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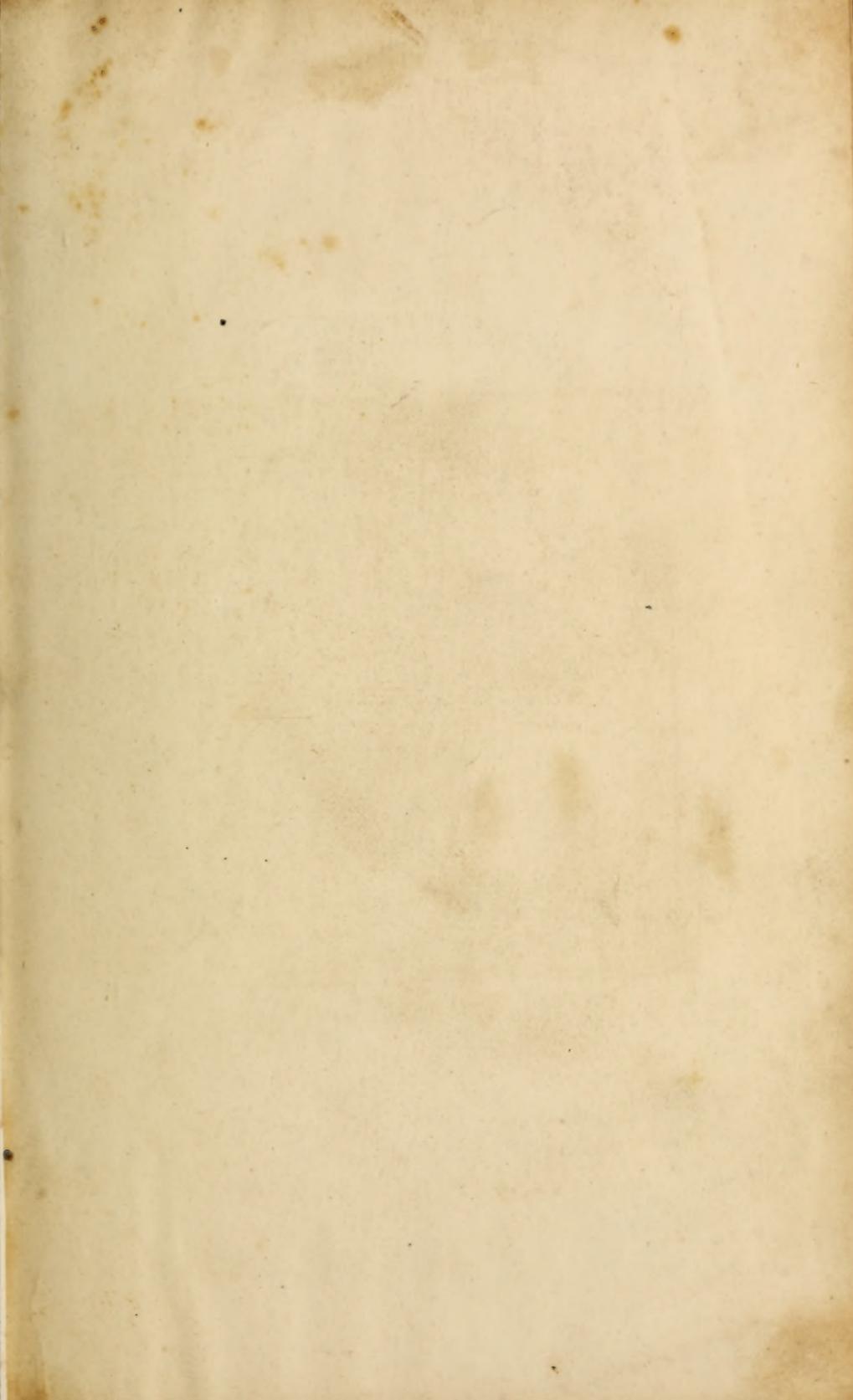
Collection of Puritan Literature.

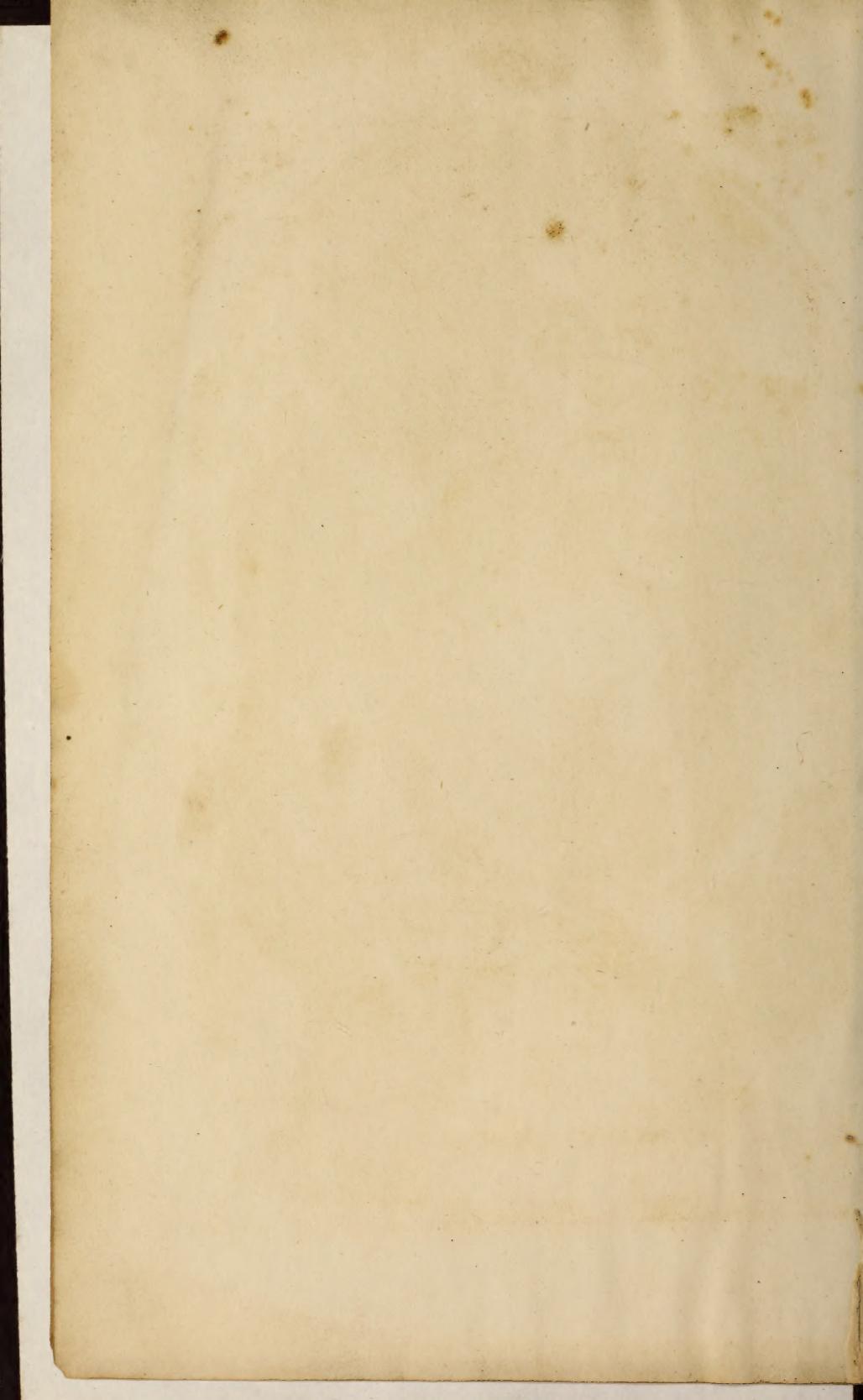
Division

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Section

Number









M^r
Catherine
Philips

P O E M S

By the most deservedly Admired

Mrs. *Katherine Philips,*

The Matchless

O R I N D A.

To which is added

Monsieur *Corneille's Tragedies*

O F

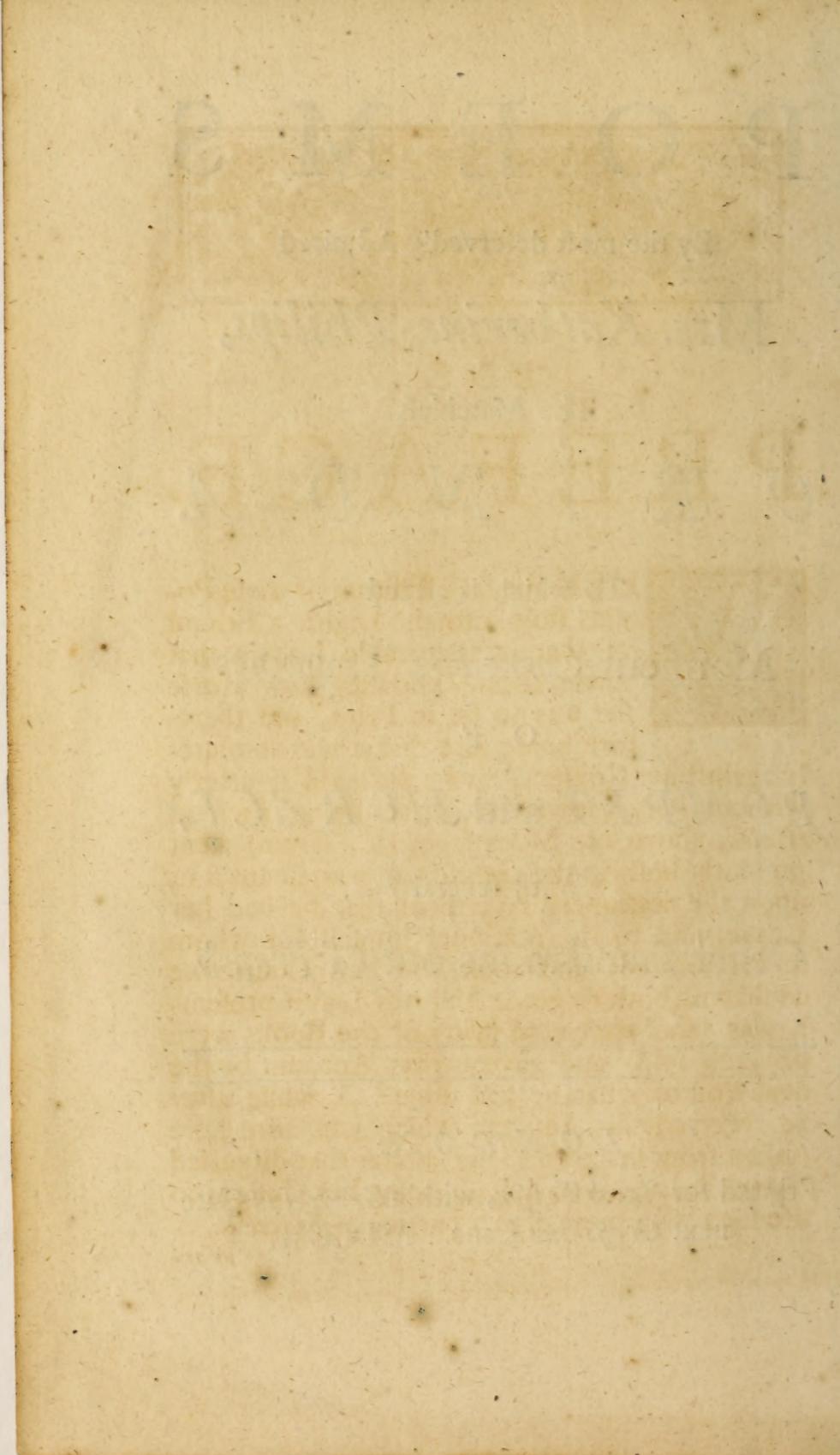
POMPET and HORACE,

With several

Other Translations out of *French.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn Gate*
next *Grays-Inn Lane.* MDCC X.





THE PREFACE.

WHEN the false Edition of these Poems stole into the Light, a Friend of that incomparable Lady's that made them, knowing how avverse she was to be in Print, and therefore being sure that it was absolutely against her Consent, as he believ'd it utterly without her Knowledge, (she being then in *Wales*, above 150 Miles from this Town) went presently both to the Gentleman who licens'd it, upon the Stationer's Averment that he had her Leave, and to the Stationer himself for whom it was printed, and took the best Course he could with both to get it suppress'd, as it presently was, (tho' afterward many of the Books were privately sold) and gave her an Account by the next Post of what he had done. A while after he received this Answer, which you have here (taken from her own Hand) under that disguised Name she had given him, it being her Custom to use such with most of her particular Friends.

The P R E F A C E.

“Worthy Poliarchus,

“IT is very well that you chid me so much for
“endeavouring to express a part of the
“Sense I have of your Obligations ; for while
“you go on in conferring them beyond all pos-
“sibility of Acknowledgment, it is convenient
“for me to be forbidden to attempt it. Your
“last generous Concern for me, in vindicating
“me from the unworthy Usage I have receiv’d
“at *London* from the Preses, doth as much tran-
“scend all your former Favours, as the Injury
“done me by that Publisher and Printer exceeds
“all the Troubles that I remember I ever had.
“All I can say to you for it, is, that tho’ you af-
“fert an unhappy, it is yet a very innocent Per-
“son, and that it is impossible for Malice it self
“to have printed those Rhimes (you tell me are
“gotten abroad so impudently) with so much
“Abuse to the Things, as the very Publication
“of them at all, tho’ they had been never so
“correct, had been to me; to me (Sir) who
“never writ any Line in my Life with an Inten-
“tion to have it printed, and who am of my
“Lord *Falkland’s* Mind, that said,

“He Danger fear’d than Censure less,
“Nor could he dread a Breach like to a Press.

“And who (I think you know) am sufficiently
“distrustful of all, that my own want of Com-
“pany and better Employment, or others Com-
“mands have seduc’d me to write, to endeavour
“rather that they should never be seen at all,
“than

The P R E F A C E.

" than that they should be expos'd to the World
" with such *Effrontery* as now they most unhappy
" pily are. But is there no Retreat from the
" Malice of this World? I thought a Rock and
" a Mountain might have hidden me, and that
" it had been free for all to spend their Solitude
" in what *Resveries* they please, and that our
" Rivers (tho' they are babling) would not have
" betray'd the Follies of impertinent Thoughts
" upon their Banks; but 'tis only I who am that
" unfortunate Person that cannot so much as
" think in private, that must have my Imaginati-
" ons rifled and expos'd to play the Mounte-
" banks, and dance upon the Ropes to enter-
" tain all the Rabble; to undergo all the *Rail-*
" *lery* of the Wits, and all the Severity of the
" Wife, and to be the Sport of some that can,
" and some that cannot read a Verse. This is
" a most cruel Accident, and hath made so pro-
" portionate an Impression upon me, that really
" it hath cost me a sharp fit of Sickness since I
" heard it, and I believe would be more fatal
" but that I know what a Champion I have in
" you, and that I am sure your Credit in the
" World will gain me a Belief from all that are
" knowing and civil, that I am so innocent of
" that wretched Artifice of a secret Consent (of
" which I am, I fear, suspected) that whoever
" would have brought me those Copies corre-
" cted and amended, and a thousand Pounds to
" have bought my Permission for their being
" printed, should not have obtain'd it. But tho'
" there are many things, I believe, in this wick-
" ed Impression of those Fancies, which the Ig-

The P R E F A C E.

“ norance of what occasion’d them, and the
“ Falsenes of the Copies may represent very ri-
“ diculous and extravagant, yet I could give
“ some Account of them to the severest *Cato*,
“ and I am sure they must be more abus’d than I
“ think is possible (for I have not seen the Book,
“ nor can imagine what’s in’t) before they can
“ be render’d otherwife than Sir *Edward Deer-*
“ *ing* says in his Epilogue to *Pompey*.

“ —— *No bolder Thought can tax*
“ *These Rhimes of Blemish to the blushing Sex,*
“ *As chaste the Lines, as harmless is the Sense,*
“ *As the first Smiles of Infant Innocence.*

“ So that I hope there will be no need of justify-
“ ing them to Virtue and Honour; and I am so
“ little concern’d for the Reputation of writing
“ Sense, that provided the World would believe
“ me innocent of any manner of knowledge,
“ much less Connivance at this Publication, I
“ shall willingly compound never to trouble ‘em
“ with the true Copies, as you advise me to do:
“ Which if you still shou’d judge absolutely ne-
“ cessary to the Reparation of this Misfortune,
“ and to general Satisfaction; and that, as you
“ tell me, all the rest of my Friends will press
“ me to it, I should yield to it with the same
“ Reluctancy as I would cut off a Limb to save
“ my Life. However I hope you will satisfie all
“ your Acquaintance of my Aversion to it, and
“ did they know me as well as you do, that A-
“ pology were very needless; and I am so far
“ from expecting Applause for any thing I scrib-
“ ble,

The P R E F A C E.

“ ble, that I can hardly expect Pardon ; and
“ sometimes I think that Employment so far a-
“ bove my Reach, and unfit for my Sex, that I
“ am going to resolve against it for ever; and
“ cou’d I have recover’d those fugitive Paper
“ that have escap’d my Hands, I had long sin-
“ made a Sacrifice of them all. The Truth is,
“ I have an incorrigible Inclination to that Folly
“ of Rhyming, and intending the Effects of that
“ Humour, only for my own Amusement in a
“ retir’d Life, I did not so much reish it as a
“ wiser Woman wou’d have done; but some of
“ my dearest Friends having found my Ballads,
“ (for they deserve no better Name) they made
“ me so much believe they did not dislike them,
“ that I was betray’d to permit some Copies for
“ their Divertisement ; but this, with so little
“ Concern for them, that I have lost most of the
“ Originals, and that I suppose to be the Cause
“ of my present Misfortune; for some Infernal
“ Spirits or other have catch’d those Rags of Pa-
“ per, and what the careless blotted Writing
“ kept them from understanding, they have sup-
“ plied by Conjecture, ’till they put them into
“ the Shape wherein you saw them, or else I
“ know not which way it is possible for them to
“ be collected, or so abominably transcrib’d as I
“ hear they are. I believe also there are some
“ among them that are not mine, but every way
“ I have so much Injury, and the worthy Persons
“ that had the ill luck of my Converse, and so
“ their Names expos’d in this Impression with-
“ out their leave, that few Things in the pow’
“ of Fortune cou’d have giv’n me so great

The P R E F A C E.

“ Torment as this most afflictive Accident. I
“ know you, Sir, so much my Friend, that I
“ need not ask your Pardon for making this te-
“ dious Complaint; but methinks it is a great
“ Injustice to revenge my self upon you by this
“ Harangue for the Wrongs I have receiv'd from
“ others; therefore I will only tell you that the
“ sole Advantage I have by this cruel News, is
“ that it has given me an Experiment, That no
“ Adversity can shake the Constancy of your
“ Friendship, and that in the worst Humour
“ that ever I was in, I am still,

Worthy *Poliarchus*,

Cardigan, *Tour most faithful, most oblig'd*
Jan. 29, 1664. *Friend, and most humble Servant,*

O R I N D A.

She writ divers Letters to many of her other Friends full of the like Resentments; but this is enough to shew how little she desir'd the Fame of being in Print, and how much she was troubled to be so expos'd. It may serve likewise to give a taste of her Prose to those that have seen none of it, and of her way of writing familiar Letters, which she did with strange Readiness and Facility, in a very fair Hand, and perfect Orthography; and if they were collected, with those excellent Discourses she writ on several Subjects, they would make a Volume much larger than this, and no less worth the reading.

About

The P R E F A C E.

About three Months after this Letter she came to *London*, where her Friends did much sollicit her to redeem her self by a correct Impression; yet she continu'd still averse, though perhaps in time she might have been over-rul'd by their Persuasions if she had liv'd.

But the small Pox, that malicious Disease (as knowing how little she wou'd have been concern'd for her Handsomness, when at the best) was not satisfy'd to be as injurious a Printer of her Face, as the other had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal Cruelty than the Stationer had them; for tho' he to her most sensible Affliction surreptitiously posses'd himself of a false Copy, and sent those Children of her Fancy into the World, so martyr'd, that they were more unlike themselves than she cou'd have been made had she escap'd; that murthe-
rous Tyrant, with greater Barbarity feiz'd unexpectedly upon her, the true Original, and to the much juster Affliction of all the World, violent-
ly tore her out of it, and hurry'd her untimely to her Grave, upon the 22d of June 1664, she being then but 31 Years of Age.

But he cou'd not bury her in Oblivion, for this Monument which she erected for her self, will for ever make her to be honour'd as the Honour of her Sex, the Emulation of ours, and the Admiration of both. That unfortunate Sur-
prise hath robb'd it of much of that Perfection it might else have had, having broke off the Translation of *Horace* before it was finish'd, much less review'd, and hindred the rest from being more exactly corrected, and put into the Order

The P R E F A C E.

Order they were written in, as she possibly her self wou'd have done, had she consented to a Second Edition. 'Tis probable she wou'd also have left out some of those Pieces that were written with less Care and upon Occasions less fit to be made publick, and she might also have added more: But all Industry has been us'd to make this Collection as full and as perfect as might be, by the Addition of many that were not in the former Impression, and by divers Translations, whereof the first has the Original in the opposite Page, that they who have a mind to compare them, may by that Pattern find how just she has been in all the rest to both the Languages, exactly rendering the full Sense of the one, without tying her self to the Words, and clearly evincing the Capaciousness of the other, by comprising it fully in the same Number of Lines, tho' in the Plays half the Verses of the *French* are of thirteen Syllables, and the rest of twelve, whereas the *English* have no more but ten. In short, tho' some of her Pieces may perhaps be lost, and others in Hands that have not produc'd them; yet none that upon good grounds cou'd be known to be hers, are left out; for many of the less considerable ones were publish'd in the other; but those, or others that shall be judg'd so, may be excus'd by the Politeness of the rest which have more of her true Spirit, and of her Diligence. Some of them wou'd be no Disgrace to any Man that amongst us is most esteemed for his Excellency in this kind, and there are none that may not pass with Favour, when it is remember'd that they fell hastily from the

The P R E F A C E.

the Pen but of a Woman. We might well have call'd her the English *Sappho*, she of all the female Poets of former Ages, being for her Verses and her Virtues both, the most highly to be valu'd; but she has call'd her self *ORINDA*, a Name that deserves to be added to the number of the Muses, and to live with Honour as long as they. Were our Language as generally known to the World as the *Greek* and *Latin* were anciently, or as the *French* is now, her Verses cou'd not be confin'd within the narrow Limits of our Islands, but wou'd spread themselves as far as the Continent has Inhabitants, or the Seas have any Shore. As for her Virtues, they as much surpass'd those of *Sappho* as the Theological do the Moral, (wherein yet *Orinda* was not her Inferior) or as the fading Immortality of an earthly Lawrel, which the Justice of Men cannot deny to her excellent Poetry, is transcended by that incorruptible and eternal Crown of Glory, wherewith the Mercy of God has undoubtedly rewarded her more eminent Piety. Her Merit shou'd have had a Statue of Porphiry wrought by some great Artist, equal in Skill to *Michael Angelo*, that might have transferr'd to Posterity the lasting Image of so rare a Person: But here is only a poor Paper Shadow of a Statue made after a Picture not very like her, to accompany that she has drawn of her self in these Poems, and which represents the Beauties of her Mind with a far truer Resemblance, than that does the Lineaments of her Face. They had sooner performed this Right to her Memory, if that raging Pestilence which, not long after her, swept away

fo

The P R E F A C E.

so many thousands here and in other Places of this Kingdom; that devouring Fire, which since destroy'd this famous City; and the harsh Sounds of War, which, with the thunderings of Cannon, deafen'd all Ears to the gentle and tender Strains of Friendship, had not made the Publication of them hitherto unseasonable. But they have out-liv'd all these dismal things to see the Blessing of Peace, a Conjunction more suitable to their Nature, all compos'd of Kindness; so that I hope Time it self shall have as little Power

* *Nec Jovis ira,
nec ignis, nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.* against them, as those other Storms have had, and then * *Ovid's Conclusion of his Metamorphosis* may with little Alteration, more Truth, and less Vanity than by him to himself,

be apply'd to these once transformed, or rather deformed Poems, which are here in some measure restor'd to their native Shape and Beauty, and therefore certainly cannot fail of a welcome Reception now, since they wanted it not before, when they appear'd in that strange Disguise.



THE

T H E

EARL of Orrery to Mrs. Philips.

M A D A M ,

WHEN I but knew you by Report,
I fear'd the Praises of th' admiring Court
Were but their Compliments; but now I must
Confess, what I thought civil is scarce just:
For they imperfect Trophies to you raise,
You deserve Wonder, and they pay but Praise;
A Praise, which is as short of your great due,
As all which yet have writ come short of you.
You, to whom Wonder's paid by double Right,
Both for your Verses Smoothness and their Height.

In me it does not the least Trouble breed,
That your fair Sex does Ours in Verse exceed,
Since ev'ry Poet this great Truth does prove,
Nothing so much inspires a Muse as Love;
Thence has your Sex the best Poetick Fires,
For what's inspir'd must yield to what inspires.
And as Our Sex resigns to Yours the due,
So all of your bright Sex must yield to You.
Experience shows, that never Fountain fed
A Stream which cou'd ascend above its Head;

For those whose Wit fam'd Helicon does give,
To rise above its Height durst never strive,
Their double Hill too, though 'tis often clear,
Yet often on it Clouds and Storms appear.
Let none admire then that the ancient Wit
Shar'd in those Elements infused it;
Nor that your Muse than theirs ascends much high'r,
She sharing in no Element but Fire.
Past Ages cou'd not think those things you do,
For their Hill was their Basis and Height too:
So that 'tis Truth, not Compliment, to tell,
Your lowest Height their highest did excel;
Your nobler Thoughts, warm'd by a heav'nly Fire,
To their bright Centre constantly aspire;
And by the Place to which they take their Flight,
Leave us no doubt from whence they have their light.
Your Merit has attain'd this high degree,
'Tis above Praise as much as Flattery;
And when in that we have drain'd all our store,
All grant from this nought can be distant more.
Tho' you have sung of Friendship's Pow'r so well,
That you in that, as you in Wit excel,
Yet my own Interest obliges me
To praise your Practice more than Theory;
For by that Kindness you your Friend did show
The Honour I obtain'd of knowing you.
In Pictures none hereafter will delight,
You draw more to the Life in black and white;

The

The Pencil to your Pen must yield the Place,
This draws the Soul, where that draws but the Face.

Of blest Retirement such great Truths you write,
That 'tis my Wish as much as your Delight ;
Our Gratitude to praise it does think fit,
Since all you write are but Effects of it.

You English Corneil's Pompey with such Flame,
That you both raise our Wonder and his Fame ;
If he cou'd read it, he like us wou'd call
The Copy greater than th' Original.

You cannot mend what is already done,
Unless you'll finish what you have begun :
Who your Translation sees, cannot but say,
That 'tis Orinda's Work, and but his Play.

The French to learn our Language now will seek,
To hear their greatest Wit more nobly speak ;
Rome too wou'd grant, were our Tongue to her known,
Cæsar speaks better in't than in his own.
And all those Wreaths once circl'd Pompey's Brow,
Exalt his Fame, less than your Verses now.

From these clear Truths all must acknowledge this,
If there be Helicon, in Wales it is.
Oh happy Country which to our Prince gives
His Title, and in which Orinda lives !

T H E

THE
EARL of ROSSCOMMON
TO
ORINDA:
An IMITATION of HORACE.

Integer vita, &c. Carm. lib. i. Od. 22.

I.

Vertue (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms, but its own Innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

II.

An honest Mind, safely, alone
May travel through the burning Zone,
Or through the deepest Scythian Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

III.

While (rul'd by a resistless Fire)
Our great ORINDA I admire,
The hungry Wolves that see me stray
Unarm'd, and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest Place
That ever Neptune did embrace,

When

When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon so'ne *Lybian* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay Homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of *O R I N D A*'s Name,
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty Word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

U P O N

Mrs. K. *PHILIPS* her Poems.

WE allow'd you Beauty, and we did submit
To all the Tyrannies of it.

Ah cruel Sex! will you depose us too in Wit?

Orinda does in that too reign,
Does Man behind her in proud Triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's Salick Law.

We our old Title plead in vain:
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.

Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore:
In Beauty's Camp it was not known,

Too many Arms beside that Conqueror bore.

'Twas the great Cannon we brought down,
T'assault a stubborn Town.

Orinda first did a bold Sally make,

Our strongest Quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

II.

Women, as if the Body were the whole,

Did that, and not the Soul,
Transmit to their Posterity;
If in it sometimes they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.

'Twere Shame and Pity, Orinda, if in thee
A Spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
Shou'd unmanur'd or barren lie.

But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful Field:

And 'tis a strange Increase that it doth yield.

As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a Feast,

A secret Joy unspeakably does move
In their great Mother Cybele's contented Breast:
With no less Pleasure thou, methinks, shou'dst see
This thy no less immortal Progeny,
And in their Birth thou no one Touch dost find,
Of th' ancient Curse to Woman-kind;

Thou

*Thou bring'st not forth with Pain,
It neither Travel is, nor Labour of thy Brain.
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room
In the unexhausted and unfathom'd Womb;
That, like the Holland Countess, thou might'st bear
A Child for ev'ry Day of all the fertile Year.*

III.

*Thou dost my Wonder, wouldest my Envy raise,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise.
Where-e'er I see an Excellence,
I must admire to see thy well-knit Sense,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Those as thy Forehead smooth, these sparkling as
'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all, [thine Eye:
Or rather, 'tis Angelical:
For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verses see
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet;
They are than Man more strong, and more than Wo-*

IV.

[man sweet.

*They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female Chimera's, that o'er Poets reign;
I ne'er cou'd find that Fancy true;
But have invok'd them oft, I'm sure, in vain.
They t. lk of Sappho, but, alas! the Shame,
Ill Manners soil the Lustre of her Fame.*

Orinda's inward Virtue is so bright,
That, like a Lautern's fair enclosed Light,
It thro' the Paper shines where she doth write.
Honour and Friendship are the gen'rous Scorn
 Of Things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Disease,
Like that of Girls, our vicious Stomachs please)
Are the instructive Subjects of her Pen.

And as the Roman Victory
Taught our rude Land Arts and Civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters Men.

V.

But Rome with all her Arts cou'd ne'er inspire
A Female Breast with such a Fire.

The warlike Amazonian Train,
Which in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
And Wit's mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be settled in their Sex by her.

Merlin the Seer (and sure he wou'd not lie
 In such a sacred Company)

Does Prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.

Ev'n Boadicia's angry Ghost
Forgets her own Misfortune and Disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That Rome's o'ercome at last by a Woman of her Race.

Abraham Cowley.

T O

TO THE
Excellent ORINDA.

LET the Male Poets their Male *Phæbus* chuse,
Thee I invoke, *Orinda*, for my Muse;
He cou'd but force a Branch, *Daphne* her Tree
Most freely offers to her Sex and thee,
And says to Verse, so unconstrain'd as yours,
Her Lawrel freely comes, your Fame secures:
And Men no longer shall with ravish'd Bays
Crown their forc'd Poems by as forc'd a Praise.

Thou Glory of our Sex, Envy of Men,
Who are both pleas'd and vex'd with thy bright
Pen:

Its Lustre doth intice their Eyes to gaze,
But Mens sore Eyes cannot endure its Rays;
It dazles and surprizes so with Light,
To find a Noon where they expected Night:
A Woman translate *Pompey!* which the fam'd
Corneille with such Art and Labour fram'd!
To whose close Version the Wits club their Sense,
And a new Lay poetick *S M E C* springs thence!
Yes, that bold Work a Woman dares Translate,
Not to provoke, nor yet to fear Mens Hate.

Nature doth find that she hath err'd too long,
And now resolves to recompence that Wrong:
Phæbus to *Cynthia* must his Beams resign,
The Rule of Day and Wit's now Feminine.

That Sex, which heretofore was not allow'd
To understand more than a Beast, or Crowd;
Of which Problems were made, whether or no
Women had Souls; but to be damn'd, if so;
Whose highest Contemplation could not pass,
In Mens Esteem, no higher than the Glass;
And all the painful Labours of their Brain,
Was only how to Dress and Entertain:
Or, if they ventur'd to speak Sense, the Wise
Made that, and speaking Oxe, like Prodigies.
From these thy more than masculine Pen hath
rear'd

Our Sex; first to be prais'd, next to be fear'd.
And by the same Pen forc'd, Men now confess,
To keep their Greatness, was to make us less.

Men know of how refin'd and rich a Mold
Our Sex is fram'd, what Sun is in our Gold:
They know in Lead no Diamonds are set,
And Jewels only fill the Cabinet.
Our Spirits purer far than theirs, they see;
By which even Men from Men distinguish'd be:
By which the Soul is judg'd, and does appear
Fit or unfit for Action, as they are.

When

When in an Organ various Sounds do stroak,
Or grate the Ear, as Birds sing, or Toads croak;
The Breath that voices ev'ry Pipe's the same,
But the bad Mettal doth the Sound defame.
So, if our Souls by sweeter Organs speak,
And theirs with harsh false Notes the Air do break;
The Soul's the same, alike in both doth dwell,
'Tis from her Instruments that we excel.
Ask me not then, why jealous Men debar
Our Sex from Books in Peace, from Arms in War;
It is because our Parts will soon demand
Tribunals for our Persons, and Command.

Shall it be our Reproach, that we are weak,
And cannot fight, nor as the School-men speak?
Even Men themselves are neither strong nor wise,
If Limbs and Parts they do not exercise.

Train'd up to Arms, we *Amazons* have been,
And *Spartan* Virgins strong as *Spartan* Men:
Breed Women but as Men, and they are these;
Whilst *Sybarit* Men are Women by their Ease.
Why shou'd not brave *Semiramis* break a Lance,
And why shou'd not soft *Ninjas* curle and dance?
Ovid in vain Bodies with Change did vex,
Changing her form of Life, *Iphis* chang'd Sex.
Nature to Females freely doth impart
That, which the Male usurp, a stout, bold Heart.
Thus Hunters female Beasts fear to assail:
And female Hawks more mettal'd than the Male:

Men ought not then Courage and Wit ingross,
Whilst the Fox lives, the Lyon, or the Horse.
Much less ought Men both to themselves confine,
Whilst Women, such as you, *Orinda*, shine.

That noble Friendship brought thee to our Coast,
We thank *Lucasia*, and thy Courage boast.
Death in each Wave cou'd not *Orinda* fright,
Fearless she acts that Friendship she did write:
Which manly Virtue to their Sex confin'd,
Thou rescuest to confirm our softer Mind;
For there's requir'd (to do that Virtue right)
Courage, as much in Friendship as in Fight.
The Dangers we despise, doth this Truth prove,
Tho' boldly we not fight, we boldly love.

Ingage us unto Books, *Sappho* comes forth,
Tho' not of *Hesiod*'s Age, of *Hesiod*'s Worth.
If Souls no Sexes have, as 'tis confess'd,
'Tis not the He nor She makes Poems best:
Nor can Men call these Verses Feminine,
Be the Sense Vigorous and Masculine.
'Tis true, *Apollo* sits as Judge of Wit,
But the nine Female learned Troop are it:
Those Laws, for which *Numa* did wise appear,
Wiser *Egeria* whisper'd in his Ear.
The *Gracchi*'s Mother taught them Eloquence;
From her Breasts Courage flow'd, from her Brain
Sense;

And

And the grave Beards, who heard her speak in
Blush'd not to be instructed, but o'ercome. [*Rome*,
Your Speech, as hers, commands Respect from all,
Your very Looks, as hers, Rhetorical:
Something of Grandeur in your Verse Men see,
That they rise up to it as Majesty.

The wise and noble *Orrery's* Regard
Was much observ'd, when he your Poem heard:
All said, a fitter Match was never seen,
Had *Pompey's* Widow been *Arsamnes* Queen.

Pompey, who greater than himself's become,
Now in your Poem, than before in *Rome*;
And much more lasting in the Poets Pen,
Great Princes live, than the proud Towers of Men.
He thanks false *Egypt* for its Treachery,
Since that his Ruin is so fung by thee;
And so again wou'd perish, if withal,
Orinda wou'd but celebrate his Fall.
Thus pleasingly the Bee delights to die,
Foreseeing, he in Amber Tomb shall lie.
If that all *Egypt*, for to purge its Crime,
Were built into one Pyramid o'er him,
Pompey wou'd lye less stately in that Herse,
Than he doth now, *Orinda*, in thy Verse:
This makes *Cornelia* for her *Pompey* vow,
Her Hand shall plant his Laurel on thy Brow:
So equal in their Merits were both found,
That the same Wreath Poets and Princes crown'd:

And

And what on that great Captain's Brow was dead,
She joys to see re-flourish'd on thy Head.

In the *French* Rock *Cornelia* first did shine,
But shin'd not like her self 'till she was thine:
Poems, like Gems, translated from the Place
Where they first grew, receive another Grace.
Dress'd by thy Hand, and polish'd by thy Pen,
She glitters now a Star, but Jewel then:
No Flaw remains, no Cloud, all now is Light,
Transparent as the Day, bright parts more bright,
Corneille, now made *English*, so doth thrive,
As Trees transplanted do much lustier live.
Thus Oar digg'd forth, and by such Hands as thine
Refin'd and stamp'd, is richer than the Mine.
Liquors from Vessel into Vessel pour'd,
Must lose some Spirits which are scarce restor'd:
But the *French* Wines, in their own Vessel rare,
Pour'd into ours, by thy hand, Spirits are;
So high in Taste, and so delicious,
Before his own *Corneille* thine wou'd chuse.
He finds himself inlightned here, where Shade
Of dark Expression his own Words had made:
That what he wou'd have said, he sees so writ,
As generously, to just Decorum fit.
When in more Words than his you please to flow,
Like a spread Flood, inriching all below,
To the Advantage of his well-meant Sense,
He gains by you another Excellence.

To

To render Word for Word, at the old rate,
Is only but to Construe, not Translate:
In your own Fancy free, to his Sense true,
We read *Corneille*, and *Orinda* too:
And yet ye both are so the very same,
As when two Tapers join'd make one bright Flame,
And sure the Copier's Honour is not small,
When Artists doubt which is Original.

But if your fetter'd Muse thus praised be,
What great things do you write when it is free?
When it is free to chuse both Sense and Words,
Or any Subject the vast World affords?

A gliding Sea of Chrystal doth best shew [flow;
How smooth, clear, full, and rich your Verse doth
Your Words are chosen, cull'd, not by chance writ,
To make the Sense, as Anagrams do hit.

Your rich becoming Words on the Sense wait,
As Maids of Honour on a Queen of State.

'Tis not white Satin makes a Verse more white,
Or soft: Iron is both, write you on it.

Your Poems come forth cast, no File you need,
At one brave Heat both shap'd and polished.

But why all these Encomiums of you,
Who either doubts, or will not take as due?
Renown how little you regard, or need,
Who, like the Bee, on your own Sweets doth feed?

Not able to indure Applause, they fall,
Giddy with Praise, their Praises Funeral.
But you, *Orinda*, are so unconcern'd,
As if when you, another we commend.
Thus, as the Sun, you in your Course shine on,
Unmov'd with all our Admiration:
Flying above the Praise you shun, we see
Wit is still higher by Humility.

Philo-Philippa.

T O T H E
Memory of the Excellent *Orinda*.

I.

FOrgive bright Saint a Vot'ry, who
No missive Orders has to show,
Nor does a Call to Inspiration owe :
Yet rudely dares intrude among
This sacred, and inspir'd Throng ;
Where looking round me, ev'ry one I see,
Is a sworn Priest of Phoebus, or of thee.
Forgive this forward Zeal for things divine,
If I strange Fire do offer at thy Shrine :
Since the pure Incense, and the Gum
We send up to the Pow'rs above,
(If with Devotion giv'n, and Love)

Smells

Smells sweet, and does alike accepted prove,
As if from golden Censors it did come;
Though we the pious Tribute pay
In some rude Vessel made of common Clay.

II.

What by Pindaricks can be done,
Since the great Pindar's greater * Son
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and every Muse inspir'd)
From th' ungrateful World, to kinder Heav'ns re-
He, and Orinda from us gone, [tir'd:
What Name like theirs shall we now call upon?
Whether her Vertue, or her Wit
We chuse for our eternal Theme,
What Hand can draw the perfect Scheme?
None but her self could such high Subjects fit:
We yield, with Shame, we yield
To Death and Her the Field:
For were not Nature partial to us Men,
The World's great Order had inverted been;
Had she such Souls plac'd in all Woman-kind,
Giv'n 'em like Wit, not with like Goodness join'd,
Our Vassal Sex to hers had Homage paid;
Woman had rul'd the World, and weaker Man obey'd.

* Mr. A. Cowley.

III. To

III.

To thee, O Fame, we now commit
Her, and these last Remains of gen'rous Wit:
I charge thee, deeply to enroll
This glorious Name in thy immortal Scroll;
Write ev'ry Letter in large Text,
And then to make the Lustre bold,
Let it be done with purest Gold,
To dazzle this Age, and outshine the next:
Since not a Name more bright than Hers,
In this, or thy large Book appears.
And thou impartial, powerful Grave,
These Reliques (like her deathless Poems) save,
Ev'n from devouring Time secure,
May they still rest from other Mixture pure:
Unless some dying Monarch shall, to trye
Whether Orinda, though her self could dye,
Can still give others Immortality;
Think, if but laid in her miraculous Tomb,
As from the Prophet's touch, new Life from hers
[may come.

James Tyrrell.

T O

T O T H E
Memory of the Incomparable Orinda.
A P I N D A R I C K O D E.

I.

A Long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,
To all the Wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their Mind;
The glowing Heat of th' Holy Fire is gone,
To th'Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;
There's nought on Earth, but Ashes left behind;
E're since th'amazing Sound was spread,
O'RINDA's Dead.
Every soft and fragrant Word,
All that Language could afford,
Every high and lofty thing
That's wont to set the Soul on Wing,
No longer with this worthless World would stay:
Thus when the Death of the great *Pan* was told,
Along the Shore the dismal Tidings roll'd,
The lesser Gods their Fanes forsook;
Confounded with the mighty Stroke,
They could not over-live that fatal Day,
But sigh'd, and groan'd their gasping *Oracles* away.

II. How

II.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate,
And how severe that black Decree?
No sublunary Thing is free,
But all must enter th' Adamantine Gate:
Sooner or later shall we come
To Nature's dark Retiring-Room;
And yet 'tis Pity, is it not?
The learned as the Fool should dye,
One full as low as t'other lye;
Together blended in the general Lot;
Distinguish'd only from the common Croud,
By an hindg'd Coffin, or an *Holland* Shroud,
Though Fame and Honour speak them ne'er so
Alas *Orinda*, even thou! [loud;
Whose happy Verse made others live,
And certain Immortality could give;
Blafterd are all thy blooming Glories now,
The Lawrel withers o're thy Brow:
Methinks it should disturb thee to conceive
That when poor I this artless Breath resign,
My Dust should have as much of Poetry as Thine.

III.

Too soon we languish with desire
Of what we never could enough admire;
On th' Billows of this World sometimes we rise
So dangerously high,
We are to Heav'n too nigh;

When

When (all in Rage
Grown hoary with one Minute's Age,)
The very self-same fickle Wave,
Which the entrancing Prospect gave,
Swoll'n to a Mountain, sinks into a Grave.
Too happy Mortals, if the Pow'rs above
As merciful wou'd be,
And easie to preserve the thing we love,
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our weary'd Eyes,
They fix a flaming Sword 'twixt us and Paradise;
A weeping Evening crowns a smiling Day,
Yet why shou'd heads of Gold have feet of Clay?
Why shou'd the Man that wav'd th' Almighty
That led the Murmuring Croud, [Wand,
By Pillar and by Cloud,
Shiv'ring a top of aëry *Pisgah* stand,
Only to see, but never, never tread the promis'd
[Land?

IV.

Throw your Swords and Gauntlets by,
You daring Sons of War,
You cannot purchase e'er you die
One honourable Scar,
Since that fair Hand that gilded all your Bays,
That in Heroick Numbers wrote your Praise,
While you securely slept in Honour's Bed,
It self, alas! is withered, cold, and dead;

b

Cold

Cold and dead are all thosē Charms,
Which burnish'd your victorious Arms;
Inglorious Arms hereafter must
Blush first in Blood, and then in Rust:
No Oil, but that of Her sweet Words, will serve
Weapon and Warrior to preserve.
Expect no more from this dull Age,
But Folly, or Poetick Rage,
Short-liv'd Nothings of the Stage,
Vented to Day, and cry'd to Morrow down:
With Her the Soul of Poesie is gone;
Gone, while our Expectations flew
As high a pitch as she has done,
Exhal'd to Heav'n like early Dew,
Betimes the little shining Drops are flown,
E'er th'drowzy World perceiv'd that *Manna* was
[come down.

V.

You of the Sex that wou'd be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Wou'd you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by *Orinda's* Tomb,
And leave your flatt'ring Glass at home;
Within this Marble Mirrour see
How one Day such as She
You must, and yet alas! can never be.
Think on the heights of that vast Soul,
And then admire, and then condole.

Think

Think on the Wonders of Her Pen,
'Twas that made *Pompey* truly Great,
Neither th'Expence of Blood nor Sweat,
Nor yet *Cornelia's* Kindness made him live again.
With Envy think, when to the Grave you go,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of virtuous Woman
[was her due.

Thomas Flatman, M. A.

ON THE
DEATH
OF
Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS.

I.

Crue! Disease! Ab could it not suffice
Thy old and constant Spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest Sex,
Which still thy Depredations most do vex?
Where still thy Malice most of all
(Thy Malice or thy Lust) does on the Fairest fall?
And in them most assault the fairest Place,
The Throne of Empress Beauty, even the Face?
There was enough of that here to affwage
(One would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage:
Was't not enough, when thou, profane Disease,
Didst on this glorious Temple seize,
Was't not enough, like a wild Zealot there,
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent Pride of beautcous Images?
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?

And

*And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On the inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy Power;
No Mine of Death can that devour;
On her Embalmed Name it will abide
An everlasting Pyramide,
As high as Heav'n the Top, as Earth the Basis*
[wide.]

II.

*All Ages past, record; all Countries now
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,*

*That even Judge Paris would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow.
Tho' Goddesses to his Sentence did submit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durst he say, of all the Female Race,*

This is the Sov'reign Face.

*And some (tho' these be of a Kind that's Rare,
That's much, oh much less frequent than the Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her Guide she chose;*

*But if Apollo should design
A Woman Laureat to make,
Without Dispute he would Orinda take,
Tho' Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.*

To be a Princess or a Queen
Is great, but 'tis a Greatness always seen;
The World did never but two Women know
Who, one by Fraud, the other by Wit did rise
To the two Tops of Spiritual Dignities;
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

III.

Of Female Poets, who had Names of old,
Nothing is shewn, but only told,
And all we hear of them, perhaps may be
Male Flattery only, and Male Poetry;
Few Minutes did their Beauties Lightning waste,
The Thunder of their Voice did longer last,
But that too soon was past.
The certain Proofs of our Orinda's Wit
In her own lasting Characters are writ,
And they will long my Praise of them survive,
Tho' long perhaps too that may live.
The Trade of Glory manag'd by the Pen,
Tho' great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small Profit to us Men;
'Tis by the number of the Sharers drown'd,
Orinda in the female Coasts of Fame
Engrosses all the Goods of a Poetick Name,
She does no Partner with her see;
Does all the Business there Alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

IV. But

IV.

But Wit's like a luxuriant Vine,
Unless to Virtue's Prop it join,
Firm and erect towards Heav'n bound,
Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the Ground. [crown'd,
Now Shame and Blushes on us all
Who our own Sex superior call;
Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too:
She does above our best Examples rise,
In hate of Vice, and scorn of Vanities.
Never did Spirit of the Manly Make,
And dipt all o'er in Learning's sacred Lake,
A Temper more invulnerable take;
No violent Passion could an Entrance find
Into the tender Goodness of her Mind:
Thro' Walls of Stone those furious Bullets may
Force their impetuous Way;
When her soft Breast they hit, damped and dead
[they lay.

V.

The Fame of Friendship, which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
'Till hoarse and weary of the Tale she grew,
Rejoyces now to have got a new,
A new, and more surprising Story,
Of fair Lucasia and Orinda's Glory.

*As when a prudent Man does once perceive
That in some foreign Country he must live,
The Language and the Manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come no Stranger there;
So well Orinda did her self prepare,
In this much different Clime, for her Remoye,
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.
There all the Blest do but one Body grow,
And are made one too with their glorious Head,
Whom there triumphantly they wed,
After the secret Contract past below;
There Love into Identity does go,
'Tis the first Unities Monarchique Throne,
The Centre that knits all, where the great Three's
[but One.*

Abraham Cowley.

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P O E M S



POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

*Upon the double Murther of King CHARLES I.
in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rhimes by
Vavasor Powell.*

I Think not on the State, nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great Helm is turn'd:
But as that Son, whose Father's Danger nigh'd,
Did force his Native Dumbness, and untie
The fetter'd Organs; so this is a Cause
That will excuse the Breach of Nature's Laws.
Silence were now a Sin, my Passion now
Wise Men themselves for Merit would allow.
What noble Eye could see (and careleſs pass)
The dying Lion kick'd by ev'ry Aſs?

B

Has

Has *Charles* so broke God's Laws, he must not have
 A quiet Crown, nor yet a quiet Grave ?
 Tombs have been Sanctuaries; Thieves lye there
 Secure from all their Penalty and Fear.
 Great *Charles* his double Misery was *this*,
 Unfaithful Friends, ignoble Enemies.
 Had any Heathen been this Prince's Foe,
 He would have wept to see him injur'd so.
 His Title was his Crime, they'd Reason good
 To quarrel at the Right they had withstood.
He broke God's Laws, and therefore he must die;
 And what shall then become of thee and I?
 Slander must follow Treason; but yet stay,
 Take not our Reason with our King away.
 Tho' you have seiz'd upon all our Defence,
 Yet do not sequester our common Sense.
Christ will be King, but I ne'er understood
 His Subjects built his Kingdom up with Blood,
 Except their own ; or that he would dispence
 With his Commands, tho' for his own Defence.
 Oh ! to what height of horrour are they come
 Who dare pull down a Crown, tear up a Tomb ?

*On the numerous Access of the English to wait upon
 the King in Flanders.*

Hasten, Great Prince, unto thy *British Isles*,
 Or all thy Subjects will become Exiles.

To

To thee they flock, thy Presence is their Home;
As Pompey's Camp, where-e'er it mov'd, was *Rome*.
They that asserted thy Just Cause go hence,
To testifie their Joy and Reverence ;
And those that did not, now, by Wonder taught,
Go to confess and expiate their Fault.
So that if thou dost stay, thy gasping Land
It self will empty on the *Belgick Sand* :
Where the affrighted *Dutchman* does profess
He thinks it an Invasion, not Address.
As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
So 'till thou come we shall unpeopled be.
None but the close Fanatick will remain,
Who by our Loyalty his Ends will gain:
And he th' exhausted Land will quickly find
As desolate a Place as he design'd.
For *England* (tho' grown old with Woes) will see
Her long deny'd and Sovereign Remedy.
So when old *Jacob* could but Credit give
That his prodigious *Joseph* still did live,
(*Joseph* that was preserved, to restore
Their Lives that would have taken his before)
It is enough, (said he) to Egypt I
Will go, and see him once before I die.

Arion on a Dolphin : To His Majesty at his Passage into England.

WHOM does this stately Navy bring ?
O ! 'tis Great Britain's Glorious King.
Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
Swift as Desire, and calm as Peace.
In your Respect let him survey
What all his other Subjects pay ;
And prophesie to them again
The splendid smoothness of his Reign.
Charles and his mighty Hopes you bear :
A greater now than *Cæsar's* here ;
Whose Veins a richer Purple boast
Than ever Hero's yet engrost ;
Sprung from a Father so August,
He Triumphs in his very Dust.
In him two Miracles we view,
His Virtue and his Safety too :
For when compell'd by Traitors Crimes
To breathe and bow in Foreign Climes,
Expos'd to all the rigid Fate
That does on wither'd Greatness wait,
Plots against Life and Conscience laid,
By Foes pursu'd, by Friends betray'd ;
Then Heav'n, his secret potent Friend,
Did him from Drugs and Stabs defend ;
And,

And, what's more yet, kept him upright,
'Midst flatt'ring Hope and bloody Fight.
Cromwell his whole Right never gain'd,
Defender of the Faith remain'd ;
For which his Predecessors fought,
And writ, but none so dearly bought.
Never was Prince so much besieg'd,
At home provok'd, abroad oblig'd ;
Nor ever Man resisted thus,
No not great *Athanasius*.
No help of Friends could, or Foes spight,
To fierce Invasion him invite.
Revenge to him no Pleasure is,
He spar'd their Blood who gap'd for his ;
Blush'd any Hands the English Crown
Should fasten on him but their own.
As Peace and Freedom with him went,
With him they came from Banishment.
That he might his Dominions win,
He with himself did first begin :
And, that best Victory obtain'd,
His Kingdom quickly he regain'd.
Th' Illustrious Suff'rings of this Prince
Did all reduce, and all convince.
He only liv'd with such Succ'ss,
That the whole World would fight with less.
Assistant Kings could but subdue
Those Foes which he can Pardon too.

He thinks no Slaughter-Trophies good,
 Nor Lawrels dipt in Subjects Blood ;
 But with a sweet resistless Art
 Disarms the Hand, and wins the Heart ;
 And like a God doth rescue those
 Who did themselves and him oppose.

Go, wondrous Prince, adorn that Throne
 Which Birth and Merit make your own ;
 And in your Mercy brighter shine
 Than in the Glories of your Line :
 Find Love at home, and abroad Fear,
 And Veneration every where.
 Th' united World will you allow
 Their Chief, to whom the *English* bow :
 And Monarchs shall to yours resort,
 As Sheba's Queen to Judah's Court ;
 Returning thence, constrained more
 To wonder, envy, and adore.
 Discover'd *Rome* will hate your Crown,
 But she shall tremble at your Frown.

For *England* shall (rul'd and restor'd by You)
 The suppliant World Protect, or else Subdue.

On the Fair Weather just at the Coronation, it having rained immediately before and after.

SO clear a Season, and so snatch'd from Storms,
 Shews Heav'n delights to see what Man performs.
 Well

Well knew the Sun, if such a Day were dim,
It would have been an Injury to him:
For then a Cloud had from his Eye conceal'd
The noblest Sight that ever he beheld.
He therefore check'd th'invading Rains we fear'd,
And in a bright *Parenthesis* appear'd.
So that we knew not which look'd most content,
The King, the People, or the Firmament.
But the Solemnity once fully past,
The Storm return'd with an impetuous hast.
And Heav'n and Earth each other to outdo,
Vied both in Cannons and in Fire-works too.
So *Israel* pass'd through the divided Flood,
While in obedient heaps the Ocean stood:
But the same Sea (the *Hebrews* once on Shore)
Return'd in Torrents where it was before.

To the Queen's Majesty, on Her Arrival at Ports-
mouth, May 14. 1662.

NOW that the Seas and Winds so kind are grown,
For our Advantage to resign their own;
Now you have quitted the triumphant Fleet,
And suffer'd *English* Ground to kiss your Feet,
Whilst your glad Subjects with Impatience throng
To see a Blessing they have begg'd so long;

B 4

Whilst

Whilst Nature (who in compliment to you
Kept back 'till now her Wealth and Beauty too)
Hath, to attend the Lustre your Eyes bring,
Sent forth her lov'd Ambassador the Spring;
Whilst in your Praise Fame's echo doth conspire
With the soft Touches of the sacred Lyre;
Let an obscurer Muse, upon her Knees,
Present you with such Offerings as these,
And you as a Divinity adore,
That so your Mercy may appear the more;
Who, though of those you should the best receive,
Can such imperfect ones as these forgive.

Hail Royal Beauty, Virgin bright and great,
Who do our Hopes secure, our Joys compleat.
We cannot reckon what to you we owe,
Who make him happy who makes us be so.
But Heav'n for us the desp'rare Debt hath paid,
Who such a Monarch hath your Trophy made.
A Prince whose Virtue did alone subdue
Armies of Men, and of Offences too.
So good, that from him all our Blessings flow,
Yet is a greater than he can bestow.
So great, that he dispenses Life and Death,
And Europe's Fate depends upon his Breath.
(For Fortune in amends now courts him more
Than ever she affronted him before:
As Lovers that of Jealousie repent
Grow troublesome in kind Acknowledgment.)

Who

Who greater Courage shew'd in wooing you,
Than other Princes in their Battles do.
Never was *Spain* so generously defy'd ;
Where they design'd a Prey, he courts a Bride.
Hence they may guess what will his Anger prove,
When he appear'd so brave in making Love ;
And be more wise than to provoke his Arms,
Who can submit to nothing but your Charms.
And 'till they give him leisure to subdue,
His Enemies must owe their Peace to you.
Whilst he and you mixing illustrious Rays,
As much above our Wishes as our Praise,
Such Hero's shall produce, as even they
Without Regret or Blushes shall obey.

To the Queen-Mother's Majesty, Jan. 1. 1662.

YOU justly may forsake a Land, which you
Have found so guilty and so fatal too.
Fortune, injurious to your Innocence,
Shot all her poison'd Arrows here, or hence.
'Twas here bold Rebels once your Life purſu'd
(To whom 'twas Treason only to be rude,)
'Till you were forc'd by their unwaried Spight
(O glorious Criminal!) to take your flight.
Whence after you all that was Human fled ;
For here, oh ! here the Royal Martyr bled,

Whose

Whose Cause and Heart must be divine and high,
That having you could be content to die.
Here they purloin'd what we to you did owe,
And paid you in variety of woe.
Yet all those Billows in your Breast did meet
A Heart so firm, so loyal, and so sweet,
That over them you greater Conquest made
Than your immortal Father ever had.
For we may read in Story of some few
That fought like him, none that indur'd like you:
'Till Sorrow blush'd to act what Traitors meant,
And Providence it self did first repent.
But as our Active, so our Passive, ill
Hath made your share to be the Suff'rer's still.
As from our Mischiefs all your Troubles grew,
'Tis your sad right to suffer for them too.
Else our Great *Charles* had not been hence so long,
Nor the Illustrious *Glou'ster* dy'd so young:
Nor had we lost a Princefs all confest
To be the greatest, wisest, and the best;
Who leaving colder Parts, but less unkind,
(For it was here she set, and there she shin'd,)
Did to a most ungrateful Climate come
To make a Visit, and to find a Tomb.
So that we should as much your Smile despair,
As of your stay in this unpurged Air;
But that your Mercy doth exceed our Crimes
As much as your Example former times,

And

And will forgive our Off'rings, though the Flame
Does tremble still betwixt Regret and Shame.
For we have justly suffer'd more than you;
By the sad Guilt of all your Suff'rings too.
As you the great Idea have been seen
Of either Fortune, and in both a Queen,
Live still triumphant by the noblest Wars,
And justifie your reconciled Stars.
See your Offenders for your Mercy bow,
And your try'd Virtue all Mankind allow;
While you to such a Race have giv'n birth,
As are contended for by Heav'n and Earth.

Upon the Princess Royal her Return into England.

Welcōme sure Pledge of reconciled Pow'rs;
If Kingdoms have good Angels, you are ours:
For th' ill ones, check'd by your bright Influence,
Could never strike 'till you were hurried hence.
But then, as Streams withstood more rapid grow,
War and Confusion soon did overflow:
Such and so many Sorrows did succeed,
As it would be a new one now to read.
But whilst your Lustre was to us deny'd,
You scatter'd Blessings every where beside.
Nature and Fortune have so curious been,
To give you Worth, and Scene to shew it in.

But

But we do most admire that gen'rous Care
 Which did your glorious Brother's Suff'rings share ;
 So that he thought them in your Presence none,
 And yet your Suff'rings did increase his own.
 O wondrous Prodigy ! O Race Divine !
 Who owe more to your Actions than your Line.
 Your Lives exalt your Father's deathless Name,
 The Blush of *England*, and the boast of Fame.

Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit Address,
 Which does profane the Glory 'twould confess.
 Our Crimes have banish'd us from you, and we
 Were more remov'd by them than by the Sea.
 Nor is it known whether we wrong'd you more
 When we rebell'd, or now we do adore.
 But what Guilt found, Devotion cannot miss ;
 And you who pardon'd that, will pardon this.
 Your blest Return tells us our Storms are ceas'd,
 Our Faults forgiven, and our Stars appeas'd.
 Your Mercy, which no Malice could destroy,
 Shall first bestow, and then instruct, our Joy.

For bounteous Heav'n hath in your Highness sent
 Our great Example, Bliss, and Ornament.

*On the Death of the Illustrious Duke of
GLOUCESTER.*

Great *Glouſter's* dead, and yet in this we must
GConfess that angry Heav'n is wise and just.

We

We have so long and yet so ill endur'd
The Woes which our Offences had procur'd,
That this new stroak would all our Strength destroy,
Had we not known an Interval of Joy.
And yet perhaps this stroak had been excus'd,
If we this Interval had not abus'd.
But our Ingratitude and Discontent
Deserv'd to know our Mercies were but lent:
And those Complaints Heav'n in this rigid Fate
Does first chastise, and then legitimate.
By this it our Divisions does reprove,
And makes us join in Grief, if not in Love.
For (glorious Youth) all Parties do agree,
As in admiring, so lamenting thee;
The Sovereign's, Subject's, Foreigner's Delight;
Thou wert the universal Favourite.
Not *Rome's* belov'd and brave *Marcellus* fell
So much a Darling, or a Miracle.
Though built of richest Blood and finest Earth,
Thou hadst a Heart more noble than thy Birth:
Which by th' afflictive Changes thou didst know,
Thou hadst but too much Cause and Time to show.
For when Fate did thy Infancy expose
To the most barbarous and stupid Foes;
Yet thou didst then so much express the Prince,
As did even them amaze, if not convince.
Nay, that loose Tyrant whom no bound confin'd,
Whom neither Laws, nor Oaths, nor Shame could bind,

Although

Although his Soul was than his Look more grim,
Yet thy brave Innocence half soften'd him.
And he that Worth wherein thy Soul was drest
By his ill-favour'd Clemency confess'd,
Lessening the Ill which he could not repent,
He call'd that Travel which was Banishment.
Escap'd from him, thy Trials were encreas'd;
The Scene was chang'd, but not the Danger ceas'd.
Thou from rough Guardians to Seducers gone,
Those made thy Temper, these thy Judgment known;
Whilst thou the noblest Champion wert for Truth,
Whether we view thy Courage or thy Youth.
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims
Greater Reward than to encounter Flames,
All that shall know the Story must allow
A Martyr's Crown prepared for thy Brow.
But yet thou wert suspended from thy Throne,
'Till thy Great Brother had regain'd his own:
Who though the bravest Suffrer, yet even He
Could not at once have miss'd his Crown and Thee.
But as commission'd Angels make no stay,
But having done their Errand go their way:
So thy part done, not thy restored State,
The future Splendor which did for thee wait,
Nor that thy Prince and Country must mourn for
Such a Support, and such a Counsellor,
Could longer keep thee from that Bliss, whence thou
Look'st down with pity on Earth's Monarchs now;

Where

Where thy capacious Soul may quench her Thirst,
And younger Brothers may inherit first.
While on our King Heav'n does this Care express,
To make his Comforts safe he makes them less.
For this successful Heathens use to say,
It is too much, (great Gods) send some allay.

