

John Jenkins.

P O E M S

O N

V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S .

W H E R E T O I S P R E F I X E D

A S H O R T E S S A Y

O N T H E

S T R U C T U R E

O F

E N G L I S H V E R S E .

By the Rev. L E M U E L A B B O T T .



N O T T I N G H A M :

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MDCCLXV.

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CHARLES JENNENS, ESQ;

A T
GOPSAL, LEICESTERSHIRE,

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GRATITUDE

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A SHORT

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O F

E N G L I S H V E R S E .

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A S H O R T
E S S A Y
O N T H E
Structure of ENGLISH Verse.

S E C T I O N I.

1. **I**T is evident that the Quantity of Syllables in *English* Verse is not determined by those Rules which determine the Quantity in *Greek* and *Latin* Verse.

2. In *Greek* and *Latin* Verse the Quantity and Accent sometimes coincide, and sometimes do not; as in the following Verse,

Títýre | tú pátu- | læ récu- | bans sub | tégmíne | fági.

VIRG. ECL. I. 1.

Where the Accent lies on the short Syllables, *pa* and *re*, and the long Syllables, *læ*, *bans*, and *sub*, receive no Accent.

But

But it is observable that in *English Verse* the Quantity and Accent perpetually coincide; for Example,

Benéath | the Sháde | a spréad- | ing Béach | displáys.

POPE'S AUTUMN, V. 1.

Where the Feet are all *Iambics*, or consist of one short and one long Syllable, and the Accent falls constantly on the long Syllable, the short one being always unaccented.

From these two Considerations it seems to follow that the Quantity in *English Verse* depends upon, or is determined by the Accent.

S E C T I O N II.

BEcause the Accent determines the Quantity in *English Verse*, and for Reasons which will appear hereafter, it will be proper to see how the Accents are laid in Prose. Let a few Verses of the XCVIIIth Psalm serve as a Specimen.

1. O s'ing unto the Lórd a n'ew Sóng, for he hath dóne márvellous Th'ings: his ríght Hánd, and his hólý árm hath góttén him the Víctory.

2. The Lórd hath máde knówn his Salvátion: his Ríghteoufnefs hath he ópenly shéwed in the Síght of the Héathen.

3. He

3. He hath remembered his Mércy and his Trúth toward the Hóuse of Ísrael: all the énds of the éarth have féen the Salvátion of Gód.

The above Passage is, I believe, marked as accented when read with Propriety. And it is observable,

1. That the Accents are irregularly disposed, the intervening unaccented Syllables being one, two, three, or more as it happens; and that sometimes there is no unaccented Syllable between two accented ones.

2. That the Voice dwells upon, and gives the full Sound to the accented Syllables (which is indeed a Definition of *Accent*) but moves with more Rapidity and less Distinctness through the intervening unaccented ones.

3. That no more than one Accent is laid on a single Word, let it consist of ever so many Syllables.

4. That there are a great Number of Monosyllables, and some Dissyllables (as the Word *unto* in the first Verse) that receive no Accent.

5. That it may be determined by their Signification what short Words are, and what are not accented.

And

And it will be found that Nouns, Substantive and Adjective, Verbs, Participles, Adverbs, and Interjections, receive an Accent.

That Pronouns, primitive and possessive, Conjunctions, Prepositions, Articles, the Signs of Cases in Nouns, and the Signs of the Moods and Tenses in Verbs, receive no Accent.

These Rules are most of them exemplified in the above quoted Passage.

Nevertheless there are some Exceptions, one or two which more frequently occur, it may not be amiss to mention.

A Word, which would otherwise be unaccented, receives an Accent when a particular Stress or Emphasis is laid on it, as the Pronouns *us* and *thy* in the following Sentence.

Nót unto ús, O Lórd, nó't unto ús, but unto thý Náme gíve Glóry. Ps. CXV. 1.

Some Verbs are not accented; as the Verbs *to be* and *to have* through all their Moods and Tenses: an Example whereof may be seen in the Words *is* and *hath* in the following Passages:

The Lórd is my Shépherd. Ps. XXIII. 1.

Hé that hath cléan Hánds. Ps. XXIV. 4.

Some

Some Adverbs, as the Adverb *not* after a Verb;

Frét not thyfélf becaúse of évil Dóers.

PSALM XXXVII. I.

This brief Survey of Prose was necessary to be taken, as it will be found a constant Rule, that whatever Syllable is accented in Prose, must be accented and made long in Verse, unless in some Passages in Burlesque Poetry, such as the following;

When Púl- | pít, Drúm | Ecclé- | siástic,
Was béat | with Físt | instéad | of á Stick.

HUDIBRASS, Can. I.

Where for the Sake of the Rhyme, the Accent which, in Sense, should lie on the Substantive *Stick*, is transferred to the Article *a*.

S E C T I O N III.

THE most uniform and exact Kind of *Englisb* Verse is that wherein, those Syllables which are accented in Prose, and those which are unaccented, alternately succeed; as in the following Verse, which may be divided into Iambic Feet:

The flów- | ry Dále | of Síb- | ma clád | with Vines.

PAR. LOST, B. I. V. 410.

B

Here

Here we have (by the above Rules) *the*, an Article, unaccented or short; *flow-*, the first Syllable of *flow'ry*, an Adjective, accented or long; *ry*, the unaccented Syllable, short: *Dale*, a Substantive, accented or long: *of*, a Preposition, or Sign of the Genitive Case, unaccented or short: *Sib-*, the first Syllable of *Sibma*, a Substantive, accented or long; *ma*, the unaccented Syllable, short: *clad*, a Participle, accented or long: *with*, a Preposition, unaccented or short: *Vines*, a Substantive, accented or long.

But, as in Prose no more than one Accent is laid on a Word let it consist of ever so many Syllables; so no Words of more than two Syllables, or of three whose Accent lies on the middle Syllable, can be admitted into this Kind of Verse. And in this Kind of Verse, two unaccented Monosyllables cannot succeed each other.

S E C T I O N IV.

IN order, therefore, to introduce into Iambics, Words of three Syllables with the Accent on the first or last Syllable, and Words of four, five or more Syllables, and to make two unaccented Monosyllables succeed each other, *English*
Verse

Verse seems to have invented for itself another Accent, additional to that which it receives from Prose, (and which, for Distinction's Sake, may be marked thus [^]) as in the following Verses :

Agáinft | the Thróne | and Mó | narch[^]† | of Héav'n.

PAR. LOST, B. I. V. 42^o

Where the Word of three Syllables, *Monarchy*, hath in Prose an Accent only on the first Syllable; but in Verse receives an additional Accent on the last Syllable.

With é- | ver búrn- | ing Súl- | phur ún- | confúm'd.

PAR. LOST B. I. V. 39.

Where the Word *unconsum'd* is accented profaically on the last Syllable only, but in Verse receives an additional Accent on the first.

In â- | damán- | tine Cháins | and pé- | nal Fíre,

Who dúrft | defy | th'omní- | potênt | to árms.

PAR. LOST. B. I. V. 48.

Where the Words *adamantine* and *omnipotent* receive an additional Accent, one on the first, the other on the last Syllable.

In

† ↵ This Mark is not here to be understood as the same Kind of Accent with the Circumflex, which it generally denotes, but as an Accute Accent of a lesser Degree.

In dú- | bious Bât- | tle ôñ | the Pláins | of Héav'n.

PAR. LOST. B. I. V. 104.

Where the Monofyllable *on*, being a Preposition, receives no Accent in Prose, but hath here the additional Accent.

But then it is to be marked that these additional Accents are much weaker than the other, and that the Voice rushes through the Feet where they are found with greater Rapidity. Therefore such Feet may be called shorter or lesser Jambics.

S E C T I O N V.

A Third Kind of Foot is the Trochee, or a Foot consisting of two Syllables, the first accented, and the second unaccented; such are the first and fourth Feet in the following Verse:

Thrónes and | impé- | rial Pów'rs | óffspring | of Héav'n.

PAR. LOST. B. II. V. 310.

S E C T I O N VI.

A Fourth Kind is the lesser Trochee, or a Foot whose first Syllable is accented with the lesser Accent, and the second unaccented:

The

The first Foot of the following Verse is a lesser Iambic.

In the | begín- | ning hów | the Héav'n | and éarth.

PAR. LOST. B. I. V. 9.

For the Monosyllable *in*, being a Preposition, receives no Accent in Prose, agreeable to the Rule.

S E C T I O N VII.

BUT it may be objected that the lesser Iambic and lesser Trochee abovementioned may both be resolved into the Pirrhic Foot, each of them consisting of two prosaically unaccented Syllables, and therefore both short; and as such may be accounted for in Verse without any new Invention.

In Answer to this,—We shall find that there is for the most Part, if not always, a Preference in Sound to be given to one of two unaccented Monosyllables meeting together, not so discernable indeed, when we read the whole Sentence where we find them; but pronouncing them separately from the rest of the Sentence, we may find upon which the additional Accent will fall.

As

As for Example, when we read the following Sentence entire,

In the Beginning Góð created the Héaven and the éarth.

We perceive little or no Difference between the unaccented Syllables, the accented ones filling the Ear, and giving us no Leave to attend to the rest. But if we take the two Monosyllables, *In the*, at the Beginning of the Sentence, or the two Monosyllables, *and the*, near the End, and pronounce them separately, we may clearly see which has the Preference of Sound, and receives an additional Accent, as we shall read them, *in the, ánd the*.

This Division, then, of what might have been called the Pirrhic Foot, into these two other, is more accurate, and will help us in a nicer Manner to judge of Verification ; as will be seen by and by.

A general Rule to determine which of two unaccented Monosyllables succeeding each other will receive the additional Accent, is to consider which of the two has the most Weight in the Sentence, and that is the Word on which the additional Accent must be laid.

S E C T I O N VIII.

A Fifth Kind of Foot made Use of in *English* Verse is the Spondee, or a Foot consisting of two accented Syllables, as the three first Feet of the following Verse,

Rócks, Cáves, | Lákes, Féns | Bógs, Déns | and Shádes | of Déath.

PAR. LOST. B, II. V. 621.

All the Monosyllables in these first three Feet, being Substantives, are accented, agreeable to the Rule.

S E C T I O N IX.

A Sixth Kind is the Amphibrach, or a Foot consisting of three Syllables, the middle Syllable being accented, and the first and last unaccented ; as the third Foot in the following Verse :

And chéief- | ly thóu | O Spírit | that dóst | préfér.

PAR. LOST. B. I. V. 17.

This Foot is chiefly made Use of at the End of a Verse, as in the following Verses :

Whéther

Whéther | 'tis nó- | bler in | the Mínd | to súffer
 The Slings | and ár- | rows ôt | outrá- | geous Fórtune
 O'r to | táke árms | agáinst | a Séa | of Tróubles.

HAMLET, Act III. Sc. 2.

An Opportunity here offers itself just to observe that two Syllables, the first ending, and the second beginning with a Vowel, frequently contract themselves into one; as *ge-ous*, the two last Syllables of the Word *outrageous*, are here founded but as one.

S E C T I O N X.

IT seems that in *English* heroic Verse we can discover the above-mentioned six Kinds of Feet: And it may not be amiss to see how they are made Use of by the best Poets in some Passages of their Writings. And first by *Shakespeare*:

A'y but | to díe | and gó | we knów | not whére :
 To líe | in cóld | Obstrúc- | tion ând | to rót :
 This sên- | fiblê | wárm Mó- | tion tô | becóme
 A knéad- | ed Clód, | ând the | delíght- | ed Spírit
 To báthe | in fíe- | ry Flóds | ôr to | refíde 5
 In thríl- | ling ré- | gions ôf | thícK ríb-bed íce ;
 To bê | imprí- | son'd in | the víew- | lefs Wínds,

And

And blówn | with réft- | lefs Vío- | lence | róund abóut
The pén- | dent Wórd ; | ór to | be wórfe | than wórst
Of thóse, | that lów- | lefs ând | incér- | tain Thóught 10
Imá- | gines hówl- | ing ; tís | tóo hór- | riblé !
The wéa- | riest ând | móst lóath- | ed wórd- | ly Lífe,
That áge, | áche, Pé- | nury, | Imprí- | fonmènt
Can láy | on Ná- | ture, is | a Pá- | radíse
To whát | we féar | of Déath. 15

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, A& III. Sc. 2.

In these Verses, consisting of seventy-three Feet, it is observable,

1. That there are forty-nine greater Iambics, fourteen lesser Iambics, one greater Trochee, three lesser Trochees, five Spondees, and one Amphibrach.

2. That there is but one entire Verse (*V. 8.*) of Iambics of the greater Sort.

3. That there are five of the Verses that have in them four greater Iambics, six Verses that have three, three Verses that have two, and that there is no Verse that has only one.

4. That the greater Trochee is placed at the Beginning of the Verse, (*V. 1.*)

C

5. That

5. That all the lesser Trochees are placed immediately after the * *Break* in the Verse, (*V.* 4, 5, 9.)

SECTION XI.

Secondly, *MILTON.*

TWó of | fár nó- | bler Shápe | eréct, | and táll,
 Gódlíke | eréct, | with ná- | tive Hó- | nour clád ·
 In ná- | ked Má- | jeftý, | féem'd Lórd's | of áll,
 And wór- | thy féem'd ; | for ín | their Lóoks | dívine
 The í- | mage ôf | their gló- | ríous Má- | ker fhóne, 5
 Trúth, Wíf- | dom, Sánc- | títtúde | févére | and púre,
 (Sevére | but ín | trúe fí- | líal Frée- | dom plác'd)
 Whénce trúe | Authó- | rítý[^] | ín Mén ; | though bóth
 Nót é- | qual, às | their Séx | nót é- | qual féem'd ;
 For Cón- | templá- | tíon hé | and Vá- | lor fórm'd, 10
For

* It hath been observed by some Writers, that an heroic Verse naturally breaks or divides itself into two Parts, as may be seen in the following Verses.

In that soft Season | when descending Show'rs
 Call forth the Greens, | and wake the rising Flow'rs,
 When opening Buds | salute the welcome day,
 And Earth relenting | feels the genial Ray.

19 *Structure of ENGLISH VERSE.*

For Sóft- | nefs fhé | and fwéet | attrác- | tive Gráce,
 Hé for | Gód ón- | ly, fhé | for Gód | in him :
 His fáir | lárgé Frónt | and éye | fublíme | declár'd
 A'bfó- | lute Rúle ; | and hý- | acín- | thin Lócks
 Róund from | his párt- | ed Fóre- | lock mán- | ly húng 15
 Clúft'ring, | but nóT | benéath | his Shóul- | ders bróad :
 Shé as | a Véil | dówn to | her flén- | der Wáíft
 Her ûn- | adórn- | ed góld- | en Tréf- | fes wóre
 Dífhé- | vel'd, bùt | in wán- | ton Ríng- | lets wáv'd,
 A's the | Víne cúrls | her Tén- | drils, wáìch | impl'y'd 20
 Subjéc- | tion, bùt | requír'd | with gén- | tle Swáy,
 And by | hér yíeld- | ed, bý | hím béít | recéiv'd
 Yíelded | with cóy | Submíf- | fion; mó- | deít Príde,
 And fwéet | relúc- | tant á- | moróus | Deláy. 24

PAR. LOSŒ. B, IV. V. 288.

In theſe twenty-four Verſes conſiſting of one hundred and twenty Feet, we may obſerve,

1. That there are eighty-one greater Iambics, fifteen leſſer Iambics, ten greater Trochees, one leſſer Trochee, and thirteen Spondees.

2. That there is but one Verſe (*V. 11.*) in the Twenty-four that conſiſts entirely of the greater Iambics.

3. That there are eleven of the Verses that have in them four greater Iambics, nine Verses that have three; two that have two; and that there is but one Verse (*V. 22.*) where only one greater Iambic is found; and this seems to be the least musical Verse in the whole Passage.

4. That all the Trochees except one are placed at the Beginning of the Verse.

5. That the Trochee which is in the Middle of the Verse, (*V. 17.*) is placed immediately after the *Break*.

S E C T I O N XII.

Thirdly, *P O P E*.

