires;  
'Gay pictures do the Fancy store;  
'& passions felt but heard no more.  
All that my author says is true,  
When th' instrument is playd by you.  
& least you think I came by this ill,  
Splut her was preed her from a whistle.

Thomas Parnell

# Fragmentary Ending Of A Poem I

To the kind powr who taught me how to sing  
Thus with the first of all wch he bestowd  
Did ancient piety approach the God.

Defended long by prejudice & pride  
Ive fancyd love a cant its god defyd  
but bravely you assert yr monarchs reign  
wound with a look & wth a word inchain  
I feel th' enchanting pain wth pleasure bow  
& surely fair Aminta none but you  
Can slav'ry give yet make it lovely too

Thomas Parnell

## Fragmentary Ending Of A Poem Ii

Then do not Cloe do not more  
Boast what success youve found  
Tis pride to tell your conquests ore  
Tis cruelty to wound.  
These are the ills which Beauty breeds  
its blisses woud you give  
With pittty all your slaves besides  
& me with love relieve.

Thomas Parnell

# Habakkuk

Now leave the Porch, to vision now retreat,  
Where the next rapture glows with varying heat;  
Now change the time, and change the Temple scene,  
The following Seer forewarns a future reign.  
To some retirement, where the Prophets sons  
Indulge their holy flight, my fancy runs,  
Some sacred College built for praise and pray'r  
And heav'nly dream, she seeks Habakkuk there.  
Perhaps 'tis there he moans the nation's sin,  
Hears the word come, or feels the fit within,  
Or sees the vision fram'd with Angels hands,  
And dreads the judgments of revolted lands,  
Or holds a converse if the Lord appear,  
And, like Elijah, wraps his face for fear.  
This deep recess portends an act of weight,  
A message lab'ring with the work of fate.

Methinks the Skies have lost their lovely blue,  
A storm rides fiery, thick the clouds ensue.  
Fall'n to the ground with prostrate face I lye,  
Oh! 'twere the same in this to gaze and dye!  
But hark the Prophet's voice: my pray'rs complain  
Of labour spent, of Preaching urg'd in vain;  
And must, my God, thy sorrowing servant still  
Quit my lone joys to walk this world of ill?  
Where spoiling rages, strife and wrong command,  
And the slack'd laws no longer curb the land?

At this a strange and more than human sound  
Thus breaks the cloud and daunts the trembling ground.  
Behold the Gentiles, wond'ring all behold,  
What scarce ye credit tho' the work be told,  
For lo the proud Chaldean troops I raise,  
To march the breadth and all the region seize,  
Fierce as the proling wolves at close of day,  
And swift as eagles in pursuit of prey.  
As eastern winds to blast the season blow,  
For blood and rapine flies the dreadful foe;  
Leads the sad captives countless as the sand,

Derides the princes and destroys the land.  
Yet these triumphant grown offend me more,  
And only thank the Gods they chose before.

Art thou not holiest, here the prophet cries,  
Supream, Eternal, of the purest eyes?  
And shall those eyes the wicked realms regard,  
Their crimes be great yet vict'ry their reward?  
Shall these still ravage more and more to reign,  
Draw the full net, and cast to fill again?  
As watch-men silent sit, I wait to see  
How solves my doubt, what speaks the Lord to me.

Then go, the Lord replies, suspend thy fears,  
And write the vision for a term of years.  
Thy foes will feel their turn when those are past,  
Wait tho' it tarry, sure it comes at last.  
'Tis for their rapine, lusts and thirst of blood  
And all their unprotecting Gods of wood.  
The Lord is present on his sacred hill,  
Cease thy weak doubts, and let the world be still.

Here terrour leaves me with exalted head,  
I breath fine air, and find the vision fled,  
The Seer withdrawn, inspir'd, and urg'd to write,  
By the warm influence of the sacred sight.

His writing finish'd, Prophet-like array'd,  
He brings the burthen on the region laid;  
His hands a tablet and a volume bear,  
The tablet threatnings, and the volume pray'r,  
Both for the temple, where to shun decay,  
Enroll'd the works of inspiration lay.  
And awful oft he stops, or marches slow,  
While the dull'd nation hears him preach their woe.

Arriv'd at length, with grave concern for all,  
He fix'd his table on the sacred wall.  
'Twas large inscrib'd that those who run might read,  
'Habakkuk's burthen by the Lord decreed,  
'For Judah's sins, her empire is no more,  
'The fierce Chaldeans bath her ralm in gore'.



Next to the priest his volume he resign'd,  
'Twas pray'r with praises mix'd to raise the mind,  
'Twas facts recounted which their fathers knew,  
'Twas pow'r in wonders manifest to view.  
'Twas comfort rais'd on love already past,  
And hope that former love returns at last.

The priests within the prophecy convey'd,  
The singers tunes to join his anthem made.  
Here and attend the words. And holy thou  
That help'd the prophet, help the Poet now.

O Lord who rules the world, with mortal ear  
I've heard thy judgments, and I shake for fear.  
O Lord by whom their number'd years we find,  
E'en in the midst receive the drooping mind;  
E'en in the midst thou canst—then make it known  
Thy love, thy will, thy power, to save thine own.  
Remember mercy tho' thine anger burn,  
And soon to Salem bid thy flock return.  
O Lord who gav'st it with an outstretch'd hand,  
We well remember how thou gav'st the land.

God came from Teman, southward sprung the flame,  
From Paran-mount the one that's Holy came,  
A glitt'ring glory made the desert blaze,  
High Heav'n was cover'd, earth was fill'd with praise.  
Dazzling the brightness, not the sun so bright,  
'Twas here the pure substantial Fount of Light  
Shot from his hand and side in golden streams,  
Came forward effluent horny-pointed beams:  
Thus shone his coming, as sublimely fair  
As bounded nature has been fram'd to bear,  
But all his further marks of grandeur hid,  
Nor what he cou'd was known, but what he did.  
Dire plagues before him ran at his command,  
To waste the nations in the promis'd land.  
A scorching flame went forth where'er he trod,  
And burning Fevers were the coals of God.  
Fix'd on the mount he stood, his meas'ring reed  
Marks the rich realms for Jacob's seed decreed:

He looks with anger and the nations fly  
From the fierce sparklings of his dreadful eye.  
He turns, the mountain shakes its awful brow,  
Awful he turns, and hills eternal bow.  
How glory there, how terrour here, displays  
His great unknown yet everlasting ways.

I see the Sable tents along the strand  
Where Cushan wander'd, desolately stand,  
And Midian's high pavilions shake with dread,  
While the tam'd seas thy rescu'd nation tread.  
What burst the path? what made the Lord engage?  
Cou'd waters anger? seas incite thy rage?  
That thus thine horses force the foaming tide  
And all the chariots of salvation ride.  
Thy bow was bare for what thy mercy swore,  
Those oaths, that promise Israel had before.

The rock that felt thee cleav'd, the rivers flow,  
The wond'ring desart lends them beds below.  
Thy Might the mountain's heaving shocks confess'd,  
High shatter'd Horeb trembled o'er the rest.  
Great Jordan pass'd its nether waters by,  
Its upper waters rais'd the voice on high,  
Safe in the deep we went, the liquid wall  
Curling arose, and had no leave to fall.  
The sun effulgent and the moon serene,  
Stop'd by thy will, their heav'nly course refrain;  
The voice was Man's, yet both the voice obey,  
'Till wars compleated close the lengthen'd day.  
Thy glitt'ring spears, thy ratling darts prevail,  
Thy spears of lightning and thy darts of hail.  
'Twas thou that march'd against their heathen band,  
Rage in thy visage, and thy flail in hand;  
'Twas thou that went before to wound their head,  
The captain follow'd where the Saviour led;  
Torn from their earth they feel the desp'rate wound,  
And pow'r unfounded fails for want of ground.  
With village-war thy tribes where'er they go  
Distress the remnant of the scatter'd foe;  
Yet mad they rush'd, as whirling wind descends,  
And deem'd for friendless those the Lord befriends.

Thy trampling horse from sea to sea subdued,  
The bounding ocean left no more to do.

O when I heard what thou vouchsaf'st to win  
With works of wonder, must be lost for sin,  
I quak'd thro' fear, the voice forsook my tongue,  
Or at my lips with quiv'ring accent hung;  
Dry leanness ent'ring to my marrow came,  
And ev'ry loos'ning nerve unstrung my frame.  
How shall I rest, in what protecting shade,  
When the day comes, and hostile troops invade?

Tho' neither blossoms on the Fig appear,  
Nor vines with clusters deck the purpling year,  
Tho' all our labours olive-trees belie,  
Tho' fields the substance of the bread deny,  
Tho' flocks are sever'd from the silent Fold,  
And the rais'd stalls no lowing cattle hold,  
Yet shall my soul be glad, in God rejoice,  
Yet to my Saviour will I lift my voice,  
Yet to my Saviour still my temper sings,  
What David set to instruments of strings:  
The Lord's my strength, like Hinds he makes my feet,  
Yon mount's my refuge, as I safely fleet,  
Or (if the song's apply'd) he makes me still  
Expect returning to Moriah's hill.

In all this hymn what daring grandeur shines,  
What darting glory rays among the lines,  
What mountains, earthquakes, clouds, and smokes are seen,  
What ambient fires conceal the Lord within,  
What working wonders give the promis'd place  
And load the conduct of a stubborn race!  
In all the work a lively fancy flows,  
O'er all the work sincere affection glows,  
While Truth's firm Rein the course of fancy guides  
And o'er affection Zeal divine presides.

Borne on the prophet's wings, methinks I fly  
Amongst eternal Attributes on high,  
And here I touch at love supremely fair,  
And now at pow'r, anon at mercy there;

So like a warbling bird my tunes I raise  
On those green boughs the Tree of life displays,  
Whose twelve fair fruits each month by turns receives  
And for the nations healing ope their leaves.  
Then be the nations heal'd, for this I sing  
Descending softly from the prophet's wing.

Thou world attend, the case of Israel see,  
'Twill thus at large refer to God and thee.  
If love be shewn thee, turn thine eyes above  
And pay the duties relative to love;  
If pow'r be shewn, and wonderfully so,  
Wonder and thank, adore and bow below.  
If pow'r that led thee now no longer lead,  
But brow-bent Justice draws the flaming blade,  
When love is scorn'd, when sin the sword provokes,  
Let tears and pray'rs avert or heal the strokes;  
If justice leaves to wound, and thou to groan  
Beneath new Lords in countries not thine own,  
Know this for Mercy's act, and let your lays  
Grateful in all, recount the cause of praise:  
Then love returns, and while no sins divide  
The firm alliance, pow'r will shield thy side.

See the grand round of providence's care,  
See realms assisted here, and punish'd there,  
O'er the just circle cast thy wond'ring eyes,  
Thank while you gaze, and study to be wise.

Thomas Parnell

# Hannah

Now Crowds more off, retiring trumpets sound  
On Eccho's dying in their last rebound,  
The notes of fancy seem no longer strong,  
But sweetning closes fitt a private song.  
So when the storms forsake ye seas command  
To break their forces in the winding land,  
No more their blasts tumultuous rage proclaim,  
But sweep in murmurs ore a murm'ring stream.

Then Seek ye Subject & its song be mine  
Whose numbers next in Sacred story shine;  
Go brightly-working thought, prepar'd to fly  
Above ye page on hov'ring pinnions ly,  
& beat with stronger force to make thee rise  
Where beautiful Hannah meets ye searching eyes.

There frame a town & fix a tent with cords,  
The town be Shiloh call'd, the tent ye Lords.  
Carvd pillars filleted with silver rear  
To close ye curtains in an outward square,  
But those within it which ye porch uphold  
Be finely wrought & overlaid with gold.

Here Eli comes to take ye resting Seat,  
Slow-moving forward with a rev'rend gate,  
Sacred in office, venerably sage  
& venerably great in silverd age.

Here Hannah comes, a melancholly wife  
Reproach'd for barren in ye marriage life.  
Like summer-mornings she to sight appears,  
Bedew'd & shining in the midst of tears.  
Her heart in bitterness of grief she bow'd,  
& thus her wishes to the Lord she vow'd.  
If thou thine handmaid with compassion see,  
If I my God am not forgott by thee,  
If in mine offspring thou prolong my line,  
The Child I wish for all his days be thine,  
His life devoted in thy courts be led,

& not a rasour come upon his head.

So from recesses of her inmost soul  
Through moving lips her still devotion stole:  
As silent waters glide through parted trees  
Whose branches tremble with a rising breeze.  
The words were lost because her heart was low,  
But free desire had taught ye mouth to go.  
This Eli markd, & with a voice severe,  
While yet she multiplyd her thoughts in prayr,  
How long shall wine he crys distract thy breast,  
Begon & lay ye drunken fitt by rest.  
Ah says ye mourner count not this for sin,  
It is not wine but grief that workes within,  
The spirit of thy wretched handmaid know,  
Her prayr's complaint, & her condition woe.  
Then spake ye Sacred Priest, in peace depart,  
& with thy comfort God fullfill thine heart.  
His blessing thus pronouncd with awfull sound,  
The Vot'ry bending leaves ye solemn ground,  
She seems confirmd the Lord has heard her crys,  
& Chearfull Hope the tears of trouble drys,  
& makes her alterd eyes irradiate roll  
With Joy that dawns in thought upon ye soul.

Now lett ye Town & Tent & court remain,  
& leap the time till Hannah comes again.  
As painted prospects skip along ye green  
from hills to mountains eminently seen,  
& leave their intervalls that sink below  
In deep retirement unexpressd to show.

Behold she comes (but not as once she came  
To grieve to sigh & teach her eyes to stream.)  
Content adorns her with a lively face,  
An open look, & smiling kind of grace.  
Her little Samuel in her arms she bears  
The wish of long desire & Child of prayrs,  
& as ye sacrifice she brought begun,  
To rev'rend Eli she presents her son.  
Here, crys ye Mother, here my Lord may see  
The woman come who prayd in grief by thee,

The Child I su'd for God with bounty gave,  
& what he granted let him now receive.

But still ye Vot'ry feeles her temper move  
With all ye tender violence of Love.  
That still enjoys ye gift, & inly burns  
To search for larger or for more returns.  
Then filld with blessings which allure to praise,  
& raisd by Joy to soul-enchanting lays,  
Thus thanks ye Lord beneficently-kind  
In sweet effusions of ye gratefull mind.

My lifting heart with more than common heat  
Sends up its thanks to God on ev'ry beat.  
My glory raisd above ye reach of scorn  
In God exalts its highly-planted horn.  
My mouth enlargd mine enemy defys,  
& finds in Gods salvation full replys.  
O Bright in holy beautys, Powr divine,  
Theres none whose glory can compare wth thine,  
None share thine honours, nay theres none beside,  
No rock on which thy creatures can confide.

Ye proud in spirit who your gifts adore,  
Unlearn the fault & speak with pride no more:  
No more in words your arrogance be shown,  
Nor call ye workes of Providence your own,  
Since he that rules us infinitely knows,  
& as he will his acts of Powr dispose.

The strong whose sinewy forces archd ye bow  
Have seen it shatterd by ye conqu'ring foe.  
The weak have felt their nerves more firmly brace,  
& new-sprung vigour in the limbs encrease.  
The full whom varyd tast of plenty fed  
Have lett their labour out to gain their bread.  
The poor that languishd in a starving state  
Content & full have ceased to beg their meat.  
The barren womb, no longer barren now,  
(O be my thanks accepted with my vow)  
In pleasure wonders at a mothers pain,

& sees her offspring & conceives again,  
While she that gloryd in her numerous heirs,  
Now broke by feebleness no longer bears.

Such turns their rising from ye Lord derive,  
The Lord that kills the Lord yt makes alive.  
He brings by sickness down to gaping graves,  
& by restoring health from sickness saves;  
He makes ye poor by keeping back his store,  
& makes ye rich by blessing men with more;  
He sinking hearts with bitter grief annoys,  
Or lifts them bounding with enlivend Joys.

He takes ye beggar from his humble clay  
From off ye dunghill where despisd he lay  
To mix with Princes in a rank supream,  
Fill thrones of Honour & inherit fame.  
For all the pillars of exalted state  
So nobly firm so beautifully great,  
Whose various orders bear ye rounded ball  
Which woud without them to confusion fall,  
All are ye Lords, at his disposure stand,  
& prop ye governd world at his command.

His mercy still more wonderfully sweet  
Shall guard ye righteous & uphold their feet.  
While through ye darkness of ye wicked soul  
Amazement Dread & Desperation roll,  
While envy stops their tongues, & hopeless grief  
that sees their fears but not their fears relief,  
& they their strength as unavailing view,  
Since none shall trust in that & safely too.

The foes of Israel for his Israels sake  
God will to pieces in his anger break.  
His bolts of thunder from an opend sky  
Shall on their heads with force unerring fly.  
His voice shall call, & all ye world shall hear,  
& all for sentence at his Seat appear.

But mount to gentler praises, mount again  
My thought prophetick of Messiahs reign,



Perceive the glorys which around him shine,  
& thus thine hymn be crown'd with grace divine.  
'Strength to ye King for man's salvation born,  
'& honours rising like ye lifted horn.

Tis here ye numbers find a bright repose,  
The vows accepted & the vot'ry goes.  
But thou my soul upon her accents hung,  
& sweetly pleas'd with what she sweetly sung,  
Prolong the pleasure with thine inward eyes,  
Turn back thy thought, & see ye subject rise.

In her peculiar case ye song begun,  
& for awhile through private blessings run,  
As through their banks the curling waters play,  
& soft in murmurs kiss ye flowry way.  
With force increasing then she leaps ye bounds,  
& largely flows on more extended grounds,  
Spreads wide & wider, till vast seas appear,  
& boundless views of Providence are here.

How Swift these views along her Anthem glide,  
As waves on waves push'd forward in ye tide!  
How swift thy wonders ore my fancy sweep,  
O Providence thou great unfathom'd deep,  
Where Resignation gently dips ye wing,  
& learns to love & thank, admire & sing,  
But bold presumptuous Reasonings diving down  
To reach ye bottom, in their diving drown.

Neglecting man forgetfull of thy ways  
Nor owns thy care, nor thinkes of giving praise,  
But from himself his happiness derives,  
& thankes his wisdom when by thine he thrives.  
His limbs at ease in soft repose he spreads,  
Bewitch'd with vain delights on flowry beds,  
& while his sense ye fragrant breezes kiss,  
He meditates a waking dream of bliss.  
He thinks of Kingdoms & their crowns are near;  
He thinkes of glorys & their rays appear;  
He thinks of beautys & a lovely face  
Serenely smiles in evry taking grace;

He thinks of riches & their heaps arise  
Display their glittering forms & fix his eyes;  
Thus drawn with pleasures in a charming view  
Rising he reaches & woud faign pursue.  
But still ye fleeting shadows mock his care,  
& still his fingers grasp at yielding air,  
What ere our tempers as their comforts want  
It is not mans to take but Gods to grant.

If then persisting in the vain design  
We seek true bliss unblesd with help divine,  
Still may we search, still search without relief,  
Nor onely want a bliss but find a grief.  
That such conviction may to sight appear  
Sitt down ye Sons of men spectatours here,  
Behold a scene upon your folly wrought,  
& lett this lively scene instruct ye thought.

Boy blow thy pipe untill ye bubble rise,  
Then cast it off to float upon ye skys,  
Still swell its sides with breath. O beautious frame!  
It grows, it shines, be now the world thy name.  
Methinks Creation forms itself within,  
The men, the towns, ye birds, ye trees are seen,  
The skys above present an Azure show,  
& lovely Verdure paints an earth below.  
Ile wind my self in this delightfull sphere,  
& live a thousand years of pleasure there,  
Rolld up in blisses which around me close,  
& now regald with these & now with those.  
False hope, but falser words of Joy farewell,  
You've rent the lodging where I meant to dwell,  
My bubble's burst, my prospects disappear,  
& leave behind a moral & a tear.

If at the type our dreaming soules awake,  
& Hannahs strains their Just impression make,  
The boundless powr of Providence we know,  
& fix our trust on nothing here below.  
Then He grown pleasd that men his greatness own,  
Lookes down Serenely from his starry throne,  
& bids ye blessed days our prayrs have won

Put on their glorys & prepare to run.  
For which our thanks be Justly sent above,  
Enlargd by gladness, & inspird with Love:  
For which his praises be for ever sung,  
Oh Sweet employments of ye gratefull tongue!

Burst forth my temper in a godly flame,  
For all his blessings laud his holy name:  
That ere mine eyes saluted chearfull day  
A gift devoted in ye womb I lay,  
like Samuel vowd before my breath I drew,  
O coud I prove in life like Samuel too!  
That all my frame is exquisitely wrought,  
The world enjoyd by sense, & God by thought;  
That living streams through living Channels glide  
To make this frame by natures course abide;  
That for its good by Providences care  
Fire Joyns with water, earth concurs wth air;  
That Mercys ever-inexhausted store  
Is pleasd to proffer & to promise more,  
& all ye proffers stream with grace divine,  
& all ye promises with glory shine.  
O praise the Lord my Soul, in one accord  
Lett all that is within me praise ye Lord;  
O praise ye Lord my soul, & ever strive  
To keep the sweet remembrances alive:  
Still raise ye kind affections of thine heart,  
Raise evry gratefull word to bear a part,  
With ev'ry word the strains of love devise,  
Awake thine harp, & thou thy self arise,  
Then if his Mercy be not half expresst,  
Lett wondring silence magnify ye rest.

Thomas Parnell

# Hark The Thundring Drums Inviting

Hark the thundring Drums inviting  
All our forward youth to arms  
Hark the trumpets sounds exciting  
Manly Soules with fierce alarms  
Peace affords an Idle pleasure  
Glory shines an active flame  
Life has but too short a Measure  
Strive to make it long by fame.  
See the brave by boldly daring  
Raises trophys of the slain  
See the brave by nothing fearing  
Comes in triumph back again  
The Men admire the Women love him  
Fortune favours all he does  
The Powrs that bless the great approve him  
Praise & Lawrell crown his brows.

Thomas Parnell

# Health, An Eclogue

Now early Shepherds o'er the Meadow pass,  
And print long Foot-steps in the glittering Grass;  
The Cows neglectful of their Pasture stand,  
By turns obsequious to the Milker's Hand.

When Damon softly trod the shaven Lawn,  
Damon a Youth from City Cares withdrawn;  
Long was the pleasing Walk he wander'd thro',  
A cover'd Arbour clos'd the distant view;  
There rests the Youth, and while the feather'd Throng  
Raise their wild Musick, thus contrives a Song.

Here wafted o'er by mild Etesian Air,  
Thou Country Goddess, beauteous Health! repair;  
Here let my Breast thro' quiv'ring Trees inhale  
Thy rosy Blessings with the Morning Gale.  
What are the Fields, or Flow'rs, or all I see?  
Ah! tastless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my Soul! I feel the Goddess nigh,  
The Face of Nature cheers as well as I;  
O'er the flat Green refreshing Breezes run,  
The smiling Dazies blow beneath the Sun,  
The Brooks run purling down with silver Waves,  
The planted Lanes rejoice with dancing Leaves,  
The chirping Birds from all the Compass rove  
To tempt the tuneful Echoes of the Grove:  
High sunny Summits, deeply shaded Dales,  
Thick Mossy Banks, and flow'ry winding Vales,  
With various Prospect gratify the Sight,  
And scatter fix'd Attention in Delight.

Come, Country Goddess, come, nor thou suffice,  
But bring thy Mountain-Sister, Exercise.  
Call'd by thy lively Voice, she turns her Pace,  
Her winding Horn proclaims the finish'd Chace;  
She mounts the Rocks, she skims the level Plain,  
Dogs, Hawks, and Horses, crowd her early Train;  
Her hardy Face repels the tanning Wind,

And Lines and Meshes loosely float behind.  
All these as Means of Toil the Feeble see,  
But these are helps to Pleasure join'd with thee.

Let Sloth lye softning 'till high Noon in Down,  
Or lolling fan her in the sult'ry Town,  
Unnerv'd with Rest; and turn her own Disease,  
Or foster others in luxurious Ease:  
I mount the Courser, call the deep mouth'd Hounds,  
The Fox unkennell'd flies to covert Grounds;  
I lead where Stags thro' tangled Thickets tread,  
And shake the Saplings with their branching Head;  
I make the Faulcons wing their airy Way,  
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their Prey;  
To snare the Fish I fix the luring Bait;  
To wound the Fowl I load the Gun with Fate.  
'Tis thus thro' change of Exercise I range,  
And Strength and Pleasure rise from ev'ry Change.  
Here beautious Health for all the Year remain,  
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou Goddess of my rural Song,  
And bring thy Daughter, calm Content, along,  
Dame of the ruddy Cheek and laughing Eye,  
From whose bright Presence Clouds of Sorrow fly:  
For her I mow my Walks, I platt my Bow'rs,  
Clip my low Hedges, and support my Flow'rs;  
To welcome her, this Summer Seat I drest,  
And here I court her when she comes to Rest;  
When she from Exercise to learned Ease  
Shall change again, and teach the Change to please.

Now Friends conversing my soft Hours refine,  
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:  
Now to grave Books I bid the Mind retreat,  
And such as make me rather Good than Great.  
Or o'er the Works of easy Fancy rove,  
Where Flutes and Innocence amuse the Grove:  
The native Bard that on Sicilian Plains  
First sung the lowly Manners of the Swains;  
Or Maro's Muse, that in the fairest Light  
Paints rural Prospects and the Charms of Sight;

These soft Amusements bring Content along,  
And Fancy, void of Sorrow, turns to Song.  
Here beauteous Health for all the Year remain,  
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Thomas Parnell

## Hesiod: Or, The Rise Of Woman

What ancient times (those times we fancy wise)  
Have left on long record of woman's rise,  
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,  
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd  
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale  
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);  
Ye modern beauties! where the Poet drew  
His softest pencil, thin he dreamt of you;  
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens beware  
How Heaven's concern'd to vindicate the fair.  
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;  
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:  
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;  
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.  
In days of yore (no matter what or when,  
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)  
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,  
(Our Author's song can witness) liv'd on earth:  
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,  
And stole from Jove his animating flame.  
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,  
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began.  
O vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire,  
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!  
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;  
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:  
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,  
As suits the counsel of a God to find;  
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,  
Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel.  
He said, and Vulcan straight the Sire commands,  
To temper mortar with Etherial hands;  
In such a shape to mould a rising fair;  
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear;  
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,  
And form her organs for a voice divine  
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Power obey'd;  
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;  
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,



Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.  
As Vulcan ends, the cheerful Queen of Charms  
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms:  
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,  
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red.  
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,  
Of triffling prettily with wounded hearts;  
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;  
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd  
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,  
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;  
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;  
For decent yielding, looks declining down;  
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire  
Would its own melting in a mutual fire;  
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;  
And all the nature, all the art of love.  
Gold scepter'd Juno next exalts the fair;  
Her touch endows her with imperious air,  
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,  
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide;  
For which an eloquence, that aims to vex,  
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.  
Minerva, skillful goddess, train'd the maid  
To twirle the spindle by the twisting thread;  
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,  
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art,  
A useful gift; but what profuse expense,  
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!  
Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,  
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod;  
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,  
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;  
The price of favours; the designing arts  
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;  
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,  
The little pilfering temper of a wife.  
Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,  
And fond persuasion tipp'd her easy tongue;  
He gave her words, where oily flattery lays  
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;,  
And wit, to scandal equisitely prone

Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.  
Those sacred Virgins<sup>1</sup> whom the bards revere  
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,  
To make her sense with double charms abound,  
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.  
To dress the maid, the decent Graces brought  
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,  
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,  
Where pictured Loves on every cover play'd;  
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art  
Had frame'd to merit Cytherea's heart;  
The wire to curl, the close indented comb  
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;  
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid  
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.  
Fair Flora lent her stores; the purpled Hours  
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers;  
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;  
A veil pellucid hung depending down;  
Back roll'd her azure veil with surpent fold,  
The pursled border deck'd the floor with gold.  
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd  
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)  
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,  
When Venus' statues have a robe to wear.  
The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms,  
Adjusts her habit, practices her charms,  
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,  
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:  
Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace  
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.  
A finer flax than what they wrought before,  
Through Time's deep cave, the Sister Fates explore,  
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,  
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.  
Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,  
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.  
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,  
The creature woman, rises now to reign.  
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;  
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;  
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,

The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.  
"Men born to labour, all with pains provide;  
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:  
They want the care of man, their want they know,  
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;  
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,  
And make a servant where they meet a friend.  
Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts  
A loitering race the painful bee supports;  
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,  
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;  
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,  
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.  
Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,  
Whose temper betters by the father's side;  
Unlike the rest that double human care,  
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:  
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!  
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.  
Thus sung the Sisters, while the Gods admire  
Their beautiful creature, made for man in ire;  
The young Pandora she, whom all contend  
To make too perfect not to gain her end:  
Then bid the winds, that fly to breathe the spring  
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;  
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,  
And land the shining vengeance safe below.  
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,  
The present treacherous, but the bearer more;  
'Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above  
That gold should aid, and pangs attend on love.  
Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,  
Wondering he ran to catch the falling star:  
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,  
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.  
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,  
He calls her Nymph, and every Nymph by turns.  
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers;  
Or swears that Venus' must be such as hers.  
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teaze,  
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,  
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,

In brisk disorder trips it up and down;  
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,  
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields in form.  
"Now take what Jove design'd," she softly cry'd,  
"This box they portion, and myself the bride."  
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,  
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.  
Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,  
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!  
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,  
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep:  
But, whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,  
And thinks the water wears a stable form,  
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!  
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!  
At first the creature man was fram'd alone,  
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.  
For him the Nymphs in green forsook the woods,  
For him the Nymphs in blue forsook the floods;  
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,  
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.  
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,  
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,  
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,  
And, Poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.  
When woman came, those ills the box confin'd  
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,  
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,  
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:  
the Nymphs regretting left the mortal race,  
And altering nature wore a sickly face:  
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;  
New plagues to suffer, and to please, the Fair!  
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,  
Commenc'd, or finish'd with the breach of leagues;  
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;  
The sordid matches never join'd above:  
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,  
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)  
The curse of jealousy; expense and strife;  
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;  
The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair;

Disdain for passion, passion in despair --  
These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;  
Ah fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind!  
Thus on Parnassus tuneful Hesiod sung,  
The mountains echoed, and the valley rung,  
The sacred goves a fix'd attention show,  
The crystal Helicon forebore to flow,  
The sky grew bright, and (if his verse be true)  
The Muses came to give the laurel too.  
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,  
If Love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?  
Ye Fair offended, hear your friend relate  
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,  
Though when it happen'd no relation clears,  
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.  
Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade  
the neighbouring woods a native arbour made,  
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play  
Returing, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;  
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,  
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:  
But swelling nature in a fatal hour  
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;  
240 The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,  
And track her steps to make its author known.  
It chanc'd one evening, 'twas the lover's day,  
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;  
When Hesiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,  
245 And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene;  
A strong suspicion straight possess their mind,  
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind)  
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,  
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,  
"Now take (at once they cry) thy due reward,"  
And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the Bard.  
His corpse the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore  
( 'Twas all the gods would do) the corpse to shore.  
Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes  
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;  
I see the Muses round the body cry,  
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;  
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,

And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.  
"Here Hesiod lies: ye future Bards, beware  
How far your moral tales incense the Fair.  
Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his fate to bleed;  
Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:  
He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,  
And Hesiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

Thomas Parnell

# Hezekiah

From the bleak Beach and broad expanse of sea,  
To lofty Salem, Thought direct thy way;  
Mount thy light chariot, move along the plains,  
And end thy flight where Hezekiah reigns.

How swiftly thought has pass'd from land to land,  
And quite outrun Time's meas'ring glass of sand,  
Great Salem's walls appear and I resort  
To view the state of Hezekiah's court.

Well may that king a pious verse inspire,  
Who cleans'd the temple, who reviv'd the choir,  
Pleas'd with the service David fix'd before,  
That heav'nly musick might on earth adore.  
Deep-rob'd in white, he made the Levites stand  
With Cymbals, Harps, and Psaltries in their hand;  
He gave the Priests their trumpets, prompt to raise  
The tuneful soul, by force of sound to praise.  
A skilful master for the song he chose,  
The songs were David's these, and Asaph's those.  
Then burns their off'ring, all around rejoice,  
Each tunes his instrument to join the voice;  
The trumpets sounded, and the singers sung,  
The People worship'd and the temple rung.  
Each while the victim burns presents his heart,  
Then the Priest blesses, and the People part.

Hail sacred musick! since you know to draw  
The soul to Heav'n, the spirit to the law,  
I come to prove thy force, thy warbling string  
May tune my soul to write what others sing.

But is this Salem? this the proms'd bliss,  
These sighs and groans? what means the realm by this?  
What solemn sorrow dwells in ev'ry street?  
What fear confounds the downcast looks I meet?  
Alas the King! whole nations sink with woe,  
When righteous Kings are summon'd hence to go;  
The King lies sick, and thus to speak his doom,

The Prophet, grave Isaiah, stalks the room:  
Oh Prince thy servant sent from God, believe,  
Set all in order for thou can'st not live.  
Solemn he said, and sighing left the place,  
Deep prints of horror furrow'd ev'ry face,  
Within their minds appear eternal glooms,  
Black gaping marbles of their monarchs tombs,  
A King belov'd deceas'd, his offspring none,  
And wars destructive e'er they fix the throne.  
Strait to the wall he turn'd with dark despair,  
('Twas tow'rds the temple, or for private pray'r,)  
And thus to God the pious monarch spoke,  
Who burn'd the groves, the brazen serpent broke:  
Remember Lord with what a heart for right,  
What care for truth, I walk'd within thy sight.