*To Her Royal Highness the Dutches of York, on
her commanding me to send her some Things that
I had written.*

TO you whose Dignity strikes us with Awe,
And whose far greater Judgment gives us Law,
(Your Mind b'ing more transcendent than your State,
For while but Knees to this, Hearts bow to that,))
These humble Papers never durst come near,
Had not your pow'rful Word bid them appear;
In which such Majesty, such Sweetness dwells,
As in one act obliges, and compels.
None can dispute Commands vouchsaf'd by you.
What shall my Fears then and Confusion do?
They must resign, and by their just Pretence
Some value set on my Obedience.
For in religious Duties, 'tis confess,
The most Implicite are accepted best.
If on that score your Highness will excuse
This blushing Tribute of an artless Muse,

She

She may (encourag'd by your least regard,
Which first can Worth create, and then reward)
At modest distance with improved strains
That Mercy celebrate which now she gains.
But should you that severer Justice use,
Which these too prompt Approaches may produce,
As the swift Hind which hath escaped long,
Believes a vulgar Shot would be a wrong;
But wounded by a Prince falls without shame,
And what in Life she loses, gains in Fame:
So if a Ray from you chance to be sent,
Which to consume, and not to warm, is meant;
My trembling Muse at least more nobly dies,
And falls by that a truer Sacrifice.

On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia.

ALthough the most do with officious heat
Only adore the Living and the Great;
Yet this Queen's Merits Fame so far hath spread,
That she rules still, though dispossess'd and dead.
For losing one, two other Crowns remain'd;
Over all Hearts and her own Griefs she reign'd.
Two Thrones so splendid, as to none are less
But to that third which she does now possess.
Her Heart and Birth Fortune so well did know,
That seeking her own Fame in such a Foe,

She'

She dress'd the spacious Theatre for the fight,
And the admiring World call'd to the fight :
An Army then of mighty Sorrows brought,
Who all against this single Virtue fought ;
And sometimes Stratagems, and sometimes Blows
To her heroick Soul they did oppose :
But at her Feet their vain Attempts did fall ;
And she discover'd and subdu'd them all :
'Till Fortune weary of her Malice grew ,
Became her Captive and her Trophy too :
And by too late a Tribute begg'd t'have been
Admitted Subject to so brave a Queen .
But as some Hero who a Field hath won ,
Viewing the things he had so greatly done ;
When by his Spirit's flight he finds that he
With his own Life must buy his Victory ,
He makes the slaughter'd Heap that next him lies
His Funeral Pile , and then in triumph dies :
So fell this Royal Dame , with conqu'ring spent ,
And left in ev'ry Breast her Monument ;
Wherein so high an Epitaph is writ ,
As I must never dare to Copy it .
But that bright Angel which did on her wait ,
In fifty Years Contention with her Fate ,
And in that Office did with wonder see
How great her Troubles , how much greater she ;
How she maintain'd her best Prerogative ,
In keeping still the Power to forgive :

How high she did in her Devotion go,
And how her Condescension stoop'd as low ;
With how much Glory she had ever been
A Daughter, Sister, Mother, Wife, and Queen ;
Will sure employ some deathless Muse to tell
Our Children this instructive Miracle,
Who may her sad Illustrious Life recite,
And after all her Wrongs may do her Right.

On the Third of September, 1651.

AS when the glorious Magazine of Light
Approaches to his Canopy of Night,
He with new Splendor cloaths his dying Rays,
And double Brightness to his Beams conveys ;
And (as to brave and check his ending Fate)
Puts on his highest Looks in's lowest State,
Drest in such Terror as to make us all
Be *Anti-Persians*, and adore his Fall ;
Then quits the World depriving it of Day,
While ev'ry Herb and Plant does droop away :
So when our gasping *English* Royalty
Perceiv'd her Period was now drawing nigh,
She summons her whole Strength to give one Blow,
To raise her self, or pull down others too.
Big with Revenge and Hope she now spake more
Of Terror than in many Months before ;

And

And musters her Attendants, or to save
Her from, or else attend her to, the Grave:
Yet but enjoy'd the miserable Fate
Of setting Majesty, to die in State.
Unhappy Kings, who cannot keep a Throne,
Nor be so fortunate to fall alone!
Their weight sinks others: *Pompey* could not fly,
But half the World must bear him company;
And captiv'd *Sampson* could not Life conclude,
Unless attended with a Multitude.
Who'd trust to Greatness now, whose Food is Air,
Whose Ruin sudden, and whose End Despair?
Who would presume upon his glorious Birth,
Or quarrel for a spacious share of Earth,
That sees such Diadems become so cheap,
And Heroes tumble in a common heap?
Oh give me Virtue then, which sums up all,
And firmly stands when Crowns and Scepters fall.

To the noble Palæmon, on his Incomparable Discourse
of Friendship.

WE had been still undone, wrapt in disguise,
Secure, not happy; cunning, and not wise;
War had been our design, Int'rest our trade;
We had not dwelt in safety, but in shade,

Hadst thou not hung out Light, more welcome far
Than wand'ring Sea-men think the Northern-star,
To shew, lest we our Happiness should miss,
'Tis plac'd in Friendship, Mens and Angels Bliss.
Friendship, which had a Scorn or Mask been made,
And still had been derided or betray'd;
At which the great Physician still had laugh'd,
The Soldier storm'd, and the Gallant scoff'd;
Or worn not as a Passion, but a Plot,
At first pretended, and at last forgot;
Hadst thou not been her great Deliverer,
At first discover'd, and then rescu'd her,
And raising what rude Malice had flung down,
Unveil'd her Face, and then restor'd her Crown:
By so august an Action to convince,
'Tis greater to support than be a Prince.
Oh for a Voice which loud as Thunder were,
That all Mankind thy conqu'ring Truths might hear!
Sure the Litigious as amaz'd would stand,
As fairy Knights touch'd with *Cambina's* Wand,
Drawn by thy softer, and yet stronger Charms,
Nations and Armies would lay down their Arms.
And what more Honour can on thee be hurl'd,
Than to protect a Virtue, save a World?
But while great Friendship thou hast copied out,
Thou'st drawn thy self so well, that we may doubt
Which most appears, thy Candor or thy Art,
Whether we owe more to thy Brain or Heart.

But

But this we know without thine own Consent,
Thou'st rais'd thy self a glorious Monument;
Temples and Statues Time will eat away,
And Tombs (like their Inhabitants) decay;

But there *Palæmon* lives, and so he must
When Marbles crumble to forgotten Dust.

To the Right Honourable Alice, Countess of Carbury, at Her coming into Wales.

I.

AS when the first Day dawn'd, Man's greedy Eye
Was apt to dwell on the bright Prodigy,
'Till he might careless of his Organ grow,
And let his Wonder prove his Danger too:
So when our Country (which was deem'd to be
Close-mourner in its own Obscurity,
And in neglected Chaos so long lay)
Was rescu'd by your Beams into a Day,
Like Men into a sudden Lustre brought,
We justly fear'd to gaze more than we ought.

II.

From hence it is you lose most of your right,
Since none can pay't, nor durst do't if they might.
Perfection's Misery 'tis, that Art and Wit,
While they would honour, do but injure it.
But as the Deity flights our Expence,
And loves Devotion more than Eloquence:

So 'tis our Confidence you are Divine,
 Makes us at distance thus approach your Shrine.
 And thus secur'd, to you who need no Art,
 I that speak least my Wit may speak my Heart.

III.

Then much above all zealous Injury,
 Receive this Tribute of our Shades from me,
 While your great Splendors, like eternal Spring,
 To these sad Groves such a Refreshment bring,
 That the despised Country may be grown,
 And justly too, the Envy of the Town.
 That so when all Mankind at length have lost
 The virtuous Grandeur which they once did boast,
 Of you like Pilgrims they may here obtain
 Worth to recruit the dying World again.

To Sir Edward Deering (the noble Silvander) on his Dream and Navy, personating Orinda's preferring Rosania before Solomon's Traffick to Ophir.

Then am I happier than is the King;
 My Merchandise does no such danger bring:
 The Fleet I traffick with fears no such Harms,
 Sails in my Sight, and Anchors in my Arms.
 Each new and unperceived Grace
 Discover'd in that Mind and Face,
 Each Motion, Smile and Look from thee
 Brings Pearls and Ophir-Gold to me:
 Thus far Sir Edw. Deering.

S I R, To be noble, when 'twas voted down,
To dare be good, though a whole Age should frown;
To live within, and from that even State
See all the Under-world stoop to its Fate;
To give the Law of Honour, and dispence
All that is Handsome, Great and Worthy thence;
Are Things at once your practice and your end,
And which I dare admire, but not commend!
But since t'oblige the World is your Delight,
You must descend within our reach and sight:
For so Divinity must take disguise,
Lest Mortals perish with the bright surprise.
And thus your Muse (which can enough reward
All Actions she vouchsafes but to regard,
And Honours gives, than Kings more permanent,
Above the reach of Acts of Parliament)
May suffer an Acknowledgment from me,
For having thence receiv'd Eternity.
My Thoughts with such advantage you express,
I hardly know them in this charming Dress.
And had I more Unkindness from my Friend
Than my Demerits e'er could apprehend,
Were the Fleet courst with this Gale of Wind,
I might be sure a rich Return to find.
So when the Shepherd of his Nymph complain'd,
Apollo in his Shape his Mistress gain'd:
She might have scorn'd the Swain, and found excuse;
But could not his great Orator refuse.

But for *Rosania's* Int'rest I should fear
 It would be hard t'obtain your Pardon here.
 But your first Goodness will, I know, allow
 That what was Bounty then, is Mercy now.
 Forgivenes is the noblest Charity,
 And nothing can worthy your Favour be.
 For you (God-like) are so much your own Fate,
 That what you will accept you must create.

To Mr. Henry Lawes.

Nature, which is the vast Creation's Soul,
 That stiddy curious Agent in the whole,
 The Art of Heav'n, the Order of this Frame,
 Is only Number in another name.
 For as some King conqu'ring what was his own,
 Hath choice of sev'ral Titles to his Crown;
 So Harmony on this score now, that then,
 Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
 Beauty is but Composure, and we find
 Content is but the Concord of the Mind,
 Friendship the Unison of well-tun'd Hearts,
 Honour the *Chorus* of the noblest Parts,
 And all the World on which we can reflect
 Musick to th'Ear, or to the Intellect.
 If then each Man a Little World must be,
 How many Worlds are copy'd out in thee,

Who

Who art so richly formed, so compleat
To epitomize all that is Good and Great;
Whose Stars this brave Advantage did impart,
Thy Nature's as Harmonious as thy Art?
Thou dost above the Poets Praises live,
Who fetch from thee th' Eternity they give.
And as true Reason triumphs over Sense,
Yet is subjected to Intelligence:
So Poets on the lower World look down,
But *Lawes* on them; his Height is all his own.
For, like Divinity it self, his Lyre
Rewards the Wit it did at first inspire.
And thus by double right Poets allow
His and their Laurel should adorn his Brow.
Live then, great Soul of Nature, to affwage
The savage Dulness of this sullen Age.
Charm us to Sense; for though Experience fail
And Reason too, thy Numbers may prevail.
Then, like those Ancients, strike, and so command
All Nature to obey thy gen'rous Hand.
None will resist but such who needs will be
More stupid than a Stone, a Fish, a Tree.
Be it thy care our Age to new-create:
What built a World may sure repair a State.

*A Sea-Voyage from Tenby to Bristol, begun Sept. 5.
1652. sent from Bristol to Lucasia, Sept. 8. 1652.*

HOISE up the Sail, cry'd they who understand
No word that carries Kindness for the Land:
Such Sons of Clamour, that I wonder not
They love the Sea, whom sure some Storm begot.
Had he who doubted Motion these Men seen,
Or heard their Tongues, he had convinced been.
For had our Bark mov'd half as fast as they,
We had not need cast Anchor by the way.
One of the rest pretending to more Wit,
Some small *Italian* spoke, but Murther'd it;
For I (thanks to *Saburra's Letters*) knew
How to distinguish 'twixt the false and true.
But t'oppose these as mad a thing would be,
As 'tis to contradict a Presbyt'ry.
'Tis *Spanish* though, (quoth I) e'en what you please:
For him that spoke it, 'tmight be Bread and Cheese.
So softly moves the Bark which none controuls,
As are the Meetings of agreeing Souls:
And the Moon-beams did on the Water play,
As if at Midnight 'twould create a Day.
The am'rous Wave that shar'd in such dispence
Exprest at once Delight and Reverence.
Such Trepidation we in Lovers spy
Under th' Oppression of a Mistress Eye.

But

But then the Wind so high did rise and roar,
Some vow'd they'd never trust the Traitor more.
Behold the Fate that all our Glories sweep,
Writ in the dangerous Wonders of the Deep:
And yet behold Man's easie Folly more,
How soon we curse what erst we did adore.
Sure he that first himself did thus convey,
Had some strong Passion that he would obey.
The Bark wrought hard, but found it was in vain
To make its Party good against the Main,
Toss'd and retreated, 'till at last we see
She must be fast if e'er she should be free.
We gravely Anchor cast, and patiently
Lye Prisoners to the Weather's Cruelty.
We had not Wind nor Tide, nor ought but Grief,
'Till a kind Spring-tide was our first Relief.
Then we float merrily, forgetting quite
The sad Confinement of the stormy Night.
E'er we had lost these Thoughts, we ran aground,
And then how vain to be secure we found.
Now they were all surpriz'd. Well, if we must,
Yet none shall say that Dust is gone to Dust.
But we are off now, and the civil Tide
Afflited us the Tempests to out-ride.
But what most pleas'd my Mind upon the way,
Was the Ship's Posture that in Harbour lay:
Which to a rocky Grove so close were fix'd,
That the Trees Branches with the Tackling mix'd.

One would have thought it was, as then it stood,
 A growing Navy, or a floating Wood.
 But I have done at last, and do confess
 My Voyage taught me so much Tediouſness.
 In ſhort, the Heav'ns muſt needs propitious be,
 Because *Lucasia* was concern'd in me.

Friendſhip's Mystery: To my deareſt Lucasia.

Come, my *Lucasia*, ſince we ſee
 That Miracles Mens Faith do move,
 By Wonder and by Prodigy
 To the dull angry World let's prove
 There's a Religion in our Love.

II.

For though we were design'd t'agree,
 That Fate no Liberty destroys,
 But our Election is as free
 As Angels, who with greedy choice
 Are yet determin'd to their Joys.

III.

Our Hearts are doubled by the loſs,
 Here Mixture is Addition grown;
 We both diſſuse, and both ingross:
 And we whose Minds are ſo much one,
 Never, yet ever are alone.

IV.

We court our own Captivity
 Than Thrones more great and innocent:
 Twere Banishment to be ſet free,

Since we wear Fetters whose intent
Not Bondage is, but Ornament.

V.

Divided Joys are tedious found,
And Griefs united easier grow :
We are our selves but by rebound,
And all our Titles shuffled so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

VI.

Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,
While they (such Pow'r in Friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Off'rings made :
And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathless by the Sacrifice.

Content : To my dearest Lucasia.

I.

CONTENT, the false World's best Disguise,
The Search and Faction of the Wise,
Is so abstruse and hid in Night,
That, like that Fairy Red-cross Knight,
Who treach'rous Falshood for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not.

II.

For Courts Content would gladly own,
But she ne'er dwelt about a Throne :
And to be flatter'd, Rich, and Great,
Are Things which do Mens Senses cheat.

But

But grave Experience long since this did see,
Ambition and Content would ne'er agree.

III.

Some vainer would Content expect
From what their bright Outsides reflect:
But sure Content is more Divine
Than to be digg'd from Rock or Mine:
And they that know her Beauties will confess,
She needs no Lustre from a glitt'ring Dress.

IV.

In Mirth some place her, but she scorns
Th' Assistance of such crackling Thorns,
Nor owes her self to such thin Sport,
That is so sharp and yet so short:
And Painters tell us they the same Strokes place,
To make a laughing and a weeping Face.

V.

Others there are that place Content
In Liberty from Government:
But whomsoe'er Passions deprave,
Though free from Shackles, he's a Slave.
Content and Bondage differ only then,
When we are chain'd by Vices, not by Men.

VI.

Some think the Camp Content does know,
And that she fits o'th' Victor's Brow :

But

But in his Laurel there is seen
Often a Cypress-bow between.
Nor will Content her self in that place give,
Where Noise and Tumult and Destruction live.

VII.

But yet the most Discreet believe,
The Schools this Jewel do receive,
And thus far's true without dispute,
Knowledge is still the sweetest Fruit.

But whilst Men seek for Truth they lose their Peace;
And who heaps Knowledge, Sorrow doth increase

VIII.

But now some fullen Hermit smiles,
And thinks he all the World beguiles,
And that his Cell and Dish contain
What all Mankind wish for in vain.

But yet his Pleasure's follow'd with a Groan,
For Man was never born to be alone.

IX.

Content her self best comprehends
Betwixt two Souls, and they two Friends,
Whose either Joys in both are fix'd,
And multiply'd by being mix'd:
Whose Minds and Interests are so the same;
Their Griefs, when once imparted, lose that Name.

X.

These far remov'd from all bold Noise,
And (what is worse) all hollow Joys,

Who

Who never had a mean design,
 Whose Flame is serious and divine,
 And calm, and even, must contented be,
 For they've both Union and Society.

XI.

Then, my *Lucasia*, we who have
 Whatever Love can give or crave;
 Who can with pitying Scorn survey
 The Trifles which the most betray;
 With Innocence and perfect Friendship fir'd,
 By Virtue join'd, and by our Choice retir'd.

XII.

Whose Mirrors are the crystal Brooks,
 Or else each others Hearts and Looks;
 Who cannot wish for other things
 Than Privacy and Friendship brings:
 Whose Thoughts and Persons chang'd and mixt are
 Enjoy Content, or else the World hath none. (one,

A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and Orinda.
Set by Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Luc. S A Y, my *Orinda*, why so sad?

Orin. Absence from thee doth tear my Heart ;
 Which, since with thine it Union had,

Each parting splits. *Luc.* And can we part?

Orin.

Orin. Our Bodies must. *Luc.* But never we:

Our Souls, without the help of Sense,
By ways more noble and more free
Can meet, and hold Intelligence.

Orin. And yet those Souls, when first they met,
Look'd out at Windows through the Eyes.

Luc. But soon did such Acquaintance get,
Not Fate nor Time can them surprize.

Orin. Absence will rob us of that Bliss
To which this Friendship title brings:
Love's Fruits and Joys are made by this
Useless as Crowns to captiv'd Kings.

Luc. Friendship's a Science, and we know
There Contemplation's most employ'd.

Orin. Religion's so, but practick too,
And both by Niceties destroy'd.

Luc. But who ne'er parts can never meet,
And so that Happiness were lost.

Orin. Thus Pain and Death are sadly sweet,
Since Health and Heav'n such Price must cost.

Chorus.

But we shall come where no rude Hand shall sever,
And there we'll meet, and part no more for ever.

To my dear Sister Mrs. C. P. on her Marriage.

I.

WE will not like those Men our Off'rings pay
 Who crown the Cup, then think they Crown
 We make no Garlands, nor an Altar build, [the Day.
 Which help not Joy, but Ostentation yield.
 Where Mirth is justly grounded, these wild Toys
 Are but a troublesome and empty Noise.

II.

But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda's Wishes for Cassandra's Blifs.
 May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
 As my Affection, and like that endure;
 And that strong Happiness may she still find
 Not owing to her Fortune, but her Mind.

III.

May her Content and Duty be the same,
 And may she know no Grief but in the name.
 May his and her Pleasure and Love be so
 Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
 Who most Affection or most Peace engrost;
 Whose Love is strongest, or whose Blifs is most.

IV.

May nothing accidental e'er appear
 But what shall with new Bonds their Souls endear;
 And may they count the Hours as they pass,
 By their own Joys, and not by Sun or Glass:

While

While ev'ry Day like this may sacred prove
To Friendship, Gratitude, and strictest Love.

To Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist, on his Poems.

HAD I ador'd the Multitude, and thence
Got an Antipathy to Wit and Sense,
And hugg'd that Fate in hope the World would grant
'Twas good Affection to be ignorant ;
Yet the least Ray of thy bright Fancy seen,
I had Converted, or Excuseless been ;
For each Birth of thy Muse to after-times
Shall expiate for all this Age's Crimes.
First shines thy *Amoret*, 'twice Crown'd by thee,
Once by thy Love, next by thy Poetry :
Where thou the best of Unions dost dispence,
Truth cloath'd in Wit, and Love in Innocence.
So that the muddiest Lovers may learn here,
No Fountains can be sweet that are not clear.
There *Juvenal*, reviv'd by thee, declares
How flat Man's Joys are, and how mean his Cares ;
And gen'rously upbraids the World, that they
Should such a value for their Ruin pay.
But when thy sacred Muse diverts her Quill,
The Landskip to design of *Leon's Hill*,
As nothing else was worthy her or thee,
So we admire almost t'Idolatry.

What Savage Breast would not be wrap'd to find
 Such Jewels in such Cabinets enshrin'd?
 Thou (fill'd with Joys too great to see or count)
 Descend'st from thence like *Moses* from the Mount,
 And with a candid, yet unquestion'd Awe,
 Restor'st the Golden Age when Verse was Law.
 Instructing us thou so secur'st thy Fame,
 That nothing can disturb it but my Name ;
 Nay, I have Hopes that standing so near thine
 Twill lose its Dross, and by degrees refine.
 Live 'till the disabused World consent,
 All Truths of Use, or Strength, or Ornament,
 Are with such Harmony by thee display'd
 As the whole World was first by Number made;
 And from the charming Rigour thy Muse brings,
 Learn, there's no Pleasure but in serious Things.

A retir'd Friendship: To Ardelia.

I.

Come, my *Ardelia*, to this Bow'r,
 Where kindly mingling Souls awhile
 Let's innocently spend an Hour,
 And at all serious Follies smile.

II.

Here is no quarrelling for Crowns,
 Nor fear of changes in our Fate ;
 No trembling at the great ones Frowns,
 Nor any Slavery of State.

III. Here's

III.

Here's no Disguise nor Treachery,
Nor any deep-conceal'd Design;
From Blood and Plots this Place is free,
And calm as are those Looks of thine.

IV.

Here let us sit and bless our Stars,
Who did such happy Quiet give,
As that remov'd from Noise of Wars
In one anothers Hearts we live.

V.

Why should we entertain a Fear?
Love cares not how the World is turn'd:
If crouds of Dangers shou'd appear,
Yet Friendship can be unconcern'd.

VI.

We wear about us such a Charm,
No Horror can be our Offence;
For Mischief's self can do no harm
To Friendship, or to Innocence.

VII.

Let's mark how soon *Apollo's* Beams
Command the Flocks to quit their Meat,
And not entreat the neighb'ring Streams
To quench their Thirst, but cool their Heat.

VIII.

In such a scorching Age as this
 Who would not ever seek a Shade,
 Deserve their Happiness to miss,
 As having their own Peace betray'd.

IX.

But we (of one another's Mind
 Assur'd) the boist'rous World disdain ;
 With quiet Souls, and unconfin'd,
 Enjoy what Princes wish in vain.

To Mrs. Mary Carne, when Philaster Courted her.

AS some great Conqueror who knows no Bounds,
 But hunting Honour in a thousand Wounds,
 Purifies his Rage, and thinks that Triumph cheap
 That's but attended with the common Heap,
 Till his more happy Fortune doth afford
 Some Royal Captive that deserv'd his Sword,
 And only now is of his Lawrel proud,
 Thinking his dang'rous Valour well bestow'd ;
 But then retreats, and spending Hate no more,
 Thinks Mercy now what Courage was before :
 As Cowardise in Fight, so equally
 He doth abhor a bloody Victory :
 So, Madam, tho' your Beauty were allow'd
 To be severe unto the yielding Crowd,

That

That were subdu'd e'er you an Object knew
Worthy your Conquest and your Mercy too ;
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your Victory's compleat,
Only your Clemency shou'd be as great.
None will dispute the Power of your Eyes,
That understands *Philaster* is their Prize.
Hope not your Glory can have new access,
For all your future Trophies will grow less :
And with that Homage be you satisfy'd
From him that Conquers all the World beside.
Nor let your Rigour now the Triumph blot,
And lose the Honour which your Beauty got.
Be just and kind unto your Peace and Fame,
In being so to him, for they're the same :
And live and die at once, if you would be
Nobly transmitted to Posterity.
Take heed lest in the Story they peruse
A Murther which no Language can excuse :
But wisely spare the Trouble of one Frown,
Give him his Happiness, and know your own.
Thus shall you be as Honour's self esteem'd,
Who have one Sex oblig'd, your own redeem'd.
Thus the Religion due unto your Shrine
Shall be as Universal, as Divine :
And that Devotion shall this Blessing gain,
Which Law and Reason do attempt in vain.
The World shall join, maintaining but one Strife,
Who shall most thank you for *Philaster's* Life.

*To Mr: J. B. the noble Cratander, upon a Composition
of his which he was not willing to own publickly.*

AS when some injur'd Prince assumes Disguise,
And strives to make his Carriage sympathize,
Yet hath a great becoming Meen and Air,
Which speaks him Royal spight of all his Care :
So th' Issues of thy Soul can ne'er be hid,
And the Sun's force may be as soon forbid
As thine obscur'd ; there is no Shade so great
Thro' which it will not dart forth Light and Heat.
Thus we discover thee by thy own Day,
Against thy Will snatching the Cloud away.
Now the Piece shines, and tho' we will not say,
Parents can Souls, as Taper Lights, convey ;
Yet we must grant thy Soul transmitted here
In Beams almost as lasting and as clear.
And that's our highest Praise ; for but thy Mind,
Thy Works could never a resemblance find.
That Mind whose search can Nature's secret Hand
At one great Stroke discover and command,
Which cleareth Times and Things, before whose Eyes
Nor Men nor Notions dare put on disguise.
And were all Authors now as much forgot
As prosp'rous Ignorance her self would Plot,
Had we the rich Supplies of thy own Breast,
The knowing World would never miss the rest.

Men

Men did before from Ignorance take their Fame,
But Learning's self is honour'd by thy Name.
Thou study'it not Belief to introduce
Of Novelties, more fit for shew than use ;
But think'it nobler Charity t'uphold
The Credit and the Beauty of the Old :
And with one Hand canst easily support
Learning and Law, a Temple and a Court.
And this secures me : For as we below
Valleys from Hills, Houses from Churches know,
But to their sight who stand extreamly high,
These Forms will have one flat Equality :
So from a lower Soul I well might fear
A critick Censure when survey'd too near ;
But not from him who plac'd above the best
Lives in a height which levels all the rest.

*To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiv-
ing the Name of Lucasia, and Adoption into our
Society, December 28. 1651.*

WE are Compleat, and Fate hath now
No greater Blessing to bestow :
Nay the dull World must now confess
We have all Worth, all Happiness.
Annals of State are trifles to our Fame,
Now 'tis made Sacred by *Lucasia's* Name.

But

But as tho' through a Burning-glass
 The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
 Yet still with gen'ral Freedom shines ;
 For that contracts, but not confines :
 So tho' by this her Beams are fixed here,
 Yet she diffuses Glory ev'ry where.

Her Mind is so entirely bright.
 The Splendor would but wound our Sight,
 And must to some Disguise submit,
 Or we could never worship it.
 And we by this Relation are allow'd
 Lustre enough to be *Lucasia's* Cloud.

Nations will own us now to be
 A Temple of Divinity ;
 And Pilgrims shall ten Ages hence
 Approach our Tombs with Reverence.
 May then that Time which did such Bliss convey
 Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.

*To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my first
 Approaches.*

Madam,

AS in a Triumph Conquerors admit
 Their meanest Captives to attend on it,
 Who,

Who, tho' unworthy, have the Pow'r confess,
And justify'd the yielding of the rest :
So when the busie World (in hope t'excuse
Their own surprise) your Conquests do peruse,
And find my Name, they will be apt to say
Your Charms were blinded, or else thrown away.
There is no Honour got in gaining me,
Who am a Prize not worth your Victory.
But this will clear you, that 'tis general,
The worst applaud what is admir'd by all.
But I have Plots in't : For the way to be
Secure of Fame to all Posterity,
Is to obtain the Honour I pursue,
To tell the World I was subdu'd by you.
And since in you all Wonders common are,
Your Votaries may in your Virtues share,
While you by Noble Magick Worth impart :
She that can conquer, can reclaim a Heart.
Of this Creation I shall not despair,
Since for your own Sake it concerns your Care.
For 'tis more Honour that the World should know
You made a Noble Soul, than found it so.

L U C A S I A.

NOT to oblige *Lucasia* by my Voice,
To boast my Fate, or justifie my Choice,

Is

Is this design'd ; but Pity does engage
My Pen to rescue the declining Age.
For since 'tis grown in Fashion to be bad,
And to be vain or angry, proud or mad,
(While in their Vices only Men agree)
Is thought the only modern Gallantry ;
How would some brave Examples check the Crimes,
And both reproach, and yet reform the Times ?
Nor can Morality it self reclaim
Th' apostate World like my *Lucasia*'s Name :
Lucasia, whose rich Soul had it been known
In that Time th' Ancients call'd the *Golden* one,
When Innocence and Greatness were the same,
And Men no Battels knew but in a Game,
Chusing what Nature, not what Art prefers :
Poets were Judges, Kings Philosophers ;
Even then from her the Wise would Copies draw,
And she to th' Infant World had giv'n a Law.
That Souls were made of Number could not be
An Observation, but a Prophecy.
It meant *Lucasia*, whose harmonious State
The Spheres and Muses only imitate.
But as then Musick is best understood,
When ev'ry Chord's examin'd and found good :
So what in others Judgment is and Will,
In her is the same even Reason still.
And as some Colour various seems, but yet
'Tis but our diff'rence in consid'ring it :

So she now Light, and then does Light dispence,
But is one shining Orb of Excellence :
And that so piercing when she Judgment takes,
She doth not search, but Intuition makes :
And her Discoveries more easie are
Than Cæsar's Conquest in his Pontick War.
As bright and vigorous her Beams are pure,
And in their own rich Candour so secure,
That had she liv'd where Legends were devis'd,
Rome had been just, and she been canoniz'd.
Nay Innocence her self less clear must be,
If Innocence be any thing but she.
For Virtue's so congenial to her Mind,
That Liquid things, or Friends, are less combin'd.
So that in her that Sage his Wish had seen,
And Virtue's self had personated been.
Now as distilled Simples do agree,
And in th' Alembick lose variety ;
So Virtue, tho' in pieces scatter'd 'twas,
Is by her Mind made one rich useful Mass.
Nor doth Discretion put Religion down,
Nor hasty Zeal usurp the Judgment's Crown.
Wisdom and Friendship have one single Throne,
And make another Friendship of their own.
Each sev'ral piece darts such fierce pleasing Rays,
Poetick Lovers would but wrong in Praise.
All hath Proportion, all hath Comeliness,
And her Humility alone Excess.

Her Modesty doth wrong a Worth so great,
 Which Calumny her self would noblier treat :
 While true to Friendship, and to Nature's trust,
 To her own Merits only she's unjust.
 But as Divinity we best declare
 By Sounds as broken as our Notions are,
 So to acknowledge such vast Eminence,
 Imperfect Wonder is our Eloquence.
 No Pen *Lucasia's* Glories can relate,
 But they admire best who dare imitate.

W I S T O N V A U L T.

AND why this Vault and Tomb? alike we must
 Put off Distinction, and put on our Dust.
 Nor can the stateliest Fabrick help to save
 From the Corruptions of a common Grave;
 Nor for the Resurrection more prepare,
 Than if the Dust were scatter'd into Air.
 What then? Th' Ambition's just, say some, that we
 May thus perpetuate our Memory.
 Ah false vain Task of Art! ah poor weak Man!
 Whose Monument does more than's Merit can:
 Who by his Friends best Care and Love's abus'd,
 And in his very Epitaph accus'd:
 For did they not suspect his Name would fall,
 There would not need an Epitaph at all.

But

But after Death too I would be alive,
And shall, if my *Lucasia* do, survive.
I quit these Pomps of Death, and am content,
Having her Heart to be my Monument:
Though ne'er Stone to me, 'twill Stone for me prove,
By the peculiar Miracles of Love.
There I'll Inscription have which no Tomb gives,
Not, *Here Orinda lies*, but, *Here she lives*.

*Friendship in Embleme, or the Seal. To my dearest
L U C A S I A.*

I.

TH E Hearts thus intermixed speak
A Love that no bold shock can break;
For join'd and growing both in one,
Neither can be disturb'd alone.

II.

That means a mutual Knowledge too;
For what is't either Heart can do,
Which by its panting Centinel
It does not to the other tell?

III.

That Friendship Hearts so much refines,
Is nothing but it self designs:
The Hearts are free from lower ends,
For each Point to the other tends.

IV. They

IV.

They flame, 'tis true, and sev'ral ways,
 But still those Flames do so much raise,
 That while to either they incline
 They yet are Noble and Divine.

V.

From Smoke or Hurt those Flames are free,
 From Grosness or Mortality:
 The Heart (like *Moses* Bush presum'd)
 Warm'd and enlighten'd, not consum'd.

VI.

The Compasses that stand above
 Express this great immortal Love;
 For Friends, like them, can prove this true,
 They are, and yet they are not, two.

VII.

And in their Posture is exprest
 Friendship's exalted Interest:
 Each follows where the other leans,
 And what each does, this other means.

VIII.

And as when one Foot does stand fast,
 And t'other Circles seeks to cast,
 The stiddy part does regulate
 And make the Wand'r'er's Motion straight.

IX.

So Friends are only two in this,
 T'reclaim each other when they miss:

For

For whosoe'er will grossly fall,
Can never be a Friend at all.

X.

And as that useful Instrument
For even Lines was ever meant;
So Friendship from good Angels springs,
To teach the World heroick Things.

IX.

As these are found out in design
To rule and measure ev'ry Line;
So Friendship governs Actions best,
Prescribing unto all the rest.

XII.

And as in Nature nothing's set
So just as Lines in number met;
So Compasses for these b'ing made,
Do Friendship's Harmony persuade.

XIII.

And like to them, so Friends may own
Extension, not Division :
Their Points, like Bodies, separate;
But Head, like Souls, knows no such Fate.

XIV.

And as each part so well is knit,
That their Embraces ever fit:
So Friends are such by Destiny,
And no third can the place supply.

XV.

There needs no Motto to the Seal:
But that we may the Mind reveal
To the dull Eye, it was thought fit
That *Friendship* only should be writ.

XVI.

But as there are Degrees of Bliss,
So there's no Friendship meant by this,
But such as will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and *Orinda's* Name.

In Memory of F. P. who died at Acton the 24th of May 1660. at the Age of Twelve Years and a half.

IF I could ever write a lasting Verse,
It should be laid, dear Saint, upon thy Herse.
But Sorrow is no Muse, and does confess
That it least can what it would most express.
Yet that I may some Bounds to Grief allow,
I'll try if I can weep in Numbers now.
Ah beauteous Blossom too untimely dead!
Whither? ah whither is thy Sweetness fled?
Where are the Charms that always did arise
From the prevailing Language of thy Eyes?
Where is thy beauteous and lovely Meen,
And all the Wonders that in thee were seen?

Alas !

Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rave;
There is no Pity in the stupid Grave.
But so the Bankrupt sitting on the brim
Of those fierce Billows which had ruin'd him,
Begs for his lost Estate, and does complain
To the inexorable Floods in vain.
As well we may enquire when Roses die,
To what Retirement their sweet Odours fliè;
Whither their Virtues and their Blushes haste,
When the short Triumph of their Life is past;
Or call their perishing Beauties back with Tears,
As add one Moment to thy finish'd Years.
No, thou art gone, and thy presaging Mind
So thriftily thy early Hours design'd,
That hasty Death was baffled in his Pride,
Since nothing of thee but thy Body dy'd.
Thy Soul was up betimes, and so concern'd
To grasp all Excellence that could be learn'd,
That finding nothing fill her Thirsting here,
To the Spring-head she went to quench it there;
And so prepar'd, that being freed from Sin,
She quickly might become a Cherubin.
Thou wert all Soul, and through thy Eyes it shin'd:
Asham'd and angry to be so confin'd,
It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither flown
Where it might know as clearly as 'twas known.
In these vast hopes we might thy Change have found,
But that Heav'n blinds whom it decrees to wound.

For Parts so soon at so sublime a pitch,
A Judgment so mature, Fancy so rich,
Never appear unto unthankful Men,
But as a Vision, to be hid again.

So glorious Scenes in Masques, Spectators view
With the short Pleasure of an Hour or two;
But that once past, the Ornaments are gone,
The Lights extinguish'd, and the Curtains drawn.
Yet all these Gifts were thy less noble part,
Nor was thy Head so worthy as thy Heart;
Where the Divine Impression shin'd so clear,
As snatch'd thee hence, and yet endear'd thee here:
For what in thee did most command our Love,
Was both the cause and sign of thy remove.
Such Fools are we, so fatally we chuse:
That what we most would keep we soonest lose.
The humble Greatness of thy pious Thought,
Sweetness unforc'd, and Bashfulness untaught,
The native Candor of thine open Breast,
And all the Beams wherein thy Worth was drest,
Thy Wit so bright, so piercing and immense,
Adorn'd with wise and lovely Innocence,
Might have foretold thou wert not so compleat,
But that our Joy might be as short as great.
So the poor Swain beholds his ripen'd Corn
By some rough Wind without a Sickle torn.
Never, ah! never let sad Parents guess
At one remove of future Happiness:

But

But reckon Children 'mong those passing Joys
Which one Hour gives, and the next Hour destroys
Alas! we were secure of our Content;
But find too late that it was only lent,
To be a Mirror wherein we may see
How frail we are, how spotless we should be.
But if to thy blest Soul my Grief appears,
Forgive and pity these injurious Tears:
Impute them to Affection's sad excess,
Which will not yield to Nature's Tenderness,
Since 'twas through dearest Ties and highest Trust
Continu'd from thy Cradle to thy Dust;
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
That (wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine.
But I'll resign, and follow thee as fast
As my unhappy Minutes will make hast.
'Till when the fresh Remembrances of thee
Shall be my Emblems of Mortality.
For such a loss as this (bright Soul!) is not
Ever to be repaired or forgot.

In Memory of that excellent^e Person Mrs. Mary Lloyd of Bodidrist in Denbighshire, who died Nov. 13. 1656. after she came thither from Pem-brokeshire.

I Cannot hold, for though to write were rude,
Yet to be silent were Ingratitude,

And Folly too; for if Posterity
Should never hear of such a one as thee,
And only know this Age's bruitish Fame,
They would think Virtue nothing but a Name.
And though far abler Pens must her define,
Yet her Adoption hath engaged mine:
And I must own where Merit shines so clear,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
Sprung from an ancient and an honour'd Stem,
Who lent her Lustre, and she paid it them;
Who still in great and noble things appear'd,
Whom all their Country lov'd, and yet they fear'd.
Match'd to another good and great as they,
Who did their Country both oblige and sway.
Behold her self, who had without dispute
More than both Families could contribute.
What early Beauty Grief and Age had broke,
Her lovely Reliques and her Off-spring spoke.
She was by Nature and her Parents Care
A Woman long before most others are.
But yet that antedated Season she
Improv'd to Virtue, not to Liberty.
For she was still in either State of Life
Meek as a Virgin, Prudent as a Wife.
And she well knew, although so Young and Fair,
Justly to mix Obedience, Love and Care;
Whilst to her Children she did still appear
So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,

That

That they from her Rule and Example brought
A native Honour, which she stampt and taught.
Nor can a single Pen enough commend
So kind a Sister, and so clear a Friend.
A Wisdom from above did her secure,
Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever pure.
And if well-order'd Commonwealths must be
Patterns for ev'ry private Family,
Her House, rul'd by her Hand and by her Eye,
Might be a Pattern for a Monarchy.
Solomon's wisest Woman less could do ;
She built her House, but this preserv'd hers too.
She was so pious, that when she did die
She scarce chang'd Place, I'm sure not Company.
Her Zeal was primitive and practick too ;
She did believe, and pray, and read, and do.
A firm and equal Soul she had engrust,
Just ev'n to those that disoblig'd her most.
She grew to love those Wrongs she did receive
For giving her the Pow'r to forgive.
Her Alms I may admire, but not relate,
But her own *Works shall Praise her in the Gate.*
Her Life was Checker'd with afflictive Years,
And even her Comfort season'd in her Tears.
Scarce for a Husband's loss her Eyes were dry'd,
And that loss by her Children half supply'd,
When Heav'n was pleas'd not these dear Props t' afford,
But tore most off by Sickness or by Sword.

She, who in them could still their Father boast,
Was a fresh Widow ev'ry Son she lost.
Litigious Hands did her of Right deprive,
That after all 'twas Penance to survive.
She still these Griefs hath nobly undergone,
Which few support at all, but better none.
Such a submissive Greatness who can find?
A tender Heart with so resolv'd a Mind?
But she, though sensible, was still the same,
Of a resigned Soul, untainted Fame,
Nor were her Virtues coarsly set, for she
Out-did Example in Civility.
To bestow Blessings, to oblige, relieve,
Was all for which she could endure to live.
She had a Joy higher in doing good,
Than they to whom the Benefit accrû'd.
Though none of Honour had a quicker Sense,
Never had Woman more of Complaisance;
Yet lost it not in empty Forms, but still
Her Nature noble was, her Soul gentile.
And as in Youth she did attract, (for she
The Verdure had without the Vanity)
So she in Age was mild and grave to all,
Was not Morose, but was Majestical.
Thus from all other Women she had Skill
To draw their Good, but nothing of their Ill.
And since she knew the mad tumultuous World,
Saw Crowns revers'd, Temples to ruin hurl'd;

She

She in Retirement close to shine and burn,
As a bright Lamp shut in some *Roman Urn*.
At last, when spent with Sickness, Grief and *Age*,
Her Guardian Angel did her Death preface :
(So that by strong impulse she cheerfully
Dispensed Blessings, and went home to die ;
That so she might, when to that place remov'd,
Marry his Ashes whom she ever lov'd)
She dy'd, gain'd a Reward, and paid a Debt.
The Sun himself did never brighter set.
Happy were they that knew her and her end,
More happy they that did from her descend :
A double Blessing they may hope to have,
One she convey'd to them, and one she gave.
All that are hers are therefore sure to be
Blest by Inheritance and Legacy.
A Royal Birth had less Advantage been.
'Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.

To the truly competent Judge of Honour, Lucasia,
upon a scandalous Libel made by J. J.

HOnour, which differs Man from Man much more
Than Reason differ'd him from Beasts before,
Suffers this common Fate of all things good,
By the blind World to be misunderstood.

For

For as some Heathens did their Gods confine,
 While in a Bird or Beast they made their shrine;
 Depos'd their Deities to Earth, and then
 Offer'd them Rites that were too low for Men:
 So those who most to Honour sacrifice,
 Prescribe to her a mean and weak Disguise;
 Imprison her to others false Applause,
 And from Opinion do receive their Laws.
 While that inconstant Idol they implore,
 Which in one Breath can Murther and Adore.
 From hence it is that those who Honour court,
 (And place her in a popular Report)
 Do prostitute themselves to sordid Fate,
 And from their Being oft degenerate,
 And thus their Tenants too are low and bad,
 As if 'twere honourable to be Mad:
 Or that their Honour had concerned been
 But to conceal, not to forbear, a Sin.
 But Honour is more great and more sublime,
 Above the Battery of Fate or Time.
 We see in Beauty certain Airs are found,
 Which no one Grace can make, but all compound.
 Honour's to th'Mind as Beauty to the Sense,
 The fair result of mixed Excellence.
 As many Diamonds together lye,
 And dart one Lustre to amaze the Eye:
 So Honour is that bright Ætherial Ray
 Which many Stars doth in one Light display.

But

Poems on several Occasions.

But as that Beauty were as truly sweet,
Were there no Tongue to Praise, no Eye to see't;
And 'tis the Privilege of a native Spark,
To shed a constant Splendor in the Dark:
So Honour is its own Reward and End,
And satisfy'd within, cannot descend
To beg the Suffrage of a vulgar Tongue,
Which by commanding Virtue doth it wrong.
It is the Charter of a noble Action,
That the Performance giveth satisfaction.
Other things are below't; for from a Clown
Would any Conqueror receive his Crown?
'Tis restless Cowardice to be a Drudge
To an uncertain and unworthy Judge.
So the *Cameleon*, who lives on Air,
Is of all Creatures most inclin'd to fear.
But peaceable Reflections on the Mind
Will in a silent shade Contentment find.
Honour keeps Court at home, and doth not fear
To be condemn'd Abroad, if quitted there.
While I have this Retreat, 'tis not the Noise
Of Slander, though believ'd, can wrong my Joys.
There is advantage in't: for Gold uncoin'd
Had been unuseful, nor with Glory shin'd:
This stamp'd my Innocency in the Ore,
Which was as much, but not so bright, before.
'Till an *Alembick* wakes and outward draws,
The strength of Sweets lies sleeping in their Cause:

So

So this gave me an opportunity
To feed upon my own Integrity.
And tho' their Judgment I must still disclaim,
Who cannot give, nor take away a Fame :
Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing few,
Who dare be Just, and rip my Heart to you.

To Antenor, on a Paper of mine which J. J. threatens to Publish to prejudice him.

MUST then my Crimes become thy Scandal too?
Why, sure the Devil hath not much to do.
The weakness of the other Charge is clear,
When such a trifle must bring up the Rear.
But this is mad Design, for who before
Lost his Repute upon another's score ?
My Love and Life I must confess are thine,
But not my Errors, they are only mine.
And if my Faults must be for thine allow'd,
It will be hard to dissipate the Cloud :
For Eve's Rebellion did not *Adam* blast,
Until himself forbidden Fruit did taste.
'Tis possible this Magazine of Hell
(Whose Name would turn a Verse into a spell,
Whose Mischief is congenial to his Life)
May yet enjoy an honourable Wife.
Nor let his ill be reckon'd as her blame,
Nor yet my Follies blast *Antenor's* Name.

But

But if those Lines a Punishment could call
Lasting and Great as this dark Lanthorn's Gall ;
Alone I'd court the Torments with content,
To testifie that thou art Innocent.

So if my Ink through Malice prov'd a stain,
My Blood should justly wash it off again.
But since that Mint of slander could invent
To make so dull a Rhime his Instrument,
Let Verse revenge the Quarrel. But he's worse
Than Wishes, and below a Poet's Curse ;
And more than this, Wit knows not how to give,
Let him be still himself, and let him live.

Rosania shadowed, whilst Mrs. Mary Awbrey.

IF any could my dear *Rosania* hate,
They only should her Character relate.
Truth shines so bright there, that an Enemy
Would be a better Orator than I.
Love stifles Language, and I must confess,
I had said more, if I had loved less.
Yet the most critical who that Face see
Will ne'er suspect a partiality.
Others by Time and by Degrees perswade,
But her first Look doth ev'ry Heart invade.
She hath a Face so eminently bright,
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite :

A Face where Conquest mixt with Modesty
Are both compleated in Divinity.

Not her least Glance but sets a Heart on Fire,
And checks it if it should too much aspire.
Such is the Magick of her Looks, the same
Beam doth both kindle and refine our Flame.
If she doth smile, no Painter e'er would take
Another Rule when he would Mercy make,
And Heav'n to her such Splendor hath allow'd,
That no one posture can her Beauty cloud :
For if she frown, none but would fancy then
Justice descended here to punish Men.

Her common Looks I know not how to call
Any one Grace, they are compos'd of all.
And if we Mortals could the Doctrine reach,
Her Eyes have Language, and her Looks do teach.
And as in Palaces the outmost, worst
Rooms entertain our Wonder at the first ;
But once within the Presence-Chamber Door,
We do despise what e'er we saw before :
So when you with her Mind acquaintance get,
You'l hardly think upon the Cabinet.
Her Soul, that Ray shot from the Deity,
Doth still preserve its native Purity ;
Which Earth can neither threaten nor allure,
Nor by false Joys defile it, or obscure.
The Innocence which in her Heart doth dwell,
Angels themselves can only parallel.

More

More gently soft than in an Evening-show'r :
And in that Sweetness there is coucht a Pow'r,
Which scorning Pride, doth think it very hard
That Modesty shoud need so mean a Guard.
Her Honour is protected by her Eyes,
As the old Flaming Sword kept Paradise.
Such Constancy of Temper, Truth and Law,
Guides all her Actions, that the World may draw
From her own Soul the noblest Precedent
Of the most safe, wise, virtuous Government.
And as the highest Element is clear
From all the Tempests which disturb the Air :
So she above the World, and its rude Noise,
Above our Storms, a quiet Calm enjoys.
Transcendent Things her noble Thoughts sublime,
Above the Faults and Trifles of the Time.
Unlike those Gallants which take far less Care
To have their Souls, than make their Bodies fair ;
Who (sick with too much leisure) Time do pass
With these two Books, Pride, and a Looking-glaſs :
Plot to surprise Mens Hearts, their Pow'r to try,
And call that Love, which is meer Vanity.
But ſhe, although the greatest Murtherer,
(For ev'ry Glance commits a Maſſacre)
Yet glories not that Slaves her Pow'r confeſſs,
But wishes that her Monarchy were leſſ.
And if ſhe Love, it is not thrown away,
As many do, only to ſpend the Day ;

But

But hers is serious, and enough alone
 To make all Love become Religion.
 And to her Friendship she so faithful is,
 That 'tis her only Blot and Prejudice :
 For Envy's-self could never Error see
 Within that Soul, 'bating her Love to me.
 Now as I must confess the Name of Friend
 To her that all the World doth comprehend
 Is a most wild Ambition ; so for me
 To draw her Picture is flat Lunacy.
 Oh ! I must think the rest ; for who can Write
 Or into Words confine what's Infinite ?

*To the Queen of Inconstancy, Regina Collier,
 in Antwerp.*

I.

UNworthy, since thou hast decreed
 Thy Love and Honour both shall bleed,
 My Friendship could not chuse to die
 In better Time or Company.

II.

What thou hast got by this Exchange
 Thou wilt preceive, when the Revenge
 Shall by those Treacheries be made,
 For which our Faith thou hast betray'd.

III.

When thy Idolaters shall be
 True to themselves, and false to thee,

Thou'l

Thou'l see that in Heart-merchandise,
Value, not Number, makes the Price.

IV.

Live to that Day, my Innocence
Shall be my Friendship's just Defence :
For this is all the World can find,
While thou wert Noble, I was Kind.

V.

The desp'rare Game that thou dost play
At private Ruins cannot stay ;
The horrid Treach'ry of that Face
Will sure undo its native Place.

VI.

Then let the *Frenchmen* never fear
The Victory while thou art there :
For if Sins will call Judgments down,
Thou hast enough to stock the Town.

To my Excellent Lucasia, on our Friendship.

I Did not live until this time
Crown'd my Felicity,
When I could say without a Crime,
I am not thine, but Thee.

This Carcass breath'd, and walk'd, and slept,
So that the World believ'd
There was a Soul the Motions kept ;
But they were all deceiv'd.

For as a Watch by Art is wound
 To Motion, such was mine :
 But never had *Orinda* found
 A Soul 'till she found thine ;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
 And guides my darkned Breast :
 For thou art all that I can prize,
 My Joy, my Life, my Rest.

No Bridegroom's nor Crown-conqu'ror's Mirth
 To mine compar'd can be :
 They have but pieces of this Earth,
 I've all the World in thee.

Then let our Flames still light and shine,
 And no false Fear controul,
 As innocent as our Design,
 Immortal as our Soul.

Rosania's Private Marriage.

IT was a wise and kind Design of Fate,
 That none should this day's Glory celebrate :
 For 'twere in vain to keep a Time which is
 Above the reach of all Solemnities.
 The greatest Actions pass without a Noise,
 And Tumults but prophane diviner Joys.

Silence

Silence with Things transcendent nearest suits,
The greatest Emperors are serv'd by Mutes.
And as in ancient Time the Deities
To their own Priests reveal'd no Mysteries
Until they were from all the World retir'd,
And in some Cave made fit to be inspir'd.
So when *Rosania* (who hath them out-vy'd,
And with more Justice might be Deify'd ;
Who if she had their Rites and Altars, we
Should hardly think it were Idolatry)
Had found a Breast that did deserve to be
Receptacle of her Divinity ;
It was not fit the gazing World should know
When she convey'd her self to him, or how.
An Eagle safely may behold the Sun,
When weak Eyes are with too much Light undone.
Now as in Oracles were understood,
Not the Priest's only, but the common good :
So her great Soul would not imparted be,
But in design of general Charity.
She now is more diffusive than before ;
And what Men then admir'd, they now adore.
For this Exchange makes not her Power less,
But only fitter for the World's Address.
May then that Mind (which if we will admit
The Universe one Soul, must sure be it)
Inform this All, (which, 'till she shin'd out, lay
As drowsie Men do in a cloudy Day)

And Honour, Virtue, Reason so dispence,
 That all may owe them to her Influence :
 And while this Age is thus employ'd, may she
 Scatter new Blessings for Posterity.
 I dare not any other Wish prefer,
 For only her bestowing adds to her.
 And to a Soul so in her self compleat
 As would be wrong'd by any Epithete,
 Whose Splendor's fix'd unto her chosen Sphere,
 And fill'd with Love and Satisfaction there,
 What can increase the Triumph, but to see
 The World her Convert and her History ?

Injuria Amicitiae.

IOVELY Apostate ! What was my Offence ?
 Or am I punish'd for Obedience ?
 Must thy strange Rigor find as strange a Time
 The Act and Season are an equal Crime.
 Of what thy most ingenious Scorns could do
 Must I be Subject and Spectator too ?
 Or were the Sufferings and Sins too few
 To be sustain'd by me, perform'd by you ?
 Unless (with *Nero*) your uncurb'd Desire
 Be to survey the *Rome* you set on Fire.
 While wounded for and by your Power, I
 At once your Martyr and your Prospect die.
 This is my Doom, and such a ridling Fate
 As all Impossibles doth complicate.

For

For Obligation here is Injury,
Constancy Crime, Friendship a Heresie.
And you appear so much on Ruin bent,
Your own Destruction gives you now Content :
For our twin-Spirits did so long agree,
You must undo your self to ruin me.
And, like some Frantick Goddess, you're inclin'd,
To raze the Temple where you are enshrin'd.
And, what's the Miracle of Cruelty,
Kill that which gave you Immortality. [springs,
While glorious Friendship, whence your Honour
Lies gasping in the Crowd of common Things ;
And I'm so odious, that for being kind
Doubled and studied Murthers are design'd.
Thy Sin's all Paradox, for should'st thou be
Thy self again, th' would'st be severe to me.
For thy Repentance coming now so late,
Would only change, and not relieve my Fate.
So dangerous is the Consequence of Ill,
Thy least of Crimes is to be cruel still.
For of thy Smiles I should yet more complain,
If I should live to be betray'd again.
Live then (fair Tyrant) in Security,
From both my Kindness and Revenge be free ;
While I, who to the Swains had sung thy Fame,
And taught each Echo to repeat thy Name,
Will now my private Sorrow entertain,
To Rocks and Rivers, not to thee, complain.

And tho' before our Union cherish'd me,
 Tis now my Pleasure that we disagree.
 For from my Passion your last Rigour grew,
 And you kill'd me because I worship'd you.
 But my worst Vows shall be your Happiness,
 And not to be disturb'd by my Distress.
 And tho' it would my sacred Flames pollute,
 To make my Heart a scorned Prostitute ;
 Yet I'll adore the Author of my Death,
 And kiss the Hand that robs me of my Breath.

To Regina Collier, on her Cruelty to Philaster.

TRiumphant Queen of Scorn ! How ill doth fit
 In all that Sweetness, such injurious Wit ?
 Unjust and Cruel ! What can be your Prize,
 To make one Heart a double Sacrifice ?
 Where such ingenious Rigour you do shew,
 To break his Heart, you break his Image too ;
 And by a Tyranny that's strange and new,
 You Murther him because he Worships you.
 No Pride can raiſe you, or can make him start,
 Since Love and Honour doth enrich his Heart.
 Be Wise and Good, leſt when Fate will be juſt,
 She ſhould o'erthrow thoſe Glories in the Duff,
 Rifie your Beauties, and you thus forlorn
 Make a cheap Victim to another's scorn ;
 And in thoſe Fetters which you do upbraid,
 Your ſelf a wretched Captive may be made.

Redeem

Redeem the poison'd Age, let it be seen
There's no such Freedom as to serve a Queen.
But you, I see, are lately Round-head grown,
And whom you vanquish you insult upon.

To Philaster, on his Melancholy for Regina.

Give over now thy Tears, thou vain
And double Murtherer ;
For ev'ry Minute of thy Pain
Wounds both thy self and her.
Then leave this Dulness ; for 'tis our belief,
Thy Queen must Cure, or not deserve, thy Grief.

Philoclea's Parting.

Kinder than a condemned Man's Reprieve
Was your dear Company that bad me live.
When by *Rosania's* Silence I had been
The wretched'ſt Martyr any Age hath seen.
But as when Traitors faint upon the Rack,
Tormentors strive to call their Spirits back ;
Not out of kindness to preserve their Breath,
But to increase the Torments of their Death :
So was I raised to this glorious State,
To make my fall the more unfortunate.
But this I know, none ever dy'd before
Upon a sadder or a nobler score.

To Rosania, now Mrs. Mountague, being with her.

I.

AS Men that are with Visions grac'd
Must have all other Thoughts displac'd,
And buy those short descents of Light
With loss of Sense ; or Spirit's flight :

II.

So since thou wert my Happiness,
I could not hope the rate was less ;
And thus the Vision which I gain
Is short t'enjoy, and hard t'attain.

III.

Ah then ! what a poor Trifle's all
That thing which here we Pleasure call,
Since what our very Souls hath cost
Is hardly got, and quickly lost ?

IV.

Yet is there Justice in the Fate ;
For should we dwell in blest Estate,
Our Joys thereby would so inflame,
We should forget from whence we came.

V.

If this so sad a Doom can quit
Me for the Follies I commit ;
Let no Estrangement on thy part
Add a new Ruin to my Heart.

VI. When

VI.

When on my self I do reflect,
I can no Smile from thee expect:
But if thy Kindness hath no Plea,
Some Freedom grant for Charity.

VII.

Else the just World must needs deny
Our Friendship an Eternity:
This Love will ne'er that Title hold;
For mine's too hot, and thine too cold.

VIII.

Divided Rivers lose their Name;
And so our too unequal Flame
Parted, will Passion be in me,
And an Indifference in thee.

IX.

Thy absence I could easier find,
Provided thou wert well and kind,
Than such a Presence as is this,
Made up of snatches of my Bliss.

X.

So when the Earth long gasps for Rain,
If she at last some new Drops gain,
She is more parched than at first;
That small Recruit increas'd the Thirst.

To my LUCASIA.

LET dull Philosophers enquire no more
In Nature's Womb, or Causes strive t'explore,
By what strange Harmony and course of things
Each Body to the whole a Tribute brings;
What secret Unions secret Neigh'b'ring make,
And of each other how they do partake.
These are but low Experiments: but he
That Nature's Harmony intire would see,
Must search agreeing Souls, sit down and view
How sweet the Mixture is, how full, how true;
By what soft touches Spirits greet and kifs,
And in each other can complete their Blis.
A Wonder so sublime, it will admit
No rude Spectator to contemplate it.
The Object will refine, and he that can
Friendship revere must be a noble Man.
How much above the common rate of Things
Must they then be from whom this Union springs?
But what's all this to me, who live to be
Disprover of my own Mortality?
And he that knew my unimproved Soul,
Would say I meant all Friendship to controul.
But Bodies move in time, and so must Minds;
And though th'Attempt no easie Progress finds,

Yet

Yet quit me not, lest I should desp'rate grow,
And to such Friendship add some Patience now.
O may good Heav'n but so much Virtue lend,
To make me fit to be *Lucafia's* Friend!
But I'll forsake my self, and seek a new
Self in her Breast, that's far more rich and true.
Thus the poor Bee unmark'd doth hum and flye,
And droan'd with Age would unregarded dye,
Unless some lucky drop of precious Gum
Do bless the Insect with an Amber Tomb.
Then glorious in its Funeral the Bee
Gets Eminence, and gets Eternity.

On Controversies in Religion.

Religion, which true Policy befriends,
Design'd by God to serve Man's noblest ends,
Is by that old Deceiver's subtle Play
Made the chief Party in its own decay,
And meets that Eagle's destiny, whose Breast
Felt the same shaft which his own Feathers drest.
For that great Enemy of Souls perceiv'd,
The notion of a Deity was weav'd
So closely in Man's Soul; to ruin that,
He must at once the World depopulate.
But as those Tyrants who their Wills pursue,
If they expound old Laws, need make no new:

So he advantage takes of Nature's Light,
And raises that to a bare useless height;
Or while we seek for Truth, he in the Quest
Mixes a Passion, or an Interest,
To make us lose it; that, I know not how,
'Tis not our Practice, but our Quarrel now.
As in the Moon's Eclipse some Pagans thought
Their barb'rous Clamours her Deliv'rance wrought:
So we suppose that Truth oppressed lies,
And needs a Rescue by our Enmities.
But 'tis Injustice, and the Mind's Disease,
To think of gaining Truth by losing Peace.
Knowledge and Love, if true, do still unite;
God's Love and Knowledge are both Infinite.
And though indeed Truth does delight to lye
At some Remoteness from a common Eye;
Yet 'tis not in a Thunder or a Noise,
But in soft Whispers and the stiller Voice.
Why should we then Knowledge so rudely treat,
Making our Weapon what was meant our Meat?
'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel so;
The Soul that's dark will be contracted too.
Chimæra's make a Noise, swelling and vain,
And soon resolve to their own Smoak again.
But a true Light the Spirit doth dilate,
And robs it of its proud and sullen State;
Makes Love admir'd because 'tis understood,
And makes us Wise because it makes us Good.