YE Ny'mphs | of Só- | lymâ! | begín | the Sóng :
To héav'n- | ly Thémes | sublí- | mer Stráins belong.

The móf- | fy Fóun- | tains, ând | the Sy'l-*van* Shâdes,

The Dréams | of Pín- | dus ând | th' Aó- | nian Máids,

Delíght | no móre. | O thóu | my Bréast | inspíre

5

Who tóuch'd | Ifái- | ah's hâl- | low'd Líps | with Fíre!

Rápt in | to fú- | ture Tímes, | the Bárd | begún,

A Vír- | gín shâll | concéive | a Vír- | gín béar | a Són!

From Jéf- | fe's Róot | behóld | a Bráñch | aríse,

Whose fá- | cred Flów'r | with Frá- | grance fills | the Skíes: 10

Th'

Th' æthe- | rial Spí- | rit ó'er | its Léaves | shall móve,
And ón | its Tóp | descénds | the my'f- | tic Dóve.
Ye Héav'ns! | from high | the déw- | y Néc- | tar póur,
And ín | soft Sí- | lence shéd | the kínd- | ly Shów'r!
The Síck | and Wéak | the héal- | íng Piánt | shall áid, 15
From Stórms | a Shél- | ter, ând | from Héat | a Sháde.
A'll Crímes | shall céase, | and ân- | cient Fráud | shall fáil,
Retúrn- | íng Júst- | tice líft | alóft | her Scále ;
Péace o'er | the Wó:ld | her ó- | live Wánd | exténd,
And whíte- | rob'd ín- | nocênce | from Héav'n | descénd. 20

MESSIAH, V. 1.

In these Verses consisting of one hundred and one Feet, we find,

1. That there are eighty-eight greater Iambics, nine lesser Iambics, two greater Trochees, and two Spondees.
2. That there are eight Verses consisting entirely of greater Iambics.
3. That there is one Verse of six Feet, having five greater Iambics; (*V* 8.) ten Verses have four, and but one Verse that has only three.
4. That the two Trochees are both placed at the Beginning of the Verse.

SECTION

SECTION XIII.

FROM these Surveys we may perceive that the greater Iambic is the Standard Foot of *English* heroic Verse, (as we shall find it to be of most other Kinds of *English* Verse) and that the other Feet when introduced have the Effect of taking off that perpetual Monotony which the constant Use of the greater Iambic would cause; but, when too thickly placed they destroy the musical Uniformity of the Verse: And we see that Blank Verse admits of a more frequent Use of them than Rhyme.

Of all other Feet the lesser Iambic seems the nearest akin to the Standard Foot, and next to that the Spondee; and these, we see, are made Use of in any Part of a Verse: But the Trochees of both Kinds, being the Converse of the Iambic Feet, are the most different from them; when they are placed at the Beginning, or made the first Foot of the Verse, they interrupt the flowing of the foregoing Verse into it, but yet are no Blemish in the Verse itself; when they are placed in the Middle of the Verse immediately after the *Break*, they make the *Break* more conspicuous, and prevent the two Parts of the Verse from uniting

ting, and though upon that Account they are a Kind of Blemish, yet they hurt not the Parts of the Verse separately considered; but if placed any where else they are entirely unharmonious: As, suppose in this Verse,

Pérvious | to Wínds, | and ó- | pen év'- | ry Wáy.

POPE'S TEMPLE OF FAME. V. 427.

the first Foot, being a Trochee, and the second Foot being an Iambic, should change Places; which may be done without affecting the Sense, it will stand thus,

To Wínds | pérvious, | and ó- | pen év- | 'ry Wáy.

and the Injury done to the Verse by this Change will manifestly appear.

The Amphibrach when used with the Iambic has pretty much the same Effect, as the Dactyl used with the Spondee in *Greek* and *Latin* Hexameter.

S E C T I O N XIV.

BUT let us now see how these several Kinds of Feet may be used, so that

“ The Sound may seem an Echo to the Sense.”

I. Verses

1. Verses made entirely of greater Iambics, being the most uniform, are well fitted to express any uniform Motion, such as the flowing of a River, the sailing of a Ship, the gliding of a Ghost, &c. The following Verse is composed of entire Iambics ;

The fí- | gur'd Stréams | in Wáves | of Sí- | ver róll'd.

POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST, V. 333.

2. Lesser Iambics and Amphibrachs, moving with greater Rapidity, when introduced, are well adapted to express swift Motion of any Kind ; as in the following ;

Háste me | to knów it | that I | with Wíngs | as swíft

As Mê- | ditá- | tion ôr | the Thóughts | of Lóve

May swéep | to mý [^] | Revéngé.

HAMLET. A&I. Sc. 8.

In these Verses, we may observe, there are four lesser Iambics and an Amphibrach, to quicken the Motion ; and not one Spondee to retard it.

3. The Trochee, as it gives a sudden Stop to the uniform flowing of the Numbers, is very fit to express interrupted Motion, or any sudden Starts of Body or Mind : In the following Words
of

of the Duke of *Gloucester* we have a sudden Resolution expressed by the Trochee :

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our Complots ?

Glo. Chóp off | his Héad | Mán——

K. RICHARD III. Act III. Sc. 2.

4. Lastly, the Spondee will express slow Motion, as,

When A'- | jax stríves | sóme Róck's | vást Wéight | to thrów,
The Líne | tóo lá- | bours ánd | the Wórd's | móve slów.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM, V. 372.

S E C T I O N XV.

Hitherto we have considered *English* Versification only as it depends upon the Quantity, and which was the chief Thing designed in this Essay. Another Part of Versification regards words as they are composed of Vowels and Consonants, and Consonants as they are Mutes or Liquids. By the Number and Position of Vowels, Mutes, and Liquids in a Word or Syllable we determine the Roughness or Smoothness of it. And a general Rule that good Versifiers have observed, is to steer between too great a

D

Collision

Collifion of Confonants, which makes the Verfe harfh and unmufical, and too great an Opennefs of the Vowels, which enfeeble, and takes off the Mafculine Force of the Verfe.

The two Verfes laft quoted are an Instance of the two great Collifion of Confonants; and, confidered apart from their Senfe, they are very harfh and unmufical; but, being meant as an Echo to their Senfe, they have great Beauty, not only becaufe they exprefs flow Motion by having fo many Spondees, but as they exprefs hard and rough Labour by the aforefaid Collifion.

From the fame Writer we have alfo an Instance of the two frequent Ufe of open Vowels in the following Verfe,

Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM, V. 347.

which is a very feeble one, and we fhould condemn it as fuch, did not we fee that it was *defigned* to be fo, in order to exemplify, and by that Means the better to expofe and ridicule this Practice in fome Verfifiers.

S E C T I O N XVI.

AS *Motion*, uniform and interrupted, quick and flow, may be fitly expressed by a proper Use of the different Feet; so *Sound*, be it sweet or harsh, loud or gentle, may be expressed by Words or Syllables composed of such Letters as have a Similitude of Sound. The soft murmuring Sound of a gliding Water is best echoed by a sufficient Number of Liquids (which seem to have derived their very Name from that Element) as in the following,

The Current that with gentle Murmur glides.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, Act II. Sc. 10.

But when the same Element loses its gentle Quality by the Effect of boisterous Winds, when the Sea roars, and dashes against the Cliffs, we are not disappointed if we find in the Description hereof a competent Number of harsh and noisy Syllables ;

But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,

The hoarse rough Verse should like the Torrent roar.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. V. 370.

These Observations might be carried to a very great Length were it worth the while. For every

Sound in Nature hath some one Letter in the Alphabet, or Combination of Letters, to whose Sound it is nearer akin than to any other Letters. But since it would be very difficult satisfactorily to range the several Sounds under their kindred Letters, and still more difficult to bring the Theory which such an Arrangement would produce into Practice in *English* Verse, unless our Language approached nearer the Language of Nature than it doth, such Speculations as they are too minute, so they are of little Profit.

S E C T I O N XVII.

WE have all along taken Examples of *English* Verse, only from heroic Measure. In the following Stanza of the Ode on *St. Cecilia's* Day, are most of the other Measures made Use of.

Descénd | ye níne | descénd | and síng ;
 The bréath- | ing ín- | strumènts | inspíre,
 Wáke in | to Vóice | éach sí- | lent Stríng,
 And swéep | the sòund- | ing Ly're !
 In | a fád- | ly pléa- | síng Stráín
 Lét | the wár- | bling Lúte | compláin :
 Let the | lóud Trúmpet | sòund,
 Tíll the | Róofs áll a- | róund
 The shrill | échoes re- | bóund :

While in | móre léngth- | en'd Nótes | and flów, 10

The déep | majé- | ftic fó- | lemn ór- | gans blów.

Hárk ! | the Núm- | bers fóft | and cléar,

Gén- | tly ftéal | upôn | the éar ;

Now lóud- | er ând | yét lóud- | er rífe

And fíll | with fpréad- | ings fóunds | the Skíes ; 15

Ex- | últíng in—Triúmph nów | fwéll the bóld | Nótes,

In | bróken áir | trémbling the | wíld Múfic | flóats.

Tíll, by | Degrées | remóte | and fmáll,

The Stráins | decáy,

And mélt | awáy

In | a dy'- | ing, dy'- | ing Fáll.

The 1st, 2d, 3d, 10th, 14th, 15th, and 18th Verses of this Stanza confift each of four Feet of two Syllables, and the Standard Foot is the greater Iambic. In thefe feven Verses are two leffer Iambics, three greater Trochees (all placed at the Beginning of the Verfe) and three Spondees. Whole Poems are made of Verses of this Length.

The 5th, 6th, 12th, 13th, and 21st Verses confift each of three Feet of two Syllables, and the latter Syllable of an Iambic at the Beginning of the Verfe. The Standard Foot is here alfo the greater Iambic. In thefe five Verses there
are

are one whole Iambic, and three half Iambics of the lesser Sort. Entire Poems are likewise made of Verses of this Measure.

The 4th Verse consists of three Iambic Feet, Verses of this Measure seldom compose a Poem entirely, but are very frequently used with Verses of four Feet alternately, in entire Poems.

The 19th and 20th Verses consist of two Iambics each; this Measure is seldom made Use of but in what we call Pindaric Verse.

The 16th and 17th Verses consist each of three Feet of three Syllables, with a short Syllable at the Beginning of the Verse and a long one at the End. In these two Verses are two Dactyls, three Amphimacers, and one Antibacch. The Standard Foot of this Kind of Verse is the Dactyl; though it does not appear so from these Verses, which have but two Dactyls in the six Feet; yet in the sixth Stanza of this Ode we find two Verses of this Measure with Dactyls only, viz.

Sée | wild as the | Winds o'er the | Désert he | flies;

Hárk | Hæ'mus re- | sounds with the | Baccchanals | cries.

We may observe in both these Verses that the
first

first Syllable is long ; so that either a short or long Syllable may be made Use of at the Beginning, but the Syllable at the End of the Verse must always be long.

In this Kind of Measure we may observe also that the first Syllable of a Foot is always accented or long : And therefore the Tribrach, the Anapæst, the Bacchius, and the Amphibrach cannot be admitted. So that the Feet which may be used along with the Standard Foot, the Dactyl, are only the Moloss, the Antibacch, and the Amphimacer..

The 7th, 8th, and 9th Verses consist of Feet of three Syllables, and they run into one another, the last Syllable of the 7th Verse and the two first Syllables of the 8th Verse making a Foot, as also the last of the 8th, and two first of the 9th. There are in these Verses one Dactyl, three Antibacchs, and one Amphimacer, the two latter Syllables of a Dactyl at the Beginning of the 7th Verse, and a long Syllable at the End of the 9th Verse.

The 11th Verse is of heroic Measure.

SECTION XVIII.

HAVING gone through with what was intended, which is only an imperfect Effay towards treating a Subject one would wish to see completely handled, I shall conclude with the following Remarks.

1. There appears an artless Simplicity in *English Verse*; for, the Accent and Quantity perpetually coinciding, good Verse read with Propriety as Prose (that is without any Regard to its being Verse) will naturally of itself fall into Verse; and while we are reading it, scans itself.

2. The Quantity being determined by the Accent, and the Accent by the Sense and Signification; *English Verse* stands upon a rational Foundation; and has a Grandeur and Dignity which seem to disdain the having its Feet confined by *literal Rules*, or by any but those which are formed upon the *Meaning* it is employed to convey.

P O E M S

O N

Various SUBJECTS.

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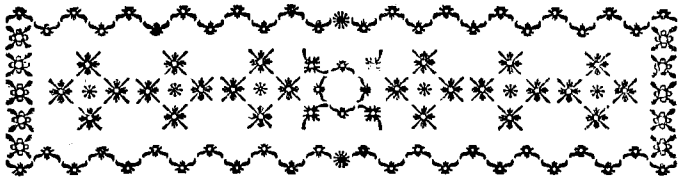
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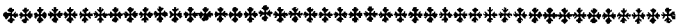
ERRATA in the POEMS,

Occasion'd by the Author's Distance from the Press: .

Page 1. in the note, line 1. for *Morelli's* read *Morellio*. P. 5, l. 4, this verse should end with the word *found*, and the verse following should begin with *Jehovab*. P. 7, l. last, r. *lead thy captivity*. P. 12, l. 11, under *XVI*. r. *Barak*. P. 15, l. 8, r. *inwrought*. P. 49, l. last, r. *give*. P. 50, l. 7, r. *pencil drops*. P. 54, l. 9, r. *iori'ring*. P. 67, l. 5, r. *pleasures in thy*. P. 75, l. 2, r. *primaeval*. P. 86, l. 6, r. *ber unbeaten*. P. 103, l. 8, r. *heav'n-descended*. P. 114, l. 2, r. *unparallel'd*. P. 127, l. 10, r. *lot*. P. 131, l. 8. r. *may*. Some few of the stops, and initial letters of words are also falsely characterized, which the sense of the passages, where these errors occur, will correct.



P O E M S.



A D I A L O G U E

O F

A N G E L S.*

—Which Things the Angels desire to look into.
1 Pet. i. 12.

First A N G E L.

WHO is yon lovely Babe? O tell me thou!
In comely Attitude his Limbs reclin'd,
Sweet Innocence fits smiling on his Brow,
His beauteous Eye-lids peaceful Slumbers bind.

C

Second

* These Verses were suggested by a Painting of *Morelli's*, admirably executed, in the Collection of *Charles Jennens*, Esq; where, in *Christ*, as a Babe, is represented asleep in a most beautiful Attitude, leaning on a Skull, with a Cross behind him; while two Angels appear hovering over him, full of Inquisitiveness, Delight, Wonder, and Adoration. To this fine Piece the Proprietor thought no Motto so suitable as that which is given to these Verses, and which was accordingly inscribed at the top of the Picture. This Dialogue (the Reader need not be informed) is supposed to pass between the two Angels while viewing the Babe.

Second *A N G E L.*

'Tis GOD's own SON—I saw that peerless Face,
 When late, of his fair Virgin Mother born,
 Bright Seraphs met the natal Day to grace,
 And hail'd in joyful Hymns th' auspicious Morn.

First *A N G E L.*

But on that ghastly *Skull* why leans his arm?
 Why threat'ning peeps that horrid *Cross* behind?
 Can Death the tender Infant's Bosom charm?
 Or cruel Tortures please his gentle Mind?

Second *A N G E L.*

He comes, by *dying* on a shameful Cross,
 O wond'rous Mystery! to conquer *Death*;
 'Tis he repairs the fallen Sinner's Loss,
 By yielding up in Pangs his guiltless Breath.

First *A N G E L.*

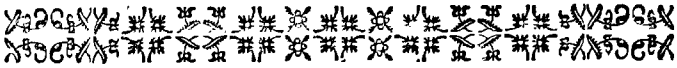
Yet why to *Man* this vast Excess of Love?
 When nobler *Angels* finn'd, when *Angels* fell,
 No shelt'ring Hand Almighty Wrath could move,
 No Saviour came to rescue them from Hell.

Second

Second A N G E L.