'Twas thus with terror, pray'rs and tears he toss'd,  
When the mid-court the grave Isaiah cross'd,  
Whom in the cedar columns of the square,  
Meets a sweet Angel hung in glitt'ring air.  
Seiz'd with a trance he stop'd, before his eye  
Clears a rais'd arch of visionary sky,  
Where as a minute pass'd, the greater light  
Purpling appear'd, and south'd and set in night;  
A Moon succeeding leads the starry train,  
She glides, and sinks her silver horns again:  
A second fanci'd morning drives the shades;  
Clos'd by the dark the second ev'ning fades;  
The third bright dawn awakes, and strait he sees  
The temple rise, the monarch on his knees.  
Pleas'd with the scene, his inward thoughts rejoice,  
When thus the Guardian angel form'd a voice.  
Now tow'rds the captain of my people go,  
And, Seer, relate him what thy visions show,  
The Lord has heard his words, and seen his tears,  
And through fifteen extends his future years.

Here to the room prepar'd with dismal black,  
The Prophet turning, brought the comfort back.  
Oh monarch hail, he cry'd, thy words are heard,  
Thy virtuous actions meet a kind regard,  
God gives thee fifteen years, when thrice a day,



Shews the round Sun, within the temple pray.

When thrice the day! surpriz'd the monarch cries,  
When thrice the Sun! what pow'r have I to rise!  
But if thy comfort's human or divine,  
'Tis short to prove it—give thy prince a sign.

Behold, the Prophet cry'd, (and stretch'd his hands)  
Against yon lattice where the dial stands,  
Now shall the Sun a backward journey go  
Through ten drawn lines, or leap to ten below.  
'Tis easier posting nature's airy track,  
Replies the monarch, let the Sun go back.  
Attentive here he gaz'd, the prophet pray'd,  
Back went the Sun, and back pursu'd the shade.

Chear'd by the sign, and by the Prophet heal'd,  
What sacred thanks his gratitude reveal'd?  
As sickly Swallows when a summer ends,  
Who miss'd the passage with their flying friends,  
Take to a wall, there lean the languid head,  
While all who find them think the sleepers dead;  
If yet their warmth new days of summer bring,  
They wake and joyful flutter up to sing;  
So far'd the monarch, sick to death he lay,  
His court despair'd, and watch'd the last decay;  
At length new favour shines, new life he gains,  
And rais'd he sings; 'tis thus the song remains.

I said, my God, when in the loath'd disease  
Thy Prophet's words cut off my future days,  
Now to the grave with mournful haste I go,  
Now death unbars his sable gates below.  
How might my years by course of nature last?  
But thou pronounc'd it, and the prospect pass'd.  
I said, my God, thy servant now no more  
Shall in thy Temple's sacred courts adore,  
No more on earth with living man converse,  
Shrunk in a cold uncomfortable hearse.  
My life, like tents which wand'ring shepherds raise,  
Proves a short dwelling and removes at ease.  
My sins pursue me, see the deadly band,

My God, who sees them, cuts me from the land;  
As when a weaver finds his labour sped,  
Swift from the beam he parts the fast'ning thread.  
With pining sickness all from night to day,  
From day to night, he makes my strength decay:  
Reck'ning the time, I roll with restless groans,  
'Till with a lion's force, he crush my bones,  
New-morning dawns, but like the morning past,  
'Tis day, 'tis night, and still my sorrows last.  
Now screaming like the Crane my words I spoke,  
Now like the swallow, chatt'ring quick and broke,  
Now like the doleful dove, when on the plains  
Her mourning tone affects the list'ning swains.  
To heav'n for aid my wearying eyes I throw,  
At length they're weary'd quite, and sink with woe.  
From death's arrest for some delays I sue,  
Thou Lord who judg'd me, thou reprieve me too.

Rapture of joy! what can thy servant say?  
He sent his Prophet to prolong my day;  
Through my glad Limbs I feel the wonder run,  
Thus said the Lord, and this Himself has done.  
Soft shall I walk, and well secur'd from fears  
Possess the comforts of my future years.  
Keep soft my heart, keep humble while they roll,  
Nor e'er forget my bitterness of soul.  
'Tis by the means thy sacred words supply  
That mankind live, but in peculiar I;  
A second grant thy mercy pleas'd to give,  
And my rais'd spirits doubly seem to live.  
Behold the time! when peace adorn'd my reign,  
'Twas then I felt my stroke of humbling pain;  
Corruption dug her pit, I fear'd to sink,  
God lov'd my soul, and snatch'd me from the brink.  
He turn'd my follies from his gracious eye,  
As men who pass accounts and cast them by.

What mouth has death which can thy praise proclaim?  
What tongue the grave to speak thy glorious name?  
Or will the senseless dead exult with mirth,  
Mov'd to their hope by promises on earth?  
The living Lord, the living only praise,

The living only fit to sing thy lays,  
These feel thy favours, these thy temple see,  
These raise the song, as I this day to thee.  
Nor will thy truth the present only reach,  
This the good fathers shall their offspring teach,  
Report the blessings which adorn my page,  
And hand their own with mine from age to age.

So when the Maker heard his creature crave,  
So kindly rose his ready Will to save.  
Then march we solemn tow'rds the Temple door,  
While all our joyful musick sounds before,  
There on this day through all my life appear,  
When this comes round in each returning year,  
There strike the strings, our voices jointly raise,  
And let his dwellings hear my songs of praise.

Thus wrote the monarch, and I'll think the lay  
Design'd for publick when he went to pray;  
I'll think the perfect composition runs,  
Perform'd by Heman's or Jeduthun's sons.

Then since the time arrives the Seer foretold,  
And the third morning rolls an orb of gold,  
With thankful zeal recover'd prince prepare  
To lead thy nation to the Dome of pray'r.

My fancy takes her chariot once again,  
Moves the rich wheels, and mingles in thy train;  
She sees the singers reach Moriah's hill,  
The minstrels follow, then the porches fill,  
She wakes the num'rous instruments of art,  
That each perform its own adapted part,  
Seeks airs expressive of thy grateful strains,  
And list'ning hears the vary'd tune she feigns.

From a grave pitch, to speak the Monarch's woe,  
The notes flow down and deeply sound below,  
All long-continuing, while depriv'd of ease  
He rolls for tedious nights and heavy days.  
Here intermix'd with discord, when the Crane  
Screams in the notes through sharper sense of pain;

There run with descant on, and taught to shake  
When pangs repeated force the voice to break;  
Now like the dove they murmur, 'till in sighs  
They fall, and languish with the failing eyes.  
Then slowly slack'ning, to surprize the more,  
From a dead pause, his exclamations soar,  
To meet brisk health the notes ascending fly,  
Live with the living, and exult on high.  
Yet still distinct in parts the musick plays,  
'Till prince and people both are call'd to praise,  
Then all uniting strongly strike the string,  
Put forth their utmost breath, and loudly sing;  
The wide spread chorus fills the sacred ground,  
And holy transport scales the clouds with sound.

Or thus, or livelier, if their hand and voice  
Join'd the good anthem, might the realm rejoice.

This story known, the learn'd Chaldeans came,  
Drawn by the sign observ'd, or mov'd by fame;  
These ask the fact for Hezekiah done,  
And much they wonder at their God the sun,  
That thrice he drove through one extent of day  
His gold-shod horses in ethereal way:  
Then vainly ground their guess on nature's laws,  
The soundest knowledge owns a greater cause.

Faith knows the fact transcends, and bids me find  
What help for practice here incites the mind;  
Strait to the song, the thankful song I move,  
May such the voice of ev'ry creature prove,  
If ev'ry creature meets its share of woe,  
And for kind rescues ev'ry creature owe;  
In publick so thy Maker's praise proclaim,  
Nor what you beg'd with tears, conceal with shame.

'Tis there the ministry thy name repeat  
And tell what mercies were vouchsaf'd of late,  
Then joins the church, and begs through all our days  
Not only with our lips, but lives to praise.

'Tis there our Sov'reigns for a signal day,

The feast proclaim'd, their signal thanks repay.  
O'er the long streets we see the chariots wheel,  
And, following, think of Hezekiah still;  
In the bless'd Dome we meet the white-rob'd Choir,  
In whose sweet notes our ravish'd souls aspire;  
Side answ'ring side we hear and bear a part,  
All warm'd with language from the grateful heart,  
Or raise the song where meeting keys rejoice,  
And teach the Base to wed the treble voice;  
Arts soft'ning ecchos in the musick sound,  
And answ'ring natures from the roof rebound.

Here close my verse, the service asks no more,  
Bless thy good God, and give the transport o'er.

Thomas Parnell

## Homer's Battle Of The Frogs And Mice. Book II

When rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the Clouds,  
Around their Monarch-Mouse the Nation crouds,  
Slow rose the Monarch, heav'd his anxious Breast,  
And thus, the Council fill'd with Rage, addrest.

For lost Psycarpax much my Soul endures,  
'Tis mine the private Grief, the publick, yours.  
Three warlike Sons adorn'd my nuptial Bed,  
Three Sons, alas, before their Father dead!  
Our Eldest perish'd by the rav'ning Cat,  
As near my Court the Prince unheedful sate.  
Our next, an Engine fraught with Danger drew,  
The Portal gap'd, the Bait was hung in View,  
Dire Arts assist the Trap, the Fates decoy,  
And Men unpitying kill'd my gallant Boy!  
The last, his Country's Hope, his Parent's Pride,  
Plung'd in the Lake by Physignathus, dy'd.  
Rouse all the War, my Friends! avenge the Deed,  
And bleed that Monarch, and his Nation bleed.

His Words in ev'ry Breast inspir'd Alarms,  
And careful Mars supply'd their Host with Arms.  
In verdant Hulls despoil'd of all their Beans,  
The buskin'd Warriours stalk'd along the Plains,  
Quills aptly bound, their bracing Corselet made,  
Fac'd with the Plunder of a Cat they flay'd,  
The Lamp's round Boss affords their ample Shield,  
Large Shells of Nuts their cov'ring Helmet yield;  
And o'er the Region, with reflected Rays,  
Tall Groves of Needles for their Lances blaze.  
Dreadful in Arms the marching Mice appear:  
The wond'ring Frogs perceive the Tumult near,  
Forsake the Waters, thick'ning form a Ring,  
And ask, and hearken, whence the Noises spring;  
When near the Croud, disclos'd to publick View,  
The valiant Chief Embasichytros drew:  
The sacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,  
And thus his Words exprest his King's Command.

Ye Frogs! the Mice with Vengeance fir'd, advance,  
And deckt in Armour shake the shining Lance;  
Their hapless Prince by Physignathus slain,  
Extends incumbent on the watry Plain.  
Then arm your Host, the doubtful Battle try;  
Lead forth those Frogs that have the Soul to die.

The Chief retires, the Crowd the Challenge hear,  
And proudly-swelling, yet perplex'd appear,  
Much they resent, yet much their Monarch blame,  
Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted Fame.

O Friends, I never forc'd the Mouse to Death,  
Nor saw the Gaspings of his latest Breath.  
He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd,  
And vent'rous, in the Lake the Wanton dy'd.  
To Vengeance now by false Appearance led,  
They point their Anger at my guiltless Head.  
But wage the rising War by deep Device,  
And turn its Fury on the crafty Mice.  
Your King directs the Way; my Thoughts elate  
With Hopes of Conquest, form Designs of Fate.  
Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave,  
And the steep Sides confine the sleeping Wave,  
There, near the Margin, and in Armour bright,  
Sustain the first impetuous Shocks of Fight:  
Then where the dancing Feather joins the Crest,  
Let each brave Frog his obvious Mouse arrest;  
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a Foe,  
'Till countless Circles whirl the Lake below;  
Down sink the Mice in yielding Waters drown'd;  
Loud flash the Waters; ecchoing Shores resound:  
The Frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain,  
And raise their glorious Trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent Scheme imparts  
Redoubling Ardour to the boldest Hearts.  
Green was the Suit his arming Heroes chose,  
Around their Legs the Greaves of Mallows close,  
Green were the Beetes about their Shoulders laid,  
And green the Colewort, which the Target made.  
Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield,

Their glossy Helmets glist'ned o'er the Field;  
And tap'ring Sea-Reeds for the polish'd Spear,  
With upright Order pierc'd the ambient Air.  
Thus dress'd for War, they take th' appointed Height,  
Poize the long Arms, and urge the promis'd Fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate Spires arise,  
With Stars surrounded in Æthereal Skies,  
(A Solemn Council call'd) the brazen Gates  
Unbar; the Gods assume their golden Seats:  
The Sire superiour leans, and points to show  
What wond'rous Combats Mortals wage below:  
How strong, how large, the num'rous Heroes stride;  
What Length of Lance they shake with warlike Pride:  
What eager Fire, their rapid March reveals;  
So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the Dales;  
And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,  
Heap'd Hills on Hills, and bid the Gods be Foes.

This seen, the Pow'r his sacred Visage rears,  
He casts a pitying Smile on worldly Cares,  
And asks what heav'nly Guardians take the List,  
Or who the Mice, or who the Frogs assist?

Then thus to Pallas. If my Daughter's Mind  
Have join'd the Mice, why stays she still behind?  
Drawn forth by sav'ry Steams they wind their Way,  
And sure Attendance round thine Altar pay,  
Where while the Victims gratify their Tast,  
They sport to please the Goddess of the Feast.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious Skies,  
When thus, resolv'd, the Blue-Ey'd Maid replies.  
In vain, my Father! all their Dangers plead,  
To such, thy Pallas never grants her Aid.  
My flow'ry Wreaths they petulantly spoil,  
And rob my chrystal Lamps of feeding Oil.  
(Ills following Ills) but what afflicts me more,  
My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore.  
The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine;  
Relentless Wretches! all the Work was mine.  
Along the Loom the purple Warp I spread,



Cast the light Shoot, and crost the silver Thread;  
In this their Teeth a thousand Breaches tear,  
The thousand Breaches skilful Hands repair,  
For which vile earthly Dunns thy Daughter grieve,  
And Gods, that use no Coin, have none to give.  
And Learning's Goddess never less can owe,  
Neglected Learning gets no Wealth below.  
Nor let the Frogs to gain my Succour sue,  
Those clam'rous Fools have lost my Favour too.  
For late, when all the Conflict ceast at Night,  
When my stretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight,  
When spent with glorious Toil, I left the Field,  
And sunk for Slumber on my swelling Shield,  
Lo from the Deep, repelling sweet Repose,  
With noisy Croakings half the Nation rose:  
Devoid of Rest, with aking Brows I lay,  
'Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimson Dawn of Day.  
Let all, like me, from either Host forbear,  
Nor tempt the flying Furies of the Spear.  
Let heav'nly Blood (or what for Blood may flow)  
Adorn the Conquest of a meaner Foe,  
Who, wildly rushing, meet the wond'rous Odds,  
Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods.  
O'er gilded Clouds reclin'd, the Danger view,  
And be the Wars of Mortals Scenes for you.

So mov'd the blue-ey'd Queen, her Words persuade,  
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

Thomas Parnell

## Homer's Battle Of The Frogs And Mice. Book Iii

Now Front to Front the marching Armies shine,  
Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning Line,  
The Chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,  
Give the loud Sign to loose the rushing War;  
Their dreadful Trumpets deep-mouth'd Hornets sound,  
The sounded Charge remurmurs o'er the Ground,  
Ev'n Jove proclaims a Field of Horror nigh,  
And rolls low Thunder thro' the troubled Sky.

First to the Fight the large Hypsiboas flew,  
And brave Lychenor with a Javelin slew.  
The luckless Warriour fill'd with gen'rous Flame,  
Stood foremost glitt'ring in the Post of Fame;  
When in his Liver struck, the Jav'lin hung;  
The Mouse fell thund'ring, and the Target rung;  
Prone to the Ground he sinks his closing Eye,  
And soil'd in Dust his lovely Tresses lie.  
A Spear at Pelion Troglodytes cast,  
The missive Spear within the Bosom past;  
Death's sable Shades the fainting Frog surround,  
And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.  
Embasiçhytros felt Seutlæus' Dart  
Transfix, and quiver in his panting Heart;  
But great Artophagus aveng'd the slain,  
And big Seutlæus tumbling loads the Plain,  
And Polyphonus dies, a Frog renown'd,  
For boastful Speech and Turbulence of Sound;  
Deep thro' the Belly pierc'd, supine he lay,  
And breath'd his Soul against the Face of Day.  
The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with Ire,  
A Victor triumph, and a Friend expire;  
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought,  
With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,  
A Warriour vers'd in Arts, of sure Retreat,  
Yet Arts in vain elude impending Fate;  
Full on his sinewy Neck the Fragment fell,  
And o'er his Eye-lids Clouds eternal dwell.  
Lychenor (second of the glorious Name)  
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring Aim;

Thro' all the Frog the shining Jav'lin flies,  
 And near the vanquish'd Mouse the Victor dies;  
 The dreadful Stroke Crambophagus affrights,  
 Long bred to Banquets, less inur'd to Fights,  
 Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the Steep,  
 And wildly flound'ring flashes up the Deep;  
 Lychenor following with a downward Blow  
 Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;  
 Gasping he rolls, a purple Stream of Blood  
 Distains the Surface of the Silver Flood;  
 Thro' the wide Wound the rushing Entrails throng,  
 And slow the breathless Carkass floats along.  
 Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,  
 Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry Vales,  
 Lost to the milky Fares and rural Seat,  
 He came to perish on the Bank of Fate.  
 The dread Pternoglyphus demands the Fight,  
 Which tender Calaminthus shuns by Flight,  
 Drops the green Target, springing quits the Foe,  
 Glides thro' the Lake, and safely dives below.  
 The dire Pternophagus divides his Way  
 Thro' breaking Ranks, and leads the dreadful Day.  
 No nibbling Prince excell'd in Fierceness more,  
 His Parents fed him on the savage Boar;  
 But where his Lance the Field with Blood imbru'd,  
 Swift as he mov'd Hydrocharis pursu'd,  
 'Till fall'n in Death he lies, a shatt'ring Stone  
 Sounds on the Neck, and crushes all the Bone,  
 His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,  
 And from his Nostrils bursts the gushing Brain.  
 Lycopinax with Borbocætes fights  
 A blameless Frog, whom humbler Life delights;  
 The fatal Jav'lin unrelenting flies,  
 And Darkness seals the gentle Croaker's Eyes.  
 Incens'd Prassophagus with spritely Bound,  
 Bears Cnissiodortes off the rising Ground,  
 Then drags him o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,  
 And downward plunging, sinks his Soul to Death.  
 But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,  
 (Scarce he so great whose Loss provok'd the War)  
 Swift to revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,  
 And thro' the Liver struck Pelusius dead;

His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,  
His Soul indignant sought the Shades of Hell.  
This saw Pelobates, and from the Flood  
Lifts with both Hands a monst'rous Mass of Mud,  
The Cloud obscene o'er all the Warrior flies,  
Dishonours his brown Face, and blots his Eyes.  
Enrag'd, and wildly sputtring, from the Shore  
A Stone immense of Size the Warrior bore,  
A Load for lab'ring Earth, whose Bulk to raise,  
Asks ten degen'rate Mice of modern Days.  
Full to the Leg arrives the crushing Wound,  
The Frog supportless, wriths upon the Ground.  
Thus flush'd, the Victor wars with matchless Force,  
'Till loud Craugasides arrests his Course,  
Hoarse-croaking Threats precede, with fatal Speed  
Deep thro' the Belly runs the pointed Reed,  
Then strongly tug'd, return'd imbru'd with Gore,  
And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore.  
The lame Sitophagus oppress'd with Pain,  
Creeps from the desp'rate Dangers of the Plain;  
And where the Ditches rising Weeds supply,  
To spread their lowly Shades beneath the Sky,  
There lurks the silent Mouse reliev'd of Heat,  
And safe imbower'd, avoids the Chance of Fate.  
But here Troxartes, Physignathus there,  
Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear:  
Then where the Foot around its Ankle plies,  
Troxartes wounds, and Physignathus flies,  
Halts to the Pool, a safe Retreat to find,  
And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind.  
The Mouse still urges, still the Frog retires,  
And half in Anguish of the Flight expires;  
Then pious Ardor young Prassæus brings,  
Betwixt the Fortunes of contending Kings:  
Lank, harmless Frog! with Forces hardly grown,  
He darts the Reed in Combats not his own,  
Which faintly tinkling on Troxartes' Shield,  
Hangs at the Point, and drops upon the Field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears  
A gallant Prince that far transcends his Years,  
Pride of his Sire, and Glory of his House,

And more a Mars in Combat than a Mouse:  
His Action bold, robust his ample Frame,  
And Meridarpax his resounding Name.  
The Warrior singled from the fighting Crowd,  
Boasts the dire Honours of his Arms aloud;  
Then strutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,  
Threats all its Nations with approaching Fate.  
And such his Strength, the Silver Lakes around,  
Might roll their Waters o'er unpeopled Ground.  
But pow'rful Jove who shews no less his Grace  
To Frogs that perish, than to human Race,  
Felt soft Compassion rising in his Soul,  
And shook his sacred Head, that shook the Pole.  
Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began,  
The Sire of Gods, and Frogs, and Mouse, and Man.

What Seas of Blood I view, what Worlds of slain,  
An Iliad rising from a Day's Campaign!  
How fierce his Jav'lin o'er the trembling Lakes  
The black-fur'd Hero Meridarpax shakes!  
Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,  
Soon will the Frogs loquacious Empire end.  
Let dreadful Pallas wing'd with Pity fly,  
And make her Ægis blaze before his Eye:  
While Mars refulgent on his rattling Car,  
Arrests his raging Rival of the War.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive Head,  
When thus the glorious God of Combats said.  
Nor Pallas, Jove! tho' Pallas take the Field,  
With all the Terrors of her hissing Shield,  
Nor Mars himself, tho' Mars in Armour bright  
Ascend his Car, and wheel amidst the Fight;  
Nor these can drive the desp'rate Mouse afar,  
And change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.  
Let all go forth, all Heav'n in Arms arise,  
Or launch thy own red Thunder from the Skies.  
Such ardent Bolts as flew that wond'rous Day,  
When Heaps of Titans mix'd with Mountains lay,  
When all the Giant-Race enormous fell,  
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to Hell.

'Twas thus th' Armipotent advis'd the Gods,  
When from his Throne the Cloud-Compeller nods,  
Deep length'ning Thunders run from Pole to Pole,  
Olympus trembles as the Thunders roll.  
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd Bolt around,  
And headlong darts it at the distant Ground,  
The Bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with Light'ning flies,  
And rends its flaming Passage thro' the Skies,  
Then Earth's Inhabitants the Niblers shake,  
And Frogs, the Dwellers in the Waters, quake.  
Yet still the Mice advance their dread Design,  
And the last Danger threats the croaking Line,  
'Till Jove that inly mourn'd the Loss they bore,  
With strange Assistants fill'd the frightened Shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,  
They march, a sudden unexpected Crew,  
Strong Sutes of Armor round their Bodies close,  
Which, like thick Anvils, blunt the force of Blows;  
In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go,  
With harpy Claws their Limbs divide below,  
Fell Sheers the Passage to their Mouth command,  
From out the Flesh the Bones by Nature stand,  
Broad spread their Backs, their shining Shoulders rise,  
Unnumber'd Joints distort their lengthen'd Thighs,  
With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd,  
Their round black Eye-balls in their Bosom plac'd,  
On eight long Feet the wond'rous Warriors tread,  
And either End alike supplies a Head.  
These, mortal Wits to call the Crabs, agree;  
The Gods have other Names for Things than we.

Now where the Jointures from their Loins depend,  
The Heroes Tails with sev'ring Grasps they rend.  
Here, short of Feet, depriv'd the Pow'r to fly,  
There, without Hands upon the Field they lie.  
Wrench'd from their Holds, and scatter'd all around,  
The bended Lances heap the cumber'd Ground.  
Helpless Amazement, Fear pursuing Fear,  
And mad Confusion thro' their Host appear,  
O'er the wild Wast with headlong Flight they go,  
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.

But down Olympus to the Western Seas,  
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter Rays,  
And a whole War (so Jove ordain'd) begun,  
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.

Thomas Parnell

# I Lookd & In A Moment Run

I look & in a moment run  
The poison thro' my veins  
Nor Celia think your self too young  
to give me amorous pains  
When heaven did the Sun create  
He shone as bright as now  
& wth the fires which guild them yet  
The infant starrs did glow.

Thomas Parnell



# In Bidy's Cheeks Ye Roses Blow

In Bidy's Cheeks ye roses blow  
In Cattys nose they rise  
From Biddys lips soft accents flow  
And streams from Catty's Eyes  
The jet that Bidy's brows display  
To Catty's teeth repairs  
And Bidy's Lillies bleachd to grey  
Appear in Catty's hairs  
Yet all ye world sweet Bidy toast  
neglected Catty lyes  
While she deserves ye Bumper most  
who most attracts our Eyes

Thomas Parnell

## Jac: Faber Stapul: By J: Scaliger.

a Nations praise thine ample glory be  
or let the Nation find its praise in thee.

Thomas Parnell

# Jonah

Thus sung the king—some angel reach a bough  
From Eden's tree to crown the wisest brow;  
And now thou fairest garden ever made,  
Broad banks of spices, blossom'd walks of shade,  
O Lebanon! where much I love to dwell,  
Since I must leave thee Lebanon, farewell!

Swift from my soul the fair Idea flies,  
A wilder sight the changing scene supplies,  
Wide seas come rolling to my future page,  
And storms stand ready when I call, to rage.  
Then go where Joppa crowns the winding shore,  
The prophet Jonah just arrives before,  
He sees a ship unmooring, soft the gales,  
He pays, and enters, and the vessel sails.

Ah wou'dst thou fly thy God? rash man forbear,  
What land so distant but thy God is there?  
Weak reason, cease thy voice.—They run the deep,  
And the tir'd prophet lays his limbs to sleep.  
Here God speaks louder, sends a storm to sea,  
The clouds remove to give the vengeance way;  
Strong blasts come whistling, by degrees they roar  
And shove big surges tumbling on to shore;  
The vessel bounds, then rolls, and ev'ry blast  
Works hard to tear her by the groaning mast;  
The sailors doubling all their shouts and cares  
Furl the white canvas, and cast forth the wares,  
Each seek the God their native regions own,  
In vain they seek them, for those Gods were none.  
Yet Jonah slept the while, who solely knew,  
In all that number, where to find the true.  
To whom the pilot: sleeper, rise and pray,  
Our Gods are deaf; may thine do more than they.

But thus the rest: perhaps we waft a foe  
To heav'n itself, and that's our cause of woe;  
Let's seek by lots, if heav'n be pleas'd to tell;  
And what they sought by lots, on Jonah fell:

Then whence he came, and who, and what, and why  
Thus rag'd the tempest, all confus'dly cry,  
Each press'd in haste to get his question heard,  
When Jonah stops them with a grave regard.

An Hebrew man you see, who God revere,  
He made this world, and makes this world his care,  
His the whirl'd sky, these waves that lift their head,  
And his yon land, on which you long to tread.  
He charg'd me late, to Nineveh repair,  
And to their face denounce his sentence there:  
Go, said the vision, prophet, preach to all,  
Yet forty days and Nineveh shall fall.  
But well I knew him gracious to forgive,  
And much my zeal abhor'd the bad shou'd live,  
And if they turn they live; then what were I  
But some false prophet when they fail to die?  
Or what I fanci'd had the Gentiles too  
With Hebrew prophets, and their God to do?  
Drawn by the wilful thoughts, my soil I run,  
I fled his presence and the work's undone.

The storm increases as the prophet speaks,  
O'er the toss'd ship a foaming billow breaks,  
She rises pendant on the lifted waves  
And thence descries a thousand watry graves,  
Then downward rushing, watry mountains hide  
Her hulk beneath in deaths on ev'ry side.  
O, cry the sailors all, thy fact was ill,  
Yet, if a prophet, speak thy master's will,  
What part is ours with thee? can ought remain  
To bring the blessings of a calm again?

Then Jonah—mine's the death will best atone  
(And God is pleas'd that I pronounce my own)  
Arise and cast me forth, the wind will cease,  
The sea subsiding wear the looks of peace,  
And you securely steer. For well I see  
Myself the criminal, the storm for me.

Yet pity moves for one that owns a blame,  
And awe resulting from a prophet's name;

Love pleads, he kindly meant for them to die,  
Fear pleads against him, lest they pow'r defy:  
If then to aid the flight abets the sin,  
They think to land him, where they took him in.  
Perhaps to quit the cause might end the woe,  
And God appeasing, let the vessel go.  
For this they fix their oars and strike the main,  
But God withstands them, and they strike in vain.

The storm increases more with want of light,  
Low black'ning clouds involve the ship in night,  
Thick batt'ring rains fly thro' the driving skies,  
Loud thunder bellows, darted light'ning flies,  
A dreadful picture night-born horror drew,  
And his, or theirs, or both their fates, they view.

Then thus to God they cry; Almighty pow'r,  
Whom we ne'er knew 'till this despairing hour,  
From this devoted blood thy servants free,  
To us he's innocent, if so to thee;  
In all the past we see thy wond'rous hand,  
And that he perish, think it thy command.

This pray'r perform'd, they cast the prophet o'er,  
A surge receives him and he mounts no more;  
Then stills the thunder, cease the flames of blue,  
The rains abated and the winds withdrew,  
The clouds ride off, and as they march away,  
Thro' ev'ry breaking shoots a chearful day;  
The sea, which rag'd so loud, accepts the prize,  
A while it rolls, then all the tempest dies,  
By gradual sinking, flat the surface grows,  
And safe the vessel with the sailors goes.  
The Lion thus, that bounds the fences o'er,  
And makes the Mountain-Ecchoes learn to roar,  
If on the lawn a branching deer he rend,  
Then falls his hunger, all his roarings end,  
Murm'ring a while, to rest his limbs he lays,  
And the freed lawn enjoys its herd at ease.

Bless'd with the sudden calm, the sailors own  
That wretched Jonah worship'd right alone,

Then make their vows, the victim sheep prepare,  
Bemoan the prophet, and the God revere.

Now tho' you fear to loose the pow'r to breath,  
Now tho' you tremble, Fancy, dive beneath;  
What world of wonders in the deep are seen;  
But this the greatest—Jonah lives within!  
The man who fondly fled the Maker's view,  
Strange as the crime has found a dungeon too.  
God sent a monster of the frothing sea,  
Fit by the bulk to gorge the living prey,  
And lodge him still alive; this hulk receives  
The falling prophet as he dash'd the waves.  
There newly wak'd, from fanci'd death he lies,  
And oft again in apprehension dies:  
While three long days and nights depriv'd of sleep,  
He turn'd and toss'd him up and down the deep.  
He thinks the judgment of the strangest kind,  
And much he wonders what the Lord design'd;  
Yet since he lives, the gift of life he weighs,  
That's time for pray'r, and thus a ground for praise;  
From the dark entrails of the whale to thee,  
(This new contrivance of a hell to me)  
To thee my God I cry'd, my full distress  
Pierc'd thy kind ear, and brought my soul redress.  
Cast to the deep I fell, by thy command,  
Cast in the midst beyond the reach of land;  
Then to the midst brought down, the seas abide  
Beneath my feet, the seas on ev'ry side;  
In storms the billow, and in calms the wave,  
Are moving cov'rings to my wand'ring grave;  
Forc'd by despair I cry'd; how to my cost  
I fled thy presence, Oh for ever lost!  
But hope revives my soul, and makes me say,  
Yet tow'rds thy temple shall I turn and pray,  
Or if I know not here, where Salem lies,  
Thy temple's heav'n, and faith has inward eyes.  
Alas the waters which my whale surround,  
Have thro' my sorr'wing soul a passage found;  
And now the dungeon moves, new depths I try,  
New thoughts of danger all his paths supply.  
The last of Deeps affords the last of dread,

And wraps its funeral weeds around my head:  
Now o'er the sand his rollings seem to go  
Where the big mountains root their base below;  
And now to rocks and clefts their course they take,  
Earth's endless bars, too strong for me to break;  
Yet from th' Abyss, my God! thy grace divine  
Hath call'd him upward, and my life is mine.  
Still as I toss'd, I scarce retain'd my breath,  
My soul was sick within, and faint to death.  
'Twas then I thought of thee, for pity pray'd,  
And to thy temple flew the pray'rs I made.  
The men whom lying vanity insnares  
Forsake thy mercy, that which might be theirs.  
But I will pay—my God! my King! receive  
The solemn vows my full affection give,  
When in thy temple, for a psalm, I sing  
Salvation only from my God my king.

Thus ends the prophet, first from Canaan sent,  
To let the Gentiles know they must repent:  
God hears, and speaks; the Whale at God's command,  
Heaves to the light, and casts him forth to land.

With long fatigue, with unexpected ease,  
Oppress'd a while, he lies aside the seas,  
His eyes tho' glad, in strange astonish'd way  
Stare at the golden front of chearful day;  
Then slowly rais'd he sees the wonder plain,  
And what he pray'd, he wrote to sing again.

The song recorded brings his vow to mind,  
He must be thankful, for the Lord was kind;  
Strait to the work he shun'd, he flies in haste,  
(That seems his vow, or seems a part at least,)  
Preaching he comes, and thus denounc'd to all,  
Yet forty days and Nineveh shall fall,  
Fear seiz'd the Gentiles, Nineveh believes,  
All fast with Penitence, and God forgives.

Nor yet of use the prophet's suff'ring fails,  
Hell's deep black bosom more than shews the Whales,  
But some resemblance brings a type to view,

The place was dark, the time proportion'd too.  
A race, the Saviour cries, a sinful race,  
Tempt's for a sign, the pow'rs of Heav'nly grace,  
And let them take the sign, as Jonah lay,  
Three days and nights within the fish of prey;  
So shall the Son of Man descend below,  
Earth's op'ning Entrails shall retain him so.