'Tis

'Tis to a right Prospect of things that we
Owe our Uprightnes and our Charity.

For who resists a Beam when shining bright,
Is not a Sinner of a common height.

That State's a Forfeiture, and Helps are spent,
Not more a Sin, than 'tis a Punishment.

The Soul which sees things in their native Frame,
Without Opinion's Mask or Custom's Name,
Cannot be clogg'd to Sense, or count that high
Which hath its Estimation from a Lie.

(Mean fordid Things, which by mistake we prize,
And absent covet, but enjoy'd despise.)

But scorning these hath robb'd them of their Art,
Either to swell or to subdue the Heart;

And learn'd that gen'rous Frame to be above
The World in hopes, below it all in love:

Touch'd with Divine and Inward Life doth run,
Not resting 'till it hath its Centre won;
Moves steadily until it safe doth lye

I'th' Root of all its Immortality;

And resting here hath yet activity

To grow more like unto the Deity;

Good, Universal, Wise and Just as he,

(The same in kind, though diff'ring in degree)

'Till at the last 'tis swallow'd up, and grown
With God and with the whole Creation one;
It self, so small a part, i'th' whole is lost,
And Generals have Particulars engross'd.

That

That dark contracted Personality,
Like Mists before the Sun, will from it fie.
And then the Soul, one shining Sphere, at length
With true Love's Wisdom fill'd and purged Strength,
Beholds her highest Good with open Face,
And like him all the World she can embrace.

*To the Honour'd Lady E. C.**Madam,*

I Do not write to you that Men may know
How much I'm Honour'd that I may do so:
Nor hope (though I your rich Example give)
To write with more Success than I can live,
To cure the Age; nor think I can be just,
Who only dare to write, because I must.
I'm full of you, and something must expres,
To vent my Wonder, and your Pow'r confess.
Had I ne'er heard of your illustrious Name,
Nor known the *Scotch* or *English* ancient Fame;
Yet if your glorious Frame did but appear,
I could have soon read all your Grandeur there.
I could have seen in each majestick Ray
What Greatness Ancestors could e'er convey;
And in the Lustre of your Eyes alone,
How near you were allied to the Throne:

Which

Which yet doth lessen you, who cannot need
Those bright Advantages which you exceed.
For you are such, that your Descent from Kings
Receives more Honour from you than it brings :
As much above their Glories as our Toil.
A Court to you were but a handsom Foil.
And if we name the Stock on which you grew,
'Tis rather to do right to it than you :
For those that would your greatest Splendor see,
Must read your Soul more than your Pedigree.
For as the sacred Temple had without
Beauty to feed those Eyes that gaz'd about,
And yet had Riches, State, and Wonder more,
For those that stood within the shining Door ;
But in the Holy Place th' admitted few,
Lustre receiv'd and Inspiration too :
So tho' your Glories in your Face be seen,
And so much bright Instruction in your Meen ;
You are not known but where you will impart
The Treasures of your most Illustrious Heart.
Religion all her Odours sheds on you,
Who by obeying vindicate her too :
For that rich Beam of Heaven was almost
In nice Disputes and false Pretences lost ;
So doubly injur'd, she could scarce subsist
Betwixt the Hypocrite and Casuist ;
'Till you by great Example did convince
Us of her Nature and her Residence,

And

And chose to shew her Face, and ease her Grief,
Less by your Arguments than by your Life ;
Which, if it should be copied out, would be
A solid Body of Divinity.

Your Principle and Practice Light would give,
What we should do, and what we should believe :
For the extensive Knowledge you profess,
You do acquire with more Ease than confess.
And as by you Knowledge has thus obtain'd
To be refin'd, and then to be explain'd :
So in return she useful is to you,
In Practice and in Contemplation too.
For by the various Succours she hath lent,
You act with Judgment, and think with Content.
Yet those vast Parts with such a Temper meet,
That you can lay them at Religion's Feet.
Nor is it half so bold as it is true,
That Virtue is her self oblig'd to you :
For being drest in your subduing Charms,
She Conquers more than did the *Roman Arms*.
We see in you how much that Malice ly'd
That stuck on Goodness any sullen Pride ;
And that the harshness some Professors wear
Falls to their own, and not Religion's share.
But your bright Sweetness if it but appear,
Reclaims the bad, and softens the austere.
Men talk'd of Honour too, but could not tell
What was the Secret of that active Spell.

That beauteous Mantle they to divers lent,
Yet wonder'd what the mighty Nothing meant.
Some did confine her to a worthy Fame,
And some to Royal Parents gave her Name.
You having claim unto her either way,
By what a King could give, a World could pay;
Have a more living Honour in your Breast,
Which justifies, and yet obscures the rest;
A Principle from Fame and Pomp unty'd,
So truly high that it despises Pride;
Buying good Actions at the dearest rate,
Looks down on Ill with as much scorn as hate;
Acts things so generous and bravely hard,
And in obliging finds so much Reward;
So Self-denying great, so firmly just,
Apt to confer, strict to preserve a Trust;
That all whose Honour would be justify'd,
Must by your Standards have it stamp'd and try'd.
But your Perfection heightens others Crimes,
And you reproach while you inform the Times.
Which sad Advantage you will scarce believe;
Or if you must, you do conceal and grieve.
You scorn so poor a foil as others Ill,
And are Protector to th' unhappy still;
Yet are so tender when you see a Spot,
You blush for those who for themselves could not.
You are so much above your Sex, that we
Believe your Life your greatest Courteſie:

For Women boast, they have you while you live
A Pattern and a Representative.
And future Mothers who in Child-birth groan,
Shall wish for Daughters, knowing you are one.
The World hath Kings whose Crowns are cemented
Or by the Blood they boast, or that they shed :
Yet these great Idols of the stooping crew
Have neither Pleasure sound, nor Honour true.
They either fight, or play ; and Power court,
In trivial Anger, or in cruel Sport.
You, who a nobler Privilege enjoy,
(For you can save whom they can but destroy)
An Empire have where different mixtures kifs ;
You're grave, not sour, and kind, but not remiss.
Such sweetned Majesty, such humble State,
Do Love and Reverence at once create.
Pardon (dear Madam) these untaught Essays,
I can admire more fitly than I praise.
Things so sublime are dimly understood,
And you are born so Great, and are so Good,
So much above the Honour of your Name,
And by neglect do so secure your Fame ;
Whose Beauty's such as captivates the Wise,
Yet only you of all the World despise ;
That have so vast a Knowledge so subdu'd,
Religion so adorn'd, and so pursu'd ;
A Wit so strong, that who would it define,
Will need one ten times more Acute than mine ;

Yes

Yet rul'd so that its Vigour manag'd thus
Becomes at once graceful and generous ;
Whose Honour has so delicate a Sense,
Who always pardon, never give Offence ;
Who needing nothing, yet to all are kind ;
Who have so large a Heart, so rich a Mind ;
Whose Friendship still's of the obliging side,
And yet so free from Tyranny and Pride ;
Who do in love like *Jonathan* descend,
And strip your self to cloath your happy Friend ;
Whose Kindness and whose Modesty is such,
T' expect so little, and deserve so much ;
Who have such candid Worth, such dear Conc'e
Where we so much may Love, and so much Learn ;
Whose ev'ry wonder tho' it fills and shines,
It never to an ill Excess declines ;
But all are found so sweetly opposite,
As are in *Titian's* Pieces Shade and Light :
That he that would your gteat Description try,
Tho' he write well, would be as lost as I ;
Who of injurious Zeal convicted stand,
To draw you with so bold and bad a Hand ;
But that, like other Glories, I presume
You will enlighten, where you might consume.

Parting with Lucia. A Song.

I.

WELL, we will do that rigid thing
 Which makes Spectators think we part;
 Though Absence hath for none a Sting
 But those who keep each other's Heart.

II.

And when our Sense is dispossess,
 Our labouring Souls will heave and pant,
 And gasp for one another's Breast,
 Since their Conveyances they want.

III.

Nay, we have felt the tedious smart
 Of absent Friendship, and do know
 That when we die we can but part;
 And who knows what we shall do now?

IV.

Yet I must go: we will submit,
 And so our own Disposers be;
 For while we nobly suffer it,
 We triumph o'er Necessity.

V.

By this we shall be truly great,
 If having other things o'ercome,
 To make our Victory compleat
 We can be Conquerors at home.

VI. Nay

VI.

Nay then to meet we may conclude,
And all Obstructions overthrow,
Since we our Passion have subdu'd,
Which is the strongest thing I know.

Against Pleasure. Set by Dr. Coleman.

I.

THERE's no such thing as Pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect Cheat,
Which do's but shine and disappear,
Whose Charm is but Deceit:
The empty Bribe of yielding Souls,
Which first betrays, and then controuls.

II.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The Fruit of *Sodom* will impair,
And perish at a touch:
In Being than in Fancy less,
And we expect more than posses.

III.

For by our Pleasures we are cloy'd,
And so Desire is done;
Or else, like Rivers, they make wide
The Channel where they run:

And either way true Bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our Joys.

IV.

We covet Pleasure easily,
But it not so possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less.

Nay, were our State as we could chuse it,
I'would be consum'd by fear to lose it.

V.

What art thou then, thou winged Air,
More weak and swift than Fame?
Whose next Successor is Despair,
And its Attendant Shame.
Th'Experience-Prince then Reason had,
Who said of Pleasure, *It is mad.*

A P R A Y E R.

Eternal Reason, Glorious Majesty,
Compar'd to whom what can be said to be?
Whose Attributes are Thee, who art alone
Cause of all various Things, and yet but one;
Whose Essence can no more be search'd by Man,
Than Heav'n thy Throne be grasped with a Span.
Yet if this great Creation was design'd
To several ends fitted for ev'ry kind;

Sure

Sure Man (the World's Epitome must be
Form'd to the best, that is, to study thee.
And as our Dignity, 'tis Duty too,
Which is sum'd up in this, to know and do.
These comely rows of Creatures spell thy Name,
Whereby we grope to find from whence they came,
By thy own Chain of Causes brought to think
There must be one, then find that highest Link.
Thus all created Excellence we see
Is a resemblance faint and dark of thee.
Such Shadows are produc'd by the Moon-beams
Of Trees or Houses in the running Streams.
Yet by Impressions born with us we find
How good, great, just thou art, how unconfin'd.
Here we are swallow'd up and gladly dwell,
Safely adoring what we cannot tell.
All we know is, thou art supremely good,
And dost delight to be so understood.
A spicy Mountain on the Universe,
On which thy richest Odours do disperse.
But as the Sea to fill a Vessel heaves
More greedily than any Cask receives,
Besieging round to find some gap in it,
Which will a new Infusion admit:
So dost thou covet that thou mayst dispence
Upon the empty World thy Influence;
Lov'st to disburse thy self in Kindness: Thus
The King of Kings waits to be gracious.

On this account, O God, enlarge my Heart
To entertain what thou wouldest fain impart.
Nor let that Soul, by several Titles thine,
And most capacious form'd for things Divine,
(So nobly meant, that when it most doth miss,
'Tis in mistaken Pantings after Bliss)
Degrade it self in sordid things delight,
Or by prophaner Mixtures lose its right.
Oh! that with fixt unbroken Thoughts it may
Admire the Light which does obscure the day.
And since 'tis Angels work it hath to do,
May its composure be like Angels too.
When shall these clogs of Sense and Fancy break,
That I may hear the God within me speak,
When with a silent and retired Art
Shall I with all this empty hurry part?
To the still Voice above, my Soul, advance;
My Light and Joy plac'd in his Countenance.
By whose dispence my Soul to such frame brought,
May tame each treach'rous, fix each scatt'ring thought;
With such distinctions all things here behold,
And so to separate each Dross from Gold,
That nothing my free Soul may satisfie,
But t'imitate, enjoy, and study thee.

To Mrs. M. A. upon Absence.

I.

TIS now since I began to die
Four Months, yet still I gasping live;
Wrapp'd up in Sorrow do I lie,
Hoping, yet doubting, a Reprieve.
Adam from Paradise expell'd
Just such a wretched Being held.

II.

'Tis not thy Love I fear to lose,
That will in spight of absence hold;
But 'tis the benefit and use
Is lost, as in imprison'd Gold:
Which though the Sum be ne'er so great,
Enriches nothing but Conceit.

III.

What angry Star then governs me
That I must feel a double smart,
Prisoner to Fate as well as thee;
Kept from thy Face, link'd to thy Heart?
Because my Love all Love excells,
Must my Grief have no Parallel?

IV.

Sapless and dead as Winter here
I now remain, and all I see

Copies

Copies of my wild State appear,
But I am their Epitome.

Love me no more, for I am grown
Too dead and dull for thee to own.

To Mrs. Mary Awbrey.

Soul of my Soul, my Joy, my Crown, my Friend,
A Name which all the rest doth comprehend;
How Happy are we now, whose Souls are grown
By an incomparable Mixture one:
Whose well-acquainted Minds are now as near
As Love, or Vows, or Friendship can endear?
I have no Thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
Nor thou desire that is from me conceal'd.
Thy Heart locks up my Secrets richly set,
And my Breast is thy private Cabinet.
Thou shed'st no Tear but what my Moisture lent,
And if I sigh, it is thy Breath is spent.
United thus, what Horror can appear
Worthy our Sorrow, Anger, or our Fear?
Let the dull World alone to talk and fight,
And with their vast Ambitions Nature fright;
Let them despise so innocent a Flame,
While Envy, Pride and Faction play their Game;
But we by Love sublim'd so high shall rise,
To pity Kings, and Conquerors despise,

Simeon

Since we that sacred Union have engrost
Which they and all the factious World have lost.

In Memory of Mr. Cartwright.

STAY, Prince of Fancy, stay, we are not fit
To welcome or admire thy Raptures yet:
Such horrid Ignorance benights the Times,
That Wit and Honour are become our Crimes.
But when those happy Pow'rs which guard thy Dust
To us and to thy Mem'ry shall be just,
And by a Flame from thy blest Genius lent
Rescue us from our dull Imprisonment,
Unsequester our Fancies, and create
A Worth that may upon thy Glories wait:
We then shall understand thee, and descry
The Splendor of restored Poetry.
'Till when let no bold Hand profane thy Shrine,
'Tis high Wit-Treason to debase thy Coin.

Mr. Francis Finch, the Excellent Palæmon.

THIS is confess Presumption, for had I
All that rich Stock of Ingenuity
Which I could wish for this, yet would it be
Palæmon's Blot, a pious Injury.

But

But as no Votaries are scorn'd, when they
The meanest Victim in Religion pay ;
Not that the Pow'r they worship needs a Gum,
But that they speak their Thanks for all with some :
So though the most contemptible of all
That do themselves *Palæmon's Servants* call,
I know that Zeal is more than Sacrifice,
(For God did not the Widow's Mite despise,)
And that *Palæmon* hath Divinity,
And Mercy is his highest Property :
He that doth such transcendent Merit own,
Must have imperfect Offerings or none.
He's one rich Lustre which doth Rays dispense,
As Knowledge will when set in Innocence.
For Learning did select his noble Breast,
Where (in her native Majesty) to rest ;
Free from the Tyranny and Pride of Schools,
Who have confin'd her to pedantick Rules ;
And that gentiler Error which does take
Offence at Learning for her Habit's sake :
Palæmon hath redeem'd her, who may be
Esteem'd himself an University ;
And yet so much a Gentleman, that he
Needs not (though he enjoys) a Pedigree.
Sure he was built and sent to let us know
What Man compleated could both be and do.
Freedom from Vice is in him Nature's part,
Without the help of Discipline or Art.

He's

He's his own Happiness and his own Law,
Whereby he keeps Passion and Fate in awe.
Nor was this wrought in him by Time and Growth,
His Genius had anticipated both.
Had all Men been *Palæmons*, Pride had ne'er
Taught one Man Tyranny, the other Fear;
Ambition had been full as Monstrous then
As this ill World doth render worthy Men.
Had Men his Spirit, they would soon forbear
Groveling for Dirt, and quarrelling for Air.
Were his harmonious Soul diffus'd in all,
We should believe that Men did never fall.
It is *Palæmon's* Soul that hath engrost
Th' ingenuous Candor that the World hath lost;
Whose one Mind seats him quiet, safe and high,
Above the reach of Time or Destiny.
'Twas he that rescu'd gasping Friendship, when
The Bell toll'd for her Funeral with Men:
'Twas he that made Friends more than Lovers burn,
And then made Love to sacred Friendship turn:
'Twas he turn'd Honour inward, set her free
From Titles and from Popularity.
Now fix'd to Virtue she begs Praise of none,
But Witness'd and Rewarded both at home.
And in his Breast this Honour's so enshrin'd,
As the old Law was in the Ark confin'd:
To which Posterity shall all consent,
And less dispute than Acts of Parliament.

He's

He's our Original, by whom we see
How much we fail, and what we ought to be.
But why do I to Copy him pretend?
My Rymes but libel whom they would commend.
'Tis true; but none can reach what's set so high:
And though I miss, I've noble Company:
For the most happy Language must confess,
It doth obscure *Palæmon*, not expres.

To Mrs. M. A. at Parting.

I.

I Have examin'd, and do find,
Of all that favour me,
There's none I grieve to leave behirid
But only only thee.
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could Parting sep'rate thee and I.

II.

But neither Chance nor Compliment
Did element our Love;
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the Quire above.
That Friendship Fortune did create,
Still fears a Wound from Time or Fate.

III. Out

III.

Our chang'd and mingled Souls are grown
To such Acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
Alas! we know not how.

We have each other so engrost,
That each is in the Union lost.

IV.

And thus we can no Absence know,
Nor shall we be confin'd;
Our active Souls will daily go
To learn each others Mind.
Nay, should we never meet to Sense,
Our Souls would hold Intelligence.

V.

Inspir'd with a Flame Divine
I scorn to court a stay;
For from that noble Soul of thine
I ne'er can be away.
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve,
Nor can I dye whilst thou dost live.

VI.

By my own Temper I shall guess
At thy Felicity,
And only like my Happiness
Because it pleaseth thee.
Our Hearts at any time will tell
If thou, or I, be sick, or well.

VII. All

VII.

All Honour sure I must pretend,
 All that is Good or Great ;
 She that would be *Rosania's Friend*,
 Must be at least compleat.
 If I have any Bravery,
 'Tis cause I have so much of thee.

VIII.

Thy Leiger Soul in me shall lie,
 And all thy Thoughts reveal ;
 Then back again with mine shall flie,
 And thence to me shall steal.
 Thus still to one another tend ;
 Such is the sacred Name of *Friend*.

IX.

Thus our Twin-souls in one shall grow,
 And teach the World new Love,
 Redeem the Age and Sex, and shew
 A Flame Fate dares not move :
 And courting Death to be our Friend,
 Our Lives together too shall end.

X.

A Dew shall dwell upon our Tomb
 Of such a Quality,
 That fighting Armies, thither come,
 Shall reconciled be.
 We'll ask no Epitaph, but say
ORINDA and ROSANIA.

To

To my dearest Antenor, on his Parting.

THough it be just to grieve, when I must part
With him that is the Guardian of my Heart;
Yet, by an happy change, the loss of mine
Is with advantage paid in having thine.
And I (by that dear Guest instructed) find
Absence can do no hurt to Souls combin'd.
As we were born to Love, brought to agree
By the Impressions of Divine Decree:
So when united nearer we became,
It did not weaken, but encrease, our Flame.
Unlike to those who distant Joys admire,
But slight them when possest of their Desire:
Each of our Souls did its own Temper fit,
And in the other's Mould so fashion'd it,
That now our Inclinations both are grown,
Like to our Interests and Persons, one;
And Souls whom such an Union fortifies,
Passion can ne'er destroy, nor Fate surprize.
Now as in Watches, though we do not know
When the Hand moves, we find it still doth go:
So I, by secret Sympathy inclin'd,
Will absent meet, and understand thy Mind;
And thou at thy return shalt find thy Heart
Still safe, with all the Love thou didst impart.

H

For

For though that Treasure I have ne'er deserv'd,
 It shall with strong Religion be preserv'd.
 And besides this thou shalt in me survey
 Thy self reflected while thou art away.
 For what some forward Arts do undertake,
 The Images of absent Friends to make,
 And represent their Actions in a Glass,
 Friendship it self can only bring to pass,
 That Magick which both Fate and Time beguiles,
 And in a moment runs a thousand Miles.
 So in my Breast thy Picture drawn shall be,
 My Guide, Life, Object, Friend, and Destiny :
 And none shall know, though they employ their Wit,
 Which is the right *Antenor*, thou, or it.

Engraven on Mr. John Collier's Tomb stone at Bedlington.

HEre what remains of him doth lye,
 Who was the World's Epitome,
 Religion's Darling, Merchants Glory,
 Mens true Delight, and Virtue's Story ;
 Who, though a Pris'ner to the Grave,
 A glorious Freedom once shall have:
 'Till when no Monument is fit,
 But what's beyond our Love and Wit.

On

On the little Regina Collier, on the same Tomb-stone.

Virtue's Blossom, Beauty's Bud,
The Pride of all that's fair and good,
By Death's fierce Hand was snatched hence
In her State of Innocence:
Who by it this Advantage gains,
Her Wages got without her Pains.

FRIENDSHIP.

LET the dull brutish World that know not Love
Continue Hereticks, and disapprove
That noble Flame; but the refined know
'Tis all the Heav'n we have here below.
Nature subsists by Love, and they do tie
Things to their Causes but by Sympathy.
Love chains the diff'rent Elements in one
Great Harmony, link'd to the heav'nly Throne.
And as on Earth, so the blest Quire above
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd by Love;
That is their Business and Felicity,
And will be so to all Eternity.
That is the Ocean, our Affections here
Are but Streams borrow'd from the Fountain there.

And 'tis the noblest Argument to prove
A beauteous Mind, that it knows how to Love.
Those kind Impressions which Fate can't controul,
Are Heav'n's Mintage on a worthy Soul.
For Love is all the Arts Epitome,
And is the Sum of all Divinity.
He's worse than Beast that cannot Love, and yet
It is not bought for Mony, Pains or Wit;
For no chance or design can Spirits move,
But the eternal Destiny of Love:
And when two Souls are chang'd and mixed so,
It is what they and none but they can do.
This, this is Friendship, that abstracted Flame
Which groveling Mortals know not how to name.
All Love is sacred, and the Marriage-tie
Hath much of Honour and Divinity.
But Lust, Design, or some unworthy ends
May mingle there, which are despis'd by Friends.
Passion hath violent Extreams, and thus
All Oppositions are contiguous.
So when the end is serv'd their Love will bate,
If Friendship make it not more fortunate:
Friendship, that Love's Elixir, that pure Fire
Which burns the clearer 'cause it burns the higher.
For Love, like earthly Fires (which will decay
If the material Fuel be away)
Is with offensive Smoke accompany'd,
And by resistance only is supply'd:

But

But Friendship, like the fiery Element,
With its own Heat and Nourishment content,
Where neither Hurt, nor Smoke, nor Noise is made,
Scorns the assistance of a foreign Aid.
Friendship (like Heraldry) is hereby known,
Richest when plainest, bravest when alone;
Calm as a Virgin, and more Innocent
Than sleeping Doves are, and as much content
As Saints in Visions; quiet as the Night,
But clear and open as the Summer's Light;
United more than Spirits Faculties,
Higher in Thoughts than are the Eagle's Eyes;
What shall I say? when we true Friends are grown,
W're like—Alas, w're like our selves alone.

The ENQUIRY.

I.

IF we no old Historian's Name
Authentick will admit,
But think all said of Friendship's Fame
But Poetry or Wit:
Yet what's rever'd by Minds so pure
Must be a bright Idea sure.

II.

But as our Immortality
By inward Sense we find,

Judging that if it cou'd not be,
 It wou'd not be design'd:
 So here how cou'd such Copies fall,
 If there were no Original?

III.

But if Truth be in ancient Song,
 Or Story we believe,
 If the inspir'd and graver Throng
 Have scorned to deceive;
 There have been Hearts whose Friendship gave
 Them Thoughts at once both soft and brave.

IV.

Among that consecrated Few,
 Some more Seraphick Shade
 Lend me a favourable Clew
 Now Mists my Eyes invade.
 Why, having fill'd the World with Fame,
 Left you so little of your Flame?

V.

Why is't so difficult to see
 Two Bodies and one Mind ?
 And why are those who else agree
 So differently kind ?
 Hath Nature such fantastick Art,
 That she can vary ev'ry Heart ?

VI. Why

VI.

Why are the Bands of Friendship ty'd
With so remiss a Knot,
That by the most it is defy'd,
And by the rest forgot?
Why do we step with so light Sense
From Friendship to Indifference.

VII.

If Friendship Sympathy impart,
Why this ill-shuffled Game,
That Heart can never meet with Heart,
Or Flame encounter Flame?
What does this Cruelty create?
Is't the Intrigue of Love or Fate?

VIII.

Had Friendship ne'er been known to Men,
(The Ghost at last confess)
The World had been a Stranger then
To all that Heav'n possest.
But could it all be here acquir'd,
Not Heav'n it self would be desir'd.

To my *Lucasia*, in Defence of declar'd Friendship.

I.

O *My Lucia*, let us speak our Love,
And think not that Impertinent can be,

Which to us both doth such Assurance prove,
And whence we find how justly we agree.

II.

Before we knew the Treasures of our Love,
Our noble Aims our Joys did entertain ;
And shall Enjoyment nothing then improve ?
'Twere best for us then to begin again.

III.

Now we have gain'd, we must not stop, and sleep
Out all the rest of our mysterious Reign :
It is as hard and glorious to keep
A Victory, as it is to obtain.

IV.

Nay to what end did we once barter Minds,
Only to know and to neglect the claim ?
Or (like some Wantons) our Pride Pleasure finds
To throw away the Thing at which we aim.

V.

If this be all our Friendship does Design,
We covet not Enjoyment then, but Pow'r :
To our Opinion we our Blis confine,
And love to have, but not to smell, the Flow'r.

VI.

Ah! then let Misers bury thus their Gold,
Who, tho' they starve, no Farthing will produce :
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
And sure we cannot spend our Stock by use.

VII.

VII.

Think not 'tis needless to repeat Desires ;
The fervent Turtles always Court and Bill,
And yet their spotless Passion never tires,
But does encrease by Repetition still.

VIII.

Altho' we know we Love, yet while our Soul
Is thus imprison'd by the Flesh we wear,
There's no way left that Bondage to controul,
But to convey Transactions thro' the Ear.

IX.

Nay, tho' we read our Passions in the Eye,
It will oblige and please to tell them too :
Such Joys as these by Motion multiply,
Were't but to find that our Souls told us true.

X.

Believe not then, that being now secure
Of either's Heart, we have no more to do :
The Spheres themselves by Motion do endure,
And they move on by Circulation too.

XI.

And as a River, when it once hath paid
The Tribute which it to the Ocean owes,
Stops not, but turns, and having curl'd and play'd
On its own Waves, the Shore it overflows.

XII.

So the Soul's Motion does not end in Bliss,
But on her self she scatters and dilates,

And

And on the Object doubles, 'till by this
She finds new Joys which that Reflux creates.

XIII.

But then because it cannot all contain,
It seeks a vent by telling the glad News,
First to the Heart which did its Joys obtain,
Then to the Heart which did those Joys produce.

XIV.

When my Soul then doth such Excursions make,
Unless thy Soul delight to meet it too,
What Satisfaction can it give or take,
Thou being absent at the Interview ?

XV.

'Tis not Distrust ; for were that Plea allow'd,
Letters and Visits all would useless grow :
Love's whole Expression then would be its Cloud,
And it would be refin'd to nothing so.

XVI.

If I distract, 'tis my own Worth for thee,
'Tis my own fitness for a Love like thine ;
And therefore still new Evidence would see,
T' assure my Wonder that thou canst be mine.

XVII.

But as the Morning-Sun to drooping Flow'rs,
As weary Travellers a Shade do find,
As to the parched Violet Evening-show'rs ;
Such is from thee to me a Look that's kind.

XVIII.

XVIII.

But when that Look is drest in Words, 'tis like
The mystick Pow'r of Musick's Unison ;
Which when the Finger doth one Viol strike,
The other's String heaves to Reflection.

XIX.

Be kind to me, and just then to our Love,
To which we owe our free and dear Converse ;
And let no Tract of Time wear or remove
It from the Privilege of that Commerce.

XX.

Tyrants do banish what they can't requite :
But let us never know such mean Desires ;
But to be grateful to that Love delight
Which all our Joys and noble Thoughts inspires.

A RESVERY.

A Chosen Privacy, a cheap Content,
A And all the Peace a Friendship ever lent,
A Rock which civil Nature made a Seat,
A Willow that repulses all the Heat,
The beauteous quiet of a Summer's-day,
A Brook which sobb'd aloud and ran away,
Invited my Repose, and then conspir'd
To entertain my Fancy thus retir'd.
As *Lucian's* Ferry-man aloft did view
The angry World, and then laugh'd at it too :

So

So all its fullen Follies seem to me
But as a too-well acted Tragedy.
One dangerous Ambition doth befool,
Another envies to see that Man Rule :
One makes his Love the Parent of his Rage,
For private Friendship publickly t'engage :
And some for Conscience, some for Honour die ;
And some are meanly kill'd they know not why.
More diff'rent than Mens Faces are their Ends,
Whom yet one common Ruin can make Friends.
Death, Dust and Darkness they have only won,
And hastily unto their Periods run.
Death is a Leveller ; Beauty, and Kings,
And Conquerors, and all those glorious Things,
Are tumbled to their Graves in one rude Heap,
Like common Dust, as quiet and as cheap.
At greater Changes who would wonder then,
Since Kingdoms have their Fates as well as Men ?
They must fall Sick and Die ; nothing can be
In this World certain, but Uncertainty.
Since Pow'r and Greatnes are such slipp'ry Things,
Who'd pity Cottages, or envy Kings ?
Now least of all, when, weary of deceit,
The World no longer flatters with the Great.
Tho' such Confusions here below we find,
As Providence were wanton with Mankind :
Yet in this Chaos some Things do send forth,
(Like Jewels in the dark) a Native worth.

He that derives his high Nobility,
Not from the mention of a Pedigree ;
Who thinks it not his Praise that others know
His Ancestors were gallant long ago ;
Who scorns to boast the Glories of his Blood,
And thinks he can't be Great that is not Good ;
Who knows the World, and what we Pleasure call,
Yet cannot sell one Conscience for them all ;
Who hates to hoard that Gold with an Excuse,
For which he can find out a nobler Use ;
Who dares not keep that Life that he can spend,
To serve his God, his Country, and his Friend ;
Who Flattery and Falsehood doth so hate,
He would not buy ten Lives at such a rate ;
Whose Soul, than Diamonds more rich and clear,
Naked and open as his Face doth wear ;
Who dares be Good alone in such a time,
When Virtue's held and punish'd as a Crime ;
Who thinks dark crooked Plots a mean Defence,
And is both safe and wise in Innocence ;
Who dares both fight and die, but dares not Fear ;
Whose only doubt is, if his Cause be clear ;
Whose Courage and his Justice equal worn,
Can Dangers grapple, overcome and scorn,
Yet not insult upon a conquer'd Foe,
But can forgive him, and oblige him too ;
Whose Friendship is congenial with his Soul,
Who where he gives a Heart bestows it whole ;

Whose

Whose other Ties and Titles here do end,
Or bury'd or compleated in the Friend :
Who ne'er resumes the Soul he once did give,
While his Friend's Honesty and Honour live ;
And if his Friend's Content could cost the Price,
Would count himself a happy Sacrifice ;
Whose happy Days no Pride infects, nor can
His other Titles make him slight the Man ;
No dark Ambitious Thoughts do cloud his Brow,
Nor restless Cares when to be Great, and how ;
Who scorns to envy Wealth where-e'er it be,
But pities such a Golden Slavery ;
With no mean fawnings can the People court,
Nor wholly slight a popular Report ;
Whose House no Orphan Groans do shake or blast,
Nor any Riot help to serve his Taste ;
Who from the top of his Prosperities
Can take a fall, and yet without Surprise ;
Who with the same august and even State
Can entertain the best and worst of Fate ;
Whose Suff'ring's sweet, if Honour once adorn it ;
Who flights Revenge, yet does not fear, but scorn it ;
Whose Happiness in ev'ry Fortune lives,
For that no Fortune either takes or gives ;
Who no unhandsome Ways can bribe his Fate,
Nay, out of Prison marches thro' the Gate ;
Who losing all his Titles and his Pelf,
Nay, all the World, can never lose himself ;

This

This Person shines indeed, and he that can
Be Virtuous is the great Immortal Man.

A COUNTRY-LIFE.

HOW Sacred and how Innocent
A Country-life appears,
How free from Tumult, Discontent,
From Flattery or Fears !
This was the first and happiest Life,
When Man enjoy'd himself ;
'Till Pride exchanged Peace for Strife,
And Happiness for Pelf.
'Twas here the Poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the Multitude ;
The Brave they here with Honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the Rude.
That Golden Age did entertain
No Passion but of Love ;
The thoughts of Ruling and of Gain
Did ne'er their Fancies move.
None then did envy Neighbour's Wealth,
Nor Plot to wrong his Bed :
Happy in Friendship and in Health,
On Roots, not Beasts, they fed.
They knew no Law nor Physick then,
Nature was all their Wit.
And if there yet remain to Men
Content, sure this is it.

What

What Blessings doth this World afford
To tempt or bribe Desire ?
Her Courtship is all Fire and Sword,
Who would not then retire ?
Then welcome dearest Solitude,
My great Felicity ;
Tho' some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.
Them that do covet only Rest,
A Cottage will suffice :
It is not brave to be possest
Of Earth, but to despise.
Opinion is the rate of Things,
From hence our Peace doth flow ;
I have a better Fate than Kings,
Because I think it so.
When all the stormy World doth roar,
How unconcern'd am I ?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.
Secur'd in these unenvy'd Walls
I think not on the State,
And pity no Man's Case that falls
From his Ambition's height.
Silence and Innocence are safe ;
A Heart that's nobly True
At all these little Arts can laugh,
That do the World subdue.

While others Revel it in State,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a Fate
As Wealth and Pomp admit.
Let some in Courtship take Delight,
And to th' *Exchange* resort ;
Then Revel out a Winter's Night,
Not making Love, but Sport.
These never know a noble Flame,
'Tis Lust, Scorn, or Design :
While Vanity plays all their Game,
Let Peace and Honour mine.
When the inviting Spring appears,
To *Hide-Park* let them go ;
And, hastening thence, be full of Fears
To lose *Spring-Garden* Show.
Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In Knowledge happy Fate,
And others busie them in vain
To study Ways of State.
But I, resolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In Privacy intend to spin
My future Minutes out.
And from this Hermitage of mine
I banish all wild Toys,
And nothing that is not Divine
Shall dare to tempt my Joys.

There are below but two Things good,
Friendship and Honesty ;
And only those, of all, I would
Ask for Felicity.

In this retir'd and humble Seat,
Free from both War and Strife,
I am not forc'd to make Retreat,
But chuse to spend my Life.

*To Mrs. Wogan, my Honour'd Friend, on the Death
of her Husband.*

D R Y up your Tears, there's enough shed by you,
And we must pay our Share of Sorrows too.
It is no private Loss when such Men fall,
The World's concern'd, and Grief is general.
But tho' of our Misfortune we complain,
To him it is injurious and vain.
For since we know his rich Integrity,
His real Sweetness, and full Harmony ;
How free his Heart and House were to his Friends,
Whom he oblig'd without Design or Ends ;
How universal was his Courtesie,
How clear a Soul, how even, and how high ;
How much he scorn'd Disguise or meaner Arts,
But with a Native Honour conquer'd Hearts ;

We

We must conclude he was a Treasure lent,
Soon weary of this sordid Tenement.
The Age and World deserv'd him not, and he
Was kindly snatch'd from future Misery.
We can scarce say he's Dead, but gone to Rest,
And left a Monument in ev'ry Breast.
For you to grieve then in this sad Excess,
Is not to speak your Love, but make it less.
A noble Soul no Friendship will admit,
But what's Eternal and Divine as it.
The Soul is hid in mortal Flesh we know,
And all its Weaknesses must undergo,
'Till by Degrees it does shine forth at length,
And gathers Beauty, Purity, and Strength :
But never yet doth this Immortal Ray
Put on full Splendor till it put off Clay :
So Infant Love is, in the worthiest Breast,
By Sense and Passion fetter'd and opprest ;
But by degrees it grows still more refin'd,
And scorning Clogs, only concerns the Mind.
Now as the Soul you lov'd is here set free
From its material gross Capacity ;
Your Love should follow him now he is gone,
And quitting Passion, put Perfection on.
Such Love as this will its own good deny,
If its dear Object have Felicity.
And since we cannot his great Loss Reprieve,
Let's not lose you in whom he still doth Live,

For while you are by Grief secluded thus,
It doth appear your Funeral to us.

*In Memory of the most justly Honoured, Mrs. Owen
of Orielton.*

AS when the ancient World by Reason liv'd,
The *Asian* Monarchs Deaths were never griev'd ;
Their glorious Lives made all their Subjects call
Their Rites a Triumph, not a Funeral :
So still the Good are Princes, and their Fate
Invites us not to weep, but imitate.
Nature intends a Progress of each Stage
Whereby weak Man creeps to succeeding Age,
Ripens him for that Change for which he's made,
Where th' active Soul is in her Centre staid.
And since none stript of Infancy complain,
'Cause 'tis both their Necessity and Gain :
So Age and Death by slow Approaches come,
And by that just inevitable Doom,
By which the Soul (her cloggy Drofs once gone)
Puts on Perfection, and resumes her own.
Since then we Mourn a happy Soul, O why
Disturb we her with erring Piety ?—
Who's so enamour'd on the beauteous Ground,
When with rich Autumn's Livery hung round,
As to deny a Sickle to his Grain,
And not undress the teeming Earth again ?

Fruits

Fruits grow for Use, Mankind is born to Dye ;
And both Fates have the same necessity.
Then grieve no more, sad Relatives, but learn ;
Sigh not, but Profit by your just Concern.
Read over her Life's Volume : Wife and Good,
Not 'cause she must be so, but 'cause she wou'd.
To chosen Virtue still a constant Friend,
She saw the Times which chang'd, but did not mend.
And as some are so civil to the Sun,
They'd fix his Beams, and make the Earth to run :
So she unmov'd beheld the angry Fate
Which tore a Church, and overthrew a State :
Still durst be Good, and own the noble Truth,
To crown her Age, which had adorn'd her Youth.
Great without Pride, a Soul which still could be
Humble and high, full of calm Majesty.
She kept true State within, and could not buy
Her Satisfaction with her Charity.
Fortune or Birth ne'er rais'd her Mind, which stood
Not on her being Rich, but doing Good.
Oblig'd the World, but yet would scorn to be
Paid with Requitals, Thanks, or Vanity.
How oft did she what all the World adore,
Make the Poor Happy with her useful Store ?
So gen'ral was her Bounty, that she gave
Equality to all, before the Grave.
By sev'ral Means she diff'rent Persons ty'd,
Who by her Goodness only were ally'd.

Her Virtue was her Temper, not her Fit ;
 Fear'd nothing but the Crimes which some commit ;
 Scorn'd those dark Arts which pass for Wisdom now,
 Nor to a mean ignoble Thing could bow.
 And her vast Prudence had no other end,
 But to forgive a Foe, endear a Friend :
 To use, but slight, the World ; and fixt above,
 Shine down in Beams of Piety and Love.
 Why should we then, by poor, unjust Complaint,
 Prove envious Sinners, 'cause she is a Saint ?
 Close then the Monument ; let not a Tear
 That may prophane her Ashes now appear :
 For her best Obsequies, are that we be
 Prudent and Good, Noble and Sweet, as she.

A F R I E N D.

I.

Love, Nature's Plot, this great Creation's Soul,
 The Being and the Harmony of Things,
 Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
 From whence Man's Happiness and Safety springs :
 The earliest, whitest, blessedst Times did draw
 From her alone their universal Law.

II.

Friendship's an Abstract of this noble Flame,
 'Tis Love refin'd, and purg'd from all its Drofs,
The

The next to Angels Love, if not the same,
As strong as Passion is, tho' not so gross :
It antedates a glad Eternity,
And is an Heaven in Epitome.

III.

Nobler than Kindred, or than Marriage-band,
Because more free ; Wedlock-felicity
It self doth only by this Union stand,
And turns to Friendship, or to Misery.
Force or Design Matches to pass may bring,
But Friendship doth from Love and Honour spring.

IV.

If Souls no Sexes have, for Men t' exclude
Women from Friendship's vast Capacity,
Is a Design injurious or rude,
Only maintain'd by partial Tyranny.
Love is allow'd to us, and Innocence,
And noblest Friendships do proceed from thence.

V.

The chiefest thing in Friends is Sympathy :
There is a Secret that doth Friendship guide,
Which makes two Souls before they know agree,
Who by a thousand mixtures are ally'd,
And chang'd and lost, so that it is not known
Within which Breast doth now reside their own.

VI.

Essential Honour must be in a Friend,
Not such as ev'ry Breath fans to and fro ;

But born within, is its own Judge and End, [know,
 And dares not Sin, tho' sure that none should
 Where Friendship's spoke, Honesty's understood;
 For none can be a Friend that is not Good.

VII.

Friendship doth carry more than common Trust,
 And Treachery is here the greatest Sin.
 Secrets depos'd then none ever must
 Presume to open, but who put them in.
 They that in one Chest lay up all their Stock,
 Had need be sure that none can pick the Lock.

VIII.

A Breast too open Friendship does not love,
 For that the other's Trust will not conceal ;
 Nor one too much reserv'd can it approve,
 Its own Condition this will not reveal.
 We empty Passions for a double End,
 To be refresh'd and guarded by a Friend.

IX.

Wisdom and Knowledge Friendship does require,
 The first for Counsel, this for Company ;
 And tho' not mainly, yet we may desire
 Both Complaisance and Ingenuity.
 Tho' ev'ry Thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule,
 He cannot be a Friend that is a Fool.

X.

Discretion uses Parts, and best knows how ;
 And Patience will all Qualities commend :
 That

That serves a Need best, but this doth allow
The Weaknesses and Passions of a Friend.

We are not yet come to the Quire above :
Who cannot Pardon here, can never Love.

XI.

Thick Waters shew no Images of things;
Friends are each others Mirrors, and should be
Clearer than Crystal or the Mountain Springs,
And free from Clouds, Design or Flattery.
For vulgar Souls no part of Friendship share:
Poets and Friends are born to what they are.

XII.

Friends should observe and chide each others Faults,
To be severe then is most just and kind; (Thoughts:
Nothing can 'scape their search who know the
This they should give and take with equal Mind.
For Friendship, when this Freedom is deny'd,
Is like a Painter when his Hands are ty'd.

XIII.

A Friend should find out each Necessity,
And then unask'd relieve't at any rate:
It is not Friendship, but Formality,
To be desir'd; for Kindness keeps no State.
Of Friends he doth the Benefactor prove,
That gives his Friend the means t'express his Love.

XIV.

Absence doth not from Friendship's right excuse:
Them who preserve each others Heart and Fame,
Part-

Parting can ne'er divide, it may diffuse;
 As a far stretch'd out River's still the same.
 Though Presence help'd them at the first to greet,
 Their Souls know now without those Aids to meet.

XV.

Constant and Solid, whom no Storms can shake,
 Nor Death unfix, a right Friend ought to be;
 And if condemned to survive, doth make
 No second Choice, but Grief and Memory.
 But Friendship's best Fate is, when it can spend
 A Life, a Fortune, all to serve a Friend.

L'Accord du Bien.

I.

Order, by which all things are made,
 And this great World's Foundation laid,
 Is nothing else but Harmony,
 Where diff'rent Parts are brought t'agree.

II.

As Empires are still best maintain'd
 Those ways which first their Greatness gain'd:
 So in this universal Frame,
 What made and keeps it is the same.

III.

Thus all things unto Peace do tend;
 Even Discords have it for their end.

The

The cause why Elements do fight,
Is but their Instinct to Unite.

IV.

Musick could never please the Sense
But by united Excellence:
The sweetest Note which Numbers know,
If struck alone, would tedious grow.

V.

Man, the whole World's Epitome,
Is, by Creation, Harmony.
'Twas Sin first quarrell'd in his Breast,
Then made him angry with the rest.

VI.

But Goodness keeps that Unity,
And loves its own Society
So well, that seldom we have known
One real Worth to dwell alone.

VII.

And hence it is we Friendship call
Not by one Virtue's Name, but all.
Nor is it, when bad Things agree,
Thought Union, but Conspiracy.

VIII.

Nature and Grace, such Enemies
That when one fell t'other did rise,
Are now by Mercy even set,
As Stars in Constellations met.

IX.

If Nature were it self a Sin,
 Her Author (God) had guilty been;
 But Man by Sin contracting stain,
 Shall, purg'd from that, be clear again.

X.

To prove that Nature's excellent,
 Even Sin it self's an Argument:
 Therefore we Nature's Stain deplore,
 Because it self was pure before.

XI.

And Grace destroys not, but refines,
 Unveils our Reason, then it shines;
 Restores what was deprest by Sin,
 The fainting Beam of God within.

XII.

The main Spring (Judgment) rectify'd,
 Will all the lesser Motions guide,
 To spend our Labour, Love and Care,
 Not as things seem, but as they are.

XIII.

'Tis Fancy lost, Wit thrown away,
 In Trifles to employ that Ray,
 Which then doth in full Lustre shine,
 When both Ingenious and Divine.

XIV.

To Eyes by Humours vitiated
 All things seem falsely coloured:

So 'tis our prejudicial Thought
That makes clear Objects seem in fault.

XV.

They scarce believe united Good,
By whom 'twas never understood:
They think one Grace enough for one,
And 'tis because their selves have none.

XVI.

We hunt Extreams, and run so fast,
We can no steady Judgment cast:
He best surveys the Circuit round
Who stands i'th' middle of the Ground.

XVII.

That happy Mean would let us see
Knowledge and Meekness may agree;
And find, when each thing hath its Name,
Passion and Zeal are not the same.

XVIII.

Who studies God doth upwards flye,
And height still lessens to our Eye;
And he that knows God, soon will see
Vast cause for his Humility.

XIX.

For by that search it will be known
There's nothing but our Will our own:
And who doth so that Stock employ,
But finds more cause for Shame than Joy.

XX.

We know so little and so dark,
 And so extinguish our own Spark,
 That he who furthest here can go,
 Knows nothing as he ought to know.

XXI.

It will with the most Learned sute
 More to enquire than dispute:
 But Vapours swell within a Cloud;
 'Tis Ignorance that makes us proud.

XXII.

So whom their own vain Heart belies,
 Like Inflammations quickly rise:
 But that Soul which is truly great,
 Is lowest in its own Conceit.

XXIII.

Yet while we hug our own Mistake,
 We Censures, but not Judgments, make;
 And thence it is we cannot see
 Obedience stand with Liberty.

XXIV.

Providence still keeps even State;
 But he can best command his Fate,
 Whose Art, by adding his own Voice,
 Makes his Necessity his Choice.

XXV.

Rightly to rule ones self must be
 The hardest, largest Monarchy:

Whose

Whose Passions are his Masters grown,
Will be a Captive in a Throne.

XXVI.

He most the inward Freedom gains,
Who just Submissions entertains :
For while in that his Reason sways,
It is himself that he obeys.

XXVII.

But only in Eternity
We can these beauteous Unions see :
For Heav'n it self and Glory is
But one harmonious constant Bliss.

Invitation to the Country.

B E kind, my dear *Rosania*, though 'tis true
Thy Friendship will become thy Penance too;
Though there be nothing can reward the Pain,
Nothing to satisfie, or entertain ;
Though all be empty, wild, and like to me,
Who make new Troubles in my Company :
Yet is the Action more obliging great ;
'Tis Hardship only makes Desert compleat.
But yet to prove Mixtures all things compound,
There may in this be some advantage found ;
For a Retirement from the noise of Towns,
Is that for which some Kings have left their Crowns :
And

And Conquerors, whose Laurel prest the brow,
Have chang'd it for the quiet Myrtle-bow.
For Titles, Honours, and the World's Address,
Are things too cheap to make up Happiness;
The easie Tribute of a giddy race,
And pay'd less to the Person than the Place.
So false reflected, and so short Content,
Is that which Fortune and Opinion lent,
That who most try'd it have of Fate complain'd,
With Titles burthen'd, and to Greatnes chain'd.
For they alone enjoy'd what they possest,
Who relish'd most and understood it best.
And yet that understanding made them know
The empty swift dispatch of all below.
So that what most can outward things endear,
Is the best means to make them disappear:
And even that Tyrant, Sense, doth these destroy,
As more officious to our Grief than Joy.
Thus all the glitt'ring World is but a Cheat,
Obtruding on our Sense things Gross for Great.
But he that can enquire and undisguise,
Will soon perceive the Sting that hidden lies;
And find no Joys merit Esteem, but those
Whose Scene lies only at our own dispose.
Man, unconcern'd, without himself may be
His own both Prospect and Security.
Kings may be Slaves by their own Passions hurl'd,
But who commands himself commands the World.

A Country-life assists this Study best,
Where no distractions do the Soul arrest:
There Heav'n and Earth lie open to our view,
There we search Nature and its Author too;
Possess'd with Freedom and a real State,
Look down on Vice, and Vanity, and Fate.
There (*my Rosania*) will we, mingling Souls,
Pity the Folly which the World controuls;
And all those *Grandeur's* which the World do prize
We either can enjoy, or will despise.

In Memory of Mrs. E. H.

AS some choice Plant cherish'd by Sun and Air,
And ready to requite the Gard'ner's care,
Blooms and flourishes, but then we find
Is made the Triumph of some ruder Wind:
So thy untimely Grave did both entomb
Thy Sweetness now, and Wonders yet to come.
Hung full of Hopes thou fell'st a lovely Prize,
Just as thou didst attract all Hearts and Eyes.
Thus we might apprehend, for had thy Years
Been lengthen'd to have paid those vast Arrears
The World expected, we should then conclude,
The Age of Miracles had been renew'd.
For thou already hast with Ease found out
What others study with such Pains and Doubt;

K

That

That frame of Soul which is content alone,
And needs no Entertainment but its own.
Thy even Mind, which made thee Good and Great,
Was to thee both a shelter and retreat.
Of all the Tumults which this World do fill
Thou wert an unconcern'd Spectator still:
And, were thy Duty punctually supply'd,
Indifferent to all the World beside.
Thou wert made up within resolv'd and fix'd,
And wouldest not with a base Allay be mix'd;
Above the World, couldst equally despise
Both its Temptations and its Injuries;
Couldst sum up all, and find not worth Desire
Those glitt'ring Trifles which the most admire;
But with a nobler Aim, and higher born,
Look down on Greatness with Contempt and Scorn.
Thou hadst no Arts that others this might see,
Nor lov'dst a Trumpet to thy Piety:
But silent and retir'd, calm and serene,
Stol'st to thy blessed Haven hardly seen.
It were vain to describe thee then, but now
Thy vast Accession harder is to know;
How full of Light, and satisfy'd thou art,
So early from this treach'rous World to part;
How pleas'd thou art Reflexions now to make,
And find thou didst not things below mistake;
In how abstracted Converse thou dost live,
How much thy Knowledge is intuitive;

How

How great and bright a Glory is enjoy'd
 With Angels, and in Mysteries employ'd.
 'Tis Sin then to lament thy Fate, but we
 Should help thee to a new Eternity;
 And by successive Imitation strive,
 'Till Time shall die, to keep thee still alive;
 And (by thy great Example furnish'd) be
 More apt to live than write thy Elogy.

On Rosania's Apostacy, and Lucasia's Friendship.

Great Soul of Friendship, whither art thou fled,
 Where dost thou now chuse to repose thy Head?
 Or art thou nothing but Voice, Air and Name,
 Found out to put Souls in pursuit of Fame?
 Thy Flames being thought Immortal, we may doubt
 Whether they e'er did burn that see them out.

Go weary'd Soul, find out thy wonted rest,
 In the safe Harbour of *Orinda's* Breast,
 There all unknown Adventures thou hast found
 In thy late Transmigrations, expound;
 -That so *Rosania's* Darkness may be known
 To be her want of Lustre, not thy own.

Then to the Great *Lucasia* have recourse,
 There gather up new Excellence and Force,

Till by a free unbyass'd clear Commerce,
 Endearments which no Tongue can e'er rehearse,
Lucasia and *Orinda* shall thee give
 Eternity, and make even Friendship live.

Hail, Great *Lucasia*, thou shalt doubly shine;
 What was *Rosania*'s own is now twice thine;
 Thou saw'st *Rosania*'s Chariot and her flight,
 And so the double Portion is thy right:
 Though 'twas *Rosania*'s Spirit, be content,
 Since 'twas at first from thy *Orinda* sent.

*To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, Singing Now
 Affairs, &c.*

SUbduing Fair! what will you win
 To use a needless Dart:
 Why then so many, to take in
 One undefended Heart?
I came expos'd to all your Charms,
 'Gainst which the first half Hour
I had no will to take up Arms,
 And in the next no Pow'r.
How can you chuse but win the Day ?
 Who can resist your Siege,
 Who in one Action know the way
 To Vanquish and Oblige?

Your

Your Voice, which can in melting Strains
Teach Beauty to be blind,
Confines me yet in stronger Chains,
By being soft and kind.
Whilst you my trivial Fancy sing,
You it to Wit refine,
As Leather once stamp'd by a King
Became a Current Coin.
By this my Verse is sure to gain
Eternity with Men,
Which by your Voice it will obtain,
Though never by my Pen.
I'd rather in your Favour live
Than in a lasting Name,
And much a greater rate would give
For Happiness than Fame.

S U B M I S S I O N.

TIS so, and humbly I my Will resign,
Nor dare dispute with Providence Divine.
In vain, alas! we struggle with our Chains,
But more entangl'd by the fruitless Pains.
For as i'th' great Creation of this All,
Nothing by Chance could in such Order fall;
And what would singe be deform'd confess,
Grows beauteous in its Union with the rest:

So Providence like Wisdom we allow,
(For what created once does govern now)
And the same Fate that seems to one Reverse,
Is necessary to the Universe.
All these particular and various things,
Link'd to their Causes by such secret Springs,
Are held so fast, and govern'd by such Art,
That nothing can out of its order start.
The World's God's Watch, where nothing is so small,
But makes a part of what composes all:
Could the least Pin be lost or else displac'd,
The World would be disorder'd and defac'd,
It beats no Pulse in vain, but keeps its time,
And undiscern'd to its own height doth climb;
Strung first, and daily wound up by his Hand
Who can its Motions guide and understand.
No secret Cunning then nor Multitude
Can Providence divert, cross or delude.
And her just full Decrees are hidden things,
Which harder are to find than Births of Springs.
Yet all in various Conforts fitly found,
And by their Discords Harmony compound.
Hence is that Order, Life and Energy,
Whereby Forms are preserv'd though Matters die;
And shifting dres keep their own living State:
So that what kills this, does that propagate.
This made the ancient Sage in Rapture cry,
That sure the World had full Eternity.

For though it self to Time and Fate submit,
He's above both who made and governs it;
And to each Creature hath such Portion lent,
As Love and Wisdom sees convenient.

For he's no Tyrant, nor delights to grieve
The Beings which from him alone can live.
He's most concern'd, and hath the greatest share
In Man, and therefore takes the greatest care
To make him happy, who alone can be
So by Submission and Conformity.

For why should Changes here below surprize,
When the whole World its Revolution tries?

Where were our Springs, our Harvests pleasant use,
Unless Vicissitude did them produce?

Nay, what can be so wearisome a Pain
As when no Alterations entertain?
To lose, or suffer, to be sick and die,
Arrest us by the same Necessity.

Nor could they trouble us, but that our Mind
Hath its own Glory unto Dross confin'd.

For outward things remove not from their Place,
'Till our Souls run to beg their mean embrace;
Then doting on the Choice make it our own,
By placing Trifles in th' Opinion's Throne.
So when they are divorc'd by some new croſs,
Our Souls seem widow'd by the fatal Loss:
But could we keep our Grandeur and our State,
Nothing below would seem unfortunate;

But Grace and Reason, which best Succours bring,
 Would with advantage manage ev'ry thing;
 And by right Judgment would prevent our Moan
 For losing that which never was our own.
 For right Opinion's like a Marble Grott,
 In Summer cool, and in the Winter hot;
 A Principle which in each Fortune lives,
 Bestowing Catholick Preservatives.
 'Tis this resolves, there are no Losses where
 Virtue and Reason are continu'd there.
 The meanest Soul might such a Fortune share,
 But no mean Soul could so that Fortune bear.
 Thus I compose my Thoughts grown insolent,
 As th' *Irisb* Harper doth his Instrument;
 Which if once struck doth Murmur and Complain,
 But the next Touch will silence all again.

2 Cor. V. xix. God was in Christ reconciling the World to himself.

When God, contracted to Humanity,
 Could sigh and suffer, could be sick and die;
 When all the heap of Miracles combin'd
 To form the greatest, which was, save Mankind:
 Then God took stand in Christ, studying a way
 How to repair the ruin'd World's decay.
 His Love, Pow'r, Wisdom, must some means procure
 His Mercy to advance, Justice secure:

And

And since Man in such Misery was hurl'd,
It cost him more to save than make the World.
Oh! what a desp'rare Load of Sins had we,
When God must plot for our Felicity?
When God must beg us that he may forgive,
And dye himself before Mankind could live?
And what still are we, when our King in vain
Begs his lost Rebels to be Friends again?
What Floods of Love proceed from Heav'n's Smile,
At once to Pardon and to Reconcile?
What God himself hath made he cannot hate,
For 'tis one Act to Love and to Create:
And he's too perfect full of Majesty,
To need Additions from our Misery.
He hath a Father's, not a Tyrant's, Joy;
Shews more his Pow'r to save, than to destroy.
Did there ten thousand Worlds to ruin fall,
One God could Save, one Christ Redeem them all.
Be silent then, ye narrow Souls, take heed
Lest you restrain the Mercy you will need.
But, O my Soul, from these be different,
Imitate thou a nobler Precedent:
As God with open Arms the World does woo,
Learn thou like God to be enlarged too;
As he begs thy consent to Pardon thee,
Learn to submit unto thy Enemy;
As he stands ready thee to entertain,
Be thou as forward to return again;

As

As he was Crucify'd for and by thee,
Crucifie thou what caus'd his Agony ;
And like to him be mortify'd to Sin,
Die to the World as he dy'd for it then.

The W O R L D.

WE falsely think it due unto our Friends,
That we should grieve for their untimely Ends.
He that surveys the World with serious Eyes,
And stirs her from her gross and weak Disguise,
Shall find 'tis Injury to mourn their Fate ;
He only dies untimely who dies late.
For if 'twere told to Children in the Womb,
To what a Stage of Mischiefs they must come ;
Could they foresee with how much Toil and Sweat
Men court that gilded Nothing, being Great ;
What Pains they take not to be what they seem,
Rating their Bliss by others false Esteem,
And sacrificing their Content, to be
Guilty of grave and serious Vanity ;
How each Condition hath its proper Thorns,
And what one Man admires, another scorns ;
How frequently their Happiness they miss,
So far even from agreeing what it is,
That the same Person we can hardly find,
Who is an Hour together in one Mind :

Sure they would beg a Period of their Breath,
And what we call their Birth would count their Death.
Mankind is Mad; for none can live alone,
Because their Joys stand by Comparison :
And yet they quarrel at Society,
And strive to kill they know not whom, nor why.
We all live by Mistake, delight in Dreams,
Lost to our selves, and dwelling in Extreams ;
Rejecting what we have, tho' ne'er so good,
And prizing what we never Understood.
Compar'd t' our boisterous Inconstancy
Tempests are calm, and Discords Harmony.
Hence we reverse the World, and yet do find
The God that made can hardly please our Mind.
We live by Chance, and slip into Events ;
Have all of Beasts except their Innocence.
The Soul, which no Man's Pow'r can reach, a Thing
That makes each Woman Man, each Man a King,
Doth so much lose, and from its height so fall,
That some contend to have no Soul at all.
'Tis either not observ'd, or at the best
By Passion fought withal, by Sin deprest.
Freedom of Will (God's Image) is forgot ;
And if we know it, we improve it not.
Our Thoughts, tho' nothing can be more our own,
Are still unguided, very seldom known.
Time 'scapes our Hands as Water in a Sieve,
We come to die e'er we begin to live.

Truth,

Truth, the most suitable and noble Prize,
Food of our Spirits, yet neglected lies.
Error and Shadows are our choice, and we
Owe our Perdition to our own Decree.
If we search Truth, we make it more obscure ;
And when it shines, cannot the Light endure.
For most Men now, who plod, and eat, and drink,
Have nothing less their Bus'ness than to think.
And those few that enquire, how small a share
Of Truth they find, how dark their Notions are !
That serious Evenness that calms the Breast,
And in a Tempest can bestow a Rest,
We either not attempt, or else decline,
By ev'ry trifle snatch'd from our Design.
(Others he must in his Deceits involve,
Who is not true unto his own Resolve.)
We govern not our selves, but loose the Reins,
Counting our Bondage to a thousand Chains ;
And with as many Slaveries content,
As there are Tyrants ready to torment,
We live upon a Rack extended still
To one Extream or both, but always ill.
For since our Fortune is not understood,
We suffer less from bad than from the good.
The Sting is better drest and longer lasts,
As Surfeits are more dangerous than Fasts.
And to compleat the Misery to us,
We see Extreams are still contiguous.

And

And as we run so fast from what we hate,
Like Squibs on Ropes, to know no middle state ;
So outward Storms strengthned by us, we find
Our Fortune as disorder'd as our Mind.
But that's excus'd by this, it doth its part ;
A treach'rous World befits a treach'rous Heart.
All Ill's our own, the outward Storms we loath
Receive from us their Birth, their Sting, or both.
And that our Vanity be past a doubt,
'Tis one new Vanity to find it out.
Happy are they to whom God gives a Grave,
And from themselves as from his Wrath doth save.
'Tis good not to be born ; but if we must,
The next good is, soon to return to Dust.
When th' uncag'd Soul, fled to Eternity,
Shall rest, and live, and sing, and love, and see.
Here we but crawl and grovel, play and cry ;
Are first our own, then others, Enemy :
But there shall be defac'd both stain and score,
For Time, and Death, and Sin shall be no more.

The S O U L.

I.