Lov'd Fellow-cherub, vainly found no more
 Th' unfathomable Depths of GRACE to MAN ;
 But gaze with me, and wonder, and adore—
 'Tis all that mortal, all that Angel can !





The S O N G

O F

D E B O R A H *and* B A R A K.

I.

D E B O R A H.

JEHOVAH's Praise resound,
Who with Revenge and Conquest ISRAEL
crown'd,

When willing Hosts obey'd the martial trumpet's
Sound.

Ye Monarchs of the Earth,

Illustrious Princes, hear !

JEHOVAH's Name, in Songs of sacred Mirth,
JEHOVAH's Name I laud, whom ISRAEL's Sons
revere.

II.

B A R A K.

Great GOD, when thou from *Seir* didst march along,
When EDMON'S Field felt thy majestic Tread,
Trembled

Trembled the Earth, the Heav'ns with Clouds
o'er-hung,

Diffolv'd, and forth their liquid Burthen shed.
The Mountains melted when they found JEHO-
VAH near,

Ev'n lofty SINAI's consecrated Ground
Did melt before the GOD whom ISRAEL'S Sons
revere.

III.

D E B O R A H.

Record the Days of SHAMGAR, ANATH'S Heir,
Let JAEL'S Days recorded stand.

When deep Despair
And heavy Shame oppress'd the groaning Land.
No Villagers were seen
Upon the turfy Green ;
The fearful Travellers forsook
The public Roads ;
More secret Paths they took,
And skulk'd in lone Abodes.

Then I, I DEBORAH arose
Mother in ISRAEL, doom'd to scourge their Foes.

IV.

B A R A K.

When ISRAEL bow'd new Gods t' adore,
 JEHOVAH was their Friend no more,
 And War approach'd their Gates ;
 Their Hands forget the Spear and Shield,
 And forty Thousand tamely yield,
 Base Cowards ! to their Fates.

V.

But sudden Joys my Heart surprize ;
 Lo ! ISRAEL'S Governours arise !
 Resolv'd, they come,
 To fall a Sacrifice ;
 Or, gaining Conquest's Prize,
 Return triumphant home.

VI.

D E B O R A H.

O ! blefs JEHOVAH'S Name !
 Ye that on milk-white Affes ride,
 Forget your Pride,
 And celebrate his Fame.

Ye rev'rend Judges join the Song,
In humble Zeal join with the vulgar Throng.

Ye that draw Water from the Spring,
No more the Noise of Archers fear ;

Jehovah's Name securely sing,
For there's no Danger near.

The Villages his righteous Acts shall praise ;

While in Procession flow,

With solemn State,

Forth to the City-gate,

Jehovah's conqu'ring Troops shall go,

And in loud Hymns Jehovah's Triumphs raise.

VII.

B A R A K.

Awake, awake, bright DEBORAH, awake !

Lift up thy tuneful Voice,

And with thy lofty Strains, O make

Each list'ning Ear rejoice.

D E B O R A H.

Great BARAK, arise ! who the Battle hast won,

And lead Captivity captive, O valiant ABINOAM'S

Son,

VIII.

VIII.

B A R A K.

The GOD OF HOSTS, with his protecting Arm,
 Defended BARAK's Life from Harm,

Amidst the Rage of War,

And led him back a Conqueror.

JEHOVAH, Source of Pow'r, Dominion's Stay,

JEHOVAH bade, and lo! the Nobles bow,

With Homage, low,

And own exalted BARAK's Sway.

IX.

D E B O R A H.

From EPHRAIM's Root a Branch arose,

To punish AMALEK's proud Race;

And BENJAMIN against the surly Foes,

Courageous turn'd his Face.

From MACHIR Governours came down,

And ZEBULUN's swift Writers leave the Pen,

With polish'd Swords begirt, to court Renown,

Upon th' embattled Plain.

X.

B A R A K.

To pious DEB'RAH, Prophetess of GOD;

Lo ! ISSACHAR's brave Princes flow ;

Joyful they obey her Nod.

And where she leads, to Death or Conquest go:

She spake, and BARAK trod the humble Vale,

To rouse the straggling Troops of ISRAEL,

Against th' inveterate Foe.

XI.

D E B O R A H.

REUBEN, unstable as the Tide,

Whose Peace domestic Feuds destroy,

And all thy Soul divide

From ev'ry public Care, from ev'ry public Joy ;

Thy folded Flocks why didst thou keep,

And guard with watchful Eye from Harms,

Still list'ning to the bleating of thy Sheep ?

When ISRAEL'S Safety call'd, with loud Alarms,

“ To Arms, away, to Arms !

XII.

XII.

B A R A K.

Ah ! why should JORDAN's rolling Stream
 Part us, GILEAD, from thy Aid ?
 And why hath Merchandize with golden Dream,
 Thee, DAN, in Ships detain'd ?
 Could Avarice from glorious War dissuade ?
 In Breaches on the Shore,
 Where frothy Billows roar,
 ASHER in careless Sloth remain'd ;
 Nor heard the Trumpet, call with loud Alarms,
 " To Arms, away, to Arms."

XIII.

D E B O R A H.

But ZEBULUN's high Deeds be told
 To all that draw the vital Air ;
 And NAPHTALI, be thou enroll'd,
 In Fame's eternal Annals, fair.
 In ISRAEL's glorious Cause,
 They bravely fought,
 And undimay'd the hottest Battle fought.

To guard JEHOVAH's sacred Laws,
 They jeopard'd their Lives to Death,
 Nor grudg'd to yield their fleeting Breath,
 Secure in great JEHOVAH's high Applause.

XIV.

B A R A K.

Dire is the Tale of fierce contending Spears,
 Of cruel Swords that glut with human Blood;
 'Till pure MEGIDDO's Spring appears,
 Ting'd with the crimson Flood
 That ran from gaping Wounds;
 While still th' unfated Trumpet sounds.
 And now lo ! ISRAEL's Armies rage,
 They strike no venal Blows,
 But with determin'd Wrath engage
 Their death-devoted Foes.

XV.

D E B O R A H.

They fought from Heav'n !
 The Stars from Heaven in their Courses fought !
 And SIS'RA's Armies, planet-struck, were driv'n
 To

To swift Destruction, and a total Rout.

They fly, to KISHON'S Streams they fly!

From ISRAEL'S Fury and th' incensed Sky

They fly appall'd!

And seek a calmer End,

Where KISHON'S Banks descend;

“ O KISHON, save!” aloud they call'd;

Then headlong down they leap;

Away the Billows sweep,

And lodge them buried in the briny deep.

XVI.

Rejoice, O my Soul, thou hast trodden them down,

The Mighty, the Mighty are crush'd!

Their Pride and their vaunting, to Insolence grown,

In Silence eternal are hush'd.

D E B O R A H.

To the mighty Ones, Oh! the dire Stroke!

In vain were their vaunting and Pride;

The Hoofs of their Horses with prancing were
broke,

Together they fell and they died.

XVII.

B A R A K.

Curse ye (GOD's Angel said)

Let bitter Curses on false MEROZ light !

Who came not to JEHOVAH's Aid,
Against proud Warriors glorying in their Might.

D E B O R A H.

But blest above Women let JAEL remain,
Her's, her's is the Prize of the best of the Slain.

XVIII.

B A R A K.

Ah ! luckless SIS'RA ! when thy Eye beheld,
Thy num'rous Army vanquish'd in the Field,
Forth from thy Chariot leaping,
Away on Foot escaping,
'Twas JAEL that met thee, and into her Tent,
'Twas JAEL invited, and SISERA went.

D E B O R A H.

Athirst he ask'd the cooling Brook :
JAEL with luscious Milk surpass'd his Wish ;
For him the dainty Butter JAEL took,
And decent serv'd it in a costly Dish.

XIX.

B A R A K.

Her left Hand seiz'd a Nail of wond'rous Size,
 And to his Temples strait the Point applies,
 She heav'd a pond'rous Hammer in her Right;
 And, arm'd with more than Female Might,
 She struck the well-aim'd Weapon to the Head,
 Down at her Feet he fell—he fell down dead.
 Fierc'd with the mortal Ir'n he fell, he sunk;
 His Head she severs from the lifeless Trunk.

D E B O R A H.

At JAE'L's Feet he bow'd his Head,
 There, where he bow'd, he sunk—he fell down
 dead!

XX.

Lo! SISERA's Mother! she waits his Return,
 From the Window her Eyes pore in vain;
 With fonderst Impatience they sparkle, they burn,
 To welcome her Son back again.
 Ah! ignorant what Fortunes to SIS'RA betide,
 Nor divining so fatal a Blow,

“ Why fo long is his Chariot in coming? ſhe cry’d,
 “ Why move on the Wheels of his Chariot fo
 flow ?

Her flatt’ring Ladies ſoon an Answer find,
 And ſpeak the Dictates of their Miſtreſs’ Mind.
 “ Have they not ſped and divided the Prey ?
 “ The beautiful Captives, the Needle-work gay ?
 “ For SIS’RA a Prize upon both Sides unwrought,
 “ Meet their Necks to adorn who with Valour
 have fought,

XXI.

C H O R U S.

So let thy Enemies, JEHOVAH, fall,
 So let them periſh from thy Sight,
 Deep funk, forgotten, all.
 But ye that love JEHOVAH’s ſacred Name,
 O ſhine for ever lovely, ever bright !
 And, as the SUN forth-marching in his Might,
 Poſſeſs th’ unclouded Regions of eternal Fame.





A N H Y M N

T O

G O D *the* C R E A T O R.

I.

JEHOVAH! Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
 From whom all *Being* took its Birth,
 GOOD, WISE, and POW'RFUL thou!
 My abject Thoughts refine and raise,
 While *Hömage* kindling into *Praise*,
 I *sing* as low I *böw*.

II.

With humble Transport I admire
 Thy LOVE, that *active*, *genial* Fire,
 Prompt to *create*, and *blöfs*:
 This will'd, in whatfoe'er should be,
 The greatest possible Degree
 Of *gen'ral* Happiness.

III.

III.

Thy WISDOM look'd all Systems thro',
 Of all the *best* thy Wisdom drew,
 To gain the glorious End ;
 This saw, from *Evil*, *Good* proceed ;
 And *Vice*, and *Folly*, thence decreed
 To noblest *Use* should tend.

IV.

Thus plann'd, in Nature's quick'ning Hour,
 Majestic GOD ! thy wond'rous Pow'r
 FULFILL'D the great Design ;
 THIS bade the Spheres in Order roll,
 This still sustains th' amazing WHOLE,
 All perfect ! all divine !

V.

Since *Reason's* dazzled Eye can find,
Love, *Wisdom*, *Pow'r*, in thee combin'd,
 By *Reason* 'tis confess'd,
 That all thy boundless *Goodness* wills,
 Thy *Wisdom* points, thy *Pow'r* fulfils ;
 And thus what IS, is BEST.

VI.

Yet what thou *doſt* who knows to praife ?

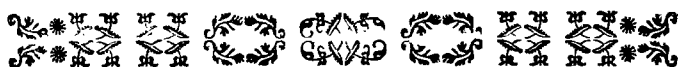
Who rightly what thou *art* diſplays ?

Or counts thy Glories o'er ?

Before thee, FATHER, LORD, of all,

Let Men and Angels proſtrate fall,

And *ſilently* adore.



An ODE to CHARITY.

I Cor. xiii.

TH O' loftier Strains adorn my Tongue,

Than ever raptur'd Seraph ſung,

Were I in deepeſt Myſt'ries ſkill'd,

Or with prophetic Spirit fill'd,

Or had I Faith, whoſe pow'rtul Call

The trembling Hills would hear, and fall :

Tho' proudly lavish of my Store,

I gave my All to feed the Poor ;

Or

Or tho' bright Zeal my Breast inspire,
 To dare the Pangs of tort'ring Fire :
 In vain these mighty Gifts posselt,
 If CHARITY desert my Breast.

Fair CHARITY, meek, patient, kind,
 To sweet Forgiveness tunes the Mind ;
 Nor Pride, nor Envy check her Love,
 To *these* below, to *those* above.
 She, humbly chearful, and content,
 Enjoys that Good which Heav'n hath sent:
 Her courteous Mien, and kind Address,
 Her social Purposes express ;
 In blessing blest, she seeks alone
 In others Happiness her own ;
 Suspicious Jealousies of ill,
 Nor Wrath her peaceful Bosom fill.
 To her from *Vice* no Pleasure flows,
 A purer Stream her Joy bestows ;
 Tho' scorn'd by all th' unthinking Gay,
 Unmov'd she keeps in *Virtue's* Way ;
 Tho' there the Thorn to wound has Pow'r,
 From ev'ry Thorn she plucks a Flow'r ;

While smiling *Patience* smooths the Road,
 And *Hope* points out the *blest Abode* ;
There partial Light shall fade away
 Before the Beam of perfect Day ;
Faith's Optic we shall need no more,
 But tread the Courts we view'd before ;
 Nor *Hope* her Aid shall longer boast,
 At length in full *Fruition* lost :
 But CHARITY's seraphic Flame
 Remains to endless Age the same ;
 In Realms above her Charms divine,
 Shall still with brighter Lustre shine ;
 Enraptur'd we shall there confess
 Her Smiles our greatest Happiness.

Come, CHARITY, all-lovely Guest !
 Oh ! come, possess, and fill my Breast !
 Wide, wide diffuse thy genial Rays,
 Absorb all Nature in thy Blaze :
 All ravish'd Nature then shall prove
 God-like Delights, for GOD is LOVE !



J E R U S A L E M *Deliver'd*

B Y

The A N G E L *of* G O D.

A Sacred C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

WHEN RABSHAKEH th' ASSYRIAN
Forces led,'

Against JERUSALEM's defended Walls,
He call'd for Audience in his Monarch's Name ;
And thus in pompous Phrase the Gen'ral spake.

A I R I.

Why, daring, bar ye fast your Gates
Against ASSYRIA's mighty King,
Unaw'd amidst our hostile Threats ?
When can such Confidence and Boldness spring ?

II.

Ye boast, but empty is the Boast,
Sufficient Policy and Pow'r :

What

What are your Hopes, and where your Trust,
That ye rebel against your Conqueror ?

III.

Shall EGYPT'S Arm prevent your Fate ?
Will PHARAOH help you in your Need ?
In trusting him you'll find too late
Th' EGYPTIAN Monarch but a broken Reed.

IV.

Or say ye, " to our GOD we flee,
" JEHOVAH shall his Aid command ;"
Is not your GOD the Deity
Whose Shrines were robb'd by HEZEKIAH'S Hand ?

V.

Trust not your King's deluding Words,
Who bids you, " JUDAH'S GOD invoke,
" His Arm shall shield you from our Swords,
" And free your Shoulders from th' ASSYRIAN
" Yoke."

VI.

Survey around each conquer'd Land,
And all the Gods that they adore ;
Could

Could all their Gods our Force withstand,
Or hold Defence against SENNACH'RIB'S Pow'r?

VII.

Where are the Gods of HAMATH? Say—
Did ARPAD'S hear their Suppliant's Pray'r?
Is not SAMARIA fall'n our Prey?
SEPHARVAIM'S, HENAH'S, IVAH'S Idols, where?

VIII.

What Pow'r, to whom they bent the Knee,
In their Distress could Succour bring?
Who is JEHOVAH then, that he
Should save your City from our conqu'ring King?

R E C I T A T I V E.

This braving Speech in HEZEKIAH'S Ear
Repeated, all abash'd, he rent his Clothes;
And cover'd o'er with humble Sack-cloth, sought
The House of GOD; where kneeling, thus he pray'd,

A I R I.

O great JEHOVAH, ISRAEL'S LORD,
By Hosts of CHERUBIM ador'd,
Who croud thy glorious Throne!

All Kingdoms stand by thy Decree ;
 Both Heav'n and Earth were made by thee ;
 Thou, thou art GOD alone.

II.

Almighty Ruler, bow thine Ears ;
 In kind Compassion to our Tears,
 Look from thy high Abode ;
 Judge thou SENNACHERIB'S proud Words,
 Reproachful of the LORD of LORDS,
 The ever-living GOD.

III.