My soul now seek the song, and find me there,  
What Heav'n has shewn thee to repel despair;  
See where from Hell she breaks the crumbling ground,  
Her hairs stand upright, and they stare around;  
Her horrid front, deep-trenching wrinkles trace,  
Lean sharp'ning looks deform her livid face;  
Bent lie the brows, and at the bend below,  
With fire and blood, two wand'ring eye-balls glow;  
Fill'd are her arms with num'rous aids to kill,  
And God she fancies but the judge of ill;  
Oh fair-ey'd Hope! thou see'st the passion nigh,  
Daughter of Promise, Oh forbear to fly!  
Assurance holds thee, fear would have thee go,  
Close thy blue wings and stand thy deadly foe;  
The judge of ill is still the Lord of grace,  
As such behold him in the Prophet's case;  
Cast to be drown'd, devour'd within the sea,  
Sunk to the deep, and yet restor'd to day.

Oh love the Lord my soul, whose present care  
So rules the world, he punishes to spare.  
If heavy grief my downcast heart oppress,  
My body danger, or my state distress,  
With low submission in thy temper bow,  
Like Jonah pray, like Jonah make thy vow,  
With hopes of comfort kiss the chast'ning rod,  
And shunning mad despair, repose in God;  
Then whatso'er the Prophet's vow design,  
Repentance, Thanks, and Charity be mine.

Thomas Parnell



# Love In Disguise

To stifle Passion is no easy Thing,  
A Heart in Love is always on the Wing;  
The bold Betrayer flutters still,  
And fans the Breath prepar'd to tell:  
It melts the Tongue, and tunes the Throat,  
And moves the Lips to form the Note;  
And when the Speech is lost,  
It then sends out its Ghost,  
A little Sigh,  
To say we dye.  
'Tis strange the Air that Cools, a Flame shou'd prove,  
But wonder not, it is the Air of Love.  
Yet Chloris I can make my Love look well,  
And cover bleeding Wounds I can't conceal,  
My Words such artful Accents break,  
You think I rather act than speak:  
My Sighs enliven'd thro' a Smile,  
Your unsuspecting Thoughts beguile;  
My Eyes are vary'd so,  
You can't their Wishes know:  
And I'm so gay,  
You think I play.  
Happy Contrivance! such as can't be priz'd,  
To Live in Love, and yet to Live disguis'd.

Thomas Parnell

# Martial

For Nothing Lucy never plays ye whore  
Thats true—for Lucy ever pays before

Thomas Parnell

# Meditation Before Sacrament

Arise my soul & hast away  
Thy god doth call & canst thou stay  
Thee to his table he invites  
To tast of heavenly delights  
He sufferd death to sett thee free  
From sin; & canst thou slothfull be  
To serve him should he for it call  
Thy life would be a gift too small  
But he desires to make it Blest  
And now Invites thee to a feast  
A feast of the divinest food  
A feast of our own saviours flesh & blood  
For shame dull sluggish soul arise  
Wilt thou so great a good despise  
You'de earthly kings obey with pride  
& is ye king of heav'n deni'de  
Thou know'st not what this act doth mean  
Or would'st not sure be Backward then  
The god who all has made tis he  
Invites so base a worm as thee  
& wilt thou then ungratefull be  
No Ld I come & be thou kind  
In mercy to me wretchd & blind  
The way thou must not onely shew  
But give me eyes to find it too  
Each step I take yn to thy holy place  
Ile utter Halelujahs to thy praise

Thomas Parnell

## Metr: Boetius 1s 1 Quisquis Comp

The Man whose mind & actions still Sedate  
Can bravely triumph ore ye thoughts of fate  
He who unaltered fortunes Changes brookes  
Without elated or dejected lookes  
With a fixd carriage & undaunted soul  
Shall see ye oceans boiling surges roll  
Vesuvius flames in smoaky pillars rise  
& bolts of thunder dart from opening skys  
Why dread we wretched mankind tell me why  
When the vain threats of tyrants idely fly  
Weigh all things right as in themselves they are  
Unlearn your minds to move by hope & fear  
With in yr breast lett resolution reign  
& all their baffled forces act in vain  
But he who servily can wish or grieve  
For that which is not in his powr to give  
Casts off the firmness wch shoud make him great  
the strongest shield we can oppose to fate  
letts inclinations grow & thus he weaves  
Those very bonds which keep us passions slaves.

Thomas Parnell

# Moses

To grace those lines wch next appear to sight,  
The Pencil shone with more abated light,  
Yet still ye pencil shone, ye lines were fair,  
& awfull Moses stands recorded there.  
Lett his repleat with flames & praise divine  
Lett his the first-rememberd Song be mine.  
Then rise my thought, & in thy Prophet find  
What Joy shoud warm thee for ye work designd.  
To that great act which raisd his heart repair,  
& find a portion of his Spirit there.

A Nation helpless & unarmd I view,  
Whom strong revengefull troops of warr pursue,  
Seas Stop their flight, their camp must prove their grave.  
Ah what can Save them? God alone can save.  
Gods wondrous voice proclaims his high command,  
He bids their Leader wave the sacred wand,  
& where the billows flowd they flow no more,  
A road lyes naked & they march it o're.  
Safe may the Sons of Jacob travell through,  
But why will Hardend Ægypt venture too?  
Vain in thy rage to think the waters flee,  
& rise like walls on either hand for thee.  
The night comes on the Season for surprize,  
Yet fear not Israel God directs thine eyes,  
A fiery cloud I see thine Angel ride,  
His Chariot is thy light & he thy guide.  
The day comes on & half thy succours fail,  
Yet fear not Israel God will still prevail,  
I see thine Angel from before thee go,  
To make the wheeles of ventrous Ægypt slow,  
His rolling cloud inwraps its beams of light,  
& what supplyd thy day prolongs their night.  
At length the dangers of the deep are run,  
The Further brink is past, the bank is won,  
The Leader turns to view the foes behind,  
Then waves his solemn wand within the wind.  
O Nation freed by wonders cease thy fear,  
& stand & see the Lords salvation here.

Ye tempests now from ev'ry corner fly,  
& wildly rage in all my fancyd Sky.  
Roll on ye waters as ye rolld before,  
Ye billows of my fancyd ocean roar,  
Dash high, ride foaming, mingle all ye main.  
Tis don—& Pharaoh cant afflict again.  
The work the wondrous work of Freedomes don,  
The winds abate, the clouds restore ye Sun,  
The wreck appears, the threatning army drownd  
Floats ore ye waves to strow the Sandy ground.

Then Place thy Moses near the calming flood,  
Majestically mild, serenely good.  
Lett Meekness (Lovely virtue) gently Stream  
Around his visage like a lambent flame.  
Lett gratefull Sentiments, lett Sense of love,  
Lett holy zeal within his bosome move.  
& while his People gaze ye watry plain,  
& fears last touches like to doubt remain,  
While bright astonishment that seems to raise  
A questioning belief, is fond to praise,  
Be thus the rapture in the Prophets breast,  
Be thus the thanks for freedome gaind expresst.

Ile sing to God, Ile Sing ye songs of praise  
To God triumphant in his wondrous ways,  
To God whose glorys in the Seas excell,  
Where the proud horse & prouder rider fell.

The Lord in mercy kind in Justice strong  
Is now my strength, this Strength be now my song,  
This sure salvation, (such he proves to me  
from danger rescu'd & from bondage free).  
The Lords my God & Ile prepare his seat,  
My Fathers God & Ile proclaim him great,  
Him Lord of Battles, him renownd in name,  
Him ever faithfull, evermore the same.

His gracious aids avenge his peoples thrall,  
They make the pride of boasting Pharaoh fall.

Within the Seas his stately Chariots ly,  
Within the Seas his chosen Captains dy.  
The rolling deeps have coverd o're the foe,  
They sunk like stones they Swiftly sunk below.  
There O my God thine hand confesd thy care,  
Thine hand was glorious in thy power there,  
It broke their troops unequall for the fight  
In all the greatness of excelling might.  
Thy wrath Sent forward on ye raging Stream,  
Swift sure & Sudden their destruction came,  
They fell as stubble burns, while driving skys  
Provoke & whirl a flame & ruin fly's.

When blasts dispatchd with wonderfull intent  
On sovereign orders from thy nostrills went,  
For our accounts the waters were affraid,  
Perceivd thy presence & together fled,  
In heaps uprightly placd they learn'd to stand,  
like banks of Christall by ye paths of sand.  
Then fondly flushd with hope, & swelld with pride,  
& filld with rage, the foe prophanely cryd,  
Secure of conquest Ile pursue their way,  
Ile overtake them, Ile divide the prey,  
My lust I'll Satisfy, mine anger cloy,  
My sword Ile brandish, & their name destroy.  
How wildly threats their anger: hark above  
New blasts of wind on new commission move,  
To loose the fetters that confind the main,  
& make its mighty waters rage again,  
Then overwhelmd with irresistless Sway  
They Sunk like lead they sunk beneath the Sea.

O who like thee thou dreaded Lord of Host  
Among the Gods whom all the nations boast  
Such acts of wonder & of Strength displays,  
O Great! O Glorious in thine holy ways!  
Deserving praise, & that thy praise appear  
In Signs of reverence & Sence of fear.  
With Justice armd thou stretcht thy powrfull hand,  
& earth between its gaping Jaws of land,  
Receivd its waters of the parted main,  
& swallowd up the dark Ægyptian train.

With mercy rising on the weaker Side,  
Thy self became the rescud peoples guide,  
& in thy strength they past th' amazing road,  
To reach thine holy mount thy blesd abode.

What thou hast don the neighb'ring realms shall hear,  
& feel the strange report excite their fear.  
What thou hast don shall Edoms Dukes amaze,  
& make dispair on Palestina Seize.  
Shall make the warlike Sons of Moab Shake,  
& all the melting hearts of Canaan weak.  
In heavy damps diffusd on ev'ry breast  
Shall cold distrust & hopeless Terrour rest.  
The matchless greatness which thine hand has shown,  
Shall keep their kingdomes as unmovd as stone,  
While Jordan Stops above & failes below,  
& all thy flock across the Channel go.  
Thus on thy mercys silver-shining wing  
Through seas & streams thou wilt ye nation bring,  
& as the rooted trees securely stand,  
So firmly plant it in the promisd land,  
Where for thy self thou wilt a place prepare,  
& after-ages will thine altar rear.  
There reign victorious in thy Sacred Seat,  
O Lord for ever & for ever great.

Look where the Tyrant was but lately seen,  
The Seas gave backward & he venturd in,  
In yonder gulph with haughty pomp he showd,  
Here marchd his horsemen, there his chariots rode;  
& when our God restord the floods again,  
Ah vainly strong they perishd in the main.  
But Israel went a dry surprizing way,  
Made safe by miracles amidst ye sea.

Here ceasd the Song, tho' not ye Prophets Joy,  
Which others hands & others tongues employ.  
For still the lays with warmth divine expresst  
Inflamd his hearers to their inmost breast.  
Then Miriams notes the Chorus sweetly raise,  
& Miriams timbrel gives new life to praise.  
The moving sounds, like Soft delicious wind



That breathd from Paradise, a passage find,  
Shed Sympathys for Odours as they rove,  
& fan the risings of enkindled love.  
Ore all ye crowd the thought inspiring flew,  
The women followd with their timbrells too,  
& thus from Moses where his strains arose,  
They catchd a rapture to perform the close.

We'll sing to God, we'll sing ye songs of praise  
To God triumphant in his wondrous ways,  
To God whose glorys in ye Seas excell,  
Where ye proud horse & prouder rider fell.

Thus Israel rapturd wth ye pleasing thought  
Of Freedome wishd & wonderfully gott,  
Made chearfull thanks from evry bank rebound,  
Expressd by songs, improvd in Joy by sound.

O Sacred Moses, each infusing line  
That movd their gratitude was part of thine,  
& still the Christians in thy numbers view,  
The type of Baptism & of Heaven too.  
So Soules from water rise to Grace below:  
So Saints from toil to praise & glory goe.

O gratefull Miriam in thy temper wrought  
too warm for Silence or inventing thought  
Thy part of anthem was to warble o're  
In sweet response what Moses sung before.  
Thou led the publick voice to Joyn his lays,  
& words redoubling well redoubled praise.  
Receive thy title, Prophetess was thine  
When here thy Practice showd ye form divine.  
The Spirit thus approvd, resignd in will  
The Church bows down, & hears responses still.

Nor slightly suffer tunefull Jubals name  
To miss his place among ye Sons of Fame,  
Whose Sweet infusions coud of old inspire,  
The breathing organs & ye trembling Lyre.  
Father of these on earth, whose gentle Soul  
By such ingagements coud ye mind controul,

If holy verses ought to Musick owe,  
Be that thy large account of thanks below,  
Whilst then ye timbrels lively pleasure gave,  
& now whilst organs Sound Sedately grave.

My first attempt ye finishd course commends,  
Now Fancy flagg not as that subject ends,  
But charmd with beautys which attend thy way,  
Ascend harmonious in the next essay.  
So flys ye Lark, (& learn from her to fly)  
She mounts, she warbles in ye wind on high,  
She falls from thence, & seems to drop her wing,  
but e're she lights to rest remounts to sing.

It is not farr the days have rolld their years,  
Before the Second brightend work appears.  
It is not farr, Alas the faulty cause  
Which from the Prophet sad reflection draws!  
Alas that blessings in possession cloy,  
& peevish murmurs are preferrd to Joy,  
That favourd Israel coud be faithless still,  
& question Gods protecting power or will,  
Or dread devoted Canaans warlike men,  
& Long for Ægypt & their bonds again.

Scarce thrice the Sun since hardend Pharaoh dyd  
As bridegrooms issue forth with glitt'ring pride  
Rejoycing rose, & lett ye nation See  
three Shining days of easy liberty,  
Ere the mean fears of want producd within  
Vain thought replenishd with rebellious Sin.  
O Look not Israel to thy former way,  
God cannot fail, & either wait or pray.  
Within the borders of thy promisd Lands,  
Lots hapless wife a strange example stands,  
She turnd her eyes & felt her change begin,  
& wrath as fierce may meet resembling Sin.  
Then forward move thy camp & forward Still,  
& lett sweet mercy bend thy Stubborn will.

At thy complaint a branch in Marah cast  
With sweetning virtue mends ye waters tast.

At thy complaint the Lab'ring Tempest sailes,  
& drives afore a wondrous showr of Quales.  
On tender grass the falling Manna lyes,  
& Heav'n it self the want of bread supplys.  
The rock divided flows upon the plain,  
At thy complaint, & still thou wil't complain.  
As thus employd thou went ye desart through,  
Lo Sinai mount upreard its head to view.  
Thine eyes perceivd the darkly-rolling cloud,  
Thine ears the trumpet shrill ye thunder loud,  
The forky lightning shot in livid gleam,  
The Smoke arose, ye mountain all aflame  
Quak'd to ye depths, & worked with signs of awe,  
While God descended to dispense the law.  
Yet neither mercy manifest in might  
Nor pow'r in terrour coud preserve thee right.

Provokt with crimes of such an heinous kind  
Allmighty Justice sware the doom designd,  
That these shoud never reach ye promis'd seat,  
& Moses gently mourns their hastend fate.

Ile think him now resign'd to publick care,  
While night on pitchy plumes slides soft in air.  
Ile think him giving what ye guilty sleep  
To thoughts where Sorrow glides & numbers weep,  
Sad thoughts of woes that reign where Sins prevail,  
& mans short life, tho' not so short as frail.  
Within this circle for his inward eyes  
He bids the fading low creation rise,  
& streight a train of mimick Senses brings  
The dusky shapes of transitory things,  
Thro' pensive shades the visions seem to range,  
They seem to flourish, & they seem to change;  
A moon decreasing runs the silent sky,  
The sickly birds on molting feathers fly,  
Men walking count their days of blessings o're,  
The blessings vanish & the tales no more,  
Still hours of nightly watches steal away,  
Big waters roll green blades of grass decay,  
Then all ye Pensive shades by Just degrees  
Grows faint confuses & goes off with these.

But while the affecting notions pass along,  
He chuses such as best adorn his song,  
& thus with God the rising lays began,  
God ever reigning God, compar'd with man:  
& thus they mov'd to man beneath his rod;  
Man deeply sinning, man chastis'd by God.

O Lord O Saviour, tho' thy chosen band  
Have staid like strangers in a forreign land,  
Through numberd ages which have run their race,  
Still has thy mercy been our dwelling place.  
Before the most exalted dust of earth,  
The stately mountains had receiv'd a birth;  
Before the pillars of the world were laid,  
Before its habitable parts were made,  
Thou wer't the God, from thee their rise they drew,  
Thou great for ages great for ever too.

Man (mortall creature fram'd to feel decays)  
Thine unresisted pow'r at pleasure sways,  
Thou sayst return & parting Soules obey,  
Thou sayst return & bodys fall to clay.  
For whats a thousand fleeting years wth thee?  
Or Time compar'd with long eternity,  
Whose wings expanding infinitely vast,  
Orestretch its utmost ends of first & last?  
Tis like those hours that lately saw ye Sun,  
He rose, & set, & all the day was don.  
Or like the watches which dead night divide,  
& while we slumber unregarded glide,  
Where all ye present seems a thing of nought,  
& past & future close to waking thought.

As raging floods, when rivers swell with rain,  
Bear down ye groves & overflow ye plain,  
So swift & strong thy wondrous might appears,  
So Life is carry'd down the rolling years.  
As heavy sleep pursues the days retreat,  
With dark with silent & unactive state,  
So lifes attended on by certain doom,  
& deaths ye rest, ye resting place a tomb.  
It quickly rises & it quickly goes,

& youth its morning, age its evening shows.  
Thus tender blades of grass, when beams diffuse,  
Rise from the pressure of their early dews,  
Point tow'rds ye skys their elevated spires,  
& proudly flourish in their green attires,  
But soon (ah fading state of things below!)  
The Scyth destructive mows ye lovely show,  
The rising Sun that Saw their glorys high  
That Sun descending sees their glorys dy.

We still with more than common hast of fate  
Are doomd to perish in thy kindled hate.  
Our publick sins for publick Justice call,  
& stand like markes on which thy Judgements fall.  
Our secret sins that folly thought conceald  
Are in thy light for punishment reveald.  
Beneath the terrours of thy wrath divine  
Our days unmixd with happiness decline,  
Like empty storys tedious, short, & vain,  
& never never more recalld again.

Yet what were Life, if to ye longest date  
Which men have namd a life we backned fate?  
Alas its most computed length appears  
To reach ye limits but of Sev'nty years,  
& if by strength to fourscore years we goe,  
That strength is labour, & that labour woe.  
Then will thy term expire, & thou must fly  
O man O Creature surely born to dy.

But who regards a truth so throughly known?  
Who dreads a wrath so manifestly shown?  
Who seems to fear it tho' ye danger vyes  
With any pitch to which our fear can rise?  
O teach us so to number all our days  
That these reflections may correct our ways,  
That these may lead us from delusive dreams  
To walk in heavnly wisdomes golden beams.

Return O Lord, how Long shall Israels sin  
How Long thine anger be preservd within!  
Before our times irrevocably past

Be kind be gracious & return at last.  
Let Favour soon-dispensd our soules employ,  
& long endure to make enduring Joy.  
Send years of comforts for our years of woes,  
Send these at least of equall length with those.  
Shine on thy flock & on their offspring shine  
With tender mercy (sweetest act divine).  
Bright rays of Majesty serenely shed,  
To rest in Glorys on the nations head.  
Our future deeds with approbation bless,  
& in the giving them give us success.

Thus with forgiveness earnestly desird,  
Thus in the raptures of a bliss requird,  
The man of God concludes his Sacred Strain,  
Now sitt & see ye subject once again.

See Ghastly Death where Desarts all around  
Spread forth their barren undelightfull ground:  
There stalks the silent melancholly shade,  
His naked bones reclining on a spade,  
& thrice the spade with solemn sadness heaves,  
& thrice earth opens in the form of graves,  
His gates of darkness gape to take him in,  
Then where he soon woud Sink he's pushed by sin.

Poor Mortalls here your common picture know,  
& with your Selves in this acquainted grow.  
Through life with airy thoughtless pride you range  
& vainly glitter in the Sphear of change,  
A sphear where all things but for time remain,  
Where no fixd starrs with endless glory reign,  
But Meteors onely short-lived Meteors rise  
To shine shoot down & dy beneath ye skys.

There is an hour, Ah who yt hour attends!  
When man ye guilded vanity descends.  
When forreign force or wast of inward heat  
Constrain ye soul to leave its ancient seat;  
When banishd Beauty from her empire flies,  
& with a languish leaves ye Sparkling eyes;  
When softning Musick & Persuasion fail,

& all the charms that in ye tongue prevail,  
When Spirits stop their course, when nerves unbrace,  
& outward action & perception cease.  
'Tis then the poor deformd remains shall be  
That naked Skeleton we seem to see.

Make this thy mirrou if thou woudst have bliss,  
No flattring image shows it self in this;  
But such as lays the lofty lookes of pride,  
& makes cool thought in humble channel glide;  
But such as clears ye cheats of Errours den,  
Whence magick mists surround ye soules of men,  
Whence Self-Delusions trains adorn their flight,  
As Snows fair feathers fleet to darken sight,  
Then rest, & in the work of Fancy spread  
To gay-wavd plumes for ev'ry mortals head.  
These empty Forms when Death appears disperse,  
Or melt in tears upon its mournfull hearse,  
The sad reflection forces men to know,  
'Life surely failes & swiftly flys below.

O Least thy folly loose ye proffit sought  
O never touch it with a glancing thought,  
As men to glasses come, & straight wth draw,  
& straight forgett what sort of face they saw:  
But fix intently fix thine inward eyes,  
& in the strength of this great truth be wise.  
'If on ye globes dim Side our sences Stray,  
'Not usd to perfect light we think it day:  
'Death seems long sleep, & hopes of heavnly beams  
'Deceitfull wishes big with distant dreams.  
'But if our reason purge ye carnal sight,  
'& place its objects in their Juster light,  
'We change ye side, from Dreams on earth we move,  
'& wake through death to rise in life above.

Here ore my soul a solemn silence reigns,  
Preparing thought for new celestial strains.  
The former vanish off, ye new begin,  
The solemn silence stands like night between,  
In whose dark bosome day departing lyes,  
& day succeeding takes a lovely rise.

But tho' ye song be changd, be still ye flame,  
& Still ye prophet in my lines ye Same,  
With care renewd upon the children dwell,  
Whose sinfull Fathers in the desart fell,  
With care renewd (if any care can do)  
Ah least they sin & least they perish too.

Go seek for Moses at yon Sacred tent  
On which ye Presence makes a bright descent.  
Behold ye cloud with radiant glory fair  
Like a wreathd pillar curl its gold in air.  
Behold it hovering Just above the door,  
& Moses meekely kneeling on the floor.  
But if the gazing turn thine edge of sight,  
& darkness Spring from unsupported light,  
Then change ye Sense, be sight in hearing drownd,  
While these strange accents from the vision sound.  
The time my Servant is approaching nigh  
When thou shall't gatherd with thy Fathers ly,  
& soon thy nation quite forgetfull grown  
Of all the glorys which mine arm has shown,  
Shall through my covenant perversely break,  
Despise my worship & my name forsake,  
By customes conquerd where to rule they go,  
& Serving Gods that cant protect ye foe.  
Displeasd at this Ile turn my face aside  
Till sharp Afflictions rod reduce their pride  
Till brought to better mind they seek relief,  
by good confessions in the midst of grief.  
Then write thy song to stand a witness still  
Of favours past & of my future will,  
For I their vain conceits before discern,  
Then write thy Song which Israels sons shall learn.

As thus ye wondrous voice its charge repeats  
The Prophet musing deep within retreats.  
He Seems to feel it on a streaming ray  
Pierce through ye Soul enlightning all its way.  
& much Obedient will & free desire,  
& much his Love of Jacobs Seed inspire,  
& much O much above ye warmth of those  
The Sacred Spirit in his bosome glows,



Majestick Notion Seems Decrees to nod,  
& Holy Transport speakes ye words of God.

Returnd at length, the finishd roll he brings,  
Enrichd with Strains of past & future things.  
The Priests in order to ye tent repair,  
The Gatherd Tribes attend their Elders there:  
O Sacred Mercys inexhausted Store!  
Shall these have warning of their faults before,  
Shall these be told ye recompenses due,  
Shall Heavn & Earth be calld to witness too!  
Then still ye tumult if it will be so,  
Its Fear to loose a word lett caution Show,  
Lett close Attention in dead calm appear,  
& softly softly steal with silence near,  
While Moses raisd above ye listning throng,  
Pronounces thus in all their ears the Song.

Hear O ye Heav'ns Creations lofty show,  
Hear O thou heavn-encompassd Earth below.  
As Silver Showrs of gently-dropping rain,  
As Honyd Dews distilling on ye plain,  
As rain as Dews for tender grass designd,  
So shall my speeches sink within ye mind,  
So sweetly turn ye Soules enlivening food,  
So fill & cherish hopefull seeds of good.  
For now my Numbers to the world Abroad,  
Will lowdly celebrate ye name of God.

Ascribe thou nation, evry favourd tribe  
Excelling greatness to ye Lord ascribe,  
The Lord, the Rock on whom we safely trust,  
Whose work is perfect, & whose ways are Just,  
The Lord whose promise stands for ever true,  
The Lord most righteous & most holy too.

Ah worse Election! Ah the bonds of sin!  
They chuse themselves to take corruption in.  
They stain their soules with vices deepest blots,  
When onely frailtys are his childrens spots.  
Their thoughts words actions all are run astray,  
& none more crooked more perverse than they.

Say rebell Nation O unwisely light,  
Say will thy folly thus thy God requite?  
Or is He not the God who made thee free,  
Whose mercy purchas'd & establish'd thee?

Remember well ye wondrous days of old,  
The years of ages long before thee told,  
Ask all thy fathers who the truth will show,  
Or ask thine elders for thine elders know.

When ye most high with scepter pointed down  
Describ'd ye Realms of each beginning Crown,  
When Adams offspring Providential care  
to people countrys scatter'd here & there,  
He so ye limits of their lands confind,  
That favour'd Israel has its part assign'd,  
For Israel is ye Lords, & gaines ye place  
Reserv'd for those whom he woud chuse to grace.

Him in ye desert him his mercy found  
where famine dwells & howling deafe ye ground,  
Where dread is felt by savage noise encrease,  
Where solitude erects its seat on wast.  
& there he led him, & he taught him there,  
& safely kept him with a watchfull care,  
The tender apples of our heedfull eye  
Not more in guard nor more securely ly.  
& as an eagle that attempts to bring  
Her unexperie'd young to trust the wing,  
Stirrs up her nest, & flutters ore their heads,  
& all ye forces of her pinnions spreads,  
& takes & bears ym on her plumes above,  
To give peculiar proof of royall love,  
Twas so ye Lord, the gracious Lord alone,  
With kindness most peculiar led his own,  
As no strange God concurr'd to make him free,  
So none had powr to lead him through but he.  
To lands excelling lands & planted high  
That boast ye kindlyest-influencing sky  
He brought, he bore him on ye wings of Grace,  
To tast ye plenty of ye grounds encrease,

Sweet-dropping hony from the rocky soil,  
from flinty rocks ye smoothly-flowing oyl,  
The guilded butter from the stately kine,  
The milk with which ye duggs of sheep decline,  
The marrow-fatness of the tender lambs,  
The bulky breed of Basans goats & rams,  
The finest flowry wheat that crowns the plain  
Distends its husk & loads the blade with grain,  
& still he drank from ripe delicious heaps  
Of clusters pressd the purest blood of grapes.

But thou art waxen fatt & kickest now,  
O Well-Directed O Jesurun thou.  
Thou soon w'ert fatt, thy sides were thickly grown,  
Thy fattness deeply coverd evry bone  
Then wanton fullness vain oblivion brought,  
& God that made & savd thee was forgott,  
While Gods of forreign lands & rites abhorrd,  
To Jealousys & anger movd ye Lord;  
While Gods thy fathers never knew were ownd;  
& Hell ev'n Hell with sacrifice attond.  
Oh foolcs unmindfull whence your orderd frame  
& whence your life-infusing spirit came!  
Such strange corruptions his revenge provoke,  
& thus their fate his indignation spoke.

It is decreed. Ile hide my face & see  
When I forsake them what their end shall be.  
For they're a froward very froward strain,  
That promisd duty but returnd disdain.  
In my grievd soul they raise a Jealous flame  
By new-namd Gods & onely Gods in name,  
They make the burnings of mine anger glow  
By guilty vanitys displeasing show:  
Ile also teach their Jealousy to frett  
At people not formd a people yet,  
Ile make their anger vex their inward breast  
When such as have not known my laws are blesst.  
A fire a fire that nothing can asswage  
Is kindled in the fierceness of my rage,  
To burn the deeps, consume ye lands increase,  
& on the mountains strong foundations seize.

Thick heaps of mischief on their heads I send,  
& all mine arrows wingd with fury spend.  
Slow-parching dearth & pestilentiall heat,  
Shall bring the bitter pangs of lingring fate.  
Sharp teeth of beasts shall swift destruction bring,  
Dire serpents wound them with invenomd sting,  
The sword without & dread within consume  
The youth the virgin in their lovely bloom,  
Weak tender Infancy by suckling fed,  
& helpless age with hoary-frosted head.  
I said Ide scatter all the sinfull race,  
I said Ide make its meer remembrance cease,  
But much I feard the foes unruly pride,  
Their glory vaunted & my powr denyd,  
While thus they boast, our arm has shown us brave,  
& God did nothing, for he could not Save.  
So fond their thought, so farr remote of sense,  
& blind in every course of Providence.  
O knew they rightly where my Judgements tend,  
O woud they ponder on their latter end!  
Soon woud they find, that when upon ye field  
One makes a thousand two ten thousand yield,  
The Lord of Hosts has Sold a rebel state,  
The Lord inclosd it in ye netts of fate.  
For whats anothers rock compard with ours,  
Lett them be Judges that have provd their powrs,  
That on their own have vainly calld for aid,  
While ours to freedome & to glory led.  
Their vine may seem indeed to flourish fair,  
But yet it grows in Sodoms tainted air,  
It sucks corruption from Gomorrahs fields,  
Rank Galls for grapes in bitter clusters yields,  
& poison sheds for wine, like yt which comes  
from asps & Dragons death-infected gums;  
& are not these their hatefull sins reveald,  
& in my treasures for my Justice seald?  
To me the province of revenge belongs,  
To me the certain recompense of wrongs,  
Their feet shall totter in appointed time,  
& threatning danger overtake their crime,  
For wingd with featherd hast ye minutes fly,  
To bring those things that must afflict them nigh.

The Lord will Judge his own & bring ym low,  
& then repent & turn upon ye foe,  
& when the Judgements from his own remove,  
Will thus the foe convincingly reprove.  
Where are ye Gods ye rock to whom in vain  
Your offerings have been made your victims slain?  
Lett them arise, lett them afford their aid,  
& with Protections shield surround your head.  
Know then your maker, I the Lord am he,  
Nor ever was there any God with me,  
& death or life & wounds or health I give,  
Nor can another from my powr reprieve.  
With Solemn state I lift mine arm on high  
Ore ye rich glorys of the lofty sky,  
& by my self majestically swear,  
I live for ever & for ever there.  
If in my rage ye glitt'ring sword I whet,  
& sternly sitting take ye Judgement seat,  
My Just-awarding sentence dooms my foe,  
& vengeance wields ye blade & gives ye blow,  
& Deep in flesh ye blade of Fury bites,  
& deadly-deep my bearded arrow lightes,  
& both grow drunk with blood defild in sin,  
When executions of revenge begin.

Then lett his nation in a common voice,  
& with his nation lett ye world rejoyce.  
For whether God for crimes or tryalls spill  
His Servants blood, he will avenge it still.  
He'le break ye troops, he'le scatter all afarr  
Who vex our realm with desolating warr.  
& on ye favourd tribes & on their land  
Shed Victorys & peace from Mercys hand.

Here ceasd ye song, & Israel lookd behind  
& gazd before with unconfining mind,  
& fixd in silence & amazement saw  
The strokes of all their state beneath ye law.  
Their Recollection does its light present  
To show ye mountain blessd with Gods descent,  
To show their wandrings, their unfixd abode,  
& all their guidance in the desart road.

Then where the beams of Recollection goe  
To leave ye fancy dispossesd of show,  
The fairer light of Prophecy's begun  
Which opening future days supplies their sun.  
By such a sun (& fancy needs no more)  
They see the coming times & walk ym o're,  
& now they gain that rest their travel sought,  
Now milk & hony stream along the thought,  
Anon they fill their soules, ye blessings cloy,  
& God's forgot in full excess of Joy.  
& oft they sin, & oft his anger burns  
& ev'ry nations made their scourge by turns,  
Till oft repenting they convert to God,  
& he repenting too destroys the rod.

O nation timely warnd in sacred strain,  
O never lett thy Moses sing in vain.  
Dare to be good & happiness prolong  
Or if thy folly will fullfill the song,  
At least be found the seldomer in ill,  
& still repent & soon repent thee still.  
When such fair paths thou shalt avoid to tread,  
Thy blood will rest upon thy sinfull head,  
Thy crime by lasting long secure thy foe,  
The gracious warning to the Gentiles goe,  
& all the world thats calld to witness here  
convincd by thine example learn to fear.  
The gentil world a mystick Israel grown  
Will in thy first condition find their own,  
A Gods descent, a Pilgrimage below,  
& Promisd rest where living waters flow.  
They'le see the pen describe in ev'ry trace,  
The frowns of Anger, or the Smiles of Grace,  
Why mercy turns aside & leaves to shine,  
What cause provokes the Jealousy divine,  
Why Justice kindles dire-avenging flames,  
What endless powr ye Lifted Arm proclaims,  
Why Mercy shines again with chearfull ray,  
& Glory double-gilds ye lightsome day.  
Tho Nations change & Israels empire dyes,  
Yet still ye case which rose before may rise,  
Eternall Providence its rule retains,

& still preserves, & still applys ye strains.