HOW vain a thing is Man, whose noblest Part,
That Soul which thro' the World doth rōme,
Traverses Heav'n, finds out the Depth of Art,
Yet is so ignorant at home ?

II.

II.

In ev'ry Brook or Mirrour we can find
 Reflections of our Face to be ;
 But a true Optick to present our Mind
 We hardly get, and darkly see.

III.

Yet in the search after our selves we run,
 Actions and Causes we survey ;
 And when the weary Chase is almost done,
 Then from our Quest we slip away.

IV.

'Tis strange and sad, that since we do believe
 We have a Soul must never die,
 There are so few that can a Reason give
 How it obtains that Life, or why.

V.

I wonder not to find those that know most,
 Profess so much their Ignorance ;
 Since in their own Souls greatest Wits are lost,
 And of themselves have scarce a glance.

VI.

But somewhat sure doth here obscurely lye,
 That above Drofs would fain advance,
 And pants and catches at Eternity,
 As 'twere its own Inheritance.

VII.

A Soul self-mov'd which can dilate, contract,
 Pierces and judges Things unseen :

But

But this gross Heap of Matter cannot act,
Unless impelled from within.

VIII.

Distance and Quantity, to Bodies due,
The state of Souls cannot admit ;
And all the Contraries which Nature knew
Meet there, nor hurt themselves, nor it.

IX.

God never Body made so bright and clean,
Which Good and Evil could discern :
What these Words Honesty and Honour mean,
The Soul alone knows how to learn.

X.

And tho' 'tis true she is imprison'd here,
Yet hath she Notions of her own,
Which Sense doth only jog, awake, and clear,
But cannot at the first make known.

XI.

The Soul her own Felicity hath laid,
And independent on the Sense,
Sees the weak Terrors which the World invade
With Pity or with Negligence.

XII.

So unconcern'd she lives, so much above
The Rubbish of a sordid Jail,
That nothing doth her Energy improve
So much as when those Structures fail.

XIII.

XIII.

She's then a Substance subtile, strong and pure,
 So immaterial and refin'd,
 As speaks her from the Body's Fate secure,
 And wholly of a diff'rent Kind.

XIV.

Religion for Reward in vain would look,
 Virtue were doom'd to Misery,
 All Actions were like Bubbles in a Brook,
 Were't not for Immortality.

XV.

But as that Conqueror who Millions spent
 Thought it too mean to give a Mite ;
 So the World's Judge can never be content
 To bestow less than Infinite.

XVI.

Treason against Eternal Majesty
 Must have Eternal Justice too ;
 And since unbounded Love did satisfie,
 He will unbounded Mercy shew.

XVII.

It is our narrow Thoughts shorten these Things,
 By their Companion Flesh inclin'd ;
 Which feeling its own Weakness, gladly brings
 The same Opinion to the Mind.

XVIII.

We stifle our own Sun, and live in Shade ;
 But where its Beams do once appear,

†

They

They make that Person of himself afraid,
And to his own Acts most severe.

XIX.

For ways to sin close, and our Breasts disguise
From outward Search, we soon may find ;
But who can his own Soul bribe or surprise,
Or Sin without a Sting behind ?

XX.

He that Commands himself, is more a Prince
Than he who Nations keeps in Awe ;
Who yield to all that does their Souls convince,
Shall never need another Law.

HAPPINESS.

Nature courts Happiness, altho' it be
Unknown as the *Athenian Deity*.
It dwells not in Man's Sense, yet he supplies
That want by growing fond of its Disguise,
The false appearances of Joy deceive,
And seeking her unto her like we cleave.
For sinking Man hath scarce Sense left to know
Whether the Plank he grasps will hold or no,
While all the Business of the World is this,
To seek that Good which by Mistake they miss,
And all the several Passions Men express,
Are but for Pleasure in a diff'rent Dress,

L

They

They hope for Happiness in being Great,
Or Rich, or Lov'd, then hug their own Conceit.
But the Good Man can find this Treasure out,
For which in vain others do dig and doubt ;
And hath such secret full Content within,
Tho' all abroad be Storms, yet he can Sing.
His Peace is made, all's Quiet in that Place,
Where Nature's cur'd and exercis'd by Grace.
This inward Calm prevents his Enemies,
For he can neither Envy nor Despise :
But in the Beauty of his order'd Mind
Doth still a new rich Satisfaction find.
Innocent Epicure ! whose single Breast
Can furnish him with a continual Feast.
A Prince at home, and Scepters can refuse ;
Valuing only what he cannot lose.
He studies to do Good; (a Man may be
Harmless for want of Opportunity :)
But he's industrious Kindness to dispence,
And therein only covets Eminence.
Others do court Applause and Fame, but he
Thinks all that giddy Noise but Vanity.
He takes no Pains to be observ'd or seen,
While all his Acts are echo'd from within.
He's still himself, when Company are gone,
Too well employ'd ever to be alone.
For studying God in all his Volumes, he
Begins the Business of Eternity.

And

And unconcern'd without, retains a Pow'r
To suck (like Bees) a Sweet from ev'ry Flow'r,
And as the Manna of the *Israelites*
Had sev'ral Tastes to please all Appetites :
So his Contentment is that Catholick Food,
That makes all States seem fit as well as good.
He dares not wish, nor his own Fate propound ;
But, if God sends, reads Love in ev'ry Wound ;
And would not lose, for all the Joys of Sense,
The glorious Pleasures of Obedience.
His better Part can neither change nor lose,
And all God's Will can bear, can do, can chuse,

D E A T H.

I.

HOW weak a Star doth rule Mankind,
Which owes its Ruin to the same
Causes, which Nature had design'd
To cherish and preserve the Frame !

II.

As Common-wealths may be secure,
And no remote Invasion dread ;
Yet may a fadder Fall endure
From Traitors in their Bosom bred ;

III.

So while we feel no Violence,
And on our active Health do trust,

A secret Hand doth snatch us hence,
And tumbles us into the Dust.

IV.

Yet carelesly we run our Race,
As if we could Death's Summons wave;
And think not on the narrow Space
Between a Table and a Grave.

V.

But since we cannot Death reprieve,
Our Souls and Fame we ought to mind,
For they our Bodies will survive ;
That goes beyond, this stays behind.

VI.

If I be sure my Soul is safe,
And that my Actions will provide
My Tomb another Epitaph,
Then that I only liv'd and dy'd :

VII.

So that in various Accidents
I Conscience may and Honour keep ;
I with that Ease and Innocence
Shall dye, as Infants go to sleep.

To the QUEEN's MAJESTY, on her late Sickness and Recovery.

THE publick Gladness that's to us restor'd,
For your Escape from what we so deplor'd,
Will

Will want as well Resemblance as Belief,
Unless our Joy be measur'd by your Grief.
When in your Fever we with Terror saw
At once our Hopes and Happiness withdraw ;
And ev'ry *Crisis* did with jealous Fear
Enquire the News we scarce durst stay to hear.
Some dying Princes have their Servants slain,
That after Death they might not want a Train
Such Cruelty were here a needless Sin ;
For had our fatal Fears prophetick been,
Sorrow alone that Service would have done,
And you by Nations had been waited on.
Your Danger was in ev'ry Visage seen ;
And only yours was quiet and serene.
But all our zealous Grief had been in vain,
Had not Great *Charles's* call'd you back again :
Who did your Suff'rings with such Pain discern,
He lost three Kingdoms once with less Concern.
Lab'ring your Safety he neglected his,
Nor fear'd he Death in any Shape but this.
His *Genius* did the bold Distemper tame,
And his rich Tears quench'd the rebellious Flame.
At once the *Thracian* Hero lov'd and griev'd,
Till he his lost Felicity retriev'd ;
And with the moving Accents of his Woe,
His Spouse recover'd from the Shades below.
So the King's Grief your threatned Loss withstood,
Who mourn'd with the same Fortune that he wo'd :

And to his happy Passion we have been
 Now twice oblig'd for so ador'd a Queen.
 But how severe a Choice had you to make,
 When you must Heav'n delay, or Him forsake ?
 Yet since those Joys you made such haste to find
 Had scarce been full if he were left behind,
 How well did Fate decide your inward Strife,
 By making him a Present of your Life ?
 Which rescu'd Blessing he must long enjoy,
 Since our Offences could it not destroy.
 For none but Death durst rival him in you ;
 And Death himself was baffled in it too.

Upon Mr. Abraham Cowley's Retirement.

O D E.

I.

NO, no, unfaithful World, thou hast
 Too long my easie Heart betray'd,
 And me too long thy Foot-ball made :
 But I am wiser grown at last,
 And will improve by all that I have past.
I know 'twas Just I should be practis'd on ;
 For I was told before,
 And told in sober and instructive lore,
 How little all that trusted thee have won :
 And yet I would make haste to be undone.

Now

Now by my Suff'ring I am better taught,
And shall no more commit that stupid Fault.

Go, get some other Fool,
Whom thou may'st next cajole :
On me thy Frowns thou dost in vain bestow ;
For I know how
To be as coy and as reserv'd as thou.

II.

In my remote and humble Seat
Now I'm again posseſt
Of that late Fugitive, my Breast,
From all thy Tumults and from all thy Heat
I'll find a quiet and a cool Retreat ;
And on the Fetters I have worn
Look with experienc'd and revengeful Scorn
In this my sov'reign Privacy.
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,
But yet my ſelf I may ſubdue ;
And that's the nobler Empire of the two.
If ev'ry Paſſion had got leave
Its Satisfaction to receive,
Yet I would it a higher Pleaſure call,
To Conquer one, than to indulge them all.

III.

For thy inconstant Sea, no more
I'll leave that ſafe and ſolid Shore :
No, tho' to proſper in the Cheat,
Thou wouldſt my Destiny defeat,

And make me be Belov'd, or Rich, or Great:

Nor from my self should'st me reclaim
With all the Noise and all the Pomp of Fame.

Judiciously I'll these despise ;
Too small the Bargain, and too great the Price,
For them to Cozen twice.

At length this Secret I have learn'd ;
Who will be Happy, must be unconcern'd,
Must all their Comfort in their Bosom wear,
And seek their Treasure and their Pow'r there.

IV.

No other Wealth will I aspire,
But that of Nature to admire ;
Nor Envy on a Lawrel will bestow,
Whilst I have any in my Garden grow.

And when I would be Great,
'Tis but ascending to a Seat
Which Nature in a lofty Rock hath built ;
A Throne as free from Trouble as from Guilt.
Where when my Soul her Wings doth raise
Above what Worldlings fear or praise,
With innocent and quiet Pride I'll sit,
And see the humble Waves pay Tribute to my Feet.
O Life Divine, when free from Joys diseas'd,
Not always Merry, but 'tis always Pleas'd !

V.

A Heart, which is too great a Thing
To be a Present for a *Perfian* King,

Which

Which God himself would have to be his Court,
Where Angels would officiously resort,
From its own height should much decline,
If this Converse it should resign
(Ill-natur'd World !) for thine.

Thy unwise rigor hath thy Empire lost ;
It hath not only set me free,
But it hath made me fee,
They only can of thy Possession boast,
Who do enjoy thee least, and understand thee most.
For lo, the Man whom all Mankind admir'd,
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muse inspir'd)
Is now Triumphantly retir'd.
The mighty Cowley this hath done,
And over thee a *Parthian* Conquest won :
Which future Ages shall adore,
And which in this subdues thee more
Than either *Greek* or *Roman* ever could before.

The Irish Grey-hound.

BEhold this Creature's Form and State ;
Which Nature therefore did Create,
That to the World might be exprest
What Mein there can be in a Beast.
And that we in this Shape may find
A Lion of another Kind.

For

For this Heroick Beast does seem
In Majesty to Rival him.
And yet vouchsafes, to Man, to shew
Both Service and Submission too.
From whence we this Distinction have,
That Beast is Fierce, but this is Brave.
This Dog hath so himself subdued,
That Hunger cannot make him rude :
And his Behaviour does confess
True Courage dwells with Gentleness.
With sternest Wolves he dares engage,
And acts on them successful Rage.
Yet too much Courtesie may chance
To put him out of Countenance.
When in his Opposer's Blood,
Fortune hath made his Virtue good ;
This Creature from an Act so brave
Grows not more Sullen, but more Grave.
Man's Guard he would be, not his Sport,
Believing he hath ventur'd for't ;
But yet no Blood, or shed, or spent,
Can ever make him insolent.
Few Men of him, to do great Things have learn'd,
And when they're done, to be so unconcern'd.

SONG.

S O N G.

To the Tune of *Sommes nous pas trop heureux.*

I.

HOW prodigious is my Fate,
Since I can't determine clearly,
Whether you'll do more severely
Giving me your Love or Hate !
For if you with Kindness bless me,
Since from you I soon must part ;
Fortune will so dispossess me,
That your Love will break my Heart.

II.

But since Death all Sorrow cures,
Might I chuse my way of dying,
I could wish the Arrow flying
From Fortune's Quiver, not from yours.
For in the sad unusual Story
How my wretched Heart was torn,
It will more concern your Glory,
I by Absence fell than Scorn.

A Dialogue between Lucasia and Rosania, Imitating that of Gentle Thirsis.

Ros. **M**Y *Lucasia*, leave the Mountain Tops,
And like a nearer Air.
Luc. How shall I then forsake my Lovely Flocks
Bequeathed to my Care ? *Ros.*

Rof. Shepherdess, thy Flocks will not be less,
Although thou should'st come hither.

Luc. But I fear the World will be severe,
Should I leave them to go thither.

Rof. O! my Friend, if you on that depend,
You'll never know Content.

Luc. Rather I near thee would live and dye,
Would Fortune but consent.

Rof. But did you ask leave to Love me too,
That others should deprive me ?

Luc. Not all Mankind a Stratagem can find,
Which from that Heart should drive me.

Rof. Better't had been I thee had never seen,
Than that Content to lose.

Luc. Such are thy Charms, I'd dwell within thine Arms,
Could I my Station chuse.

Rof. When Life is done, the World to us is gone,
And all our Cares do end.

Luc. Nay I know there's nothing Sweet below
Unles's it be a Friend.

Rof. Then whilst we Live, this Joy let's take and give,
Since Death us soon will sever.

Luc. But I trust, when crumbled into Dust,
We shall meet, and Love for ever.

S O N G. *To the Tune of Adieu Phillis.*

T IS true, our Life is but a long Disease,
Made up of real Pain and seeming Ease.
You Stars, who these entangled Fortunes give,
 O tell me why
 It is so hard to dye,
 Yet such a Task to Live ?
If with some Pleasure we our Griefs betray,
It costs us dearer than it can repay.
For Time or Fortune all Things so devours ;
 Our hopes are crost,
 Or else the Object lost,
 E'er we can call it ours.

*An EPITAPH on my Honour'd Mother-in-Law
Mrs. Phillips of Portheynon in Cardiganshire,
who dyed Jan. 1. Anno 1663.*

R Eader stay, it is but just ;
Thou dost not tread on common Dust.
For underneath this Stone does lye
One whose Name can never dye :
Who from an Honour'd Lineage sprung,
Was to another matched Young ;
Whose Happiness she ever sought ;
One Blessing was, and many brought.

And

And to her Spouse her Faith did prove
By fifteen Pledges of their Love.
But when by Death of him depriv'd,
An honourable Widow liv'd
Full four and twenty Years, wherein
Though she had much afflicted been,
Saw many of her Children fall ;
And publick Ruin threaten all.
Yet from above assisted, she
Both did and suffer'd worthily.
She to the Crown and Church adher'd,
And in their Sorrows them rever'd,
With Piety which knew no Strife,
But was as Sober as her Life.
A furnish'd Table, open Door,
That for her Friends, this for the Poor,
She kept ; yet did her Fortune find,
Too narrow for her nobler Mind ;
Which seeking Objects to relieve,
Did Food to many Orphans give,
Who in her Life no want did know,
But all the Poor are Orphans now.
Yet hold, her Fame is much too safe,
To need a written Epitaph.
Her Fame was so confess'd, that she
Can never here forgotten be,
Till Cardigan it self become
To its own ruin'd Heaps a Tomb.

Lucasia,

Lucasia, Rosania, and Orinda, parting at a Fountain, July 1663.

I.

HERE, here are our Enjoyments done,
And since the Love and Grief we wear
Forbids us either Word or Tear,
And Art wants here Expression,
See Nature furnish us with one.

II.

The kind and mournful Nymph, which here
Inhabits in her humble Cells,
No longer her own Sorrow tells,
Nor for it now concern'd appears,
But for our Parting sheds these Tears.

III.

Unless she may afflicted be,
Lest we should doubt her Innocence ;
Since she hath lost her best Pretence
Unto a matchless Purity ;
Our Love being clearer far than she.

IV.

Cold as the Streams that from her flow
Or (if her privater Recess
A greater Coldness can express)
Then cold as those dark Beds of Snow
Our Hearts are at this parting Blow.

V.

V.

But Time that has both Wings and Feet,
 Our Suffering Minutes being spent,
 Will visit us with new Content.
 And sure, if Kindness be so sweet,
 'Tis harder to forget than meet,

VI.

Then though the sad Adieu we say,
 Yet as the Wine we hither bring,
 Revives, and then exalts the Spring ;
 So let our Hopes to meet, allay
 The Fears and Sorrows of this Day.

A Farewel to Rosania.

MY Dear *Rosania*, sometimes be so kind
 To think upon the Friend thou leav'st behind,
 And wish Thee here, to make my Joys compleat,
 Or else me there, to share thy blest Retreat.
 But to the Heart which for thy Loss doth mourn,
 The kindest Thought is that of quick Return.

To my Lady ANNE BOYLE, saying I look'd angrily upon her.

Ador'd *Valeria*, and can you conclude
Orinda lost in such Ingratitude ?

And

And so mis-spell the Language of my Face,
When in my Heart you have so great a Place?
Ah be assur'd I could no Look direct
To you, not full of Passion and Respect.
Or if my Looks have play'd that treach'rous part,
And so much mis-interpreted my Heart,
I shall forgive them that one Falshood, less
Than all their Folly, and their Ugliness,
And had much rather chuse they should appear
Always unhandsome, than once unsincere.
But I must thank your Error, which procures
Me such obliging Jealousie as yours.
For at that Quarrel I can ne'er repine,
Which shews your Kindness, tho' it questions mine.
To your Concern I pardon your Distrust,
And prize your Love, ev'n when it is unjust.

On the WELCH LANGUAGE.

IF Honour to an ancient Name be due,
Or Riches challenge it for one that's new,
The *British* Language claims in either Sense,
Both for its Age, and for its Opulence.
But all great Things must be from us remov'd,
To be with higher Reverence belov'd.
So Landskips which in Prospects distant lye,
With great Wonder draw the pleased Eye.

Is not great *Troy* to one dark Ruin hurl'd ?
Once the fam'd Scene of all the fighting World.
Where's *Athens* now, to whom *Rome* Learning owes,
And the safe Lawrels that adorn'd her Brows ?
A strange reverse of Fate she did endure,
Never once greater, than she's now obscure.
Ev'n *Rome* her self can but some Footsteps show
Of *Scipio*'s Times, or those of *Cicero*.
And as the *Roman* and the *Grecian* State,
The British fell, the spoil of Time and Fate.
But tho' the Language hath the Beauty lost,
Yet she has still some great Remains to boast.
For 'twas in that, the sacred Bards of old,
In deathless Numbers did their thoughts unfold.
In Groves, by Rivers, and on fertile Plains,
They civiliz'd and taught the list'ning Swains ;
Whilst with high Raptures, and as great Success,
Virtue they cloath'd in Musick's charming Dres.
This *Merlin* spoke, who in his gloomy Cave,
Ev'n Destiny her self seem'd to enslave.
For to his Sight the future Time was known,
Much better than to others is their own :
And with such State, Predictions from him fell,
As if he did Decree, and not Foretell.
This spoke King *Arthur*, who, if Fame be true,
Could have compell'd Mankind to speak it too.
In this once *Boadicca* Valour taught,
And spoke more nobly than her Soldiers fought :

Tell

Tell me what Hero could do more than she,
Who fell at once for Fame and Liberty ?
Nor could a greater Sacrifice belong,
Or to her Childrens, or her Countries wrong.
This spoke *Caractacus*, who was so brave,
That to the *Roman* Fortune check he gave :
And when their Yoke he could decline no more,
He it so decently, and nobly wore,
That *Rome* her self with Blushes did believe,
A Britain would the Law of Honour give ;
And hastily his Chains away she threw,
Lest her own Captive else should her subdue.

To the Countess of Thanet, upon her Marriage.

SInce you who Credit to all Wonders bring,
That Lovers can believe, or Poets sing ;
Whose only Shape and Fashion does express,
Your Virtue is your Nature not your Dress ;
In whom the most admir'd Extreams appear,
Humble and Fair, Prudent and yet Sincere :
Whose matchless Worth transmits such splendid Rays,
As those that envy it are forc'd to praise.
Since you have found such an illustrious Sphere,
And are resolv'd to fix your Glories there ;
A Heart whose bravery to his Sex secures
As much Renown as you have done to yours ;

And whose Perfections in obtaining you,
Are both discover'd and rewarded too ;
'T were almost equal boldness to invent
How to increase your Merit, or Content.
Yet sure the Muses somewhat have to say,
But they will send it you a better way :
The Court, which so much to their Lustre owes,
Must also pay you its officious Vows.
But whilst this shews Respect, and those their Art,
Let me too speak the Language of my Heart ;
Whose ruder Off'rings dare approach your Shrine,
For you, who merit theirs, can pardon mine.
Fortune and Virtue with such heat contend
(As once for *Rome*) now to make you their Friend :
And you so well can this prefer to that,
As you can neither fear, nor mend your Fate :
Yet since the Votes of Joy from all are due,
A Love like mine, must find some Wishes too.

May you in this bright Constellation set,
Still shew how much the Good outshine the Great :
May you be courted with all Joys of Sense,
Yet place your highest in your Innocence ;
Whose Praise may you enjoy, but not regard,
Finding within both Motive and Reward.
May Fortune still to your Commands be just,
Yet still beneath your Kindness or your Trust.
May you no Trouble either feel or fear,
But from your pity for what others wear ;

And

And may the happy Owner of your Breast,
Still find his Passion with his Joys encreas'd ;
Whilst ev'ry Moment your Concern makes known,
And gives him too, fresh Reason for his own :
And from their Parents may your Off-spring have
All that is wise and lovely, soft and brave :
Or if all Wishes we in one would give,
For him, and for the World, long may you Live.

E P I T A P H.

*On her Son H. P. at St. Syth's Church, where her
Body was Interred.*

WHAT on Earth deserves our trust ?
Youth and Beauty both are Dust.
Long we gathering are with Pain,
What one Moment calls again.
Seven Years childless, Marriage past,
A Son, a Son is born at last :
So exactly Limb'd and Fair,
Full of good Spirits, Mein, and Air,
As a long Life promised,
Yet, in less than six Weeks dead.
Too promising, too great a Mind
In so small Room to be confin'd :
Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,
He quickly broke the Prison Shell.

So the subtle *Alchimist*
Can't, with *Hermes Seal*, resist
The pow'rful Spirit's subtler flight,
But 'twill bid him long good Night.
And so the Sun, if it arise
Half so glorious as his Eyes,
Like this Infant, takes a Shrowd,
Bury'd in a Morning Cloud.

*On the Death of my Lord Rich, only Son to the
Earl of Warwick, who dyed of the small Pox, 1664.*

HAVE not so many Lives of late
Suffic'd to quench the greedy Thirst of Fate?
Tho' to encrease the mournful Purple Flood,
As well as Noble, she drank Royal Blood;
That not content, against us to engage
Our own wild fury, and Usurpers rage;
By Sickness now, when all that Storm is past,
She strives to hew our Heroes down as fast?
And by the Prey she chuses, shews her Aim
Is to extinguish all the English Fame.
Else had this generous Youth we now have lost,
Been still his Friends delight, and Country's boast,
And higher rais'd th' Illustrious Name he bore,
Than all our Chronicles had done before.
Had Death consider'd e'er he struck this Blow,
How many noble Hopes 'twould overthrow;

The

The Genius of his House (who did complain
That all her Worthies now dy'd o'er again).
His flourishing, and yet untainted Years ;
His Father's Anguish, and his Mother's Tears ;
Sure he had been perswaded to relent,
Nor had for so much early Sweetness, sent
That fierce Disease, which knows not how to spare
The Young, the Great, the Knowing, or the Fair.
But we as well might flatter ev'ry Wind,
And court the Tempests to be less unkind,
As hope from churlish Death to snatch his Prey,
Who is as furious and as deaf as they ;
And who hath cruelly surpriz'd in him,
His Parents Joy, and all the World's Esteem.

Say treacherous Hopes that whisper in our Ear,
Still to expect some steady Comfort here,
And tho' we oft discover all your Arts,
Would still betray our disappointed Hearts ;
What new Delusion can you now prepare,
Since this pale Object shews how pale you are ?
'Twill fully answer all you have to plead,
If we reply, Great *Warwick's* Heir is dead :
Blush human Hopes and Joys, and then be all
In solemn Mourning at this Funeral.

For since such Expectations brittle prove,
What can we safely either Hope or Love ?

The V I R G I N.

THE Things that make a Virgin please,
She that seeks, will find them these ;
A Beauty, not to Art in debt,
Rather Agreeable than Great ;
An Eye, wherein at once do meet
The beams of Kindness, and of Wit ;
An undissembled Innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take Offence :
A Conversation, at once free
From Passion, and from Subtilty ;
A Face that's modest, yet serene,
A sober, and yet lively Meen ;
The Virtue which does her Adorn,
By Honour guarded, not by Scorn ;
With such wise Lowliness indu'd,
As never can be mean, or rude ;
That prudent Negligence enrich,
And Time's her Silence and her Speech ;
Whose equal Mind does always move,
Neither a Foe, nor Slave to Love ;
And whose Religion's strong and plain,
Not superstitious, nor prophane.

Upon

*Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in
Barnelmes-Walks.*

ALAS how barbarous are we,
Thus to reward the courteous Tree,
Who its broad Shade affording us,
Deserves not to be wounded thus ;
See how the yielding Bark complies
With our ungrateful Injuries.
And seeing this, say how much then
Trees are more generous than Men,
Who by a Nobleness so pure
Can first oblige and then endure.

To my dearest Friend Mrs. Owen, upon her greatest Loss.

AS when two Sister Rivulets, who crept
From that dark Bed of Snow wherein they slept
By private distant Currents under Ground
Have by *Mæanders* either Bosom found,
They sob aloud and break down what withstood,
Swoln by their own Embraces to a Flood :
So when my Sympathy for thy dear Grief
Had brought me near, in hope to give Relief,
I found my Sorrow heightned when so join'd,
And thine increas'd by being so combin'd,

Since

Since to the bleeding Hopes of many Years,
I could contribute nothing but my Tears ;
Fears which to thy sad Fate were justly due,
And to his Loss, by all who that Loss knew.
For thy *Charistus* was so much above
The Eloquence of all our Grief and Love,
That it would be injurious to his Hearse
To think to crowd his Worth into a Verse.
Could I (by Miracle) such Praise indite,
Who with more Ease and Justice weep than write,
He was all that which History can boast,
Or bolder Poetry had e'er engross'd.
So Pious, Just, Noble, Discreet, and Kind,
Their best *Ideas* knew not how to find.
His strong Religion not on Trifles spent,
Was useful, firm, early, and eminent,
Never betray'd to indigested Heat,
Nor yet entic'd from what was safely Great.
And this so soon, as if he had Foresight,
He must begin betimes whose Noon is Night.
His Virtue was his Choice, and not his Chance,
Not mov'd by Age, nor born of Ignorance.
He well knew whom, and what he did believe,
And for his Faith did not Dispute, but live,
And liv'd just like his Infant Innocence,
But that was crown'd with free Obedience.
How did he scorn Design, and equally
How much abhorr'd this Age's Vanity !

He neither lik'd its Tumults, nor its Joys,
Slighted alike Earth's Pleasure, and her Noise.
But unconcern'd in both, in his own Mind
Alone could Pow'r and Satisfaction find.
A Treasury of Merit there lay hid,
Which tho' he ne'er confess'd, his Actions did.
His Modesty unto his Virtue lent
At once a Shadow and an Ornament.
But what could hide those filial Rites he paid ;
How much he lov'd, how prudently obey'd ?
How as a Brother did he justly share
His kind concern betwixt Respect and Care ?
And to a Wife how fully did he prove
How wisely he could Judge, how fondly Love ?
As Husbands serious, but as Lovers kind,
He valu'd all of her, but lov'd her Mind ;
And with a Passion made this Riddle true,
'Twas ever perfect, and yet still it grew.
Such handsome Thoughts his Breast did ever fill,
He durst do any thing, but what was Ill ;
Unlike those Gallants who so use their Time,
As opportunity to act their Crime,
And lost in Wine or Vanity when young,
They dye too soon, because they liv'd too long.
But he has hallowed so his early Death,
'Tis almost shame to draw a longer Breath.
I can no more, they that can, must have learn'd
To be more eloquent, and less concern'd.

But

But all that Noble Justice to his Name
 His own good Angel will commit to Fame.
 Could Grief recall this Happiness again,
 Of thy dear Sorrow I would ne'er complain,
 But such an Opportunity would take
 To grieve an useless Life out for thy sake.
 But since it cannot, I must pray thee live,
 That so much of *Charistus* may survive,
 And that thou do no Act so harsh to Love,
 As that his Glory should thy Sorrow move ;
 Endure thy loss 'till Heav'n shall it repay,
 Upon thy last and glorious Wedding-day,
 When thou shalt know him more, and quickly find
 The Lye increas'd by being so refin'd,
 And there possess him without parting Fears,
 As I my Friendship free from future Tears.

Orinda to Lucasia, parting, October 1661. at London.

A Dieu dear Object of my Love's excess,
 And with thee all my hopes of Happiness,
 With the same fervent and unchanged Heart
 Which did its whole self once to thee impart,
 (And which tho' Fortune has so sorely bruis'd,
 Would suffer more, to be from this excus'd)
 I to resign thy dear Converse submit,
 Since I can neither keep, nor merit it.

Thou

Thou hast too long to me confined been;
Who Ruin am without, Passion within.
My Mind is sunk below thy Tenderness,
And my Condition does deserve it less ;
I'm so entangled and so lost a Thing
By all the shocks my daily Sorrow bring,
That wouldst thou for thy old *Orinda* call,
Thou hardly couldst unravel her at all.
And should I thy clear Fortunes interline
With the incessant Miseries of mine ?
No, no, I never lov'd at such a rate
To tye thee to the Rigours of my Fate,
As from my Obligations thou art free,
Sure thou shalt be so from my Injury,
Tho' ev'ry other worthiness I miss,
Yet I'll at least be generous in this.
I'd rather perish without Sigh or Groan,
Than thou shouldst be condemn'd to give me one ;
Nay in my Soul I rather could allow
Friendship should be a Sufferer, than thou ;
Go then, since my sad Heart has set thee free,
Let all the Loads and Chains remain on me.
Tho' I be left the Prey of Sea and Wind,
Thou being Happy wilt in that be kind ;
Nor shall I my undoing much deplore,
Since thou art safe, whom I must value more.
Oh ! mayst thou ever be so, and as free
From all Ills else, as from my Company,

And

And may the Torments thou hast had from it
Be all that Heav'n will to thy Life permit.
And that they may thy Virtue service do,
May'st thou be able to forgive them too :
But tho' I must this sharp Submission learn,
I cannot yet unwish thy dear Concern.
Not one new Comfort I expect to see,
I quit my Joy, Hope, Life, and all but Thee ;
Nor seek I thence ought that may discompose
That Mind where so serene a Goodness grows.
I ask no inconvenient Kindness now,
To move thy Passion, or to cloud thy Brow ;
And thou wilt satisfie my boldest Plea
By some few soft remembrances of me,
Which may present thee with this candid Thought,
I meant not all the Troubles that I brought.
Own not what Passion rules, and Fate does crush,
But wish thou could'st have don't without a Blush,
And that I had been, e'er it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate.
Ah who can love the Things they cannot prize ?
But thou mayst pity tho' thou dost despise.
Yet I should think that pity bought too dear,
If it should cost those precious Eyes a Tear.
Oh may no Minutes trouble thee posses,
But to endear the next Hours Happiness ;
And may'st thou when thou art from me remov'd,
Be better pleas'd, but never worse belov'd :

Oh

Oh pardon me, for pow'ring out my Woes
In Rhime now, that I dare not do in Prose.
For I must lose whatever is call'd dear,
And thy assistance all that Loss to bear,
And have more Cause than e'er I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more.

On the First of January, 1657.

TH' Eternal Centre of my Life and me,
Who when I was gone gave me room to be,
Hath since (my time preserving in his Hands)
By Moments numbred on the precious Sands,
'Till they are swell'd to six and twenty Years,
Chequer'd by Providence with Smiles and Tears,
I have observ'd how vain all Glories are,
The Change of Empire, and the Chance of War :
Seen Faction with its native Venom burst,
And Treason struck, by what it self had nurs'd.
Seen useless Crimes, whose Owners but made way
For future Candidates to wear the Bay.

*To my Lady M. Cavendish, chusing the Name of
POLICRITE.*

THAT Nature in your Frame has taken Care,
As well your Birth as Beauty do declare,
Since

Since we at once discover in your Face,
The lustre of your Eyes and of your Race :
And that your Shape and Fashion does attest,
So bright a Form has yet a brighter Guest,
To future Times authentick Fame shall bring,
Historians shall relate, and Poets sing.
But since your boundless Mind upon my Head
Some rays of Splendor is content to shed ;
And lest I suffer by the great Surprize,
Since you submit to meet me in Disguise,
Can lay aside what dazles vulgar Sight,
And to *Orinda* can be *Policrite* ;
You must endure my Vows, and find the way
To entertain such Rites as I can pay :
For so the Pow'r Divine new Praise acquires,
By scorning nothing that it once inspires :
I have no Merits that your Smile can win,
Nor off'ring to appease you when I Sin ;
Nor can my useless Homage hope to raise,
When what I cannot serve, I strive to praise :
But I can Love, and Love at such a pitch,
As I dare boast it will ev'n you enrich ;
For Kindness is a Mine, when great and true,
Of nobler Ore than ever *Indians* knew,
'Tis all that Mortals can on Heav'n bestow,
And all that Heav'n can value here below.

Against

Against L O V E.

HENCE, Cupid, with your cheating Toys,
Your real Griefs, and painted Joys,
Your Pleasure which it self destroys.
Lovers like Men in Feavers burn and rave,
And only what will injure them do crave.
Mens weaknes makes Love so severe,
They give him Power by their Fear,
And make the Shackles which they wear.
Who to another does his Heart submit,
Makes his own Idol, and then Worships it.
Him whose Heart is all his own,
Peace and Liberty does crown,
He apprehends no killing Frown.
He feels no Raptures which are Joys diseas'd,
And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

A Dialogue of FRIENDSHIP multiply'd.

MUSICORUS.

WILL you unto one single Sense
Confine a starry Influence ?
Or when you do the Rays combine,
To themselves only make them shine ?
Love that's engross'd by one alone,
Is Envy not Affection.

N

ORIN.

O R I N D A.

No *Musidorus*, this would be
 But Friendship's Prodigality,
 Union in Rays does not confine,
 But doubles Lustre when they shine,
 And Souls united live above
 Envy, as much as scatter'd Loves.
 Friendship (like Rivers) as it multiplies,
 In many Streams, grows weaker still and dies.

M U S I D O R U S.

Rivers indeed may lose their force,
 When they divide or break their Course,
 For they may want some hidden Spring,
 Which to their Streams Recruits may bring ;
 But Friendship's made of purest Fire,
 Which burns and keeps its Stock entire.
 Love, like the Sun, may shed his Beams on all,
 And grow more great by being General.

O R I N D A.

The purity of Friendship's Flame
 Proves that from Sympathy it came,
 And that the Hearts so close do knit
 They no third Partner can admit ;
 Love like the Sun does all inspire,
 But burns most by contracted Fire.
 Then tho' I honour ev'ry worthy Guest,
 Yet my *Lucasia* only rules my Breast.

ROSANIA to LUCASIA, on her Letters.

A H strike outright, or else forbear,
Be more kind, or more severe ;
For in this Chequer'd Mixture I
Cannot live, and would not die,
And must I neither ? tell me why ?

When thy Pen thy Kindness tells,
My Heart transported leaps and swells.
But when my greedy Eye does stray
Thy threaten'd Absence to survey,
That Heart is struck and faints away.

To give me Title to rich Land,
And the Fruition to withstand,
Or solemnly to send the Key
Of Treasures I must never see,
Would it Contempt or Bounty be ?

This is such refin'd Distress,
That thy sad Lovers sigh for less,
Tho' thou their Hopes hast overthrown,
They lose but what they ne'er have known,
But I am plunder'd from my own.

How canst thou thy *Rosania* prize,
 And be so cruel and so wise ?
 For if such rigid Policy
 Must thy Resolves dispute with me,
 Where then is Friendship's Victory ?

Kindness is of so brave a make
 'Twill rather Death than Bondage take,
 So that if thine no Power can have,
 Give it and me one common Grave,
 But quickly either kill or fave.

To my ANTE NOR, March 16th, 166¹₂.

MY dear *Antenor* now give o'er,
 For my sake talk of Graves no more,
 Death is not in our Pow'r to gain,
 And is both wish'd and fear'd in vain.
 Let's be as angry as we will,
 Grief sooner may distract than kill,
 And the Unhappy often prove
 Death is as coy a Thing as Love.
 Those whose own Sword their Death did give,
 Afraid were or ashamed to Live ;
 And by an act so desperate,
 Did poorly run away from Fate ;

'Tis

'Tis braver much t' out-ride the Storm,
Endure its Rage, and shun its Harm ;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More Greatness shews, than having none.
But yet the Wheel, in turning round,
At last may lift us from the Ground ;
And when our Fortune's most severe,
The less we have, the less we fear.
And why should we that Grief permit,
Which can nor mend nor shorten it ?
Let's wait for a succeeding Good,
Woes have their Ebb as well as Flood :
And since the Parliament have rescu'd you,
Believe that Providence will do so too.

*A Triton to Lucasia going to Sea, shortly after the
QUEEN's Arrival.*

I.

MY Master *Neptune* took such Pains of late
To quiet the Commotions of his State,
That he might give, through his fierce Winds and Seas,
Safe Passage to the Royal *Portuguese*,
That e'er since at home has kept,
And in his Chrystal Palace slept,
'Till a swift Wind told him to day
A Stranger was to pass this way,

Whom he hath sent me out to view,
And I must tell him, Madam, it is you.

II.

He knows you by an honourable Fame :
Who hath not heard *Lucasia's* worthy Name ?
But should he see you too, I doubt he will
Grow amorous, and here detain you still :

I know his Humour very well,
So best can the Event foretel,
But wishing you better Success,
And that my Master's Guilt be less,
I will say nothing of your Form
'Till you are past the Danger of a Storm.

III.

Fear nothing else, for Eyes so sweet as these,
No Power that is Sea-born can displease ;
You are much more than Nymph or Goddess bright ;
I saw 'em all at Supper t'other Night :

They with far less Attraction draw,
They give us Love, you give us Law.
Your Charms the Winds and Seas will move,
But 'tis to Wonder, not to Love.
Your only Danger is, lest they
Stiff with Amazement should becalm your Way.

IV.

But should they all want Breath to make a Gale,
What's sent in Prayers for you will fill your Sail ;

What

What brought you hither will your way secure,
Courage and Kindness can no slip endure;
The Winds will do as much for you.

V.

Yet since your Birth the *English* Ocean boasts,
We hope sometimes to see you on these Coasts,
And we will order for you, as you pass,
Winds soft as Lovers Vows, Waves smooth as Glafs.
Each Deity shall you befriend,
And all the Sea-Nymphs shall attend ;
But if, because a Ship's too straight,
Or else unworthy such a Freight,
A Coach more useful would appear,
That and six *Danish* Steeds you know are here.

ORINDA upon little HECTOR PHILIPS.

I.

TWice forty Months of Wedlock I did stay,
Then had my Vows crown'd with a lovely Boy,
And yet in forty Days he dropt away,
O swift Vicissitude of human Joy !

II.

I did but see him and he disappear'd,
I did but pluck the Rose-bud and it fell,
A Sorrow unforeseen and scarcely heard,
For ill can Mortals their Afflictions spell.

III.

And now (sweet Babe) what can my trembling Heart
 Suggest, to right my doleful Fate or thee?
 Tears are my Muse, and Sorrow all my Art,
 So piercing Groans must be thy Elogy.

IV.

Thus whilst no Eye is witness of my Moan,
 I grieve thy loss (Ah Boy too dear to live)
 And let the unconcerned World alone,
 Who neither will, nor can Refreshment give.

V.

An Off'ring too for thy sad Tomb I have,
 Too just a Tribute to thy early Herse,
 Receive these gasping Numbers to thy Grave,
 The last of thy unhappy Mother's Verse.

To the Lady E. BOYLL.

AH lovely *Celimena*, why
 Are you so full of Charms,
 That neither Sex can from them fly,
 Nor take against them Arms?
 Others in time may gain a part,
 But you at once snatch all the Heart.

Dear

Dear Tyrant, why will you subdue
Orinda's trivial Heart,
Which can no Triumph add to you,
Not meriting your Dart?
And sure you will not grant it one,
If not for my sake for your own.

For it has been by Tenderness
Already so much bruis'd,
That at your Altars I may guess
It will be but refus'd.
For never Deity did prize
A torn and maimed Sacrifice.

But oh what Madness can or dare
Dispute this noble Chain,
Which 'tis a greater thing to wear,
Than Empires to obtain?
To be your Slave I more design,
Than to have all the World be mine.

Those glorious Fetters will create
A Merit fit for them,
Repair the Breaches made by Fate,
And whom they own redeem.
What thus ennobles and thus cures,
Can be no Influence but yours.

Pardon

Pardon th' Ambition of my Aim,
 Who love you at that rate,
 That Story cannot boast a Flame
 So lasting and so great.
 I can be only kind and true,
 But what else can be worthy you.

*To my Lord Duke of O R M O N D, upon the
 late P L O T.*

[Care]
Though you, great Sir, be Heav'ns immediate
 Who shew'd you Danger, and then broke the
 And our first Gratitude to that be due, [Snare;
 Yet there is much that must be paid to you :
 For 'tis your Prudence *Ireland's* Peace secures,
 Gives her her Safety, and (what's dearer) yours,
 Whilst your prevailing Genius does dispence,
 At once its Conduct, and its Influence ;
 Less Honour from a Battel won is got,
 Than to repel so dangerous a Plot ;
 Fortune with Courage may play Booty there,
 But single Virtue is triumphant here ;
 In vain the bold ingrateful Rebels aim
 To overturn, when you support the same ;
 You who three potent Kingdoms late have seen
 Tremble with Fury, and yet stedfast been ;

Who

Who on afflicted Majesty could wait,
When it was seemingly forsook by Fate;
Whose settled Loyalty no Storms dismait,
Nor the more flatt'ring Mischiefs could dissuade:
And having scap'd so dangerous a Coast,
Could you now fall expiring Treasons boast?
Or was it hop'd by this contemned Crew,
That you could Fortune, and not them, subdue.
But whilst these Wretches at this impious rate,
Will buy the Knowledge of your mighty Fate;
You shall preserve your King's entrusted Crown,
Affisted by his Fortune and your own.
And whilst his Sword Kingdoms abroad bestows,
You with the next Renown shall this dispose.

To the Countess of Roscommon, with a Copy
of POMPEY.

Great Pompey's Fame from Egypt made escape,
And flies to you for Succour in this Shape:
A Shape, which, I assur'd him, would appear,
Nor fit for you to see, nor him to wear.
Yet he says, Madam, he's resolv'd to come,
And run a hazard of a second Doom:
But still he hopes to bribe you, by that trust
You may be kind, but cannot be unjust;
Each of whose Favours will delight him more,
Than all the Lawrels that his Temples wore:

Yet

Yet if his Name and his Misfortunes fail,
 He thinks my Intercession will prevail ;
 And whilst my Numbers would relate his End,
 Not like a Judge you'll listen, but a Friend ;
 For how can either of us fear your Frown,
 Since he and I are both so much your own.

But when you wonder at my bold Design,
 Remember who did that high Task enjoin ;
 Th' illustrious *Orrery*, whose least Command,
 You would more wonder if I could withstand :
 Of him I cannot which is hardest tell,
 Or not to Praise him, or to Praise him well ;
 Who on that height from whence true Glory came,
 Does there possess and thence distribute Fame ;
 Where all their Lyres the willing Muses bring,
 To learn of him whatever they shall sing ;
 Since all must yield, whilst there are Books or Men,
 The universal Empire to his Pen ;
 Oh ! had that pow'ful Genius but inspir'd
 The feeble Hand, whose Service he requir'd,
 It had your Justice then, not Mercy pray'd,
 Had pleas'd you more, and better him obey'd.

*On the D E A T H of the truly Honourable
 Sir Walter Lloid, Knight.*

AT Obsquies where so much Grief is due,
 The Muses are in solemn Mourning too,
 And

And by their dead Astonishment confess,
They can lament this Loss, though not express:
Nay if those ancient Bards had seen this Herse,
Who once in *British* Shades spoke living Verse,
Their high Concern for him had made them be,
Apter to weep, than write his Elogy.
When on our Land that Flood of Woes was sent,
Which swallow'd all things Sacred as it went,
The injur'd Arts and Virtues made his Breast
The Ark wherein they did securely rest:
For as that old one was toss'd up and down,
And yet the angry Billows could not drown;
So Heav'n did him in this worse Deluge save,
And made him triumph o'er th' unquiet Wave:
Who while he did with that wild Storm contest,
Such real Magnanimity express'd,
That he dar'd to be Loyal, in a time
When 'twas a Danger made, and thought a Crime:
Duty, and not Ambition, was his aim,
Who study'd Conscience ever more than Fame,
And thought it so desirable a Thing,
To be preferr'd to suffer for his King,
That he all Fortune's Spight had pardon'd her,
Had she not made his Prince a Sufferer;
For whose lov'd Cause he did both act and grieve,
And for it only did endure to live,
To teach the World what Man can be and do,
Arm'd by Allegiance and Religion too.

His Head and Heart mutual Assistance gave,
That being still so wise, and this so brave,
That 'twas acknowledg'd all he said and did,
From Judgment and from Honour did proceed :
Such was the useful Mixture of his Mind,
'Twas at once meek and knowing, stout and kind ;
For he was civil, bountiful, and learn'd,
And for his Friends so gen'rously concern'd,
That both his Heart and House, his Hand and Tongue
To them, more than himself, seem'd to belong ;
As if to his wrong'd Party he would be
Both an Example and Apology :
For when both Swords and Pens seem'd to dispute,
His Life alone Rebellion did confute.
But when his Vows propitious Heav'n had heard,
And our unequal'd King at length appear'd,
As aged *Simeon* did his Spirits yield,
When he had seen his dearest Hopes fulfill'd ;
He gladly saw the Morning of that Day,
Which *Charles's* growing Splendor did display ;
Then, to Eternal Joys made greater haste,
Because his present ones flow'd in so fast ;
From which he fled, out of a pious Fear,
Lest he by them should be rewarded here ;
While his sad Country by his Death have lost
Their noblest Pattern, and their greatest Boast.

ORINDA TO LUCASIA.

I.

O Bserve the weary Birds, e'er Night be done,
How they wou'd fain call up the tardy Sun,
With Feathers hung with Dew,
And trembling Voices too,
They court their glorious Planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of Spirits there.
The drooping Flow'rs hang their Heads,
And languish down into their Beds:
While Brooks more bold and fierce than they,
Wanting those Beams, from whence
All things drink Influence,
Openly murmur, and demand the Day.

II.

Thou my *Lucasia* art far more to me,
Than he to all the Under-World can be;
From thee I've Heat and Light,
Thy Absence makes my Night.
But ah! my Friend, it now grows very long,
The Sadness weighty, and the Darkness strong:
My Tears (its Dew) dwell on my Cheeks,
And still my Heart thy dawning seeks,
And to thee mournfully it cries,
That if too long I wait,
Ev'n thou mayst come too late,
And not restore my Life, but close my Eyes.

To

To CELIMENA.

FOrbear fond Heart (say I) torment no more
 That *Celimena* whom thou dost adore ;
 For since so many of her Chains are proud,
 How canst thou be distinguish'd in the Crowd :
 But say, bold Trifler, what dost thou pretend ?
 Wou'dst thou depose thy Saint into thy Friend ?
 Equality in Friendship is requir'd,
 Which here were criminal to be desir'd.

An Answer to another perswading a Lady to Marriage.

I.

FOrbear bold Youth, all's Heav'n here,
 And what you do aver,
 To others Courtship may appear,
 'Tis Sacrilege to her.

II.

She is a publick Deity,
 And were't not very odd
 She shou'd depose her self, to be
 A petty Household God ?

III.

First make the Sun in private shine,
 And bid the World adieu,

That

That so he may his Beams confine
In Complement to you.

IV.

But if of that you do despair,
Think how you did amiss,
To strive to fix her Beams, which are
More bright and large than his.

Lucasia and Orinda parting with Pastora and
Phillis, at Ipswich.

I.

IN your Converse we best can read,
How constant we should be,
But 'tis in losing that, we need
All your Philosophy.

II.

How perish'd is the Joy that's past,
The present how unsteady?
What Comfort can be great, and last,
When this is gone already?

III.

Yet that it subtly may torment,
The Memory does remain ;
For what was, when enjoy'd, Content,
Is, in its absence, Pain.

IV.

If you'll restore it, we'll not grieve
 That Fate does now us sever;
 'Tis better by your Gift to live,
 Than by our own Endeavour.

Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio.

TO the officious Marble we commit
 A Name, above the Art of Time or Wit;
 'Tis righteous, Valiant *Scipio*, whose Life we
 Found the best Sermon, and best History:
 Whose Courage was no Anguish, brutish Heat,
 But such as spoke him good, as well as great;
 Which first engag'd his Arms to prop the State
 Of the almost undone *Palatinate*,
 And help the *Netherlands* to stem the Tide
 Of *Rome's* Ambition, and the *Austrian* Pride;
 Which shall in ev'ry History be fam'd,
 Wherein *Breda* or *Frankendale* are nam'd.
 And when forc'd by his Country's angry Stars
 To be a Party in her Civil Wars,
 He so much Conduct by his Valour taught,
 So wisely govern'd, and so bravely fought,
 That th' *English* Annals shall this Record bear,
 None better could direct, or further dare.

Form'd

Form'd both for War and Peace, was brave in Fight,
And in Debate judicious and upright:
Religion was his first and highest Care,
Which rul'd his Heart in Peace, his Hand in War:
Which at the least Sin made him tremble still,
And rather stand a Breach, than act an Ill;
For his great Heart did such a Temper show,
Stout as a Rock, yet soft as melting Snow.
In him so prudent, and yet so sincere,
The Serpent much, the Dove did more appear;
He was above the little Arts of State,
And scorn'd to sell his Peace to mend his Fate,
Anxious of nothing, but an inward spot,
His Hand was open, but his Conscience not;
Just to his Word, to all Religions kind,
In Duty strict, in Bounty unconfin'd;
And yet so modest, 'twas to him less Pain
To do great things, than hear them told again;
Perform, sad Stone, thy honourable trust,
Unto his Mem'ry and thy self be just,
For his Immortal Name shall thee befriend,
And pay thee back more Fame than thou canst lend,

To Mr. Samuel Cooper, having taken Lucasia's Picture, given December 14. 1660.

I.

If Noble Things can Noble Thoughts infuse,
Your Art might ev'n in me create a Muse,
And what you did Inspire, you would Excuse.

II.

But if it such a Miracle could do,
That Muse would not return you half your due,
Since 'twould my Thanks, but not the Praise pursue.

III.

To praise your Art is than it self more hard,
Nor would it the Endeavour much regard,
Since it, and Virtue, are their own Reward.

IV.

A Pencil from an Angel newly caught,
And Colours in the Morning's Bosom sought,
Would make no Picture, if by you not wrought.

V.

But done by you, it does no more admit
Of an Encomium from the highest Wit,
Than that another Hand should equal it.

VI.

Yet whilst you with creating Pow'r vye,
Command the very Spirit of the Eye,
And then reward it with Eternity.

VII. Whilst

VII.

Whilst your each touch does Life and Air convey,
Fetch the Soul out, like overcoming Day,
And I my Friend repeated here survey.

VIII.

I by a passive Way may do you right,
Wearing in that what none could e'er endite,
Your Panegyrick, and my own Delight.

Parting with a F R I E N D.

I.

Whoever thinks that Joys below
Can lasting be and great,
Let him behold this parting Blow,
And cure his own Deceit.

II.

Alas! how soon are Pleasures done,
Where Fortune has a Pow'r!
How like to the declining Sun,
Or to the wither'd Flow'r!

III.

A thousand unconcerned Eyes
She'll suffer us to see,
But of all those we chiefly prize
We must deprived be.

IV.

But we may conquer if we will,
The wanton Tyrant teach,
That we have something left us still
Which grows not in her reach.

V.

That unseen String which fastens Hearts,
Nor Time, nor Chance e'er ty'd ;
Nor can it be in either's Arts
Their Unions to divide.

VI.

Where Sympathy does Love convey,
It braves all other Pow'rs ;
Lucasia, and *Rosania*, say,
Has it not formed ours ?

VII.

If forty Weeks Converse has not
Been able yet to tye
Your Souls in that mysterious Knot,
How wretched then am I ?

VIII.

But if I read in either's Mind,
As sure I hope I do,
That each to other is combin'd,
Absence will make it true.

IX.

No Accident will e'er surprise,
Or make your Kindness start ;
Although you lose each others Eyes,
You'll faster keep the Heart.

X.

Letters as kind as Turtle Doves,
And undisguis'd as Thought,
Will entertain those fervent Loves
Which have each other bought,

XI.

'Till Fortune, vexed with the fight
Of Faith so free from stain,
Shall then grow weary of her spight,
And let you meet again.

XII.

Wherein may you that Rapture find,
That Sister *Cherals* have,
When I am in my Rocks confin'd,
Or seal'd up in my Grave.

To my dearest Friend, upon her shunning Grandeur.

SHine out, rich Soul ! to Greatness be,
What it can never be to thee,
An Ornament ; thou canst restore
The Lustre which it had before

These Ruins; own it and 'twill live,
Thy Favour's more than Kings can give,
Hast more above all Titles, than
The Bearers are 'bove common Men;
And so heroick art within,
Thou must descend to be a Queen.
Yet Honour may convenient prove,
By giving thy Soul room to move:
Affording Scene unto that Mind,
Which is too great to be confin'd.
Wert thou with single Virtue stor'd,
To be approv'd, but not ador'd,
Thou might'st retire; but who e'er meant
A Palace for a Tenement?
Heav'n has so built thee, that we find
Thee buried when thou art confin'd:
If thou in Privacy would'st live,
Yet Lustre to thy Virtues give;
To stifle them for want of Air,
Injurious is to Heav'n's Care.
If thou wilt be immur'd, where
Shall thy obliging Soul appear?
Where shall thy gen'rous Prudence be,
And where thy Magnanimity?
Nay thy own Darling thou dost hide,
Thy self-denial is deny'd;
For he that never Greatness tries,
Can never safely it despise.

That

That *Antoninus* writ well, when
He held a Scepter and Pen:
Less Credit *Solomon* does bring
As a Philosopher than King ;
So much Advantage flows from hence,
To write by our Experience.
Diogenes I must suspect
Of Envy, more than wise Neglect,
When he his Prince so ill did treat,
And so much spurned at the Great :
A Censure is not clear from those
Whom Fate subjects, or does depose ;
Nor can we Greatness understand
From an oppress'd or fallen Hand :
But 'tis some Prince must that define,
Or one that freely did resign.
A great *Almanzor* teaches thus,
Or else a *Dionysius*.
For, to know Grandeur, we must live
In that, and not in Perspective ;
Vouchsafe the Trial then, that thou
May'st safely wield, yet disallow
The World's Temptations, and be still
Above whatever wou'd thee fill.
Convince Mankind, there's somewhat more
Great than the Titles they adore :
Stand near them, and 'twill soon be known
Thou hast more Splendor of thy own ;

Yield

Yield to the wanting Age, and be
 Channel of true Nobility :
 For from thy Womb such Heroes needs must rise,
 Who Honours will deserve, and can despise.

To PASTORA, being with her Friend.

I.

WHile you the double Joy obtain
 Of what you give, and what you gain:
 Friendship, who owes you so much Fame,
 Commands my Tribute to your Name.

II.

Friendship, that was almost forlorn,
 Sunk under ev'ry Critick's Scorn ;
 But that your Genius her protects,
 Had fled the World, at least the Sex.

III.

You have restored them and us,
 Whence both are happy ; *Cæsar* thus
 Ow'd *Rome* the Glories of his Reign,
 And *Rome* ow'd him as much again.

IV.

You in your Friend those Joys have found
 Which all Relations can propound ;
 What Nature does 'mong them disperse,
 You multiply in her Converse.

V. You

V.

You her Enjoyment have pursu'd
In Company, and Solitude;
And wheresoever she'll retire,
There's the Diversion you desire.

VI.

Your Joys by this are more immense,
And Heat contracted grows intense;
And Friendship to be such to you,
Will make these Pleasures, Honours too.

VII.

Be to each other that Content,
As to your Sex y'are Ornament;
And may your Hearts, by mixture lost,
Be still each others Bliss and Boast.

VIII.

Impossible your parting be
As that you e'er shou'd disagree;
And then even Death your Friend will prove,
And both at once (tho' late) remove.

IX.

But that you may severely live,
You must th' offending World forgive,
And to employ your Charity,
You have an Object now in me.

X.

My Pen, so much for you unfit,
Presents my Heart, tho' not my Wit;

Which

Which Heart admires what you express,
More than what Monarchs do possess.

XI.

Fear not Infection from my Fate,
Tho' I must be unfortunate,
For having paid my Vows due, I
Shall soon withdraw, wither and die.

*To my Lord and Lady DUNGANNO on their
Marriage, May 11. 1662.*

TO you, who, in your selves, do comprehend
All you can wish, and all we can command;
Whom Worth does guide, and Destiny obey,
What Off'rings can the useless Muses pay?
Each must at once suspend her charming Lyre,
'Till she hath learn'd from you what to inspire:
Well may they wonder to observe a Knot,
So curiously by Love and Fortune wrought,
To which propitious Heav'n did decree,
All things on Earth shou'd tributary be;
By gentle, sure, but unperceiv'd degrees,
As the Sun's motion, or the growth of Trees,
Does Providence our Wills to hers incline,
And makes all Accidents serve her Design:
Her Pencil (Sir) within your Breast did draw
The Picture of a Face you never saw,

With

With Touches, which so sweet were and so true,
By them alone th' Original you knew ;
And at that sight with Satisfaction yield
Your Freedom, which till then maintain'd the field.
'Twas by the same mysterious Pow'r too,
That she has been so long reserv'd for you ;
Whose noble Passion, with submissive art,
Disarm'd her Scuples, and subdu'd her Heart.
And now that at the last your Souls are ty'd,
Whom flood nor difficulties could divide,
Ev'n you that beauteous Union may admire,
Which was at once Heav'n's care, and your desire.
You are so happy in each others Love,
And in assur'd Protection from above,
That we no Wish can add unto your Bliss,
But that it should continue as it is.
O ! may it so, and may the wheel of Fate
In you no more Change than the feels, create ;
And may you still your Happinesses find,
Not on your Fortune growing, but your Mind,
Whereby the shafts of Chance as vain will prove,
As all things else did that oppos'd your Love.
Be kind and happy to that great degree,
As may instruct latest Posterity,
From so rever'd a President to frame
Rules to their Duty, to their Wishes aim.
May the vast Sea for your sake quit his Pride,
And grow so smooth, while on his Breast you ride,

As may not only bring you to your Port,
But shew how all things do your Virtues court.
May ev'ry Object give you new delight,
May Time forget his Sythe, and Fate his Spight;
And may you never other sorrow know,
But what your Pity feels for others woe;
May your Compassion be like that Divine,
Which relieves all on whom it does but shine,
Whilst you produce a Race that may inherit
All your great stock of Beauty, Fame, and Merit.

To his Grace Gilbert Lord Archbisshop of Canterbury, July 10. 1664.

THAT private Shade, wherein my Muse was bred,
She always hop'd might hide her humble head;
Believing the Retirement she had chose
Might yield her, if not Pardon, yet Repose;
Nor other repetitions did expect,
Than what our Echoes from the Rocks reflect.
But hurry'd from her Cave with wild affright,
And drag'd maliciously into the Light,
(Which makes her like the Hebrew Virgin mourn
When from her face her Vail was rudely torn)
To you (my Lord) she now for Succour calls,
And at your feet, with just Confusion, falls.
But she will thank the wrong deserv'd her Hate,
If it procure her that auspicious Fate,

That

That the same wing may over her be cast,
Where the best Church of all the World is plac'd,
And under which, when she is once retir'd,
She really may come to be inspir'd.
And by the Wonders which she there shall view,
May raise her self to such a Theme as you,
Who were preserv'd to Govern and Restore
That Church, whose Confessor you were before;
And shew, by your unwear'y'd present Care,
Your Suff'rings are not ended, though hers are:
For whilst your Crosier her Defence secures,
You purchase her Rest with the Loss of yours;
And Heav'n who first refin'd your worth, and then
Gave it so large and eminent a Scene,
Hath paid you what was many ways your due,
And done it self a greater Right than you.
For after such a rough and tedious Storm
Had torn the Church, and done her so much harm;
And (though at length rebuk'd, yet) left behind
Such angry reliques, in the Wave and Wind;
No Pilot could, whose Skill and Faith were less,
Manage the shatter'd Vessel with Success.
The Piety of the Apostles Times,
And Courage to resist this Ages Crimes,
Majestick Sweetness, temper'd and refin'd,
In a Polite and Comprehensive Mind,
Were all requir'd, her Ruins to repair,
And all united in her Primate are.

In your Aspect, so candid and serene,
The Conscience of such Virtue may be seen,
As makes the fullen Schismatick consent,
A Church-man may be Great and Innocent.
This shall those Men reproach, if not reduce,
And take away their Fault, or their Excuse,
Whilst in your Life and Government appear
All that the Pious wish, and Factious fear.
Since the prevailing Croſs her Ensigns spread,
And Pagan Gods from Christian Bishops fled,
Times curious Eye till now hath never spy'd
The Church's Helm so happily supply'd.
Merit and Providence so fitly met,
The Worthiest Prelate in the highest Seat.