'Tis true, th' ASSYRIANS have o'erturn'd
 The Nations, and their Gods have burn'd ;
 Such Gods might be destroy'd ;
 Dumb Idols, form'd of Wood and Stone,
 The Carver's Workmanship alone,
 Of Life and Motion void.

IV.

But now, O GOD, whom we adore,
 Defend us from SENNACH'RIB'S Pow'r,
 Prevent, prevent our Fall ;

That

That all the Realms on Earth may know,
 Thou art the GOD, and only thou,
 The KING and LORD of ALL,

R E C I T A T I V E.

J E H O V A H heard the Monarch's fervent Pray'r ;
 And by his Prophet speedy Answer fends.

A I R I.

Thus to the proud S E N N A C H ' R I B say,
 J E H O V A H will thy Scorn repay,
 My Daughter, Z I O N, shall despise,
 And laugh at all thy Blasphemies.

II.

Whom has thy daring Tongue revil'd,
 With threat'ning Voice, and Speeches wild ?
 'Gainst whom hast thou this Inf'ence shewn ?
 E'en I S R A E L ' s high and holy ONE.

III.

With vain Presumption hast thou said,
 " I will J E R U S A L E M invade ;
 " Girt with my num'rous Chariots round,
 " The Siege shall with Success be crown'd.

IV.

IV.

Haft thou not heard from antient Days?
 'Tis I who wealthy Cities raife ;
 I too am he who make them ceafe,
 And fall in Ruins, when I please.

V.

Th' Indwellers of each splendid Town,
 Difmay'd, confounded, at my Frown,
 Their fleeting Pow'r in Silence mourn,
 As with'ring Gr. fs, or blafted Corn.

VI.

For thee—my all-furveying Eye,
 Thy deep, thy bafe Defigns can fpy ;
 Thy Path, thy Dwelling I invest,
 And read the Rancour in thy Breaft.

VII.

Rage on, 'till thou haft found thy Fate,
 And felt beneath Ambition's Bait,
 The Hook fure-fast'ning on my Prey,
 My Bridle dragging thee away.

VIII.

For, hear thou this, my firm Decree,
 This City thine fhall never be ;

To flee affrighted, is thy Doom,
And meet untimely Death at Home.

R E C I T A T I V E

Soon as bright Day his drowfy Eye had clos'd,
And Night awak d to keep her filent Watch,
GOD fends his Angel to th' ASSYRIAN Camp.
An hundred thousand at the firft Effay
He smote to Death : a fecond Stroke he aim'd,
And nearly equall'd what he flew at firft.
Appall'd, the coward Remnant fcour away,
Left a third Onfet should deftroy them all.
Their King, amaz'd, to NINEVEH repairs,
And haftens to the Dome where NISROCH dwells,
His Idol ; but he worships him in vain.
His Rebel Sons behind purfue their Sire,
And fhed his Life, in Prefence of his God.
While HEZEKIAH tunes his joyful Songs
To dread JEHOVAH who Deliv'rance wrought.

A I R I,

Not unto us belongs the Praise,
The Glory, LORD, is thine ;

Thro'

Thro' all thy great and wond'rous Ways,
Thy Truth and Mercy shine.

II.

Why should the Heathen mock, and say,
“ Where, where is now their God ?”
In Heav'n he rules, and wretched they
Have felt his awful Rod.

III.

What are their Idols ? Silver, Gold,
The Work of mortal Hands :
Ours is the God well known of old,
Who Heav'n and Earth commands,

IV.

O ISRAEL, in your God confide,
Nor to the Heathen yield ;
He shall confound their impious Pride,
And prove your Help and Shield.

V.

Fear ye his Name, and he shall show'r
Perpetual Blessings down ;

Encreasing still your plenteous Store,
And lifting your Renown.

VI.

Those whom the silent Vaults of Death
In Gloom imprison round,
With lifeless Tongues, and faded Breath,
Can ne'er thy Praise rebound.

VII.

But we who live to taste and see,
Thy rich, abundant Grace—
Our lengthen'd Lives, O let them be
One ceaseless Song of Praise !





T H E

L O R D ' s P R A Y E R *Paraphrased.*

I.

E T E R N A L, universal SIRE,
 Enthron'd in Happiness entire;

Immensely GOOD and GREAT!

Thy Children *form'd*, and *blest'd* by thee;

With filial *Love* and *Homage*, we

Fall prostrate at thy Feet.

II.

Thy Name in hallow'd Strains be sung;

Let ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue

The solemn Concert join.

In loving, serving, praising thee;

We prove our chief Felicity,

But cannot add to thine.

Thy

III.

Thy righteous, mild, and sov'reign Reign;
Throughout Creation's vast Domain,

Let every Being own :
And in our Breasts, where Passions glow,
Which Cause, unrul'd by thee, our Woe,
Erect thy peaceful Throne.

IV.

As Angels, round thy Seat above,
With chearful Diligence and Love,
Thy just Commands fulfil ;
So may thy Offspring here below,
As far as thou hast giv'n to *know*,
Perform thy sacred Will.

V.

On thee we ev'ry Day depend ;
Our Being's *Author, Keeper, End!*
Our daily Wants supply :
With healthful Meat our Bodies fed,
Our Souls sustain'd with heav'nly Bread,
Life, Immortality.

VI.

Extend thy Mercy to our Faults ;
 Our evil Actions, Words, and Thoughts,
 Oh ! let thy Love forgive ;
 For thou hast bid our Bosoms feel
 Forgiveness, and Forgiveness still,
 Nor let Resentment live.

VII.

Where tempting Snares bestrew the Way,
 And lead unwary Minds astray,
 Ne'er suffer us to tread ;
 Unless thy gracious Aid appear,
 To keep the ILL, that threatens near,
 From our unguarded Head.

VIII.

Thy sacred Name we thus adore,
 And thus thy choicest Gifts implore ;
 With *ravish'd, humble* Mind :
 For, Oh ! thy *Power* and *Glory* prove
 Thy Kingdom, built, on *Wisdom, Love,*
Unceasing, unconfi'd !



A M O R N I N G H Y M N.

I.

GREAT God, whose Name I love, I dread,
 My Morning Thanks receive :
 Death's Image, Sleep, again is fled,
 Again I wake, I live.

II.

Wrapt up in Slumbers of the Night,
 A helpless Mass I lay,
 Till God pronounc'd, " let there be Light,"
 And Darknes turn'd to Day.

III.

From nothing thou at first didst warn
 This active Form to rise,
 Which, fresh in Vigour, ev'ry Morn,
 From thee receives Supplies.

IV.

Author, Renewer of my Life,
Thy bounteous Hand I see ;
Be all my Labour, all my Strife,
To live alone to thee.

V:

So when in Death, that won'drous Sleep,
My Body shall remain,
The Grave its Charge shall safely keep,
And render up again.

VI.

Then, with unceasing Hymns, shall I
Thy Pow'r and Love adore,
Quickened by thee, no more to die,
And wak'd, to sleep no more.





A N

EVENING HYMN.

I.

Indulgent GOD, whose bounteous Care
 O'er all thy Works is shewn,
 O grateful let my Praise and Pray'r
 Ascend before thy Throne.

II.

What Mercies has this Day bestow'd !
 How largely hast thou blest'd !
 My Cup with Plenty overflow'd,
 And with Content my Breast:

III.

Safe 'midst a thousand latent Snares
 Thy careful Hand has led,
 And now exempt from anxious Cares,
 I press the peaceful Bed.

IV.

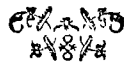
I fall this Night into thy Arms,
Which I have prov'd so kind ;
O keep my Body from all Harms,
And from all Sin my Mind.

V.

Let balmy Slumbers close my Eyes
From Pain and Sickness free ;
And let my waking Fancy rise,
To meditate on thee.

VI.

So bless, each future Day and Night,
'Till Life's fond Scene is o'er ;
And then to Realms of endless Light,
Oh ! aid my Soul to soar.





A Sacred C A N T A T A.

From P S A L M iii.

R E C I T A T I V E.

WHEN ABSALOM, rebellious Son !
 Against his Royal Father's Throne
 Confed'racy with Traitors made,
 Sharp Woes the Parent's Bosom stung ;
 Yet, trusting in JEHOVAH's Aid,
 Thus the pious Monarch sung.

A I R I.

I.

How swift the Rebel-band encrease !
 O God, what Multitudes arise !
 Perverse Disturbers of my Peace,
 Blasphemers of my Pray'rs and Cries ;
 No Help, they say, can God afford,
 So great our Pow'r, so strong our Sword.

2.

But thou, JEHOVAH, art a Shield,
 Shall screen me from the daring Foe;
 Thy Arm shall, in the dreadful Field,
 Their proud, presumptuous Hosts o'erthrow
 Thou shalt exalt my drooping Head,
 And round thy Beams of Glory spread.

A I R II.

1.

To GOD I call for Succour still,
 Whene'er oppress'd with Grief;
 He listens from his holy Hill,
 And brings me wish'd Relief.

2.

Secure in his protecting Arms,
 I calmly close my Eyes;
 And, unappall'd by rude Alarms,
 From quiet Slumbers rise.

3.

What tho' ten thousand murd'rous Hands,
 Beset on ev'ry Side,
 I banish Fear, JEHOVAH stands,
 My Guardian, Strength, and Guide.

A I R III.

O Great JEHOVAH, rise,
 Thy wonted Succour bring,
 Hear, hear thy Suppliant's Cries,
 And save, O save the King.

R E C I T A T I V E.

So pray'd the Monarch, whose firm Trust in God,
 Forefaw the Stroke of his avenging Rod ;
 And thus, exulting in th' ALMIGHTY's Care,
 In tuneful Strains of Praise concludes his Pray'r.

A I R IV,

1.

Thy Ears, O GOD, attend my Call,
 Smote by thy Hand, the Rebels fall ;
 With bruifed Jaws and broken Teeth,
 They fink into the Pit beneath.

2.

Salvation, LORD, to thee belongs,
 To thee I tune my grateful Songs ;
 And all who trust in thee shall find
 JEHOVAH ever good and kind,

MICAH, Ch. vi. V. 6.

I.

W Herewith shall I approach thy Throne
 Impartial JUDGE, tremendous KING?
 How for my num'rous Faults atone,
 Or what to gain thy Favour bring?

II.

With slaughter'd Beasts shall Altars glow?
 Will Calves or Rams th' ALMIGHTY please?
 Shall Oil in costly Rivers flow,
 Offended DEITY t' appease.

III.

Wilt thou the dear First-born receive?
 A richer Off'ring for my Sin;
 Alas! not all that I can give
 Will Wrath divine to Mercy win.

IV.

Vain are mere *Forms* to plead Desert,
 Mere outward *Modes* of Worship vain,
 An *honest, gen'rous, pious* Heart,
 Can only thy Acceptance gain.



A N

H Y M N *to the* D E I T Y.

I.

ALL lovely, pure, and perfect MIND,
 In whom all Graces are combin'd,
 And Source of ev'ry Grace!

My Soul, from thee an active Ray,
 Tho' darken'd by furrounding Clay,
 Was form'd to view thy Face.

II.

Faint Rays^m from thee, th' immensely bright,
 In these thy Works, as Lunar Light,
 Reflected, here I see;

But chiefly in this *conscious Pow'r*,
 That tells me I *exist*, and more,
 That I exist from *thee*.

III.

III.

The vivid Beauties of this Globe,
 Clad in a variegated Robe, †
 And those bright Orbs on high,
 By Wisdom infinite design'd,
 Have Pow'r to charm the wond'ring Mind,
 But not to satisfy.

IV.

I soar, thy matchless SELF to trace,
 Beyond pure Empyrean Space,
 To thee not spotless clean ;
 Whose piercing Eye can Folly find,
 Ev'n in the holy Seraph's Mind,
 By all but thee unseen.

V.

O sacred PRINCIPLE of GOOD !
 O thou, when known, when understood,
 The only lov'd, admir'd !
 Thy Name my ravish'd lips adore,
 To thee my boundless Wishes soar,
 With heav'nly Ardor fir'd.

VI.

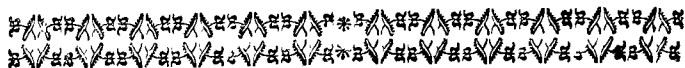
Invisible to mortal Sight,
 But yet to Spirits pure, upright,
 Unveil'd and manifest !
 Thou, whom the Heav'ns may not contain,
 Dost not that humble Cell disdain,
 The lowly, virtuous Breast.

VII.

Thy healthful Spirit, oh ! impart,
 From Folly, Vice, to purge my Heart,
 By Error led amiss ;
 From low Desires to purify,
 And all that keeps the mental Eye
 From thee, the REAL BLISS.

VIII.

O thou, my great *Beginning, End* ;
 Creator, Father, Lover, Friend ;
 The highest, fairest, best !
 Thee give me as thou art to see,
 To lose my raptur'd Soul in thee,
 And be supremely blest.



V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON

The D E A T H *of* T w o F R I E N D S .

O *Death*, thou awful Passage into *Life*,
 Goal of our Doubts, and Period of our
 Strife,

For whom we often wish, yet ever fly,

Still tir'd of living, though afraid to die !

With curious Thought we ask, and prying Mind,

Oh ! what art thou, so dreadful, yet so kind ?

What strange Emotion pains the throbbing Heart,

When Soul and Body are about to part ?

And when th' exhausted Heart can throb no more,

And from the Clay the loosen'd Soul shall soar,

What World then opens to her won'dring Eyes,

And what new Change of State th' Immortal tries ?

In vain our Hearts with fond Impatience glow,

In vain we ask what we must die to know.

When

When Multitudes, on ev'ry Side we view,
 Tread the dark Vale, as we 'ere long muſt do,
 Our Souls the diſtant Touch may flightly feel,
 And Sighs may ſometimes from our Boſoms ſteal ;
 But when the Stroke, commiſſion'd from above,
 Comes nearer Home, and viſits what we love,
 When a dear Relative, or Friend expires,
 Our pallid Cheeks forget their uſual Fires,
 A ſudden Trembling ſeizes all our Frame,
 And, bath'd in Tears, the dear Deceas'd we name.

What felt my aching Heart when FLORIO dy'd !
 To me by Nature's, Friendſhip's Band ally'd :
 All Joy ſeem'd gasping out its lateſt Breath,
 And ev'ry Thought, and ev'ry Wiſh was *Death*.

DELIUS, thy Brother too is fall'n aſleep—
 And can the tender DELIUS chooſe but weep ?
 Weep then, and let me too in Concert join,
 Divide thy Woes, and mingle Tears with thine.
 Ah ! loſt he is !—but not for ever loſt—
 Fled only to ſome fair celeftial Coaſt,

Where

Where, when this narrow Span of Life shall cease,
Our Souls shall meet him, and again embrace.

To that blest Region let thy Fancy rise,
And follow him above yon azure Skies;
There view him seated on a Throne of Gem,
With scepter'd Hand, and golden Diadem;
Or roving thro' fresh Meads, and shady Bow'rs,
Where ceaseless Zephyrs fan unfading Flow'rs;
There with my FLORIO met, lo! he appears,
They mingle Joys, as we are mingling Tears,





The PICTURE of CHRIST.

An O D E.

I.

O Thou whose mimic Skill can give
 To colour'd Canvafs pow'r to live,
 O Painter, if thou haft the Art,
 To draw the Prince that wins my Heart,
 Come, with thy richeft Tints combin'd,
 Difplay the SAVIOUR of Mankind.

II.

But in thy Portrait, nor the Gem
 Shall deck the gorgeous Diadem,
 Nor purple Robes befring'd with Gold,
 Th' admiring Gazer fhall behold,
 No Gewgaws mortal Princes wear
 Shall have their 'Semblance pictur'd there.

III.

III.

He unadorn'd most lovely seems,
 Cloath'd with his own transcendent Beams ;
 For who would dress the glorious Sun
 In any Radiance but his own ?
 More glorious than the Sun thou art,
 Celestial Emp'ror of my Heart !

IV.

But, since his Beauties blaze too bright,
 When full display'd, for mortal Sight,
 Behind a Veil those Beauties shade,
 A Veil of Flesh, for Sinners made ;
 Let Heav'n, enshrin'd in Earth, appear,
 And GOD an human Likeness wear.