Tw'as such a gift ye Prophets sacred pen  
On his departure left ye sons of men.  
Thus he, & thus ye Swan her breath resigns  
(Within ye beautys of Poetick lines,)  
He white with innocence, his figure she,  
& both harmonious, but the sweeter he.  
Death learns to charm, & while it leads to bliss  
Has found a lovely circumstance in this  
To suit the meekest turn of easy mind,  
& actions chearfull in an air resign'd.

Thou flock whom Moses to thy freedome led  
How will't thou lay the venerable dead?  
Go (if thy Fathers taught a work they knew)  
Go build a Pyramid to Glory due,  
Square ye broad base, with sloping sides arise,  
& lett the point diminish in the skys.  
There leave the corps, suspending ore his head  
The wand whose motion winds & waves obeyd.  
On Sabled Banners to ye sight describe  
The painted arms of evry mourning tribe,  
& thus may publick grief adorn ye tomb  
Deep-streaming downwards through ye vaulted room.  
On the black stone a fair inscription raise  
That Sums his Government to speak his praise,  
& may the style as brightly worth proclaim,  
As if Affection with a pointed beam  
Engravd or fird ye words, or Honour due  
Had with its self inlaid ye tablet through.

But stop ye pomp that is not mans to pay,  
For God will grace him in a nobler way.  
Mine eyes perceive an orb of heavnly state  
With splendid forms & light serene repleat,  
I hear the Sound of fluttering wings in air,  
I hear the tunefull tongues of Angels there,  
They fly, they bear, they rest on Nebo's head,  
& in thick glory wrap the rev'rend dead.  
This errand crowns his songs, & tends to prove  
His near communion with ye quire above.

Now swiftly down the Steepy mount they go,  
Now swiftly glides their shining orb below,  
& now moves off where rising grounds deny  
To spread their vally to the distant eye.  
Ye bleasd inhabitants of glitt'ring air  
You've born ye prophet but we know not where.  
Perhaps least Israel overfondly led  
In rating worth when envy leaves ye dead,  
Might plant a grove, invent new rites divine,  
Make him their Idol, & his grave ye shrine.

But what disorder? what repells ye light  
& ere its season forces up ye night?  
Why sweep the spectres ore ye blasted ground?  
What shakes ye mount with hollow-roaring sound?  
Hell rolls beneath it, Terrour stalkes before  
With shriekes & groans, & Horrour bursts a door,  
& Satan rises in infernall state  
Drawn up by Malice Envy Rage & Hate.  
A darkning Vapour with sulphureous steam,  
In pitchy curlings, edgd by sullen flame,  
& framd a chariot for ye dreadfull Form,  
drives whirling up on mad Confusions storm.

Then fiercely turning where ye Prophet dyd,  
Nor shall thy nation scape my wrath he cry'd;  
This corps Ile enter & thy flock mislead,  
& all thy Miracles my lyes shall aid.  
But where?—Hes gon, & by ye scented sky  
The fav'rite courtiers have been lately nigh.  
O slow to buisness, cursd in mischiefs hour,  
Track on their Odours, & if Hell has powr—  
This said with spight & with a bent for ill  
He shot in fury from ye trembling hill.

In vain Proud Fiend thy threats are half exprest,  
& half ly choaking in thy scornfull breast,  
His shining bearers have performd ye rite,  
& laid him softly down in shades of night.  
A Warriour heads ye band, Great Michael he,  
Renownd for conquest in ye warr with thee,  
A sword of flame to stop thy course he bears,



Nor has thy rage availd, nor can thy snares,  
The Lord rebuke thy pride he meekly cries:  
The Lord has heard him & thy project dyes.

Here Moses leaves my song, ye tribes retire,  
The desert flyes, & forty years expire.  
& now my fancy for awhile be still,  
& think of coming down from Nebo's hill.  
Go Search among thy forms, & thence prepare  
A cloud in folds of Soft-surrounding air,  
Go find a breeze to lift thy cloud on high,  
To waft thee gently rockd in open sky,  
Then stealing back to leave a silent calm,  
& thee reposing in a grove of palm.  
The place will suit my next-succeeding strain,  
& Ile awake thee soon to sing again.

Thomas Parnell

# My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free

My days have been so wondrous free,  
The little birds that fly  
With careless ease from tree to tree,  
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
Of mine increas'd their stream?  
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,  
And I'm by beauty caught;  
The tender chains of sweet desire  
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!  
Ye swains that haunt the grove!  
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!  
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the dear design;  
Oh teach a young, unpractic'd heart  
To make my Nancy mine!

The very thought of change I hate,  
As much as of despair;  
Nor ever covet to be great,  
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind  
Is mix'd with soft distress;  
Yet while the fair I love is kind,  
I cannot wish it less.

Thomas Parnell

# Now Kind Now Coy Wth How Much Change

Now kind now coy wth how much change  
You feed my fierce desire  
As if to more extravagance  
Youd manage up the fire  
In vain if this your meaning be  
In vain you use these wayes  
Tis æqually as hard for me  
To love you more as less  
To other nymphs bequeath yr arts  
Whose eyes more faintly shine  
Or practise them at least on hearts  
Which love you not like mine.

Thomas Parnell

# O Tell If Any Fate You See

O Tell if any fate you see  
Can more unhappy prove  
Than where the nymph will cruell be  
& still the swain must love  
Twere Joy to sigh & serve a fair  
Coud sighs & service gain  
But if they not availing are  
they grow the lovers pain  
Damon as thus he spoke his grief  
Thought all around him pind  
But Celia bringing no relief  
He Car'd not what was kind

Thomas Parnell

# Oft Have I Read That Innocence Retreats

Oft have I read that Innocence retreats  
Where cooling streams salute ye summer Seats  
Singing at ease she roves ye field of flowrs  
Or safe with shepherds lys among the bowrs  
But late alas I crossd a country fare  
And found No Strephon nor Dorinda there  
There Hodge & William Joynd to cully ned  
While Ned was drinking Hodge & William dead  
There Cicely Jeard by day the slips of Nell  
& ere ye night was ended Cicely fell  
Are these the Virtues which adorn the plain  
Ye bards forsake your old Arcadian Vein  
To sheep those tender Innocents resign  
The place where swains & nymphs are said to shine  
Swains twice as Wicked Nymphs but half as sage  
Tis sheep alone retrieve ye golden age.

Thomas Parnell

## On ----- Embroidring

How justly art when Cælia aids so well  
Contends her ms nature to excell  
The slender needles in that hand create  
Such forms as hers but of a better date  
The silk is placd the winding traces laid  
& the gay scene with rising figures spread  
here springing lillies opening roses dress  
in such sweet colours & so fixd a grace  
they outdoe all but those wthin her face  
the well turnd leaves if by the natrall shown  
You'd think they both were workd or both had grown  
So strange yet beautious birds are here designd  
as if she had increasd the Phœnix kind  
Sure had she livd wn poets tho below  
Where meritt pleaded cou'd a heavn bestow  
the wondrows product of her needle here  
had made her self a goddess it a starr.

Oh may no moth so rare a piece approach  
May nought corrupt it with unhallowd touch  
May nothing—but alas I wast my prayr  
My wishes rise to loose themselves in air.  
This work wch angells wou'd not blush to own  
Must once the common road of ruin run  
then quickly fairest on yr life reflect  
Nor all your downy hours of youth neglect  
think you behold this lovely piece decayd  
think you are brighter yet must sooner fade  
then quitt your folly be no more severe  
Why woud you have no difference appear  
In how the ugly live & how the fair  
& tell me Celie where the diffrence lyes  
'twixt those who Cant & those who wont possess  
When both alike are distanc't fm their bliss.

Thomas Parnell

## On A Certain Poets Judgement Between Mr Pope & Mr Philips Don In An Italian Air

Upon a time, and in a place,  
With Pan Apollo playd,  
Grave Midas sat to Judge ye case,  
And Pan ye Victour made.  
The Rustick to his Fauns withdrew;  
Whilst on ye silver wing  
Sweet Phœbus for Parnassus flew  
To hear his Homer sing.  
Yet ere he went to Midas said,  
Ile fitt you for your Jears,  
So took two leaves from off his head,  
And stuck them in his ears.  
Tis hence he thinks the bays his own,  
And hence it comes to pass  
That as we think his ears are grown  
We sooner find the Ass.

Thomas Parnell

# On A Lady With A Foul Breath

Art thou alive? It cannot be,  
There's so much Rottenness in Thee,  
Corruption only is in Death;  
And what's more Putrid than thy Breath?  
Think not you Live, because you Speak,  
For Graves such hollow Sounds can make;  
And Respiration can't suffice,  
For Vapours do from Caverns rise:  
From Thee such noisom Stenches come,  
Thy Mouth betrays thy Breast a Tomb.  
Thy Body is a Corpse that goes,  
By Magick rais'd from its Repose:  
A Pestilence that walks by Day,  
But falls at Night to Worms and Clay.  
But I will to my Chloris run,  
Who will not let me be undone:  
The Sweets her Virgin-Breath contains,  
Are fitted to remove my Pains;  
There will I healing Nectar sip,  
And to be sav'd, approach her Lip,  
Tho' if I touch the matchless Dame,  
I'm sure to burn with inward Flame.  
Thus when I wou'd one Danger shun,  
I'm strait upon another thrown:  
I seek a Cure one Sore to ease,  
Yet in that Cure's a New Disease.  
But Love, tho' fatal, still can bless,  
And greater Dangers hide the less;  
I'll go where Passion bids me fly,  
And chuse my Death, since I must Dye;  
As Doves pursu'd by Birds of Prey,  
Venture with milder Man to stay.

Thomas Parnell



# On Bishop Burnet's Being Set On Fire In His Closet

From that dire æra, bane to Sarum's pride,  
Which broke his schemes and laid his friends aside,  
He talks and writes that Pop'ry will return,  
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.  
What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd,  
(Oh, far from Britain be the rest remov'd!)  
For, as of late he meant to bless the age  
With flagrant Prefaces of party-rage,  
O'er-wrought with passion and the subject's weight,  
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow-seat,  
Down fell the candle; Grease and Zeal conspire,  
Heat meets with heat, and Pamphlets burn their Sire.  
Here crawls a Preface on its half-burn'd maggots,  
And there an Introduction brings its faggots;  
Then roars the Prophet of the Northern Nation,  
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on Moderation.

Unwarn'd by this, go on the realm to fright,  
Thou Briton, vaunting in thy second-sight;  
In such a Ministry you safely tell,  
How much you'd suffer, if Religion fell.

Thomas Parnell

# On Content

Grant heav'n that I may chuse my bliss  
If you design me worldly Happiness  
Tis not Honour thats but air  
Glory has but fancied light  
Fame as oft speak's false as right  
Riches have wings & ever dwell with care  
Give me an undistemperd mind  
As ye third region undisturbd by wind  
Content from passions ever free  
to rule ones selfs indeed a monarchy  
this I request of thee

Tho all we see are fortunes apes  
& change as oft as she their shapes  
Tho my kinder fortune leave me  
Tho my dearest friends deceive me  
I in this universall tide  
firm on heav'ns mercy would abide  
& 'mongst ye giddy waves securely ride  
Tho they should die  
Who never did my love abuse  
Perhaps in tears I would my passion vent  
But straight again I'de be content  
Remembring 'twas th' almighty's deed tho I  
should my best relations loose  
Ide sighing cry Heav'ns will be done  
It did but lend them now it has its own.  
Fortune should never be  
Adored as a deity by me  
She onely makes them fooles who make her great  
But still content on earth intent on heav'n I'de be  
an equall temper keep in ev'ry state  
nor Care nor fear my destiny  
Death when most dreadfull should not fright  
Wn ere he comes Ide patiently submitt  
Content thus in my soul should build its halcyons nest  
As did thy spirit on ye waters rest  
& keep an everlasting calm with in my breast.



# On Divine Love By Meditating On The Wounds Of Christ

Holy Jesus! God of Love!  
Look with pity from above,  
Shed the precious purple tide  
From thine hands, thy feet, thy side,  
Let thy streams of comfort roll,  
Let them please and fill my soul.  
Let me thus for ever be  
Full of gladness, full of thee,  
This for which my wishes pine  
Is the cup of love divine,  
Sweet affections flow from hence,  
Sweet above the joys of sense;  
Blessed Philtre! how we find  
Its sacred worships, how the mind  
Of all the world forgetful grown,  
Can despise an earthly throne,  
Raise its thoughts to Realms above,  
Think of God, and sing of love.

Love Celestial, wond'rous heat  
O beyond expression great!  
What resistless charms were thine  
In thy good thy best design!  
When God was hated, Sin obey'd,  
And man undone without thy aid.  
From the seats of endless peace  
They brought the son, the Lord of grace,  
They taught him to receive a birth,  
To cloath in flesh, to live on earth,  
And after lifted him on high,  
And taught him on the Cross to die.

Love Celestial ardent fire,  
O extreme of sweet desire!  
Spread thy brightly raging flame  
Thro' and over all my frame;  
Let it warm me let it burn,

Let my corps to ashes turn,  
And might thy flame thus act with me  
To set the soul from body free,  
I next wou'd use thy wings and fly  
To meet my Jesus in the sky.

Thomas Parnell

# On Dr. Brown's Death

I.

Alas will nothing do,  
Nothing arrest the arm of Death  
Must learning, sence, nay virtue too,  
Must these or. real blessings go  
like all things else beneath?  
Must these best guifts while here yey shine  
Like ye great Stagyrites stars in solid spheres  
A common power wth. worthless meteors share  
To guild the orbs they're in?  
Yes now we find it so since he is gone  
In whom enough of goodness shone  
T'adorn an age, a second Sodom save  
but not himself from the devouring grave  
He's gone & that prodigious store  
Of piety wch. here he bore  
Sat on him onely like the Summers pride  
Which crown'd ye ancients victims 'ere they dy'd

II.

He's gon far far on high  
Born on ye wings of virtue to his skye  
for sure this world was lesse yn. t'other, his,  
So much he courted that, so little this,  
Besides had he been hers ye earth had mourn'd his loss  
In dreadfull heavings & unwonted flows  
But silently he stole away  
Like some celestial ray  
Wch. plays awhile upon ye wings of day  
Then soft retiring off ye Air  
Do's without troubling nature disappear.

III.

Sure (but avert ye omen fate)  
Sure a decay of learning's state,  
Is now just now a pressing on  
Wn. thus her great good pillar tumbles down  
Wn. the light's gone wch. show'd us to advance  
Thro ye Ægyptian night of ignorance

For why, why mayn't we fear  
'Twill ye same course wth. nature run?  
Wch. when ye generall dissolution's near,  
Shall see a genuine night Ecclypse her sun.  
How well, how too too well does death,  
The cause of ignorance maintain,  
Robbing her rivalls leader of his breath,  
To fix his Tyrant sisters reign.  
How too, too well he mocks or. blooming joys  
& him & all or. hopes destroys  
Him of the tree of life depriving thus  
& of the tree of knowledge us  
Thus have his arms disabled at a blow  
Both learnings Monarch & its empire too  
Just so ye Epick muse indites  
Ending wth. some great life ye enterprise  
Nor longer toyles she ore her pageant fights  
The work is ended wn. an Heroe dyes.

#### IV.

Curst be the Hour, ye Day, ye Year,  
Curst ye disease that ravish'd hence or. seer,  
Whose sacrilegious dart cou'd show,  
That one so good was not immortall too;  
Yet wt. alas can this avail?  
Why all this mad distemper'd Zeal  
As wt it did were the effects of chance,  
& not of providence.  
No the impatient heavens thought long to want  
In their blest choirs so true a saint,  
And sent a ministring sickness from above,  
his earthy fetters to remove.  
It came ye call he knew,  
& streight obey'd & streight wthdrew,  
Loos'd from ye chains of flesh his freer mind  
Rose up to sacred love,  
To perfect saint or seraphim refin'd,  
Quitting his lump of clay,  
As subtle spirits fume away  
Loos'd from their earth they upward mount, they flye,  
They light, they shine, & blaze along the skye.





## On Happiness In This Life

The morning opens very freshly gay  
And life itself is in the month of May.  
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er  
And flowrets with a thousand colours more;  
Then falls to weaving that, and spreading these  
And softly shakes them with an easy breeze,  
With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,  
Or trails a silver water o'er its bed.  
Glide, gentle water, still more gently by  
While in this summer-bower of bliss I lye  
And sweetly sing of sense delighting flames,  
And nymphs and shepherds soft invented names,  
Or view the branches which around me twine  
And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine,  
Or find new pleasures in the world to praise  
And still with this return adorn my lays;  
'Range round your gardens of eternal spring,  
'Go range my senses while I sweetly sing.'

In vain, in vain alas, seduc'd by ill  
And acted wildly by the force of will!  
I tell my soul it will be constant May,  
And Charm a season never made to stay,  
My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm,  
The world but promises, and can't perform:  
Then fade ye leaves and wither all ye flow'rs,  
I'll doat no longer in enchanted bow'rs;  
But sadly mourn in melancholy song,  
The vain conceits that held my soul so long.  
The lusts that tempt us with delusive show,  
And sin brought forth for everlasting woe.  
Thus shall the notes to sorrow's object rise,  
While frequent rests procure a place for sighs;  
And as I moan upon the naked plain,  
Be this the burthen closing ev'ry strain;  
Return my senses, range no more abroad,  
He'll only find his bliss, who seeks for God.



# On Mr Colliers Essay On The Stage

Some ages has the stage triumphant stood,  
and vice in masquerade debauchd the crowd;  
In charming numbers, all bewitching arts,  
has the gay syren drest to steal our hearts:  
like undesigning pleasure she appears,  
at once delights & unperceivd insnares,  
long has she found th' unhappy pow'r to please,  
& wantond in a luxury of success.  
But you unmasque the fashionable cheat,  
Draw off the curtain, & dissect the bait,  
Expose to view the hook so closely hid,  
Break down her altars, & her priests deride.  
thus, when to painted Idols Israel bowd,  
the good Elijah Zealous for his god  
Against the blocks, and all their prophets rose,  
Alone attackd and overthrew his foes.

Hail man of god, all hail, whose pious quill  
Dares check a world thats so perversly ill,  
Dares ev'n its darling vanities abuse,  
and in its full Carreer arrest the looser muse.  
You like some angell guide conduct us on,  
& shew the sodom wch you teach to shun;  
You spoil the varnisht ill of all its rays,  
of all its beauty's, evry borrowd grace,  
& shew wt lurks beneath so smooth a face.

Thus (say the bards) some worthy knight maintains  
A warr wth fairy states, enchanted scenes,  
When he moves on the bright delusion fly's,  
& dismall dungeons gape before his eyes

Thomas Parnell

## On Mr Pope Drawing D: Swifts Picture

One authour has anothers head begun  
Lett no man say it might be better don  
For since they both are Witts Ime very glad  
To find he has not drawn him twice as bad.

Thomas Parnell

## On Mrs. Ar: F: Leaving London

From Town fair Arabella flies,  
The Beaux unpowder'd grieve,  
The Rivers play before her eyes,  
The Breezes softly breathing rise  
The Spring begins to live.  
Her Lovers swore they must expire  
Yet quickly find their Ease,  
For as she goes, their Flames retire  
Love thrives before a nearer fire  
Esteem by distant Rays.  
Yet soon the Fair one will return  
When Summer quits the Plain  
Ye Rivers pour the weeping Urn,  
Ye Breezes sadly sighing mourn,  
Ye Lovers burn again.  
'Tis constancy enough in Love  
That Nature's fairly shewn  
To search for more will fruitless prove  
Romances and the Turtle Dove  
The Virtue boast alone.

Thomas Parnell

## On Platina Prosperus Spiriteus

The Man whose Judgement Joynd with force of Witt  
The lives of Popes & lives of Heroes writt  
Who sung true Pleasure showd ye Golden mean  
And taught Wild Youth to shun ye Lovers pain  
Who wrote all this—Who more than this designd  
All fine impressions of Celestial mind  
That Man that Platina so lately fled  
From earth to silent Darkness is not dead  
Evn Death is here restraind ye stroke he gives  
has killd the man ye Writer ever lives.

Thomas Parnell

# On Queen Anne's Peace, Anno 1713

Mother of plenty, daughter of the skies,  
Sweet Peace, the troubl'd world's desire, arise;  
Around thy poet weave thy summer shades,  
Within my fancy spread thy flow'ry meads,  
Amongst thy train soft ease and pleasure bring,  
And thus indulgent sooth me whilst I sing.

Great Anna claims the song; no brighter name  
Adorns the list of never-dying fame,  
No fairer soul was ever form'd above,  
None e'er was more the grateful nation's love  
Nor lov'd the nation more. I fly with speed  
To sing such lines as Bolingbroke may read,  
On war dispers'd, on faction trampled down,  
On all the peaceful glories of the crown.  
And if I fail in too confin'd a flight,  
May the kind world upon my labours write;  
'So fell the lines which strove for endless fame,  
'Yet fell attempting on the noblest theme.

Now twelve revolving years has Britain stood  
With loss of wealth and vast expence of blood  
Europa's Guardian; still her gallant arms  
Secur'd Europa from impending harms.  
Fair honour, full success, and just applause,  
Pursu'd her marches, and adorn'd her cause;  
Whilst Gaul, aspiring to erect a throne  
O'er other empires, trembled for her own,  
Bemoan'd her cities won, her armies slain,  
And sunk the thought of universal reign.

When thus reduc'd the world's Invaders lie,  
The fears which rack'd the nations, justly die:  
Pow'r finds its balance, giddy motions cease  
In both the scales, and each inclines to peace.  
This fair occasion Providence prepares,  
To answer pious Anna's hourly pray'rs,  
Which still on warm Devotion's wings arose,  
And reaching Heav'n obtain'd the world's repose.

Within the vast expansion of the sky,  
Where Orbs of gold in fields of Azure lie,  
A glorious palace shines, whose silver ray  
Serenely flowing lights the milky way,  
The road of angels. Here with speedy care  
The summon'd Guardians of the world repair.  
When Britain's Angel on the message sent  
Speaks Anna's pray'rs and Heaven's supream intent,  
That war's destructive arm shou'd humble Gaul,  
Spain's parted realms to diff'rent monarchs fall,  
The grand alliance crown'd with glory cease,  
And joyful Europe find the sweets of peace.  
He spoke: the smiling hopes of man's repose,  
The joy that springs from certain hopes arose  
Diffusive o'er the place; complacent airs  
Sedately sweet were heard within the spheres;  
And bowing all adore the sovereign mind,  
And fly to execute the work design'd.

This done, the Guardian on the wing repairs  
Where Anna sat revolving publick cares  
With deep concern of thought. Unseen he stood  
Presenting peaceful images of good  
On Fancy's airy stage; returning Trade,  
A sunk Exchequer fill'd, an Army paid,  
The fields with men, the men with plenty bless'd,  
The towns with riches, and the world with rest.  
Such pleasing objects on her bosom play,  
And give the dawn of glory's golden day,  
When all her labours at their harvest shewn  
Shall in her subjects joy compleat her own.  
Then breaking silence, 'tis enough, she cries,  
That war has rag'd to make the nations wise.  
Heav'n prospers armies whilst they fight to save,  
And thirst of further fame destroys the brave;  
The vanquish'd Gauls are humbly pleas'd to live,  
And but escap'd the chains they meant to give.  
Now let the pow'rs be still'd and each possess'd  
Of what secures the common safety best.

So spake the Queen, then fill'd with warmth divine



She call'd her Oxford to the grand design;  
Her Oxford prudent in affairs of state,  
Profoundly thoughtful, manifestly great  
In ev'ry turn, whose steady temper steers  
Above the reach of gold or shock of fears;  
Whom no blind chance, but merit understood  
By frequent tryals, pow'r of doing good,  
And will to execute, advanc'd on high,  
O soul created to deserve the sky!  
And make the nation, crown'd with glory, see  
How much it rais'd itself by raising thee!  
Now let the schemes which labour in thy breast  
The long Alliance bless with lasting rest:  
Weigh all pretences with impartial laws,  
And fix the sep'rate Int'rests of the cause.

These toils the graceful Bolingbroke attends,  
A Genius fashion'd for the greatest ends,  
Whose strong perception takes the swiftest flight,  
And yet its swiftness ne'er obscures its sight:  
When schemes are fix'd, and each assign'd a part,  
None serves his country with a nobler heart,  
Just thoughts of honour all his mind controul,  
And Expedition wings his lively soul.  
On such a Patriot to confer the Trust,  
The Monarch knows it safe as well as just.

Then next proceeding in her Agents choice  
And ever pleas'd that worth obtain the voice,  
She from the list of high-distinguish'd fames  
With pious Bristow gallant Strafford names:  
One form'd to stand a church's firm support,  
The other fitted to adorn a court,  
Both vers'd in business, both of fine address,  
By which experience leads to great success:  
And both to distant lands the Monarch sends,  
And to their conduct Europe's peace commends.

Now ships unmoor'd to waft her Agents o'er  
Spread all their sail, and quit the flying shore.  
The foreign Agents reach th' appointed place,  
The Congress opens, and it will be peace.

Methinks the war like stormy winter flies,  
When fairer months unveil the blueish skies,  
A flow'ry world the sweetest season spreads,  
And doves with branches flutter round their heads.

Half-peopled Gaul whom num'rous ills destroy  
With wishful heart attends the promis'd joy.  
For this prepares the Duke—ah sadly slain  
'Tis grief to name him whom we mourn in vain:  
No warmth of verse repairs the vital flame,  
For verse can only grant a life in fame,  
Yet cou'd my praise like spicy odours shed  
In everlasting song embalm the dead,  
To realms that weeping heard the loss I'd tell,  
What courage, sense, and faith, with Brandon fell.

But Britain more than one for glory breeds,  
And polish'd Talbot to the charge succeeds,  
Whose far-projecting thoughts maturely clear  
Like glasses draw their distant objects near.  
Good Parts by gentle breeding much refin'd,  
And stores of learning grace his ample mind,  
A cautious virtue regulates his ways,  
And Honour gilds them with a thousand rays.  
To serve his nation at his Queen's command,  
He parts commission'd for the Gallick land:  
With pleasure Gaul beholds him on her shore  
And learns to love a name she fear'd before.

Once more aloft there meet for new debates  
The Guardian Angels of Europa's states:  
And mutual concord shines in ev'ry face  
And ev'ry bosom glows with hopes of peace,  
While Britain's steps in one consent they praise,  
Then gravely mourn their other realms delays,  
Their doubtful claims through seas of blood pursu'd,  
Their fears that Gallia fell but half subdu'd,  
And all the reas'nings which attempt to shew  
That war shou'd ravage in the world below.  
'Ah fall'n estate of man! can rage delight!  
'Wounds please the touch, or ruin charm the sight!  
'Ambition make unlovely mischief fair!

'Or ever Pride be Providence's care!  
'When stern Oppressors range the bloody field,  
'Tis just to conquer and unsafe to yield:  
'There save the nations; but no more pursue  
'Nor in thy turn become Oppressor too.'  
Our rebel angels for Ambition fell,  
And war in Heav'n produc'd a Fiend in hell.  
Thus with a soft concern for man's repose  
The tender Guardians join to moan our woes,  
Then awful rise, combin'd with all their might,  
To find what Fury 'scap'd the den of night  
The pleasing labours of their love withstands,  
And spreads a wild distraction o'er the lands.  
Their glitt'ring pinnions sound in yielding air,  
And watchful Providence approves the care.

In Flandria's soil where Camps have mark'd the plain,  
The Fiend, impetuous Discord, fix'd her reign;  
A tent her royal seat. With full resort  
Stern shapes of Horrour throng'd her buisy court,  
Blind Mischief, Ambush close concealing Ire,  
Loud Threat'nings, Ruin arm'd with sword and fire,  
Assaulting Fierceness, Anger wanting breath,  
High Red'ning Rage, and Various Forms of death,  
Dire Imps of darkness, whom with Gore she feeds  
When war beyond its point of Good proceeds.  
In Gallick armour, call'd with alter'd name  
Great love of Empire, to the field she came;  
Now, still supporting Feud, she strives to hide  
Beneath that name, and only change the side:  
But as she whirl'd the rapid wheels around  
Where mangl'd limbs in heaps pollute the ground,  
(A sullen Joyless Sport,) with searching eye  
The shining Chiefs regard her as they fly,  
Then hov'ring, dart their beams of heav'nly light,  
She starts, the Fury stands confess'd to sight,  
And grieves to leave the soil, and yells aloud,  
Her Yells are answer'd by the Sable Crowd,  
And all on Bat-like wings (if Fame be true)  
From Christian lands to Northern climates flew.

But rising murmours from Britannia's shore

With speed recal her watchful Guardian o'er.  
He spreads his pinions, and approaching near,  
These hints in scatter'd words assault his ear,  
The People's Pow'r—The Grand Alliance cross'd  
The Peace is sep'rate—Our Religion's lost.  
Led by the Blatant voice along the skies,  
He comes where Faction over cities flies;  
A talking Fiend whom snaky locks disgrace,  
And num'rous mouths deform her dusky face,  
Whence Lies are utter'd, Whisper softly sounds,  
Sly Doubts amaze, or Innuendo wounds.  
Within her arms are heaps of Pamphlets seen,  
And these blaspheme the Saviour, those the Queen;  
Associate Vices: thus with tongue and hand  
She shed her venom o'er the troubled land.  
Now vex'd that Discord and the Baneful Train  
That tends on Discord, fled the neighb'ring plain,  
She rag'd to madness: when the Guardian came,  
And downwards drove her with a sword of flame.  
A mountain gaping to the Nether Hell  
Receiv'd the Fury railing as she fell:  
The mountain closing o'er the Fury lies,  
And stops her passage where she means to rise,  
And when she strives, or shifts her side for ease,  
All Britain rocks amidst her circling seas.

Now Peace returning after tedious woes  
Restores the comforts of a calm repose:  
Then bid the Warriors sheath their sanguin'd arms,  
Bid Angry Trumpets cease to sound Alarms,  
Guns leave to thunder in the tortur'd air,  
Red streaming colours furl around the spear,  
And each contending realm no longer jarr,  
But pleas'd with rest unharness all the war.

She comes the Blessing comes, where'er she moves  
New springing Beauty all the land improves:  
More heaps of fragrant flow'rs the field adorn,  
More sweet the Birds salute the Rosy Morn,  
More lively Green refreshes all the leaves,  
And in the Breeze the corn more thickly waves.  
She comes the Blessing comes in easy state,

And Forms of Brightness all around her wait:  
Here smiling Safety with her bosom bare  
Securely walks, and chearful Plenty there;  
Here wond'rous Sciences with Eagles sight,  
There Liberal Arts which make the world polite,  
And open Traffick joining hand in hand  
With honest Industry, approach the land.

O welcome long desir'd and lately found!  
Here fix thy seat upon the British ground,  
Thy Shining Train around the Nation send,  
While by degrees the loading Taxes end:  
While Caution, calm yet still prepar'd for arms,  
And Foreign Treaties, guard from foreign harms:  
While equal Justice hearing ev'ry cause  
Makes ev'ry Subject join to love the laws.

Where Britain's Patriots in Council meet  
Let publick safety rest at Anna's feet:  
Let Oxford's schemes the Path to Plenty shew  
And through the realm increasing Plenty go.  
Let Arts and Sciences in glory rise,  
And pleas'd the world has leisure to be wise,  
Around their Oxford and their St. John stand,  
Like Plants that flourish by the Master's hand:  
And safe in hope the sons of Learning wait  
Where Learning's Self has fix'd her fair retreat.  
Let Traffick cherish'd by the Senate's care  
On all the seas employ the wafting air:  
And Industry with circulating wing  
Through all the land the goods of Traffick bring.  
The Blessings so dispos'd will long abide,  
Since Anna reigns, and Harley's thoughts preside;  
Great Ormond's arms the sword of Caution wield,  
And hold Britannia's broad-protecting Shield;  
Bright Bolingbroke and worthy Dartmouth treat  
By fair dispatch with ev'ry foreign State;  
And Harcourt's knowledge equitably shewn  
Makes Justice call his firm Decrees her own.

Thus all that Poets fanci'd Heav'n of old  
May for the nation's present Emblem hold:

There Jove imperial sway'd; Minerva wise,  
And Phœbus eloquent, adorn'd the skies;  
On Arts Cyllenius fix'd his full delight,  
Mars rein'd the War, and Themis judg'd the Right:  
All mortals once beneficently great,  
(As Fame reports) and rais'd in Heav'nly State;  
Yet sharing labours, still they shun'd repose,  
To shed the blessings down by which they rose.

Illustrious Queen, how Heav'n hath heard thy pray'rs,  
What stores of Happiness attend thy Cares!  
A Church in safety fix'd, a State in rest,  
A Faithful Ministry, a People bless'd,  
And Kings submissive at thy foot-stool thrown,  
That others Rights restore, or beg their own.  
Now rais'd with thankful mind, and rolling slow,  
In grand Procession to the temple go,  
By snow-white Horses drawn; while sounding Fame  
Proclaims thy coming, Praise exalts thy name,  
Fair Honour dress'd in robes adorns thy state,  
And on thy Train the crowded Nations wait,  
Who pressing view with what a temper'd grace  
The looks of Majesty compose thy face,  
And mingling Sweetness shines, or how thy dress  
And how thy Pomp an inward Joy confess,  
Then fill'd with Pleasures to thy glory due  
With Shouts the Chariot moving on pursue.

As when the Phœnix from Arabia flown,  
(If any Phœnix were like Anna known,)  
His spice at Phœbus Shrine prepar'd to lay,  
Where'er their Monarch cut his airy way  
The gath'ring Birds around the Wonder flew,  
And much admir'd his Shape and much his Hue,  
The tuft of Gold that glow'd above his head,  
His spacious Train with golden feathers spread,  
His gilded Bosom speck'd with purple pride,  
And both his Wings in glossy purple dy'd:  
He still pursues his way, with wond'ring eyes  
The Birds attend, and follow where he flies.