If Noble Things can Noble Thoughts infuse,
Your Life (my Lord) may, ev'n in me, produce
Such Raptures, that, of their rich Fury proud,
I may, perhaps, dare to proclaim aloud;
Assur'd, the World that Ardour will excuse,
Applaud the Subject, and forgive the Muse,

TRANSLATIONS

B Y

K. PHILLIPS.

La SOLITUDE de St. AMANT.**I.**

O ! que j'aime la Solitude,
 Que ces lieux sacrez à la nuit,
 Eloignez du monde & de bruit,
 Plaisent à mon inquietude.
 Mon Dieu ! que mes yeux sont contens,
 De voir ces Bois, qui se trouverent
 A la nativité du Temps,
 Et que tous les Siecles reverent,
 Estre encore aussi beaux & vers,
 Qu'aux premiers jours de l'Univers.

II.

Un gay Zephire les caresse,
 D'un mouvement doux & flatteur,
 Rien que leur extreme hauteur,
 Ne fait remarquer leur vieillesse.
 Jadi Pan, & ses demi-dieux
 Vindrent chercher du refuge,
 Quand Jupiter ouvrit les Cieux
 Pour nous envoyer le deluge,
 Et se sauvans sur leurs Rameaux,
 A peine virent ils les Eaux.

III.

Que sur cette Espine fleurie,
 Dont le printemps est amoureux,

Philomele

ENGLISHED.

I.

O Solitude! my sweetest choice,
Places devoted to the Night,
Remote from tumult, and from noise,
How you my restless thoughts delight!
O Heav'ns! what Content is mine
To see those Trees which have appear'd
From the nativity of Time,
And which all Ages have rever'd,
To look to day as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen!

II.

A cheerful Wind does court them so,
And with such am'rous Breath enfold,
That we by nothing else can know,
But by their height, that they are old.
Hither the Demy-gods did flie
To seek a Sanctuary, when
Displeased *Jove* once pierc'd the Sky,
To pour a Deluge upon Men,
And on these Boughs themselves did fave,
Whence they could hardly see a Wave.

III.

Sad *Philomel* upon this Thorn,
So curiously by *Flora* drest,

*Philomele au chant langoureux,
Entretient bien ma resverie.
Que je prens plaisir a voir
Ces Monts pendans en precipices,
Qui pour les coups de desespoir,
Sont aux Malheureux se propices,
Quand la cruanté de leur sort
Les force a rechercher la Mort.*

IV.

*Que je trouve doux la ravage
De ces fiers torrens vagabonds,
Qui se precipitent par bonds,
Dans ce valon vert & sauvage;
Puis glissans sous les Arbrisseaux
Ainsi que des Serpens sur l'herbe,
Se changeant en plaisans ruisseaux,
Ou quelque Nayade superbe
Regne comme en son lict natal,
Dessus un Throsne de Christal.*

V.

*Que j'aime ces Marets paisibles,
Il est tout bordé déliziers,
D'Aulnes, de Saules, & d'Osiers,
A qui le fer n'est point nuisible.
Les Nymphes y cherchent le frais,
S'y viennent fournir de quenouilles,
De pipeaux, de Jonce, & de glais,
Ou l'on voit sauter les grenouilles,*

In melting notes, her case forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confess'd.
O! how agreeable a sight
These hanging Mountains do appear,
Which the unhappy would invite
To finish all their Sorrows here,
When their hard Fate makes them endure
Such woes, as only Death can cure.

IV.

What pretty Desolations make
These Torrents vagabond and fierce,
Who in vast leaps their Springs forsake,
This solitary Vale to pierce.
Then sliding, just as Serpents do,
Under the foot of ev'ry Tree,
Themselves are chang'd to Rivers too,
Wherein some stately *Nayade*,
As in her native Bed, is grown
A Queen upon a Christal Throne.

V.

This Fen beset with River-Plants,
(O! how it does my Senses charm!)
Nor Elders, Reeds, nor Willows wants,
Which the sharp Steel did never harm.
Here Nymphs, which come to take the Air,
May with such Distaffs furnish'd be,
As Flags and Rushes can prepare:
Where we the nimble Frogs may see,

*Qui de frayeur s'y vont cacher,
Si tost qu'on veut s'en approcher.*

VI.

*Là cent mille oyseaux aquatiques,
Vivent sans craindre en leur repos,
Le Giboyer fin & dispos,
Avec ses mortelles pratiques.
L'un tout joyeux, d'un si beau jour,
S'amuse a becquetter sa Plume,
L'autre allentit le feu d'amour,
Qui dans l'eau mesme & consume,
Et prennent tous innocemment
Leur plaisir en cet Element.*

VII.

*Jamais l'Este, ny la froidure,
N'ont reu passer dessus cette Eau,
Nulle charette, ny batteau
Depuis qui l'on, & l'autre dure:
Jamais voyageur alteré,
N'y fit servir sa main de tasse,
Jamais cheureüil desesperé
N'y finit sa vie à la chasse:
Et jamais le Traisore hamecon
N'en fit sortir aucun poisson.*

VIII.

*Que j'aime a voir la decadence
De ces vieux chasteaux ruinez,*

Who frighted to Retreat do fly,
If an approaching Man they spie.

VI.

Here Water-fowl Repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Lest Fortune should their Bliss destroy
By the malicious Fowlers Snare.
Some ravish'd with so bright a day,
Their Feathers finely prune and deck,
Others their am'rous Heats allay,
Which yet the Waters could not check,
All take their innocent Content
In this their lovely Element.

VII.

Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,
This Stream did never entertain,
Nor ever felt a Boat or Coach
Whilst either Season did remain.
No thirsty Traveller came near,
And rudely made his Hand his Cup,
Nor any hunted Hind hath here
Her hopeless Life resigned up,
Nor ever did the treacherous Hook
Intrude, to empty any Brook.

VIII.

What Beauty is there in the Sight
Of these old ruin'd Castle Walls,

*Contre qui les uns Mutinez
 Ont deployez leur insolence,
 Les Sorciers y font leur Sabat,
 Les Demons follets s'y retirent,
 Qui d'un malicieux etat,
 Trompent nos sens, & nos martirent ;
 La se nichent en mille troux
 Les Couleuvres & les Hyboux.*

IX.

*L'Orfrage avec ses cris funèbres,
 Mortelles augures des destins.
 Fait rire & danser les lutins,
 Dans ces lieux remplis de benetres,
 Sous un cheuron de bois maudit
 Y branle le squelette horrible,
 D'un pauvre amant qui se pendit,
 Pour une Bergere insensible,
 Qui d'un seul regard de pitie,
 Ne daigna voir son amitié.*

X.

*Aussi le Ciel juge equitable,
 Qui maintient les loix en vigueur,
 Prononca contre sa rigueur
 Une sentence epouventable.
 Autour de ces vieux ossemens
 Son ombre aux peines condamnée,
 Lamente en long gemissemens
 Sa malheureuse destinée,*

Ayant

On which the utmost Rage and Spight
 On Times worst Insurrection falls.
The Witches keep their Sabbath here,
 And wanton Devils make retreat,
Who in malicious Sports appear,
 Our Sense both to afflict and cheat,
And here, within a thousand holes,
 Are Nests of Adders and of Owles.

IX.

The Raven with his dismal cries,
 That mortal augury of Fate,
Those ghastly Goblins gratifies,
 Which in those gloomy Places wait.
On a curs'd Tree the Wind does move
 A Carcase which did once belong
To one that hang'd himself, for Love
 Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong;
Who, tho' she saw his Love and Truth,
 With one Look wou'd not save the Youth.

X.

But Heav'n, which judges equally,
 And its own Laws will still maintain,
Rewarded soon her Cruelty
 With a deserv'd and mighty Pain:
About this squalid heap of Bones,
 Her wandring and condemned Shade,
Laments in long and piercing Grones
 The Destiny her Rigour made,

And

*Ayant pour croistre son affroy,
Tous jours son crime devant soy.*

XI.

*Là se trouvent sur quelques mastres,
Des devises du temps passée,
Icy l'a age a presque effacé
Des chiffres taillez sur les astres.
La plancher du lieu le plus haut,
Est tombe jusque dans la Care,
Que la limace, & la crapout
Souillent de venin & de bare,
La lierre y croist au foyer,
A l'ombrage d'un grand Noyer.*

XII.

*La dessus s'estend une voute,
Si sombre en un certain endroit,
Que quand Phœbus y descendroit,
Je pense qu'il n'y verroit goute.
Le sommeil aux pesans sourcis,
Enchante d'un mome silence,
T doit bien loin de tous soucis,
Dans les bras de la nonchalance,
Laschement couché sur le dos,
Dessur des gertes de pavots.*

XIII.

*Au creux de cette grotte fresche,
Où l'amour se pourroit geler,
Eccho ne cesse de brasler
Pour son Amant, froid, & revesche.*

And the more to augment her Fright
Her Crime is ever in her sight.

XI.

There, upon Antique Marbles trac'd,
Devices of past times we see ;
Here Age hath almost quite defac'd
What Lovers carv'd on ev'ry Tree.
The Cellar, here, the highest Room
Receives, when its old Rafters fail,
Soil'd with the Venom and the Foam
Both of the Spider and the Snail :
And th' Ivy in the Chimney, we
Find shaded by a Wall-Nutt Tree.

XII.

Below there does a Cave extend,
Wherein there is so dark a Grot,
That shou'd the Sun himself descend,
I think he cou'd not see a jot.
Here Sleep, within a heavy Lid,
In quiet Sadness locks up Sense,
And ev'ry Care he does forbid,
Whilst in the Arms of Negligence,
Lazily on his Back he's spread,
And Sheaves of Poppy are his Bed.

XIII.

Within this cool and hollow Cave,
Where Love it self might turn to Ice,
Poor Echo ceas'd not to rave
On her *Narcissus*, wild and nice :

*Je m'y coule sans faire bruit,
Et par la celeste harmonie
D'un doux Lut, aux charmes instruit,
Je flatte sa triste manie,
Faisant repeter mes accords,
A la voix qui luy sert de corps.*

XIV.

*Tantost sortant de ces ruines,
Je monte au haut de ce rocher,
Dont le sommet semble chercher
En quel lieu se font les bruines:
Puis je descends tout a loisir
Sous un falaize escarpée,
D'où je regarde avec plaisir
L'onde qui l'a presque sappée
Jusqu'aux seige de Palemon,
Fait d'esponges & de Limon.*

XV.

*Que c'est une chose agreable
D'estre sur le bord de la Mer,
Quand elle vient a se calmer,
Apres quelque orage affroyable,
Et que les chevelas Tritons,
Haut sur les vagues secouées,
Trapent les airs d'estranges tons,
Avec leurs trompes enrouiez,
D'ont l'eclat rend respectueux
Le vents les plus impetueux.*

XVI.

Hither I softly steal a Thought,
And by the softer Musick made
With a sweet Lute in Charms well taught ;
Sometimes I flatter her sad Shade,
Whilst of my Chords I make such choice,
They serve as Body to her Voice.

XIV.

When from these Ruins I retire,
This horrid Rock I do invade,
Whose lofty Brow seems to enquire
Of what Materials Mists are made :
From thence descending leisurely
Under the Brow of this steep Hill,
It with great pleasure I descry
By Waters undermin'd, until
They to *Palæmon's* Seat did climb,
Compos'd of Sponges and of Slime.

XV.

How highly is the Fancy pleas'd
To be upon the Ocean's shoar,
When she begins to be appeas'd,
And her fierce Billows cease to roar !
And when the Hairy *Tritons* are
Riding upon the shaken Wave,
With what strange Sounds they strike the Air
Of their Trumpets hoarse and brave,
Whose shrill Report, does ev'ry Wind
Unto his due Submission bind !

XVI.

XVI.

Tantost brouillant l'arene
 Murmure & fremit de courroux,
 Se roullant dessous les Cailloux,
 Qu'elle apporte & qu'elle r'entraine :
 Tantost elle estale en ses bords
 Que l'ire de Neptune outrage,
 Des gens noyez, des monstres morts,
 Des vaisseaux brisez du naufrage,
 Des Diamans, de l'ambre Gris,
 Et mille autres choses de prix.

XVII.

Tantost la plus clarre de Monde,
 Elle semble un miroir flottant,
 Et nous represente a l'instant
 Encore d'autres Cieux sous l'onde,
 Le soleil s'y fait si bien voir,
 T contemplant son beau visage,
 Qu'on est quelques temps a scavoir
 Si c'est luy mesme ou son image,
 Et d'abord il semble a nos yeux,
 Qu'il se laisse tomber des cieux.

XVIII.

Bernieres pour qui je me vante,
 De ne rien faire que de beau,
 Recoive ce fantasque tableau
 Fait d'une peinture vivante :

Je

XVI.

Sometimes the Sea the Sand dispels,
Trembling and murmur'ring in the Bay,
And rowles it self upon the Shells
Which it both brings and takes away.
Sometimes exposed to the Strand,
Th' Effects of Neptune's Rage and Scorn,
Drown'd Men, dead Monsters, cast on Land,
And Ships that were in Tempests torn,
With Diamonds and Ambergreece,
And many more such things as these.

XVII.

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
A floating Mirror she might be,
And you wou'd fancy all that while
New Heav'ns in her Face to see:
The Sun himself is drawn so well,
When there he wou'd his Picture view,
That our Eye can hardly tell
Which is the false Sun, which the true;
And lest we give our Sense the Lye,
We think he's fallen from the Skye.

XVIII.

Bernieres! for whose beloved sake
My Thoughts are at a noble Strife,
This my fantastick Landskip take,
Which I have copy'd from the Life.

*Je ne cherche que les desers,
Où résvant tout seul je m'amuse,
A des discours assez disers,
De mon Genie avec la Muse,
Mais mon plus aimable entretien,
C'est le ressouvenir du tien.*

XIX.

*Tu vois dans cette Poesie,
Pleine de licence & d'ardeur,
Les beaux rayons de la splendeur
Qui m'esclaire la Fantasie.
Tantost chagrin, tantost joyeux,
Selon que la fureur m'enflame,
Et que l'object s'offre a mes yeux,
Les propos me naissent en l'ame,
Sans contraindre la liberté
Du Demon, qui m'a transporté.*

XX.

*O ! que j'aime la Solitude,
C'est l'Element des bons esprits
C'est par elle que j'ay compris,
L'art d'Apollon sans nulle estude :
Je l'aime pour l'amour de toy
Connoissant que ton humeur l'aime,
Mais quand je pense bien a moy,
Je la hay pour la raison mesme,
Car elle pourroit me ravir
L'heur de te voir, & de te servir.*

Tendres

And with Discourse refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muses talk;
But the Converse most truely mine,
Is the dear memory of thine.

XIX.

Thou may'st in this Poem find,
So full of Liberty and Heat,
What illustrious Rays have shin'd
To enlighten my Conceit:
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
Just as that Fury does controul,
And as the Object I survey,
The Notions grow up in my Soul,
And are as unconcern'd and free
As the Flame which transported me.

XX.

O! how I Solitude adore,
That Element of noblest Wit,
Where I have learn'd *Apollo's* lore,
Without the Pains to study it:
For thy sake I in Love am grown
With what thy Fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing, and from serving thee.

Tendres-desers out of French Prose.

GO soft Desires, Love's gentle Progeny,
 And on the Heart of charming *Sylvia* sieze,
 Then quickly back again return to me,
 Since that's the only cure for my Disease ;
 But if you miss her Breast whom I adore,
 Then take your Flight, and visit mine no more.

Amanti ch' in pianti, &c.

Lovers who in Complaints your selves consume,
 And to be happy once perhaps presume ;
 Your Love and Hopes alike are vain,
 Nor will they ever cure your Pain.
 They that in Love wou'd Joy attain,
 Their Passion to their Power must frame ;
 Let them enjoy what they can gain,
 And never higher aim.

Complaints and Sorrows, from me now depart,
 You think to soften an ungentle Heart,
 When it not only wards such Blows,
 But from your suff'rance prouder grows.
 They that in Love wou'd Joy, &c.

*A Pastoral of Monsieur de Scudery's in the first
Volume of Almahide, Englished.*

Lothful Deceiver, come away;
With me again the Fields survey ;
And sleep no more, unless it be
My Fortune thou should'st Dream of me.

The Sky, from which the Night is fled,
Is painted with a matchless Red :
'Tis Day ; the Morning greets my Eyes :
Thou art my Sun, wilt thou not rise ?

Now the black Shadows of the Night
From Heav'n and Earth are put to flight :
Come and dispel each lingring Shade,
With that Light which thy Eyes have made.

That Planet which so like thee seems,
In his long and piercing Beams,
At once Illuminates and Gilds
All these Valleys, and these Fields.

The Winds do rather sigh than blow,
And Rivers murmur as they go,
And all things seem to thee to say,
Rise Fair one, 'tis a Lovely Day.

Come and the liquid Pearls descry,
 Which glitt'ring 'mong the Flowers lye;
 Day finds them wet, when it appears,
 And 'tis too often with my Tears,

Hearken, and thou wilt much approve
 The Warbling Confort of this Grove;
 Compleat the Pleasure of our Ears,
 Mixing thy Harmony with theirs.

Feather'd Musician step aside,
 Thy self within these Bushes hide,
 While my *Aminta's* Voice affords
 Her Charming Notes to cloath my Words.

Hasten to Sing them then, my Fair,
 And put this Proud one to Despair,
 Whose Voice the Base and Trebles part,
 With so marvellous an Art.

Come *Philomel*, and now make use
 Of all thy Practice can produce,
 All the Harmonious Secrets thou
 Canst try, will do no Service now.

Thou must to Her this Glory give,
 For nothing can thy Fame relieve.
 Then e'er thou dost the Conquest try,
 Chuse to be silent here, or Dye.

Come

Come my Shepherdess, survey
(While a hundred Pipes do play,)
From ev'ry Fold, from ev'ry Shed,
How the Herds and Flocks are fed.

Hear the pleasing harmless Voice
Of thy Lambs, now they rejoice,
While with their bleating Notes are mix'd,
Their pretty Bounds, and Leaps betwixt.

See, see, how from the Thatched Rooms
Of these our Artless Cabbins, comes
A Rustick Troop of Jolly Swains,
From ev'ry side, unto the Plains.

Their Sheep-hooks Steel, so bright and clear,
How it shines, both far and near ;
A Bag-pipe here, and there a Flute,
With merrier Whistles to dispute.

Hear thy Flocks, which for thee bleat,
In Language innocent and sweet ;
See here thy Shepherd who attends 'em,
And from the Rav'nous Wolf defends 'em.

Thy *Melampus*, him endears,
And leaps, and sports, when he appears,
He complains that thy Sloth is such ;
And my poor Heart does that as much.

Among the rest, here's a Ram, we
So white, so blithe, so merry see,
In all our Flocks, there is not one
Deserves such Praise, as he alone.

On the Grafs he butts and leaps,
Flatters, and then away he skips;
So gentle, and yet proud is he,
That surely he hath learn'd of thee.

The fairest Garlands we can find,
Unworthy are his Horns to bind ;
But Flow'rs that Death can never know,
Are fittest to adorn his Brow.

He is full of modest Shame,
And as full of Am'rous Flame ;
Astrologers in Heav'n see,
A Beast less beautiful than he.

I have for thee a Sheep-hook brought,
On which thy Shepherd hard hath wrought,
Here he thy Character hath trac'd ;
Is it not neatly interlac'd?

To that a Scrip is ty'd for thee,
Which woven is so curiously,
That the Art does the Stuff excel,
And Gold it self looks not so well.

Here's

Here's in a Cage, 'that he did make,
All the Birds that he could take.
How glorious is their Slavery,
If they be not despis'd by thee!

A Garland too for thee hath staid ;
And 'tis of fairest Flowers made :
Aurora had this Off'ring kept,
And for its loss hath newly wept.

A lovely Fawn he brings along,
Nimble, as thy self, and young,
And greater Presents he would bring,
But that a Shepherd is no King.

Come away my lovely Bliss,
To such Divertisement as this,
And bring none to these lovely Places,
But only *Venus*, and the Graces.

Whatever Company were nigh
Would tedious be, when thou art by ;
Venus and Fortune would to me
Be troublesome, if I had thee.

She comes ! from far, the lovely Maid
Is by her shining Charms betray'd :
See how the Flow'rs sprot up, to meet
A noble Ruin from her Feet.

How Sprightly, and how Fair is she!
How much undone then must I be?
My Torment is, I know, severe,
But who can think on't when she's near?

My Heart leaps up within my Breast,
And sinks again with Joy opprest;
But in her sight to yield my Breath,
Would be an acceptable Death.

Come then, and in this Shade, be sure
That thy fair Skin shall be secure;
For else the Sun would wrong, I fear,
The Colours which do flourish there.

His flaming Steeds do climb so fast,
While they to our Horizon hasten,
That by this time his Radiant Coach
Does to his highest House approach.

His fiercer Rays in heat, and length,
Begin to rob us of our Strength;
Directly on the Earth they dart,
And all the Shadows are grown short.

This Valley hath a private Seat,
Which is a cool and moist Retreat,
Where th' angry Planet which we spy
Can ne'er invade us with his Eye.

Behold

Behold this fresh and florid Grafs,
Where never yet a Foot did pass,
A Carpet spreads for us to sit,
And to thy Beauty offers it.

This delicate Apartment is
Roof'd o'er with Aged stooping Trees,
Whose verdant Shadow does secure
This Place a native Furniture.

The Courts of *Naiades* are such,
In Shades like these, ador'd so much,
Where thousand Fountains round about,
Perpetually gush Water out.

How finely this thick Moss doth look,
Which limits this transparent Brook;
Whose sportful Wave does swell, and spread,
And is on Flags and Rushes shed!

Within this liquid Chrystral, see
The cause of all my Misery,
And judge by that, (fair Murtheress)
If I could love thy Beauty less.

Thy either Eye does Rays dispence
Of Modesty and Innocence;
And with thy Seriousness, we find
The gladness of an Infant join'd.

Thy

Thy Frowns delight, though they torment,
 From thy Looks Life and Death is sent;
 And thy whole Air does on us throw
 Arrows, which cureless Wounds bestow.

The Stature of a Mountain Pine,
 Is crooked, when compar'd to thine:
 Which does thy Sex to Envy move,
 As much as it does ours to Love.

From thy dividing Lips do fly
 Those pointed Shafts that make us dye:
 Nor have our Gardens e'er a Rose,
 That to thy Cheeks we dare oppose.

When by a happy liberty
 We may thy lovely Bosom see,
 The whitest Curds, nor falling Snow,
 Can any such Complexion show.

Thyme and Majoram, whose Scent
 Of all Perfumes most innocent
 Less Fragrancy than thy Breath have,
 Which all our Senses does enslave.

Ev'n when thou scornest, thou can't please,
 And make us love our own Disease.
 The Blushes that our Cherries wear,
 Do hardly to thy Lips come near.

When

When upon the smoother Plains,
Thou to Dance wilt take the Pains,
No Hind, when she employs her Feet,
Is half so graceful, or so fleet.

Of thy Garments fair and white,
The Neatness gives us most delight,
And I had rather them behold,
Than Clothes embroidered with Gold.

I nothing in the World can see
So rare as unadorned thee,
Who art (as it must be confess'd)
Not by thy Clothes, but Beauty, dress'd.

Thy lovely Hair thou up hast ty'd,
And in an unwrought Veil dost hide;
In the mean time thy single Face
All other Beauties does disgrace.

Yes, yes, thy Negligence alone
Does more than all their Care hath done:
The Nymphs, in all their pompous dress,
Do entertain my Fancy less.

A Nosegay all thy Jewel is,
And all thy Art consists in this;
And what from this pure Spring does pass
Is all thy Paint, and all thy Glass.

Adored

Adored Beauty, here may we
Our selves in lovely Glasses see:
Come then, I pray thee, let us look,
I in thy Eyes, thou in the Brook.

Within this faithful Mirrour see
The Object which hath conquer'd me,
Which though the Stream does well impart,
'Tis better form'd here in my Heart.

In th' entertainment of thy Mind,
When 'tis to Pensiveness inclin'd,
Count if thou canst these Flow'rs, and thou
The sum of my Desires wilt know.

Observe these Turtles, kind and true,
Hearken how frequently they Woo:
They faithful Lovers are, and who
That sees thee, would not be so too?

Of them my fair *Aminta* learn,
At length to grant me thy Concern;
Follow what thou in them dost see,
And thou wilt soon be kind to me.

Those mighty Bulls are worth thy sight,
Who on the Plains so stoutly fight;
Fiercely each others Brow they hit,
Where Beauty does with Anger meet,

Love

Love is the Quarrel they maintain,
As 'twas the Reason of their Pain.
So would thy faithful Shepherd do,
If he should meet his Rival too.

Thy Shepherd, fair, and cruel one,
In all these Villages is known:
Such is his Father's Herd and Flock,
The Plain is cover'd with the stock.

He the convenient'ſt Pastures knows,
And where the wholsom Water flows;
Knows where the coolest Shadows are,
And well hath learn'd a Shepherd's Care.

Astrology he studies too,
As much as Shepherds ought to do;
Nay Magick nothing hath so dim,
That can be long conceal'd from him.

When any do these Secrets dread,
He for himself hath this to plead;
That he by them such Herbs can pick,
As cure his Sheep when they are sick.

He can foresee the coming Storm,
Nor Hail, nor Clouds, can do him harm,
And from their Injuries can keep
Safely enough his Lambs and Sheep.

He knows the Season of the Year,
When Shepherds think it fit to shear
Such inoffensive Sheep as these,
And strip them of their Silver Fleece.

He knows the scorching time of Day,
When he must lead his Flock away
To Valleys which are cool and near,
To chew the Cud, and rest them there.

He dares the fiercest Wolves engage,
When 'tis their Hunger makes them rage ;
The frightened Dogs, when they retire,
He with new Courage can inspire.

He Sings and Dances passing well,
And does in Wrestling too excel ;
Yes, fair Maid, and few that know him
But these Advantages allow him.

At our Feast he gets the Praise,
For his Enchanting Roundelayes ;
And on his Head have oftenest been
The Garlands, and the Prizes seen.

When the Skrip and Crook he quits,
And free from all Disturbance fits,
He can make the Bag-pipes swell,
And Oaten Reeds his Passion tell.

When

When his Flame does him excite
In Am'rous Songs to do thee right,
He makes the Verses which he uses,
And borrows none of other Muses.

He neglects his own Affairs,
To serve thee with greater Cares,
And many Shepherdesses would
Deprive thee of him if they could.

Of *Alceste* he could tell,
And *Silvia's* Eye, thou know'st it well :
But as his Modesty is great,
He blushes if he them repeat.

When in the Chrystral Stream he looks,
If there be any Truth in Brooks,
He finds, thy Scorn can never be
Excus'd by his Deformity.

His Passion is so high for thee,
As 'twill admit no new degree.
Why wilt not thou his Love requite,
Since Kindness gives so much Delight?

Aminta hearken'd all this while,
Then with a dext'rous, charming Smile,
Against her will, she let him see,
That she would change his Destiny.

I promise nothing, then said she,
With an obliging Air, and free ;
But I think, if you will try,
The Wolves are crueler than I.

When my Sheep unhealthy are,
I have Compassion, I have Care ;
Nor Pains nor Journeys then I grudge,
By which you may my Nature judge.

When any of them goes astray,
All the Hamlets near us may
Perceive me, all in Grief and Fear,
Run and search it ev'ry where.

And when I happen once to find
The Object of my troubled Mind,
As soon as ever it I spy,
O ! How over-joy'd am I !

I flatter her, and I cares,
And let her ruffle all my Dress ;
The Vagabond I kindly treat,
And *Mint* and *Thyme* I make her eat.

When my Sparrow does me quit,
My throbbing Heart makes after it ;
And nothing can Relief afford,
For my fair inconstant Bird.

When

When my Dog hath me displeas'd,
I am presently appeas'd;
And a Tear is in my Eye,
If I have but made him cry.

I never could a Hatred keep,
But to the Wolf that kills my Sheep :
Gentle and kind, and soft I am,
And just as harmless as a Lamb.

Dispel thy Fear, cease thy Complaint,
O Shepherd, timorous and faint !
For I'm a Mistress very good,
If you'll but serve me as you should.

Words of a favourable Strain,
(Cry'd out that now transported Swain,)
Which do, in thy *Leontius* Fate,
So glad and swift a Change create !

But look about, for now I mark
The Fields already growing dark,
And with those Shadows cover'd all,
Which from the Neigh'b'ring Mountains fall.

The winged Quire on ev'ry Tree,
By Caroling melodiously,
Do the declining Sun pursue,
With their last Homage, and Adieu.

From the next Cottages, I hear
 Voices well known unto my Ear ;
 They are of our Domesticks, who
 Do Pipe, and Hollow for us too.

The Flocks and Herds do homewards go,
 I hear them hither Bleat and Low ;
 Thy Eyes, which mine so much admire,
 Tell me 'tis time we should retire.

Go then destroying Fair one, go,
 Since I perceive it must be so ;
 Sleep sweetly all the Night, but be,
 At least, so kind to Dream of me.

*Translation of Thomas a Kempis into Verse, out of
 Monsieur Corneille's Lib. 3. Cap. 2. Englished.*

Speak, Gracious Lord, thy Servant hears,
 For I both am, and will be so,
 And in thy pleasant Paths will go,
 When the Sun shines, or disappears.

Give me thy Spirit, that I may perceive
 What by my Soul thou wouldest have done ;
 Let me have no Desire but one,
 Thy Will to practise and believe.

But

But yet thy Eloquence disarm,
And as a Whisper to my Heart,
Let it, like Dew, Plenty impart,
And, like that, let it freely Charm.

The *Jews* fear'd Thunder-bolts would fall,
And that thy Words would Death procure,
Nor in the Desart could endure
To hear their Maker speak at all.

They *Moses* court to declare thy Will,
And begg'd to hear no more thy Voice,
They could not stand the dreadful Noise,
Lest it should both surprize and kill.

Without those Terrors, I implore,
And other Favours I entreat,
With confident, tho' humble Heat,
I beg what *Samuel* did of yore.

Tho' thou art all that I can dread,
Thy Voice is Musick to my Ears,
Speak Lord then, for thy Servant hears,
And will obey what thou hast said.

I ask no *Moses* that for thee should speak,
Nor Prophet to enlighten me,
They all are taught and sent by thee,
And 'tis thy Voice I only seek.

Those Beams proceed from thee alone,
 Which through their words on us do flow ;
 Thou without them canst all bestow,
 But they without thee can give none.

They may repeat the sound of Words,
 But not confer their hidden Force ;
 And, without thee, their best Discourse
 Nothing but Scorn to Men affords.

Let them thy Miracles impart,
 And vig'rously thy Will declare ;
 Their Voice, perhaps, may strike the Ear,
 But it can never move the Heart.

Th' obscure and naked Word they sow,
 But thou dost open our dim Eye,
 And, the dead Letter to supply,
 The living Spirit dost bestow.

Mysterious Truths to us they brought,
 But thou expound'st the Riddle too,
 And thou alone canst make us do
 All the great things that they have taught.

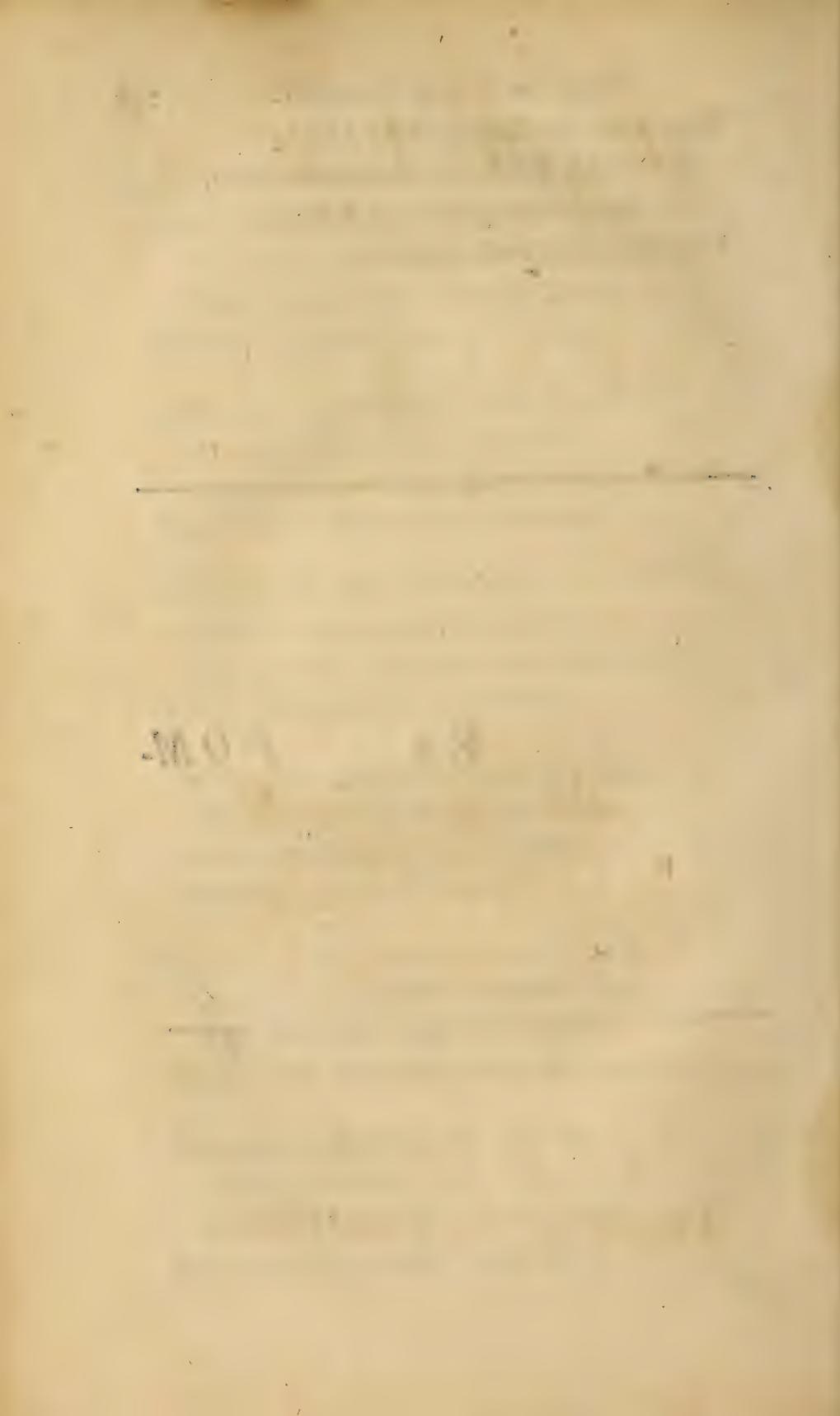
They may indeed the Way direct,
 But thou unablest us to walk ;
 I'th' Ear alone sticks all they talk,
 But thou dost even the Heart dissect.

They

They wash the Surface of the Mind,
But all her Frûit, thy Goodness claims,
All that e'er enlightens, or enflames,
Must be to that alone assign'd.

R 3

POM-



P O M P E Y.

A

TRAGEDY.

Translated from the
French of Monsieur Corneille.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year 1710.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Countess of CORK.

MADAM,

AS some untimely Flow'r, whose bashful Head
(Ready to drop into her humble Bed)
Is rescu'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
To share that Light with which he gilds the Day;
So this Translation, of strict Eyes afraid,
With conscious Blushes, would have sought a Shade,
When your resistless Pow'r did Orders give,
Thus to recall the tim'rous Fugitive,
Which, to your Breath, must all her Being own,
Thrive when you Smile, and Wither if you Frown.

Yet from Submission this Assurance grows,
That you'll protect the Person you expose,
Who more delight from such a Shelter draws,
Than to obtain, or to desire Applause,
And your Indulgence would, much rather, chuse,
Than to be Favourite to ev'ry Muse.

For

For even they request to wait on you,
Who can best judge, and best reward them too;
You, who are more than Poets can invent,
Of most Illustrious and most Innocent,
Under your Beams their faint Ideas sink,
And you more nobly live than they could think.
In you, the Humble, and the Brave, are met,
To shew what's truly, and what's only Great;
And all the *Clifford's* Fame in you does shine,
The greatest Honour of the noblest Line:
To whom your debt of Splendor you have paid,
And that (and more) to After-times convey'd,
In such a Race, as must those Wonders do,
That none could Act but they, Inspire but you.
But as your Merit does all Praise excel,
So does your Mercy all injurious Zeal;
And you in that ador'd advantage live,
That nothing else is left you to forgive:
But ev'n your Goodness will it self outshine,
If it can pardon this Address of mine.
So Altars once did Fire from Heav'n enjoy,
Sent but to kindle what it might destroy.

THE

THE

PRINTER to the READER.

I hope you expect no Eloquence from a Printer, nor Regularity in a Preface, which hath nothing to say to you, but that Pompey being a Translation out of the French of Monsieur Corneille, the Hand that did it is responsible for nothing but the English, and the Songs between the Acts, which were added only to lengthen the Play, and make it fitter for the Stage, when those that could not be resisted were resolved to have it acted; and that no abuses of Transcribers (though they were numerous) could have prevailed to send it to the Press, if the Person most concern'd had not fear'd to disobey an excellent Lady, who commanded this Publication, more than the Severity of the Censorious World.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

For the Theatre at Dublin: Written by the
Earl of Roscommon.

THE mighty Rivals, whose destructive Rage
Did the whole World in Civil Arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their Choice,
To have their Fates determin'd by Your Voice.
Cæsar from none but You will hear his Doom,
He hates th' obsequious Flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the World beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile
Had stain'd with Blood, Peace flourish'd in this Isle;
And you alone may boast, you never saw
Cæsar 'till now, and now can give him Law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a Suppliant here,
But says he cannot now begin to fear.
He knows your equal Justice, and (to tell
A Roman Truth) he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Cæsar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His Fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his Condition, but not Cato's Mind.
Then of what Doubt can Pompey's Cause admit,
Since here so many Cato's Judging sit?

But you, bright Nymphs, give Cæsar leave to woo,
The greatest Wonder of the World but you,

And

*And hear a Muse, who has that Hero taught
To speak as gen'rously, as e'er he fought.
Whose Eloquence from such a Theme deters
All Tongues but English, and all Pens but Hers.
By the Just Fates your Sex is doubly blest
You conquer'd Cæsar, and you praise him best.*

And You (Illustrious Sir) receive as due,
A present Destiny reserv'd for You.
Rome, France, and England join their Forces here,
To make a Poem worthy of your Ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's Brow
Who gave so many Crowns, bestow one now.*

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

Dramatis Personæ.

J Ulius Cæsar.
M arcus Antonius.
Lepidus.
Ptolomy, King of Egypt.
Cleopatra, His Sister.
Photinus, His Governor.
Achillas, His Lieutenant-General.
Septimius, A Roman Tribune in the Ægyptian
King's Army.
Achoreus, Cleopatra's Gentleman-Usher.
Charmion, Cleopatra's Maid of Honour.
Cornelia, Pompey's Widow.
Philip, Pompey's Freedman.
Romans and Ægyptians.

The S C E N E Ptolomy's Palace in Alexandria.

P O M -

P O M P E E.

A C T E I. S C E N E I.

Ptolomée, Photin, Achillas, Septime.

PTOLOMEE.

LE Destin se declare, & nous venons d'entendre
Ce qu'il a resolu du beau-pere & du gendre :
Quand les Dieux estonez sembloient se partager,
Pharsale a decidé ce qu'ils n'osoient juger.
Ses fleuves teints de sang, & rendus plus rapides
Par le débordement de tant de parricides,
Cet horrible débris d'Aigles, d'armes, de chars,
Sur ses champs empêchez confusément épars,
Ces montagnes de morts privez d'honneurs suprêmes
Que la Nature force à se vanger eux-mesmes,
Et dont les troncs pourris exhalent dans les vents
Dequoy faire la guerre au reste des vivans,
Sont les tiltres affreux dont le droit de l'épée
Justifiant Cesar a condamné Pompée.
Ce déplorable Chef du party le meilleur,
Que sa Fortune lasse abandonne au malheur,

Devient

P O M P E Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Ptolomy, Achillas, Photinus, Septimius,

P T O L O M Y.

Fate hath declar'd her self, and we may see
 Th' Intreague of the great Rivals Destiny :
 That Quarrel which did all the Gods divide,
Pharsalia hath the Honour to decide,
 Whose Rivers swelling with new bloody Tides
 (Sent thither from so many Parricides)
 The Horroure of torn Ensigns, Chariots, Shields,
 Spread in Confusion o'er th' infected Fields ;
 Those slaughter'd Heaps whose Shades no Rest obtain'd,
 By Nature to their own Revenge constrain'd,
 (Their Putrefactions seeming to revive
 The War, with those that do remain alive,)
 Are dreadful Rules, by which the Sword thinks fit,
Pompey to cast, and *Cæsar* to acquit.
 That distress'd Leader of the juster Side,
 Whose weary'd Fortune hath all Help deny'd,

*Devient un grand exemple, & laisse à la memoire
Des changemens du Sort une esclatante historie.
Il fuit, luy qui toujours triomphant & vainqueur
Vit ses prosperitez égaler son grand cœur ;
Il fuit, & dans nos ports, dans nos murs, dans nos villes,
Et contre son beau-pere ayant besoin d'aziles,
Sa déroute orgueilleuse en cherche aux mesmes lieux
Où contre les Titans en trouverent les Dieux.
Il croit que ce climat, en dépit de la guerre,
Ayant sauvé le Ciel, sauvera bien la Terre,
Et dans son desespoir à la fin se meslant
Pourra prester l'épaule au Monde chancelant.
Oüy, Pompée avec luy porte le sort du Monde,
Et veut que nostre Egypte en miracles feconde
Serve à sa liberté de sepulchre, ou d'appuy,
Et releve sa cheute, ou trébuche sous luy.*

*C'est dequoy, mes amis, nous avons à resoudre,
Il apporte en ces lieux les palmes, ou la foudre,
S'il couronna le pere, il hazarde le fils,
Et nous l'ayant donnée il expose Memphis.
Il faut le recevoir, ou hâter son supplice,
Le suivre, ou le pousser dedans le precipice ;
L'un me semble peu seur, l'autre peu genereux,
Et je crains d'estre injuste, & d'estre malheureux ;
Quoy que je fasse enfin, la Fortune ennemie
M'offre bien des perils, ou beaucoup d'infamie.
C'est à moy de choisir, c'est à vous d'aviser
A quel choix vos conseils me doivent disposer,*

A terrible Example will create,
To future Times, of the Extreams of Fate:
He flies, whose happy Courage had, till now,
Confin'd the Bay to his Victorious Brow:
He in our Ports chuses his last Retreat;
And wanting Refuge from a Foe so great,
His bold Misfortune seeks it in Abodes,
Which from the *Titans* once preserv'd the Gods;
And from so fam'd a Climate, both expect
That it shou'd Earth as well as Heav'n protect;
And lending his Despair a kind Effort,
It should the stagg'ring Universe support:
Yes, the World's Fortune *Pompey* with him brings,
And hopes a Land whose Fame such Wonder sings,
A Prop or Tomb might to her Freedom give,
And *Pompey's* Fall attend, if not relieve.

This, Friends, the Subject is of our Debate;
Our Triumphs he, or Ruin, will create:
He hazards me, who did my Father save,
And does expose that *Memphis*, which he gave:
We must now hasten, or prevent his Fate,
His Ruin hinder, or precipitate:
That is unsafe, and this ignoble is;
I dread Injustice, or Unhappiness;
And angry Fortune each way offers me
Either much Danger, or much Infamy.
It is my part to chuse, yours to advise
What you believe to be most safe and wise:

*Il s'agit de Pompée, & nous aurons la gloire
D'achever de Cesar, ou troubler la victoire,
Et je puis dire enfin que jamais Potentat
N'eut à delibérer d'un si grand coup d'Estat.*

*Pho. Sire, quand par le fer les choses sont vuidées,
La Justice & le Droit sont de vaines idées,
Et qui veut estre juste en de telles saisons
Balance le pouvoir, & non pas les raisons.*

*Voyez donc vostre force, & regardez Pompée,
Sa fortune abatuë, & sa valeur trompée.
Cesar n'est pas le seul qu'il fuye en cet estat,
Il fuit, & le reproche, & les yeux du Senat,
Dont plus de la moitié piteusement étale
Une indigne curée aux vautours de Pharsale;
Il fuit Rome perduë, il fuit tous les Romains
A qui par sa défaite il met les fers aux mains;
Il fuit le desespoir des Peuples & des Princes,
Qui vangeroient sur luy le sang de leurs Provinces,
Leurs Estats & d'argent & d'hommes épusez,
Leurs trônes mis en cendre, & leurs sceptres brisez;
Autheur des maux de tous, il est à tous en bute,
Et fuit le Monde entier ecrasé sous sa cheute.
Le défendrez-vous seul contre tant d'ennemis;
L'espoir de son salut en luy seul estoit mis,
Luy seul pouvoit pour soy, cedez alors qu'il tombe,
Soutiendrez-vous un faix sous qui Rome succombe,
Sous qui tout l'Univers se trouve foudroyé,
Sous qui le grand Pompée a luy mesme ployé?*

Quand

Pompey's concern'd; nay, we the Fame shall get,
 Cæsar's Success to trouble or compleat;
 And never Monarchs Fortune did afford
 So great a Subject for a Council Board.

Pho. When things, Sir, are determin'd by the Justice is nothing but an empty word; [Sword, And he who then Affairs would rightly weigh, Must not his Reasons, but his Pow'r obey: View your own Strength, let Pompey be survey'd, Whose Fortune droops, and Valour is betray'd; Who not from Cæsar only takes his flight, But from the Senate's just reproach and sight: (Whose greater part were cheaply left a Prey To the keen Vultures of Pharsalia) He flies lost *Rome*, and ev'ry *Roman* now; Who must to his Defeat their Fetters owe. He flies those Kings who would chastise his Guilt, Of all the Blood that in this Cause was spilt. Their Kingdoms, now of Men and Mony void, Their broken Scepters and their Thrones destroy'd, As Author of all Woes, abhor'd by all, He flies the whole World, shatter'd by his Fall. Can you alone resist so many Foes? His Safety he did in himself repose: He falls, and you may yield without a Blush To such a weight as *Rome* her self does crush; A weight which hath the Universe prest down, And the yet greater Pompey overthrown.

*Quand on veut soutenir ceux que le Sort accable
 A force d'estre juste on est souvent coupable,
 Et la fidelité qu'on garde imprudemment
 Aprés un peu d'éclat traîne un long châtiment,
 Trouve un noble revers, dont les coups invincibles
 Pour estre glorieux ne sont pas moins sensibles.*

*Sire, n'attirez point le tonnerre en ces lieux,
 Rangez-vous du party des Destins, & des Dieux,
 Et sans les accuser d'injustice, ou d'outrage,
 Puis qu'ils font les heureux, adorez leur ouvrage,
 Quels que soient leurs decrets, declarez-vous pour eux
 Et pour leur obeir perdez le malheureux.
 Pressé de toutes parts des coleres Celestes
 Il en vient dessus vous faire fondre les restes,
 Et sa teste qu'à peine il a pu dérober
 Toute prestre de choir cherche avec qui tomber.
 Sa retraite chez vous en effet n'est qu'un crime,
 Elle marque sa haine, & non pas son estime,
 Il ne vient que vous perdre en venant prendre port,
 Et vous pouvez douter s'il est digne de mort !
 Il devoit mieux remplir nos vœux, & nostre attente,
 Faire voir sur ses nefz la victoire flotante ;
 Il n'eust icy trouvé que joye & que festins,
 Mais puis qu'il est vaincu, qu'il s'en prenne aux Destins.
 J'en veux à sa disgrace, & non à sa personne,
 J'execute à regret ce que le Ciel ordonne,
 Et du mesme poignard pour Cesar destiné
 Je perce en soupirant son cœur infortuné.*

Vous

He that will save, whom Heav'n will have wrackt,
By too much Justice may a Guilt contract.
And a Fidelity so indiscreet,
May a short Fame, but long Repentance meet:
He but a more illustrious Wound will have,
Which will not smart the less for being Brave.

Do not for *Egypt* Thunderbolts provide,
But chuse with Fortune and the Gods to side.
Believe not they can an Injustice do,
But where they favour, pay your Homage too.
Whatever they decree, for them declare,
And think it impious, where they frown, to spare;
With Divine Anger, *Pompey* now beset,
Comes to involve you too in his Defeat.
His Head, for which both Gods and Men do call,
Already shakes, and seeks but where to fall:
His coming hither an Offence does seem,
And shews his Hatred rather than Esteem.
He would his Safety with your Ruin buy,
And can you doubt, if he deserve to die?
Had he fulfill'd what we both wisht and thought,
And a victorious Navy hither brought,
We then should him a joyful Welcome shew,
Who must the Gods blame for his Usage now.
I of his Fortune, not of him, complain,
But with Regret act what the Gods ordain,
And the same Ponyard, once for *Cæsar* meant,
Shall with a Sigh to *Pompey's* Heart be sent.

*Vous ne pouvez enfin qu'aux dépens de fa teste
 Mettre à l'abry la vostre & parer la tempeste.
 Laissez nommer sa mort un injuste attentat,
 La Justice n'est pas une vertu d'Estat,
 Le choix des actions, ou mauvaises, ou bonnes,
 Ne fait qu'aneantir la force des Couronnes,
 Le droit des Rois consiste à ne rien épargner,
 La timide équité détruit l'art de regner,
 Quand on craint d'estre injuste, on a toujours à craindre.
 Et qui veut tout pouvoir doit oser tout enfreindre,
 Fuir comme un déshonneur la vertu qui le perd,
 Et voler sans scrupule au crime qui le sert.*

*C'est là mon sentiment, Achillas & Septime
 S'attacheront peut-être à quelqu'autre maxime,
 Chacun a son avis, mais quel que soit le leur,
 Qui punit le vaincu ne craint point le vainqueur.*

Achil. Sire, Photin dit vray, mais quoy que de
*Je voye, & la fortune, & la valeur trompée, [Pompée
 Je regarde son sang comme un sang precieux,
 Qu'au milieu de Pharsale ont respecté les Dieux.
 Non qu'en un coup d'Estat je n'approuve le crime,
 Mais s'il n'est nécessaire il n'est point legitime.
 Et quel besoin icy d'une extrême rigueur ?
 Qui n'est point au vaincu ne craint point le vainqueur,
 Neutre jusqu'à present, vous pouvez l'estre encore,
 Vous pouvez adorer Cesar, si l'on l'adore ;
 Mais quoy que vos encens le traitent d'Immortel,
 Cette grande victime est trop pour son Autel,*

Et

Nor can you at a less rate than his Head
 Secure your own, and shun the Storm you dread.
 Let this be thought a Crime, if so it must,
 'Tis not a States-man's Virtue to be Just.
 When Right and Wrong are in the Ballance laid,
 The Interest of Kingdoms is betray'd;
 Extreamest Rigour is the Right of Kings,
 When tim'rous Equity their Ruin brings;
 Who fears a Crime shall ever be afraid,
 But he'll rule all, who all things dares invade,
 Who dang'rous Virtue, or Disgrace, does shun,
 And to an useful Crime as swiftly run.
 This is my Thought, Sir; but *Achillas* may,
 Or else *Septimius*, chuse some other way.
 But this I know, whatever others like,
 They fear no Conqu'ror, who the conquer'd strike.

Achil. Photin says true, Sir; but though Pompey were
 Divested of his former Grandeur see,
 Yet that Blood Precious does to me appear
 Which the Gods did in *Theffaly* revere.
 Not that a Crime of State should be refrain'd,
 But 'tis not lawful, till it be constrain'd:
 And what need is there of such Rigour here?
 Who quits the conquer'd, needs no Conqu'ror fear.
 You may be Neuter, as you were before:
 And *Cæsar* may, if him you must, adore;
 But though you treat him as a Pow'r Divine,
 This is to great an Off'ring for his Shrine.

Et sa teste immolée au Dieu de la victoire
 Imprime à vostre nom une tache trop noire ;
 Ne le pas secourir suffit sans l'opprimer.
 En usant de la sorte on ne vous peut blâmer.
 Vous luy devez beaucoup, par luy Rome animée
 A fait rendre le sceptre au seu Roy Ptolomée ;
 Mais la reconnaissance & l'hospitalité
 Sur les ames des Rois n'ont qu'un droit limité.
 Quoy que doive un Monarque, & dût-il sa couronne
 Il doit à ses sujets encor plus qu'à personne,
 Et cesse de devoir, quand la dette est d'un rang
 A ne point s'acquiter qu'aux dépens de leur sang.
 S'il est juste d'ailleurs que tout se considere,
 Que hazardoit Pompee en servant vostre pere ?
 Il se voulut par là faire voir tout-puissant,
 Et vit croistre sa glorie en le restablisant.
 Il le servit enfin, mais ce fut de la langue,
 La bourse de Cesar fit plus que sa harangue,
 Sans ses mille talents, Pompee & ses discours
 Pour rentrer en Egypte estoient un froid secours.
 Qu'il ne vante donc plus ses merites frivols,
 Les effets de Cesar valent bien ses paroles,
 Et si c'est un bien fait qu'il faut rendre aujord huy,
 Comme il parla pour vous, vous parlerez pour lui.
 Ainsi vous le pouvez, & devez reconnoistre,
 Le recevoir chez vous c'est recevoir un maistre,
 Qui tout vaincu qu'il est bravant le nom de Roy
 Dans vos propres Estats vous donneroit la lay.

Fermez-

To *Mars* himself should this Head offer'd be,
Twould fix on yours too black an Infamy :
Let him not be assisted nor destroy'd,
And such a Conduct will all Blame avoid.
You owe him much, Sir; for *Rome*, mov'd by him,
Help'd our last King his Scepter to redeem :
But Gratitude and Hospitality,
In Monarchs Breasts must regulated be ;
Nor can a King contract so great a Debt,
But that his Subjects claim a greater yet :
And all Engagements are to Princes void,
To cancel which, their Blood must be employ'd.
Consider too, what *Pompey* did expose,
When he your Father help'd against his Foes :
By that he made his Pow'r the greater seem,
And rais'd his own Fame, by restoring him :
He did, in serving him, but Language spend ;
But *Cæsar's* Purse appear'd the better Friend,
Had we not *Cæsar's* thousand Talents seen,
Pompey's Orations had small Succours been.
Let him not then his verbal Merits boast,
For *Cæsar's* Actions have oblig'd you most.
But if a Benefit to him be due,
Speak now for him, as he did once for you :
His Kindness safely thus requite you may ;
But here receiv'd, he will you Scepter sway :
This conquer'd *Roman* yet a King will brave,
And in your own Dominions you enslave.

*Fermez-luy donc vos ports, mais épargnez sa teste,
S'il le faut toutefois, ma main est toute preste,
Je fçay obeir, Sire, & je serois jaloux
Qu'autre bras que le mien portast les premiers coups.*

*Sept. Sire, je suis Romain, je connoy l'un & l'autre.
Pompée a besoin d'aide, il vient chercher la vostre,
Vous pouvez, comme maistre absolu de son sort,
Le servir, le chasser, le livrer vif, ou mort :
Des quatre le premier vous seroit trop funeste,
Souffrez donc qu'en deux mots j'examine le reste.*

*Le chasser, c'est vous faire un puissant ennemy,
Sans obligier par là le vainqueur qu'à demy,
Puisque c'est luy laisser, & sur Mer, & sur Terre,
La suite d'une longue & difficile guerre,
Dont peut-être tous deux également lassez
Se vangeroient sur vous de tous les maux passez.
Le livrer à Cesar n'est que la mesme chose ;
Il luy pardonnera s'il faut qu'il en dispose,
Et s'armant à regret de generosité,
D'une fausse clemence il fera vanité,
Heureux de l'asservir en luy donnant la vie,
Et de plaire par là mesme à Rome asservie,
Cependant que forcé d'épargner son rival,
Aussi-bien que Pompée il vous voudra du mal.*

*Il faut le delivrer du peril, & du crime,
Assurer sa puissance, & sauver son estime,
Et du party contraire en ce grand Chef détruit
Prendre sur vous la honte, & luy laisser le fruit.*

C'est

Refuse him welcome then, but spare his Head;
But if't must fall, this Arm shall strike him dead:
I can obey, Sir, and should Jealous grow,
If any Hand but mine should strike the Blow.

Sept. Sir, I'm a *Roman*, and these Hero's know
Pompey needs Aid, and from you seeks it now;
You are his Fate, may his lost Hopes revive,
Banish, or kill, or give him up alive:
The first would cost you much too dear a rate,
I'll only then the other three debate.

His Exile draws on you enraged Pow'r,
And does but half oblige the Conquerour,
Since to a long suspence you will him leave,
What Fate his future Battels shall receive;
And both on you Revenge, when weary grown,
The Ills, which but for you they had not known.
To render him to *Cæsar* were the same,
Who must forgive him, to augment his Fame:
He will a Brav'ry on himself impose,
And swell in that false Mercy he bestows;
Glad if that way he *Pompey* can o'ercome,
And in the same Act please subjected *Rome*:
But whilst you him to this necessitate,
You'll purchase his, as well as *Pompey's* Hate.

His Danger and Dishonour then prevent,
Both make him great, and keep him innocent;
Whilst *Pompey's* Faction you in him destroy,
Let *Cæsar*, at your cost, the fruit enjoy:

By

C'est là mon sentiment, ce doit estre le vostre,
 Par là vous gagnez l'un, & ne craignez plus l'autre,
 Mais suivant d'Achillas le conseil hazardeux,
 Vous n'en gagnez pas-un, & les perdez tous deux.

Pto. N'examinons donc plus la justice des causes,
 Et cedons au torrent que roule toutes choses.
 Je passe au plus de voix, & de mon sentiment
 Je veux bien avoir part à ce grand changement.

Assez & trop long-temps l'arrogance de Rome
 A creu qu'estre Romain c'estoit estre plus qu'homme,
 Abatons sa superbe avec sa liberté,
 Dans le sang de Pompée éteignons sa fierté,
 Tranchons l'unique espoir où tant d'orgueil se fonde,
 Et donnons un Tyran à ces Tyrans du Monde,
 Secondons le Destin qui les veut mettre aux fers,
 Et prestons-luy la main pour vanger l'Univers.
 Rome, tu serviras, & ces Rois que tu braves,
 Et que ton insolence ose traiter d'esclaves,
 Adoreront Cesar avec moins de douleur,
 Puisqu'il sera ton maître aussi bien que le leur.

Allez donc, Achillas, allez avec Septime
 Nous immortaliser par cet illustre crime;
 Qu'il plaise au Ciel, ou non, laissez-m'en le soucy,
 Je croy qu'il veut sa mort puisqu'il l'amène ici.

Ach. Sire, je croy tout juste alors qu'un Roy l'ordonne.

Pto. Allez, & hastez-vous d'affeurer ma couronne,
 Et vous ressouvenez que je mets en vos mains
 Le destin de l'Egypte, & celuy des Romains.

S C E N E

By this Advice, which you'll, I hope, allow,
 You'll gain a Friend, and need not fear a Foe ;
 But if *Achillas* unsafe Course you chuse,
 You neither gain, but both their Friendships lose.

Pto. Let us no more debate what's just and fit,
 But to the World's Vicissitude submit.

Your Major Votes do with my Thoughts agree,
 Who in so great a Change wou'd active be ;
Rome hath too long made an injurious Claim,
 That all Men shou'd adore the *Roman* Name :
 Her lofty Freedom let us now throw down,
 And all her Scorn in *Pompey*'s Blood let's drown.
 Cutting the Root by which that Pride does live,
 To the World's Tyrants, let's a Tyrant give ;
 Now Fate wou'd chain an Arrogance so fierce,
 Let's help her to revenge the Universe.

Rome, thou shalt serve; and Kings, which always yet
 Thou'st dar'd with so much Insolence to treat,
 Will *Cæsar* now with less Regret obey,
 Since thou shalt be enslav'd as well as they.

Achillas and *Septimius*, lose no time,
 But make us Deathless by this glorious Crime ;
 Of Heav'n's Resentment I'll the hazard run,
 Who sent him hither sure to be undone.

Achil. A King's Command must no Dispute endure.

Pto. Go then, the Scepter which I bear, secure ;
 For you by this Commission are become
 The Destinies of *Egypt* and of *Rome*.

S C E N E II.

Ptolomée, Photin.

Pto. Photin, ou je me trompe, ou ma sœur est
 De l'abord de Pompée elle espere autre iſſuë; [deceue^e,
 Sçachant que de mon pere il a le testament,
 Elle ne doute point de son couronnement,
 Elle se croit desia souveraine maistresse
 D'un sceptre partagé que sa bonté luy laisse,
 Et se promettant tout de leur vieille amitié,
 De mon trône en son ame elle prend la moitié,
 Où de son vain orgueil les cendres rallumées
 Poussent desia dans l'ir de nouvelles fumées,

Pho. Sire, c'est un motif que je ne disois pas
 Qui devoit de Pompée avancer le trepas.
 Sans doute il jugeroit de la sœur, & du frere,
 Suivant le testament du feu Roy vostre pere,
 Son hoste & son amy, qui l'en daigna faire,
 Jugez après cela de vostre déplaisir.
 Ce n'est pas que je veüille en vous parlant contre elle
 Rompre lez sacrez nœuds d'une amour fraternelle,
 Du Trône, & non du cœur je la veux éloigner.
 Car c'est ne regner pas qu'estre deux à regnér.
 Un Roy qui s'y resout est mauvais Politique,
 Il détruit son pouvoir quand il le communique,
 Et les raisons d'Estat.... mais, Sire, la voicy.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Ptolemy, Photinus.

Pto. I am mistaken, *Photin*, or by this
My Sister will her Expectation miss ;
Pompey my Father's Will having secur'd,
Her Coronation she believes assur'd.
And she her self the Mistress does esteem,
Of that divided Scepter left by him.
Their Antient Friendship she depends upon,
And inwardly already shares my Throne.
Whence her Ambition is become so vain,
That from its Ashes it revives again.

Pho. Sir, 'twas a Motive I did not debate,
And yet which ought to hasten *Pompey*'s Fate.
He your Pretentions doubtless will decide,
And by your Father's Will your Claims divide.
To which great Trust of Friendship being true,
You know how much he disobliges you.
Not that by this Discourse I wou'd remove
The Sacred Cement of a Brother's Love,
I banish her not from your Heart, but Throne,
For he Reigns not, that does not Reign alone.
Divided Empire all Wise Kings avoid,
For Pow'r communicated is destroy'd;
And Policy.— But, Sir, she does appear.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Ptolomée, Cleopatre, Photin,

Cle. Sire, Pompée arrive, & vous estes ici !