V.

MAJESTICALLY meek, his Face
 With glowing Smiles of Goodness grace ;
 Or, if a Smile be deem'd too gay
 For Majesty's sublimer Ray,
 Let Tears his mournful Cheek o'erflow
 In Pity shed for human Woe.

VI.

His piercing Eye, O Painter, draw;
 At once inspiring Love and Awe,
 With dreadful Flashes chiding Sin,
 And searching all the Stains within;
 Yet sweet with mild persuasive Charms,
 Inviting Sinners to his Arms.

VII.

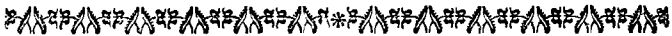
One spread, rejecting Hand shall shew,
 'Tis vain to seek for Bliss below;
 The other, lifted, pointing, tell,
 In Heav'n alone true Pleasures dwell;
 While both shall wide extend, t' embrace,
 And thither bear, the fallen Race.

VIII.

'Tis well—but ah! thy utmost Art
 Can ne'er describe his gracious Heart,
 That Fountain whence his Life-blood flows
 In Streams of Mercy to his Foes,
 That Heart that bids his Murd'ers live,
 And saves them by the Wounds they give.

IX.

Vain are thy Efforts, vain are mine,
 To reach th' Extent of Love divine ;
 To shew the unexhausted Stores
 Of Blessings that his Bounty pours :
 What can fet forth the mighty Sum ?—
 The Pencils drop !—the Muse is dumb !



T H E H A R L O T .

A C A N T A T A .

From Prov. vii.

R E C I T A T I V E .

WHEN dusky-winged Night had chas'd
 the Day,
 Forth issued from her Chamber, blithe and gay,
 A subtile Harlot in loose Habit drest,
 With wanton eye, and half-uncover'd Breast.
 Close in her wonted Corner hid, to spy
 What Votary to Lewdness passes by,

A lovely Form before her View appears,
 In Understanding young, as young in Years :
 Quick from her hiding Place the Harlot springs,
 And round his Iv'ry Neck, embracing, clings ;
 And pressing ardent Kiffes on his Cheeks,
 She thus with flatt'ring Words the Boy bespeaks :

A I R I.

Sweet Youth, dear Object of my Care,
 'Twas thee with eager Haste I fought,
 With thee a Night of Blifs to share ;
 And now my best Delight is caught :

II.

For thee bright Idol of my Heart,
 My richest Tapestry is spread,
 For thee the curious Carver's Art,
 And EGYPT'S Linen deck my Bed.

III.

Fresh Odours, cull'd from spicy Groves,
 Perfume the Scene of am'rous Play ;
 Come let us take our Fill of Loves,
 And solace till the Break of Day.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Won by her Honey Tongue, and 'witching lay,
 She captive leads th' imprudent Youth away.
 So goes th' unconscious Ox for Slaughter fed,
 So is the Fool to due Correction led.
 Swift as a Bird that flies to feize the Bait,
 And finds, and feels the fett'ring Snare too late,
 So hastes he on, 'till sharp Destructions Dart
 Invades his Breast, and pierces thro' his Heart.

A I R I.

Ye yet-unfullied Youth, attend,
 For whom these Strains are sung;
 Lift to an old experienc'd Friend,
 The Guardian of the Young.

II.

O let your cautious Hearts beware
 The Wanton's tempting Smiles;
 Avoid her Paths with jealous Care,
 And flee from all her Wiles.

III.

III.

Vain are the Joys her Charms afford,
Sincere th' Attendant Pain ;
By her the Wife have been o'erpow'r'd,
By her the Mighty slain.

IV.

Her Flatt'ries are a magic Spell,
Infectious is her Breath,
Her Dwelling is the Road to Hell,
Her Chambers lead to Death.



O D E *to* F A N C Y.

L O V E L Y Nymph of varying Form,
 Varying still my Breast to warm ;
 Ever new, and ever bright,
 Source perpetual of Delight !
 Come with all thy radiant Charms,
 And fold thy Votary in thy Arms.

At thy Embrace I feel no more
 The tottering Care I felt before :
 From thy beamy, cheering Eye
 Night and all her Shadows fly :
 SUN, I need not now thy Ray,
 FANCY'S Smiles can give me Day.
 'Midst stormy Blasts, and freezing Cold,
 Let Winter his rough Empire hold ;
 My Breast his Influence defies,
 While Summer beams from FANCY'S Eyes.

Past Delight and future Blifs,
 We, present, taste in FANCY's Kifs!
 Raptures in our Bosoms glow,
 Felt, Days, Months, and Years ago ;
 Airy Scenes of wish'd-for Joys
 In her Arms we realize.

By my Goddeſs gayly led,
 O'er verdant Meads surpriz'd I tread ;
 Lo! at her Touch the Flow'rs renew
 Their fragrant Smell, and lovely Hue !
 See the long-fince faded Roſe,
 All its former Charms diſcloſe !
 Sweet Jeſſamines luxuriant twine,
 And purple Fruit adorns the Vine.

I aſk ; and FANCY ſpreads her Wings,
 And ſoars above terreſtrial Things ;
 Wafts me, in a Thought, away
 To Orbs beyonds the Solar Ray ;
 Seated there, new Orbs I ſee,
 And thither by her Aid I flee ;

Still fucceffive World's Delight,
 Attract my With, nor fhun my Flight.

Unconfin'd to Nature's Laws,
 Fairy Prospects FANCY draws ;
 Fields for ever green and gay,
 Blest with never ceasing Day :
 Beings all divine appear,
 Elefs my Sight, and charm my Ear ;
 Virtues in Perfection flow,
 Pleasures unallay'd with Woe,
 Defires uncheck'd by Want of Pow'r,
 And Raptures height'ning ev'ry Hour.

Goddeffs, change—and, changing, fill
 With all thy Joys my Bosom fill.
 But, from all Frowns thy Vifage clear,
 Ne'er in a Fury's Form appear :
 Nor let thy Eye with wanton Glance,
 My Soul in Folly's Dreams entrance ;
 Thy Check with no immodest Smile,
 My Heart from Virtue's Path beguile :

Let all be innocent and gay,
 And change a thousand Times a Day.

Airy Phantom though thou art,
 Thou canst real Joy impart;
 Joy is real when 'tis felt,
Every Sense 'tis thine to melt!
 All thy varied Joys bestow,
 Joys, which, as they vary, grow.
 Wide unfold each charming Scene,
 Lucid all, and all serene:
Pow'r, without distracting *Fear*,
Pomp unflatter'd, *Praise sincere*,
Wealth without *Anxiety*,
Love from *jealous Torture* free.
 Lo! the fair Ideas rise,
 Flush my Cheeks, and fire my Eyes;
 Raptures fill my swelling Heart,
 Such as Words can ne'er impart—
 To you, who FANCY'S Pow'r confess,
 Let FANCY all my Bliss express.



W I S D O M

T H E

GUIDE *to* LOVE *and* MARRIAGE.

A F A B L E.

I.

THE God of Love, that active Boy,
 Aim'd fast his Darts, and saw with Joy,
 Each wounded Bosom yield,
 Whole Troops of love-sick Nymphs and Swains,
 Sat gently fighting on the Plains,
 And strew'd the vanquish'd Field.

II.

But CUPID soon perceiv'd with Grief
 They fled to HYMEN for Relief,
 And offer'd him their Vows ;
 Our Archer mourn'd his Conquests cross'd,
 And the deserting *Lover* lost,
 In that sad Name, a *Spouse*.

III.

Away to HYMEN'S Bow'r he flies ;
 With Indignation in his Eyes,
 He views the fatal Scene,
 Where wretched Souls are bound for Life,
 And doom'd, the *Husband* and the *Wife*,
 'Till Death shall part between.

IV.

Are then my Conquests come to this ?
 And must the hapless Lover's Bliss,
 Be short-liv'd as his Pains ?
 Ah ! HYMEN, Villain-god, forbear,
 Nor link th' Admirer and the Fair
 In thy detested Chains.

V.

A Villain !—cry you Mercy, LOVE,
 As true as any God above ;
 (Astonish'd HYMEN cries)
 And what ?—The Subjects you have won,
 I make more faithfully your own,
 And bind in stronger Ties.

VI.

You bind them stronger ! yes, tis you
 That all my gentle Wreaths undo,
 And place your Irons on ;
 Or if you suffer mine to stay,
 Yours wear those softer Bands away,
 In one poor Honey-Moon.

VII.

Thus CUPID urg'd—but HYMEN, he
 Abash'd gave up his weaker Plea ;
 'Twas *Truth* that CUPID spoke.—
 When lo ! MINERVA (Wonder rare !)
 Led up a virtuous, loving Pair,
 To sue for HYMEN'S Yoke.

VIII.

Well may you be surpriz'd, she said,
 That I should prompt to *love* or *wed*,
 I, Goddess of the *Wife* ;
 Is *Love* e'er taught, in WISDOM'S Schools ?
 Or *Marriage*, Paradife of Fools ?—
 But see, and trust your Eyes,

IX.

I heard your Quarrel, Godkins both,
 And swear by *Styx* (our ancient Oath)
 One's blind, and headlong t'other ;
 But I could shew how each might reign,
 And undisturb'd his Pow'r maintain,
 Without this mighty Pother.

X.

If, proud and wayward Urchins, ye
 Would stoop but to advise with me,
 Before ye play your Pranks,
 Your Discords would for ever cease,
 United, you would live in Peace ;
 And both would give me Thanks.

XI.

You with your Bow and Arrow there,
 If you would only well beware,
 What Hearts you make your Aim,
 (For none but those that I inspire,
 Can still love on, and never tire,
 With steady, quenchless Flame.)

XII.

And, HYMEN, you, impatient Lad!

For ever raving, ever mad,

To bind your Vot'ries fast.

But stay a-while 'till *Time* can prove,

And into Friendship heighten Love,

Well fix'd, and form'd to last :

XIII.

Then, CUPID, would your Darts be sure,

Nor HYMEN have the Pow'r to cure

The Wounds that you have made ;

And his well-lighted Torch would blaze

With constant, undiminish'd Rays,

An Honour to his Trade.

XIV.

Thus *Marriage* (hated Word no more)

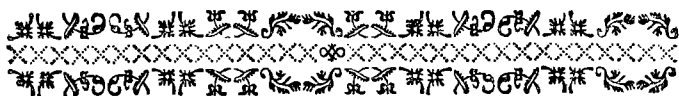
Of Joys would bring an endless Store,

As to yon happy Pair,

The *Lover* in the *Spouse* remain,

And each fond Couple blefs the Chain,

With FIDO and his Fair.



T H E
F I F T H O D E
O F T H E
FIRST BOOK *of* H O R A C E,
I M I T A T E D.

I.

WHAT lovely Youth, fair PYRRHA, say,
With od'rous Oils bedew'd,
Hast thou allur'd to am'rous Play,
In yon kind Grot that hides the Day,
With Heaps of Roses strew'd?

II.

For whom those golden Locks of thine
In decent Fillets bound ?
O thou, whose artful Hand can place
The simplest Ornaments to grace
And make thy Beauties wound.

III.

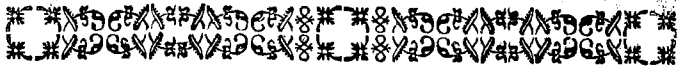
Alas ! how often shall the Swain
 Thy perjur'd Vows deplore !
 Unus'd to Storms of Love's Disdain,
 Affrighted see the boist'rous Main,
 And hear the Billows roar.

IV.

He thinks, fond Boy ! while thus caress'd,
 To prove thee always kind ;
 Nor knows, that soft and snowy Breast ;
 Whereon he lulls the Soul to Rest,
 Is wav'ring as the Wind.

V.

Unhappy ! who in thee confide !
 Driv'n on by Passion's Blast,
 I once the dangerous Ocean try'd,
 And, shipwreck'd, from the raging Tide
 Am scarce escap'd at last.



T H E
 E L E V E N T H O D E
 O F T H E
 F I R S T B O O K *of* H O R A C E,
 I M I T A T E D.

I.

S EARCH not, my dear LEUCONOE,
 Forbidden 'tis to know,
 What Term of Life, on you, or me,
 The Pow'rs above bestow,

II.

No more perplex yourself to find,
 What Fates the Stars foretell ;
 Much better is a patient Mind,
 That takes all Fortunes well.

III.

What if you Winter out more Storms,
 Or this shall be your last,
 Which now the *Tuscan* Sea deforms
 With its impetuous Blast?

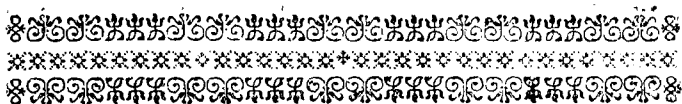
IV.

Life is at most a narrow Space ;
 Let Wisdom rule thy Mind ;
 All anxious Hopes for lengthen'd Days
 Deliver to the Wind.

V.

See, while we talk, th' invidious Hour
 Steals hastily away !
 The *Present* seize, 'tis in your Pow'r,
 Nor trust the *coming* Day.





On LIBERTY.

By Mr. ADDISON.

O LIBERTY, thou Goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of Blifs, and pregnant with Delight,
 Eternal Pleasur^e in the Prefence reign,
 And fmiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train,
 Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight.
 Thou mak'st the blooming Face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st Beauty to the Sun and Pleasure to the Day.





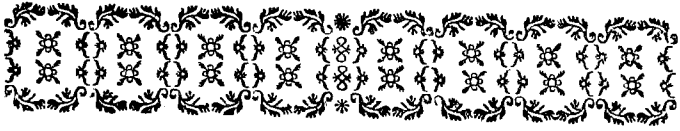
On T Y R A N N Y.

A PARODIE on the Foregoing.

O TYRANNY, thou Fury, black and fell,
 Thy Womb engenders all the Plagues
 of Hell,

Slaughter and Blood thy Iron Rule maintain,
 And stern Oppression drives thy fetter'd Train,
 Added thy Load, the Subject grows a Slave,
 And Poverty sinks pining to the Grave ;
 Thy Gloom robs Nature's Face of gay Delight,
 Darkens the beauteous Sun, and turns the Day
 to Night.

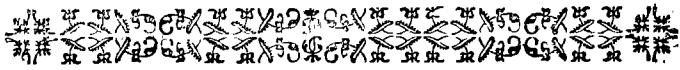




F O U R D E G R E E S
 O F
 C O M P A R I S O N,
An E P I G R A M.

HAPPY the Man by Fortune blefs'd,
 To wed a Bride of *Wealth* possess'd !
 Still happier who within his Arms
 Enjoys fair *Beauty's* lovelier Charms !
 Happiest whom Heav'n directs to find
 A Maid of *virtuous, gentle Mind* !
 But happier than the happiest he
 Who in one Nymph enjoys all three !





T H E A U T H O R

T O H I S

B R O T H E R R E A D I N G *and* A N G L I N G .

I.

WHILE in this Stream and *Helicon*
You learn to fish at once,
You'll be expert in neither one,
But be in both a Dunce.

II.

Your Author's Sense, by Hook or Crook
You just had taken in ;
Now bites a Carp—you miss your Stroke,
Nor Sense, nor Fish, you win.

III.

Then lay aside or Book or Line,
For either hinders other :]
One Thing at once, if you would shine,
So counsels you your Brother.

NUPTIAL



N U P T I A L F E L I C I T Y .

An O D E.

I.

WHEN HYMEN yokes the fordid Pair,
 Whose Hearts are bought and sold,
 A Chain he gives the Slaves to wear
 Of radiant, massy Gold.

II.

Proud to be gloriously undone,
 They sigh in cumb'rous State,
 Doom'd, tho' the Chain's a golden one,
 To feel its galling Weight.

III.

But those, from fordid Avarice free,
 Who own LOVE's softest Pow'rs,
 Rejoice to lose their Liberty,
 Join'd in a Wreath of Flow'rs.

IV.

The well-lov'd Chain, that binds them fast,
Is sweet and full of Ease ;
Nor all the Storms of Life can blast
Their ever-blooming Peace:

V.