Thrice happy Britons, if at last you know,

'Tis less to conquer than to want a foe;  
That Triumphs still are made for War's decrease,  
When Men by Conquest rise to views of Peace;  
That over Toils for Peace in view we run,  
Which gain'd, the World is pleas'd, and War is done.  
Fam'd Blenheim's field, Ramillies noble seat,  
Blaregni's desperate act of gallant heat,  
Or wond'rous Winendale, are war pursu'd  
By wounds and deaths through plains with blood embru'd;  
But good Design to make the world be still,  
With human Grace adorns the needful Ill;  
This end obtain'd, we close the Scenes of rage  
And gentler Glories deck the rising age.

Such gentler Glories, such reviving days,  
The Nation's wishes, and the Statesman's praise,  
Now pleas'd to shine in golden Order throng,  
Demand our Annals and enrich our Song.  
Then go where Albion's Cliffs approach the skies,  
(The Fame of Albion so deserves to rise)  
And deep engrav'd for Time 'till Time shall cease,  
Upon the Stones their fair Inscription place.  
Iberia rent, the Pow'r of Gallia broke,  
Batavia rescu'd from the threat'ned Yoke,  
The royal Austrian rais'd, his Realms restor'd,  
Great Britain arm'd, triumphant and ador'd,  
Its State enlarg'd, its Peace restor'd again,  
Are Blessings all adorning Anna's Reign.

Thomas Parnell

# On Sr Charles Porter The Chancellours Death

& tis too true alas! we find, he's gonn,  
Virtue from earth a second time is flown,  
She onely then with her two sisters flew,  
But now since he, what ere were good withdrew;  
Uncertain where to fix, in him they lost their seat,  
& had But Heaven as a sure retreat.  
He Held ye scales when Justice Hand did shake:  
When He, youd think that wisdomes self did speak.  
He was with Honour blest, with Honesty, & praise,  
ev'n Blest with all we could desire but dayes:  
& those were much too few, for he is gon  
(Not for himself but for ye world) too soon.  
In him we found, & with him buried lies  
What ever poets gave their deity's,  
Joves Brow, Minervas learning, Hermes tongue  
Apollo's wisdom, yeares, & his still seeming young;  
The same sweet temper he to all did shew,  
& as his face his mind no wrinkle knew.  
He when with foes opprest was still ye same,  
Pittyng forgave, & smiling overcame.  
this glorious sunn, like Heavens, was o're cast  
By enymies, as that By clouds opprest,  
That keepest his lookes compos'd, & this his breast.  
Both do in glory sett, as both in glory reign,  
But this for ever, that to rise again.  
Perfections here as to their centre flowd,  
He was tho great, yet farr from being proud.  
Was gentle, liberall, & tho modest free,  
Gold has allay, nay ev'ry thing but he.  
yet is he tak'n away snatcht hence by heaven  
as if it seemd to envy what 't had given.  
But when we've such a loss—  
How can ye planetts shine ye cloudes not melt to rain  
But ev'ry thing their wonted course retain.  
Heav'n in our sorrow cannot have a share  
We've lost a god on earth 't has got a saint a starr

Thomas Parnell



## On The Castle Of Dublin, Anno 1715

This House and Inhabitants both well agree,  
And resemble each other as near can be;  
One half is decay'd, and in want of a Prop,  
The other new built, but not finish'd a-top.

Thomas Parnell

# On The Death Of Mr. Viner

Is Viner Dead? and shall each Muse become  
Silent as Death, and as his Musick Dumb?  
Shall he depart without a poet's Praise,  
Who oft to Harmony has tun'd their Lays?  
Shall he, who knew the Elegance of Sound,  
Find no one voice to sing him to the Ground?  
musick and poetry are Sister-Arts,  
Shew a like Genius, and consenting Hearts:  
My Soul with his is secretly ally'd,  
And I am forc'd to speak, since viner dy'd.  
Oh that my Muse, as once his Notes, could swell!  
That I might all his Praises fully tell;  
That I might say with how much skill he play'd,  
How nimbly four extended Strings survey'd;  
How Bow and Fingers, with a noble Strife,  
Did raise the vocal fiddle into Life;  
How various Sounds, in various Order rang'd,  
By unobserv'd Degrees minutely chang'd;  
Thro' a vast Space could in Divisions run,  
Be all distinct, yet all agree in One:  
And how the fleeter Notes could swiftly pass,  
And skip alternately from Place to Place;  
The Strings could with a sudden Impulse bound,  
Speak every Touch, and tremble into Sound.

The liquid Harmony, a tuneful Tide,  
Now seem'd to rage, anon wou'd gently glide;  
By Turns would ebb and flow, would rise and fall,  
Be loudly daring, or be softly small:  
While all was blended in one common Name,  
Wave push'd on Wave, and all compos'd a Stream.

The diff'rent tones melodiously combin'd,  
Temper'd with Art, in sweet Confusion join'd;  
The Soft, the Strong, the Clear, the Shrill, the Deep,  
Would sometimes soar aloft, and sometimes creep;  
While ev'ry Soul upon his Motions hung,  
As tho' it were in tuneful Concert strung.  
His Touch did strike the Fibres of the Heart,

And a like Trembling secretly impart;  
Where various Passions did by Turns succeed,  
He made it chearful, and he made it bleed;  
Could wind it up into a glowing Fire,  
Then shift the Scene, and teach it to expire.

Oft have I seen him on a Publick Stage,  
Alone the gaping Multitude engage;  
The Eyes and Ears of each Spectator draw,  
Command their Thoughts, and give their Passions Law;  
While other Musick in Oblivion drown'd,  
Seem'd a dead Pulse, or a neglected Sound.

Alas! he's gone, our Great Apollo's dead,  
And all that's sweet and tuneful with him fled.  
hibernia—with one universal Cry,  
Laments its Loss, and speaks his elegy.  
Farewel, thou Author of refin'd Delight,  
Too little known, too soon remov'd from Sight;  
Those Fingers, which such Pleasure did convey,  
Must now become to stupid Worms a prey:  
Thy grateful fiddle with for ever stand  
A silent Mourner for its master's Hand:  
Thy art is only to be match'd Above,  
Where Musick reigns, and in that Musick Love:  
Where Thou wilt with the happy chorus join,  
And quickly Thy melodious soul refine  
To the exalted pitch of Harmony Divine.

Thomas Parnell

## On The Number Three

Beauty rests not in one fix'd Place,  
But seems to reign in every Face;  
'Tis nothing sure, but Fancy then,  
In various Forms bewitching Men;  
Or is it Shape and Colour fram'd,  
Proportion just, and woman nam'd?  
If Fancy only rul'd in Love,  
Why shou'd it then so strongly move?  
Or why shou'd all that Look, agree  
To own its mighty Pow'r in three?  
In Three it shews a different Face,  
Each shining with peculiar Grace;  
Kindred a Native Likeness gives,  
Which pleases, as in All it lives;  
And where the Features disagree,  
We praise the dear Variety.  
Then Beauty surely ne'er was yet,  
So much unlike it self and so complete.

Thomas Parnell

# On The Trust

Think England what it is to shake,  
& better use your King,  
His power raisd the frozen snake,  
& Must he when he hears it speak,  
find how the tongue can sting?  
Trustees you make in long debates,  
Which he is forcd to give;  
While by your trust the rebell getts,  
The subject looses bought estates,  
& the oppressors live.  
Pitty us heaven, & lend your aid,  
Anothers intrest sett us free,  
& now it gives us slavery,  
Thus weakness is a property,  
& Greatness still obeyd.  
The men whose heavy arms we feel  
By Politicks are good or ill,  
Deceiving, or deceivd;  
Their law is founded on their will,  
& our's by that inslavd.  
Against their princes acts they rise,  
& in their princes name;  
The sly intreaguing factions choice,  
& erring patriots shame.  
So Dunghill foggs by fiery rays  
To saucy empire scale,  
Obscure the royall planetts face,  
With pride supply a lofty place,  
& with out pitty fall.

Thomas Parnell

# On Ye Bishop Of Meaths Death

Mourn widdowd Iland, Mourn, your Pan is dead.  
Mourn ye unhappy flocks your Sheapherd Pan is fled;  
Around your grief in dolefull straines convey,  
& Lett ym in sad Eccho's dy away,  
As sympathising wth their masters care,  
As if they felt th' unlucky newes they bear,  
Of this so true a saint heav'n seem'd to send him here.  
To shew how good in innocence we were:  
So true a saint.—  
We thought he was no man, but from ye skyes  
(as there were oft of old) some angell in disguise,  
But see to undeceive us to our grief, he dies.  
He was with so good thoughts so freely springing blest,  
ye divine garden so few briars did molest,  
As if a Paradise were in his breast.  
Serene his mind as heaven did appear;  
His lookes serene as mercy's self might wear;  
His actions might in Justice scales be try'd;  
When ere he speak & heav'n a theam suppli'd,  
Hed melt ye rockiest hearts like Moses to a tide.  
But now he setts, his paines & toiles are o're,  
& heav'n rewards ye seer with all his store:  
He's spent wth doing good, & now lies down at ease  
Stretcht on ye Pillows of æternall peace.  
So ye fam'd Pithian Priestess when her soul  
With ye demanded Oracle is full,  
Vext with ye God yt rages in her breast,  
Nature is tir'd, her spirits are opprest,  
She flyes to sacred groves, & sinkes away to rest.

Thomas Parnell

# On Ye Plott Against King William

Rome when she could King Pyrrhus Life have bought  
She scornd a triumph So ignobly gott,  
The treason & ye traitor both disdaind,  
& ever Justly conquerd ever Justly reignd.  
But (Like an Affrick) England serpents bears  
Which would their parent country's bowels teare,  
Our better Genius tumble Headlong down,  
& sett our evil one upon ye throne.  
The Titans wickedness nere reacht so high,  
They fought but for ye empire of ye sky,  
When Jove unjustly held the soveraignity.  
That Godlike soul which doth inform our state  
Gerion-like, ye'de conquer by deceit.  
Ye in one stroke would make three kingdomes bleed,  
& Leave our Iles as nile without a head.  
Cease fooles with Hellish plotts to wrack your brain,  
Ye Cannot wound a God, ye strive in vain;  
Ixions fate again is acted here,  
He for a Deity imbrac't, ye wounded, air.

Thomas Parnell

# On Ye Queens Death

The Persians us'd at setting of ye sunn  
To howl, as if he nere again should runn  
They onely acted it but we indeed  
Must doot for all that lovely was is fled  
all that was great good Just & vertuous Dead.  
The poets of ye graces do relate  
that they did upon none but Venus wait  
'Tis false or this was she for in each eye  
of hers ten thousand graces you might spy  
So many her vertues were Death heard ym told  
Mistook ye for her dayes & thought her old  
yet she is gone all that was lovely fled,  
all that was great good Just & vertuous dead  
When Romulus was taken to ye gods  
& Ceesar mounted to ye blest abodes  
in floods & earth-quakes nature Largely grievd  
for these her Heroes heaven had receivd  
She wept indeed then now she cannot weep  
the stillness of ye waves but shows ye deep  
the greatness of ye Loss putts all her faculties asleep.

Thomas Parnell



# Once Pope Under Jevais Resolv'd To Adventure

Once Pope under Jevais resolv'd to adventure  
& from a Good Poet Pope turn'd an ill painter  
So from a Good Painter Charles Jervais we hope  
May turn an ill Poet by living with Pope  
Then Each may perform the true parts of a friend  
While each will have something to blame or commend

Thomas Parnell

# Out Of Greek

The things that Mortals love are mortal too  
& swiftly transient fleet before the view  
Or if with man a longer while they stay  
Man swiftly transient fleets himself away.

Thomas Parnell

# Phillis I Long Yr Powr Have Ownd

Phillis I long yr powr have ownd  
& you still gently swayd  
Now nature has yr charms dethrond  
& time your chain decayd  
Both are wth such perversness curst  
they still would bliss destroy  
this change approves tho' for ye worst  
that makes the best things cloy  
try then the forces of disdain  
Since kindness wins not me  
for know you must to rule again  
another woman be.

Thomas Parnell

# Piety: Or, The Vision

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,  
When chearful morning sprung with rising red,  
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,  
And best the Vision draws its heav'nly scene;  
'Twas then, as slumb'ring on my couch I lay,  
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,  
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,  
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;  
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,  
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;  
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,  
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,  
Her rayment glitt'ring seem'd a silver white,  
And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Strait as I gaz'd my fear and wonder grew,  
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view,  
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd  
That sail'd as guardians in her azure cloud,  
Fann'd the soft air and downward seem'd to glide,  
And to my lips a living coal applied;  
Then while the warmth on all my pulses ran,  
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began.

'Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,  
'The seats of Music, and the seats of Love,  
'Thence I descend, and piety my name,  
'To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,  
'To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,  
'And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs;  
'Be thou my bard.' A vial here she caught,  
(An angel's hand the chrystal vial brought)  
And as with awful sound the word was said,  
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head,  
Then thus proceeded. 'Be thy muse thy zeal,  
'Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal;  
'While other pencils flatt'ring forms create,  
'And paint the gawdy plumes that deck the great;  
'While other pens exalt the vain delight,

'Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;  
'Or others softly sing in idle lines,  
'How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;  
'More wisely thou select a theme divine;  
'Tis Fame's their recompence, 'tis Heav'n is thine.

'Despise the fervours of unhallow'd fire,  
'Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire,  
'Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,  
'Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth;  
'Like working seas, that when loud Winters blow,  
'Not made for rising, only rage below:  
'Mine is a great, and yet a lasting heat,  
'More lasting still, as more intensely great,  
'Produc'd where pray'r, and praise, and pleasure breathe,  
'And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.

'Unpaint the Love that hov'ring over beds,  
'From glitt'ring pinions guilty pleasure sheds,  
'Restore the colour to the golden mines  
'With which behind the feather'd idol shines;  
'To flow'ring greens give back their native care,  
'The rose and lily never his to wear;  
'To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath,  
'Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom Death;  
'His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,  
'And fork and point them with eternal flame.

'But urge thy pow'rs, thine utmost voice advance,  
'Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance,  
'Tis Love that angels praise, and men adore,  
'Tis Love Divine that asks it all and more:  
'Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,  
'Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way,  
'And all in glory wrapt, thro' paths untrod,  
'Pursue the great unseen descent of GOD!  
'Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,  
'The child is GOD! and call him Jesus here;  
'He comes; but where to rest? a manger's nigh,  
'Make the great being in a manger lye;  
'Fill the wide skies with angels on the wing,  
'Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing:

'Let men afflict him, men he came to save,  
'And still afflict him, 'till he reach the grave;  
'Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,  
'And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;  
'I'll bathe my tresses there, my pray'rs rehearse,  
'And glide in flames of love along thy verse.

'Hah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,  
'My raptures smother what I long to tell!  
'Tis GOD! a present GOD! thro' cleaving air  
'I see the throne! I see the Jesus there!  
'Plac'd on the right; he shows the wounds he bore!  
'(My fervours oft have won him thus before)  
'How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear,  
'He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near.'

She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread,  
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;  
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,  
And sweep their iv'ry lutes, and sing aloud;  
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky  
Is tun'd to wond'rous music, as they fly;  
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,  
And faint their softness, till they fail below.

My downy sleep the warmth of Phoebus broke,  
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke;  
Thou beauteous Vision on the soul imprest,  
When most my reason wou'd appear to rest!  
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights  
Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights;  
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,  
White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.  
I'll mount the roving wind's expanded wing,  
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;  
( 'Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,  
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.

But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,  
I take for truth the flatt'ries of a dream;  
And barely wish the wond'rous gift I boast,  
And faintly practise what deserves it most.

'Indulgent lord! whose gracious love displays  
Joys in the light, and fills the dark with ease;  
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss,  
Or be, to bless my nights, my dreams like this.

Thomas Parnell

## Prop: 2, L: 11 E: Quicunque &C

Vast was his soul some favorite above  
Whose bolder pencil made a boy of love  
A boy he thought him lovers less then boyes  
Who barter all things for a crop of toys  
He wisely too his roving pow'r bestowd—  
& in unconstant feathers drest the God  
for now we love anon we hate ye same  
Fantastick passion varyes all extreams  
Justly he drew him for his play things darts  
The little wanton sports with bleeding hearts  
Justly he drew them to my cost Ive found  
Unseen they fly & still secure to wound  
his arms & younger follis fill my heart  
But he has lost or hid his better part  
His wings no more their heav'nly burthen bear  
He sits an everlasting trouble here  
My bloud he fires torments my wretched breast  
Drains all my bones & robs my soul of rest  
Cease cruell master fly to fuller veines  
Your slave is wasted with incessant pains  
Imploy your force on something I alas  
Am but the shadow of the man I was  
Why shoud I dy who live but for your use  
& to your part debauch the virgin muse  
Who write of nought but arrows flames & eyes  
& sing your brightest servants to the skyes.

Thomas Parnell



## Ps 67

Have mercy mercy Lord on us  
& grant thy blessed grace  
Direct us in ye way of life  
By th' sunshine of thy face  
So all the nations on the earth  
Shall praise my god & king  
& when they see thy saving health  
Shall in a chorus sing.  
Let all thy people praise thy name  
& lift their voice on high  
Let ym extoll it so with shouts  
That heav'n may ring with Joy  
Rejoyce o earth thy gods thy Judge  
Be glad who righteous are  
He'le rule ye world with equity  
& govern it with fear  
Let all thy people praise thy name  
& lift their voice on high  
Let ym extoll it so with shouts  
that heav'n may ring with Joy  
Then god shall open heavens gates  
& pour down all his store  
he shall you bless with great encrease  
& you shall him adore.

Thomas Parnell

## Ps: 113

Ye who ye Ld of host adore  
O praise his name alone  
O send his praises to ye skyes  
Untill they reach his throne  
his throne who's ever ever blest  
Whose great whose holy name  
still great still holy will endure  
Who ever is ye same  
Morning & night letts praise yt god  
Who gave us morn & night.  
Above all thinges yt are he is  
Above ye heav'ns his might  
tell of his mercy humbleness  
yt tho so high he be  
yet he will stoop to mind such poor  
such wretched things as we  
Tell of his Justice too yt from  
A mean & lowly state  
ye poor & innocent he does  
among ev'n princes sett  
Those who with barrenness were curst  
he blesses wth increase,  
That happy thus in all they wish  
They might his goodness praise.

Thomas Parnell

## Ps: 116

Ime Pleasd that Heaven hears my cry,  
Regards me when I pray,  
Ime pleasd, & in a gratefull Joy,  
Will worship every day.  
God heard my voice, & I escapd,  
Tho death had spread his snare,  
Tho hell with horrid pleasure gapd  
to be my sepulchre.  
& when with troubles Ime besett  
again Ile call on thee,  
Ah help the wretch that cry's for aid,  
My God deliver me.  
How Just how gracious is the Lord,  
How mercyfull is he?  
He to the simple help affords,  
Yes, he has succourd me.  
Then rest my soul secure from fear,  
Since he so kind has been,  
Since he has kept my eyes from tears,  
My sliding feet from sin.  
Tis he who keeps me living still,  
& when sore vext I cryd;  
Since mankind is as weak as ill,  
In him I must confide.  
How shall I then the God reward  
Who did my all bestow?  
To pray, & thank, & praise thee Lord,  
Is all that I can do.  
In publick will I pay my vows,  
& tell thy mercy's ore,  
Tell how our lives are precious  
to thee, whom we adore.  
Behold me Lord, for I am thine,  
My parents so have been;  
Behold me Lord, for thou art mine,  
By thee I'me freed from sin.  
Then all shall hear my ready tongue,  
Extoll thy name on high,  
That all by my example won,

May praise as well as I.

Thomas Parnell

## Satyr I. A Letter To A Friend. On Poets.

Poets are bound by ye severest rules,  
the great ones must be mad, ye little all are fools,  
thus wñ. I rime 'tis at my own expence,  
to please my friend, I drop my claim to sence.  
but now ye greater sway wch custome bears,  
to forfeit souls in oaths, or sence in verse?  
the using of an ill has so much power,  
stamp it a fashion, & its ill no more.  
since then ye humour so extremely reigns,  
that ye gay folly every brest unbends,  
let me beneath ye common shadow hide  
the fault's not mine thats all ye worlds beside.  
say then if passion, discontent, or ease  
sho'd e're your friend wth poetry possess,  
for these, and want, ye muses setters seeme,  
to draw in cullies to their loosing game,  
how may I know yepath I ought to tread,  
for 'tis in all mens natures to succeed  
some one way more than any else beside.  
fancy the reigning planet of yer. mind  
guides poets, & like her they're unconfi'd;  
a bounded genius will attempt to prove,  
the stings of satyr, & ye flames of love,  
Jear folly, virtue by example praise,  
& move our passions & or. language raise  
happy one way but one he'l scorn to chuse  
so much or. wilder hopes our parts abuse.  
Durfy more luckily employs his quill  
weak as he is he knows his talent still.  
Wñ C---r taught how plays debauch't ye age  
he left to V---ke to defend the stage,  
in ruffall ballad humbly pleas'd to rage.  
how great & undisturb'd by censuring foes  
might eithers fame beneath thier wreaths repose  
had B---l nere written verse nor C---ve prose.  
B---r in Epicks may be still inspir'd,  
by men of sence approv'd by all ye rest admir'd  
let him of Williams thicken'd lawrells sing  
while for himself from every page they spring

& that shall crowne ye poet wch adorns ye King  
 but nere to tread in scandalls rougher ways  
 again depart ye peacefull realms of praise.  
 we read his satyr & his wit allow,  
 we read & own the blended malice too.  
 but oft his muse shows an unpointed tooth  
 Wn. a just turn of verse don't raise ye illnaturd truth  
 low puns for wit his lines do often fill  
 & oft he rambles in too loose a stile;  
 the biting satyr fights in closer file.  
 laborious T---te has many methods try'd,  
 to know wt. happy way he may succeed,  
 A play or two employ'd his hopes at first,  
 far from ye best, a little from ye worst,  
 then bits of foreign poets to or. tongue,  
 more happily he brought, more sweetly sung,  
 flush'd with success, he rises up from hence,  
 to rescue David at his own expence.  
 so have I known some painters wn. a face  
 in spight of all their touches wants to please  
 turn up its eys & alter all its dress  
 the auction piece a flowing glory wears,  
 & where the syren fail'd; ye saint appears.  
 Now I, who proudly authors thus arraign,  
 am, may be, envious thought, & may be vain,  
 but if my lines can gain one friends esteem,  
 or my diversion be, 'tis all my aim,  
 I never bid perhaps nere shall for fame.  
 Nay sho'd I find my censures too severe,  
 Ide in my changing prove my temper fair,  
 and see with joy an error disappear;  
 let Dennis rules for writing well lay downe,  
 believe wt he prescribes his play has done,  
 a preface write to shew he dos not faile,  
 Till Hypers to himself ye fop reveale.

Thomas Parnell

## Satyr Ii. To T:--- M.---Y. On Law.

Health & advice an old acquaintance sends,  
Health & advice, the wish & debt of friends,  
Tis fitt I teach the templar how to thrive,  
Who teaches me with temperance to live.  
Be still then murmuring Clients for a while,  
Ye noisy four Court walls awhile be still,  
Splitt with hard banter, & the Lawyers tongue,  
Now Give a gentler Eccho to my song.  
Of Law I sing, inspire my weaker pen,  
Lost Suits, & pleaders little usd to gain.

That angry Justice to her heaven went  
There seems not so confesd an argument,  
As Lawyers thriving in her name below,  
When were she here again, again she'd go.  
Thus courtiers, if a Kings from care wthdrawn,  
Rise without meritt, & with fraud rule on.

All Law was conscience once, unmixd wth tricks,  
Found out by interest, or for politicks:  
To his award each happy village stands,  
Whose awfull virtue most respect commands,  
Nor bribes, nor favour swayd the rigid man,  
But all his acts in golden order ran;  
Till love of gain, or fame, found out ye croud,  
& rose by seeming good, above the good.  
From this gross error to relieve their lands  
Projecting patriots gave their helping hands:  
Then Laws were putt in writing, courts were reard,  
& Men for forehead, & strong lungs preferrd,  
A friend or whore became a heightning clause,  
& mony grew the meritt of the cause.

Woud you be taught your paths of gain to tread,  
But man wants little teaching to be bad,  
Gett impudence, each nation has its share,  
Or something which does wondrous like appear,  
Scotch confidence, the vanity of France,  
The surly English air, the Irish ignorance,

All stand for this, or up to this advance.  
 Letts hear the other side, the Judge commands,  
 & Tully rises with his brief in hand,  
 Tully so known, so little heard of late,  
 But bauling Matho wont give over yet,  
 Forbid & shameless still he quotes ye lawes  
 Till want of time & his unceasing noise,  
 Staves of a Judgement or obtains the cause.  
 Thus what the first of every term he gaines,  
 So great a family so well maintaines.  
 Poor modesty, as old records declare,  
 Was starvd to death behind the foremost barr.  
 Have many words, nor spare ye breath you sell,  
 Your Clients pleasd you labour, tho' you fail;  
 Hence fluent Nevolus his great success,  
 Smoothly he utters, finds his words with ease,  
 his reasons places in the clearest light,  
 & pleads with humour, where he has not right.  
 Livy, whose country talks upon his words,  
 Shows reason, reason if the cause affords,  
 & by his happy fault of speaking long  
 Makes some believe he shows it in ye wrong.  
 Your terms are too of wondrous consequence,  
 To dazzle ignorance, & puzzle sence.  
 & many private tricks besides are known,  
 Which practise finds, or custom has sett down.  
 Young Brutus, who so quickly came in play,  
 To gainfull fame found this effectuall way,  
 In formâ pauperis much he undertook,  
 As men who fish take worm upon ye hook,  
 & to be often heard, for nothing often spoke.  
 With this last rule I close my whole advice,  
 Take all you can, he looses who deny's,  
 Who by one side is usd may honest be,  
 But he is rich who takes of both his fee.  
 & least you want a story of your art,  
 Hear how began this double-dealing part.

In times of yore, & Æsops vocall grove,  
 When fingers talkd of something else then Love,  
 The hands fell out, the plaintiff, left maintaind,  
 The right in all things tho unjustly reignd.



Then this her plea, that had her answer heard,  
This brought deponents, that Cross bills preferred.  
After a Long debate to make them pay,  
(for you as well may hope to gett away,  
for nought, as almost nought) the Judges say,  
What ere the world in other things intends,  
To shew how much we wish relations friends,  
As often as we can, the court decrees,  
To use you both alike in taking fees

Thomas Parnell

## Satyr Iii. Virtue

Is virtue something reall here below  
Or but an Idle name & empty show  
While on this head I take my thoughts to task  
Methinks young Freedom answers wt I ask  
In his own moralls thus the Spark goes on  
Or thus if he were here he might have don

In what wild hill or unfrequented plain  
hast thou been bred so ignorant of men  
Such doubts in such a world to entertain  
Or has thy father had an hopefull son  
by Colledge education quite undon  
& therefore wisely gave his others none  
Believe me Sr that what you faign woud know  
is but a word to signify a show  
Often it is 'tis often not designd  
& still it makes a riddle of the mind.  
Now see how evidently this appears  
in the clear language of particulars.

All men do Sporus very chast esteem  
But does he rule his will or nature him  
What he might be himself he little knows  
Who never had a passion to oppose  
he must be chast with out a world of pains  
for all his virtue is his impotence.

Damon the hottest rakell of the town  
has his cast misses on the common thrown  
No signs of great repentance does he show  
But the mans bound his wife's his virtue now

Nor friends nor glorious wine nor sparkling witt  
Makes Codrus ere beyond a bottle sitt  
this is his temperance his acquaintance say  
& att the barr they give him leave to pay  
But they forgett that Codrus is so poor  
& all his virtue may be want of more

A sexton scarcely can resolve to ring  
But Cotta flies as on devotions wing  
tows his old aunt in black to every prayer  
Whines as he goes & prays aloud when there  
thus to be Guardian when she dies he'll gett  
his virtue is the hopes of pow'r to cheat

thus various mankind cou'd I quickly trace  
& show how fondly we mistake their wayes  
how something which they are not oft they seem  
& how that something brings them in esteem  
but to be short with in my self I feel  
too deeply rooted all the seeds of ill  
Mad passions reason not invincible  
& chance to be misguided in my will  
Why shoud I think another has not these  
is he more perfect man or am I less.

To such a loose harangue on t'other side  
My honest Trueman woud have thus replyd  
While by yr own you blame anothers soul  
You must go wrong & ye illbiasd bowl  
bear on a falser ground at every roul  
tis granted where the moralls run awry  
there your reflections very justly ly  
but think you there are none to good inclin'd  
from the meer sway of reason on their mind  
think you that every one woud rather be  
Slave to his passions then from passion free  
for such they are who have no powr to stay  
When every weak temptation calls away  
Curio is summon'd to Corinna's house  
Cross is his father cruell is her spouse  
the dangers great but Curio must be gon  
a pleasure tempts a passion hurry's on  
Nor are the troubles which pursue it all  
for you may feel the very fetters gall  
Dispair & hope with lingring pangs remain  
Sorrow & Joy give much a quicker pain  
& love & hate in wild convulsions reign.  
When with their proper objects these attack  
tis to be virtuous then to drive 'em back

entrenchd with in ye rules wch prudence makes  
tis virtue still an æquall mind to bear  
Nor swoln wth hope nor too depressed wth fear  
to lett the Man secure from passion move  
in reasons orb serenely plac'd above  
tis Virtue to maintain your country's cause  
Support your king while he supports her laws  
nor in th' oppressing of a kingdom share  
for fifteen hundred English pounds a year  
paid down by order of ye Commons here  
tis virtue & the highest mentiond yet  
to think religion not a trick of state

Nature has fooles who know not of this way  
& fooles alone have priviledge to stray  
But if a Competence of Sense she give  
& the receivers do not upright live  
their different failures do such words create  
as Atheist traytor villain rakehell cheat  
defamer pander whore knight of ye post  
& hypocrites a Common name for most  
Most strive to varnish their prevailing vice  
& grant with ease when they succeed in this  
the Case the same where the appearance is  
but goodness ever has the same appeard  
While no design is still upon its guard  
the best is onely but ye best begun  
Sooner or later by its self undon

Ore peaceful citts the hectring bullys reign  
But while they hector so they know their men  
Shoud they vex one at last to Cudgells bred  
the masque of valour wont protect ye head  
While the tough cane insults the shining blade

I scorn in verity old Gripus cry's  
this swearing this unprofitable vice  
but mony mollifys the wretches scorn  
& he who hates to swear will be forsworn

thus ill men never fail of being known  
how sly so e're a vizard they put on

but still the good both seem & are ye same  
unmovd by passion, int'rest, humour, fame  
tis thus that they deserve ye name of men  
by ruling of themselves they empires gain  
& laugh at fortune raisd above her reign.

Thomas Parnell

## Satyr Iv. The Pretty Gentleman

Where Creditors their bankrupt debtors stow  
Where men for want of coin to durance go  
& are for being wretched made more so  
Where poor W---G---could months abide  
When all his credit would not him provide  
with one nights lodging any where beside  
there on a bed by moths half eat away  
Damon ye witt ye generous ye gay  
the heir of Eighteen hundred sterling lay  
Sullen with grief impatient to endure  
& yet oppressed with what he could not cure  
Long did his thoughts upon his Sorrows dwell  
then they on generall reflections fell  
for still the mind by private ills aggrieved  
Is by the thought of common ills relieved  
this soths ye spleen while that creates despair  
One you ingross in 'tother others share

Alass he crys how many have I known  
by giddy pleasures & ymselves undon  
We hunt for happiness on eager speed  
& have a chance that we may all succeed  
reason & passion draw ye different views  
& we're all blessed according as we chuse  
but to our reason seldom we attend  
tho' all our hopes upon that choice depend  
see ye degrees thou heedless creature man  
by which the passions on ye mind obtain  
as in ye pretty Gentleman suppose  
for instance how in him yr empire grows  
up from his swadling to his beauish clothes

Scarce can his tongue in tripping accents rove  
but the nurse lulls him wth wild tales of love  
Where a kings son as many such have been  
dyes for ye youngest daughter of a queen  
these mold his temper till he learns to read  
& then romantick authors fill his head  
Where honour in enamell'd armour bleeds

for love thats errant on ye milk white steed  
how his eyes dance when magick Castles fly  
When beautyes freed how pants his heart for Joy  
how much what ere he reads he longs to try  
When he can Nature more distinctly see  
he finds such things as these coud never be  
Yet still the prejudice is on his Soul  
& love & honour must his actions rule  
then that he may their due proportions trace  
playes following nature he will follow playes  
at these he dresses talkes fightes loves from these  
he railles at buisness wch he does not know  
because ye poett who had none did so  
In wine & whores & games his guinnys run  
because the like in such a part is don  
thats drawn with art to please ye lookers on  
to repeat verse & with a grace be leud  
is gay is Dorimant & must be good  
But when his fullgrown witt a figure makes  
Without a guide agreably he rakes  
Nor the stage longer for a pattern takes  
himself a mode a man of airs a beau  
Nay poet too—as far as songs will go  
thus with a world of pains the work is past  
& he's an entertaining fool at last  
he does the men of buisness pittty move  
the men of Moralls soberly reprove  
the tradesmen cheat him—but the Ladies love.