Pto. J'attens dans mon Palais ce guerrier magna-
Et luy viens d'envoyer Achillas & Septime. [nime,

Cle. Quoy ! Septime a Pompée ! a Pompée Achillas !

Pto. Si ce n'est assez d'eux, allez, suivez leurs pas.

Cle. Donc pour le recevoir c'est trop que de vous-
meſme ?

Pto. Ma ſœur, je dois garder l'honneur du Diadème.

Cle. Si vous en portez un, ne vous en souvenez
Que pour baisser la main de qui vous le tenez,
Que pour en faire hommage aux pieds d'un ſi grand
homme.

Pto. Au ſortir de Pharsale eſt-ce ainsi qu'on le nomme ?

Cle. Fust-il dans ſon malheur de tous abandonné,
Il eſt toujouſs Pompée, & vous a couronné.

Pto. Il n'en eſt plus que l'ombre, & couronna mon pere,
Dont l'Ombre, & non-pas moy, luy doit ce qu'il eſpere.
Il peut aller, ſ'il veut, deſſus ſon monument
Recevoir ſes devoirs & ſon remerciment.

Cle. Aprés un tel bien-fait, c'eſt ainsi qu'on le traite !

Pto. Je m'en ſouviens, ma ſœur, & je voy ſa défaite.

Cle. Vous la voyez de vray, mais d'un œil de mépris.

Pto. Le temps de chaque chose ordonne & fait le
prix ;

Vous

SCENE III.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra, Photinus,

Cle. Pompey is come, Sir, and can you be here?

Pto. That mighty Warrior I at home attend,
And him *Achillas* and *Septimius* send.

Cle. What? such Ambassadors as those to him?

Pto. You may go too, if they too little seem.

Cle. Is your own meeting him too great a thing?

Pto. I must remember, that I am at King:

Cle. Can you reflect on that, and yet be slow
To kiss the hand of him, that made you so?
And pay your Homage to a Man so great?

Pto. Did he that Title in *Pharsalia* get?

Cle. Though none did his Misfortunes held afford,
He's still that Pompey who your Crown restor'd.

Pto. Rather his Shade, and but my Father Crown'd,
By whose Ghost, not by me, it should be own'd.
Let him attend his Dust, and be content
To receive Thanks from his cold Monument.

Cle. Hath such a Benefit such Usage met?

Pto. I both remember it, and his Defeat.

Cle. You do indeed, but with a scornful Pride.

Pto. Time is the Standard by which things are
Try'd;

T

You,

*Vous qui l'estimez tant, allez luy rendre hommage,
Mais songez qu'au port mesme il peut faire naufrage.*

Cle. *Il peut faire naufrage, & mesme dans le port !
Quoy ? vous auriez osé lui preparer la mort ?*

Pto. *J'ay fait ce que les Dieux m'ont inspiré de faire,
Et que pour mon Estat j'ay jugé necessarie.*

Cle. *Je ne le voy que trop, Photin & ses pareils
Vous ont empoisonné de leurs lâches conseils,
Ces ames que le Ciel ne forma que de bouë...*

Pho. *Ce sont de nos conseils, ouy ; Madame, & j'avouë..*

Cle. *Photin, je parle au Roy, vous répondrez pour tous
Quand je m'abaisseray jusqu'à parler à vous.*

Pto. à Photin. *Il faut un peu souffrir de cette humeur
hautaine.*

*Je scay vostre innocence, & je connois sa haine ;
Après tout, s'est ma sœur, oyez sans repartir.*

Cle. *S'il est, Sire, encore temps de vous en repentir.
Affranchissez-vous d'eux, & de leur tyrannie,
Rappelez la vertu par leurs conseils bannie,
Cette haute vertu, dont le Ciel & le sang
Enflent toujours les cœurs de ceux de nostre rang.*

Pto. *Quoy ! d'un frivole espoir desia preoccupée
Vous me parlez en Reine en parlant de Pompeé,
Et d'un faux zèle ainsi vostre orgueil revestu
Fait agir l'interest sous le nom de vertu !
Confessez-le, ma sœur, vous scauriez vous en taire,
N'estoit le testament du feu Roy nostre pere,
Vous scavez qu'il le garde.*

Cle.

You, that so prize him, may his Greatness court,
But know, he yet may perish in the Port.

Cle. What, may his Shipwrack in the Port arrive?
And have you dar'd his Ruin to contrive?

Pto. I have done only what the Gods inspir'd,
And what the Safety of my State requir'd.

Cle. I know but too much; *Photin*, and his Crew
Have with their wicked Counsels poyson'd you:
Souls that are but of Nature's Rubbish fram'd.

Pho. The Counsel, Madam, will not be disclaim'd.

Cle. 'Tis the King, *Photin*, I discourse with now;
Stay then, 'till I descend to talk to you.

Pto. to Photin. You must a little with her Scorn
dispense,

I know her Hatred, and your Innocence;
But she's my Sister, give her humour vent.

Cle. Sir, if too late it be not to repent,
Shake off at length a Yoke that is so vile,
And call your Virtue back from her Exile:
That Magnanimity so great, and good,
Which is convey'd to Princes, with their Blood.

Pto. Swell'd with a hope in vain by you foreseen,
You speak to me of *Pompey*, like a Queen:
Through your false Zeal, flashes of Pride escape;
And Interest does act in Virtue's Shape:
Confess it then, you had been silent still,
Were it not for the King our Father's Will;
You know who keeps it?

Cle. Et vous scaurez aussi
 Que la seule vertu me fait parler ainsi,
 Et que si l'interest m'avoit preoccupée,
 J'agirois pour Cesar, & non-pas pour Pompée.
 Apprenez un secret que je voulois cacher,
 Et cessez desormais de me rien reprocher.

Quand ce peuple insolent qu'enferme Alexandrie
 Fit quitter au feu Roy son Trône & sa Patrie,
 Et que jusque dans Rome il alla du Senat
 Implorer la pitié contre un tel attentat,
 Il nous mena tous deux pour toucher son courage,
 Vous assez jeune encor, moy desia dans un âge,
 Où ce peu de beauté que m'ont donné les Cieux
 D'un assez vif éclat faisoit briller mes yeux.
 Cesar en fut épris, & du moins j'eus la gloire
 De le voir hautement donner lieu de le croire:
 Mais voyant contre luy le Senat irrité,
 Il fit agir Pompée, & son autorité.
 Ce dernier nous servit à sa seule priere,
 Qui de leur amitié fut la preuve derniere,
 Vous en scavez l'effet, & vous en jouissiez:
 Mais pour un tel amant ce ne fut pas assez.
 Après avoir pour nous employé ce grand homme
 Qui nous gagna soudain toutes les voix de Rome,
 Son amour en voulut seconder les efforts,
 Et nous ouvrant son cœur nous ouvrit ses tresors.
 Nous eusmes de ses feux encore en leur naissance,
 Et les nerfs de la guerre, & ceux de la puissance,

Et

Cle. And you shall know too,
Virtue alone prompts me to what I do.
For if I did my own advantage seek,
I should for *Cæsar*, not for *Pompey*, speak :
Receive a Secret I conceal'd before,
And after that, never reproach me more.

When none that bold Rebellion could withstand,
Which robb'd our Father of his Crown and Land,
The injur'd King forsook his Native Shore,
And *Rome's* great Senate did for Aid implore.
With him we went, their Pity to engage ;
You very Young ; but I was in an Age,
When Nature had supply'd my Eyes with Darts,
Already Active in subduing Hearts.
Cæsar receiv'd, or else pretended Love,
And by his Actions would his Passion prove,
But since the Senate's Pique to him he knew,
He their lov'd *Pompey* to our Party drew.
Whose high concern for us, on *Cæsar's* score,
Was the last Fruit their Friendship ever bore.
Of this you do inherit the Event,
But such a Lover not with it content,
When by th' assistance of so great a Man,
In our behalf the *Roman* Suffrage ran,
Resolving further Kindness to impart,
He gave his Treasure to attend his Heart :
And from the Bounty of his growing Flame,
Those Sinews both of War and Power came :

*Et les mille talents qui luy sont encor deus
 Remirent en nos mains tous nos Estats perdus.
 Le Roy qui s'en souvint à son heure fatale
 Me laissa comme à vous la dignité Royale,
 Et par son testament il vous fit cette loy
 Pour me rendre une part de ce qu'il tint de moy.
 Cest ainsi qu'ignorant d'où vint ce bon Office
 Vous appellez faveur ce qui n'est que justice,
 Et l'osez accuser d'une aveugle amitié
 Quand du tout qu'il me doit il me rend la moitié,*

Pto. Certes, ma sœur, le conte est fait avec adresse.

Cle. Cesar viendra bien-tost, & j'en ay lettref expresse,
 Et peut-estre aujourd'huy vos yeux seront témoins
 De ce que vostre esprit s'imagine le moins.
 Ce n'est pas sans sujet que je parlois en Reine,
 Je n'ay receu de vous que mépris & que haine,
 Et de ma part du Sceptre indigne ravisseur,
 Vous m'avez plus traitée en esclave, qu'en sœur;
 Mesme pour éviter des effets plus sinistres,
 Il m'a falu flater vos insolens Ministres,
 Dont j'ay craint jusqu'icy le fer, ou le poison;
 Mais Pompée, ou Cesar m'en va faire raison,
 Et quoy qu'avec Photin Achillas en ordonne,
 On l'une, ou l'autre main me rendra ma Couronne:
 Cependant mon orgueil vous laisse à démesler.
 Quel estoit l'intérêt qui me faisoit parler.

S C E N E

Those thousand Talents which we owe him yet,
Forc'd our revolted *Egypt* to submit.
On this the King reflecting, when he dy'd
Betwixt us did his Dignity divide;
And, by his Sov'reign Right, on me bestow'd
A part of what he to my Beauty ow'd:
Whilst you, who this great Reason never knew,
Thought that his Favour, which was but my Due;
And your dread Father partial dar'd to call,
Who gave me half when yet he ow'd me all.

Pto. This Story, you with Art enough contrive

Cle. I am assur'd, *Cæsar* will soon arrive;
And a few hours will such a Change effect,
As your dark Policy did least expect:
And shew you why I spoke so like a Queen,
Who the loath'd Object of your Scorn have been.
You in the Throne usurp'd my equal Seat,
And as a Slave you did your Sister treat;
'Till I was forc'd to shun a ruder Fate,
To stoop, and Court your Ministers of State.
Whose Steel or Poyson, I still fear'd: but know
Pompey or *Cæsar* will secure me now;
And whatsoe'er your Sycophants ordain,
I now am sure my Scepter to obtain:
'Till when my Pride shall leave you, to divine,
In this Contest, what cou'd be my Design.

S C E N E IV.

Ptolomée, Photin.

Pto. Que dites-vous, amy, de cette ame orgueilleuse ?

Pho. Sire, cette surprise est pour moy merveilleuse,
Je n'en sçay que penser, & mon cœur étonné
D'un secret que jamais il n'auroit soupçonné,
Inconstant & confus dans son incertitude,
Ne ce resout à rien qu'avec inquietude.

Pto. Sauverons-nous Pompée ?

Pho. Il faudroit faire effort,
Si nous l'avions sauvé, pour conclurre sa mort.
Cleopatre vous hait, elle est fiere, elle est belle,
Et si l'heureux Cesar a de l'amour pour elle,
La teste de Pompée est l'unique présent
Qui vous fasse contr'elle un rempart suffisant.

Pto. Ce dangereux esprit a beaucoup d'artifice.

Pho. Son artifice est peu contre un si grand service.

Pto. Mais si tout grand qu'il est, il cede à ses appas ?

Pho. Il la faudra flater, mais ne m'en croyez pas;
Et pour mieux empescher qu'elle ne vous opprime,
Consultez en encor Achillas & Septime.

Pto. Allons donc les voir faire. & montons à la Tour,
Et nous en resoudrons ensemble à leur retour.

A C T E

S C E N E IV.

Ptolomy, Photin.

Pto. What think you, *Photin*, of this lofty Mind?

Pho. My Spirit, Sir, to Wonder is resign'd,
And nothing but Amazement can express,
At such a Secret as I ne'er cou'd guess ;
My Thoughts are so unquiet and confus'd,
I scarce know what Expedient shou'd be us'd.

Pto. Shall we save *Pompey*?

Pho. Had you that Decreed,
Yet it were now convenient he shou'd bleed.
Your Sister hates you, she is fair and fierce,
And if the such Victorious Charms disperse,
The Head of *Pompey* only can suffice
To win the Heart of *Cæsar* from her Eyes:

Pto. This dang'rous Woman hath a busie Wit.

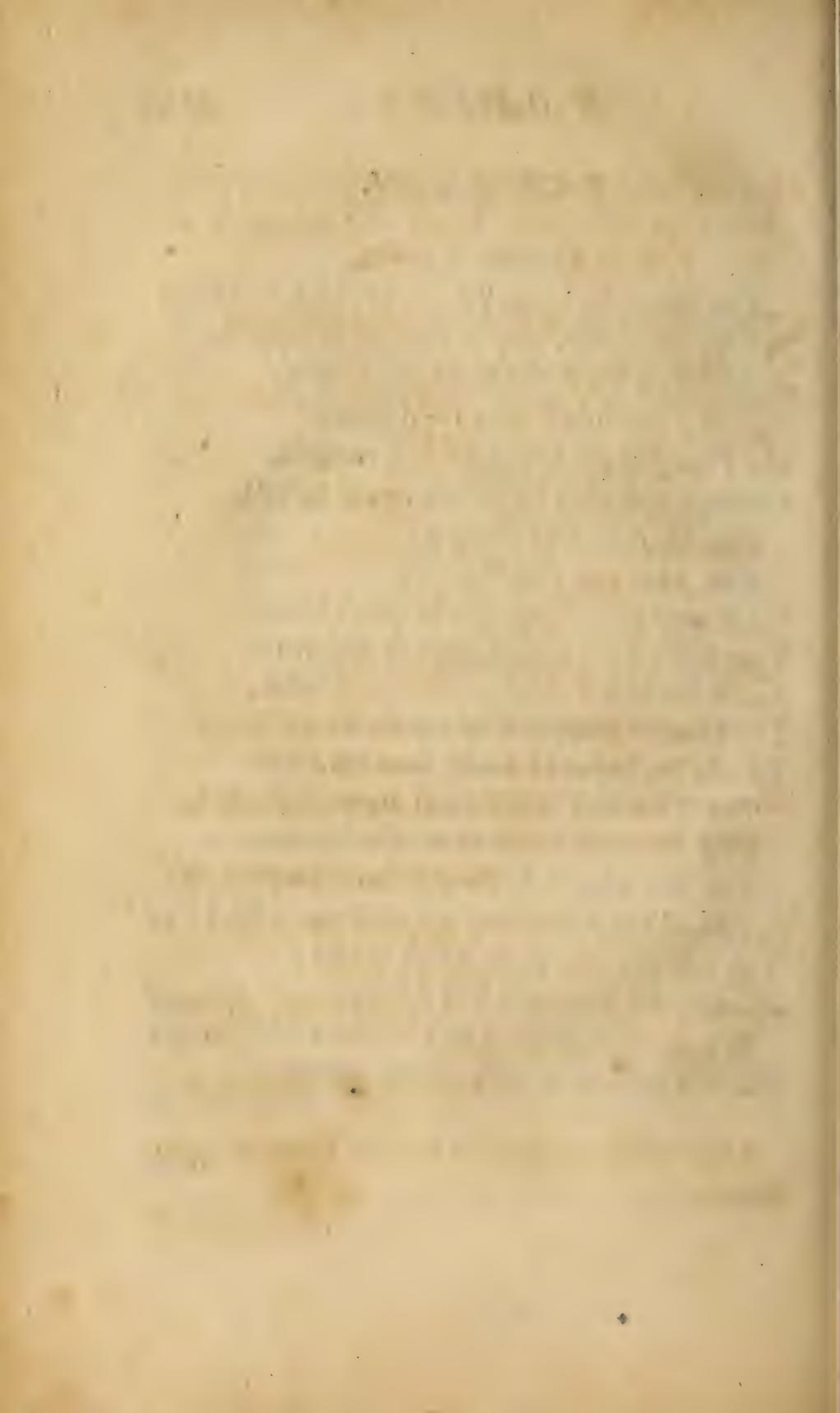
Pho. But such a Service will out-ballance it.

Pto. But what if *Cæsar* still her Pow'r obey ?

Pho. Then flatter her; yet mind not what I say,
Till first you ask, in an Affair so nice,
Achillas and *Septimius* best Advice. [Doom,

Pto. Let's from the Tow'r see them Act *Pompey*'s
And this Debate, at their return, resume.

After



After the first Act of Pompey, the King and Photin
shou'd be discover'd, sitting and hearkning to
this S O N G.

SInce Affairs of the State are already deereed,
Make room for Affairs of the Court,
Employment and Pleasure each other succeed,
Because they each other support.

Were Princes confin'd
From slack'ning their Mind,
When by Care it is ruffl'd and curl'd,
A Crown wou'd appear
Too heavy to wear,
And no Man wou'd govern the World.

If the Gods themselves, who have Power enough,
In Diversions are various, and oft;
Since the Business of Kings is angry and rough,
Their Intervals ought to be soft.

Were Princes confin'd, &c.

To our Monarch we owe whatsoe'er we enjoy:
And no grateful Subjects are those,
Who wou'd not the Safety, he gives them, employ
To contribute to his Repose.

Were Princes confin'd, &c.

After which an Antick Dance of Gypsies is presented.

A C T

ACTE II. SCENE I.

Cleopatre, Carmion.

CLEOPATRE.

*JE l'aime, mais l'éclat d'une si belle flamme
 Quelque brillant qu'il soit n'éblouit point mon ame,
 Et toujours ma vertu retrace dans mon cœur
 Ce qu'il doit au vaincu, brûlant pour le vainqueur.
 Aussi qui l'ose aimer porte une ame trop haute,
 Pour souffrir seulement le soupçon d'une faute ;
 Et je le traiterois avec indignité,
 Si j'aspirois à lui par une lâcheté.*

*Char. Quoy ! vous aimez Cesar, & si vous estiez creuë,
 L'Egypte pour Pompée armeroit à sa veuë,
 En prendroit la défense, & par un prompt secours
 Du destin de Pharsale arresteroit le cours !
 L'Amour certes sur vous a bien peu de puissance.*

*Cle. Les Princes ont cela de leur haute naissance.
 Leur ame dans leur sang prend des impressions
 Qui dessous leur vertu rangent leurs passions,
 Leur generosité soumet tout à leur gloire,
 Tout est illustre en eux quand ils daignent se croire,
 Et si le Peuple y voit quelques déreglemens,
 C'est quand l'avis d'autrui corrompt leurs sentimens.
 Ce malheur, de Pompéeacheve la ruine,
 Le Roy l'eust secouru, mais Photin l'assassine.*

A C T I I. S C E N E I.

Cleopatra, Charmion.

C L E O P A T R A.

I Love him ; but a Flame so much refin'd,
How bright soever, dazles not my Mind :
For Virtue makes my Inclination know,
What *Cæsar's* Mistress does to *Pompey* owe :
And none dares own a Passion so sublime,
But she that scorns the Shadow of a Crime.
I shou'd but small Respect to *Cæsar* pay,
To seek his Love in an unhandsom way.

Char. Can you Love *Cæsar*, Madam, and advise
That *Egypt* shou'd in Arms against him rise ?
That they shou'd *Pompey* against him Protect,
And his *Pharsalian* Triumphs shou'd be check'd ?
Sure Love in you does little Empire show.

Cle. This to their high Extraction Princes owe,
That, by th' Assistance of their Royal Blood,
Their Passions are more easily subdu'd.
Their Honour still the Victory will have,
And whilst they trust themselves, they still are brave.
All the Disorders, which in Kings we see,
To others Councils must imputed be :
This I the Cause of *Pompey's* Ruin deem ;
The King would help, but *Photin* murthers him.

Whose

*Il croit cette ame basse, & se montre sans foy,
Mais s'il croyoit la sienne, il agiroit en Roy.*

Char. *Ainsi donc de Cesar l'amante, & l'ennemie...*

Cle. *Je luy garde une flame exempte d'infamie,
Un cœur digne de luy.*

Char. *Vous possedez le sien ?*

Cle. *Je croy le posseder.*

Char. *Mais le scavez-vous bien ?*

Cle. *Apprens qu'une Princesse aimant sa renommée
Jamais ne dit qu'elle aime à moins que d'estre aimée,
Et que les plus beaux feux dont son cœur soit épris,
N'oseroient l'exposer aux hontes d'un mépris.*

*Nostre séjour à Rome enflama son courage,
Là j'eus de son amour le premier témoignage,
Et depuis jusqu'icy chaque jour ses couriers
M'apportent en tribut ses vœux & ses lauriers.
Par tout, en Italie, aux Gaules, en Espagne,
La Fortune le suit, & l'Amour l'accompagne ;
Son bras ne dompte point de Peuples, ny de lieux,
Dont il ne rende hommage au pouvoir de mes yeux.
Et de la mesme main dont il quitte l'épée,
Fumante encor du sang des amis de Pompée,
Il trace des soupirs, & d'un stile plaintif
Dans son champ de victoire il se dit mon captif.
Oùy, tout victorieux il m'écrit de Pharsale,
Et si sa diligence à ses feux est égale,
Ou plutoſt si la Mer ne s'oppose à ses feux,
L'Egypte le va voir me presenter ses vœux.*

Whose Counsel hath his Master's Faith o'erthrown,
Which still had sway'd, had he observ'd his own.

Char. You then who *Cæsar* love, and yet oppose.

Cle. The Love I cherish no Dishonour knows,
But worthy him.

Char. Are you of his secur'd?

Cle. I think I am.

Char. But are you well assur'd?

Cle. Know, that a Princess, by her Glory mov'd,
No Love confesses till she be belov'd.

Nor the most noble Passion ever shows,
When it shall her to a Contempt expose.

At *Rome*, I first did *Cæsar's* Heart invade,
Where he the first Expression of it made;
And ever since, he did to me renew
The Tribute of his Vows and Laurels too.

He march'd through *Italy*, through *Gaul* and *Spain*,
With Love in's Breast, and Fortune in his Train:
Nor did he ever make so brave a Prize,
But he pay'd Homage for it to these Eyes.

With the same Hand, which did that Weapon quit
Wi'th' Blood of *Pompey's* Party reeking yet,
He writ Complaints, and put my Fetters on,
Ev'n in the Field, which he had newly won.

Yes, from *Pharsalia* his Submissions came,
And if his Speed be equal to his Flame,
Or rather, if the Sea befriend his Fleet,
Egypt shall see him shortly at my Feet.

*Il vient, ma Charmion, jusques dans nos murailles
Chercher auprés de moy le prix de ses batailles,
M'offrir toute sa gloire, & soumettre à mes loix
Ce cœur, & cette main qui commandent aux Rois,
Et ma rigueur meslée aux faveurs de la guerre
Feroit un malheureux du maistre de la Terre.*

Char. J'oserois bien jurer que vos divins appas
Se vantent d'un pouvoir dont ils n'useront pas,
Et que le grand Cesar n'a rien qui l'importune
Si vous seules rrigueurs ont droit sur sa fortune.
Mais quelle est vostre attente, & que pretendez-vous
Puisque d'une autre femme il est desia l'époux,
Et qu'avec Calphurnie un paisible Hymenée
Par des liens sacrez tient son ame enchaînée ?

Cle. Le Divorce aujourd'hui si commun aux Romains
Peut rendre en ma faveur tous ces obstacles vains :
Cesar en sçait l'usage & la ceremonie,
Un divorce chez lui fit place à Calphurnie.

Char. Par cette mesme voye il pourra vous quitter.

Cle. Peut-être mon bonheur sçaura mieux l'arrester,
Peut-être mon amour aura quelque avantage
Qui sçaura mieux pour moy mesnager son courage.
Mais laissons au hazard ce qui peut arriver,
Achevons cet Hymen, s'il se peutachever,
Ne durast-il qu'un jour, ma gloire est sans seconde
D'estre du moins un jour la maistresse du Monde.
J'ay de l'ambition, & soit vice, ou vertu,
Mon cœur sous son fardeau veut bien estre abatu,

J'en

He comes my *Charmion*, and from me alone,
 Seeks the Reward of all that he hath done.
 And all his Glory to my Shrine he brings,
 With the same Hand that gives the Law to Kings;
 So that, ev'n in his Triumphs, my Disdain
 Can make the Man that Rules the World complain.

Char. Yet I dare swear, your Charms a Pow'r enjoy,
 Which, tho' they boast of, they will ne'er employ.
 And the great *Cæsar* shall no Trouble know,
 If it can only from your Rigour grow.
 But what can you expect from *Cæsar's* Flames,
 Wherein such right another Woman claims?
 His Freedom he by Marriage hath resign'd,
 And only to *Calphurina* is confin'd.

Cle. But a Divorce, at *Rome* so common now,
 May remove her, and my Desires allow:
Cæsar's Experience him to that may lead,
 Since 'twas *Calphurnia's* Passage to his Bed.

Char. But the same way may you at length remove.

Cle. Perhaps I better shall secure his Love,
 Perhaps my Passion may find out an Art
 Better to manage that Illustrious Heart.
 But let's to Heav'n leave what may arrive,
 And this Alliance (if we can) contrive.
 Were it but one Day, 'twere enough for me,
 One Day, the Mistress of the World to be.
 I have Ambition, and be't Good or Ill,
 It is the only Sovereign of my Will.

*J'en ayme la chaleur, & la nomme sans cesse
 La seule passion digne d'une Princesse.
 Mais je veux que la gloire anime ses ardeurs,
 Qu'elle mene sans honte au faiste des grandeurs,
 Et je la desavouë, alors que sa manie
 Nous presente le Trône avec ignominie.*

*Ne t'étonne donc plus, Charmion, de me voir
 Défendre encor Pompée, & suivre mon devoir.
 Ne pouvant rien de plus pour sa vertu seduite,
 Dans mon ame en secret je l'exhorté à la fuite,
 Et voudrois qu'un orage écartant ses vaisseaux
 Malgré luy l'enlevast aux mains de ses bourreaux.
 Mais voicy de retour le fidelle Achorée
 Par qui j'en apprendray la nouvelle assurée.*

S C E N E II.

Cleopatre, Achorée, Charmion.

Cle. *En est-ce desia fait, & nos bords malheureux
 Sont-ils desia souillez d'un sang si genereux ?*

Acho. *Madame, j'ay couru par vostre ordre au rivage,
 J'ay veu la trahison, j'ay veu toute sa rage,
 Du plus grand des Mortels j'ay veu trancher le sort,
 J'ay veu dans son malheur la gloire de sa mort,
 Et puisque vous voulez qu'icy je vous raconte
 La gloire d'une mort qui nous couvre de honte,*

Escoutez,

And 'tis this noble Passion sure, or none,
 A Princess may without a Blemish own.
 But yet with Glory I wou'd it enflame,
 Nor wou'd buy Greatness with the loss of Fame,
 For I the brightest Crown can scorn to touch,
 When 'tis attended with the least Reproach.
 Wonder not then, that I so much pursue
Pompey's Defence, and wou'd my Duty do.
 His injur'd Virtue, since I cannot right,
 My secret Wishes must invoke his Flight:
 That some kind Storm may so his Ships disperse,
 As may preserve him from his Murtherers.
 But faithful *Achoreus* comes, and he
 Will quickly tell us *Pompey's* Destiny.

S C E N E II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Achoreus.

Cle. What is it done, and hath some treacherous Hand
 With that rich Blood stain'd our unhappy Strand?

Acho. By your Commands, I to the Shore did run,
 And saw this Treason in its Horror done:
 I saw the greatest Mortal lose his Breath,
 And, tho' a sad, I saw a glorious Death.
 And since a story you require from me,
 So much his Honour, and our Infamy;

Escoutez, admirez, & plaignez son trépas.

*Ses trois vaisseaux en rade avoient mis voile bas,
Et voyant dans le port preparer nos galeres,
Il croyoit que le Roy touché de ses miseres,
Par un beau sentiment d'honneur & de devoir
Avec toute sa Cour le venoit recevoir.*

*Mais voyant que ce Prince ingrat à ses merites
N'envoyoit qu'un esquif remply de satellites,
Il soupçonne aussi-tost son manquement de foy,
Et se laisse surprendre à quelque peu d'effroy.
Enfin voyant nos bords & nostre Flote en armes,
Il condamne en son cœur ces indignes alarmes,
Et reduit tous les soins d'un si pressant ennuy
A ne hazarder pas Cornelie avec luy.*

*N'exposons, luy dit-il, que cette seule teste,
A la reception que l'Egypte m'apreste,
Et tandis que moy seul j'en courray le danger
Songe à prendre la faite afin de me vanger.
Le Roy Juba nous garde une foy plus sincere :
Chez luy tu trouveras, & mes fils, & ton pere,
Mais quand tu les verrois descendre chez Pluton,
Ne desespere point du vivant de Caton.*

*Tandis que leur amour en cet Adieu conteste,
Achillas à son bord joint son esquif funeste,
Septime se presente, & luy tendant la main
Le saluë Empereur en langage Romain,
Et comme député de ce jeune Monarque,
Passez, Seigneur, dit-il, passez dans cette barque,*

Les

Hear now his Fate, and wonder and bewail.

His three Ships in the Harbour striking Sail,
 When to our ready Gallies he approach'd,
 He thought the King, with his Misfortunes touch'd,
 By noble sense of Honour, did intend
 With all his Court to meet so brave a Friend.
 But when he only saw a Skiff prepar'd,
 And that too fill'd with Ruffians of his Guard,
 Th' Ingrateful Treachery did then appear,
 And gave him some Approaches of a Fear:
 But seeing arm'd Men on our Ships and Shoar,
 He blush'd his Apprehensions were so poor;
 And when the Danger was so near him brought,
 He only on *Cornelia's* Safety thought.

“ Let's but expose, says he, the single Head
 “ To a Reception we may so much dread.
 “ But whilst I only do the Shock sustain,
 “ Hasten thy Flight, and my Revenge obtain.
 “ King *Juba* is more gen'rously inclin'd,
 “ Where thou thy Father, and my Sons shalt find:
 “ But if their Deaths shou'd thee of them deprive,
 “ Never despair while *Cato* is alive.

While their Contest on this was sad and kind,
Achillas's fatal Boat their Vessel join'd:
Septimius then, to get him in his Pow'r,
 Ith' *Roman* Language call'd him Emperour;
 And as deputed from th' *Egyptian* Prince,
 Let, Sir, says he, this Bark convey you hence;

Les fables & les bancs cachez dessous les eaux
Rendent l'accez mal feur à de plus grands vaisseaux.

*Ce Heros voit la fourbe, & s'en mocque dans l'ame,
Il reçoit les Adieux des siens, & de sa femme,
Leur défend de le suivre, & s'avance au trépas
Avec le mesme front qu'il donnoit les Estats.*

*La mesme Majesté sur son visage emprainte
Entre ces assassins montre un esprit sans crainte,
Sa vertu toute entiere à la mort le conduit ;
Son affranchy Philippe est le seul qui le suit,
C'est de lui que j'ay sçeu ce que je viens de dire,
Mes yeux ont veu le reste, & mon cœur en soupire,
Et croit que Cesar mesme à de si grands malheurs
Ne pourra refuser des soupirs, & des pleurs.*

Cle. N'épargnez pas les miens,achevez,Achorée,
L'histoire d'une mort que j'ay déjà pleurée.

Acho. On l'améne, & du port nous le voyons venir
Sans que pas-un d'entr'eux daigne l'entretenir.
Ce mépris lui fait voir ce qu'il en doit attendre,
Enfin l'esquif aborde, on l'invite à descendre,
Il se leve, & soudain pour signal Achillas
Derriere ce Heros tirant son coutelas,
Septime & trois des siens, lâches enfans de Rome,
Percent à coups pressez les flancs de ce grand homme,
Tandis qu'Achillas mesme épouvanté d'horreur
De ces quatre enragez admire la fureur.

Cle. Vous qui livrez la Terre aux discordes civiles,
Si vous vangez sa mort, Dieux, épargnez nos villes,
N'imputez

The Shelves and Sands which under Water lye,
To greater Vessels an Access deny.

The Hero saw, and smil'd at this Abuse ;
He then receiv'd his Wife's and Friends Adieus,
Their Stay commanded, and to Death did go
With the same Look, as he did Crowns bestow :
With the same Majesty writ in his Brow,
He sat unmov'd among his Murtherers now :
His stedfast Courage did his Conduct seem,
Philip his Freedman only follow'd him,
Of whom, what I have told you, I did Learn,
But saw the rest my self with sad Concern ;
And think (so mournful it to me appears)
Cæsar himself could not refuse it Tears.

Cle. But spare not mine, nor let them intercept
A Story, which I have already wept.

Acho. Whilst toward Land they brought him, not
To the unhappy *Pompey* they afford : [a Word
In which Contempt, he did foresee his End.
At length arriv'd, they ask him to descend ;
He rising, as *Achillas* stood behind
Drawing his Sword, for what they had design'd,
Septimius, and three *Romans* more, embrew'd
Their guilty Hands in that heroick Blood :
Till ev'n *Achillas* was with Horroure strook,
Upon a Rage so barbarous to look.

Cle. You Gods, who Nations do chastise with W.
When you revenge this Death, our Cities spare !

*N'imputez rien aux lieux, reconnoissez les mains,
Le crime de l'Egypte est fait par des Romains.
Mais que fait & que dit ce genereux courage?*

*Acho D'un des pans de sa robbe il couvre son visage,
A son mauvais destin en aveugle obeit,
Et de daigne de voir le Ciel qui le trahit,
De peur qu'il ne semblast contre une telle offence
Implorer d'un coup d'œil son aide & sa vangeance.
Aucun gemissement à son cœur échapé
Ne le montre en mourant digne d'estre frapé,
Immobile à leurs coups, en luy-mesme il rappelle
Ce qu'eut de beau sa vie, & ce qu'on dira d'elle,
Et tient la trahison que le Roy leur prescrit
Trop au dessous de luy pour y prester l'esprit.
Sa vertu dans leur crime augmente ainsi son lustre,
Et son dernier soupir est un soupir illustre,
Qui de cette grande ameachevant les destins
Estale tout Pompée aux yeux des assassins.
Sa teste sur les bords de la barque panckée
Par le traistre Septime indignement tranckée,
Passe au bout d'une lance en la main d'Achillas
Ainsi qu'un grand tropkée après de grands combats.
Et pour combler enfin sa tragique avanture,
On donne à ce Heros la Mer pour sepulture,
Et le tronc sous les flots roule doreesnavant
Au gré de la Fortune & de l'Onde & du Vent.
La triste Cornelie, à cet affreux spectacle,
Par de longs cris aigus tasche d'y mettre obstacle,*

Defend

And not the Place, but Actors look upon:
The Crime of *Egypt* was by *Romans* done.
But tell me what this Worthy said and did.

Acho. With his Robe's border he his Visage hid,
Blindly his cruel Destiny obey'd;
And wou'd not see that Heav'n which him betray'd:
Lest any Look of his, in such a Stroke,
Shou'd its Assistance, or Revenge, invoke.
Not the least poor Complaint fell from his Tongue,
Or ought that spoke him worthy of his Wrong:
But that despising, made his last Retreat
To all that in this Life was Good or Great:
And held the Treason, which the King had wrought,
Too much below him to employ his Thought.
His Virtues by their Crime more brightly shone,
And his last Gasp was an illustrious one.
This great Soul fled, his Body did expose
To th' greedy Eyes of his inhumane Foes:
His Head, which tumbled on the blushing Deck,
(By vile *Septimius* sever'd from his Neck)
Upon *Achillas* Lance we fixed see,
As after Battels Trophies use to be:
And to conclude a Destiny so sad,
The Sea was all the Sepulchre he had.
To Fortune now his slaughter'd Corps resign'd,
Floats at the pleasure of the Wave and Wind.
The Poor *Cornelia* at the dreadful view, —

Cle. O Gods! What could she either say or do!

Acho.

Defend ce cher espoux de la voix & des yeux,
 Puis n'esperant plus rien, leve les mains aux Cieux,
 Et cedant tout à coup à la douleur plus forte
 Tombe dans sa galere évanouye, ou morte.
 Les siens en ce desastre à force de ramer
 L'éloignent de la rive, & regagnent la Mer,
 Mais sa fuite est mal seure, & l'infame Septime
 Qui se voit dérober la moitié de son crime,
 Afin de l'achever, prend six vaisseaux au port,
 Et poursuit sur les eaux Pompée après sa mort.

Cependant Achillas porte au Roy sa conquête,
 Tout le peuple tremblant en détourne la tête,
 Un effroy general offre à l'un sous ses pas
 Des abysses ouverts pour vanger ce trépas,
 L'autre entend le tonnerre, & chacun se figure
 Un desordre soudain de toute la Nature,
 Tant l'excez du forfait troublant leurs jugemens
 Presente à leur terreur l'excez des châtimens.

Philippe d'autre part montrant sur le rivage
 Dans une ame servile un genereux courage,
 Examine d'un œil & d'un soin curieux
 Où les vagues rendront ce dépôt precieux, [rendre,
 Pour luy rendre, s'il peut, ce qu'aux morts on doit
 Dans quelque urne chetive en ramasser la cendre,
 Et d'un peu de poussiere éllever un tombeau
 A celuy qui du Monde eut le fort le plus beau.
 Mais comme vers l'Afrique on poursuit Cornelie,
 On voit d'ailleurs Cesar venir de Thessalie,

Une

Acho. By woful shrieks she try'd his Life to shield,
Then hopeless up to Heav'n her hands she held;
And, by her mighty Sorrow overthrown,
Fell either dead, or in a deadly swoon.
In this distress her Ships employ their Oars
To gain the Sea, and quit those horrid Shoars.
But infamous *Septimius*, having thought
Cornelia's flight rob'd him of half his fault,
Has with six Ships hasten'd to her Pursuit,
And the dead *Pompey* still does persecute.
But whilst to th' King *Achillas* brings the Prize,
The trembling People turn'd away their eyes.
One does with horrour on the Guilt reflect,
And a revenging Earthquake does expect:
This hears it thunder, and that does believe
Nature a Revolution must receive.
Their Reason, troubled by the Crime's extent,
Cannot but dread as vast a Punishment.
Philip mean while shews, on the River side,
That his mean Fortune a brave Soul did hide:
He curiously examines ev 'ry Wave,
For that rich Pledge, which Treason to them gave;
That those lov'd Bones he piously might burn,
And give him one, though an inglorious Urn.
And with a little Dust a Tomb erect
To him who did the Universe subject.
But whilst *Cornelia* they one way pursue,
Another we might *Cæsar's* coming view,

Une Flote paroist qu'on a peine à conter....

Cle. *C'est luy-mesme, Achorée, il n'en faut point douter.*

*Tremblez, tremblez, méchans, voicy venir la foudre,
Cleopatre a dequoy vous mettre tous en poudre,
Cesar vient, elle est Reine, & Pompée est vangé,
La tyrannie est bas, & le Sort est changé.*

*Admirons cependant le destin des grands hommes,
Plaignons-les, & pareux jugeons ce que nous sommes.*

*Ce Prince d'un Senat maistre de l'Univers,
Du qui l'heur sembloit estre au dessus du revers,
Luy que sa Rome a veu plus craint que le tonnerre,
Triompher en trois fois des trois parts de la Terre,
Et qui voyoit encor en ces derniers hazards
L'un & l'autre Consul suivre ses étendarts,
Si-tost que d'un malheur sa fortune est suivie,
Les Monstres de l'Egypte ordonnent de sa vie;
On voit un Achillas, un Septime, un Photin,
Arbitres souverains d'un si noble destin ;
Un Roy qui de ses mains a reçeu la Couronne
A ces pestes de Cour lâchement l'abandonné :
Ainsi finit Pompée, & peut-être qu'un jour
Cesar éprouvera mesme sort à son tour.
Rendez l'augure faux, Dieux, qui voyez mes larmes,
Et secondez par tout, & mes vœux, & ses armes.*

Char. *Madame, le Roy vient qui pourra vous ouïr.*

A Navy which can hardly reckon'd be.

Cle. Ne'er doubt it, *Achoreus*, it is he;
Tremble bad Men, at your approaching Doom,
My Breath is now your Destiny become.

Cæsar's come, I'm a Queen, *Pompey's* reveng'd,
Tyranny ruin'd, and the Times are chang'd.

"But let's with wonder on the Great reflect;

"Pity their Fortune, and our own suspect:
He who we thought ev'n Fate her self had sway'd,
Who rul'd a Senate which the World obey'd:

Whom his own *Rome* saw (almost Deifi'd)
Over the World's three Parts in Triumph ride:

And who, in the last hazards of his Fate,

Saw both the Consuls on his Standards wait:

As soon as Fortune one unkindness shows,

Egyptian Monsters of his Life dispose:

And a *Photinus*, or *Septimius*, can

Govern the Destiny of such a Man.

A King, who owes him ev'n the Crown he wears,
Exposing him to those blasphemous Flatterers.

So fell the mighty *Pompey*, and so may

Cæsar himself perhaps another day.

O may the Gods the Augury disprove!

And make his Fortune constant as my Love.

Char. The King comes, Madam, who may overhear.

S C E N E III.

Ptolomée, Cleopatre.

Pto. Sçavez-vous le bon-heur dont nous allons jouir,
Ma sœur ?

Cle. Oùy, je le sçay le grand Cesar arrive,
Sous les loix de Photin je ne suis plus captive.

Pto. Vous haïssez toujours ce fidelle Sujet.

Cle. Non, mais en liberté je ris de son projet.

Pto. Quel projet faisoit-il dont vous püssiez vous
plaindre ?

Cle. J'en ay souffert beaucoup, & j'avois plus à
Un si grand Politique est capable de tout, [craindre ?
Et vous donnez les mains à tout ce qu'il resout.

Pto. Si je suy ses conseils, j'en connoy la prudence.

Cle. Si j'en crains les effets, j'en voy la violence.

Pto. Pour le bien de l'Estat tout est juste en un Roy.

Cle. Ce genre de justice est à craindre pour moy ;
Aprés ma part du Sceptre à ce tiltre usurpée,
Il en couste la vie & la teste à Pompée.

Pto. Jamais un coup d'Estat ne fut mieux entrepris,
Le voulant secourir, Cesar nous eust surpris,
Vous voyez sa vistesse, & l'Egypte troublée
Avant qu'estre en défense en seroit accablée.

Mais je puis maintenant à cet heureux vainqueur
Offrir en seureté mon trône, & vostre cœur. [stres,

Cle. Je feray mes presens, n'ayez soin que des vo-
Et dans vos intérêts n'en confondez point d'autres.

Pto.

S C E N E III.

Pto, *Cleopatra*.

Pto. Know you what Happiness is dawning near?

Cle. Yes I have heard it, the great *Cæsar's* come:
And *Photin* shall no more pronounce my Doom:

Pto. That faithful Subject you could ne'er endure.

Cle. No, but am from his Projects now secure.

Pto. Which of his Plots could you so much offend?

Cle. I've much endur'd, and more may apprehend:
For such a Politician is not nice,

And you are always steer'd his Advice.

Pto. If I believe him, I his Prudence see.

Cle. And I who fear him, know his Cruelty.

Pto. For a Crown's safety all things just appear.

Cle. That kind of equity creates my Fear,
My share of Power hath been by it lost,
And now it has the Head of *Pompey* cost.

Pto. Never a game of State was more advis'd,
For else by *Cæsar* we had been surpris'd:
You see his speed, and we had been subdu'd,
Before we could in our defence have stood.
But now I to a Conqueror so great
Your Heart may offer, and my Royal Seat.

Cle. Make your own Presents, I'll dispose of mine,
Nor others Interests with yours combine.

Pto.

Pto. *Les vostres sont les miens, estant de mesme sang.*

Cle. *Vous pouvez dire encor estant de mesme rang,
Estant Rois l'un & l'autre & toutefois je pense
Que nos deux interests ont quelque difference.* [tent

Pto. *Oiiy, ma sœur, car l'Estat dont mon cœur est con-
Sur quelques bords du Nil à grand peine s'étend :
Mais Cesar à vos loix soumettant son courage,
Vous va faire regner sur le Gange, & le Tage.*

Cle. *J'ay de l'ambition, mais je la sçay regler,
Elle peut m'éblouir, & non-pas m'aveugler ;
Ne parlons point ici du Tage, ny du Gange,
Je connois ma portée, & ne prens point le change.*

Pto. *L'occasion vous rit, & vous en userez.*

Cle. *Si je n'en usé bien, vous m'en accuserez.*

Pto. *J'en espere beaucoup veu l'amour qui l'engage.*

Cle. *Vous la craignez peut-être encore d'avantage ;
Mais quelque occasion qui me rie aujourd'huy,
N'ayez aucune peur, je ne veux rien d'autrui,
Je ne garde pour vous ny haine, ny colere,
Et je suis bonne sœur, si vous n'estes bon frere.*

Pto. *Vous montrez cependant un peu bien du mépris.*

Cle. *Le temps de chaque chose ordonne, & fait le prix.*

Pto. *Vostre façon d'agir le fait assez connoistre.*

Cle. *Le grand Cesar arrive, & vous avez un maistre.*

Pto. *Il l'est de tout le Monde, & je l'ay fait le mien.*

Cle. *Allez luy rendre hommage, & j'attendray le sien,
Allez, ce n'est pas trop pour luy que de vous-mesme,
Je garderay pour vous l'honneur du Diadème.*

Photin

Pto. Our Blood's the same, uniting me and you.

Cle. You might have said, our Rank unites us too.

We both are Sov'reigns; yet 'twill be confess,

There is some diff'rence in our Interest.

Pto. Yes, Sister, for my Heart is well content
Only with *Egypt*'s narrow Continent.

But now your Beauty *Cæsar*'s Heart does wound,
Tagus and *Ganges* must your Empire bound.

Cle. I have Ambition, but it is confin'd,
It may surprize my Soul, but never blind.
T'upbraid me with those bounds there is no need,
I know my reach, and shall not that exceed.

Pto. Your Fortune smiles, and youth's advantage use

Cle. You may revile me, if I that abuse.

Pto. I hope the best, Love no ill Fruit can bear.

Cle. You seem to hope, what really you fear.
But though the Gods my just Pretensions crown,
You need not doubt, I'll ask but what's my own.
You ne'er shall Anger from your Sister find,
Though you're a cruel Brother, I'll be kind.

Pto. But yet methinks you do discover Pride.

Cle. Time is the Standard whereby things are try'd.

Pto. Your present Carriage that doth plainly shew.

Cle. *Cæsar* is come, and you've a Master now.

Pto. I made him mine who the World's Master is.

Cle. Pay him your homage, while I look for his
In this Address you may your self be seen,
But I'll remember that I am a Queen.

*Photin vous vient aider à le bien recevoir,
Consultez avec lui quel est votre devoir.*

S C E N E IV.

Ptolomée, Photin.

Pto. *J'ay suivy tes conseils, mais plus je l'ay flatée,
Et plus dans l'insolence elle s'est emportée,
Si bien qu'enfin outré de tant d'indignitez,
Je m'allois emporter dans les extremitez ;
Mon bras dont ses mépris forçoient la retenuë
Neust plus consideré Cesar, ny sa venuë,
Et l'eust mise en estat malgré tout son appuy
De se plaindre à Pompée auparavant qu'à lui.
L'arrogante, à l'ouïr, elle est déjà ma Reine,
Et si Cesar en croit son orgueil, & sa haine,
Si, comme elle s'en vante, elle est son cher objet,
De son frere & son Roy, je deviens son Sujet.
Non non, prevenons-là, c'est foibleſſe d'attendre
Le mal qu'on voit venir sans pouvoir s'en défendre,
Oſtons-luy les moyens de nous plus dédaigner,
Oſtons-luy les moyens de plaire, & de regner,
Et ne permettons pas qu'apres tant de bravades
Mon sceptre soit le prix d'une de ses œillades.*

Pho. *Sire, ne donnez point de pretexte à Cesar
Pour attacher l'Egypte aux pompes de son char.*

Ce

Photin will help you to receive him now,
Advise with him, he'll tell you what's to do.

S C E N E IV.

Ptolomy, Photin.

Pto. I have observ'd thy Counsel, but find since
To flatter her, but swells her Insolence.
For with her Pride she did affront me so,
That I at last fell into Passion too.
This Arm, enrag'd by her, could scarce forbear
(Without a Thought that *Cæsar* was so near)
Dispatching her (as safe as she does seem)
To have complain'd to *Pompey*, not to him.
She talks already at that haughty rate,
That if great *Cæsar* please her Pride and Hate,
And she o'er him her boasted Empire have,
Her Brother and her King must be her Slave.
No, no, we needs must frustrate that Intent,
Nor poorly wait the Ills we may prevent.
Let's spoil her of her Pow'r to disdain,
And break those Charms whereby she hopes to reign;
Nor, after such Indignities, let's brook,
That she should buy my Scepter with a Look.

Pho. Do not for *Cæsar*, Sir, Pretence provide
That *Egypt* should be to his Triumphs ty'd;

*Ce cœur ambitieux qui par toute la Terre
Ne cherche qu'à porter l'esclavage & la guerre,
Enflé de sa victoire & des ressentimens
Qu'une perte pareille imprime aux vrais amans,
Quoy que vous ne rendiez que justice à vous mesme,
Prendroit l'occasion de vanger ce qu'il aime,
Et pour s'assujettir, & vos Estats, & vous,
Imputeroit à crime un si juste courroux.*

Pto. *Si Cleopatre vit, s'il la voit, elle est Reine.*

Pho. *Si Cleopatre meurt, vostre perte est certaine.*

Pto. *Je perdray qui me perd ne pouvant me sauver.*

Pho. *Pour la perdre avec joye il faut vous conserver.*

Pto. *Quoy? pour voir sur sa teste éclater ma couronne?
Sceptre, s'il faut enfin que ma main t'abandonne,
Passe, passe plutôt en celle du vainqueur.*

Pho. *Vous l'arracherez mieux de celle d'une sœur,
Quelques feux que d'abord il luy fasse paroistre,
Il partira bien-tost, & vous serez le maistre.*

*L'Amour à ses pareils ne donne point d'ardeur
Qui ne cede aisément aux soins de leur grandeur :
Il voit encor l'Afrique & l'Espagne occupées
Par Juba, Scipion, & les jeunes Pompeés,
Et le Monde à ses loix n'est point assujetty,
Tant qu'il verra durer ces restes du party.
Au sortir de Pharsale un si grand Capitaine
Sçuroit mal son mestier, s'il laissoit prendre baleine,
Et s'il donnoit loisir à des cœurs si hardis
De relevir du coup dont ils sont estourdis.*

For this Ambitious Man, which through the world
Hath War and Slavery together hurl'd;
Swell'd with his Conquest, and a Rage so smart,
As such a loss writes in a Lovers Heart;
Though you but act what Equity approves,
Will thence ground his Revenge for what he loves:
As for a crime, he'll you to Bondage bring,
Though you did only what became a King.

Pto. If Cleopatra sees him she's a Queen.

Pho. But if she dye your Ruin is foreseen.

Pto. Who ruins me should on my Fall attend.

Pho. To ruin her you must your self befriend.

Pto. What? must my Crown upon her Temples shine?
No, if my Scepter I must needs resign,
The Conqueror shall rather it command.

Pho. You'll sooner force it from a Sister's hand.
How great foever now his Flames appear,
He must be gone, and leave You Master here.
Love in such Men seldom that room can find,
Which to their Int'rest will not be resign'd.

With *Juba*, *Scipio*, and with *Pompey's Sons*,
Spain, to Revenge, he knows, with *Affrick* runs:
And while that Party are not yet o'erthrown,
He cannot safely call the World his own.

Cæsar's too great a Captain, to o'ersee
The Pursuit of *Pharsalia's* Victory:
And leave such fierce Hearts on Revenge intent,
To rise from their so late Astonishment.

Sil les vainc, s'il parvient où son désir aspire,
 Il faut qu'il aille à Rome établir son empire,
 Joüir de sa fortune, & de son attentat,
 Et changer à son gré la forme de l'Estat :
 Jugez durant ce temps ce que vous pourrez faire,
 Sire, voyez Cesar, forcez-vous à luy plaire,
 Et luy déferant tout, veüillez vous souvenir
 Que les evenemens regleront l'advenir.
 Remettez en ses mains, Trône, Sceptre, Couronne,
 Et sans en murmurer souffrez qu'il en ordonne.
 Il en croira sans doute ordonner justement ;
 En suivant du feu Roy l'ordre & le testament,
 L'importance d'ailleurs de ce dernier service
 Ne permet pas d'en craindre une entiere injustice :
 Quoy qu'il en fasse enfin, feignez d'y consentir,
 Loüez son jugement & laissez-le partir. [geances.
 Après, quand nous verrons le temps propre aux van-
 Nous aurons, & la force, & les intelligences :
 Jusques là reprimez ces transports violens,
 Qu'excitent d'une sœur les mépris insolens ;
 Les bravades enfin sont des discours frivoles,
 Et qui songe aux effets néglige les paroles.

Pto. Ah ! tu me rends la vie & le sceptre à la fois,
 Un sage Conseiller est le bonheur des Rois.
 Cher appuy de mon trône, allons, sans plus attendre
 Offrir tout à Cesar afin de tout reprendre,
 Avec toute ma Flote allons le recevoir,
 Et par ces vains honneurs seduire son pouvoir.

ACTE

If he his Ends obtain, and them o'ercome,
 He his gain'd Empire must secure at *Rome*:
 And there the fruit of his Success enjoy,
 Whilst he at pleasure does her Laws destroy.
 Judge, in that time, what great things you may do;
 See *Cæsar* then, and strive to please him too.
 Resign him all, but yet this Rule intend,
 That future things on Accidents depend.
 Your Throne and Scepter give into his hand,
 And without Murmur yield to his Command:
 He will believe that Justice he shall do,
 If he your Father's Testament pursue;
 Besides, this signal Service you have done,
 Will give you still some Title to your Throne.
 Entire submission to his Orders shew,
 Applaud his Judgment, but then let him go.
 That time for our Revenge will be most fit,
 When we can Act, as well as think of it.
 With temper let these Passions then be born,
 Which were excited by your Sister's Scorn.
 Boasts are but Air, and he revenges best,
 Who acts his braver Thoughts, yet talks the least.

Pto. O thy Advice my greatest Comfort brings,
 A Prudent Counsellor's the bliss of Kings.
 Come dear Supporter of my Throne, let's go,
 And, to save all, on *Cæsar* all bestow.
 His Pride let's flatter with an empty State,
 And with our whole Fleet on him hither wait.

After the second Act, this Song is to be sung by
two *Egyptian Priests* on the Stage.

I.

SEE how Victorious Cæsar's Pride
Does Neptune's Bosom sweep!
And with Thessalian Fortune ride
In Triumph o'er the Deep.

2.

What Rival of the Gods is this
Who dare's do more than they?
Whose Feet the Fates themselves do kiss,
And Sea and Land obey.

I.

What can the Fortunate withstand?
For this resistless He
Rivers of Blood brings on the Land,
And Bulwarks on the Sea.

2.

Since Gods as well as Men submit,
And Cæsar's favour woo,
Virtue her self may think it fit
That Egypt court him too.

But

I.

*But Pompey's Head's a rate too dear;
For by that impious price
The God less Noble will appear,
Than do's the Sacrifice.*

2.

*If Justice be a thing divine,
The Gods should it maintain;
For us t'attempt what they decline,
Would be as rash as vain.*

Chorus.

*How desp'rare is our Prince's Fate?
What hazard do's he run?
He must be wicked to be great,
Or, to be just, undone.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Charmion, Achorée.

C H A R M I O N.

OUY, tandis que le Roy va luy-mesme en personne,

Jusqu'aux pieds de Cesar prosterner sa couronne,

Cleopatre s'enferme en son apartement,

Et sans s'en émouvoir attend son compliment.

Comment nommerez-vous une humeur si hautaine?

Acho. Un orgueil noble & juste, & digne d'une Reine,

Qui soutient avec cœur & magnanimité

L'honneur de sa naissance, & de sa dignité.

Luy pourray-je parler?

Char. Non, mais elle m'envoye

Sçavoir à cet abord ce qu'on a veu de joye,

Ce qu'à ce beau present Cesar a témoigné,

S'il a paru content, ou s'il l'a dédaigné,

S'il traite avec douceur, s'il traite avec empire,

Ce qu'à nos assassins enfin il a pû dire.

Acho. La teste de Pompée a produit des effets

Dont ils n'ont pas sujet d'estre fort satisfaits,

Je ne sçay si Cesar prendroit plaisir à feindre,

Mais pour eux jusqu'icy je trouve lieu de craindre;

S'ils aimoient Ptolomée, ils l'ont for mal seruy.

Vous l'avez veu partir, & moy je l'ay suivy.

Ses

ACTE III. SCENE I.

Charmion, Achoreus.

CHARMION.

YES, whilst the King himself is gone to meet
Cæsar, and lay his Scepter at his Feet,
To her Apartment *Cleopatra* went,
And there unmov'd expects his Compliment.
What words have you to cloath this Humour in?

Acho. 'Tis Noble Pride, and worthy of a Queen;
Who with Heroick Courage does make good
The Honour of her Rank, and of her Blood.
May I speak to Her?

Char. No, but she hath sent
Me to enquire this Meeting's great Event.
How *Cæsar* on this Gift himself explain'd,
Whether it were acknowledg'd or disdain'd ;
If he the fierce takes, or the gentler way,
And what he to our Murtherers could say.

Acho. The Head of *Pompey* hath already cost
More, than they will have any cause to boast :
For whether *Cæsar* be or seem severe,
Yet I for them have ground enough to fear.
If they lov'd *Ptolomy*, they serv'd him ill ;
You saw him part, and I pursu'd him still.

When

Ses vaisseaux en bon ordre ont éloigné la ville,
 Et pour joindre Cesar n'ont avance qu'un mille,
 Il venoit à plein voile, & si dans les hazards
 Il éprouva toujours pleine faveur de Mars,
 Sa Flote qu'à l'envy favorisoit Neptune
 Avoit le vent en poupe ainsi que sa fortune.
 Dès le premier abord nostre Prince étonné
 Ne s'est plus souvenu de son front couronné,
 Sa frayeur a paru sous sa fausse allegresse,
 Toutes ses actions ont senty la bassesse,
 J'en ay rougy moy-mesme, & me suis plaint à moy
 De voir là Ptolomée, & n'y voir point de Roy,
 Et Cesar qui lisoit sa peur sur son visage
 Le flatoit par pitié pour lui donner courage.
 Luy d'une voix tombante offrant ce don fatal,
 Seigneur, vous n'avez plus, luy dit-il, de Rival,
 Ce que n'ont pû les Dieux dans vostre Thessalie,
 Je vay mettre en vos mains Pompée, & Cornelie,
 En voicy desia l'un, & pour l'autre, elle fuit,
 Mais avec six vaisseaux un des miens la poursuit.
 A ces mots Achillas découvre cette teste,
 Il semble qu'à parler encor elle s'apreste,
 Qu'à ce nouvel affront un reste de chaleur
 En sanglots mal formez exhale sa douleur.
 Sa bouche encore ouverte & sa veue égarée
 Rappellent sa grande ame à peine séparée,
 Et son couroux mourant fait un dernier effort
 Pour reprocher aux Dieux sa défaite & sa mort.

Ce-

When from the City his well-order'd Fleet
Advanc'd a League, that they might *Cæsar* meet,
He with spread Sails arriv'd; and as in Wars
He still had been the Favourite of *Mars*,
So *Neptune* to his Navy was so kind,
His Fortune was not fairer than his Wind.
Our Prince was so astonish'd when they met,
As if he did his Crowned Head forget.
Through his false Joy his Terror he confess'd,
And all his Actions his low Thoughts express'd.
I my self blush'd as at a shameful thing,
There to see *Ptolomy*, but not the King;
Cæsar, who saw his Courage thus expire,
In Pity flatter'd him, to raise it higher.
He with low Voice offering his fatal Gift,
"Now Sir, says he, you have no Rival left.
"What in *Theffalia* not the gods could do,
"I give you *Pompey* and *Cornelia* too.
"Here's one; and though the other flight did take,
"Six Ships of mine will quickly bring her back.
Achillas then the great Head did expose,
Which still to speak it self seem'd to dispose.
At this new Injury some warm Remain
Did in imperfect Groans seem to complain.
I thought his open Mouth and ghastly Look
Recall'd the Soul, which scarce her leave had took;
And his last Anger seem'd, with dying breath,
To charge the gods with his Defeat and Death.

Cæsar

Cesar à cet aspect comme frapé du foudre,
 Et comme ne sachant que croire, où que résoudre,
 Immobile, & les yeux sur l'objet attachés,
 Nous tient assez long-temps ses sentimens cachés;
 Et je diray, si j'ose en faire conjecture,
 Que par un mouvement commun à la Nature,
 Quelque maligne joie en son cœur s'élèvoit,
 Dont sa gloire indignée à peine le sauvoit.
 L'aise de voir la Terre à son pouvoir soumise
 Chatouillloit malgré luy son ame avec surprise,
 Et de cette douceur son esprit combatu
 Avec un peu d'effort rasseroit sa vertu.
 Sil aime sa grandeur, il hait la perfidie,
 Il se juge en autrui, se taste, s'étudie,
 Examine en secret sa joie, & ses douleurs,
 Les balance, choisit, laisse couler des pleurs,
 Et forçant sa vertu d'estre encor la maistresse,
 Se montre genereux par un trait de foibleesse.
 En suite il fait oster ce present de ses yeux,
 Leve les mains ensemble & les regards aux Cieux,
 Lasche deux ou trois mots contre cette insolence,
 Puis tout triste & pensif ils s'obstine au silence,
 Et mesme à ses Romains ne daigne repartir
 Que d'un regard farouche, & d'un profond soupir,
 Enfin ayant pris terre avec trente Cohortes,
 Il se saisit du port, il se saisit des portes,
 Met des Gardes par tout, & des ordres secrets,
 Fait voir sa défiance ainsi que ses regrets,

Parle

Cæsar seem'd Thunder-stricken at this view,
As not resolv'd what to believe or do.
Immoveably on that sad Object ty'd,
He long from us his inward Thought did hide;
And I would say, if I durst make a guess
By what our Nature uses to expres,
Some such malignant Pleasure he enjoy'd,
As his offended Honour scarce destroy'd.
That the whole World now in his power lies,
Could not but bring some flattering Surprize.
But though a-while this Conflict he endur'd,
Yet his great Soul it self soon re-assur'd.
Though he loves Power, yet he Treason hates,
Himself he judges, on himself debates.
Each Joy and Grief at Reason's Bar appears,
At length resolv'd, he first let fall some Tears.
His Virtue's Empire he by force regains,
And noblest Thoughts by that weak sign explains.
The horrid Present from his sight expell'd,
His Eyes and Hands he up to Heav'n held,
In a few words their Insolence repress'd,
And after did in pensive Silence rest:
Nor even to his *Romans* could reply,
But with a heavy Sigh and furious Eye.
At last with thirty Cohorts come to Land,
To seize the Gates and Ports he does command.
The Guards he set, and secret Orders sent,
Shew his Distrust, as well as Discontent.