To them what does the World appear,
Its Titles, Wealth, Esteem ?
Who in each other clasp whate'er
Their Souls can lovely deem.

VI.

At length, their Happiness t' improve,
A smiling Offspring rise,
Those sweet Remembrancers of Love,
And past endearing Joys.

VII.

As down the Vale of Life they tread,
Still nearer to its End,
Calm Virtue lifts their drooping Head,
Their never-failing Friend.

VIII.

Fair Pictures of what once they were,

They leave a lovely Race,

Adorn'd, by their successful Care,

With ev'ry mental Grace.

IX.

Then, ravish'd at th' immortal Blifs

That waits them in the Sky,

With a last, tender, parting Kiss,

They bid adieu, and die.





A N O D E
T O A
N E W - M A R R I E D F R I E N D .

I.

WHEN EVA, matchless Fair, was giv'n,
 The loveliest Boon of bounteous Heav'n,
 To bless her ADAM's Arms,
 No Honours but intrinsic Worth,
 Gave that first Lover's Passion Birth,
 No Portion but her Charms.

II.

She, undisguis'd, as unattir'd,
 Appear'd; and, raptur'd, he admir'd
 Each naked, real Grace :
 Her Cheeks with genuine Blushes glow'd,
 Unartful Smiles her Cheeks bestow'd,
 And all was *Nature's* Face.

III.

III.

But since that pure, primæval State,
 Indulg'd with Happiness too great
 For our degen'rate Age,
 No more in native Charms divine,
 The lovely, spotless Females shine,
 Our ravish'd Hearts t' engage.

IV.

With pilfer'd Beauties now the Fair
 Bedecks her Bosom, Neck, and Hair,
 And glows with borrow'd Red ;
 And, skill'd in num'rous Wiles of Art,
 Deceives, and captivates the Heart,
 To Love by *Error* led.

V.

But these alas ! can ill supply
 True Beauty's Absence, when the Eye
 Detects the vain Deceit ;
 And under Smiles when *Fraud* appears,
 Or drops in soft, dissembling Tears,
 We loath the fruitless Cheat.

VI.

Thus Beauty of the Face, or Mind,
 Since *dubious*, thro' Disguise, we find,
 To Wedlock lures no more;
 Hence *Titles, Wealth*, supply its Place;
 While LOVE laments in sad Disgrace
 The Ruin of his Pow'r.

VII.

Yet still some few, not rich or great,
 Distinguish'd by an happier Fate,
 Confess LOVE's pleasing Sway;
 Their Hands by pure Affection join'd,
 Their Hearts from sordid Views refin'd,
 By LOVE's propitious Ray.

VIII.

By these the Happiness is found,
 Enjoy'd on *Eden's* flow'ry Ground
 By that first wedded Pair:
 May you this Paradise of Love,
 All earthly Pleasures far above,
 With virtuous STELLA share.



A

P R O L O G U E

T O A

PLAY, WRITTEN BY Mr. S.

F O R T H E

Young Gentlemen, at an Academy near LONDON.

TO see the Drama turn'd to puerile Use,
 Perhaps the nicer Critic might not choose,
 But, squeamish, Hint, the Stage was ne'er de-
 sign'd

To deal Instruction to an Infant Mind.

Be that as 'twill—our Author bids me say,

He hopes to gain Applause for this his Play :

And why?—his Scheme, being new, will please
 the more ;

He writes as Bard ne'er dar'd to write before.

He

He sees, exulting, thro' fond Fancy's Glafs,
 Each future mimic Author, as they pass—
 With prostrate Homage to his Plan they fall,
 And copy him, their great Original.

But, to be ferious—what he deign'd to write,
 Was done both for Instruction and Delight :
 From *Vice* us useful ACTors to restrain,
 And shew that *Idleness* must be our Bane ;
 That *Diligence* shall all her Votaries bless,
 And *Virtue* bring us lasting Happiness.
 Next you to please, fond Parents, you who love
 To see, by any Means, your Sons improve ;
 And most by those which give to each Part Joy,
 Th' indulgent Father, and th' obedient Boy.
 Secure in your Good-will he takes a Pride.
 Nor cares if peevish Pedants should deride,
His Aim is good, if num'rous Faults you find,
 Consider that, and then you will be kind.



G O O D H U M O U R.

An O D E.

I.

A B O V E when *Phæbus* gilds the Skies,
 And Zephyrs gently breathe :
 When Flow'rs in varied Colours rise
 To paint the Scene *beneath* :

II.

When artless Notes, inspir'd by *Love*,
 Resound from ev'ry Spray,
 And, hid within th' enchanted Grove,
 Fond *Echo* mocks the Lay ;

III.

Gay Pleasures in our Looks appear,
 And all our Mind possess ;
 With Joy we see, with Transport hear,
 And lovely *Nature* blefs.

IV.

IV.

But when black Clouds with Tempests lour,
 And *Sol* denies his Rays ;
 When Show'rs descend, and Thunders roar,
 And livid Light'nings blaze :

V.

Affrighted at the gloomy Show,
 Each Comfort flies the Breast ;
 And restless Spleen, and anxious Woe
 The sadden'd Heart infest.

VI.

Thus can, fair Nymph, thy pow'rful Eyes
 Or Joy, or Grief impart ;
 And, varying as th' inconstant Skies,
 Depress, and cheer the Heart.

VII.

When o'er thy Brow the Clouds impend,
 And Frowns thy Charms conceal,
 My Scenes of Bliss in Darkness end,
 And wint'ry Damps I feel.

VIII.

But when the transient Glooms are o'er,
 And Smiles thy Charms display,
Grief lords it in my Soul no more,
 And *Joy* resumes her Sway.

IX.

Let Smiles then always gild thy Face,
 Good-humour fway thy Breast ;
 So shalt thou still improve each Grace,
 And I shall still be blest.

X.

So shall I *Winter's* Storms defy,
 New Charms shall *Summer* bring,
 And all the *Seasons* as they fly,
 Shall yield the Joys of *Spring*.





T H E

F A L S E S H E P H E R D E S S .

A Pastoral O D E.

I.

AS CHLOE the fair sat with COLIN the blest,
 By the Side of a calm-flowing Stream,
 She sung, while reclining her Head on his Breast,
 And COLIN and Love were her Theme.

II.

To DAMON who sat on the opposite Shore,
 Her Music the River convey'd;
 The Voice and the Words he had heard oft before,
 And, sighing, thus blam'd the false Maid.

III.

Be Witness how oft those soft Accents, he cry'd,
 Ye Waters that silently roll,
 When DAMON for COLIN her Numbers supply'd,
 Have lull'd my too credulous Soul.

IV.

IV.

How oft with a Kiss, of her Vows the dear Seal,
 Has she sworn to be true to her Swain !
 To her sweet perjur'd Lips, and the Woes that I
 feel,
 Ye Waters, be Witnesses again.

V.

Alas ! that a Breast, as unspotted as Snow,
 Should inclose so deceitful a Heart ;
 Or a Bosom so faithful as DAMON should know
 To be pierc'd with so cruel a Dart !

VI.

Ere I saw the false Creature how calm was my Mind
 But now I am rack'd with Despair ;
 If faithful as mine, the sad Fate that I find,
 Poor COLIN thy Bosom shall share.

VII.

Believe not, fond Shepherd, her flattering Tongue ;
 O trust not the Smiles of her Eye,
 Fly, fly the Deceiver, tho' beauteous and young,
 Or be as unhappy as I.



·A

D E S C R I P T I O N

O F T H E

P A L A C E *of the* S U N.Ov. MET. *Lib. II.*

THE SUN's high Palace, proud in lofty
Columns,

Glow'd with bright Gold, and Flame-resembling
Gem;

Of Ivory well-polish'd was the Roof,

Silver the Gates, whose burnish'd Valves pour'd
Light.

Nor yet the rich Materials of th' Dome

Vied with the Artist's Skill; for VULCAN's Hand

Had there engrav'd the Earth-surrounding Sea,

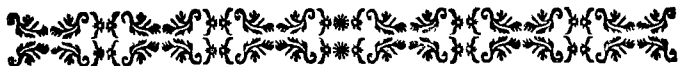
The solid Globe, and vast c'erpendent Heaven.

Green Gods possess the Wave: Here TRITON blows

His

His Throne with sparkling Emeralds adorn'd.
 On each Side stood the Days, the Months, the
 Years,
 The Ages, and the measur'd Hours of Time.
 Gay recent SPRING, bedeck'd with flow'ry Wreath,
 The naked SUMMER, with the Wheaten Crown,
 AUTUMNUS, fullied with the trodden Grape,
 And icy WINTER, rough with snow-white Hair,
 Wait his Commands.—





M U S I C.

A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A M I D S T the various Ills. of Life,
 The wasting Cares, the Toil and Strife,
 Amusement claims her rightful Part,
 To cure the Spleen that wounds the Heart.

A I R I.

Hither, Sons of Earth, repair,
 Music's Pow'r can free from Care ;
 Music's Pow'r, in various Ways,
 Shall the sinking Spirits raise:

II.

The sprightly, well-tun'd Violin,
 Shall bid our Joys begin ;
 While Sounds, with soft melodious Swell,
 On the trembling String shall dwell.

III.

Let the well-fill'd traverse Flute
 Warble forth its mellow Note ;
 Or the leffer Tube more shrill,
 Utter forth its pleasing Trill.

The Trumpet's martial Sound,
 Join'd with the Horn, shall shake the Ground.

IV.

Solemn is the Viol's Tone,
 And the grumbling grave Bassoon ;
 The Organ's complicated Force,
 Of Harmony the Life and Source.

R E C I T A T I V E .

Thus we dispel the noxious Gloom,
 That robs the Face of all its Bloom ;
 Thus Joy shall flush the gen'rous Soul,
 And Rapture every Care controul.

C H O R U S .

Let us then our Voices join,
 Mine with yours, and yours with mine ;
 All your Instruments employ,
 Wake the drowsy Heart to Joy.



The C O N T E N T I O N

O F

V E N U S *and* M I N E R V A.

An O D E.

I.

IN forming CELIA's Face and Mind,
Fair VENUS and MINERVA, join'd,
Their choicest Gifts impart :

Each careful Goddess strove t' excel ;
The Pow'rs succeeded both so well,
They wonder'd at their Art.

II.

And now a mutual Contest rose ;
The friendly Nymphs, transform'd to Foes,
Each claim'd the highest Praise :
To STREPHON the Dispute referr'd,
With patient Ear the Shepherd heard
Their altercating Lays.

III.

III.

- “ See, Swain, that lovely Shape and Face,
 “ Those tender Eyes, that winning Grace,
 “ My Gifts!” fair VENUS cries :—
 “ See, and adore, admiring Youth,
 “ Good Sense, good Nature, Virtue, Truth;
 The Rival-Pow’r replies.

IV.

- “ Since both combin’d, the Shepherd said,
 “ Thus to adorn your fav’rite Maid,
 “ And captivate my Soul ;
 “ Your needless Arguments give o’er ;
 “ At both your Altars I adore,
 “ And own your joint Controul.

V.

- “ To charm at Sight is BEAUTY’S Part,
 “ Thine, PALLAS, to secure the Heart,
 “ And fix th’ approving Will :
 “ Be mine, transporting Happiness !
 “ That Mind, that Person, to possess,
 “ Your Master-piece of Skill.



P E R S O N A L *and* M E N T A L
B E A U T Y.

An O D E.

I.

WH A T Sweets the blooming Spring
displays!

What ripen'd Joys the Summer yields!

What glowing Colours, varied, grace

The fragrant Gardens, Groves and Fields!

II.

Yet Winter rifles all their Charms!

The Lilly fair, and blushing Rose,

Clasp'd in his cold and with'ring Arms,

No more their lovely Hues disclose.

III.

Thy Beauties bloom, sweet Maid, more bright,

And grow to bear a longer Date ;

But tho' for Years they charm the Sight,

They must at length submit to Fate.

IV.

Those lovelier Lillies on thy Neck,
Thy Cheek where lovelier Roses blow,
Life's gloomy Winter, Age, shall check,
And o'er thy youthful Locks shed Snow.

V.

But these dear Charms that grace the Mind,
Unhurt by Time, shall never fade ;
But rise more brighten'd, more refin'd,
When Wrinkles that fair Skin invade.

VI.

These Charms possess, each transient Day
Shall bring encreasing Pleasures on ;
Immortal Love shall own your Sway,
When Beauty, Youth, and Life are gone.





The U N I O N
 O F
 M I R T H *and* R E A S O N.
 A C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THE Goddess MIRTH appear'd, by
 FASHION drefs'd

In FOLLY's Bells, and motly-painted Vest :
 Leering her Eye, and discompos'd her Hair,
 As o'er the Plain she reel'd with frantic Air.
 A num'rous Train succeed of Nymphs and Swains,
 Held willing Captives in her filken Chains :
 She wav'd her Hand, and hush'd the noisy Throng,
 The Croud attentive listen to her Song.

A I R I.

Ye Followers of Mirth,
 Still my Footsteps pursue ;
 No Mortals on Earth
 Are so happy as you ;

All

All Care shall be Treason,
 Gay Smiles are your own ;
 Then laugh at dull REASON,
 Nor value her Frown.

II.

Your wife Men are Fools,
 Why ?—because they are sad :
 Despise the grave Owls,
 'Tis our Joy to be mad :
 Dear BACCHUS and CUPID
 Our Life shall befriend ;
 And he that looks stupid
 To PLUTO we'll send.

III.

Then fill the brisk Bowl,
 And embrace the gay Lads ;
 'Twill enliven the Soul,
 And make Life sweetly pass :
 Time quick let us seize on,
 While Time is our own ;
 And laugh at dull REASON——
 Who values her Frown ?

R E C I T A T I V E .

Thus rav'd the wanton Dame in senseless Strains,
 And with wild Melody fill'd all the Plains.
 Fair REASON heard, and from her own bright Skies;
 Griev'd at the Scene, to MIRTH's Domain she flies :
 With Air and Mein that Dignity express'd,
 The ever-smiling Nymph she thus address'd.

A I R I.

Sweet Native of celestial Bow'rs,
 Where Gods in Transport spend their Hours,
 So low how could'st thou condescend ?
 A Pimp to VICE, and FOLLY's Friend !
 Thy Footsteps let my Words reclaim
 From future Woe, and present Shame.

II.

Away with that fantastic Vest,
 And in this spotless Robe be dress'd ;
 'Twas wove by WIT, and shap'd by SENSE,
 And whiten'd by fair INNOCENCE ;
 In this all like yourself you'll shine,
 All lovely-bright, and all divine.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Conscious of inward Shame, with downcast Eye,
She blush'd and took the Robe without Reply.

Thus deck'd, fair REASON grasp'd her yielding
Hand,

And FRIENDSHIP join'd them in a mutual Band.

A I R I.

Now list to the Moral my Fable implies—

True Pleasure is never consistent with Vice :

And, tho' *Folly* may charm with her Grin for a Day,
Like a Meteor she fades, as she leads us astray.

II.

Then in Mirth take at all Times good Sense for
your Guide,

And be sure to keep Innocence close by your Side:

Wit with Virtue shall Smiles undecaying supply;

And Wisdom give Pleasures that never can die.

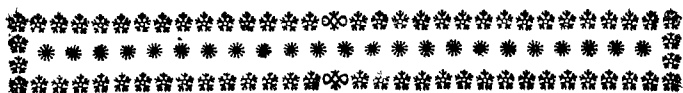
III.