As on this head he woud have spoken more  
the Jailour happend to unlock the door  
to lett him know his creditors did wait  
to make him sell if he woud freedom gett  
At least three quarters of his whole estate

Thomas Parnell

## Satyr IX. The State Of Love Imitated Fm An Elegy Of Mons:R Desportes

In the st season of the infant earth  
When all from Chaos took their orderd birth  
When mankind from the hand of heaven came  
All pure & white ere vice had gott a name  
But evry act with innocence indu'd  
Was more by nature then from knowledge good  
Love mighty powr did graciously descend  
grew fond of man & here wth man remaind  
In their unsullyd hearts he chose to stay  
their bliss anights their buisness all the day  
Nor wonder if in such he made abode  
No temples better can befitt a god  
His gentle influence did their soules inspire  
Each found a mate nor wanted amorous fire  
Evn when injoyment had allayd desire  
Secure of sweet content they daily livd  
Content unmixd with fears to be deceivd  
their tongues their reall sentiments disclosd  
Nor studyd language on the ears imposd  
their eyes an undissembling flame expresst  
& they who felt it most coud speak it least  
desert & softness love or beauty were  
their onely arts to make a yielding fair  
Plain undesigning love that never knew  
to practise crueltys as Empire grew  
to fashion smiles with managd airs to court  
& wound a tender breast in barb'rous sport  
twas more then riches riches coud not move  
the meanest thought them not a price for love

But when the vices to a head increast  
& all this age of downy pleasure ceast  
when gold by glistening showd its dark abode  
& fickleness began to be the mode  
When feigning was by way of breeding taught  
& onely worth his wealth the lover thought  
When first to speak the mind was reckond shame



& masqd hypocrisy took honours name  
the fatall change with anger Cupid saw  
& thus bespoke ym ready to withdraw

Hence lett us hence with Just abhorrence go  
for ill their happyness these mortalls know  
Who slight the mighty favours I bestow

then darting upwards soon ye clouds he gaind  
& hung in air his purpose thus explaind

You shall repent ungratefull race you shall  
& know too late the Joyes from whence you fall  
the loss regretting by your selves undon  
who true contentments heavnly blisses shun  
& after false appearing pleasures run  
Since all in common do my Godhead slight  
On all in common shall my fury light

& first on men who wont their hours employ  
In my soft paths of simple artless Joy  
Who woud be free tho for the worse you change  
My powr shall thus my slighted gifts revenge  
Henceforth your charmers shall be versd in arts  
Not loving faithless & designing hearts  
the tend'rest shall their pittty least obtain  
they'le feel a pride ore many slaves to reign  
to make believing fooles then give ym pain  
their look their smile their action their intent  
Shall all against your peace of Soul be bent  
Now hope restraining when it forward bears  
Now quickning hope when you're restraind by fears  
Oft seeming kind then scrupulously nice  
& mixing as it were their flames with Ice  
to keep confusd irresolute & rackt  
those bosoms they by various wayes distract  
What pains you then shall feel wt rage express  
How many purposes to love ym less  
How many oaths to shun their sight you'le swear  
Which never shall be kept against the fair  
A tear a word thats feignd shall soon restore  
their empire & enslave their rebells more

No matter what you saw you must believe  
for strange enchantments may the sight deceive

Nay more Ile change my quiver bow & darts  
to make mad work within your alterd hearts  
Nor ever give the pleasing wounds I usd  
Ere you my empire scornd my laws refusd  
Here one a nymph that is deformd shall fire  
another one to honour lost admire  
& while all night by others she's embracd  
The wretch shall doat because she acts the chast  
Some shall be prodigall their end to gain  
Nor know that who gives most shall least obtain  
their hopes will still be fed but never don  
to keep them still in play & loving on  
In short Ile make them feel & own it pain  
to live beneath inconstant womans chain  
& know their folly when they scornd my reign

& You ye women shall confess it too  
repenting that you ere from me withdrew  
You who have given wealth its powr to move  
& triumph ore the sacred rites of love  
Who vice to virtue ignorance to parts  
& mony can prefer to faithfull hearts  
Who think to sell your selves is nothing mean  
& from the prostituted bed reap gain  
You never never shall again perceive  
the wondrous sweets that mutuall passions have  
but for their mighty riches love the great  
While even they shall win you by deceit  
their purpose in inveagling flattrys hide  
& the lost creatures whom they gain deride  
then leaving those that can be new no more  
the self same arts to others practise ore  
by such poor victorys to boast adress  
& the faint glorys of their fame increase

As Huntsmen when they have a hare in view  
Fird & impatient eagerly pursue  
Now ore the mountains now across the plains  
& for a little take a world of pains

Unwari'd still they follow with delight  
fond of the hunting tho the game they slight  
Just so the great their amorous chace shall run  
Nor ought to gain you shall be left undon  
With oaths & sighs & tears they will assail  
but love no more when ever these prevail  
Unmindfull then of what had causd their cares  
for other beautys they display their snares

While you who soon perceive their broken faith  
their oaths no more esteemd then common breath  
tho never by my flame divine inspird  
Shall inly with a rage of soul be fird  
All spight to find your flatterd charms contemnd  
& mad to see another more esteemd  
for Justly thus my anger does ordain  
that you shoud each create ye others pain

When Cupid thus had spoke his wings he spread  
& with redoubled springs to heaven fled  
Nor were in Idle air his curses lost  
Succeeding ages found them to their cost

Ah Madam you alas have found them true  
The prophesy is made too good on you  
You've had the great become your beautys slave  
& by experience know the great deceive  
& tho' those starrs of love your charming eyes  
Outshine the brightness of the midday skys  
tho' your complexion with the morning vies  
tho all the Graces which around you wait  
Dwell on each part & fill up beautys state  
Tho the bright virtues which within remain  
Might promise you an everlasting reign  
You see the heart was givn to you before  
at a new shrine anothers charms adore  
But cease my lovely weeper cease to mourn  
The fair that triumphs now will have her turn  
No charm against inconstancy secures  
You know the lovers fire but short endures  
& she'le forsaken meet a fate like yours



## Satyr V. Verse

Thou soft Engager of my tender years  
Divertive verse now come & ease my cares  
The Rake has wine the aged knave ye view  
Of what his death bed Charity will do  
to lay his cares & mine are layd by you  
You give my mind when I unbend relief  
Raise ev'ry Joy & lessen ev'ry grief  
Nor do I onely these thy comforts find  
thy comforts are diffusive to mankind  
The men of sense of buisness or of whims  
half witts or lovers ev'ry one sometimes  
Will toy away a vacant hour in rimes

& they give all but lovers troubles ease  
the Muses fires the flames of love encrease  
Yet the fond fooles write more yn all ye rest  
as if they studyd to be more unblest  
of Moving things they speak in moving strains  
& moan & beg a cure of all their pains  
till at the last theyre workd to a belief  
that what they said has been their reall grief  
As strong as fate they call the chains they wear  
To starrs & Angells ev'ry nymph compare  
Then think their chains as strong, their nymphs as fair  
thus our loves more & more the womens pride  
so the wounds deeper & the cure denyd  
Long may you gentle souls your fetters wear  
if still you write upon ye pangs you bear  
Yet know that writing makes them more severe  
If Celia or Aminta scornfull grow  
On the great praises which your lines bestow  
Long may you feel them since you make ym so

Verse is on other subjects less unkind  
& with its transports brightens up ye mind  
the Drunkards catch is half the rogues delight  
Where noise & briskness do their charms unite  
The drawers calld & ink & paper brought  
& so extempore the work is wrought

While wine inspires they never stay for thought  
the Jolly words are roard in tunefull sound  
While the full bottles run the tables round  
& Ecchoes from the Empty ones rebound  
Raisd to the Joyes above the cares of kings  
their singing makes ym drink their drinking sing  
O happy men if twere not for the curse  
of qualms repentance & an empty purse  
but happy men at least for some few hours  
Who force the Muse to nothing else but rime  
& when your sense is drownd sing off yr time

Verse has another powr on other men  
When the vexd thoughts by writing grow serene  
full of the spleen & rage & scorn to see  
the tide of vice & folly run so high  
some from the world retire to poetry  
& when their pens what grieves their bosoms speak  
how honesty's a cully witt a rake  
fair Virtue beggerd beauty grown a baud  
Religion made a masque & gold a God  
their breasts find ease by laying down their load  
so Prophetts usd inspird of old to swell  
& when they spoke their Oracles grew well

For me who never have a drinker been  
Nor provd the witty forces of the spleen  
for me who be it chance or carelessness  
(forgive me half the world when I confess)  
have never been in love in all my dayes  
On other principles my pen I take  
for meer disintrested diversions sake  
I onely write as many lovers woo  
but just when I have nothing else to do  
& then to please my self as well as you  
I seek no praise & keep me safe from shame  
Not known to many & unknown to fame  
I woud not blunty rail a folly down  
Nor with undecent rage on vices run  
Our master Horace wisely sung of old  
that satyrs better if it Jear then scold  
the Gall too much prevailing spoils the ink

Nor woul I frett mankind but make ym think  
tis farr more human thus to show ye place  
Where you ly open then throw in ye pass

Thomas Parnell

## Satyr Vi. The Spleen

Hail to the sacred silence of this Grove  
Hail to the greens below the greens above  
Oft have I found beneath these shady trees  
A reall in imaginary bliss  
for they my fancy sooth she's a cheat  
Which can agreably adorn deceit  
some state of life she draws with pleasing art  
brings Enchanted reason to her part  
Reason awhile is captive by consent  
acts from all its rigid rules unbent  
from our own selves conceales our reall case  
Nor shows us what may be but what may please  
When I by these am from my self with drawn  
I straight become what ere I think upon

Now do I turn a statesman of the rate  
that furnishes the world beside with chat  
I many use I make a friend of none  
if I flatter tis my prince alone  
Mankind well versd in various villany  
Misrepresent each study'd Case to me  
in long petitions a present fee  
sayes one your Lordship has ye royall ear  
I some articles against me fear  
for sinking publick funds in such a year  
Then on my chair he layes a bag of coin  
Nor dares to offer what he woud have mine  
Another cryes I want a place at Court  
Your Lships word woud make ye buisness short  
I present two hundred guinnys for't  
This as I take it is a life of state  
when I think of this I think Ime great  
But now a leaf is noisy by my head  
My chain is broke all my greatness fled  
In vain I woud recall the vanishd thought  
Something I know did please I cant tell what  
as I hunt the traces of my mind  
In a new whim a new delight I find



Now among books my chief diversion lyes  
I affect to be thought wondrous wise  
in strange experiment discovery's  
On All ye sorts shapes of flyes I read  
Or print a book of shells as Lister did  
when I meet a thing unknown till yn  
I write for Holland to ye Learned men  
the subtiltys of schooles with ease I cutt  
Where learnings nothing but a meer dispute  
With Ipse Dixit's fixd for arguments  
quibbles formd by rules hid with pains  
Waging a warr of words in spight of sense  
My skill in many languages is shown  
Altho' I gracefully can speak in none  
No Cares no business do my brain molest  
the world admires the treasures of my breast  
I in barren satisfaction rest

Here do I change Insensibly again  
my gay fancy paints another scene  
Heark or a pleasing madness charms my sense  
Or I hear songs well tund instruments  
Yes tis a ball where I with airs cloths  
Engage the Ladys outshine the beaus  
I chuse a creature beautious as the light  
Of her I beg she denys a night  
Scorn with the fair does still attendant go  
they're proud because their outward charms they know  
fondly think them reasons to be so  
But passion hearts of any temper moves  
Anon shes complaisant anon she loves  
When sated with the bliss their arms I quitt  
I boast my triumph to each friend I meet  
for men are now so scandalously vain  
They think it less of pleasure to obtain  
their Joys then tell 'em or'e to other men  
more of grief to hide the ripe amour  
then twas to smother infant love before  
I drink I dance I swear I shake ye dice  
try each path of pleasurable vice  
till at ye last my wild unsettled life  
like Comedys is finishd in a wife

by Just degrees the breezes louder grow  
the same breast they sooth they roughen too  
Methinks I me strangely altered in a trice  
All soft unmanly pleasures I despise  
Warr is my business honour is my prize  
I grasp it in my thoughts push along  
Nor mind the toiles by which it must be won  
With such bewitching power the walking light  
leads men thro' all the dangers of the night  
Ore hills vales they hunt the dazzling game  
Nor feel the trouble while they see the flame  
Strange force of Glory what a world are slain  
to please the pride of two or three great men  
how towns have fed on ratts yt scorn'd to yield  
how dear ye hardy soldier buys ye field  
Warm without anger to their arms they crowd  
for anothers quarrell wast their blood  
some fight curse while others run pray  
In Camps they rook each other at their play  
then the losers mutiny for pay  
are my brave followers slain why lett ym dy  
false musterd companys my purse supply  
Thus summers fraud feeds winters luxury  
When in warm quarters nature craves a punk  
for the Queen I loyally get drunk

Give ore my wanton fancy now give ore  
the clouds are gath'ring anon they'le powr  
the pleasures of my groves are fled away  
the sacred silence ye shiny day  
what have you then to lull you in your play

Thomas Parnell

# Scriblerian Epigrams

Our Carys a Delicate Poet; for What?  
For having writt? No: but for having writ not.

Thomas Parnell

## Since Bearing Of A Gentle Mind

Since bearing of a Gentle mind  
Woud make you perfect be  
Dear Celia to your self be kind  
By being so to me  
Hast to be happy while you can  
Time flys and pleasures flow  
Nor ere will have the Chance again  
To be so long as now  
Give me a kiss now give me more  
And now another bliss  
For Love has such a world in store  
We need not dy on this  
Twas thus Amintor Celia wood  
the Fair expecting lay  
He took the hint his point pursud  
And blesd the lucky day.

Thomas Parnell

# Solomon

As thro' the Psalms from theme to theme I chang'd,  
Methinks like Eve in Paradice I rang'd;  
And ev'ry grace of song I seem'd to see,  
As the gay pride of ev'ry season, she.  
She gently treading all the walks around,  
Admir'd the springing beauties of the ground,  
The lilly glist'ring with the morning dew,  
The rose in red, the violet in blew,  
The pink in pale, the bells in purple rows,  
And tulips colour'd in a thousand shows:  
Then here and there perhaps she pull'd a flow'r  
To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bow'r;  
And here and there, like her I went along,  
Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song.

But now the sacred Singer leaves mine eye,  
Crown'd as he was, I think he mounts on high;  
Ere this Devotion bore his heav'nly psalms,  
And now himself bears up his harp and palms.  
Go, saint triumphant, leave the changing sight,  
So fitted out, you suit the realms of light;  
But let thy glorious robe at parting go,  
Those realms have robes of more effulgent show;  
It flies, it falls, the flutt'ring silk I see,  
Thy son has caught it and he sings like thee,  
With such election of a theme divine,  
And such sweet grace, as conquers all but thine.

Hence, ev'ry writer o'er the fabled streams,  
Where frolick fancies sport with idle dreams,  
Or round the sight enchanted clouds dispose,  
Whence wanton cupids shoot with gilded bows;  
A nobler writer, strains more brightly wrought,  
Themes more exulted, fill my wond'ring thought:  
The parted skies are track'd with flames above,  
As love descends to meet ascending love;  
The seasons flourish where the spouses meet,  
And earth in gardens spreads beneath their feet.  
This fresh-bloom prospect in the bosom throngs,

When Solomon begins his song of songs,  
Bids the rap'd soul to Lebanon repair,  
And lays the scenes of all his action there,  
Where as he wrote, and from the bow'r survey'd  
The scenting groves, or answ'ring knots he made,  
His sacred art the sights of nature brings,  
Beyond their use, to figure heav'nly things.

Great son of God! whose gospel pleas'd to throw  
Round thy rich glory, veils of earthly show,  
Who made the vineyard oft thy church design,  
Who made the marriage-feast a type of thine,  
Assist my verses which attempt to trace  
The shadow'd beauties of celestial grace,  
And with illapses of seraphick fire  
The work which pleas'd thee once, once more inspire.

Look, or illusion's airy visions draw,  
Or now I walk the gardens which I saw,  
Where silver waters feed a flow'ring spring,  
And winds salute it with a balmy wing.  
There on a bank, whose shades directly rise  
To screen the sun, and not exclude the skies,  
There sits the sacred church; methinks I view  
The spouse's aspect and her ensigns too.  
Her face has features where the virtues reign,  
Her hands the book of sacred love contain,  
A light (truth's emblem) on her bosom shines  
And at her side the meekest lamb reclines:  
And oft on heav'nly lectures in the book,  
And oft on heav'n itself, she cast a look;  
Sweet, humble, fervent zeal that works within  
At length bursts forth, and raptures thus begin.

Let Him, that Him my soul adores above,  
In close communions breath his holy love;  
For these bless'd words his pleasing lips impart,  
Beyond all cordials, cheer the fainting heart.  
As rich and sweet, the precious ointments stream,  
So rich thy graces flow, so sweet thy name  
Diffuses sacred joy; tis hence we find  
Affection rais'd in ev'ry virgin mind;

For this we come, the daughters here and I,  
Still draw we forward, and behold I fly,  
I fly through mercy, when my king invites,  
To tread his chambers of sincere delights;  
There, join'd by mystick union, I rejoice,  
Exalt my temper, and enlarge my voice,  
And celebrate thy joys, supremely more  
Than earthly bliss; thus upright hearts adore.  
Nor you ye maids, who breath of Salem's air,  
Nor you refuse that I conduct you there;  
Tho' clouding darkness hath eclips'd my face,  
Dark as I am, I shine with beams of grace,  
As the black tents, where Ishmael's line abides,  
With glitt'ring trophies dress their inward sides;  
Or as thy curtains, Solomon, are seen,  
Whose plaits conceal a golden throne within.  
'Twere wrong to judge me by the carnal sight,  
And yet my visage was by nature white,  
But fiery suns which persecute the meek,  
Found me abroad, and scorch'd my rosy cheek.  
The world, my brethren, they were angry grown,  
They made me dress a vineyard not my own,  
Among their rites, (their vines) I learn'd to dwell,  
And in the mean employ my beauty fell;  
By frailty lost, I gave my labour o'er  
And my own vineyard grew deform'd the more.  
Behold I turn, O say my soul's desire,  
Where do'st thou feed thy flock and where retire  
To rest that flock, when noon-tide heats arise?  
Shepherd of Israel, teach my dubious eyes  
To guide me right, for why shou'd thine abide  
Where wand'ring shepherds turn their flocks aside?

So spake the church and sigh'd, a purple light  
Sprung forth, the Godhead stood reveal'd to sight,  
And heav'n and nature smil'd; as white as snow  
His seamless vesture loosely fell below;  
Sedate and pleas'd he nodded, round his head  
The pointed glory shook, and thus he said:  
If thou the loveliest of the beauteous kind,  
If thou canst want thy shepherd's walk to find,  
Go by the foot-steps where my flocks have trod,

My saints obedient to the laws of God,  
Go where their tents my teaching servants rear,  
And feed the kids, thy young believers there.  
Shou'd thus my flocks increase, my fair delight,  
I view their numbers, and compare the sight  
To Pharaoh's Horses, when they take the field,  
Beat plains to dust, and make the nations yield.  
With rows of gems, thy comely cheeks I deck,  
And chains of pendant gold o'erflow thy neck,  
For so like gems the riches of my grace,  
And so descending glory, cheers thy face:  
Gay bridal robes a flow'ring silver strows,  
Bright gold engrailing on the border glows.

He spake, the spouse admiring heard the sound,  
Then meekly bending on the sacred ground,  
She cries, Oh present to my ravish'd breast,  
This sweet communion is an inward feast;  
There sits the king, while all around our heads,  
His grace, my Spikenard, pleasing odours sheds;  
About my soul his holy comfort flies,  
So closely treasur'd in the bosom lies  
The bundled myrrhe, so sweet the scented gale  
Breaths all En-gedi's aromatick vale.  
Now says the king, my love, I see thee fair,  
Thine eyes for mildness with the dove's compare.

No, thou, belov'd, art fair, the church replies,  
(Since all my beauties but from thee arise,)  
All fair, all pleasant, these communions shew  
Thy counsels pleasant, and thy comforts so.  
And as at marriage feasts they strow the flow'rs,  
With nuptial chaplets hang the summer bow'rs,  
And make the rooms of smelling cedars fine,  
Where the fond bridegroom and the bride recline;  
I dress my soul, with such exceeding care,  
With such, with more, to court thy presence there.

Well hast thou prais'd, he says; the Sharon rose  
Through flow'ry fields a pleasing odour throws,  
The valley-lillies ravish'd sense regale,  
And with pure whiteness paint their humble vale;



Such names of sweetness are thy lover's due,  
And thou my love, be thou a lilly too,  
A lilly set in thorns; for all I see,  
All other daughters are as thorns to thee.

Then she; the trees that pleasing apples yield,  
Surpass the barren trees that cloath the field,  
So you surpass the sons with worth divine,  
So shade, and fruit as well as shade, is thine.  
I sat me down, and saw thy branches spread,  
And green protection flourish o'er my head,  
I saw thy fruit, the soul's celestial food,  
I pull'd, I tasted, and I found it good.  
Hence in the spirit to the blissful seats,  
Where love, to feast, mysteriously retreats,  
He led me forth; I saw the banner rear,  
And love was pencil'd for the motto there.  
Prophets and teachers, in your care combine,  
Stay me with apples, comfort me with wine,  
The cordial promises of joys above,  
For hope deferr'd has made me sick with love.  
Ah! while my tongue reveals my fond desire,  
His hands support me, least my life expire;  
As round a child the parent's arms are plac'd,  
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

Here ceas'd the church, and lean'd her languid head  
Bent down with joy, when thus the lover said:  
Behold, ye daughters of the realm of peace,  
She sleeps, at least her thoughts of sorrow cease.  
Now, by the bounding roes, the skipping fawns,  
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,  
By all the tender innocents that rove,  
Your hourly charges in my sacred grove,  
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,  
I wou'd not have her wake, but when she will.

So rest the church and spouse, my verses so  
Appear to languish with the flames you shew,  
And pausing rest; but not the pause be long,  
For still thy Solomon pursues the song.  
Then keep the place in view; let sweets more rare

Than earth produces, fill the purpled air;  
Let something solemn overspread the green  
Which seems to tell us, here the Lord has been:  
But let the virgin still in prospect shine,  
And other strains of hers, enliven mine.  
She wakes, she rises; bid the whisp'ring breeze  
More softly whisper in the waving trees,  
Or fall with silent awe; bid all around,  
Before the church's voice, abate their sound,  
While thus her shadowy strains attempt to shew  
A future advent of the spouse below.

Hark! my beloved's voice! behold him too!  
Behold him coming in the distant view,  
No clamb'ring mountains make my lover stay,  
(For what are mountains, in a lover's way?)  
Leaping he comes, how like the nimble roe  
He runs the paths his prophets us'd to shew!  
And now he looks from yon partition wall,  
Built till he comes—'tis only then to fall,  
And now he's nearer in the promise seen,  
Too faint the sight—tis with a glass between;  
From hence I hear him as a lover speak,  
Who near a window, calls a fair to wake.

Attend ye virgins, while the words that trace  
An opening spring, design the day of grace.  
Hark! or I dream, or else I hear him say,  
Arise my love, my fair one, come away,  
For now the tempests of thy winter end,  
Thick rains no more in heavy drops descend,  
Sweet painted flow'rs their silken leaves unclose,  
And dress the face of earth with vari'd shows;  
In the green wood the singing birds renew  
Their chirping notes, the silver turtles coo:  
The trees that yield the fig, already shoot,  
And knit their blossoms for their early fruit;  
With fragrant scents the vines refresh the day,  
Arise my love, my fair one come away.  
O come my dove, forsake thy close retreat,  
For close in safety hast thou fix'd thy seat,  
As fearful pidgeons in dark clefts abide,

And safe the clefts their tender charges hide.  
Now let thy looks with modest guise appear,  
Now let thy voice salute my longing ear,  
For in thy looks an humble mind I see,  
Prayer forms thy voice, and both are sweet to me.  
To save the bloomings of my vineyard, haste,  
Which foxes, (false deluding teachers) waste;  
Watch well their haunts, and catch the foxes there,  
Our grapes are tender and demand the care.  
Thus speaks my love: surprizing love divine!  
I thus am his, he thus for ever mine.  
And 'till he comes, I find a presence still,  
Where souls attentive serve his holy will,  
Where down in vales unspotted lillies grow,  
White types of innocence, in humble show.  
O 'till the spicy breath of heav'nly day,  
Till all thy shadows fleet before thy ray,  
Turn my beloved with thy comforts here,  
Turn in thy promise, in thy grace appear,  
Nor let such swiftness in the roes be shown  
To save themselves, as thou to chear thine own;  
Turn like the nimble harts that lightly bound  
Before the stretches of the fleetest hound,  
Skim the plain chace of lofty Bether's head,  
And make the mountain wonder if they tread.

But long expectance of a bliss delay'd  
Breeds anxious doubt, and tempts the sacred maid;  
Then mists arising strait repel the light,  
The colour'd garden lies disguis'd with night,  
A pale-horn'd crescent leads a glimm'ring throng,  
And groans of absence jarr within the song.

By night, she cries, a night which blots the mind,  
I seek the lover, whom I fail to find;  
When on my couch compos'd to thought I lie,  
I search, and vainly search with reason's eye;  
Rise fondly rise, thy present search give o'er  
And ask if others know thy lover more.  
Dark as it is, I rise, the moon that shines,  
Shows by the gleam, the city's outward lines,  
I range the wand'ring road, the winding street,

And ask, but ask in vain, of all I meet,  
'Till, toil'd with ev'ry disappointing place  
My steps the guardians of the temple trace,  
Whom thus my wish accosts, ye sacred guides,  
Ye prophets, tell me where my love resides?  
'Twas well I question'd, scarce I pass'd them by,  
Ere my rais'd soul perceives my lover nigh:  
And have I found thee, found my joy divine?  
How fast I'll hold thee, 'till I make thee mine.  
My mother waits thee, thither thou repair,  
Long waiting Israel wants thy presence there.  
The lover smiles to see the virgin's pain,  
The mists roll off, and quit the flow'ry plain.

Yes, here I come, he says, thy sorrow cease,  
And guard her, daughters of the realms of peace,  
By all the bounding roes and skipping fawns,  
Near the cool brooks, or o'er the grassy lawns,  
By all the tender innocents that rove,  
Your hourly charges, in my sacred grove;  
Guard the dear charge from each approach of ill,  
I'll have her feel my comforts, while she will.

Here hand in hand with chearful heart they go,  
When wand'ring Salem sees the solemn show,  
Dreams the rich pomp of Solomon again,  
And thus her daughters sing the approaching scene.

Who from the desert, where the waving clouds  
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?  
For Sion's hill her sober pace she bends,  
As grateful incense from the Dome ascends.  
It seems the sweets from all Arabia shed,  
Curl at her side, and hover o'er her head.  
For her the king prepares a bed of state,  
Round the rich bed her guards in order wait,  
All mystick Israel's sons, 'tis there they quell  
The foes within, the foes without repel.  
The guard his ministry, their swords of fight  
His sacred laws, her present state of night.  
He forms a chariot too to bring her there,  
Not the carv'd frame of Solomon's so fair;

Sweet smells the chariot as the temple stood,  
The fragrant cedar lent them both the wood,  
High wreaths of silver'd columns prop the door,  
Fine gold entrail'd, adorns the figur'd floor,  
Deep fringing purple hangs the roof above,  
And silk embroid'ry paints the midst with love.

Go forth ye daughters, Sion's daughters go,  
A greater Solomon exalts the show,  
If crown'd with gold, and by the queen bestow'd,  
To grace his nuptials, Jacob's monarch rode;  
A crown of glory from the king divine,  
To grace these nuptials, makes the Saviour shine;  
While the bless'd pair, express'd in emblem ride,  
Messiah Solomon, his church the bride.

Ye kind attendants who with wond'ring eyes  
Saw the grand entry, what you said suffice,  
You sung the lover with a loud acclaim,  
The lover's fondness longs to sing the dame.  
He speaks, admiring nature stands around  
And learns new musick, while it hears the sound.

Behold, my love, how fair thy beauties show,  
Behold how more, how most extremely so!  
How still to me thy constant eyes incline,  
I see the turtle's when I gaze on thine,  
Sweet through the lids they shine with modest care,  
And sweet and modest is a virgin's air.  
How bright thy locks! how well their number paints  
The great assemblies of my lovely saints!  
So bright the kids, so numerously fed,  
Graze the green top of lofty Gilead's head;  
All Gilead's head a fleecy whiteness clouds,  
And the rich master glorys in the crowds.

How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,  
Each answ'ring each, whilst all the publick aid,  
These lovely graces in my church I find,  
This candour, order, and accorded mind:  
Thus when the season bids the shepherd lave  
His sheep new shorn, within the chrystal wave,

Wash'd they return, in such unsully'd white,  
Thus march by pairs, and in the flock unite.  
How please thy lips adorn'd with native red!  
Art vainly mocks them in the scarlet thread!  
But if they part, what musick wafts the air!  
So sweet thy praises, and so soft thy Prayer.  
If through thy loosen'd curls with honest shame  
Thy lovely temples fine complexion flame,  
Whatever crimson Granate blossoms show,  
'Twas never theirs, so much to please, and glow.  
But what's thy neck, the polish'd form I see!  
Whose Iv'ry strength supports thine eyes to me;  
Fair type of firmness when my saints aspire,  
The sacred confidence that lifts desire,  
As David's turret on the stately frame  
Upheld its thousand conqu'ring shields of fame.  
And what thy breasts! they still demand my lays,  
What image wakes to charm me whilst I gaze?  
Two lovely mountains each exactly round,  
Two lovely mountains with the lilly crown'd,  
While two twin roes, and each on either bred,  
Feed in the lillies of the mountain's head.  
Let this resemblance, spotless virtues show,  
And in such lillies feed my young below.  
But now farewell 'till night's dark shades decay,  
Farewel my virgin, 'till the break of day,  
Swift for the hills of spice and gums I fly,  
To breath such sweets as scent a purer sky,  
Yet as I leave thee, still above compare,  
My Love, my spotless, still I find thee fair.

Here rest celestial maid, for if he go,  
Nor will he part, nor is the promise slow,  
Nor slow my fancy move; dispel the shade,  
Charm forth the morning and relieve the maid.  
Arise fair sun, the church attends to see  
The sun of righteousness arise in thee;  
Arise fair Sun, and bid the church adore,  
'Tis then he'll court her, whom he prais'd before.  
As thus I sing, it shines, there seems a sound  
Of plumes in air, and feet upon the ground;  
I see their meeting, see the flow'ry scene

And hear the mystick love pursu'd again.

Now to the mount whose spice perfumes the day,  
'Tis I invite thee, come my spouse away,  
Come, leave thy Lebanon, is ought we see  
In all thy Lebanon, compared to me?  
Nor tow'rd thy Canaan turn with wishful sight,  
From Hermon's, Shenir's, and Amana's height;  
There dwells the leopard, there assaults the bear,  
This world has ills, and such may find thee there.

My spouse, my sister, O thy wond'rous art,  
Which through my bosom drew my ravish'd heart!  
Won by one eye, my ravish'd heart is gone,  
For all thy seeing guides consent as one,  
Drawn by one chain which round thy body plies,  
For all thy members one bless'd union ties.  
My spouse, my sister, O the charm to please,  
When love repaid, returns my bosom ease!  
Strongly thy love, and strongly wines restore,  
But wines must yield, thy love enflames me more.  
Sweetly thine ointments, (all thy virtues) smell,  
Not altar spices please thy king so well.  
How soft thy doctrine on thy lips resides!  
From those two combs the dropping honey glides,  
All pure without as all within sincere,  
Beneath thy tongue—I find it honey there.  
Ah while thy graces thus around thee shine,  
The charms of Lebanon must yield to thine!  
His spring, his garden, ev'ry scented tree,  
My spouse, my sister, all I find in thee.  
Thee for myself I fence, I shut, I seal,  
Mysterious spring, mysterious garden, hail!  
A spring, a font, where heav'nly waters flow,  
A grove, a garden, where the graces grow.  
There rise my fruits, my cyprus, and my firr,  
My saffron, spikenard, Cinnamon and Myrrhe;  
Perpetual fountains for their use abound,  
And streams of favour feed the living ground.

Scarce spake the Christ, when thus the church replies  
(And spread her arms where e'er the spirit flies.)

Ye cooling northern gales, who freshly shake  
My balmy reeds, ye northern gales awake.  
And thou the regent of the southern sky,  
O soft inspiring o'er my garden fly,  
Unlock and waft my sweets, that ev'ry grace  
In all its heav'nly life regale the place.  
If thus a paradise thy garden prove,  
'Twere best prepar'd to entertain my love,  
And that the pleasing fruits may please the more,  
O think my proffer, was thy gift before.

At this, the Saviour cries, behold me near,  
My spouse, my sister, O behold me here,  
To gather fruits, I come at thy request,  
And pleas'd my soul accepts the solemn feast;  
I gather myrrhe with spice to scent the treat,  
My virgin-honey with the combs I eat,  
I drink my sweet'ning milk, my lively wine,  
(These words of pleasure mean thy gifts divine)  
To share my bliss, my good elect I call,  
The church (my garden) must include them all;  
Now sit and banquet, now belov'd you see  
What gifts I love, and prove these fruits with me;  
O might this sweet communion ever last!  
But with the sun the sweet communion past,  
The Saviour parts, and on oblivion's breast  
Benumb'd and slumb'ring lies the church to rest,  
Pass the sweet allies while the dusk abides,  
Seek the fair lodge in which the maid resides,  
Then, fancy, seek the maid, at night again  
The Christ will come, but comes, alas in vain.

I sleep, she says, and yet my heart awakes,  
(There's still some feeling while the lover speaks)  
With what fond fervour from without he cries!  
Arise my love, my undefil'd arise,  
My dove, my sister, cold the dews alight,  
And fill my tresses with the drops of night;  
Alas I'm all unrob'd, I wash'd my feet,  
I tasted slumber, and I find it sweet.