Egypt

*Parle d'Egypte en maistre, & de son adversaire
Non plus comme ennemy, mais comme son beaupere,
Voilà ce que j'ay veu.*

Char. *Voilà ce qu'attendoit,
Ce qu'au juste Osiris la Reine demandoit.
Je vay bien la ravir avec cette nouvelle,
Vous, continuez luy ce service fidelle.*

Acho. *Qu'elle n'en doute point. Mais Cesar vient,
Peignez-luy bien nos gens pâles & desolez, [allez,
Et moy, soit que l'issuë en soit douce, ou funeste,
J'iray l'entretenir quand j'auray veu le reste.*

S C E N E II.

Cesar, Ptolomée, Lépidé, Photin, Achoré,
Soldats Romains, Soldats Egyptiens.

Pto. *Seigneur, montez au trône, & commandez icy.*
Cef. *Connoissez-vous Cesar de luy parler ainsi ?
Que m'offriroit de pis la Fortune ennemie,
A moy qui tiens le trône égal à l'infamie ?
Certes Rome à ce coup pourroit bien se vanter
D'avoir eu juste lieu de me persecuter.
Elle qui d'un mesme œil les donne, & les dédaigne,
Qui ne voit rien aux Rois qu'elle aime, ou qui elle
craigne,*

Et

Egypt he speaks of as a Province won,
And now calls *Pompey* not a Foe, but Son.
This I observ'd.

Char. By which the Queen may find
The just *Osiris* to her Vows inclin'd:
Whilst with this happy News to her I flye,
Do you preserve her your Fidelity.

Acho. Ne'er doubt it; but here *Cæsar* comes, go then
Describe the Consternation of our Men:
And whatsoever proves to be their Fate,
I'll first observe, and then to her relate.

S C E N E II.

Cæsar, Ptolomy, Lepidus, Photinus, Achoreus,
Roman and Egyptian Soldiers.

Pto. Great Sir, ascend the Throne, and govern Us.

Cæs. Do you know *Cæsar*, and speak to him thus?

What worse could envious Fortune offer me?

Who alike hate a Crown and Infamy.

This to accept, would all my Boast confute,

That *Rome* did me unjustly persecute:

Rome, who both scorns, and gives Crowns ev'ry where,

And nothing fees in Kings to love or fear;

Y

Nay,

Et qui verse en nos cœurs avec l'ame, & le sang,
 Et la haine du nom, & le mépris du rang.
 C'est ce que de Pompée il vous faloit apprendre,
 S'il en eust aimé l'offre, il eust sçeu s'en défendre,
 Et le trône & le Roy se seroient ennoblis
 A soutenir la main qui les a restablis.
 Vouz eussiez pû tomber, mais tout couvert de gloire
 Vostre cheute eust valu la plus haute Victoire,
 Et si vostre destin n'eust pu vous en sauver,
 Cesar eust pris plaisir à vous en relever.
 Vous n'avez pû former une si noble envie ;
 Mais quel droit aviez-vous sur cette illustre vie ?
 Que vous devoit son sang pour y tremper vos mains,
 Vous qui devez respect au moindre des Romains ?
 Ay je vaincu pour vous dans les Champs de Pharsale ?
 Et par une victoire aux vaincus trop fatale,
 Vous ay je acquis sur eux en ce dernier effort
 La puissance absolue, & de vie, & de mort ?
 Moy qui n'ay jamais pû la souffrir à Pompée,
 La souffriray je en vous sur lui-mesme usurpé,
 Et que de mon bonheur vous ayez abusé
 Jusqu'à plus attenter que je n'aurois osé ?
 De quel nom apres tout pensez-vous que je nomme
 Ce coup où vous tranchez du souverain de Rome,
 Et qui sur un seul Chef lui fait bien plus d'affront,
 Que sur tant de milliers ne fit le Roy de Pont ?
 Pensez-vous que j'ignore, ou que je dissimule
 Que vous n'auriez pas eu pour moy plus de scrupule,
 Et

Nay, at our Birth, does all our Souls enflame,
To slight the Rank, and to abhor the Name.
This Truth you might have learn'd from *Pompey*, who
If he such Offers lik'd, could shun them too.
Both Throne and King had honour'd been, t'afford
Service to him who had them both restor'd :
So glorious had been even ill Success,
In such a Cause, that Triumphs had been less :
And if your Fortune Safety had deny'd,
To have bestow'd it, had been Cæsar's Pride :
But, though you would not own so brave a Strife,
What Right had you to that illustrious Life ?
Who that rich Blood to wash your Hands allow'd,
That to the meanest *Roman* should have bow'd ?
Was it for you *Pharsalia's* Field I won,
Wherein so many Nations were undone ?
And did I purchase at so high a rate,
That you should be the Arbitres of Fate ?
If I in Pompey that could ne'er admit,
Shall you escape, o'er him assuming it ?
How much is my Success abus'd by you,
Who attempt more than ever I durst do ?
What Name, think you, will such a Blow become,
Which has usurp'd the Sovereignty of *Rome* ;
And in one Person did affront her more,
Than could the *Asian* Massacre before ?
Do you imagine I shall e'er agree,
You would have been more scrupulous for me ?

*Et que s'il m'eust vaincu, vostre esprit complaisant
 Luy faisoit de ma teste un semblable present ?
 Graces à ma victoire, on me rend des hommages
 Où ma fuite eust reçeu toutes sortes d'outrages,
 Au vainqueur, non à moy, vous faites tout l'honneur,
 Si Cesar en jouüit, ce n'est que par bonheur.
 Amitié dangereuse, & redoutable zele,
 Que regle la Fortune, & qui tourne avec elle.
 Mais parlez, c'est trop estre interdit & confus.*

Pto. *Je le suis, il est vray, si jamais je le fus,
 Et vous mesme avourez que j'ay sujet de l'estre.*

*Estant né Souverain, je vois icy mon maistre,
 Icy dis-je, où ma Cour tremble en me regardant,
 Où je n'ay point encor agy qu'en commandant,
 Je vois une autre Cour, sous une autre puissance,
 Et ne puis plus agir qu'avec obeissance.
 De vostre seul aspect je me suis veu surpris,
 Jugez si vos discours r'asseurent mes esprits,
 Jugez par quels moyens je puis sortir d'un trouble
 Que forme le respect, que la crainte redouble,
 Et ce que vous peut dire un Prince épouvanté
 De voir tant de colere, & tant de majesté.
 Dans ces étonnemens dont mon ame est frapée
 De rencontrer en vous le vangeur de Pompée,
 Il me souvient pourtant que s'il fut nostre appuy,
 Nous vous deûmes de lors autant & plus qu'à luy,
 Vostre faveur pour nous éclata la premiere,
 Tout ce qu'il fit après fut à vostre priere:*

No, had you Pompey here Victorious seen,
 My Head to him had such a Present been :
 I to my Conquest your Submissions owe,
 When all Wrongs had pursu'd my Overthrow.
 You do adore the Conqueror, not me ;
 I but enjoy it by Felicity.

Dangerous Friendship ! Kindness to be fear'd !
 Which turns with Fortune, and by her is steer'd.
 But speak ; this Silence does encrease your Sin.

Pto. Never hath my Confusion greater been ;
 And I believe, Sir, you'll allow it me,
 Since I, a King born, now a Master see.
 Where, at my Frown, each Man did trembling stand,
 And ev'ry Word of mine was a Command ;
 I see a new Court, and another sway,
 And I have nothing left but to obey :
 Your very Look abates my Spirits force,
 And can it be regain'd by your Discourse ?
 Judge how I can from such a Trouble cease,
 Which my Respects create, and Fears encrease :
 And what can an astonish'd Prince express,
 Who Anger sees in that Majestick Dress ?
 And whose Amazements do his Soul subdue,
 That Pompey's Death should be reveng'd by you.
 Yet I must say, whatever he bestow'd,
 We owe you more than ever him we ow'd :
 Your Favour was the first to us exprest,
 And all he did, was done at your Request ;

*Il émrou le Senat pour des Rois outragez
 Que sans cette priere il auroit negligez.
 Mais de ce grand Senat les saintes ordonnances
 Eussent peu fait pour nous, Seigneur, sans vos finances,
 Par-là de nos muins le feu Roy vint à bout,
 Et pour en bien parler, nous vous devons le tout.
 Nous avons honoré vostre amy, vostre gendre,
 Jusqu'à ce qu'à vous-mesme il ait osé se prendre:
 Mais voyant son pouvoir de vos succez jaloux
 Posser en tyrannie, & s'armer contre vous....*

*Ces. Tout-beau, que vostre haine en son sang assouvie
 N'aille point à sa gloire, il suffit de sa vie,
 N'avancez rien icy que Rome ose nier,
 Et justifiez-vous sans la calomnier.*

*Pio. Je laisse donc aux Dieux à juger ses pensées,
 Et diray seulement qu'en vos guerres passées,
 Où vous fustes forcé par tant d'indignitez,
 Tous nos vœux ont été pour vos prosperitez :
 Que comme il vous traitoit en mortel adversaire,
 J'ay crû sa mort pour vous un malheur nécessaire,
 Et que sa haine injuste augmentant tous les jours,
 Jusque dans les Eufs chercheroit du secours,
 Ou qu'enfin, s'il tomboit dessous vostre puissance,
 Il nous faloit pour vous craindre vostre clémence,
 Et que le sentiment d'un cœur trop généreux
 Usant mal de vos droits vous rendist malheureux.*

*J'ay donc considéré qu'en ce peril extrême
 Nous vous devions, Seigneur, servir malgré vous
 même,* Et

He did the Senate move for injur'd Kings,
 And them that Prayer to our Assistance brings :
 But all that he for *Egypt* could obtain,
 Without your Mony, Sir, had been in vain :
 By that his Rebels our late King subdu'd,
 And you have Right to all our Gratitude.
 We *Pompey*, as your Friend and Son, rever'd ;
 But when he your Competitor appear'd,
 When of your Fortune he suspicious grew,
 Tyranny fought, and dar'd to fight with you —

Cæs. Forbear, your Hatred's Thirst his Blood sup-
 Touch not his Glory, let his Life suffice; [plies,
 Say nothing here that *Rome* still dares deny,
 But plead your Cause without a Calumny.

Pto. Then let the Gods be Judges of his Thought ;
 I only say, that in the Wars last fought,
 To which so many Wrongs did you perswade,
 Our Vows for your Succes were only made :
 And since he ever fought your Blood to spill,
 I thought his Death a necessary Ill.
 For as his groundless Hatred daily grew,
 He would, by all ways, the Dispute renew ;
 Or if, at length, he fell into your Hand,
 We fear'd your Mercy would your Right withstand :
 For to that Pitch your Sense of Honour flies,
 As wou'd to Fame your Safety sacrifice ;
 Which made me judge, in so extream an Ill,
 We ought to serve you, Sir, against your Will ;

*Et sans attendre d'ordre en cette occasion,
Mon zèle ardent l'a prise à ma confusion.
Vous m'en desavoiez, vous l'imputez à crime,
Mais pour servir Cesar rien n'est illegitime,
J'en ay souillé mes mains pour vous en preserver,
Vous pouvez en jouir, & le desaprouver,
Et j'ay plus fait pour vous, plus l'action est noire,
Puisque c'est d'autant plus vous immoler ma gloire,
Et que ce sacrifice offert par mon devoir
Vous assure la vostre avec vostre pouvoir.*

*Ces. Vostre lâche attentat cherche avec trop de ruses
De mauvaises couleurs & de froides excuses.
Vostre zèle estoit faux si seul il reduitoit
Ce que le Monde entier à pleins vœux souhaitoit,
Et s'il vous a donné ces craintes trop subtiles,
Qui m'ostent tout le fruit de nos guerres civiles,
Où l'honneur seul m'engage, & que pour terminer,
Je ne veux que celuy de vaincre, & pardonner;
Où mes plus dangereux & plus grands adversaires,
Si-tost qu'ils sont vaincus, ne sont plus que mes freres,
Et mon ambition ne va qu'à les forcer,
Ayant dompté leur haine, à vivre, & m'embrasser,
O combien d'allegresse une si triste guerre
Auroit-elle laissé dessus toute la Terre,
Si l'on voyoit marcher dessus un mesme char
Vainqueurs de leur discorde, & Pompée, & Cesar!
Voilà ces grands malheurs que vaignoit vostre zèle.
O crainte ridicule autant que criminelle!*

Vous

My forward Zeal th' Occasion did embrace,
Without your Leave, and to my own Disgrace :
And this, you, as a Crime, in me disclaim ;
But nothing done for you deserves that Name :
I stain'd my Hands, your Danger to remove,
Which Act you may enjoy, and disapprove ;
Nay, by my Guilt, my Merit higher grows,
Since I my Glory gave for your Repose ;
And by that greatest Victim have procur'd
Your Glory, and your Power, to be assur'd.

Cæs. You employ, *Ptolomy*, such crafty Words,
And weak Excuses, as your Cause affords ;
Your Zeal was false, if 'twere afraid to see
What all Mankind begg'd of the Gods should be :
And did to you such Subtleties convey,
As stole the Fruit of all my Wars away ;
Where Honour me engag'd, and where the end
Was of a Foe subdu'd, to make a Friend ;
Where the worst Enemies that I have met,
When they are conquer'd, I as Brothers treat :
And my Ambition only this design'd,
To kill their Hate, and force them to be kind ;
How blest a Period of the War't had been,
If the glad World hade in one Chariot seen
Pompey and *Cæsar* at once to have fate,
Triumphant over all their former Hate !
These were the Dangers you fear'd should befall ;
O Fear Ridiculous, and Criminal !

You

*Vous craigniez ma clemence, ah ! n'avez plus ce soin,
 Souhaitez-la plûtoſt, vous en avez besoin,
 Si je n'avois égard qu'aux loix de la Justice,
 Je m^e appaiserois Rome avec vostre supplice,
 Sans que ny vos respects, ny vostre repentir,
 Ny vostre dignité vous pussent garantir.
 Vostre trône luy-mesme en seroit le Theatre :
 Mais voulant épargner le sang de Cleopatre,
 J'impute à vos flateurs toute la trahison,
 Et je veux voir comment vous m'en ferez raison ;
 Suivant les sentimens dont vous serez capable
 Je sauray vous tenir innocent, ou coupable.
 Cependant à Pompée elevez des Autels,
 Rendez-luy les honneurs qu'on rend aux Immortels,
 Par un prompt sacrifice expiez tous vos crimes,
 Et sur tout pensez bien aux choix de vos victimes.
 Allez y donner ordre, & me laissez icy
 Entretenir les miens sur quelque autre soucy.*

S C E N E III.

Cesar, Antoine, Lepide.

*Cef. Antoine, avez-vous vu cette Reine adorable ?
 Ant. Oùy, Seigneur, je l'ay veuë, elle est incomparable,
 Le Ciel n'a point encor par de si doux accords
 Uny tant de vertus aux graces d'un beau corps,*

Une

You fear'd my Mercy, but that Trouble quit,
And wish it rather; you have need of it.
For I am sure strict Justice would consent
I should appease *Rome* with your Punishment.
Not your Respects, nor your Repentance now,
No nor your Rank, preserves you from that Blow:
Ev'n on your Throne I would revenge your Guilt,
But *Cleopatra's* Blood must not be spilt:
Wherefore your Flatterers only I condemn;
And must expect you'll do me Right on them:
For what in this I shall observe you do,
Must be the Rule of my Esteem for you:
To the great *Pompey* Altars now erect,
And to him pay, as to the Gods, Respect.
By Sacrifices your Offence expel,
But have a Care you chuse your Victims well.
Go then, and whilst you do for this prepare,
I must stay here about another Care.

S C E N E III.

Cæsar, Antonius, Lepidus.

Cæs. *Antonius*, have you this bright Princess seen?
Ant. Yes, Sir, I have, and she's a matchless Queen;
With such proportion Heav'n never yet
All Beauties both of Mind and Body knit;

So

*Une majesté douce épand sur son visage
De quoy s'assujettir le plus noble courage,
Ses yeux savent ravir, son discours fait charmer,
Et si j'estoys Cesar je la voudrois aimer.*

Cef. *Comme a-t'elle receu les offres de ma flame?*

Ant. *Comme n'osant la croire, & la croyant dans
Par un refus modeste, & fait pour inviter, [l'ame;
Elle s'en dit indigne, & la croit meriter.*

Cef. *En pourray je estre aimé?*

Ant. *Douter qu'elle vous aime,
Elle qui de vous seul attend son Diadème,
Qui n'espere qu'en vous! Douter de ses ardeurs,
Vous qui la pouvez mettre au faiste des grandeurs!
Que vostre amour sans crainte à son amour pretende,
Au vainqueur de Pompée il faut que tout se rende,
Et vous l'éprouverez. Elle craint toutefois
L'ordinaire mépris que Rome fait des Rois,
Et sur tout elle craint l'amour de Calphurnie:
Mais l'une & l'autre crainte à vostre aspect bannie,
Vous ferez succeder un espoir assez doux,
Lors que vous daignerez luy dire un mot pour vous.*

Cef. *Allons donc l'affranchir de ces frivoles craintes,
Luy montrer de mon cœur les sensibles atteintes,
Allons, ne tardons plus.*

Ant. *Avant que de la voir
Sachez que Cornelie est en vostre pouvoir;
Septime vous l'amene orgueilleux de son crime,
Et pensez auprés de vous se mettre en haute estime.*

So sweet a Greatness in her Face does shine,
 The Noblest Courage must to it resign ;
 Her Looks and Language with such ease subdue,
 If I were *Cæsar*, I should love her too.

Cæs. How was the Offer of my Love receiv'd ?

Ant. As doubted, and yet inwardly believ'd :
 She modestly declin'd her highest Aims,
 And thinks she merits, what she most disclaims.

Cæs. But can I hope her Love ?

Ant. Can she have yours ?

As that your Joys, so this her Crown secures.
 To gain that Heart can you believe it hard,
 Whose Kindness you with Empire can reward ?
 Then let your Passion all its Doubts disband,
 For what can *Pompey's* Conqueror withstand ?
 But yet her Fear to her Remembrance brings,
 How little *Rome* hath ever valu'd Kings ;
 And more than that, she dreads *Calphurnia's* Love ;
 But both these Rubs your Presence will remove,
 And your successful Hope all Mists will break,
 If you vouchsafe but for your self to speak.

Cæs. Let's go then, and these needless Scruples quit,
 Shewing my Heart to Her that wounded it :
 Come let us stay no longer.

Ant. But first know,

Cornelia is within your Power now :
Septimius brings her, boasting of his Fault,
 And thinks by that he hath your Favour bought.

But

*Si-tost qu'ils ont pris port, vos Chefs par vous instruit
Sans leur rien témoigner les ont icy conduits.*

Ces. *Qu'elle entre. Ah, l'importune & facheuse nou
Qu'à mon impatience elle semble cruelle!* [uelle
*O Ciel! & ne pourray-je enfin à mon amour
Donner en liberté ce qui reste du jour?*

S C E N E IV.

Cesar, Cornelie, Antoine, Lepide, Septime.

Sept. *Seigneur. —*

Ces. *Allez, Septime, allez vers vostre maistre,
Cesar ne peut souffrir la presence d'un traistre,
D'un Romain lâche assez pour servir sous un Roy,
Aprés avoir servy sour Pompée, & sous moy.*

[Septime rentre.

Corn. *Cesar, car le Destin que dans tes fers je brave
Me fait ta prisonniere, & nos pas ton esclave,
Et tu ne pretens pas qu'il m'abate le cœur
Jusqu'à te rendre hommage, & te nommer Seigneur;
De quelque rude trait qu'il m'ose avoir frapée,
Vefve du jeune Crasse, & vefve de Pompée,
Fille de Scipion, & pour dire encor plus,
Romaine, mon courage est encor au dessus,
Et de tous les assauts que sa rigueur me livre,
Rien ne me fait rougir que la honte de vivre.
J'ay veu mourir Pompée, & ne l'ay pas suivy,
Et bien que le moyen m'en aye esté ravy,*

Qu'une

But once ashore, your Guards (by Orders taught)
No notice took, but hither both have brought.

Cæs. Then let her enter: Ah unwelcome News!
Which my Impatience does so roughly use!
O Heav'n! and am I not allow'd to pay
My Love this small remainder of one day?

S C E N E IV.

Cæsar, Cornelia, Antonius, Lepidus, Septimius.

Sept. Sir. —

Cæs. Go *Septimius*, for your Master look,
Cæsar a Traitor's Presence cannot brook;
A *Roman*, who to serve a King could be
Content, when he had *Pompey* serv'd, and me.

[*Exit Septimius.*

Corn. *Cæsar*, that envious Fate which I can brave,
Makes me thy Prisoner, but not thy Slave:
Expect not then my Heart should e'er afford
To pay thee Homage, or to call thee Lord:
How rude soever Fortune makes her Blow,
I, *Crassus* Widow once, and *Pompey's* now,
Great *Scipio's* Daughter, and, (what's higher yet)
A *Roman*, have a Courage still more great;
And, of all strokes her Cruelty can give,
Nothing can make me blush, but that *I* live,
And have not follow'd *Pompey* when he dy'd;
For though the Means to do it were deny'd,

And

Qu'une pitié cruelle à mes douleurs profondes
 M'aye esté le secours, & du fer, & des ondes,
 Je dois rougir pourtant apres un tel malheur
 De n'avoir pû mourir d'un excez de douleur.
 Ma mort estoit ma gloire, & le Destin m'en prive,
 Pour croistre mes malheurs, & me voir ta captive;
 Je dois bien toutefois rendre graces aux Dieux,
 De ce qu'en arrivant je trouve en ces lieux,
 Que Cesar y commande, & non pas Ptolomée.
 Helas! & sous quel astre, ô Ciel, m'as-tu formée,
 Si je leur dois des vœux de ce qu'ils ont permis
 Que je rencontre icy mes plus grands ennemis, [Prince
 Et tombe entre leurs mains, plutoist qu'aux mains d'un
 Qui doit à mon époux son trône & sa Province.
 Cesar, de ta victoire écoute moins le bruit,
 Elle n'est que l'effet du malheur qui me suit,
 Je l'ay porté pour dot chez Pompée & chez Crasse,
 Deux fois du Monde entier j'ay causé la disgrâce,
 Deux fois de mon Hymen le nœud mal assorty
 A chassé tous les Dieux du plus juste party.
 Heureuse en mes malheurs si ce triste Hyménée
 Pour le bonheur de Rome à Cesar m'eust donnée,
 Et si j'eusse avec moy porté dans ta maison
 D'un astre envenimé l'invincible poison.
 Car enfin n'attens pas que j'abaisse me haine,
 Je te l'ay desia dit, Cesar, je suis Romaine,
 Et quoy que ta captive, un cœur comme le mien
 De peur de s'oublier ne te demande rien.

And cruel Pity would not let me have
The quick assistance of a Steel or Wave ;
Yet I'm ashain'd, that, after such a Woe,
Grief had not done as much as they could do ;
Death had been glorious, and had set me free,
As from my Sorrow then, so now from thee.
Yet I must thank the Gods, though so severe,
That since I must come hither, thou art here :
That *Cæsar* reigns here, and not *Ptolomy* ;
And yet, O Heav'n ! what Stars do govern me ?
That some faint kind of Satisfaction 'tis,
To meet here with my greatest Enemies ;
And into their Hands that I rather fall,
Than into his that ow'd my Husband all.
But of thy Conquest, *Cæsar*, make no boast,
Which to my single Destiny thou ow'st ;
I both my Husbands Fortunes have defac'd,
And twice have caus'd th'whole World to be disgrac'd ;
My Nuptial Knot twice ominously ty'd,
Banish'd the Gods from the uprighter side ;
Happy in Mis'ry I had been, if it,
For *Rome*'s advantage, had with thee been knit ;
And on thy House that I could so dispense
All my own Stars malignant Influence :
For never think my Hatred can grow less,
Since I the *Roman* Constancy profess ;
And though thy Captive, yet a Heart, like mine,
Can never stoop to hope for ought from thine :

Ordonne, & sans vouloir qu'il tremble, ou s'humilie,
Souviens-toy seulement que je suis Cornelie.

Ces. O d'un illustre époux noble & digne moitié,
Dont le courage étonne, & le sort fait pitié!
Certes vos sentimens font assez reconnoistre
Qui vous donna la main, & qui vous donna l'estre,
Et l'on juge aisément an cœur que vous portez
Où vous estes entrée, & de qui vous sortez.
L'ame du jeune Grasse, & celle de Pompée,
L'une & l'autre vertu par le malheur trompée,
Le sang des Scipions protecteur de nos Dieux,
Parlent par vostre bouche, & brillent dans vos yeux,
Et Rome dans ses murs ne voit point de famille,
Qui soit plus honorée, ou de femme, ou de fille.
Pleust au grand Jupiter, pleust à ces mesme Dieux,
Qu'Annibal eust bravez jadis sans vos ayeux,
Que ce Heros si cher dont le Ciel vous sépare
N'eust pas si mal connu la Cour d'un Roy Barbare,
Ny mieux aimé tenter une incertaine foy,
Que la vieille amitié qu'il eust trouvée en moy!
Qu'il eust voulu souffrir qu'un bonheur de mes armes
Eust vaincu ses soupçons, dissipé ses alarmes,
Et qu'enfin m'attendant, sans plus se défier,
Il m'eust donné moyen de me justifier.
Alors foulant aux pieds la Discorde, & l'Envie,
Je l'eusse conjuré de se donner la vie,
D'oublier ma victoire, & d'aimer un rival
Heureux d'avoir vaincu pour vivre son égal.

J'eusse

Command, but think not to subject my Will,
Remember this, I am *Cornelia* still.

Cæs. O worthy Widow of a Man so brave!
Whose Courage, Wonder, Fate does Pity crave;
Your generous Thoughts do quickly make us know
To whom your Brith, to whom your Love you owe;
And we may find, by your Heart's glorious frame,
Both to, and from, what Families you came;
Young *Crassus* Soul, and noble *Pompey*'s too,
Whose Virtues Fortune cheated of their due:
The *Scipio*'s Blood, who sav'd our Deities,
Speak in your Tongue, and sparkle in your Eyes;
And *Rome* her self hath not an ancient Stem,
Whose Wife or Daughter hath more honour'd them:
Would to those Gods your Ancestors once sav'd,
When *Hannibal* them at their Altars brav'd,
That your dear Hero had declin'd this Port,
And better known a false Barbarian's Court;
And had not his uncertain Honour try'd,
But rather on our ancient Love rely'd;
That he had suffer'd my successful Arms,
Only to vanquish his unjust Alarms;
Then he, without distrusting me, had stay'd
Till he had heard what *Cæsar* could have said;
And I, in spight of all our former Strife,
Would then have beg'd him to accept of Life;
Forget my Conquest, and that Rival love,
Who fought, but that I might his Equal prove:

J'eusse allors regaigné son ame satisfaite,
 Jusqu'à luy faire aux Dieux pardonner sa défaite,
 Il eust fait à son tour, en me rendant son cœur,
 Que Rome eust pardonné la victoire au vainqueur.
 Mais puisque par sa perte à jamais sans seconde
 Le Sort a dérobé cette allegresse au Monde,
 Cesar s'efforcera de s'acquiter vers vous
 De ce qu'il voudroit rendre à cet illustre époux.
 Prenez donc en ces lieux liberté toute entiere,
 Seulement pour deux jours soyez ma prisonniere,
 Afin d'estre témoin comme après nos debats
 Je cheris sa memoire, & vange son trépas,
 Et de pouvoir apprendre à toute l'Italie
 De quel orgueil nouveau m'enfle la Theffalie.
 Je vous laisse à vous-mesme, & vous quitte un moment.
 Choisissez-luy, Lepide, un digne apartement,
 Et qu'on l'honore icy, mais en Dame Romaine,
 Cest à dire un peu plus qu'on n'honore la Reine.
 Commandez, & chacun aura soin d'obeir.
 Corn. O Ciel! que de vertus vous me faites hâir.

ACTE

Then I, with a Content entirely great,
Had pray'd the Gods to pardon his Defeat ;
And giving me his Friendship to possess,
He had pray'd *Rome* to pardon my Success.
But since Fate, so ambitious to destroy,
Hath rob'd the World, and Us, of so much Joy,
Cæsar must strive t'acquit himself to you,
Of what was your illustrious Husband's due :
Enjoy your self then with all freedom here,
Only two days my Prisoner appear ;
And Witness be, how, after our Debate,
I shall revere his Name, revenge his Fate ;
You this account to *Italy* may yield,
What Pride I borrow from *Theffalia*'s Field :
I leave you to your self, and shall retire ;
Lepidus, furnish her to her desire ;
As *Roman* Ladies have respected beer,
So honour her (that is) above a Queen.
Madam, command ; all shall your Orders wait.
Corn. O Gods ! how many Virtues must I hate !

After the third Act, to *Cornelia*, asleep on a Couch,
Pompey's Ghost sings this in Recitative Air.

From lasting and unclouded Day,
From Joys refin'd above allay,
And from a Spring without decay,

I come, by Cynthia's borrow'd Beams,
To visit my Cornelia's Dreams,
And give them yet sublimer Theams.

Behold the Man thou lov'dst before,
Pure Streams have wash'd away his Gore,
And Pompey now shall bleed no more.

By Death my Glory I resume;
For 'twould have been a harsher Doom
Toutlive the Liberty of Rome.

By me her doubtful Fortune try'd,
Falling, bequeaths my Fame this Pride,
I for it liv'd, and with it dy'd.

Nor shall my Vengeance be withstood,
Or unattended with a Flood,
Of Roman and Egyptian Blood.

Cæsar himself it shall pursue,
His Days shall troubled be and few,
And he shall fall by Treason too.

*He, by Severity Divine,
Shall be an Off'ring at my Shrine;
As I was his, he must be mine.*

*Thy stormy Life regret no more,
For Fate shall waft thee soon a-shore,
And to thy Pompey thee restore.*

*Where, past the fears of sad Removes,
We'll entertain our spotless Loves,
In beauteous and immortal Groves.*

*There none a guilty Crown shall wear,
Nor Cæsar be Dictator there,
Nor shall Cornelia shed a Tear.*

After this a Military Dance, as the continuance of her Dream, and then *Cornelia* starts up, as waken'd in amazement, saying,

*What have I seen? and whither is it gone?
How great the Vision! and how quickly done!
Yet if in Dreams we future things can see,
There's still some Joy laid up in Fate for me.*

[Exit.]

ACTE IV. SCENE I.

Ptolomée, Achillas, Photin.

P T O L O M E E.

QUoy! de la mesme main & de la mesme épée
 Dont il vient d'immoler le malheureux Pompée,
 Septime par Cesar indignement chassé,
 Dans un tel desespoir à vos yeux a passé? [dre
 Achil. Il est mort, & mourant, Sire, il vous doit appren-
 La honte qu'il prévient, & qu'il vous faut attendre.
 Jugez quel est Cesar à ce couroux si lent.
 Un moment pousse & rompt un transport violent,
 Mais l'indignation qu'on prend avec étude
 Augmente avec le temps, & porte un coup plus rude.
 Ainsi n'esperez pas de le voir moderé,
 Par adresse il se fâche apres s'estre affeuré,
 Sa puissance établie, il a soin de sa gloire,
 Il poursuivoit Pompée, & cherit sa memoire,
 Et veut tirer à soy par un couroux accort
 L'honneur de sa vangeance, & le fruit de sa mort.

Pto. Ah! si je t'avois crû je n'aurois pas de maistre,
 Je serois dans le trône où le Ciel m'a fait naistre;
 Mais c'est une imprudence assez commune aux Rois,
 D'écouter trop d'aduis & se tromper au choix.
 Le Destin les aveugle au bord du precipice,
 Ou si quelque lumiere en leur ame se glisse,

Cette

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Ptolomy, Achillas, Photinus.

PROTOMY.

[which had
WHat? with that Hand, and with that Sword,
A Victim of th'unhappy Pompey made,
Saw you *Septimius*, fled from Cæsar's Hate,
Give such a bloody Period to his Fate?

Achil. He's dead, Sir; and, by that, you may collect
What Shame (foreseen by him) you must expect:
Cæsar you may by this slow Anger know,
The violent does quickly come and go:
But the consider'd Indignation grows
Stronger by Age, and gives the fiercer Blows;
In vain you hope his Fury to asswage,
Who now secure, does politickly rage;
He safely for his Fame concern'd appears,
Pompey alive abhor'd, he dead reveres:
And of his Slaughter by this Art doth chuse,
To act the Vengeance, and yet make the use.

Pto. Had I believ'd thee, I had never known
A Master here, nor been without a Throne:
“ But still with this Imprudence Kings are curst,
“ To hear too much Advice, and chuse the worst;
“ At the Pit's brink Fate does their Reason blind;
“ Or if some hint they of their danger find,

“ Yet

*Cette fausse clarté, dont il les éblouït,
Les plonge dans un gouffre, & puis s'évanouît.*

Pho. J'ay mal connu Cesar, mais puisqu'en son estime
Un si rare service est un enorme crime,
Sire, il porte en son flanc de quoy nous en laver,
C'est là qu'est nostre grace, il nous l'y faut trouver.
Je ne vous parle plus de souffrir sans murmure,
D'attendre son départ pour vanger cette injure,
Je sçay mieux conformer les remedes au mal ;
Justifions sur luy la mort de son rival,
Et nostre main alors également trempée,
Et du sang de Cesar, & du sang de Pompée,
Rome, sans leur donner de tiltres differens,
Se croira par vous seul libre de deux Tyrans.

Pto. Oùy, par là seulement ma perte est évitable,
C'est trop craindre un Tyran que j'ay fait redoutable,
Mourrons que sa fortune est l'œuvre de nos mains,
Deux fois en mesme jour disposons des Romains,
Faisons leur liberté comme leur esclavage.
Cesar, que tes exploits n'enfleut plus ton courage,
Considere les miens, tes yeux en sont témoins,
Pompée estoit mortel, & tu ne l'es pas moins,
Il pouvoit plus que toy, tu luy portois envie,
Tu n'as, non plus que luy, qu'une ame, & qu'une vie,
Et son sort que tu plains te doit faire penser
Que ton cœur est sensible & qu'on peut le percer.
Tonne, tonne à ton gré, fais peur de ta justice,
C'est à moy d'appaiser Rome par ton supplice,

C'est

“Yet that false Light amiss their Judgment steers,
“Plunges them in, and then it disappears.

Pho. I must confess I *Cæsar* did mistake,
Since such a Service he a Crime does make:
But yet his Side hath streams, and those alone
Can expiate your Fault, and fix your Throne.
I no more say, you silently should bear,
And your Revenge, till he be gone, defer:
No, I a better Remedy esteem,
To justifie his Rival’s Death on him.
When you the first Act by the last make good,
And *Cæsar’s* shed, as well as *Pompey’s* Blood,
Rome will no difference in her Tyrants know,
But will to you, from both, her Freedom owe.

Pto. Yes, yes, to this all Reasons do persuade;
Let’s fear no more the Greatness we have made:
Cæsar shall still from Us receive his Doom,
And twice in one Day we’ll dispose of *Rome*;
As Bondage first, let’s Freedom next bestow;
Let not thy Actions, *Cæsar*, swell thee so;
But call to mind what thou hast seen me do,
Pompey was mortal, and so thou art too;
Thou envy’dst him, for his exceeding thee,
And I think thou hast no more Lives than he;
Thy own Compassion for his Fate, does shew
That thy Heart may be penetrable too:
Then let thy Justice threaten as it please,
’Tis I must, with thy Ruin, *Rome* appease;

And

C'est à moy de punir ta cruelle douceur,
 Qui n'épargne en un Roy que le sang de sa sœur.
 Je n'abandonne plus ma vie, & ma puissance,
 Au hazard de sa haine, ou de ton inconstance;
 Ne croy pas que jamais tu puisses à ce prix
 Recompenser sa flame, ou punir ses mépris.
 J'emploiray contre toy de plus nobles maximes,
 Tu m'as prescrit tantost de choisir des victimes,
 De bien penser au choix; j'obeïs, & je voy
 Que je n'en puis choisir de plus dignes que toy,
 Ny dont le sang offert, la fumée, & la cendre
 Puissent mieux satisfaire aux Manes de ton gendre.

Mais ce n'est pas assez, amis, de s'irriter,
 Il faut voir quels moyens on a d'executer,
 Toute cette chaleur est peut-être inutile,
 Les soldats du Tyran sont maistres de la ville,
 Que pouvons-nous contr'eux, & pour les prevenir,
 Quel temps devons-nous prendre, & quel ordre tenir.

Achil. Nous pouvons beaucoup, Sire, en l'estat où
 nous sommes,

A deux milles d'icy vous avez six mille hommes,
 Que depuis quelques jours craignant des remuemens
 Je faisois tenir prest à tous evenemens.

Quelques soins qu'ait Cesar, sa prudence est deceueë,
 Cette ville a sous terre une secrete issuë,
 Par où fort aisement on les peut cette nuit
 Jusques dans le Palais introduire sans bruit:
 Car contre sa fortune aller à force ouverte,
 Ce seroit trop courir vous-mesme à vostre perte;

And of that cruel Mercy Vengeance take,
Which spares a King, but for his Sister's sake.
My Life and Power shall not exposed be
To her Resentment, or thy Levity;
Lest thou, to morrow, should'st at such a rate
Reward her Love, or else revenge her Hate:
More noble Maxims shall my Fears expel;
Thou bad'st me once to chuse my Victims well,
And my Obedience thou in this shalt see,
Who know no Victim worthier than thee,
Nor th'Immolation of whose Blood will draw
Better acceptance from thy Son-in-law.
But vainly, Friends, we thus foment our Rage,
Unless we knew what strength we could engage;
All this may be unprofitable Heat,
The Tyrant's Forces being here so great;
But of our Power let us be first agreed,
And in what Time and Method to proceed.

Achil. We may do much, Sir, in our present State,
Two Miles from hence, six thousand Soldiers wait;
Which I, foreseeing some new Discontents,
Have kept in readiness for all Events.
Cæsar, with all his Arts, could not foresee
That underneath this Town a Vault should be,
By which this Night we to the Palace may
Our Men with Ease, and without Noise, convey;
T'assault his Life by open Force alone,
Would be the only way to lose your own:

We

*Il nous le faut surprendre au milieu du festin,
Enyvré des douceurs de l'Amour, & du vin.
Tout le Peuple est pour nous, tantost à son entrée
J'ay remarqué l'horruer que ce Peuple a montrée,
Lors qu'avec tant de fast il a veu ses faisceaux
Marcher arrogamment, & braver nos drapeaux.
Au spectacle insolent de ce pompeux outrage,
Ses farouches regards étinceloient de rage,
Je voyois sa fureur à peine se dompter,
Et pour peu qu'on le pousse, il est prest d'éclater.
Mais sur tout, les Romains que commandoit Septime
Pressez de la terreur que sa mort leur imprime,
Ne cherchent qu'a vanger par un coup genereux
Le mépris qu'en leur Chef ce superbe a fait d'eux.*

Pto. *Mais qui pourra de nous approcher sa personne,
Si durant le festin sa Garde l'environne?*

Pho. *Le gens de Cornelie, entre qui vos Romains
Ont desja reconnu des freres, des germains,
Dont l'âpre déplaisir leur a laissé paroistre
Une soif d'immoler leur Tyran à leur maistre.
Ils ont donné parole, & peuvent mieux que nous
Dans les flancs de Cesar porter les premiers coups,
Son faux art de clemence, ou plûtost sa folie,
Qui pense gagner Rome en flatant Cornelie,
Leur donnera sans doute un assez libre accez,
Pour de ce grand dessein assurer le succez.*

*Mais voicy Cleopatre, agissez avec feinte,
Sire, & ne lui montrez que foiblesse, & que crainte,
Nous*

We must surprize him, and act our Design,
When he is drunk with Pleasure, Love, and Wine.
The People are all ours, for when he made
His Entry, horrour did their Souls invade ;
When with a Pomp so arrogantly grave,
His *Fasces* did our Royal Ensigns brave ;
I mark'd what Rage, at that injurious view,
From their incensed Eyes, like Sparkles, flew ;
And they so much did with their Fury strive,
That your least Countenance may it revive.
Septimius Soldiers fill'd with greater hate,
Struck with the terror of their Leader's Fate,
Seek nothing but Revenge on him, who them
Did, in their Captain's Person, so contemn.

Pto. But what way to approach him can be found,
If at the Feast his Guards do him surround?

Pho. *Cornelia's* Men, who have already known
Among your *Romans* Kindred of their own,
Seem to perswade us they would Help afford
To Sacrifice their Tyrant to their Lord ;
Nay have assur'd it, and much better may,
Than we, to *Cæsar* the first Stabs convey ;
His Clemency (not only false but vain)
Which courts *Cornelia*, that he *Rome* may gain,
Will to his Person, give them such access,
As may assure our Plot of a success.

But *Cleopatra* comes; to her appear
Only posses'd with Weakness, and with Fear.

Let

*Nous allons vous quitter, comme objets odieux,
Dont l'aspect importun offenceroit ses yeux.*

Pto. *Allez, je vous rejoins.*

S C E N E II.

Ptolomée, Cleopatre, Charmion, Achorée.

Cle. *J'ay veu Cesar, mon frere,
Et de tout mon pouvoir combatu sa colere.*

Pto. *Vous estes genereuse, & j'avois attendu
Cet office de sœur que vous m'avez rendu.
Mais cet illustre amant vous a bien-tost quittée.*

Cle. *Sur quelque broüillerie en la ville excitée,
Il a voulu luy-mesme appaiser les debats,
Qu'avec nos Citoyens ont eu quelques soldats ;
Et moy, j'ay bien voulu moy-mesme vous redire,
Que vous ne craigniez rien pour vous, ny vostre Empire,
Et que le grand Cesar blâme vostre action
Avec moins de courroux, que de compassion.
Il vous plaint d'écouter ces lâches Politiques,
Qui n'inspirent aux Rois que des mœurs tyrranniques ;
Ainsi que la naissance ils ont les esprits bas ;
En vain on les élève à regir des Etats,
Un cœur né pour servir sçait mal comme on commande,
Sa puissance l'accable alors qu'elle est trop grande,
Et sa main que le crime en vain fait redouter
Laisse choir le fardeau qu'elle ne peut porter.*

Pto.

Let us withdraw, Sir, for you know that we
Are Objects she will much abhor to see.

Pto. Go wait me —

S C E N E II.

Ptolomy, Cleopatra.

Cle. Brother, I have *Cæsar* seen,
And have to him your Intercessor been.

Pto. I never could expect an act less kind
From you, who bear so generous a Mind.
But your great Lover quickly from you went.

Cle. Twas to the Town, t'appease some Discontent;
Which he was told had newly raised been
Betwixt the Soldier and the Citizen:
Whilst I with joyful haste come to assure
You, that your Life and Kingdom were secure;
Th'illustrious *Cæsar*, on the Course you took,
Does with less Anger than Compassion look;
He pities you, who such vile States-men heard,
As make their Kings not to be lov'd, but fear'd;
Whose Souls the baseness of their Birth confess:
And who in vain great Dignities possess:
For Slavish Spirits cannot guide the Helm,
Thoſe too much Power would quickly overwhelm:
That Hand, whose Crimes alone do purchase Fear,
Will soon let fall a Weight it cannot bear.

A a

Pto.

Pto. Vous dites vray, ma sœur, & ces effets sinistres
 Me font bien voir ma faute au choix de mes Ministres.
 Si j'aurois écouté de plus nobles conseils
 Je vivois dans la gloire où vivent mes pareils,
 Je meriterois mieux cette amitié si pure
 Que pour un frere ingrat vous donne la Nature,
 Cesar embrasseroit Pompée en ce Palais,
 Nostre Egypte à la Terre auroit rendu la paix,
 Et verroit son Monarque encor à juste tiltre,
 Amy de tous les dieux, & peut-estre l'arbitre.
 Mais puisque le passé ne peut se revoquer,
 Trouvez bon qu'avec vous mon cœur s'ose expliquer.

Je vous ay maltraitée, & vous estes si bonne
 Que vous me conservez la vie, & la Couronne;
 Vainquez-vous tout à fait, & par un digne effort
 Arrachez Achillas & Photin à la mort.
 Elle leur est bien deuë, ils vous ont offendée ;
 Mais ma gloire en leur perte est trop interessée :
 Si Cesar les punit des crimes de leur Roy,
 Toute l'ignominie en rejallit sur moy,
 Il me punit en eux, leur supplice est ma peine.
 Forcez en ma faveur une trop juste haine,
 Dequoy peut satisfaire un cœur si genereux
 Le sang abjet & vil de ces deux malheureux ?
 Que je vous doive tout, Cesar cherche à vous plaire,
 Et vous pouvez d'un mot desarmer sa colere.

Cle. Si j'avois en mes mains leur vie, & leur trépas,
 Je les méprise assez pour ne m'en vanger pas,

Mais

Pto. Those Truths, and my ill Fate, do me perswade
 How bad a choice of Counsellors I made:
 For had I acted Honourable things,
 I had as Glorious been, as other Kings;
 And better merited the Love you bear
 A Brother, so unworthy of your Care;
Cæsar and *Pompey* had been here agreed,
 And the World's Peace in *Egypt* been decreed;
 Who her own Prince a Friend to both had seen;
 Nay, he perhaps, an Arbiter had been.

But since to call this back is past our Art,
 Let me discharge to you my Troubled Heart;
 You, that for all the Wrongs that I have done,
 Could yet preserve me both my Life and Crown;
 Be truly great, and vanquish all your Hate,
 By changing *Photin's* and *Achillas's* Fate.
 For their offending you, their Death is due,
 But that my Glory suffers in it too;
 If for their King's Crimes they should punish'd be,
 The Infamy would wholly light on me;
Cæsar through them wounds me, theirs is my Pain,
 For my sake, therefore, your just Hate constrain:
 Your Heart is Noble, and what Pleasure then
 Is th'abject Blood of two unhappy Men?

Let me owe all to you, who *Cæsar* charm,
 And, with a Look, his Anger can disarm.

Cle. Were but their Life and Death in me to give,
 My Scorn is great enough to let them live:

*Mais sur le grand Cesar je puis fort peu de chose,
Quand le sang de Pompée à mes desirs s'oppose,
Je ne me vante pas de pouvoir le flétrir,
J'en ay desia parlé, mais il à sceu gauchir,
Et tournant le discours sur une autre matiere,
Il n'a ny refusé, ny souffert ma priere.
Je veux bien toutefois encor m'y hazarder,
Mes efforts redoublez pourront mieux succeder,
Et j'oïse croire....*

Pto. *Il vient, souffrez que je l'évite,
Je crains que ma presence à vos yeux ne l'irrite,
Que son couroux esmeu ne s'aigrisse à me voir,
Et vous agirez seule avec plus de pouvoir.*

S C E N E III.

Cesar, Cleopatre, Antoine, Lepide, Charmion,
Achorée, Romains.

Cef. *Reine, tout est paisible, & la ville calmée
Qu'un trouble assez léger avoit trop alarmée,
N'a plus à redouter le divorce intestin
Du soldat insolent, & du peuple mutin.
Mais, ô Dieux ! ce moment que je vous ay quittée
D'un trouble bien plus grand a mon ame agitée,
Et ces sains importuns qui m'arrachoient de vous
Contre ma grandeur mesme allumoiient mon couroux.
Je luy voulois du mal de m'estre si contraire,
De rendre ma presence ailleurs si nécessaire ;*

Mais

But I with *Cæsar* little can prevail,
 When Pompey's Blood lyes in the other Scale;
 I boast no Power to dispose his Will,
 For I have spoke, and he hath shunn'd it still,
 And turning quickly to some new Affair,
 He neither does refuse, nor grant my Prayer:
 Yet I'll once more on that harsh Theam proceed,
 In 'hope a New Attempt may better speed;
 And I'll believe —

Pto. He comes, let me be gone,
 Lest I should chance to draw his Anger on;
 My Presence may enflame what t'would make less,
 And you, alone, may act with more Success.

S C E N E III.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus, Charmion,
Achoreus, and Romans.

Cæs. The City now is quiet, Beauteous Queen;
 Which had alarm'd with little Reason been;
 Nor need they fear the troublesome event
 Of Soldiers Pride, or Peoples Discontent:
 But O great Gods! when absent from your Eyes,
 A greater Tumult did within me rise;
 When these unwelcome Cares snatcht me from you,
 My Heart, ev'n with my Grandeur, angry grew;

Mais je luy pardonnois au simple souvenir
 Du bonheur qu'à ma flame elle fait obtenir.
 C'est elle dont je tiens cette haute esperance
 Qui flate mes desirs d'une illustre apparence,
 Et fait croire à Cesar qu'il peut former des vœux;
 Qu'il n'est pas tout-à-fait indigne de vos feux,
 Et qu'il peut en pretendre une juste conquête
 N'ayant plus que les Dieux au dessus de sa teste.
 Oùy, Reine, si quelqu'un dans ce vaste Univers
 Pouvoit porter plus haut la gloire de vos fers;
 S'il estoit quelque Trône où vous pussiez paroistre
 Plus dignement assise en captivant son maistre;
 J'irois, j'irois à luy, moins pour le luy ravir,
 Que pour luy disputer le droit de vous servir,
 Et je n'aspirerois au bon-heur de vous plaire,
 Qu'apres avoir mis bas un si grand adversaire.

C'etoit pour acquerir un droit si precieux
 Que combatoit par tout mon bras ambitieux,
 Et dans Pharsale mesme il à tiré l'épée
 Plus pour le conserver, que pour vaincre Pompée.
 Je l'ay vaincu, Princesse, & le Dieu des combats
 My favorisoit moins que vos divins appas,
 Ils conduisoient ma main, ils enfloient mon courage,
 Cette pleine victoire est leur dernier ouvrage,
 C'est l'effet des ardeurs qu'ils daignoient m'inspirer,
 Et vos beaux yeux enfin m'ayant fait soupirer,
 Pour faire que vostre ame avec gloire y réponde,
 M'ont rendu le premier, & de Rome, & du Monde.

C'est

And I my own Renown began to hate,
 Since it my Parting did necessitate:
 But I forgave all tho te single Thought
 How much advantage to my Love it brought:
 For 'tis to that I owe the noble Hope,
 Which to my Flame does give so fair a scope,
 And perswades *Cæsar* that his Heart may prove
 Not utterly unworthy of your Love,
 And that he may pretend to that, since he
 Nothing above him, but the Gods, can see.
 Yes Queen; if in the World a Man there were
 That with more Glory could your fetters bear;
 Or if there were a Throne, wherein you might,
 By Conquering its King, appear more bright,
 Less for his Throne would I the Man pursue,
 Than to dispute the Right of serving you.

'Twas to acquire that valuable Right,
 That my Ambitious Arm did always fight;
 And in *Pharsalia* rather my Sword drew
 To preserve that, than *Pompey* to subdue.
 I Conquer'd, and the God of Battels, less
 Than your bright Eyes, afforded me Success.
 They rais'd my Courage, and my Hand did sway,
 And I owe them that memorable Day.
 As the effect of Heat by them inspir'd;
 For when your Beauties had my Passion fir'd,
 That a Return might your great Soul become,
 They made me Master of the World and *Rome*.

C'est ce glorieux tiltre à present effectif
 Que je viens ennoblir par celuy de captif,
 Heureux, si mon esprit gaigne tant sur le vostre,
 Qu'il en estime l'un, & me permette l'autre.

Cle. Je sçay ce que je dois au souverain bonheur
 Dont me comble & m'accable un tel excez d'honneur,
 Je ne vous tiendray plus mes passions secrètes,
 Je sçay ce que je suis, je sçay ce que vous estes ;
 Vous daignastes m'aimer des mes plus jeunes ans,
 Le sceptre que je porte est un de vos presens,
 Vous m'avez par deux fois rendu le Diadème ;
 J'avouë apres cela, Seigneur, que je vous aime,
 Et que mon cœur n'est point à l'épreuve des traits
 Ny de tant de vertus, ny de tant de bien-faits.
 Mais, helas ! ce haut rang, cette illustre naissance,
 Cet Etat de nouveau rangé sous ma puissance,
 Ce sceptre par vos mains dans les miennes remis,
 A mes vœux innocens sont autant d'ennemis.
 Ils allument contr'eux une implacable haine,
 Ils me font méprisable alors qu'ils me font Reine,
 Et si Romè est encor telle qu'auparavant,
 Le trône où je me sieds m'abaisse en m'élevant,
 Et ces marques d'honneur, comme tiltres infames,
 Me rendent à jamais indigne de vos flâmes.

J'ose encor toutefois, voyant vostre pouvoir,
 Permettre à mes desirs un genereux espoir.
 Après tant de combats, jesçay qu'un si grand homme
 A droit de triompher des caprices de Rome,

Et

I would ennable that high Style I wear,
By the Addition of your Prisoner ;
And shall most happy he, if you think fit
That Title to esteem, and this permit.

Cle. I know how much I to my Fortune owe,
Which this Excess of Honour does bestow ;
Nor will from you my inward Thoughts conceal,
Since I know both you, and my self, so well.

Your Love did in my earliest Youth appear,
And I my Scepter as your Present wear :
I twice receiv'd my Kingdom from your Hand,
And after that, can I your Love withstand ?
No, Sir, my Heart cannot resist your Siege,
Who so much merit, and so much oblige.
But yet my Birth, my Rank, and the Command
Which I have now regain'd in *Egypt's Land*,
The Scepter, by your Hand restor'd to mine,
Do all against my innocent Hopes combine ;
To my Desires injurious they have been,
And lessen me, by making me a Queen :
For if *Rome* still be as she was before,
To ascend a Throne, will but debase me more ;
These Marks of Honour will be but my Shame,
And ruin my Pretences to your Flame ;
But yet, methinks, the Power you enjoy,
Might all my Fears with Ease enough destroy,
And I would hope, that such a Man as you,
May justly *Rome's* Capriciousness subdue,

And

*Et que l'injuste horreur qu'elle eut toujours des Rois
Peut ceder par vostre ordre à de plus justes loix.
Je sçay que vous pouvez forcer d'autres obstacles,
Vous me l'avez promis, & j'attens ces miracles,
Vostre bras dans Pharsale a fait de plus grands coups,
Et je ne les demande à d'autres Dieux qu'à vous.*

*Ces. Tout miracle est facile où mon amour s'applique,
Je n'ay plus qu'à courir les costes de l'Afrique,
Qu'à montrer mes drapeaux au reste épouvanté
Du party malheureux qui m'a persecuté.
Rome n'ayant plus lors d'ennemis à me faire
Par impuissance enfin prendra soin de me plaire,
Et vos yeux la verront par un superbe accueil
Immoler à vos pieds sa haine, & son orgueil.
Encor une défaite, & dans Alexandrie
Je veux que cette ingrate en ma faveur vous prie,
Et qu'un juste respect conduisant ses regards
A vostre chaste amour demande des Cesars.
C'est l'unique bonheur où mes désirs pretendent,
C'est le fruit que j'attens des lauriers qui m'attendent,
Heureux, si mon destin encor un peu plus doux
Me les faisoit cueillir sans m'éloigner de vous.
Mais, las! contre mon feu mon feu me sollicite,
Si je veux estre à vous, il faut que je vous quitte,
En quelque lieux qu'on fuye, il me faut y courir,
Pour achever de vaincre, & de vous conquérir.
Permettez cependant qu'à ces douces amores
Je prenne un nouveau cœur, & de nouvelles forces,*

Pour

And her unjust Aversion for a Throne,
She might see cause, for your sake, to disown:
I know that you can harder things effect;
And from your Promise Wonders I expect;
You in *Pharsalia* did much greater do,
And I invoke no other Gods but You.

Cæs. There's nothing humane can my Love with-
'Tis but the over-running *Affrick's Land*, [stand;
To shew my Standards to the rest of those,
Who did me with so ill a Fate oppose;
And when *Rome* can no more of them advance,
She will be forc'd to study Complaisance:
And you shall see her, with a solemn State,
At your Feet sacrifice her Pride and Hate:
Nay I must have her, at your Royal Seat,
In my behalf, your Favour to entreat;
And with so much Respect these Beauties view,
That she young *Cæsars* shall request from you;
This is the only Fortune I desire,
And all to which my Lawrels do aspire:
How blest were my Condition, if I might
Obtain those Wreaths, and still enjoy your Sight!
But yet my Passion its own harm procures,
For I must quit you, if I will be yours;
While there are flying Foes, I must pursue,
That I may them defeat, and merit you.
To bear that Absence therefore, suffer me
To take such Courage from the Charms I see,

That

Pour faire dire encor aux peuples pleins d'effroy,
Que venir, voir, & vaincre, est mesme chose en moy.

Cle. C'est trop, c'est trop, Seigneur, souffrez que j'en aie.
Vostre amour fait ma faute, il fera mon excuse. [buse,

Vous me rendez le Sceptre, & peut-estre le jour :
Mais si j'ose abuser de cet excez d'amour,
Je vous conjure encor par ses plus puissans charmes,
Par ce juste bonheur qui suit toujours vos armes,
Par tout ce que j'espere, & que vous attendez,
De n'ensanglanter pas ce que vous me rendez.

Faites grace, Seigneur, ou souffrez que j'en fasse,
Et montre à tous par là que j'ay repris ma place.

Achillas & Photin sont gens à dédaigner,
Ils sont assez punis en me voyant regner,
Et leur crime...

Ces. Ah ! prenez d'autres marques de Reine.
Dessus mes volontez vous estes souveraine,
Mais si mes sentimens peuvent estre écoutez,
Choisissez des sujets dignes de vos bontez,
Ne vous donnez sur moy qu'un pouvoir legitime,
Et ne me rendez point complice de leur crime.
C'est beaucoup que pour vous j'osé épargner le Roy,
Et si mes feux n'estoient....

That frightened Nations may, at *Cæsar's* Name,
Say, He but came, and saw, and overcame.

Cle. This is too much; but if I this abuse,
The Fault which you create you must excuse :
You did my Crown, and perhaps Life restore,
And yet your Love (I trust) will grant me more;
And I conjure you, by its strongest Charms,
By that great Fortune which attends your Arms,
By all my Hopes, and all your high Desert,
Dip not in Blood the Bounties you impart;
Great Sir, forgive those that have guilty been,
Or else by that let me appear a Queen;
Achillas and *Photinus* Blood disdain,
For they endure enough to see me reign ;
And their Offence —

Cæs. Ah ! by some other way
Assure your self how much my Will you sway,
As you rule me, if I might you request,
You better should employ your Interest ;
Govern your *Cæsar*, as a lawful Queen,
And make him not Partaker of their Sin :
For your sake only, I the King durst spare ;
'Twas Love alone that —

S C E N E IV.

Cesar, Cornelie, Cleopatre, Achorée, Antoine,
Lepide, Charmion, Romains.

Cor. Cesar, prens garde à toy,
Ta mort est resoluë, on la jure, on l'apreste,
A celle de Pompée on veut joindre ta teste,
Prens-y garde, Cesar, ou ton sang répandu
Bien-tost parmy le sien se verra confondu.
Mes esclaves en sont, apprens de leurs indices
L'autheur de l'attentat, & l'ordre, & les complices,
Je te les abandonne.

Cef. O cœur vraiment Romain,
Et digne du Heros qui vous donna la main!
Ses Manes qui du Ciel ont veu de quel courage
Je preparois la mienne à vanger son outrage,
Mettant leur haine bas me sauvent aujourd'huy
Par la moitié qu'en Terre il nous laisse de luy.
Il vit, il vit encor en l'objet de sa flame,
Il parle par sa bouche, il agit dans son ame,
Il la pousse, & l'oppose à cette indignité,
Pour me vaincre par elle en generosité.

Cor. Tu te flatte, Cesar, de mettre en ta croyance
Que la haine ait fait place à la reconnoissance;
Ne le presume plus, le sang de mon époux
A rompu pour jamais tout commerce entre nous.
J'attens la liberté qu'icy tu m'as offerte,
Afin de l'employer toute entiere à ta perte,

Et

S C E N E IV.

To them Cornelius.

Corn. *Cæsar*, have a care,
 For Traitors have against thy Life combin'd,
 And sworn thy Head shall be to *Pompey's* join'd.
 If to prevent them thou should'st be remiss,
 Thy Blood will speedily be mixt with his.
 If thou my Slaves examine, thou may'st know
 The Author, Order, and the Actors too.
 I yield them thee.

Cæs. O truly *Roman* Heart !
 And worthy him of whom you were a Part !
 His Soul, which sees, from its exalted State,
 How I endeavour to revenge his Fate,
 Forgets his Hate, and is become so kind
 To save my Life, by what he left behind.
 Whatever Treason could to *Pompey* do,
 Yet he does still subsist, and act in you:
 And prompts you to a thing so brave, that he
 May vanquish me in Generosity.

Corn. *Cæsar*, thou art deceiv'd in my Intent,
 If thou think'st Hate yields to Acknowledgment;
 No, *Pompey's* Blood must all Commerce deny,
 Betwixt his Widow and his Enemy.
 And I thy offer'd Freedom would enjoy,
 That to thy Ruin I might it employ.

Nay,

Et je te chercheray par tout des ennemis,
 Si tu m'oses tenir ce que tu m'as promis.
 Mais avec cette soif que j'ay de ta ruine,
 Je me jette au devant du coup qui t'assassine,
 Et forme des desirs avec trop de raison,
 Pour en aimer l'effet par une trahison.
 Qui la fçait, & la souffre, a part à l'infamie,
 Si je veux ton trépas, c'est en juste ennemie ;
 Mon époux a des fils, il aura des nepveux,
 Quand ils te combatront, c'est là que je le veux,
 Et qu'une digne main par moy-mesme animée,
 Dans ton champ de bataille, aux yeux de ton Armée,
 T'immole noblement & par un digne effort
 Aux Manes du Heros dont tu vanges la mort.
 Tous mes soins, tous mes vœux hâtent cette vangeance,
 Ta perte la recule, & ton salut l'avance ;
 Quelque espoir qui d'ailleurs me l'ose, ou puise offrir,
 Ma juste impatience auroit trop à souffrir.
 La vangeance éloignée est à demy perdue,
 Et quand il faut l'attendre, elle est trop cher vendue.
 Je n'iray point chercher sur les bords Afriquains
 Le foudre souhaité que je vois en tes mains,
 La teste qu'il menace en doit estre frapée ;
 J'ay pu donner la tienne au lieu d'elle à Pompée,
 Ma haine avoit le choix, mais cette haine enfin
 Separe son vainqueur d'avec son assassin,
 Et ne croit avoir droit de punir ta victoire,
 Qu'après le châtiment d'une action si noire.