Thus free from their Dregs your delights shall refine

Nor level you low with the Goat or the Swine :

In just Moderation the Goût of Joy lies ;

And this Maxim's a good one, *Be merry and wise.*



T O

The A D M I R E R S

O F

J A C O B B E H M E N,

YE who in necromantic Skill delight,
 And mystic Wonders, dazzling to the Sight,
 Who wish the Depths of Alchemy your own,
 And all such Knowledge as was never known :
 Would find how ev'ry Form began at first,
 How *Being* from its Infancy was nurs'd ;
 How *Nothing*, weary of its Nothingness,
 Quick into *Something* did itself compress ;
 How Souls are made of Salt and Sulphur mixt,
 Some Grains of Mercury squeez'd in betwixt ;
 How hungry Herbs devour the ambient Air,
 And long to see the radiant Sun appear :

I

Would

Would ye be told of strange unheard of Whims,
 Romantic Visions, wild amazing Dreams,
 (But such as you must deem all Inspiration,
 You have his *ipse dixit* 'gainst a Nation)
 Of wrathful Flints, and Earth that Anguish feels,
 And fiery Trigons, with their whirling Wheels?
 Unveil'd, and stripp'd, and robb'd of all her Glory,
 Would you see naked *Nature* pass before ye?
 O'er Science' utmost Top your Flight advance,
 And look thro' more than *all Things* at a Glance?
 Ye Conjurers, strait a magic Circle draw,
 Where burn at once the *Gospel* and the *Law*;
 This done, take JACOB BEHMEN from the Shelf,
 Read him—and wiser be than GOD himself.





A B R A H A M's O F F E R I N G

O F H I S

S O N I S A A C.

A Sacred Cantata.

R E C I T A T I V E.

ABR'HAM's great Faith was to his GOD
well-known;

But Faith hath still in Trials brightest shone:
Th' ALMIGHTY in the Man whom best he lov'd
This Grace divine ev'n to the utmost prov'd:
To him, 'ere dawn of Day, JEHOVAH spoke;
His Voice like Thunder o'er the Patriarch broke.

A I R.

Hear, ABR'HAM, hear! from Slumber rife,
To me devote a Sacrifice;
ISAAC, that darling Son of thine,
Thy only Son to GOD resign;

Strait to MORIAH's Hills repair,
And flay, and burn the Victim there.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GOD said—Heav'n trembled at the stern Decree,
And wond'ring Angels sigh'd, and bent the Knee :
Up ABR'HAM rose, and at the dread Command,
Led forth the lovely Off'ring in his Hand.
From ISAAC's Loins his num'rous Seed should rise,
So promis'd GOD, yet ISAAC childless dies :
This stagger'd not th' obedient Patriarch's Faith,
Whoknew that GOD could raise him up from Death.
They journey : to the destin'd Place they come ;
But ISAAC yet was ign'rant of his Doom :
The Altar built, the Wood in order laid,
The musing Son thus to the Father said.

A I R.

Dear Father, lo ! the Wood, the Fire,
The sharpen'd Knife, prepar'd to kill !
But where's the Host that must expire ?
The hallow'd Lamb is wanting still.

R E C I T A T I V E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The tender Sire suppress'd his swelling Sighs,
 And thus, o'erwhelm'd with inward Grief replies;

A I R I.

The Sacrifice will GOD provide,
 A dearer ne'er was known :
 He asks who cannot be deny'd,
 And claims but what's his own.

II.

To him who knows, and judges best,
 With Resignation bow :
 Thy Father is the dutious Priest,
 The Lamb, my Child, art thou.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sweet ISAAC wept, but smiling thro' the Tears,
 His moving Words salute the Parent's Ears.

A I R.

And must the loving Father slay
 His dear, his only Son ?
 When GOD commands, we must obey—
 JEHOVAH's Will be done.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Tears gushing from the Sire's averted Face,
 He wip'd ; and turn'd to give the last Embrace :
 A second Stream burst forth, while close he prest
 The trembling Victim to his throbbing Breast.
 Then bid adieu, and stretch'd him on the Wood,
 And rais'd his Knife to shed his ISAAC'S Blood.
 When lo! a Voice from Heav'n, with timely
 Speed,
 Arrests his Arm, and stops the cruel Deed.

A I R I.

ABR'HAM, desist ; nor slay the Youth—
 Thy GOD applauds thy Faith and Truth :
 Well hast thou stood this awful Test,
 And shewn the Firmness of thy Breast.

II.

Since, pious, thou this Thing hast done,
 And not with-held thy only Son ;
 O ABR'HAM, by myself I swear,
 My richest Blessings thou shalt share.

III.

Thy prosp'rous Seed shall multiply,
 As lucid Stars that deck the Sky ;
 Their Number may be told no more
 Than countless Sands upon the Shore.

IV.

From thee, belov'd of God, shall spring
 The matchless, Heav'n-descending King,
 Great SAVIOUR ! whose auspicious Birth
 Shall glad all Nations round the Earth.

V.

His reign, which will o'er all extend,
 Immortal PRINCE ! shall never end ;
 And all his Servants, faithful found,
 Shall with eternal Joys be crown'd,





N E B U C H A D N E Z Z A R ' s
C O N F E S S I O N .

Daniel iv.

ONE great Almighty God, who sits on high,
Far o'er the Summit of yon azure Sky,
With Majesty unutterable crown'd,
Moves the bright Wheels of beauteous Nature
round :

Th' immense Machine he taught at first to play,
He bade the Planets march their wond'rous Way,
The glorious Texture of the Heav'ns he wrought,
And hung this pond'rous, massy Orb on nought ;
And still his pow'rful Arm the Whole sustains,
Governs supreme, and self-directed reigns ;
His Kingdom firm from Age to Age extends,
And built on Props eternal, never ends.
By him inspir'd, while I aloud proclaim
The Wonders shewn by that tremendous Name,
His

His Wonders shewn on me, ye Nations, hear,
Confess his Godhead, and his Throne revere.

Impious, I once deny'd his sov'reign Rule,
Untaught and unchastis'd in Wisdom's School ;
In gorgeous Gems and purple Robes array'd,
The regal Circle glowing round my Head,
While, low beneath my Feet, the Suppliant croud
In cringing Modes of Adoration bow'd,
Myself a God I deem'd, and, swoln with Pride,
Madly disdain'd a Deity beside.

My wild Desires, and arbitrary Will,]
With boundless Scope determin'd to fulfil,
Th' impatient Wish conceiv'd, I spake the Word,
And trembling Subjects fly t' obey their Lord :
Or dar'd the Slaves dispute the rash Command,
What might secure them from my 'vengeful
Hand ?

Who, who, I said, what God, whom they adore,
Shall snatch the vile Offenders from my Pow'r ?
Gayly I revel'd in luxurious Ease,
Still footh'd by those who knew the Art to please.

Unloos'd

Unloos'd and free, I gave my Passions vent,
 Resolv'd to sin, but never to repent.
 Thus, flourishing, the Paths of Vice I trod,
 But not unwarn'd or unprov'd of God,
 Who, by his Prophet DANIEL, oft made known
 The peerless Glories of his lofty Throne.
 Long I declin'd, averse to own his Sway,
 His Yoke rejected, and refus'd t' obey :
 Till now at length (well knew th' *Almighty* how
 To quell my haughty Heart) he made me bow ;
 Convinc'd me who o'er ALL the Scepter held,
 And what the weak, fond Mortal that rebell'd.

'Twas when to summon balmy Sleep's Repose,
 On Heaps of Down, I bade my Eyelids close,
 Distracting Dreams approach'd my peaceful Bed,
 And fearful Visions hover'd round my Head.

I wake—I rise—and for the Magi send,
 Strait at my Call the learned Band attend :
 To these, whose Knowledge gain'd my high
 Esteem,

With trembling Lips I tell th' amazing Dream :

Long

The feather'd Tribe that wing the buxom Air,
 Perch on its Twigs, and find a Covert there :
 A safe Recefs, and Life-fuftraining Food,
 Free for all Flefh, th' amazing Tree beftow'd :

While on this Tree I gaz'd with ftrange Delight,
 Behold a heav'nly Shape all dazzling bright !
 Forth from the Sky the princely Form descends ;
 His Flight a duteous Minifter attends ;
 To him the god-like Vifion fternly fpoke,
 (His loud majestic Voice the Mountains fhook)
 Hew down the Tree, away the Branches pare,
 Shake off his Leaves, fcatter his Fruit in Air ;
 Let Beafts no longer reft beneath his Shade,
 Nor feather'd Fowl his lofty Boughs invade :
 Yet leave the Stump unhurt, but clofely round
 With weighty Bands of Brafs and Iron bound ;
 Moift with Heav'n's Dew, with Beafts his Por-
 tion be,
 Till fev'n Times pafs—This is the fix'd Decree :
 He ceas'd—The Hewer heav'd a pond'rous Ax,
 He fmote the Tree ; its Trunk enormous cracks ;
 Stunn'd

Stunn'd with the Sound of fo immense a Stroke,
 And chill with Horror, sudden I awoke.
 This the stupendous Vision—But thy Art
 Its deep Interpretation can impart.

One Hour astonish'd, and in speechless Mood,
 At the portentous Dream the Prophet stood ;
 Till I enjoind ; no longer Speech withhold,
 Nor fear the hidden Secret to unfold.

Great King, said DANIEL, be the Dream to
 those

That hate thee, and its Meaning to thy Foes,
 Thou art the Tree fo strong and lofty grown ;
 All Nations bow to thy Imperial Throne ;
 Thro' all the Earth thy Fame unbounded flies,
 O'ertops the Clouds, and soars above the Skies.
 But as a Form celestial met thy View,
 And gave Command the stately Tree to hew ;
 This still in mystic Colours paints thy Fate ;
 Great is thy Pow'r, fo shall thy Fall be great ;
 Of Reason, that high Gift from Heav'n receiv'd,
 Misus'd by thee, thy Soul shall be bereav'd ;

Thy

Thy Nature change, as with thy Actions suits;
 Brutal thy Deeds, thy Heart shall be a Brute's :
 And, driv'n from Man's Society away,
 Amongst the Herd of Cattle shalt thou stray,
 With horned Oxen crop the verdant Grass,
 And feel the chilling Dew, till seven Times pass.
 By righteous Heav'n chastis'd, then shalt thou
 know,

One lives above, whose Pow'r extends below ;
 Who rules with Justice o'er all earthly Things,
 And, as he wills, puts down, or sets up Kings:
 And as the Stump of that majestic Tree,
 Was left unhurt, so shall it fare with thee,
 The Throne, the Kingdom, shall again be thine
 When thou hast own'd the Government divine.

And now, O King, my timely Counsel take,
 Reform thy Errors, and thy Sins forsake ;
 Let Truth and Justice all thy Actions square,
 And to the Poor extend thy bounteous Care :
 Haply God's Mercy, for his Mercy's great,
 Thy Crimes may pardon, and avert thy Fate.

Thus

Thus spake the Prophet ; while each solemn
Word

Struck me with awe of his tremendous LORD :
Now Conscience with accusing Face stepp'd in,
And shew'd a lively Record of my Sin ;
Urg'd me to listen while she might persuade,
And call devout Repentance to my Aid ;
To bend the stubborn Hinges of my Knees,
And strive by Pray'r Almighty Wrath t' appease.
But soon curst Pride resum'd her wonted Sway,
And stern tho' friendly Conscience chid away :
Back to my Sins with eager Haste I flew,
And bade th' alarming Monitor adieu.

Since that dire Vision, and my short Remorse,
The Sun's bright Orb had made one annual Course,
When, walking forth, my Palace I survey'd,
And, glorying in my Grandeur, proudly said,
Is not this BABYLON, the rich, the great,
Built by my Might, my House of Royal State ?
Scarce had I spoke the Word, when from on high
A mighty Voice fell thund'ring thro' the Sky ;

O King, it said, this is the destin'd Hour,
 The Kingdom is departed from thy Pow'r ;
 Thee from their Sight thy Subjects shall expel,
 Among the Beasts that range the Field to dwell ;
 The Dew shall wet thee ; Grass shall be thy
 Meat ;
 Until the Time appointed be complete :
 From GOD MOST HIGH alone, then shalt thou
 know,
 All Honour, Majesty, Dominion flow.

The Voice ceas'd speaking——and, the fatal
 Doom
 Instant inflict'd, forth from Men I roam,
 Depriv'd of Reason, 'mongst the Cattle driv'n,
 Fed with the Grass, and wet with Dew from
 Heav'n ;
 As Eagles' Feathers grew my copious Hair,
 And like Birds' Claws my crooked Nails appear.

Thus abject liv'd Earth's Monarch ; till at last,
 The number'd Days of my Dishonour past,

My

My Reason came; to Heav'n I lift my Eye,
 And prostrate fall before the GOD MOST HIGH;
 Low in the Dust, I blefs his awful Name,
 Who lives thro' all Eternity the fame;
 Whose wide Dominion reaches great and small,
 And with refiftlefs Glory, fpreads o'er all:
 To him, as 'midft his brighter Works forgot,
 This peopled Globe appears a Thing of nought:
 Vaft countlefs Worlds, all fashion'd by his Skill,
 Confefs him Sov'reign, and obey his Will:
 Of all their Armies none can ftay his Hand,
 Or question when he gives the dread Command.

While thus I great JEHOVAH's Name ador'd,
 Who had once more my reas'ning Pow'rs reftor'd,
 To me my Lords and Counfellors refort,
 And ufual Pomp and Splendor grace my Court;
 Again eftablifh'd in my pow'rful Throne,
 With more illuftrious Majesty I fhone.

And now all Glory, Bleffing, Worship, Praise,
 To thee, immortal King of Heav'n, I raife;

Thro' all these wond'rous Works and Ways of thine,
 Unparrall'd, thy Truth and Justice shine :
 And that vain Mortal who resists thy Will,
 Whose Bosom Pride and Arrogancy fill,
 Tho' seated firm in Honour's highest Place,
 Thy mighty Arm is able to abase.



V E R S E S

O N T H E

A R T *of* W R I T I N G.

WHEN PALLAS had inspir'd each glorious
 Art,

To warm with Joys divine the human Heart,
 At once, a Spoil to DEATH, abash'd she saw
 Fair SCIENCE with its Masters hence withdraw :
 To save it harmless from the Tyrant's Spite
 She ponder'd long——then taught the World to

WRITE.

JACOB'S



J A C O B's D R E A M.

A Sacred CANTATA.

R E C I T A T I V E.

B Enighted on the Plain, when ISAAC's SON
 Made Earth his Bed, and pillow'd on a Stone,
 To him in Sleep a wond'rous Dream was giv'n,
 He saw a Ladder reaching up to Heav'n ;
 Angels ascending and descending, shew
 That GOD concerns himself with Things below ;
 Above the Top JEHOVAH's Presence shone,
 Who thus to JACOB's Ear himself made known :

A I R I.

Supreme in Pow'r and Majesty,
 The GOD of ABR'HAM, ISAAC, I,
 And thou O JACOB too shalt share
 My kind, my providential Care.

II.

The Land whereon now stretch'd in Sleep,
 Thee my protecting Angels keep,
 This fertile Land to thee and thine
 I give, a worthy Gift divine.

III.

Thick as the Dust thy num'rous Seed,
 Far forth from East to West shall spread,
 And high in Opulence and Pow'r,
 On all the Earth shall Blessings show'r.

IV.

And lo! a watchful, constant Friend,
 Thy wand'ring Steps I still attend,
 With my all-pow'rful circling Arm,
 Defending thee from ev'ry Harm.

V.

This Promise firm to thee I make,
 Ne'er will I leave thee or forsake,
 Till, led by my sustaining Hand,
 Thou shalt possess this goodly Land.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Strait JACOB woke from Slumber, fore afraid,
And struck with Awe, the trembling Patriarch said,

A I R.

How dreadful is this hallow'd Place,
Where op'ning Heav'n disclos'd that Face,
Which Angels view with Fear ;
Sure, 'tis the sacred House of GOD,
Which my unconscious Feet have trod ;
The Gate of Heav'n is here !

R E C I T A T I V E.

This said, he took the Stone on which he leant,
And rear'd it up, a pious Monument ;
Oil pour'd thereon, the Place he BETHEL nam'd,
And, kneeling there, a Vow to Heav'n he fram'd,

A I R I.

If GOD (as sure the ALMIGHTY will
Be to his Promise true)
Defend me and protect me still
All this my Journey thro'.

II.

If needful Food and Raiment he
With bounteous Hand supply,
And be my Safe-guard till I see
My Father's House with Joy.

III.

Then, witness this anointed Stone,
Him only I'll adore,
And offer up before his Throne
A Tenth of all my Store.