As thus my words refuse, he slips his hands



Where the clos'd latch my cruel door commands.  
What, tho' deny'd, so persevering kind!  
Who long denies a persevering mind?  
From my wak'd soul my slothful temper flies,  
My bowels yearn, I rise, my love, I rise,  
I find the latch thy fingers touch'd before,  
Thy smelling myrrhe comes dropping off the door.  
Now where's my love?—what! hast thou left the place?  
O, to my soul, repeat thy words of grace,  
Speak in the dark, my love; I seek thee round  
And vainly seek thee 'till thou wilt be found.  
What no return? I own my folly past,  
I lay too listless; speak my love at last.  
The guards have found me—are ye guards indeed,  
Who smite the sad, who make the feeble bleed?  
Dividing teachers these; who wrong my name,  
Rend my long veil, and cast me bare to shame.  
But you, ye daughters of the realm of rest,  
If ever pity mov'd a virgin breast,  
Tell my belov'd how languishing I lie,  
How love has brought me near the point to dye.

And what belov'd is this you wou'd have found,  
Say Salem's daughters, as they flock'd around?  
What wond'rous thing? what charm beyond compare?  
Say what's thy lover, fairest o'er the fair?  
His face is white and ruddy, she replies,  
So mercy join'd to justice, tempers dyes;  
His lofty stature, where a Myriad shine,  
O'ertops, and speaks a majesty divine.  
Fair honour crowns his head, the raven-black  
In bushy curlings flows adown his back.  
Sparkling his eyes, with full proportion plac'd,  
White like the milk, and with a mildness grac'd;  
As the sweet doves, when e'er they fondly play  
By running waters in a glitt'ring day.  
Within his breath, what pleasing sweetness grows!  
'Tis spice exhal'd, and mingl'd on the rose.  
Within his words, what grace with goodness meets!  
So beds of lillies drop with balmy sweets.  
What rings of eastern price his finger hold!  
Gold decks the fingers, Beryl decks the gold!

His Iv'ry shape adorns a costly vest,  
Work paints the skirts, and gems enrich the breast;  
His limbs beneath, his shining sandals case  
Like marble columns on a golden base.

Nor boasts that mountain, where the cedar tree  
Perfumes our realm, such num'rous sweets as he.  
O lovely all! what cou'd my king require  
To make his presence more the world's desire?  
And now ye maids if such a friend you know,  
'Tis such my longings look to find below.

While thus her friend, the spouse's Anthems sing,  
Deck'd with the Thummim, crown'd a sacred king,  
The Daughter's hearts, the fine description drew,  
And that which rais'd their wonder, ask'd their view.

Then where, they cry, thou fairest o'er the fair,  
Where goes thy lover, tell the virgins where?  
What flow'ring walks invite his steps aside?  
We'll help to seek him, let those walks be try'd.

The spouse revolving here the grand descent,  
'Twas that he promis'd, there, she cries, he went,  
He keeps a garden where the spices breath,  
Its bow'ring borders kiss the vale beneath,  
'Tis there he gathers lillies, there he dwells,  
And binds his flow'rets to unite their smells.  
O 'tis my height of love, that I am his!  
O he is mine, and that's my height of bliss!  
Descend my virgins, well I know the place,  
He feeds in lillies, that's a spotless race.

At dawning day, the bridegroom leaves a bow'r,  
And here he waters, there he props a flow'r,  
When the kind damsel, spring of heav'nly flame,  
With Salem's daughters to the garden came.  
Then thus his love the bridegroom's words repeat  
(The smelling borders lent them both a seat.)  
O great as Tirzah! 'twas a regal place,  
O fair as Salem! 'tis the realm of peace,  
Whose aspect, awful to the wond'ring eye,

Appears like armies when the banners fly;  
O turn my sister, O my beauteous bride,  
Thy face o'ercomes me, turn that face aside,  
How bright thy locks, how well their number paints  
The great assemblies of my lovely saints,  
So bright the kids, so numerously fed,  
Graze the green wealth of lofty Gilead's head.  
How pure thy teeth! for equal order made,  
Each answ'ring each, while all the publick aid;  
As when the season bids the shepherd lave  
His sheep new shorn within the silver wave,  
Wash'd they return in such unsully'd white,  
So march by pairs, and in the flock unite.  
How sweet thy temples! not pomegranates know  
With equal modest look to please and glow.  
If Solomon his life of pleasure leads,  
With wives in numbers, and unnumbered maids,  
In other paths, my life of pleasure shewn,  
Admits my love, my undefil'd alone;  
Thy mother Israel, she the dame who bore  
Her choice, my dove, my spotless owns no more;  
The Gentile queens at thy appearance cry,  
Hail queen of nations! hail, the maids reply,  
And thus they sing thy praise: what heav'nly dame  
Springs like the morning with a purple flame?  
What rises like the morn with silver light?  
What like the sun assists the world with sight?  
Yet awful still, tho' thus serenely kind,  
Like hosts with ensigns rattling in the wind.  
I grant I left thy sight, I seem'd to go,  
But was I absent when you fancy'd so?  
Down to my garden, all my planted vale,  
Where nuts their ground in underwood conceal,  
Where blow pomegranates, there I went to see  
What knitting blossoms white the bearing tree,  
View the green buds, recall the wand'ring shoots,  
Smell my gay flow'rets, taste my flavour'd fruits,  
Raise the curl'd vine, refresh the spicy beds,  
And joy for ev'ry grace my garden sheds.

The Saviour here, and here the church arise,  
And am I thus respected, thus she cries!

I mount for heav'n transported on the winds,  
My flying chariot's drawn by willing minds.

As rap'd with comfort thus the maid withdrew,  
The waiting daughters wonder'd where she flew,  
And O! return, they cry, for thee we burn,  
O maid of Salem, Salem's self return.  
And what's in Salem's maid we covet so?  
Here all ye nations—'tis your bliss below;  
That glorious vision by the patriarch seen,  
When sky-born beauties march'd the scented green,  
There the met saints, and meeting angels came,  
Two lamps of God, Mahanaim was the name.

Again the maid reviews her sacred ground,  
Solemn she sits, the damsels sing around.

O princes daughter! how with shining show  
Thy golden shoes prepare thy feet below!  
How firm thy joints! what temple-work can be  
With all its gems and art preferr'd to thee?  
In thee, to feed thy lover's faithful race,  
Still flow the riches of abounding grace,  
Pure, large, refreshing, as the waters fall  
From the carv'd navels of the cistern-wall.  
In thee the lover finds his race divine,  
You teem with numbers, they with virtues shine;  
So wheat with lillies, if their heaps unite,  
The wheat's unnumb'red and the lillies white;  
Like tender roes thy breasts appear above,  
Two types of innocence and twins of love.  
Like Iv'ry turrets seems thy neck to rear,  
O sacred emblem, upright, firm and fair!  
As Heshbon pools, which with a silver state  
Diffuse their waters at their city gate,  
For ever so thy virgin eyes remain,  
So clear within, and so without serene.  
As thro' sweet Firr the royal turret shews,  
Whence Lebanon surveys a realm of foes,  
So thro' thy lovely curls appear thy face  
To watch thy foes, and guard thy faithful race.  
The richest colours flow'ry Carmel wears,

Red fillets cross'd with purple braid thy hairs;  
Yet not more strictly these thy locks restrain  
Than thou thy king with strong affections chain,  
When from his palace he enjoys thy sight,  
O love, O beauty, form'd for all delight!  
Strait is thy goodly stature, firm, and high,  
As palms aspiring in the brighter sky;  
Thy breasts the cluster, (if those breasts we view  
As late for beauty, now for profit too.)  
Woo'd to thine arms, those arms that oft extend  
In the kind posture of a waiting friend,  
Each maid of Salem cries, I'll mount the tree,  
Hold the broad branches, and depend on thee.  
O more than grapes, thy fruit delights the maids,  
Thy pleasing breath excels the Citron shades,  
Thy mouth exceeds rich wine, the words that go  
From those sweet lips, with more refreshment flow,  
Their pow'rful graces slumb'ring souls awake  
And cause the dead that hear thy voice to speak.

This anthem sung, the glorious spouse arose,  
Yet thus instructs the daughters ere she goes.  
If ought, my damsels, in the spouse ye find  
Deserving praises, think the lover kind:  
To my belov'd these marriage robes I owe,  
I'm his desire, and he wou'd have it so.

Scarce spake the spouse, but see the lover near,  
Her humble temper brought the Presence here;  
Then rais'd by grace, and strongly warm'd by love,  
No second Languor lets her Lord remove,  
She flies to meet him, zeal supplies the wings,  
And thus her haste to work his will she sings;  
Come my beloved, to the fields repair,  
Come where another spot demands our care,  
There in the village we'll to rest recline,  
Mean as it is I try to make it thine.  
When the first rays their chearing crimson shed,  
We'll rise betimes to see the Vineyard spread,  
See Vines luxuriant verdur'd leaves display,  
Supporting Tendrils curling all the way,  
See young unpurpled Grapes in clusters grow,

And smell Pomegranate blossoms as they blow;  
There will I give my loves, employ my care,  
And as my labours thrive, approve me there.  
Scarce have we pass'd my gate, the scent we meet;  
My covering Jessamines diffuse a sweet,  
My spicy flow'rets mingled as they fly,  
With doubling odours crowd a balmy sky.  
Now all the fruits which crown the season view,  
These nearer Fruits are old, and those are new,  
And these, and all of ev'ry loaded tree,  
My love I gather and reserve for thee.  
If then thy spouse's labour please thee well,  
Oh! like my brethren with thy Sister dwell;  
No blameless maid, whose fond caresses meet  
An Infant-brother in the publick street,  
Clings to its lips with less reserve than I  
Wou'd hang on thine where'er I found thee nigh:  
No shame wou'd make me from thy side remove,  
No danger make me not confess thy love.  
Strait to my Mother's house, thine Israel she,  
(And thou my Monarch wou'dst arrive with me,)  
'Tis there I'd lead thee, where I mean to stay,  
'Till thou, by her, instruct my Soul to pray;  
There shal't thou prove my virtues, drink my Wine,  
And feel my joy to find me wholly thine.  
Oh! while my soul were sick thro' fond desire,  
Thine hands shou'd hold me least my life expire;  
As round a child the Parent's arms are plac'd,  
This holds the head, and that enfolds the waist.

So cast thy cares on me, the lover cry'd,  
Lean to my bosom, lean my lovely Bride,  
And now ye daughters of the realm of bliss,  
Let nothing discompose a love like this;  
But guard her rest from each approach of ill,  
I caus'd her Languor, guard her while she will.

Here pause the lines, but soon the lines renew,  
Once more the pair celestial come to view;  
Ah! seek them once, my ravish'd fancy, more,  
And then thy songs of Solomon are o'er:  
By yon green bank pursue their orb of light,

The Sun shines out, but shines not half so bright.  
See Salem's maids in white attend the King,  
They greet the Spouses—hark to what they sing.

Who from the Desert, where the wand'ring clouds  
High Sinai pierces, comes involv'd with crowds?  
'Tis she, the Spouse, Oh! favour'd o'er the rest!  
Who walks reclin'd by such a lover's breast.

The Spouse rejoicing heard the kind salute,  
And thus address'd him—all the rest were mute.  
Beneath the law, our goodly parent tree,  
I went my much belov'd in search of thee,  
For thee, like one in pangs of travail strove,  
Hence, none may wonder if I gain thy love.  
As seals their pictures to the wax impart,  
So let my picture stamp thy gentle heart,  
As fix'd the Signets on our hands remain,  
So fix me thine, and ne'er to part again;  
For love is strong as Death, whene'er they strike,  
Alike imperious, vainly check'd alike;  
But dread to loose, love mix'd with jealous dread!  
As soon the marble Tomb resign the dead.  
Its fatal arrows fiery-pointed fall,  
The fire intense, and thine the most of all;  
To slack the points no chilling floods are found,  
Nay shou'd afflictions roll like floods around,  
Were wealth of nations offer'd, all wou'd prove  
Too small a danger, or a price for love.  
If then with love this world of worth agree,  
With soft regard our little Sister see,  
How far unapt as yet, like maids that own  
No Breasts at all, or Breasts but hardly grown,  
Her part of Proselyte is scarce a part,  
Too much a Gentile at her erring heart,  
Her day draws nearer, what have we to do,  
Least she be ask'd, and prove unworthy too?

Despair not Spouse, he cries, we'll find the means,  
Her good beginnings ask the greater pains.  
Let her but stand, she thrives; a wall too low  
Is not rejected for the standing so;

What falls is only lost, we'll build her high,  
'Till the rich palace glitters in the sky.  
The Door that's weak, (what need we spare the cost?)  
If tis a door, we need not think it lost;  
The Leaves she brings us, if those Leaves be good,  
We'll close in Cedar's uncorrupting wood.

Rap'd with the news, the spouse converts her eyes,  
And Oh! companions, to the maids she cries;  
What joys are ours to hail the nuptial day  
Which calls our Sister?—Hark I hear her say,  
Yes I'm a wall; lo! she that boasted none,  
Now boasts of Breasts unmeasurably grown,  
Large tow'ry buildings, where securely rest  
A thousand thousand of my lovers guests;  
The vast increase affords his heart delight,  
And I find favour in his Heav'nly sight.  
The Lover here, to make her rapture last,  
Thus adds assurance to the promise past.

A spacious Vineyard in Baal-Hamon vale,  
The vintage set, by Solomon, to sale,  
His keepers took; and ev'ry keeper paid  
A thousand Purses for the gains he made.  
And I've a vintage too; his vintage bleeds  
A large increase, but my return exceeds.  
Let Solomon receive his keepers pay,  
He gains his thousand, their two hundred they;  
Mine is mine own, 'tis in my presence still,  
And shall increase the more, the more she will.  
My love my Vineyard, Oh the future shoots,  
Which fill my garden rows with sacred fruits!  
I saw the list'ning maids attend thy voice,  
And in their list'ning saw their eyes rejoice,  
A due success thy words of comfort met,  
Now turn to me—'tis I wou'd hear thee yet.  
Say dove and spotless, for I must away,  
Say Spouse and Sister, all you wish to say.  
He spake, the place was bright with lambent fire,  
(But what is brightness if the Christ retire?)  
Gold bord'ring purple mark'd his road in air,  
And kneeling all, the Spouse address'd the pray'r.



Desire of nations! if thou must be gone,  
Accept our wishes, all compriz'd in one;  
We wait thine advent, Oh we long to see,  
I and my Sister, both as one in thee.  
Then leave thy Heav'n, and come and dwell below,  
Why said I leave?—'tis Heav'n where ere you go.  
Haste my belov'd, thy promise haste to crown,  
The form thou'lt honour waits thy coming down,  
Nor let such swiftness in the Roes be shewn  
To save themselves, as thine to save thine own.  
Haste like the nimblest Harts, that lightly bound  
Before the stretches of the swiftest Hound,  
With reaching feet devour a level way,  
Across their backs their branching antlers lay,  
In the cool dews their bending body ply,  
And brush the spicy mountains as they fly.

Thomas Parnell

# Song

When thy beauty appears  
In its graces and airs  
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky,  
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears:  
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,  
Then I know you're a woman again.

There 's a passion and pride  
In our sex (she replied),  
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:  
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
But still be a woman to you.

Thomas Parnell

## Song II

When thy Beauty appears  
In its Graces and Airs,  
All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;  
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears,  
So strangely you dazzle my Eye!  
But when without Art,  
Your kind Thoughts you impart,  
When your Love runs in Blushes thro' ev'ry Vein;  
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your Heart,  
Then I know you're a Woman again.  
There's a Passion and Pride  
In our Sex, (she reply'd,)  
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:  
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,  
But still be a Woman to you.

Thomas Parnell

# Song: My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free

My days have been so wondrous free,  
The little birds that fly  
With careless ease from tree to tree,  
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
Of mine increas'd their stream?  
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,  
And I'm by beauty caught;  
The tender chains of sweet desire  
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!  
Ye swains that haunt the grove!  
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!  
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,  
Assist the dear design;  
Oh teach a young, unpractic'd heart  
To make my Nancy mine!

The very thought of change I hate,  
As much as of despair;  
Nor ever covet to be great,  
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind  
Is mix'd with soft distress;  
Yet while the fair I love is kind,  
I cannot wish it less.

Thomas Parnell

## Song: When Thy Beauty Appears

When thy beauty appears  
In its graces and airs  
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky,  
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears:  
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,  
Then I know you're a woman again.

There 's a passion and pride  
In our sex (she replied),  
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:  
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
But still be a woman to you.

Thomas Parnell

# The Book-Worm

Come hither, Boy, we'll hunt to Day  
The Book-Worm, ravening Beast of Prey,  
Produc'd by Parent Earth, at odds  
(As Fame reports it) with the Gods.  
Him frantick Hunger wildly drives  
Against a thousand Authors Lives:  
Thro' all the Fields of Wit he flies;  
Dreadful his Head with clust'ring Eyes,  
With Horns without, and Tusks within,  
And Scales to serve him for a Skin.  
Observe him nearly, lest he climb  
To wound the Bards of antient Time,  
Or down the Vale of Fancy go  
To tear some modern Wretch below:  
On ev'ry Corner fix thine Eye,  
Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his Teeth a Passage eat:  
We'll rouse him from the deep Retreat.  
But who the Shelter's forc'd to give?  
'Tis Sacred Virgil as I live!  
From Leaf to Leaf, from Song to Song,  
He draws the tadpole Form along,  
He mounts the gilded Edge before,  
He's up, he scuds the Cover o'er,  
He turns, he doubles, there he past,  
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate Brute, whose Teeth abuse  
The sweetest Servants of the Muse.  
(Nay never offer to deny,  
I took thee in the Fact to fly.)  
His Roses nip in ev'ry Page,  
My poor Anacreon mourns thy Rage.  
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;  
By thee my Lesbia's Sparrow dies:  
Thy rabid Teeth have half destroy'd  
The Work of Love in Bidy Floyd,  
They rent Belinda's Locks away,

And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.  
For all, for ev'ry single Deed,  
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.  
Then fall a Victim to the Nine,  
My self the Priest, my Desk the Shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,  
To pile a sacred Altar here;  
Hold, Boy, thy Hand out-run thy Wit,  
You reach'd the Plays that D---s writ;  
You reach'd me Ph---s rustick Strain;  
Pray take your mortal Bards again.

Come bind the Victim,—there he lies,  
And here between his num'rous Eyes  
This venerable Dust I lay,  
From Manuscripts just swept away.

The Goblet in my Hand I take,  
(For the Libation's yet to make)  
A Health to Poets! all their Days  
May they have Bread, as well as Praise;  
Sense may they seek, and less engage  
In Papers fill'd with Party-Rage.  
But if their Riches spoil their Vein  
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Now bring the Weapon, yonder Blade,  
With which my tuneful Pens are made.  
I strike the Scales that arm thee round,  
And twice and thrice I print the Wound;  
The sacred Altar floats with red,  
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the Son of Jove I stand,  
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my Hand!  
Lay bare the Monster's Entrails here,  
To see what Dangers threat the Year:  
Ye Gods! what Sonnets on a Wench?  
What lean Translations out of French?  
'Tis plain, this Lobe is so unsound,  
S--- prints, before the Months go round.

But hold, before I close the Scene,  
The sacred Altar shou'd be clean.  
Oh had I Sh---ll's Second Bays,  
Or T---! thy pert and humble Lays!  
(Ye Pair, forgive me, when I vow  
I never miss'd your Works till now)  
I'd tear the Leaves to wipe the Shrine,  
(That only way you please the Nine)  
But since I chance to want these two,  
I'll make the Songs of D---y do.

Rent from the Corps, on yonder Pin,  
I hang the Scales that brac't it in;  
I hang my studious Morning Gown,  
And write my own Inscription down.

'This Trophy from the Python won,  
'This Robe, in which the Deed was done,  
'These, Parnell glorying in the Feat,  
'Hung on these Shelves, the Muses Seat.  
'Here Ignorance and Hunger found  
'Large Realms of Wit to ravage round;  
'Here Ignorance and Hunger fell;  
'Two Foes in one I sent to Hell.  
'Ye Poets, who my Labours see,  
'Come share the Triumph all with me!  
'Ye Criticks! born to vex the Muse,  
'Go mourn the grand Ally you lose.

Thomas Parnell



# The Convert's Love

Blessed Light of saints on high  
Who fill the mansions of the sky,  
Sure defence, whose mercy still  
Preserves thy subjects here from ill,  
O my Jesus! make me know  
How to pay the thanks I owe.

As the fond sheep that id'ly strays  
With wanton play thro' winding ways,  
Which never hits the road of home,  
O'er Wilds of danger learns to roam,  
'Till weari'd out with idle fear  
And passing there and turning here,  
He will for rest to covert run  
And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun;  
Thus wretched I, thro' wanton will  
Run blind and headlong on in ill:  
'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew  
And thus I might have perish'd too;  
But mercy dropt the likeness here  
And shew'd and sav'd me from my fear;  
While o'er the darkness of my mind  
The sacred spirit purely shin'd,  
And mark'd and bright'ned all the way  
Which leads to everlasting day,  
And broke the thick'ning clouds of sin  
And fix'd the light of love within.

From hence my ravish'd soul aspires  
And dates the rise of its desires.  
From hence to thee my God! I turn,  
And fervent wishes say I burn,  
I burn thy glorious face to see  
And live in endless joy with thee.

There's no such ardent kind of flame  
Between the lover and the dame,  
Nor such affection parents bear  
To their young and only heir,

Tho' join'd together both conspire  
And boast a doubled force of fire.  
My tender heart within its seat  
Dissolves before the scorching heat,  
As soft'ning wax is taught to run  
Before the warmness of the sun.

O my flame my pleasing pain  
Burn and purify my stain,  
Warm me, burn me, day by day  
'Till you purge my earth away,  
'Till at the last I throughly shine  
And turn a torch of love divine.

Thomas Parnell

# The Ecstasy

The fleeting Joy that all things have beneath  
Goes off like snow while Zephirs warmly breath  
The happy wish that makes our bliss compleat  
it is not wealth it is not to be great  
To glide along on pleasures easy floud  
Or in fames wreaths to shine above the croud  
Weak man who charms in these alone can see  
Hear what I ask & learn to ask of me.

Send to my breast Almighty King send down  
A beam of brightness from thy starry throne  
Break on my mind drive errors cloud away  
& make a calm in passions troubled sea  
that the poor banishd Soul serene & free  
May rise from earth to visit heav'n & thee.  
Come peace Divine shed gently from above  
Inspire my willing bosome wondrous love  
& lend thy wings & teach me how to move

But Whither whither now? what wondrous fire  
With this blest influence equalls my desire?  
I rise or love the kind deluder reigns  
& acts in fancy such enchanted scenes  
The earth retires, the parting skyes give way  
& now I view the native realms of day  
I mount above the starrs above the sun  
& still methinks the spirit bears me on.  
O strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen!  
O ravishment! o sacred rage within!  
Tumultuous pleasure raisd on peace of mind  
Which he thats good & onely he can find!  
I hear (it must be so) I me sure I hear  
Seraphick musick strike my rapturd ear  
I see the light that veiles the throne on high  
A light too glorious for the dazzled eye  
look how around this great mysterious place  
The Angells fly & as they fly they praise  
Look how Apostles prophets martyrs Joyn  
& all their tongues & all their harps combine

to celebrate the Majesty divine  
to please heav'ns King their heav'nly lays are sung  
No voice is silent not a harp unstrung

Pure & immortall quire allow me now  
Since faign my heart woud pay its tribute too  
Allow my Zeal to bear a part wth you  
Assist my words and as they move along  
With Halelujah's crown the burthend song

Father Eternall, God of truth & light  
Great above all beyond expression bright  
No bounds thy knowledge none thy powr confine  
For powr & knowledge in their source are thine  
Around thee Glory spreads her golden wing  
Sing Glittering Angells Halelujah sing.

Son of the Father, blest, begotten Son  
Ere the short measuring line of time begun  
In thee his perfect Essence makes abode  
the world has seen thy workes & owns thee God  
The world must own thee loves unfathomd spring.  
Sing Glittering Angells Halelujah Sing.

Proceeding Spirit, Equally divine  
In whom the Godheads true perfections shine  
You fill our bosomes with celestiall fire  
& tis a bliss to burn when you inspire  
O Lord Of Grace for Grace on earth you bring.  
sing glittering Angells Halelujah sing

But Ah whats this? & where is all my heat  
What interruption makes my Joy retreat  
the worlds gott in my meditation crost  
& the gay pictures in my fancy lost  
How willingly Alas our soules woud rise  
& be fixd starrs inserted in the skyes  
But our attempts these chains of earth restrain  
Deride our toiles & dragg us down again  
Thus meteors mounting with the planets vie  
But their own bodys sink them in the Sky  
When the warmths gon that taught ym how to fly.

Thomas Parnell

## The Flies. An Eclogue.

When in the River Cows for Coolness stand,  
And Sheep for Breezes seek the lofty Land,  
A Youth whom Æsop taught that ev'ry Tree  
Each Bird and Insect spoke as well as he:  
Walk'd calmly musing in a shaded Way  
Where flow'ring Hawthorn broke the sunny Ray,  
And thus instructs his Moral Pen to draw  
A Scene that obvious in the Field he saw.

Near a low Ditch, where shallow Waters meet,  
Which never learnt to glide with liquid Feet,  
Whose Naiads never prattle as they play,  
But screen'd with Hedges slumber out the Day,  
There stands a slender Fern's aspiring Shade,  
Whose answ'ring Branches regularly layd  
Put forth their answ'ring Boughs, and proudly rise  
Three Stories upward, in the nether Skies.

For Shelter here, to shun the Noon-day Heat,  
An airy Nation of the Flies retreat;  
Some in soft Air their silken Pinions ply,  
And some from Bough to Bough delighted fly,  
Some rise, and circling light to perch again;  
A pleasing Murmur hums along the Plain.  
So, when a Stage invites to pageant Shows,  
(If great and small are like) appear the Beaus,  
In Boxes some with spruce Pretension sit,  
Some change from Seat to Seat within the Pit,  
Some roam the Scenes, or turning cease to roam;  
Preluding Musick fills the lofty Dome.

When thus a Fly (if what a Fly can say  
Deserves attention) rais'd the rural Lay.

Where late Amintor made a Nymph a Bride,  
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's side,  
Who, mindless of the Feasting, went to sip  
The balmy Pleasure of the Shepherd's Lip.  
I saw the Wanton, where I stoop'd to sup,

And half resolv'd to drown me in the Cup;  
'Till brush'd by careless Hands, she soar'd above:  
Cease, Beauty, cease to vex a tender Love.

Thus ends the Youth, the buzzing Meadow rung,  
And thus the Rival of his Musick sung.

When Suns by thousands shone in Orbs of Dew,  
I wafted soft with Zephyretta flew;  
Saw the clean Pail, and sought the milky Chear,  
While little Daphne seiz'd my roving Dear.  
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the Dame,  
Yet sat indulging as the Danger came,  
But the kind Huntress left her free to soar:  
Ah! guard, ye Lovers, guard a Mistress more.

Thus from the Fern, whose high-projecting Arms,  
The fleeting Nation bent with dusky Swarms,  
The Swains their Love in easy Musick breathe,  
When Tongues and Tumult stun the Field beneath.  
Black Ants in Teams come darkning all the Road,  
Some call to march, and some to lift the Load;  
They strain, they labour with incessant Pains  
Press'd by the cumbrous weight of single Grains.  
The Flies struck silent gaze with Wonder down:  
The busy Burghers reach their earthy Town;  
Where lay the Burthens of a wint'ry Store,  
And thence unwearied part in search of more.  
Yet one grave Sage a Moment's space attends,  
And the small City's loftiest Point ascends,  
Wipes the salt Dew that trickles down his Face,  
And thus harangues them with the gravest Grace.

Ye foolish Nurslings of the Summer Air,  
These gentle Tunes and whining Songs forbear;  
Your Trees and whisp'ring Breeze, your Grove and Love,  
Your Cupids Quiver, and his Mother's Dove:  
Let Bards to Business bend their vig'rous Wing,  
And sing but seldom, if they love to sing:  
Else, when the Flourets of the Season fail,  
And this your Ferny Shade forsakes the Vale,  
Tho' one would save ye, not one Grain of Wheat

Shou'd pay such Songsters idling at my Gate.

He ceas'd: The Flies, incorrigibly vain,  
Heard the May'r's Speech, and fell to sing again.

Thomas Parnell



# The Happy Man

How bless'd the man, how fully so,  
As far as man is bless'd below,  
Who taking up his cross essays  
To follow Jesus all his days,  
With resolution to obey,  
And steps enlarging in his way.  
The Father of the saints above  
Adopts him with a Father's love,  
And makes his bosom throughly shine  
With wond'rous stores of grace divine;  
Sweet grace divine the pledge of joy  
That will his soul above employ;  
Full joy, that when his time is done  
Becomes his portion as a son.  
Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires  
The fervid wishes, holy fires,  
Which thus a melted heart refine,  
Such are his and such be mine.  
From hence, despising all besides  
That earth reveals or ocean hides,  
All that men in either prize,  
On God alone he sets his eyes.  
From hence his hope is on the wings,  
His health renews, his safety springs,  
His glory blazes up below,  
And all the streams of comfort flow.

He calls his Saviour, King above,  
Lord of mercy, Lord of love,  
And finds a kingly care defend,  
And mercy smile, and love descend,  
To cheer, to guide him in the ways  
Of this vain world's deceitful maze:  
And tho' the wicked earth display  
Its terrors in their fierce array,  
Or gape so wide that horror shews  
Its hell replete with endless woes;  
Such succour keeps him clear of Ill  
Still firm to good and dauntless still.

So fix'd, by Providence's hands  
A rock amidst an ocean stands;  
So bears without a trembling dread  
The tempest beating round its head,  
And with its side repels the wave  
Whose hollow seems a coming grave;  
The skies the deeps are heard to roar  
The rock stands settled as before.

I, all with whom he has to do,  
Admire the life which blesses you,  
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,  
Without a bye designing end;  
Its knowing real int'rest lies  
On the bright side of yonder skies,  
Where having made a title fair  
It mounts and leaves the world to care.  
While he that seeks for pleasing days  
In earthly joys and evil ways,  
Is but the fool of toil or fame,  
(Tho' happy be the specious name)  
And made by wealth, which makes him great,  
A more conspicuous wretch of state.

Thomas Parnell

# The Hermit

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,  
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;  
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:  
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,  
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;  
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:  
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.  
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest  
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,  
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:  
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,  
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,  
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,  
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
To find if books, or swains, report it right,  
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)  
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;  
Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;  
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.  
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried;  
"And hail, my son," the rev'rend sire replied;

Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;  
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;  
Nature in silence bid the world repose;  
When near the road a stately palace rose:  
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive: the liv'ried servants wait;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;  
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;  
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,

The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:  
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;  
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.  
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,  
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;  
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;  
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,  
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.  
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.  
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
( 'Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest, )  
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;  
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:  
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine;  
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
A ready warning bid them part in peace.  
With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd  
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;  
And why should such, within himself he cried,  
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?  
But what new marks of wonder soon took place  
In every settling feature of his face,  
When from his vest the young companion bore  
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,  
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,

The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;  
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;  
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:  
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,  
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought:  
With all the travel of uncertain thought;  
His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:  
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,  
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:  
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:  
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:  
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,  
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;  
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,  
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."  
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,  
When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,  
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,

And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,  
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died!  
Horrors of horrors! what! his only son!  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?  
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:  
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:  
Long arms of oak an open bridge supplied,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
"Detested wretch!"--but scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet,  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;  
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;  
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:

These charms, success in our bright region find,  
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;  
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,  
Nay, cease to kneel--thy fellow-servant I.

"Then know the truth of government divine,  
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

"The Maker justly claims that world He made,  
In this the right of Providence is laid;  
Its sacred majesty through all depends  
On using second means to work his ends:  
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,  
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,  
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise,  
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?  
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,  
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;  
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,  
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;



(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,  
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
To what excesses had this dotage run!  
But God, to save the father, took the son.  
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

"But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back!  
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,  
And what a fund of charity would fail!

"Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.  
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
His master took the chariot of the sky;  
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;  
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,  
"Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done!"  
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

Thomas Parnell

## The Hint Fm French

How nicely fair Phillis you manage yr slave  
You neither reproach nor approve him  
Just keep him in play wth ye hopes wch you leave  
Not give him enough that you'le love him  
Tis tyrrany ruling in love wth such art  
Own rather the cruellest meaning  
If I cant have the pleasure to conquer yr heart  
I shall have some at least in complaining

Thomas Parnell

# The Horse & Olive Or Warr & Peace

With Moral tale let Ancient wisdom move  
Which thus I sing to make ye moderns wise  
Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove  
And rising Athens was the Victors prize  
By Neptune Plutus guardian Power of gain  
By great Minerva Bright Apollo stood  
But Jove superiour Bad ye side obtain  
Which best contrivd to do ye nation good  
Then Neptune striking from the parted ground  
The Warlike horse came pawing on ye plain  
And as it tossd its main & prancd around  
By this he crys Ile make the people reign  
The Goddess smiling gently bowd ye spear  
And rather thus they shall be blessd she said  
Then upwards shooting in ye Vernal air  
With loaded boughs ye fruitfull Olive spread  
Jove saw what gifts ye rival Powers designd  
Then took th' impartial scales resolvd to show  
If greater bliss in warlike pomp we find  
Or in ye calm which peacefull times bestow  
On Neptunes part he placd victorious days  
Gay trophys won & fame extending wide  
But plenty safety science arts & ease  
Minerva's scale with greater weight supplyd  
Fierce warr devours whom gentle Peace woud save  
Sweet peace restores wt angry warr destroys  
Warr made for peace with that rewards ye brave  
While Peace its pleasures from it self enjoys  
Hence Vanquishd Neptune to ye Sea withdrew  
Hence Wise Minerva ruld Athenian lands  
Her Athens hence in arts & honour grew  
And still her Olives deck pacifick hands  
From fables thus disclosd a Monarchs mind  
May form Just rules to chuse ye truly great  
And subjects wearyd with distresses find  
Whose kind endeavours most befriend a state  
Evn Britain here may learn to place her love  
If Citys won her kingdoms wealth have cost  
If Anna's thoughts ye Patriot soules approve

Whose cares restore yt wealth ye wars had lost  
But if we ask ye Moral to disclose  
Whom best Europa's patroness it calls  
Great Anna's title no exception knows  
And unapplyd in this ye fable falls  
With her no Neptune or Minerva vyes  
When ere she pleasd her troops to conquest flew  
When ere she pleases peaceful times arise  
She gave the horse & gives ye Olive too.

Thomas Parnell

# The Horse And The Olive: Or, War And Peace

With Moral Tale let Ancient Wisdom move,  
Which thus I sing to make the Moderns wise:  
Strong Neptune once with sage Minerva strove,  
And rising Athens was the Victor's Prize.  
By Neptune, Plutus (Guardian Pow'r of Gain),  
By Great Minerva, Bright Apollo stood:  
But Jove superior bad the Side obtain  
Which best contriv'd to do the Nation Good.  
Then Neptune striking, from the parted Ground  
The Warlike Horse came pawing on the Plain,  
And as it toss'd its Mane, and pranc'd around,  
By this, he cries, I'll make the People Reign.  
The Goddess smiling gently bow'd the Spear,  
And, rather thus they shall be bless'd, she said;  
Then upwards shooting in the Vernal Air  
With loaded Boughs the fruitful Olive spread.  
Jove saw what Gifts the Rival Pow'rs design'd,  
And took th' impartial Scales, resolv'd to show,  
If greater Bliss in Warlike Pomp we find,  
Or in the Calm which Peaceful Times bestow.  
On Neptune's part he plac'd Victorious Days,  
Gay Trophies won, and Fame extending wide:  
But Plenty, Safety, Science, Arts, and Ease,  
Minerva's Scale with greater Weight supply'd.  
Fierce War devours whom gentle Peace wou'd save,  
Sweet Peace restores what angry War destroys,  
War made for Peace with that rewards the Brave,  
While Peace its Pleasures from it self enjoys.  
Hence vanquish'd Neptune to the Sea withdrew,  
Hence wise Minerva rul'd Athenian Lands,  
Her Athens hence in Arts and Honour grew,  
And still her Olives deck pacifick Hands.  
From Fables thus disclos'd, a Monarch's Mind  
May form just Rules to chuse the Truly-Great:  
And Subjects weary'd with Distresses find  
Whose kind Endeavours most befriend the State.  
Ev'n Britain here may learn to place her Love,  
If Cities won her Kingdoms Wealth have cost,  
If Anna's Thoughts the patriot-souls approve

Whose Cares restore that Wealth the Wars had lost.  
But if we ask the Moral to disclose  
Whom best europa's Patroness it calls,  
Great ANNA's Title no Exception knows,  
And unapply'd in this the Fable falls.  
With Her no Neptune or Minerva vyes;  
Whene'er she pleas'd her Troops to Conquest flew,  
Whene'er she pleases Peaceful Times arise:  
She gave the Horse, and gives the Olive too.

Thomas Parnell

# The Judgment Of Paris

Where waving Pines the brows of Ida shade,  
The swain young Paris half supinely laid,  
Saw the loose Flocks thro' shrubs unnumber'd rove  
And Piping call'd them to the gladdened grove.  
'Twas there he met the Message of the skies,  
That he the Judge of Beauty deal the prize.

The Message known, one Love with anxious mind,  
To make his Mother guard the time assign'd,  
Drew forth her proud white Swans, and trac'd the pair  
That wheel her Chariot in the purple air:  
A golden Bow behind his shoulder bends,  
A golden Quiver at his side depends,  
Pointing to these he nods, with fearless State,  
And bids her safely meet the grand Debate.  
Another Love proceeds with anxious care  
To make his Iv'ry sleek the shining hair,  
Moves the loose Curls and bids the Forehead shew  
In full Expansion all its native snow.  
A third enclasps the many colour'd Cest  
And rul'd by Fancy sets the silver Vest,  
When to her Sons with intermingl'd sighs  
The Goddess of the rosy lips applies.

'Tis now my darling boys a time to shew  
The love you feel, the filial aids you owe:  
Yet would we think that any dar'd to strive  
For Charms, when Venus and her Loves alive?  
Or should the prize of beauty be deni'd,  
Has Beauty's Empress ought to boast beside?  
And ting'd with Poison, pleasing while it harms,  
My Darts I trusted to your infant arms;  
If, when your hands have arch'd the golden Bow,  
The World's great Ruler bending owns the blow,  
Let no contending Form invade my due,  
Tall Juno's Mein, nor Pallas Eyes of blew.  
But grac'd with Triumph, to the Paphian shore,  
Your Venus bears the Palms of Conquest o'er,  
And joyful see my hundred Altars there

With costly Gums perfume the wanton air.

While thus the Cupids hear the Cyprian Dame,  
The groves resounded where a Goddess came.  
The warlike Pallas march'd with mighty stride,  
Her Shield forgot, her Helmet laid aside.  
Her Hair unbound, in curls and order flow'd,  
And Peace, or something like, her Visage shew'd;  
So with her eyes serene and hopeful haste,  
The long stretch'd Allys of the Wood she trac'd.  
But where the Woods a second Entrance found,  
With Scepter'd Pomp, and Golden Glory crown'd  
The stately Juno stalk'd, to reach the Seat,  
And hear the Sentence in the last Debate,  
And long, severely long resent the Grove;  
In this, what boots it, she's the wife of Jove.

Arm'd with a Grace, at length, secure to win,  
The lovely Venus smiling enters in;  
All sweet and shining near the Youth she drew,  
Her rosy Neck ambrosial odours threw;  
The sacred Scents diffus'd among the leaves,  
Ran down the Woods and fill'd their hoary Caves;  
The Charms, so am'rous all, and each so great,  
The conquer'd Judge no longer keeps his Seat;  
Oppress'd with Light, he drops his weary'd eyes  
And fears he should be thought to doubt the Prize.

Thomas Parnell



# The Soul In Sorrow

With kind compassion hear my cry  
O Jesu, Lord of life, on high!  
As when the Summer's seasons beat  
With scorching flame and parching heat,  
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,  
And thirsty gaps in earth are made,  
My thoughts of comfort languish so,  
And so my soul is broke by woe.  
Then on thy servant's drooping head,  
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed;  
Let those a quick refreshment give  
And raise my mind, and bid me live.  
My fears of danger while I breath,  
My dread of endless hell beneath,  
My sense of sorrow for my sin,  
To springing comfort, change within,  
Change all my sad complaints for ease,  
To chearful notes of endless praise;  
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ  
But such as owe their birth to joy:  
Joy transporting sweet and strong,  
Fit to fill and raise my song,  
Joy that shall resounded be  
While days and nights succeed for me:  
Be not as a Judge severe,  
For so thy presence who may bear?  
On all my words and actions look,  
(I know they're written in thy book)  
But then regard my mournful cry  
And look with Mercy's gracious eye,  
What needs my blood since thine will do  
To pay the debt to justice due.  
O tender mercy's art divine!  
Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine,  
Thy dropping wounds, thy woful smart,  
Allay the bleedings of my heart:  
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,  
Restores my soul to life again.  
Guide me then for here I burn

To make my Saviour some return.  
I'll rise, (if that will please him still  
And sure I've heard him own it will)  
I'll trace his steps and bear my cross  
Despising ev'ry grief and loss;  
Since he despising pain and shame,  
First took up his, and did the same.

Thomas Parnell

# The Third Satire Of Dr. John Donne

Compassion checks my spleen, yet Scorn denies  
The tears a passage thro' my swelling eyes;  
To laugh or weep at sins, might idly show,  
Unheedful passion, or unfruitful woe.  
Satyr! arise, and try thy sharper ways,  
If ever Satyr cur'd an old disease.

Is not Religion (Heav'n-descended dame)  
As worthy all our soul's devoutest flame,  
As Moral Virtue in her early sway,  
When the best Heathens saw by doubtful day?  
Are not the joys, the promis'd joys above,  
As great and strong to vanquish earthly love,  
As earthly glory, fame, respect and show,  
As all rewards their virtue found below?  
Alas! Religion proper means prepares,  
These means are ours, and must its End be theirs?  
And shall thy Father's spirit meet the sight  
Of Heathen Sages cloath'd in heavenly light,  
Whose Merit of strict life, severely suited  
To Reason's dictates, may be faith imputed?  
Whilst thou, to whom he taught the nearer road,  
Art ever banish'd from the bless'd abode.

Oh! if thy temper such a fear can find,  
This fear were valour of the noblest kind.

Dar'st thou provoke, when rebel souls aspire,  
Thy Maker's Vengeance, and thy Monarch's Ire?  
Or live entomb'd in ships, thy leader's prey,  
Spoil of the war, the famine, or the sea?  
In search of pearl, in depth of ocean breathe,  
Or live, exil'd the sun, in mines beneath?  
Or, where in tempests icy mountains roll,  
Attempt a passage by the Northern pole?  
Or dar'st thou parch within the fires of Spain,  
Or burn beneath the line, for Indian gain?  
Or for some Idol of thy Fancy draw,  
Some loose-gown'd dame; O courage made of straw!

Thus, desp'rate Coward! would'st thou bold appear,  
Yet when thy God has plac'd thee Centry here,  
To thy own foes, to his, ignobly yield,  
And leave, for wars forbid, the appointed field?

Know thy own foes; th' Apostate Angel, he  
You strive to please, the foremost of the Three;  
He makes the pleasures of his realm the bait,  
But can he give for Love, that acts in Hate?  
The World's thy second Love, thy second Foe,  
The World, whose beauties perish as they blow,  
They fly, she fades herself, and at the best  
You grasp a wither'd strumpet to your breast.  
The Flesh is next, which in fruition wasts,  
High flush'd with all the sensual joys it tastes,  
While men the fair, the goodly Soul destroy,  
From whence the flesh has pow'r to tast a joy.

Seek thou Religion, primitively sound—  
Well, gentle friend, but where may she be found?

By Faith Implicite blind Ignaro led,  
Thinks the bright Seraph from his Country fled,  
And seeks her seat at Rome, because we know  
She there was seen a thousand years ago;  
And loves her Relick rags, as men obey  
The foot-cloth where the Prince sat yesterday.

These pageant Forms are whining Obed's scorn,  
Who seeks Religion at Geneva born,  
A sullen thing, whose coarsness suits the crowd,  
Tho' young, unhandsome; tho' unhandsome, proud:  
Thus, with the wanton, some perversely judge  
All girls unhealthy but the Country drudge.

No foreign schemes make easy Cæpio roam,  
The man contented takes his Church at home;  
Nay should some Preachers, servile bawds of gain,  
Shou'd some new Laws, which like new-fashions reign,  
Command his faith to count Salvation ty'd  
To visit his, and visit none beside,  
He grants Salvation centers in his own,

And grants it centers but in his alone:  
From youth to age he grasps the proffer'd dame,  
And they confer his Faith, who give his Name:  
So from the Guardian's hands, the Wards who live  
Enthral'd to Guardians, take the wives they give.

From all professions careless Airy flies,  
For, all professions can't be good, he cries,  
And here a fault, and there another views,  
And lives unfix'd for want to heart to chuse:  
So men, who know what some loose girls have done,  
For fear of marrying such, will marry none.

The Charms of all, obsequious Courtly strike;  
On each he doats, on each attends alike;  
And thinks, as diff'rent countrys deck the dame,  
The dresses altering, and the sex the same;  
So fares Religion, chang'd in outward show,  
But 'tis Religion still, where'er we go:  
This blindness springs from an excess of light,  
And men embrace the wrong to chuse the right.

But thou of force must one Religion own,  
And only one, and that the Right alone.  
To find that Right one, ask thy Reverend Sire;  
Let him of his, and him of his enquire;  
Tho' Truth and Falshood seem as twins ally'd,  
There's Eldership on Truth's delightful side,  
Her seek with heed—who seeks the soundest First  
Is not of No Religion, nor the worst.  
T' adore, or scorn an Image, or protest,  
May all be bad: doubt wisely for the best;  
'Twere wrong to sleep, or headlong run astray;  
It is not wandring, to inquire the way.

On a large mountain, at the Basis wide,  
Steep to the top, and craggy at the side,  
Sits sacred Truth enthron'd; and he, who means  
To reach the summit, mounts with weary pains,  
Winds round and round, and every turn essays  
Where sudden breaks resist the shorter ways.

Yet labour so, that, e're faint age arrive,  
Thy searching soul possess her Rest alive;  
To work by twilight were to work too late,  
And Age is twilight to the night of fate.  
To will implies delay, therefore now do:  
Hard deeds, the bodie's pain; hard knowledge too  
The mind's indeavours reach; and mysteries  
Are like the Sun dazling, yet plain to all eyes.  
Keep the truth thou hast found; men do not stand  
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand  
Sign'd Kings blank-charters to kill whom they hate,  
Nor are they Vicars, but hangmen to Fate.  
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tyed  
To mans laws, by which she shall not be tryed  
At the last day? Or will it then boot thee  
To say a Philip or a Gregory,  
A Harry or a Martin taught me this?  
Is not this excuse for meer contraries,  
Equally strong, cannot both sides say so?  
That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know;  
Those past, her nature, and name are chang'd; to be  
Then humble to her is Idolatry.  
As streams are, Power is; those blest flowers that dwell  
At the rough streams calm head, thrive and do well,  
But having left their roots, and themselves given  
To the streams tyrannous rage, alas, are driven  
Through Mills, Rocks, and Woods, and at last, almost  
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:  
So perish Souls, which more chuse mens unjust  
Power, from God claim'd, then God himself to trust.  
To will alone, is but to mean delay;  
To work at present is the use of day:  
For man's employ much thought and deed remain,  
High Thoughts the Soul, hard deeds the body strain:  
And Myst'ries ask believing, which to View  
Like the fair Sun, are plain, but dazling too.

Be Truth, so found, with sacred heed possest,  
Not Kings have pow'r to tear it from thy breast,  
By no blank Charters harm they where they hate,  
Nor are they Vicars, but the hands of Fate.  
Ah! fool and wretch, who let'st thy soul be ty'd

To human Laws! Or must it so be try'd?  
Or will it boot thee, at the latest day,  
When Judgment sits, and Justice asks thy plea,  
That Philip that, or Greg'ry taught thee this,  
Or John or Martin? All may teach amiss:  
For, every contrary in each Extream  
This holds alike, and each may plead the same.

Wou'dst thou to Pow'r a proper duty shew?  
'Tis thy first task the bounds of pow'r to know;  
The bounds once past, it holds the name no more,  
Its nature alters, which it own'd before,  
Nor were submission humbleness exprest,  
But all a low Idolatry at best.

Pow'r, from above subordinately spread,  
Streams like a fountain from th' eternal head;  
There, calm and pure the living waters flow,  
But roar a Torrent or a Flood below;  
Each flow'r, ordain'd the Margins to adorn,  
Each native Beauty, from its roots is torn,  
And left on Deserts, Rocks and Sands, or tost  
All the long travel, and in Ocean lost:  
So fares the soul, which more that Pow'r reveres  
Man claims from God, than what in God inheres.

Thomas Parnell

# The Vigil Of Venus

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

The Spring, the new, the warb'ling Spring appears,  
The youthful Season of reviving Years;  
In Spring the Loves enkindle mutual Heats,  
The feather'd Nation chuse their tuneful Mates,  
The Trees grow fruitful with descending Rain  
And drest in diff'ring Greens adorn the Plain.  
She comes; to morrow Beauty's Empress roves  
Thro' Walks that winding run within the Groves;  
She twines the shooting Myrtle into Bow'rs,  
And ties their meeting Tops with Wreaths of Flow'rs,  
Then rais'd sublimely on her easy Throne  
From Nature's pow'rful Dictates draws her own.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas on that Day which saw the teeming Flood  
Swell round, impregnate with celestial Blood;  
Wand'ring in Circles stood the finny Crew,  
The midst was left a void Expanse of Blue,  
There Parent Ocean work'd with heaving Throes,  
And dropping wet the fair Dione rose.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

She paints the purple Year with vary'd show,  
Tips the green Gem, and makes the Blossom glow.  
She makes the turgid Buds receive the Breeze,  
Expand to Leaves, and shade the naked Trees.  
When gath'ring damps the misty Nights diffuse,  
She sprinkles all the Morn with balmy Dews;  
Bright trembling Pearls depend at ev'ry spray,  
And kept from falling, seem to fall away.  
A glossy Freshness hence the Rose receives,  
And blushes sweet through all her silken Leaves;  
(The Drops descending through the silent Night,  
While Stars serenely roll their golden Light,)



Close 'till the Morn, her humid Veil she holds;  
Then deckt with Virgin Pomp the Flow'r unfolds.  
Soon will the Morning blush: Ye Maids! prepare,  
In rosy Garlands bind your flowing Hair  
'Tis Venus' Plant: The Blood fair Venus shed,  
O'er the gay Beauty pour'd immortal Red;  
From Love's soft Kiss a sweet Ambrosial Smell  
Was taught for ever on the Leaves to dwell;  
From Gemms, from Flames, from orient Rays of Light  
The richest Lustre makes her Purple bright;  
And she to morrow weds; the sporting Gale  
Unties her Zone, she bursts the verdant Veil;  
Thro' all her Sweets the rifling Lover flies,  
And as he breaths, her glowing Fires arise.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now fair Dione to the Myrtle Grove  
Sends the gay Nymphs, and sends her tender Love.  
And shall they venture? is it safe to go?  
While Nymphs have Hearts, and Cupid wears a Bow?  
Yes safely venture, 'tis his Mother's Will;  
He walks unarm'd and undesigning ill,  
His Torch extinct, his Quiver useless hung,  
His Arrows idle, and his Bow unstrung.  
And yet, ye Nymphs, beware, his Eyes have Charms,  
And Love that's naked, still is Love in Arms.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

From Venus Bow'r to Delia's Lodge repairs  
A Virgin Train compleat with modest Airs:  
'Chast Delia! grant our Suit! or shun the Wood,  
'Nor stain this sacred Lawn with savage Blood.  
'Venis, O Delia! if she cou'd persuade,  
'Wou'd ask thy Presence, might she ask a Maid.  
Here chearful Quires for three auspicious Nights  
With Songs prolong the pleasurable Rites:  
Here Crouds in Measures lightly-decent rove;  
Or seek by Pairs the Covert of the Grove,  
Where meeting Greens for Arbours arch above,  
And mingling Flowrets strow the Scenes of Love.

Here dancing Ceres shakes her golden Sheaves:  
Here Bacchus revels, deckt with viny Leaves:  
Here Wit's enchanting God in Lawrel crown'd  
Wakes all the ravish'd Hours with silver Sound.  
Ye Fields, ye Forests, own Dione's Reign,  
And Delia, Huntress Delia, shun the Plain.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Gay with the Bloom of all her opening Year,  
The Queen at Hybla bids her Throne appear;  
And there presides; and there the fav'rite Band  
(Her smiling Graces) share the great Command.  
Now beauteous Hybla! dress thy flow'ry Beds  
With all the Pride the lavish Season sheds,  
Now all thy Colours, all thy Fragrance yield,  
And rival Enna's Aromatick Field.  
To fill the Presence of the gentle Court  
From ev'ry Quarter rural Nymphs resort,  
From Woods, from Mountains, from their humble Vales,  
From Waters curling with the wanton Gales.  
Pleas'd with the joyful Train, the laughing Queen  
In Circles seats them round the Bank of green;  
And 'lovely Girls, (she whispers) guard your Hearts;  
'My Boy, tho' stript of Arms, abounds in Arts.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Let tender Grass in shaded Allys spread,  
Let early Flow'rs erect their painted Head.  
To morrow's Glory be to morrow seen,  
That Day, old Ether wedded Earth in green.  
The Vernal Father bid the Spring appear,  
In Clouds he coupled to produce the Year,  
The Sap descending o'er her Bosom ran,  
And all the various sorts of Soul began.  
By Wheels unknown to Sight, by secret Veins  
Distilling Life, the fruitful Goddess reigns,  
Through all the lovely Realms of native Day,  
Through all the circled Land, and circling Sea;  
With fertile Seed she fill'd the pervious Earth,  
And ever fix'd the mystick Ways of Birth.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

'Twas she the Parent, to the Latian Shore  
Through various Dangers Troy's Remainder bore.  
She won Lavinia for her warlike Son,  
And winning her, the Latian Empire won.  
She gave to Mars the Maid, whose honour'd Womb  
Swell'd with the Founder of immortal Rome.  
Decoy'd by Shows the Sabin Dames she led,  
And taught our vig'rous Youth the Means to wed.  
Hence sprung the Romans, hence the Race divine  
Thro' which great Cæsar draws his Julian Line.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

In rural Seats the Soul of Pleasure reigns;  
The Life of Beauty fills the rural Scenes;  
Ev'n Love (if Fame the Truth of Love declare)  
Drew first the breathings of a rural Air.  
Some pleasing Meadow pregnant Beauty prest,  
She laid her Infant on its flow'ry Breast,  
From Nature's Sweets he sipp'd the fragrant Dew,  
He smil'd, he kiss'd them, and by kissing grew.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Now Bulls o'er Stalks of Broom extend their Sides,  
Secure of Favours from their lowing Brides.  
Now stately Rams their fleecy Consorts lead,  
Who bleating follow thro' the wand'ring Shade.  
And now the Goddess bids the Birds appear,  
Raise all their Musick, and salute the Year:  
Then deep the Swan begins, and deep the Song  
Runs o'er the Water where he sails along;  
While Philomela tunes a treble Strain,  
And from the Poplar charms the list'ning Plain.  
We fancy Love exprest at ev'ry Note,  
It melts, it warbles, in her liquid Throat.  
Of barb'rous Tereus she complains no more,  
But sings for Pleasure as for Grief before.  
And still her Graces rise, her Airs extend,

And all is Silence 'till the Syren end.

How long in coming is my lovely Spring?  
And when shall I, and when the Swallow sing?  
Sweet Philomela cease,—Or here I sit,  
And silent lose my rapt'rous Hour of Wit:  
'Tis gone, the Fit retires, the Flames decay,  
My tuneful Phœbus flies averse away.  
His own Amycle thus, as Stories run,  
But once was silent, and that once undone.  
Let those love now, who never lov'd before,  
Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

Thomas Parnell

# The Way To Happiness

How long ye miserable blind  
Shall idle dreams engage your mind,  
How long the passions make their flight  
At empty shadows of delight?  
No more in paths of error stray,  
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,  
The spring of happiness, and where  
Shou'd men seek happiness but there?  
Then run to meet him at your need,  
Run with boldness, run with speed,  
For he forsook his own abode  
To meet thee more than half the road.  
He laid aside his radiant crown  
And love for mankind brought him down  
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,  
To wounds, to death it self below,  
And he that suffer'd these alone  
For all the World, despises none.  
To bid the soul that's sick be clean,  
To bring the lost to life again,  
To comfort those that grieve for ill,  
Is his peculiar goodness still.  
And as the thoughts of parents run  
Upon a dear and only son,  
So kind a love his mercies shew,  
So kind and more extreamly so.

Thrice happy men (or find a phrase  
That speaks your bliss with greater praise)  
Who most obedient to thy call  
Leaving pleasures leaving all,  
With heart with soul, with strength incline  
O sweetest Jesu! to be thine;  
Who know thy will, observe thy ways,  
And in thy service spend their days:  
E'en death that seems to set them free  
But brings them closer still to thee.



# Thou Gaudy Idle World Adieu

Thou Gaudy Idle world adieu,  
& all thy tinsell Joys;  
I lovd thee dearly once tis true,  
But since a better choice I knew,  
Ive made that better choice.  
My wishes mount above the sky  
Upon the wings of faith,  
My soul shall follow when I dy,  
For much I doubt if bodys fly,  
What ever Asgill saith.  
All things are fickle here below,  
How ere above they be,  
& If I had not left thee now,  
Thy pleasures had left me.  
Count but the changes Memory  
Which your short time has known,  
This is the third King which you see  
Upon the English throne.  
The Irish who by Williams reign  
Were run so much aground,  
Do by the Trust (confound it) Gain  
three hundred thousand pound.  
& My acquaintance wonder not  
When you my change discover  
Ev'n Methwin has a prayr book bought  
'Gainst Rochester comes over.

Thomas Parnell

## Three Verse Passages From A Prose Meditation

On verdurd trees ye silver blossoms grow  
Whose leaves atop their perfect whiteness show  
& faintly streak with stains of red below  
The western breeze steales ore ye shady grove  
to sigh near roses as insnard by love.

The waves pushed on by waves in mountains ly  
Mixd with ye clouds ye Parent waters fly  
& the cross'd winds roar hideous in ye sky  
The east & west the south & north contend  
While the vexd sea beneath is neithers friend  
Above ye winds below the billows Jarr  
& nature is become the seat of warr

Look how ye silent waters stealing by  
With such smooth motions as deceive our eye  
Returns ye pleasing pictures of ye sky  
There shines ye sun with imitated rayes  
her borrowd light ye paler moon displays  
& ye cleare heavens wear an azure face  
So lett thy temper due composure find  
By all the modest rules that bound ye mind  
That Whether fortune with a storm assails  
Or Courts thy wishes with indulgent gales  
No passion interpose a cloud between  
But on thy bosome undisturbd within  
May natures God & natures form [be seen]

Thomas Parnell



## To -----

Thanks to the friend whose happy lines could cheer  
In Derry's oaten soil frozen air  
When to the City late I bid farewell  
Beneath my firm resolves my scribbling fell  
The Ghost of my departed Muse you raise  
tune her tongue to long forgotten layes  
Thus a poor girl by passion overrun  
Tires with the folly forsakes the town  
But if her shades present a powerful swain  
She feels ye woman stirr loves again

Your thoughts are Just your words fall in with ease  
Who would not be abused in lines like these  
Mindless of all the ill they say of me  
I read them admire their poetry  
So when a Charming beauty strikes ye heart  
We slight the wound to gaze upon ye dart  
But oh My friend of writing much beware  
If once you're charmd you're fixed for ever there  
Fame all abroad loose desires with in  
Intice a giddy creature to the pen  
A Cælia soon he gets to whom to write  
the brisk bottle must compleat ye witt  
Then every minute of succeeding time  
Invents a frolick or creates a whim  
Which his leud absent friend must hear in rime  
You'll think ( others have been thus undone)  
Your reason can the growing passion shun  
But did you know its strength you'd doubt your own

Your best endeavours on ye law bestow  
Rough as it is 'tis profitable too  
Cowel Blunt have words Cook ye way  
to keep the wrangling sons of earth in play  
then if your books you use your Clients pay

Stay Muse in paths you never trod you rove  
My lean advice does my presumption prove  
But Can it shew my fault & not my love

Kindly accept what I in kindness send  
think me as I think my self your friend.

Thomas Parnell

# To A Young Lady, On Her Translation Of The Story Of Phoebus And Daphne, From Ovid

In Phœbus Wit (as Ovid said)  
Enchanting Beauty woo'd;  
In Daphne Beauty coily fled,  
While vainly Wit pursu'd.  
But when you trace what Ovid writ,  
A diff'rent Turn we view;  
Beauty no longer flies from Wit,  
Since both are joyn'd in You.  
Your Lines the wondrous Change impart,  
From whence our Lawrels spring;  
In Numbers fram'd to please the Heart,  
And merit what they Sing.  
Methinks thy Poet's gentle Shade  
Its Wreath presents to Thee;  
What Daphne owes you as a Maid,  
She pays you as a Tree.

Thomas Parnell

## To Mistress -----

Hadst thou but livd before ye Gods were dead  
That Heathens ownd ye world might thus have said.  
'If any settled seat ye Muses use  
'Thou art that seat or art thy self a Muse.

Thomas Parnell

## To Mr Brown On His Book Against T---

Giddy wth fond ambition, mad wth pride,  
Apostate angells once ev'n heavn defi'de;  
Avenging heavn its hottest bolts prepar'd,  
And hell and thunder provd their sad reward.

Yet foolish man by no example won,  
perverse in ill, dare rashly venture on,  
Wildly rebels, calls reason to his aid,  
And uses it on him who reason made.  
For crimes like this what vengeance is in store?  
What but the same wch heaven showrd down on fiends before?  
What milder could wee hope wee should receive?  
But god is kindly willing to forgive,  
He usd his Justice then, but mercy now,  
Was then wth thunder armd, but now wth you:  
He bid you rise truths champion, & oppose  
Wth their own arms wth reason his audacious foes.  
You take ye lists, & in your gods defence,  
Unravell all their specious arguments,  
Who lull their hearers with a show of sense,  
In artfull words their best objections place,  
and in fair terms their sly delusions dress;  
this guilding you remove, & streight we see  
What nothings all their demonstrations be.

Thus when a fiend upon their sabbats cheats  
The witches he has made wth fancyd treats,  
The air condenses round to costly meates:  
But if a stranger who by chance has viewd  
their rites, dares venture to be boldly good,  
No more the pleasing Phantome does remain,  
But to its former air dissolves again.

Thomas Parnell

## To Mr. Pope

To praise, and still with just respect to praise  
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,  
The Learn'd to show, the Sensible commend,  
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend,  
What life, what vigour must the lines require?  
What Music tune them, what affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my bosom shine!  
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;  
The brightest Ancients might at once agree,  
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself wou'd own thou dost excell  
In candid arts to play the Critic well.  
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame,  
Whom Windsor-Forest sees a gliding stream:  
On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd,  
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,  
Made by thy Muse the envy of the Fair?  
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's Princess wore,  
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.  
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;  
Belles war with Beaus, and Whims descend for Gods.  
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,  
Mock the grave frenzy of the Chimick fool.  
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,  
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.  
The Graces stand in sight; a Satyr-train,  
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple o'er the boldest wits,  
Inshrin'd on high, the sacred Virgil sits,  
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's Muse,  
To place thee near him, might be fond to chuse.  
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,  
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;  
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,

Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize.  
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,  
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.  
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,  
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia hail!  
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,  
Here let thy Poplars whisper o'er my head!  
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,  
Thy Aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!  
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring,  
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.

In English lays, and all sublimely great,  
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;  
He shines in Council, thunders in the fight,  
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight.  
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,  
Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;  
In all the majesty of Greek retir'd,  
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd;  
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;  
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.  
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before  
Fed the large realms around with golden Oar,  
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,  
And shepherds only say, The mines were here:  
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,  
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)  
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;  
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious are thy new designs!  
How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!  
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,  
And rise in raptures by another's heat.  
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,  
When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,  
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,  
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:  
The shades resound with song—O softly tread,  
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,  
My silent harp its master's hand requires,  
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;  
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground.  
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,  
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.  
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;  
Here half an Acre's corn is half a sheaf;  
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,  
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;  
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,  
Whose dull, brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.  
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned ease,  
A Friend delight me, and an Author please;  
Ev'n here I sing, when Pope supplies the theme,  
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame.

Thomas Parnell



# Untitled Fragment

When Pop'ry s arbitrary yolk  
Britannia feard of late  
To liberty Religion spoke  
To save ye sinking state  
Joy of the World the Goddess said  
Can no great soul be found  
To move for this  
Ore  
Joy of both worlds the nymph replyd

Thomas Parnell

# When Ore My Temples Balmy Vapours Rise

When ore my temples balmy vapours rise  
Whose soft suffusion dims the sinking eyes  
Gay dreams in troops fantastically light  
On silent plumes wave down through sable night  
Nights sable curtains draw before my eye  
gently clears a visionary Sky  
the running darkness draws its dusky shade  
from off the beautys of a flowry mead  
More still more forsakes the lengthening plain  
Mounts gray ends it in a sylvan scene.

Poizd & aloft I sail in glittering air  
Joy to view my newborn earth so fair

Thomas Parnell

# Ye Wives Who Scold & Fishes Sell

Ye Wives who scold fishes sell,  
Or sing sell your fruit,  
I want a wondrous thing to tell,  
Then (if you can) be mute.  
From some of You one Homer came,  
Who wrote a ballad first,  
For He knew neither Parents name  
Nor livd where he was nurst  
His verse in length exceeds us all  
So when a crowd he drew,  
Like you he got him to a stall,  
spoke as long as you.  
Some tatterd Mermaid gave him birth  
Who crys her oyster wares  
Or Else some ragged nymph of earth  
Who sings her Mellow pears  
If 'twas the nymph of fruit was prest,  
Apollo was ye Lover:  
With tunefull cry he filld her breast,  
got a singing Rover.  
A Man, tho blind, yet usd to ply  
Where 'ere he heard of Chear;  
His dog it seems preserved an eye,  
Its Master livd by ear.  
Or if Apollo chancd to Love  
The Mermaid near ye sea,  
Whose shriller voice he taught to move  
With buy my oysters pray.  
Her shriller voice when raised to Ire  
Woud thunder on ye crew,  
So from ye Mother ye Sire  
Old Homers Iliad grew.  
then (as big with child she stood)  
The place she sold her fishes  
Might in his fancy form a floud  
To rage in all th' Odysseys.

Thomas Parnell

# Young Philomela's Powrfull Dart

Young Philomela's powrfull dart  
Two gentle shepheard's hitt  
With Beauty touchd Amintors heart  
Celadons with witt  
The Rivall swains on either side  
Their am'rous pangs expressd  
Till young Amintor she denyd  
Celadon she blessd  
The youth who mett a mutuall fire  
In pleasure lost his pain  
The others hopeless flames expire  
Beneath a cold disdain  
Ye Priests of love ye Poets tell  
What Cupids forces are  
If when the suit goes ill or well  
No more we serve a fair.

Thomas Parnell