T H E
S O N G O F M O S E S,

*When PHARAOH and his HOST were drowned
in the R E D S E A,*

I.

TO ISRAEL'S GOD I sing,
Supreme, eternal KING!
For he hath triumph'd gloriously!
His omnipotent Hand,
Which none can withstand,
The Horse and his Rider hath thrown in the Sea.

II.

He is my Strength, and he my Song shall be;
'Tis he who brings Salvation, Victory,
To him be giv'n the Praise!
My GOD is he, my Father's GOD,
To him I'll build a sanctify'd Abode,
And there his Triumphs raise,

III.

III.

GOD is a MAN OF WAR!

JEHOVAH is his wond'rous Name!

Who can aright his lofty Acts declare,

Or Strains forth-utter equal to his Fame?

LO! PHARAOH'S Chariots with his Host around,

Plung'd in the Billows raging high!

There in the furious RED-SEA drown'd,

His chofen Captains lie!

His numerous Army are slain ev'ry one,

Swift down to the Bottom they funk like a Stone.

IV.

Thy right Hand, O LORD,

So glorious in Power! be ever ador'd;

Thy right Hand in Pieces hath dash'd the proud

Foe;

The Rebels who rose

Thy Will to oppose,

Thou didst in thine excellent greatness o'erthrow;

The Breath of thine Ire

Consum'd them like Stubble devour'd by the Fire.

V.

Driv'n by thy Nostril's pow'rful Blaſt,
 Together were the Waters caſt,
 The Floods upſtanding in an Heap,
 Congeal'd, their wond'rous Station keep,
 Rear'd in ſtupendous Pomp and Pride,
 Like Walls of tow'ring Gem on either Side !

VI.

The Foe exulting ſaid,
 Swift we'll purſue, and take the Spoil.
 Draw forth the bright revengeful Blade,
 And with their trait'rous Blood diſtain the bar-
 ren Soil.

But thou, O GOD, didſt blow,
 With the fierce Wind (thy mighty Breath !)
 Back to their Place the roaring Waters flow ;
 O'er-whelm'd, like Lead the Abjeſts ſink below,
 All in a Moment fill the greedy Jaws of DEATH !

VII.

'Mongſt all the Gods the Heathen Lands adore,
 Who with JEHOVAH can compare
 For glorious Holineſs, for wond'rous Pow'r,
 And Majeſty that fills the Soul with Fear ?

VIII.

Thy right Hand thou didst stretch abroad,
 The Earth thy Motion understood,
 And swallow'd up the Foe :
 While thy protecting Goodness led
 Thy People safely thro' the Sea's deep Bed
 Towards the Land where Milk and Honey flow,

IX.

Amazement shall confound
 The Nations round,
 When they thy mighty Acts shall hear ;
 On PALESTINA Sorrow shall lay hold,
 The Dukes of EDOM bold,
 Shall, droop, appall'd with sudden Fear ;
 Terror shall MOAB's warlike Son dismay,
 And frighted CANAAN's Hosts shall melt away,

X.

The Greatness of thy Arm
 Shall all thy Foes to Marble Statues charm,
 When thou in dread Array
 Shalt march before the chosen Seed,
 And guide them on their Way
 To their Inheritance decreed ;

Then shalt thou bring them in and plant them there,
 There shall they stand, ev'n on thy holy Hill,
 And safe protected by JEHOVAH still,
 Like goodly Trees shall grow and flourish fair.

XI.

To endless Ages shall JEHOVAH reign,
 For none but he
 Could the ungovernable Waves subdue,
 And bring his chosen People thro',
 While PHARAOH with his Chariots, Horses, Men,
 Sunk all at once beneath th' o'erwhelming Sea.

XII.

*CHORUS of MIRIAM the Prophetess, and the
 Women, with Timbrels and Dances.*

JEHOVAH'S Praises sing,
 Supreme, eternal KING !
 For he hath triumph'd gloriously !
 His omnipotent Hand,
 Which none can withstand.
 The Horse and his Rider hath thrown in the Sea.



A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

I.

A GAIN the Year, revolving round,
 Has brought my natal Day,
 When gone how short each Period's found !
 How swift Life fleets away !

II.

To its uncertain final Goal
 We move with rapid Pace ;
 O think, my never-dying Soul,
 Th' Importance of thy Race.

III.

On this short Term of Life depends
 Thy endless Weal or Woe ;
 The gloomy Grave thy Labour ends,
 Whereto all Flesh must go.

IV.

Then ev'ry Day, as on it flies,
 With zealous Care improve,
 That when Death makes thy Clay his Prize,
 Thou may'st to Heav'n remove.



T H E
S I X T E E N T H O D E
O F T H E
S E C O N D B O O K O F H O R A C E,
I M I T A T E D.

I.

FOR calm Repose the Merchant cries,
When Storms his loaded Ship surprize;
Upon the foaming Sea,
While thick'ning Clouds the Moon obscure,
Nor well-known Stars the Course secure
From Error and Delay.

II.

And, wearied on the hostile Plain,
The haughty Gen'ral fights in vain
For undisturb'd Repose;
A Bliss which not the Purple Robe,
Nor all the Riches round the Globe,
On hapless Man bestows.

III.

Not countless Heaps of golden Ore,
 Nor all the Charms of Pomp and Pow'r;
 Can make our Woes subside ;
 But Care will still the Breast confound,
 And fly the gilded Ceiling round
 Of Wealth and gaudy Pride.

IV.

The poor Man's Smiles become his Face,
 When his long-us'd paternal Vase
 Adorns his frugal Board ;
 He slumbers safe, his quiet rest,
 No anxious Fears of Loss molest,
 Or greedy wish to hoard.

V.

Ah ! why should short-liv'd human Kind,
 In deep-laid Schemes employ the Mind,
 And roam from Pole to Pole ?
 In vain we different Climates try,
 Since from ourselves we ne'er can fly,
 Nor innate Grievs controul.

VI.

If he, whom baleful Vice attends,
 The Vessel or the Steed ascends,
 Fell Care will still intrude ;
 No fearful, hunted Stag can flee,
 Or rapid Cloud so fast, as he
 Is by the Fiend pursu'd.

VII.

He who his present Good can see,
 And bear his Loss of Misery,
 With Patience and Content,
 Will smile at ev'ry coming Woe,
 Since perfect Happiness below,
 For Man, Heav'n never meant.

VIII.

ACHILLES met untimely Fate,
 TITHONUS fainted with the Weight
 Of long and wasting Eld ;
 Time may perhaps on me bestow
 A Length of tiresome Years, from you,
 From happier you with-held.

IX.

You, GROSPHUS, drefs in fumptuous Lace,
Six neighing Steeds your Chariot grace,
Your Wealth can bear the Coft;
A fmall Eftate, a rhyming Vein,
For Knaves and Fools a fix'd Difdain,
Is all that I can boaft.





T H E
S O N G O F M O S E S

B E F O R E H I S

D E A T H.

Deut. xxxii.

I.

O Heaven, give Ear !
 And thou, O Earth, my Sayings hear !
 As drops the mild, refreshing Rain
 Upon the dry and thirsty Plain,
 As the soft, distilling Dew
 Makes the Herbage bloom anew ;
 So let my melting Words descend,
 With kindly Art,
 Upon th' instructed Heart :
 Attend ye Heav'ns, O Earth attend !

L

II.

II.

JEHOVAH's sacred Name
 Aloud will I proclaim ;
 His sov'reign Majesty and Pow'r
 Let all the kneeling World adore !
 Firm 'stablish'd is his Throne,
 He is the durning Rock alone ;
 His Works are all with full Perfection crown'd ;
 Truth fix'd and sure,
 And Justice pure
 Through all his Ways abound.

III.

But Man's rebellious Race
 Themselves, God's Workmanship, deface ;
 His Offspring their high Birth deprave,
 Mark'd with foul Blots,
 Corrupt, unseemly Spots,
 Their heav'nly Parent never gave ;
 Perverse and crook'd, whom GOD had form'd
 upright,
 Odious and loathsome in th' ALL-HOLY's Sight.

IV.

IV.

O foolish Generation, O unwise !

Requite ye thus JEHOVAH's Care ?

He into Being bad you rise,

He still your vital Breath supplies,

And gives the Food on which ye fare :

Who thus hath bought a Father's tender Name

Way well your Love and your Obedience claim :

V.

Look to the Years far fled,

Recall the Days of old,

Ask of the hoary Head,

And thou shalt soon be told,

How GOD the ancient Bounds decreed

To ev'ry Nation under Heav'n,

And made reserve for ISRAEL's Seed,

To them a rich Inheritance is giv'n ;

ISRAEL's a People chosen for his own ;

And happy JACOB is his favour'd Son :

VI.

Him in a defart Land he found,
 A wafte and howling Wildernefs ;
 And watch'd his Steps around,
 To guard from threatning Mifchief and Diftrefs ;
 GOD led and guided him, for ever nigh,
 And kept him as the Apple of his Eye.

VII.

The Parent-Eagle ftirs her Nefst,
 And o'er her Young her flutt'ring Feathers freads
 Beneath the Covert lull'd to' reft,
 The Brood no Danger dreads ;
 When difappear the Shades of Night,
 Forth from her Nefst fhe fprings,
 High o'er the Clouds directs her tow'ring Flight,
 And bears them fafe on her expanded Wings:
 So did JEHOVAH tend his chofen Care,
 No other GOD, no other Guardian near.

VIII.

To fertile Lands he led,
 And with the richeft Dainties fed ;

Smooth

Smooth Oil and Honey gave his Flock,
 Out of the flinty Rock ;
 Sweet Milk and Butter, Fat of Lambs,
 The Flesh of Goats, and BASHAN's Rams,
 And Wheat's white Kidneys were thy Food :
 Thy luscious Drink the Grape's pure Blood.

IX.

But high-fed JES'RUN, waxing fat,
 Their kind and bounteous GOD forgat,
 And kick'd against his Laws ;
 Strange Gods their wanton Fancies fought,
 To Devils Sacrifice they brought,
 And due to GOD, to Fiends they gave th' Applause.

X.

JEHOVAH saw, provok'd ; and said,
 " From them I'll hide my Face,
 " No more my Arm shall be display'd
 " To help the faithless Race :
 " Then mark their End,
 " When I, no more their Friend,
 " Shall cease to succour and defend.

“ As they have mov’d my Wrath and Jealoufy,
 “ And dar’d vain Idols to their God oppose ;
 “ So mov’d with jealous Anger shall they be,
 “ When they, confounded, see
 “ JEHOVAH fiding with their meanest Foes.

XI.

“ For lo ! now kindled is the wrathful Fire,
 “ That to the lowest Hell shall burn,
 “ Earth shall with her Increase in Flames expire,
 “ And Hills from their Foundations overturn :
 “ Repeated Mischiefs shall be sent,
 “ And all my Arrows on them spent ;
 “ Fierce Hunger’s raging Heat
 “ Shall their tormented Bowels eat,
 “ The Teeth of Beasts their Flesh shall gnaw,
 “ And Poison wound them from the Serpent’s Jaw.
 “ The Sword without, within Dismay and Dread,
 “ The Youth and Virgin shall annoy ;
 “ Alike the Suckling, and the hoary Head,
 “ My Vengeance shall destroy :
 “ To Corners shall the scatter’d Remnant stray,
 “ Wip’d from the Memory of Man away.”

XII.

Thus threaten'd God, but for his Honour's Sake
 Suppress'd his Fury's rising Flame,
 Left Heathen Nations should defame
 His awful Name,
 And to themselves the Glory take :
 Left they should boast, " Our mighty Hand,
 And not JEHOVAH, scourg'd the HEBREW Band."
 For void of Sense
 And Knowledge they,
 Unskill'd in Heav'n's Almighty Sway,
 Untutor'd in the Ways of Providence !
 Ah ! how should one their Thousands chase,
 And two, ten Thousand put to Flight,
 Did not their God dismay'd withdraw his Face,
 And our resistless God against them fight ?

XIII.

The Rock on whom they trust,
 Themselves shall own, is not as ours ;
 Our Rock JEHOVAH is the true and just,
 Who mixes Mercy with his awful Pow'rs.

Their Vine, from SODOM and GOMORRAH's Fields,
 Harsh Grapes of Gall, and bitter clusters yields ;
 Of Dragon's Poison is the Cup they drink,
 And Asp's fell Venom mantles o'er the Brink.

XIV.

“ In Store, faith GOD, for these my Enemies,
 “ Seal'd up my treasur'd Vengeance lies,
 “ Which in due time shall break forth and surprize,
 “ The Day of their Calamity
 “ Approaches nigh,
 “ When all the destin'd Woes
 “ Shall fall on ISRAEL's impious Foes.”

XV.

For GOD shall judge his People's Cause
 Against the vile Contemners of his Laws.
 “ Where are the Idols shall he say,
 “ On whom ye place your Confidence,
 “ For whom the Sacrifice ye flay,
 “ And vain Oblations on the Altar lay ?
 “ Let them rise up, and come to your Defence.

XVI.

XVI.

“ In vain ye call, your Gods their Help deny,

“ No Gods are they, the only GOD am I !

“ For as I will,

“ I make alive ; I kill ;

“ I wound ; I heal ;

“ I captive lead away,

“ And none out of my Grasp can snatch the Prey,

“ I lift my Hand, and Heav'n to witness call,

“ I LIVE FOR EVER, KING and LORD of ALL !

XVII.

“ My glitt'ring Sword of Judgment when I whet,

“ To punish those who at Defiance set

“ Th' eternal God,

“ And on their Head my Fury pour,

“ The hungry Weapon shall their Flesh devour,

“ And all my Arrows shall be drunk with Blood.”

XXII.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye chosen Race,

Distinguish'd by peculiar Grace !

For,

For, to his Promise true,
JEHOVAH will your Foes subdue,
On them his threaten'd Wrath shall hasten down,
While happy you
His Loving-Kindnesses and tender Mercies crown.



III.

While I was finging LALAGE my Charmer,
 While thro' the Woods, infensible of Danger,
 Musing I rov'd, a Wolf appear'd, and fled me,
 Fled me unarmed.

IV.

Such an huge Monster, in her spacious Forests,
 DAUNIA's warlike Country never foster'd,
 Nor the hot Climate, where the Land of JUBA
 Breeds up her Lions:

V.

Let me be plac'd where on the barren Mountain,
 No Tree is cherish'd with the Warmth of Summer,
 Whose cloudy Country with an Air unwholsome
 JUPITER curses.

VI.

Place me where PHOEBUS' Chariot rolls the nearest,
 Lands unfrequented, unadorn'd with Houses,
 Pleasantly smiling, LALAGE, I'll love thee,
 Pleasantly prattling.



A N E P I G R A M.

OF MATTER and of SPIRIT, *Robert* penn'd
 A pond'rous Volume, and to *Jack* his Friend
 Is pleas'd for his Opinion to refer it :
Jack thus with Spirit judges of the Matter ;
 The Book's a *weighty* Piece, and, not to flatter,
 I find much *Matter* here, but little *Spirit*.



O N T H E
 P I C T U R E
 O F A
 G R E A T O R A T O R :

I.

THE Life!—his meaning Face express'd !
 His Motion, Attitude,
 When, rising, he to speak, address'd,
 And for Attention su'd !

II.

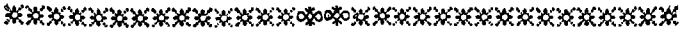
II.

Held mute, I list'ning stand to hear,
With Expectation pleas'd ;
But disappointed, think my Ear
With sudden Deafness seiz'd.

III.

O thou of Orators the Chief
Who can thy Praises sum ?
Now, dead, thy Picture strikes us deaf,
Who, living, struck us dumb.





O N A S C E P T I C.

I.

WHEN SCEPTA, sunk with Sickneſs low,
 Wail'd his approaching Fate,
 His Friend enquir'd, what think'ſt thou now?
 Is there no *future State*?

II.

I doubt it ſtill, ſaid he, and ſigh'd—
 Then yielded up his Breath.—
 Now art thou ſure, his Friend reply'd,
 For there's no Doubt in Death.

F I N I S.