Rome

Nay, I shall make new busness for thy Sword,
If thou dar'st be so just to keep thy Word:
But though so much on thy Destruction bent,
Yet I thy Murther would as much prevent.
I have thy Death with too much Justice sought,
That it should now be with a Treason bought.
Who knows, and suffers, does partake the Guilt;
Nor should thy Blood be infamously spilt.
But when my Husband's Sons, and Kindred, do
Attempt thy Death, then I shall wish it too.
And that some brave Arm, which I shall excite,
May in the Field, and in thy Army's fight,
Offer thee nobly to that *Hero's Ghost*,
In whose Revenge thou so much Zeal bestow'st.
My restless Thirst for such a Day as this,
By thy untimely Fall its end would miss.
But whatsoe'er Hopes from abroad I may
Receive, yet I am rack'd by their Delay.
“ For distant Satisfaction is half lost :
“ And long expected Joys too dearly cost.
I shall not wander on the *Affrick Strands* ;
To seek the Vengeance ready in thy Hands,
Which does the Head it threatens best befit :
For I could thine have had, instead of it ;
But that my Hatred saw the Difference great,
Betwixt my Husband's Murther and Defeat :
And I an earlier Punishment would see
On their Presumption, than thy Victory :

*Rome le veut ainsi, son adorable front
 Auroit de quoy rougir d'un trop honteux affront,
 De voir en mesme jour après tant de conquestes
 Sous un indigne fer ses deux plus nobles têtes.
 Son grand cœur qu'à tes loix en vain tu crois soumis
 En veut aux criminels plus qu'à ses ennemis,
 Et tiendroit à malheur le bien de se voir libre,
 Si l'attentat du Nil affranchissoit le Tybre.
 Comme autre qu'un Romain n'a pû l'assujetir,
 Autre aussi qu'un Romain ne l'en doit garantir.
 Tu tomberois icy sans estre sa victime,
 Au lieu d'un châtiment ta mort seroit un crime,
 Et sans que tes pareils en conceussent d'effroy,
 L'exemple que tu dois periroit avec toy.
 Vange-la de l'Egypte à son appuy fatale,
 Et je la vangeray, si je puis, de Pharsale.
 Va, ne perds point de temps, il presse. Adieu, tu peu xe
 Te vanter qu'une fois j'ay fait pour toy des vœux.*

S C E N E V.

*Cesar, Cleopatre, Antoine, Lepide, Achorée,
 Charmion, Romains.*

*Cef. Son courage m'étonne autant que leur audace,
 Reine, voyez pour qui vous me demandiez grace.*

*Cle. Je n'ay rien à vous dire, allez, Seigneur, allez
 Vanger sur ces méchans tant de droits violez. [rent,
 On m'en veut plus qu'à vous, c'est ma mort qu'ils respirent,
 C'est contre mon pouvoir que les traîtres conspirent,
 Leur*

This is *Rome's* Wish, whose venerable Brow
 To this Affront, too just a Blush would owe:
 If her two noblest Heads should (after all
 Her Triumphs) with so much Dishonour fall.
 She, upon whom thou never could'st impose,
 Would sooner punish Criminals than Foes:
 Her Liberty would a Misfortune grow,
 If upon *Tiber Nile* should it bestow.
 None but a *Roman* could her Master be,
 And but a *Roman* none should set her free:
 Here thou would'st fall, to her unsacrific'd,
 And would'st be murther'd so, but not chastis'd,
 Nor would succeeding Tyrants frightened be,
 For the Example too would die with thee.
 Revenge her thou, on *Egypt's* Wrong, and I
 Will her Revenge upon *Pharsalia* try.
 Adieu, no time in this should wasted be,
 Go then, and boast I once made Vows for thee.

S C E N E V.

Cæsar, Cleopatra, Antonius, Lepidus,
Achoreus, Charmion.

Cæs. Her Virtue, and their Crime, alike amaze:
 Queen, you perceive for whom your Goodness prays.
Cle. That, now, no more against your Justice fights,
 Go (Sir) revenge all violated Rights:
 My Ruin, they much more than yours desire:
 The Traitors do against my Right conspire,

*Leur rage pour l'abatre attaque mon soutien,
Et par vostre trépas cherche un passage au mien.
Mais parmy ces transports d'une juste colere
Je ne puis oublier que leur Chef est mon frere,
Le scaurez-vous, Seigneur, & pourray-je obtenir
Que ce cœur irrité daigne s'en souvenir?*

Cef. Oüy, je me souviendray que ce cœur magnanime
*Au bonheur de son sang veut pardonner son crime.
Adieu, ne craignez rien, Achillas, & Photin
Ne sont pas gens à vaincre un si puissant Destin.
Pour les mettre en déroute, eux & tous leurs complices,
Je n'ay qu'à déployer l'appareil des supplices,
Et pour soldats choisis envoyer des bourreaux,
Qui pourtent hautement mes haches pour drapeaux.*

[Cesar rentre avec les Romains.

Cle. Ne quittez pas Cesar, allez, cher Achorée,
*Repousser avec lui ma mort qu'on a jurée,
Et quand il punira nos lâches ennemis,
Faites-le souvenir de ce qu'il m'a promis,
Ayez l'œil sur le Roy dans la chaleur des armes,
Et conservez son sang pour épargner mes larmes.*

Acho. Madame, assurez-vous qu'il ne peut y perir
Si mon zèle & mes soins peuvent le secourir.

As my Support, against you they design,
 And, by your Death, would make their way to mine :
 But though all this be to my Anger known,
 Yet 'tis my Brother still that leads them on.
 Do you know that Sir, and may I obtain,
 It your deserved Fury may restrain.

Cæs. Yes, I'll remember; your Heart is so great,
 That, for his Birth's sake, you his Crime forget.
 Adieu, fear nothing, for these are not Foes,
 That can the Fortune of my Arms oppose.
 Them, and their Party, I shall quickly rout,
 When I to them but Whips and Racks bring out:
 They shall not Soldiers, but Tormentors, see;
 And now my Axes shall my Ensigns be.

[Exit *Cæsar.*

Cle. Dear *Achoreus*, after *Cæsar* go,
 With him prevent my threatned Overthrow :
 And when he punishes our worthless Foes,
 Make him remember what his Promise owes.
 Observe the King, when he in sight appears,
 And spare his Blood, that you may spare my Tears.

Acho. Madam, his Fortune shall no Sorrow need,
 If all my Care and Service can succeed.

After the fourth Act, *Cleopatra* fits hearkening
to this SONG.

Proud Monuments of Royal Dust!
Do not your old Foundations shake,
And labour to resign their Trust?
For sure your mighty Guests should wake,
Now their own Memphis lies at stake.

Alas! in vain our Dangers call;
They care not for our Destiny,
Nor will they be concern'd at all,
If Egypt now, enslav'd, or free,
A Kingdom or a Province be.

What is become of all they did?
And what of all they had design'd?
Now Death the busie Scene hath hid,
Where, but in Story, shall we find
Those great Disturbers of Mankind?

When Men their quiet Minutes spent
Where Myrtles grew, and Fountains purl'd,
As safe as they were Innocent:
What angry God among them hurl'd
Ambition, to undoe the World?

What

What is the Charm of being Great?

Which oft is gain'd and lost with Sin:
Or if we attain a Royal Seat
With Guiltless Steps, what do we win,
If Love and Honour fight within?

Honour, the Brightness of the Mind!

And Love, her noblest Extasie:
That does our selves, this others bind.

When you, great Pair, shall disagree,
What Casuist can the Umpire be?

Though Love does all the Heart subdue,

With gentle, but resistless Sway;
Yet Honour must that govern too:

And when thus Honour wins the Day,
Love overcomes the bravest way.

ACTE V. SCENE I.

Cornelie tenant une petite Urne en sa main, Philippe.

C O R N E L I E .

[Songe]

M^{es} yeux, puis-je vous croire, & n'est-ce point un
Qui sur mes tristes vœux a formé ce mensonge?
Te revoy-je, Philippe, & cet espoux si cher
A-t'il receu de toy les honneurs du bucker?
Cette Urne que je tiens continent-elle sa cendre?
O vous, à ma douleur objet terrible, & tendre,
Eternel entretien de haine, & de pitié,
Reste du grand Pompée, écoutez sa moitié.
N'attendez point de moy de regrets, ny de larmes,
Un grand cœur à ses maux applique d'autres charmes,
Les foibles déplaisirs s'amusent à parler,
Et quiconque se plaint cherche à se consoler.
Moy, je jure des Dieux la puissance suprême,
Et pour dire encor plus, je jure par vous-mesme,
Car vous pouvez bien plus sur ce cœur affligé
Que le respect des Dieux qui l'ont mal protégé:
Le jure donc par vous, ô pitoyable reste,
La Divinité seule apres ce coup funeste,
Par vous, qui seul icy pouvez me soulager,
De n'esteindre jamais l'ardeur de le vanger.
Ptolomée a Cesar par un lâche artifice,
Rome, de ton Pompée a fait un sacrifice,

Et

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cornelia with a little Urne in her hand, and *Philip*.

CORNELIA.

MAY I believe my Eyes? or does this sight
Delude me, with *Chimera's* of the Night?
Do I behold Thee, *Philip*? and didst Thou
Funeral Rites to my lov'd Lord allow?
His Ashes does this Urne contain? O View!
At once so terrible and tender too!
Eternal Food of Sorrow and of Hate,
All of great *Pompey* that is spar'd by Fate.
Expect not I a Tear to you should pay,
For Great Souls ease their Griefs another way.
Shallow Afflictions, by Complaints are fed:
And who laments, would fain be comforted.
But I have sworn by all that we Adore;
And by your self (sad Object) which is more;
(For my griev'd Heart does more to you submit,
Than to those Gods who so illguarded it,)
By you I swear it then (Mournful Remain,
My only Deity, now he is slain)
That no Extinction, or Decay, shall be
In that Revenge which must enoble me.

To *Cæsar*, *Ptolomy*, by base Surprize,
Rome, of thy *Pompey*, made a Sacrifice.

And

*Et je n'entreray point dans tes murs desolez,
Que le Prestre & le Dieu ne luy soient immolez.
Faites-m'en souvenir, & soutenez ma haine,
O cendres, mon espoir aussi-bien que ma peine,
Et pour m'aider un jour à perdre son vainqueur,
Versez dans tous les cœurs ce que ressent mon cœur.*

*Toy qui l'as honoré sur cette infame rive
D'une flame pieuse autant comme chetive,
Dy-moy, quel bon Demon a mis en ton pouvoir
De rendre à ce Heros ce funebre devoir.*

Phil. Tout couvert de son sang, & plus mort que luy-
Apres avoir cent fois maudit le Diadème, [mesme,
Madame, j'ay porté mes pas & mes sanglots
Du costé que le vent pousoit encor les flots.
Je cours long-temps en vain, mais enfin d'une roche
J'en découvre le tronc vers un sable assez proche,
Où la vague en courreux sembloit prendre plaisir
A feindre de le rendre & puis s'en ressaisir.
Je m'y jette, & l'embrasse, & le pousse au rivage,
Et ramassant sous luy le débris d'un naufrage
Je luy dresse un bucher à la haste & sans art,
Tel que je pus sur l'heure, & qu'il plût au hazard.
A peine brûlot-il, que le Ciel plus propice
M'envoye un compagnon en ce pieux office,
Cordus, un vieux Romain qui demeure en ces lieux,
Retournant de la ville y détourne les yeux,
Es n'y voyant qu'un tronc dont la teste est coupée,
A cette triste marque il reconnoit Pompée.

Sou-

And I thy injur'd Walls will never see,
 Till Priest, and God, to him shall offer'd be.
 Put me in mind, and my just Hate sustain,
 O Ashes! now my Hope as well as Pain.
 And to assist me in that great Design,
 Shed in all Hearts, what now is felt by mine.
 But Thou, who on so infamous a Shore,
 Gav'st him a Flame, so Pious, though so Poor;
 Tell me, what God thy Fortune made so great,
 To pay to such a *Hero* such a Debt?

Phil. Cover'd with Blood, and much more dead than
 When I had curs'd the Royal Treachery, [he;
 My wandring Feet were by my Grief convey'd,
 Where yet the Wind upon the Water plaid:
 After long search, I on a Rock did stand,
 And saw the Headless Trunk approach the Sand:
 Where th'angry Wave a Pleasure seem'd to take
 To cast it off, and then to snatch it back:
 I to it leap'd, and thrust it to the Banks;
 Then gathering a heap of Shipwrack'd Planks,
 An hasty, artless Pile, I to him rais'd,
 Such as I could, and such as Fortune pleas'd.
 'Twas hardly kindled, when Heav'n grew so kind
 To send me help, in what I had design'd.
Codrus, an Ancient *Roman*, who lives here,
 Returning from the City, spy'd me there;
 And when he did a headless Carcass view,
 By that sad Mark alone he *Pompey* knew:

Then

*Soudain la larme à l'œil, ô toy, qui que tu sois,
A qui le Ciel permet de si dignes emplois,
Ton fort est bien, dit-il, autre que tu ne penses,
Tu crains des châtimens, attens des recompenses,
Cesar est en Egypte, & vange hautement
Celuy pour qui ton zèle a tant de sentiment.
Tu peux faire esclater les soins qu'on t'en voit prendre,
Tu peux mesme à sa vefve en reporter la cendre,
Son vainqueur l'a receuë avec tout le respect
Qu'un Dieu pourroit icy trouver à son aspect.
Acheve, je reviens. Il part & m'abandonne,
Et rapporte aussi-tost ce vase qu'il me donne,
Où sa main & la mienne enfin ont renfermé
Ces restes d'un Heros par le feu consumé.*

Cor. *O que sa pieté merite de louanges !*

Phil. *En entrant j'ay trouvé des desordres étranges.
J'ay veu fuir tout un Peuple en foule vers le port,
Où le Roy, disoit-on, s'estoit fait le plus fort :
Les Romains poursuivoient, & Cesar dans la Place
Ruisseauante du sang de cette populace,
Montroit de sa justice un exemple assez beau,
Laisstant passer Photin par les mains d'un bourreau.
Aussi-tost qu'il me voit, il daigne me connoistre,
Et prenant de ma main les cendres de mon maître,
Restes d'un Demydieu, dont à peine je puis
Esgaler le grand nom, tout vainqueur que j'en suis,
De vos traistres, dit-il, voyez punir les crimes,
Attendant des Autels recevez ces victimes,*

Bien

Then weeping said, O thou, whoe'er thou art,
To whom the Gods such Honours do impart,
Thy Fortune's greater than thou dost believe,
Thou shalt Rewards, not Punishments, receive.
Cæsar's in *Egypt*, and Revenge declares,
For him to whom thou pay'st these Pious Cares,
These Ashes to his Widow thou may'st bear
In *Alexandria*, for now she is there,
By *Pompey's* Conqueror so entertain'd,
As by a God it would not be disdain'd.
Go on, till I return: This said, he went,
And quickly brought me this small Monument.
Then we, betwixt us, into it convey'd,
That *Hero's* Ashes which the Fire had made. [*crown'd!*
Corn. With what great Praises should this Act be
Phil. Entring the Town, I great Disorders found,
A numerous People to the Port did fly,
Which they believ'd the King would fortifie.
The eager *Romans* fiercely these pursu'd,
Rage in their Eyes, their Hands with Blood imbrew'd.
When *Cæsar*, with brave Justice, did command
Photin to perish by a Hangman's Hand;
On me, appearing, he vouchsaf'd to look,
And with these Words my Master's Ashes took.
Remainders of a Demi-god! whose Name
I scarce can equal, Conqueror as I am;
Behold Guilt punish'd, and till Altars call
For other Victims, let these Traitors fall.

Grea-

Bien d'autres vont les suivre, & toy, cours au Palais
 Porter à sa moitié ce don que je luy fais,
 Porter à ses déplaisirs cette foible allegiance,
 Et dy luy que je cours achever sa vangeance.
Ce grand homme à ces mots me quitte en soupirant,
Et baise avec respect ce vase qu'il me rend.

Cor. *O soupris! ô respect! ô qu'il est doux de plaindre*
Le fort d'un ennemy, quand il n'est plus à craindre!
Qu'avec chaleur, Philippe, on court a le vanger,
Quand on s'y voir forcé par son propre danger,
Et que cet interest qu'on prend pour sa memoire
Fait nostre seureté, comme il croist nostre gloire!
Cesar est genereux, j'en veux estre d'accord,
Mais le Roy le veut perdre, & son rival est mort.
Sa vertu laisse lieu de doutier à l'Envie
De ce qu'elle feroit s'il le voyoit en vie;
Pour grand qu'en soit le prix, son peril en rabat,
Cette ombre qui la couvre en affoiblit l'éclat,
L'amour mesme s'y mesle, & le force à combattre,
Quand il vange Pompée il defend Cleopatre.
Tant d'interests sont joints à ceux de mon époux,
Que je ne devrois rien à ce qu'il fait pour nous,
Si comme par soy-mesme un grand cœur juge un autre,
Je n'aimois mieux juger sa vertu par la nostre,
Et croire que nous seuls armons ce combatant,
Parce qu'au point qu'il est j'en voudrois faire autant.

Greater shall follow. To the Court go thou,
On Pompey's Widow this from me bestow.
And whilst with it she makes with Grief some truce,
Tell her how *Cæsar* her Revenge pursues.
That great Man, sighing, then from me did turn,
And, humbly kissing, did restore the Urne.

Cor. O Formal Grief! how easie is that Tear,
That's shed for Foes whom we no longer fear!
How soon Revenge for others fills that Breast,
Which to it, is, by its own Danger prest?
And when the Care we take to right the dead
Secures our Life, and does our Glory spread.
Cæsar is generous, 'tis true; but he,
By the King wrong'd, and from his Rival free,
Might in an envious Mind a Doubt revive,
What he would do, were Pompey yet alive.
His Courage, his own Safety does provide,
Which does the Beauty of his Actions hide.
Love is concern'd in't too, and he does fight
In Pompey's Cause, for Cleopatra's Right.
So many Int'rests with my Husband's met,
Might to his Virtue take away my Debt.
But as Great Hearts judge by themselves alone,
I chuse to guess his Honour by my own;
And think we only make his Fury such,
Since in his Fortune I should do as much.

S C E N E II.

Cleopatre, Cornelie, Philippe, Charmion.

Cle. Je ne viens pas icy pour troubler une plainte
 Trop juste à la douleur dont vous estes atteinte,
 Je viens pour rendre hommage aux cendres d'un Heros
 Qu'un fidelle Afranchy vient d'arracher aux flots,
 Pour le plaindre avec vous, & vous jurer, Madame,
 Que j'aurois conservé ce maistre de vostre ame,
 Si le Ciel qui vous traite avec trop de rigueur
 M'en eust donné la force, aussi-bien que le cœur.
 Si pourtant à l'aspect de ce qu'il vous renvoie
 Vos douleurs laissoient place à quelque peu de joye;
 Si la vangeance avoit de quoy vous soulager,
 Je vous dirois aussi qu'on vient de vous vanger,
 Que le traistre Photin.... vous le sçavez, peut-estre ?

Cor. Oùy, Princesse, je sçay qu'on a puny ce traistre.

Cle. Un si prompt châtiment vous doit estre bien
 doux.

Cor. S'il a quelque douceur, elle n'est que pour vous.

Cle. Tous les cœurs trouvent doux le succez qu'ils
 esperent.

Cor. Comme nos interests nos sentimens different.
 Si Cesar à sa mort joint celle d'Achillas,
 Vous estes satisfaite, & je ne la suis pas.

Aux

S C E N E II.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Cornelia, Philip.

Cle. I come not to disturb a Grief, so due
To that Affliction which hath wounded you:
But those Remains t'adore, which from the Wave
A faithful Freed-man did so lately save:
To mourn your Fortune, Madam, and to swear
You'd still enjoy'd a Man so justly dear,
If Heaven, which did persecute you still,
Had made my Power equal to my Will.
Yet if, to what that Heaven sends you now,
Your Grief can any room for Joy allow;
If any Sweetness in Revenge there be,
Receive the Certainty of yours from me.
The false Photinus —— But you may have heard.

Cor. Yes, Princess, that he hath his just Reward.

Cle. Have you no Comfort in that News di-
scern'd?

Cor. If there be any, you are most concern'd.

Cle. All Hearts with Joy receive a wish'd Event.

Cor. Our Thoughts are, as our Int'rests, diffe-
rent.

Though *Cæsar* add *Achillas* Death, 'twill be
To you a Satisfaction, not to me:

*Aux Manes de Pompée il faut une autre offrande,
La victime est trop basse, & l'injure est trop grande,
Et ce n'est pas un sang que pour la reparer
Son Ombre & ma douleur daignent considerer.
L'ardeur de le vanger dans mon ame allumée
En attendant Cesar demande Ptolomée.
Tout indigne qu'il est de vivre, & de regner,
Je scay bien que Cesar se force à l'épargner ;
Mais quoy que son amour ait osé vous promettre,
Le Ciel plus juste enfin n'osera le permettre,
Et s'il peut une fois écouter tous mes vœux,
Par la main l'un de l'autre ils periront tous deux.
Mon ame à ce bonheur, si le Ciel me l'envoye,
Oublira ses douleurs pour s'ouvrir à la joye,
Mais si ce grand souhait demande trop pour moy,
Si vous n'en perdez qu'un, ô Ciel, perdez le Roy.*

Cle. Le Ciel sur nos souhaits ne regle pas le choses.

Cor. Le Ciel regle souvent les effets sur les causes,
Et rend aux criminels ce qu'ils ont mérité.

Cle. Comme de la justice, il a de la bonté.

Cor. Oùy, mais il fait juger, à voir comme il commence
Que sa justice agit, & non-pas sa clemence. [ce.

Cle. Souvent de la justice il passe à la douceur.

Cor. Reine, je parle en vefve, & vous parlez en sœur,
Chacune a son sujet d'aigreur, ou de tendresse,
Qui dans le sort du Roy justement l'interesse.
Apprenons par le sang qu'on aura répandu,
A quels souhaits le Ciel a la mieux répondre,
Voicy vostre Achorée.

S C E N E

For nobler Rites to Pompey's Ghost belong,
 These are too mean to expiate his Wrong.
 No Reparation by such Blood is made,
 Either to my Grief, or his injur'd Shade ;
 And the Revenge which does my Soul enflame,
 Till it hath *Cæsar*, *Ptolomy* doth claim ;
 Who though so much unfit to reign or live,
Cæsar, I know, will for his Safety strive.
 But though his Love hath dar'd to promise it,
 Yet juster Heaven dares it not permit.
 And if the Gods an Ear to me afford,
 They shall both perish by each others Sword :
 Such an Event would my Heart's Grief destroy,
 Which now is such a Stranger grown to Joy.
 But if ye, Gods, think this too great a thing,
 And but one fall, O let it be the King !

Cle. Heav'n does not govern as our Wills direct.

Cor. But Gods, what causes promise, will effect,
 And do the guilty with Revenge pursue.

Cle. As they have Justice, they have Mercy too.

Cor. But we may judge, as here Events have past,
 They now the first will act, and not the last.

Cle. Their Mercy oft does thro' their Justice break.

Cor. Queen, you as Sister, I as Widow speak.
 Each hath her Cause of Kindness and of Hate,
 And both concern'd are in this Prince's Fate.
 But by the Blood which hath to Day been shed,
 We shall perceive whose vows have better sped.
 Behold your *Achoreus*.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Cornelie, Cleopatre, Achorée, Philippe, Charmion.

Cle. *Helas ! sur son visage
Rien ne s'offre à mes yeux que de mauvais presage.
Ne nous déguisez rien, parlez sans me flater,
Qu'ay-je à craindre, Achorée, ou qu'ay-je à regretter.*
 Acho. *Aussi tôt que Cesar eust scén la perfidie—
Ah ! ce n'est pas ses soins que je veux qu'on me
Je scay qu'il fit trancher & cloître ce conduit [die,
Par où ce grand secours devoit estre introduit,
Qu'il manda tous les siens pour s'assurer la Place,
Où Photin a receu le prix de son audace,
Que d'un si prompt supplice Achillas étonné
S'est aisément saisi du port abandonné,
Que le Roy l'a suivy, qu'Antoine a mis à terre
Ce que dans ses vaisseaux restoit de gens de guerre,
Que Cesar l'a rejoint, & je ne doute pas
Qu'il n'ait scén vaincre encor, & punir Achillas.*

Acho. *Oüy, Madame, on a veu son bonheur ordinaire..
Cle. Dites-moy seulement s'il a sauvé mon frere,
S'il m'a tenu promesse.*

Acho. *Oüy, de tout son pouvoir.*

Cle. *Cest là l'unique point que je voulois scəvoir.
Madame, vous voyez, les Dieux m'ont écouteé.*

Cor. *Ils n'ont que differé la peine meritée.*

Cle.

S C E N E III.

To them *Achoreus*.

Cle. But alas!

I read no good Presages in his Face;
Speak *Achoreus*, let us freely hear
What yet deserves my Sorrow, or my Fear.

Acho. As soon as *Cæsar* did the Treason know:—

Cle. 'Tis not his Conduct I enquire of now,
I know he cut and stopt that secret Vault
Which to him should the Murtherers have brought,
That to secure the Streets his Men he sent,
Where *Photin* did receive his Punishment:
Whose sudden Fall *Achillas* so amaz'd,
That on th'abandon'd Port he quickly seiz'd;
Whom the King follow'd, and that, to the Land
Antonius all his Soldiers did command.
Where *Cæsar* join'd him, and I thence do guesse
Achillas Punishment, and his Success.

Acho. His usual Fortune her Assistance gave.

Cle. But tell me if he did my Brother save,
And kept his Promise.

Acho. Yes, with all his might.

Cle. That's all the News I wish'd you to recite.
Madam, you see the Gods my Prayers heard.

Cor. They only have his Punishment deferr'd.

Cle. Vous la vouliez sur l'heure, ils l'en ont garanti.

Acho. Il faudroit qu'à nos vœux il eust mieux consenty. [tendre ?

Cle. Que disiez-vous n'aguere, & que viens-je d'en-
Accordez ces discours que j'ay peine à comprendre.

Acho. Aucuns ordres, ny soins n'ont pû le secourir,
Malgré Cesar, & nous il a voulu perir ;
Mais il est mort, Madame, avec toutes les marques
Que puissent laisser d'eux les plus dignes Monarques,
Sa vertu rappelée a soutenu son rang,
Et sa perte aux Romains a coulé bien du sang.

Il combatoit Antoine avec tant de courage,
Qu'il emportoit desia sur lui quelque avantage,
Mais l'abord de Cesar a changé le Destin :
Aussi-tost Achillas suit le sort de Photin,
Il meurt, mais d'une mort trop belle pour un traistre,
Les armes à la main en defendant son maistre.
Le vainqueur crie en vain qu'on épargne le Roy,
Ces mots au lieu d'espoir lui donnent de l'effroy ;
Son esprit alarmé les croit un artifice
Pour reserver sa teste à l'affront d'un supplice.
Il pousse dans nos rangs, il les perce, & fait voir
Ce que peut la vertu qu'arme le desespoir,
Et son cœur emporté par l'erreur qui l'abuse
Cherche par tout la mort que chacun lui refuse.
Enfin perdant halcine apres ces grands efforts,
Prés d'estre environné, ses meilleurs soldats morts,
Il voit quelques fuyards sauter dans une barque,
Il s'y jette, & les siens qui suivent leur Monarque,

D'un

Cle. You wish'd it now; but they have him secur'd.

Acho. Or *Cæsar*' had, if he had Life endur'd.

Cle. What said you last? Or did I rightly hear?

Oh! quickly your obscure Discourses clear.

Acho. Neither your Cares nor ours could save him,
Would die in spight of *Cæsar*, and of You: [who
But, Madam, in the noblest way he dy'd,
That ever-falling Monarch dignifi'd:

His restor'd Virtue did his Birth make good,
And to the *Romans* dearly sold his Blood.

He fought *Antonius* with such noble Heat,
That on him he did some Advantage get:

But *Cæsar*'s coming alter'd the Event;

Achillas there after *Photinus* went:

But so as him did too much Honour bring;

With Sword in hand he perish'd for his King.

O spare the King, in vain the Conqueror cry'd;
To him no Hope but Terror it imply'd.

For, frightened, he thought *Cæsar* did intend

But to reserve him to a shameful Kind.

He charg'd, and broke our Ranks, bravely to shew
What Virtue armed by Despair can do.

By this Mistake his vexed Soul abus'd,

Still fought the Death which still was him refus'd.

Breathless at last, with having fought and bled,

Encompas'd round, and his best Soldiers dead,

Into a Vessel which was near he leaps,

And follow'd was by such tumultuous Heaps,

D'un si grand nombre en foule accablent ce vaisseau,
Que la Mer l'engloutit avec tout son fardeau.

C'est ainsi que sa mort luy rend toute sa gloire,
A vous toute l'Egypte, à Cesar la victoire,
Il vous proclame Reine, & bien qu'aucun Romain
Du sang que vous pleurez n'ait veu rougir sa main,
Il nous fait voir à tous un déplaisir extrême,
Il soupire, il gémit : mais le voicy luy-mesme,
Qui pourra mieux que moy vous montrer la douleur
Que luy donne du Roy l'invincible malheur.

S C E N E IV.

Cesar, Cornelie, Cleopatre, Antoine, Lepide,
Achorée, Charmion, Philippe.

Cor. Cesar, tiens-moy parole, & me rends mes galeres,
Achillas & Photin ont receu leurs salaires,
Leur Roy n'a pû jouir de ton cœur adoucy,
Et Pompée est vangé ce qu'il peut l'estre icy.
Je n'y scaurois plus voir qu'un funeste rivage
Qui de leur attentat m'offre l'horrible image,
Ta nouvelle victoire, & le bruit éclatant [stant,
Qu'aux changemens de Roy pousse un Peuple incon-
Et parmy ces objets ce qui le plus m'afflige,
C'est d'y revoir toujours l'ennemy qui m'oblige.
Laisse-moy m'affranchir de cette indignité,
Et souffre que ma haine agisse en liberté.
At cet empressement j'adjointe une requeste,
Voy l'Urne de Pompée, il y manque sa teste,

Ne

As, by their Number overprest, the Ship
 With all its Fraight was swallow'd in the Deep.
 This Death recovers all his lost Renown,
 Gives *Cæsar* Fame, and You th' *Ægyptian* Crown:
 You were proclaim'd, and though no *Roman* Sword
 Had touch'd the Life so much by you deplor'd,
Cæsar extreamly did concern'd appear;
 He sighs, and he complains: But see him here,
 Who better can than I his Griefs relate,
 For the unhappy King's resistless Fate.

S C E N E IV.

To them *Cæsar*, *Antonius*, *Lepidus*.

Cor. *Cæsar*, be just, and me my Gallies yield;
Achillas and *Photinus* both are kill'd;
 Nor could thy softned Heart their Master save,
 And *Pompey*, here, no more Revenge can have.
 This fatal Shore nothing does me present,
 But th'Image of their horrible Attempt,
 And thy new Conquest, with the giddy noise
 Of People who in Change of Kings rejoice:
 But what afflicts me most, is still to see
 Such an obliging Enemy in Thee.
 Release me then from this inglorious Pain,
 And set my Hate at Liberty again.
 But yet, before I go, I must request
 The Head of *Pompey* with his Bones may rest.

Give

*Ne me la retiens plus, c'est l'unique faveur
Dont je te puis encor prier avec honneur.*

*Ces. Il est juste, & Cesar est tout prest de vous rendre.
Ce reste où vous avez tant de droit de pretendre:
Mais il est juste aussi qu'apres tant de sanglots
A ses Manes errans nous rendions le repos;
Qu'un bucher allumé par ma main, & la vostre
Le vange pleinement de la honte de l'autre,
Que son Ombre s'appaise en voyant nostre ennuy,
Et qu'une Urne plus digne, & de vous, & de lui,
Aprés la flame éteinte & les pompes finies,
Renferme avec éclat ses cendres reünies.
De cette mesme main dont il fut combattu
Il verra des Autels dressez à sa vertu,
Il recevra des vœux, de l'encens, des victimes,
Sans recevoir par là d'honneurs que legitimes.
Pour ces justes devoirs je ne veux que demain,
Ne me refusez pas ce bonheur souverain,
Faites un peu de force à vostre impatience,
Vous estes libre aprés, partez en diligence,
Portez à nostre Rome un si digne tresor,
Portez —*

*Cor. Non-pas, Cesar, non pas à Rome encor.
Il faut que ta défaite, & que tes funerailles
A cette cendre aimée en ouvre les murailles,
Et quoy qu'elle la tienne aussi chere que moy,
Elle n'y doit rentrer qu'en triomphant de toy.*

Je

Give it me then, as that alone, which yet
I can with Honour at thy Hands intreat.

Cæs. You may so justly that Remainder claim,
That to deny it would be *Cæsar's* Shame:
But it is fit, after so many Woes,
That we should give his wandring Shade repose,
And that a Pile, which You and I enflame,
From the first mean one rescue *Pompey's* Name.
That he should be appeas'd our Grief to view;
And that an Urn more worthy him and you
May (the Pomp done, and Fire extinct again)
His re-united Ashes entertain.
This Arm, which did so long with him debate,
Shall Altars to his Virtue dedicate,
Offer him Vows, Incense, and Victims too,
And yet shall give him nothing but his Due.
I but to morrow for these Rites require,
Refuse me not the Favour I desire;
But stay till these Solemnities be past,
And then you may resume your eager Haste.
Bring to our *Rome* a Treasury so great,
That Relique bear —

Cor. Not thither, *Cæsar*, yet.

Till first thy Ruin, granted me by Fate,
To these lov'd Ashes shall unlock the Gate;
And thither (though as dear to *Rome* as me)
They come not, till Triumphant over thee.

To

*Je la porte en Afrique, & c'est là que l'espere
 Que les fils de Pompée, & Caton, & mon pere,
 Secondez par l'effort d'un Roy plus genereux,
 Ainsi que la Justice auront le Sort pour eux.
 C'est là que tu verras sur la Terre & sur l'Onde
 Le débris de Pharsale armer un autre Monde,
 Et c'est là que j'iray, pour haster tes malheurs,
 Porter de rang en rang ces cendres & mes pleurs,
 Je veux que de ma haine ils reçoivent des regles,
 Qu'ils suivent au combat des Urnes au lieu d'Aigles,
 Et que ce triste objet porte en leur souvenir
 Les soins de le vanger, & ceux de te punir.
 Tu veux à ce Heros rendre un devoir suprême,
 L'honneur que tu luy rends rejallit sur toy-mesme;
 Tu m'en veux pour témoin, j'obeis au vainqueur,
 Mais ne presume pas toucher par là mon cœur,
 La perte que j'ay faite est trop irreparable,
 La source de ma haine est trop inépuisable,
 A l'égal de mes jours je la feray durer,
 Je veux vivre avec elle, avec elle expirer.*

*Je t'avouiray pourtant, comme vraiment Romaine,
 Que pour toy mon estime est égale à ma haine,
 Que l'une & l'autre est juste, & montre le pouvoir
 L'une de ta vertu, l'autre de mon devoir :
 Que l'une est genereuse, & l'autre interessée,
 Et que dans mon esprit l'une & l'autre est forcée.
 Tu vois que ta vertu qu'en vain on veut trahir
 Me force de priser ce que je dois haïr,*

Juge

To *Africk* I must this rich Burthen bear,
Where *Pompey's Sons*, *Cato* and *Scipio*, are.
Who'll find, I hope, (with a brave King ally'd)
Fortune as well as Justice on their side:
And thou shalt see there, with new Fury hurl'd,
Pharsalia's Ruins arm another World.
From Rank to Rank these Ashes I'll expose
Mixt with my Tears, t'exasperate thy Foes.
My Hate shall guide them too, and they shall fight
With Urns, instead of Eagles, in their Sight;
That such sad Objects may make them intent
On his Revenge, and on thy Punishment.
Thou to this *Hero* now devout art grown,
But, raising his Name, do'st exalt thy own.
I must be Witness too! and I submit;
But thou canst never move my Heart with it.
My Loss can never be repair'd by Fate,
Nor is it possible t' exhaust my Hate.
This Hate shall be my *Pompey* now, and I
In his Revenge will live, and with it die.
But as a *Roman*, though my Hate be such,
I must confess, I thee esteem as much.
Both these Extreams Justice can well allow:
This does my Virtue, that my Duty show.
My Sense of Honour does the first command;
Concern, the last; and they are both constrain'd.
And as thy Virtue, whom none can betray,
Where I should hate, makes me such Value pay;

My

*Juge ainsi de la haine où mon devoir me lie,
 La vefve de Pompée y force Cornelie.
 J'iray, n'en doute point, au sortir de ces lieux
 Soulever contre toy les hommes, & les Dieux,
 Ces Dieux qui t'ont flaté, ces Dieux qui m'ont trompée,
 Ces Dieux qui dans Pharsale ont mal servy Pompée,
 Qui la foudre à la main l'ont pû voir égorerger ;
 Ils connoîtront leur faute, & le voudront vanger.
 Mon zèle à leur refus aidé de sa memoire
 Te fçaura bien sans eux arracher la victoire.
 Et quand tout mon effort se trouvera rompu
 Cleopatre fera ce que je n'auray pû.
 Je fçay quelle est ta flame, & quelles sont ses forces,
 Que tu n'ignores pas comme on fait les divorces,
 Que ton amour t'aveugle, & que pour l'épouser
 Rome n'a point de loix que tu n'oses briser :
 Mais fçache aussi qu'alors la jeunesse Romaine
 Se croira tout permis sur l'époux d'une Reine,
 Et que de cet Hymen tes amis indignez
 Vangeront sur ton sang leurs avis dédaignez.
 J'empesche ta ruine empeschant tes caresses.
 Adieu, j'attens demain l'effet de tes promesses.*

My Duty so my Anger does create,
And Pompey's Widow makes *Cornelia* hate.
But I from hence shall hasten, and know then,
I'll raise against thee Gods, as well as Men.
Those Gods that flatter'd thee, and me abus'd;
And, in *Pharsalia*, Pompey's Cause refus'd;
Who at his Death could Thunder-bolts refrain,
To expiate that, will his Revenge maintain:
If not, his Soul will give my Zeal such Heat,
As I without their Help shall thee defeat.
But should all my Endeavours prosper ill,
What I cannot do, *Cleopatra* will.
I know thy Flame, and that, t'obey its Force,
Thou from *Calphurnia* study'st a Divorce:
Now blinded, thou wouldest this Alliance make,
And there's no Law of *Rome* thou dar'st not break.
But know, the *Roman* Youth think it no Sin
To fight against the Husband of a Queen.
And thy offended Friends will, at the Price
Of thy best Blood, revenge their scorn'd Advice.
I check thy Ruin, if I check thy Love;
Adieu; to Morrow will thy Honour prove.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Cesar, Cleopatre, Antoine, Lepide, Achorée,
Charmion.

Cle. Plutost qu'à ces perils je vous puise exposer,
Seigneur perdez en moy ce qui les peut causer,
Sacrifiez ma vie au bonheur de la vostre,
Le mien sera trop grand, & je n'en veux point d'autre,
Indigne que je suis d'un Cesar pour époux,
Que de vivre en vostre ame estant morte pour vous.

Cef. Reine, ces vains projets sont le seul avantage
Qu'un grand cœur impuissant a du Ciel en partage :
Comme il a peu de force, il a beaucoup de soins,
Et s'il pouvoit plus faire, il souhaiteroit moins.
Les Dieux empescheront l'effet de ces augures,
Et mes felicitez n'en seront pas moins pures,
Pourvu que vostre amour gaigne sur vos douleurs
Qu'en faveur de Cesar vous tarissiez vos pleurs,
Et que vostre bonté sensible à ma priere,
Pour un fidelle amant oublie un mauvais frere.

On aura pû vous dire avec quel déplaisir
J'ay veu le desespoir qui l'a voulu choisir,
Avec combien d'efforts j'ay voulu le défendre
Des Paniques terreurs qui l'avoient pû surprendre ;
Il s'est de mes bontez jusqu'au bout défendu,
Et de peur de se perdre, il s'est enfin perdu.

SCENE V.

*Cæsar, Cleopatra, Charmion, Antonius,
Lepidus, Achoreus.*

Cle. Rather than you to this expos'd should be,
With my own Ruin I would set you free.
Sacrifice me, Sir, to your Happiness;
For that's the greatest that I can possess;
Though far unworthy to be *Cæsar's* Bride,
Yet he'll remember one that for him Dy'd.

Cæs. Those empty Projects, Queen, are all now left
To a great Heart, of other Help bereft;
Whose keen Desires her want of Strength confess,
Could she perform more, she would wish it less.
The Gods will these vain Auguries disprove,
Nor can they my Felicity remove.
If your Love stronger than your Grief appears,
And will for *Cæsar's* sake dry up your Tears;
And that a Brother, who deserv'd them not,
May for a Faithful Lover be forgot.
You may have heard, with what Regret of mine
His Safety to Despair he did resign;
How much I sought his Reason to redeem,
From those vain Terrors that surrounded him,
Which he disputed to his latest Breath.
And cast away his Life for fear of Death.

O honte pour Cesar, qu'avec tant de puissance,
 Tant de soins pour vous rendre entiere obeissance,
 Il n'ait pû toutefois en ces évenemens
 Obeir au premier de vos commandemens !
 Prenez-vous-en au Ciel, dont les ordres sublimes
 Malgré tout nos efforts s'avaient punir les crimes ;
 Sa rigueur envers luy vous ouvre un sort plus doux,
 Puisque par cette mort l'Egypte est toute à vous.

Cle. Je sçay que j'en reçois un nouveau Diadème,
 Qu'on n'en peut accuser que les Dieux, & luy mesme ;
 Mais comme il est, Seigneur, de la fatalité,
 Que l'aigreur soit meslée à la felicité,
 Ne vous offencez pas si cet heur de vos armes,
 Qui me rend tant de biens, me couste un peu de larmes,
 Et si voyant sa mort deuë à sa trahison,
 Je donne à la Nature, ainsi qu'à la raison,
 Je n'ouvre point les yeux sur ma grandeur si proche,
 Qu'aussi-tost à mon cœur mon sang ne le reproche,
 J'en ressens dans mon ame un murmure secret,
 Et ne puis remonter au trône sans regret. [pleine

Acho. Un grand peuple, Seigneur, dont cette cour est
 Par des cris redoublez demande à voir sa Reine,
 Et tout impatient desia se plaint aux Cieux
 Qu'on luy donne trop tard un bien si precieux.

Cef. Ne luy refusons plus le bonheur qu'il desire,
 Princesse, allons par là commencer vostre Empire.

Fasse le juste Ciel, propice à mes desirs,
 Que ces longs cris de joye étouffent vos soupirs,

Et

O Shame for *Cæsar*! Who so eminent!
 And so follicitous for your Content!
 Yet, by the Cruel Fortune of this Day,
 Could not the first of your Commands obey:
 But vainly we resist the Gods, who will
 Their just Decrees on guilty Men fulfil.
 And yet his Fall your Happiness procures,
 Since by his Death *Egypt* is wholly yours.

Cle. I know I gain another Diadem,
 For which none can be blam'd but Heav'n and him;
 But as the Fate of humane things is such,
 That Joy and Trouble do each other touch,
 Excuse me, if the Crown conferr'd by you,
 As it obliges, does afflict me too;
 And if to see a Brother justly kill'd,
 To Nature I as well as Reason yield.
 No sooner on my Grandeur I reflect,
 But my Ambition by my Blood is checkt.
 I meet my Fortune with a secret Groan,
 Nor dare without Regret ascend the Throne.

Acho. The Court is full, Sir, People crowding in,
 Who with great Shouts demand to see their Queen;
 And many Signs of their Impatience give,
 That such a Blessing they so late receive.

Cæs. Let them so just a Happiness obtain,
 And by that Goodness, Queen, commence your Reign.
 O may the Gods so favour my Desire,
 That in their Joy your Sorrow may expire;

*Et puissent ne laisser dedans vostre pensée
Que l'image des traits dont mon ame est blessée.
Cependant, qu'à l'envy ma suite & vostre Cour
Preparent pour demain la pompe d'un beau jour,
Où dans un digne employ l'une & l'autre occupée
Couronne Cleopatre, & m'appaise Pompée,
Esleve à l'une un Trône, à l'autre des Autels,
Et jure à tous les deux des respects immortels.*

HORACE,

That no Idea in your Soul may be,
But of the Wounds which you have given me:
Whilst my Attendants and your Courtiers may
Prepare to Morrow for a glorious Day.
When all such Noble Offices may own,
Pompey t'appease, and Cleopatra Crown.

To her a Throne, to him let's Altars build,
And to them both Immortal Honours yield.

[*Exeunt.*

After the Fifth Act by two Egyptian Priests, as
after the Second.

1.

AScend a Throne, Great Queen! to you
By Nature, and by Fortune, due;
And let the World adore

One, who Ambition could withstand,
Subdue Revenge, and Love command,
On Honour's single score.

2.

Te mighty Roman Shades, permit
That Pompey should above you sit,
He must be Deifi'd.

For who like him e'er fought, or fell?
What Hero ever liv'd so well?
Or who so greatly dy'd?

1.

What cannot Glorious Cæsar do?
How nobly does he fight, and woo!
On Crowns how does he tread!

What Mercy to the weak he shews,
How fierce is he to living Foes?
How pious to the dead?

2.COR.

2.

Cornelia yet would challenge Tears,
 But that the Sorrow which she wears,
 So charming is, and brave,

 That it exalts her Honour more,
 Than if she all the Scepters bore,
 Her Gen'rous Husband gave.

Chorus.

Then, after all the Blood that's shed,
 Let's right the living and the dead:
 Temples to Pompey raise;

 Set Cleopatra on the Throne;
 Let Cæsar keep the World h'as won;
 And sing Cornelia's Praise.

After which a Grand Masque is Danc'd before
 Cæsar and Cleopatra, made (as well the other Dan-
 ces and the Tunes to them) by Mr. John Ogilby.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Sir Edward Dering Baronet.

PLeas'd or displeas'd, censure, as you think fit,
 The Action, Plot, the Language, or the Wit:
 but we're secure, no Bolder Thought can tax
 These Scenes of Blemish to the blushing Sex.
 Nor Envy, with her hundred Eyes, espy
 One Line severest Virtue need to fly:
 As chaste the Words, as harmless is the Sense,
 As the first Smiles of Infant Innocence.

Yet at your Feet, *Cæsar's* content to bow,
 And *Pompey*, never truly Great till now:
 Who does your Praise and kinder Votes prefer
 Before th'Applause of his own Theatre:
 Where fifty thousand *Romans* daily blest
 The Gods and him, for all that they possest.

The sad *Cornelia* says, your gentler Breath
 Will force a Smile, ev'n after *Pompey's* Death.
 She thought all Passions bury'd in his Urn,
 But flatt'ring Hopes and trembling Fears return:
 Undone in *Egypt*, *Thessaly* and *Rome*,
 She yet in *Ireland* hopes a milder Doom:
 Nor from *Iberian* Shores, or *Lybian* Sands,
 Expects Relief, but only from your Hands.

Ev'n *Cleopatra*, not content to have
 The Universe, and *Cæsar* too her Slave,
 Forbears her Throne, till you her Right allow;
 'Tis less t'have rul'd the World, than pleased you.

H O R A C E.

A

TRAGEDY.

Translated from the

French of Monsieur Corneille.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year 1710.

Acteurs.

Tulle, *Roy de Rome.*

Le vieil Horace, Chevalier Romain.

Horace, son Fils.

Curiace, Gentilhomme d'Albe, Amant de Camille:

Valere, Chevalier Romain, amoureux de Camille.

Sabine, Femme d'Horace, & Sœur de Curiace,

Camille, Amante de Curiace, & Sœur d'Horace.

*Julie, Dame Romaine, Confidente de Sabine, & de
Camille.*

Flavian, Soldat de l'Armée d'Albe.

Procule, Soldat de l'Armée de Rome.

La Scène est à Rome dans une Sale de la maison
d'Horace.

The Actors.

Tullus, King of *Rome*.

Old Horace, a *Roman Knight*.

Horace, his Son.

Curtius, a Gentleman of *Alba*, in Love with *Camilla*.

Valerius, a *Roman Knight*, in Love with *Camilla*.

Sabina, Wife of *Horace*, and Sister of *Curtius*.

Camilla, Mistress of *Curtius*, and Sister of *Horace*.

Julia, *Roman Lady*, Confidant of *Sabina* and *Camilla*.

Flavian, an *Alban Soldier*.

Proculus, a *Roman Soldier*.

The Scene in the House of Horace at Rome.

HORACE, TRAGEDIE.

ACTE I. SCENE I.

Sabine, Julie.

SABINE.

Approuvez ma foibleſſe, & ſouffrez ma douleur,
Elle n'est que trop juste en un ſi grand malheur.
Si près de voir ſur ſoy fondre de tels orages,
L'ebranlement ſied bien aux plus fermes courages,
Et l'efprit le plus maſle, & le moins abatu
Ne ſeauroit ſans defordre exercer ſa vertu.
Quoy que le mien s'étonne à ces rudes alarmes,
Le trouble de mon cœur ne peut rien ſur mes larmes,
Et parmy les ſoupirs qu'il pouſſe vers les Cieux,
Ma conſtanſe du moins régne encor ſur mes yeux.
Quand on arreſte là les déplaſirs d'une ame,
Si l'on fait moins qu'un homme, on fait plus qu'une femme;
Commander à ſes pleurs en cette extrémité, [me;
C'eſt montrer pour le Sexe aſſez de fermeté.

Jul.

HORACE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sabina and Julia.

S A B I N A.

Excuse my Weakness, and my Grief permit
 In that Distress, which so much merits it:
 When such a Storm does its Approaches make,
 It may become the strongest Heart to shake;
 And Constancy will now admit Dispute:
 Ev'n in the Breast that is most resolute:
 But yet how rude soe'er the Shock appears,
 Though not my Sighs, I can command my Tears;
 Though so much Sorrow may my Heart surprize,
 Yet Virtue still is Regent in my Eyes:
 If to my Heart I can confine my Woe,
 Though less than Man, I more than Woman do.
 To stop my Tears in an Assault so rough,
 For our weak Sex will sure be brave enough:

Jul.

Jul. C'en est peut-estre assez pour une ame commune,
 Qui du moindre péril se fait une infortune ;
 Mais de cette foibleſſe un grand cœur eſt honteux,
 Il oſe esperer tout dans un succès douteux.

Les deux camps ſont rangez au pied de nos murailles ;
 Mais Rome ignore encor comme on perd des batailles.
 Loin de trembler pour elle, il luy faut applaudir,
 Puisqu'elle va combattre, elle va s'agrandir.
 Banniffez, banniffez une frayeſſe ſi vaine,
 Et concevez des vœux dignes d'une Romaine.

Sab. Je ſuis Romaine, helas ! puis qu'Horace eſt Ro-
 J'en ay receu le titre en recevant ſa main, [main,
 Mais ce nœud me tiendroit en esclave enchainée,
 S'il m'empeschoit de voir en quels lieux je ſuis née.
 Albe, où j'ay commencé de respirer le jour,
 Albe, mon cher Pays, & mon premier amour,
 Lors qu'entre nous & toy je voy la guerre ouverte,
 Je crains noſtre victoire, autant que noſtre perte.

Rome, ſi tu te plains que c'eſt là te trahir,
 Fais-toy des ennemis que je puiffe haïr.
 Quand je voy de tes murs leur Armée & la noſtre,
 Mes trois Frères dans l'une, & mon Mary dans l'autre,
 Puis-je former des vœux, & ſans impieté
 Importuner le Ciel pour ta félicité ?
 Je ſçay que ton Etat encor en ſa naiffance,
 Ne ſçauroit ſans la guerre affermir ſa puiffance,
 Je ſçay qu'il doit s'accroître, & que tes grands Destins
 Ne le borneront pas chez les peuples Latins,

Que

Jul. It is for vulgar Souls, I must confess,
Who create Grief from every slight Distress ;
But a great Heart would blush at that Defect,
And all things dares from doubtful Fate expect.
Under our Walls two Armies we survey,
But *Rome* ne'er yet knew how to lose the Day ;
Applause, not Grief, we to her Fortune owe,
Who whilst she fights must needs the mightier grow.
Then let vain Terrors from your Breast depart,
And find out Vows worthy a *Roman* Heart.

Sab. My Heart I gave to *Horace*, and 'tis true,
Since he's a *Roman*, I must be so too :
But yet that Knot a Fetter would be thought,
If my dear Country should be quite forgot.

Alba, where I began to see the Light,
Alba, my native Place, and first Delight,
When I behold a War 'twixt us and thee,
As much as Loss, I dread a Victory :
Rome, if by this thy Anger I create,
Find out a Foe whom I may justly hate ;
When at thy Walls two Armies in thy fight,
Shew me my Brothers with my Husband fight,
What Prayers can I make ? how can I be
Without Impiety concern'd for thee ?
I know thy growing Empire, yet so young,
By War alone must make her Sinews strong ;
Thy future Grandeur is by Fate design'd,
Not to the *Latines* to be long confin'd :

The

*Que le Dieux t'ont promis l'Empire de la Terre,
 Et que tu n'en peux voir l'effet que par la guerre.
 Bien loin de m'opposer à cette noble ardeur,
 Qui suit l'Arrest des Dieux & court à ta grandeur,
 Je voudrois déjà voir tes troupes couronnées
 D'un pas victorieux franchir les Pyrenées.
 Va jusqu'en l'Orient pousser tes bataillons,
 Va sur les bords du Rhin planter tes pavillons,
 Fais trembler sous tes pas les colonnes d'Hercule ;
 Mais respecte une Ville à qui tu dois Romule.
 Ingrate, souviens-toy que du sang de ses Rois
 Tu tiens ton nom, tes murs, & tes premières loix.
 Albe est ton origine, arreste, & considére
 Que tu portes le fer dans le sein de ta Mère.
 Tourne ailleurs les efforts de tes bras triomphans,
 Sa joie éclatera dans l'heur de ses Enfans,
 Et se laissant ravir à l'amour maternelle,
 Ses vœux seront pour toy, si tu n'es plus contre elle.*

*Jul. Ce discours me surprend, veu que depuis les
 temps*

*Qu'on a contre son Peuple armé nos Combattans,
 Je vous ay veu pour elle autant d'indifference
 Que si d'un sang Romain vous aviez pris naissance.
 J'admirois la vertu qui réduisoit en vous
 Vos plus chers intérêts à ceux de vostre Epoux,
 Et je vous consolois au milieu de vos plaintes,
 Comme si nostre Rome eust fait toutes vos craintes.*

Sab.

The Gods the suppliant World for thee intend,
And 'tis by Arms thou must attain that end:
Far from repining at that noble heat
Which servesthy Stars, and helps to make thee great;
I wish thy Troops may still new Triumphs claim,
And over-run *Pyrenian* Hills to Fame.
Go, Eastern Conquests for thy Sword design,
And settle thy Pavillions in the *Rhine*;
Let all Lands tremble where thy Ensigns go,
But her to whom thou *Romulus* dost owe;
Subdue the utmost Regions of the Earth,
But spare the Town where *Romulus* had Birth;
Forget not her from whom thy City draws
Her Name, and all her Strength, but Walls and Laws:
Alba's thy Parent, let that Thought arrest
Thy greedy Sword, nor pierce thy Mother's Breast,
For thy triumphant Arms make other choice,
And in her Childrens Fortune she'll rejoice,
Nay, would with natural Concern disown
All Enemies of thine, were she not one.

Jul. This Languague much Surprize to me affords,
For, since these Cities first unsheathe'd their Swords,
You have so unconcern'd for *Alba* stood,
As if your Birth had been of *Roman* Blood;
I wonder'd at a Virtue so refin'd,
Which to your Husband, *Alba* had resign'd,
And therefore so proportion'd my Relief,
As if our *Rome* alone had caus'd your Grief.

Sab. Tant qu'on ne s'est choqué qu'en de legers com-
 Trop foibles pour jettter un des partis à bas, [bats,
 Tant qu'un espoir de paix a pù flater ma peine,
 Ouy, j'ay fait vanité d'estre toute Romaine.
 Si j'ay veu Rome heureuse avec quelque regret,
 Soudain j'ay condamné ce mouvement secret,
 Et si j'ay ressenty dans ses destins contraires
 Quelque maligne joye en faveur des mes Frères,
 Soudain pour l'étouffer rappelant ma raison,
 J'ay pleuré, quand la gloire entroit dans leur maison:
 Mais aujourd'huy qu'il faut que l'une ou l'autre tombe,
 Qu'Albe devienne esclave, ou que Rome succombe,
 Et qu'après la bataille il ne demeure plus
 Ny d'obstacle aux Vainqueurs, ny d'espoir aux Vaincus,
 J'aurois pour mon Pays une cruelle haine,
 Si je pouvois encore estre toute Romaine,
 Et si je demandois vostre triomphe aux Dieux,
 Au prix de tant de sang qui m'est si précieux.
 Je m'attache un peu moins aux intérêts d'un Homme,
 Je ne suis point pour Albe, & ne suis plus pour Rome,
 Je crains pour l'une & l'autre en ce dernier effort,
 Et seray du party qu'affligera le Sort.
 Egale à tous les deux jusques à la victoire,
 Je prendray part aux maux sans en prendre à la gloire,
 Et je garde, au milieu de tant d'aspres rigueurs,
 Mes larmes aux Vaincus, & ma haine aux Vainqueurs.

Jul. Qu'on voit naistre souvent de pareilles traverses,
 En des esprits divers des passions diverses,

Et

Sab. Whilst such a shock my Reason did affai,
As was too weak to weigh down either Scale ;
Till all my flattering hopes of Peace were lost,
To be entirely *Roman* was my Boast.
If at *Rome's* Fortune I displeas'd have been,
I quickly chid that Mutiny within :
And when her Destiny was not so kind,
If, for my Brothers, Joy seduc'd my Mind,
By Reason's help that Motion I suppress'd,
And wept for all the Glory they possess'd.
But now these Cities must be lost or sav'd,
That *Rome* must sink, or *Alba* be enslav'd ;
And after Battel there no hope remains
To the subdu'd, nor stop to her that gains :
I should too barb'rously my Country treat,
If I could be a perfect *Roman* yet.
A little less to one Man's Love resign'd,
To neither City I will be confin'd ;
I fear for both, and whilst their Fate is try'd,
I still will be on the afflicted side ;
Equal to each, whilst they unequal are,
And must their Grief, but not their Glory, share.
For I resolve, in such a sharp Debate,
To mourn the Conquer'd, and the Victor hate.

Jul. How oft does Fortune, with an equal
Blow,
On diff'rent Souls diff'rent Effects bestow !

*Et qu'à nos yeux Camille agit bien autrement !
Son Frère est vostre Epoux, le vostre est son Amant,
Mais elle voit d'un œil bien different du vostre
Son sang dans une Armée, & son amour dans l'autre.*

*Lors que vous conserviez un esprit tout Romain,
Le sien irrésolu, le sien tout incertain,
De la moindre meslée appréhendoit l'orage,
De tous les deux partis détestoit l'avantage,
Au malheur des Vaincus donnoit toujours ses pleurs,
Et nourrissoit ainsi d'éternelles douleurs.
Mais hier quand elle scut qu'on avoit pris journée,
Et qu'enfin la bataille alloit estre donnée,
Une soudaine joye éclatant sur son front —*

*Sab. Ah! que je crains, Julie, un changement si prompt !
Hier dans sa belle humeur elle entretint Valére,
Pour ce Rival sans doute elle quitte mon Frère,
Son esprit ébranlé par les objets présens.
Ne trouve point d'absent aimable après deux ans.
Mais excusez l'ardeur d'une amour fraternelle,
Le soin que j'ay de luy me fait craindre tout d'elle,
Je forme des soupçons d'un trop léger sujet ;
Près d'un jour si funeste on change peu d'objet.
Les ames rarement sont de nouveau blessées,
Et dans un si grand trouble on a d'autres pensées ;
Mais on n'a pas aussi de si doux entretiens,
Ny de contentemens qui soient pareils aux siens.*

*Jul. Les causes comme à vous m'en semblent fort obs-
Je ne me satisfais d'aucunes conjectures. [scures ;*

C'est

How distant is *Camilla's* way from this ?
Your Brother loves her, her's your Husband is,
Yet in each Army, with another Eye,
She can a Lover and a Brother spie :
When in *Rome's* Fortunes you were most involv'd,
She was as much confus'd and unresolv'd :
She fear'd the Storm from ev'ry Cloud would spread,
And the Success of either side did dread :
The most unfortunate she did bemoan,
And whosoe'er prevail'd, she was undone.
But when the Day, she knew, was drawing nigh,
And one great Battel should the Quarrel try,
A sudden Gladness breaking from her Brow —

Sab. Ah *Julia!* how that Joy allarms me now,
Valerius Yesterday she smil'd upon ,
And for his sake, she *Curtius* will disown ;
A nearer Object snatches her Esteem,
And two years absence hath deformed him !
But though my Brother be to me so dear,
By care of him, I must not injure her ;
My groundless Jealousie concludes amiss.
Who can change Love at such a time as this ?
How can a Heart receive a Wound that's new,
When such great Shocks give it so much to do ?
Yet from Joy too, this fatal day deters,
And from Contentments which resemble hers.

Jul. In me it equal Wonder does produce,
Nor do I know what can be her Excuse ;

*C'est assez de constance en un si grand danger
Que de le voir, l'attendre, & ne point s'affliger;
Mais certes c'en est trop d'aller jusqu'à la joie.*

Sab. *Voyez qu'un bon Génie à propos nous l'envoy .
Essayez sur ce point à la faire parler,
Elle vous aime assez pour ne vous rien celer,
Je vous laisse. Ma Sœur, entretenez Julie.
J'ay honte de montrer tant de mélancolie,
Et mon cœur accablé de mille déplaisirs,
Cherche la solitude à cacher ses soupirs.*

S C E N E II.

Camille, Julie.

Cam. *Qu'elle a tort de vouloir que je vous entretien-
Croit-elle ma douleur moins vive que la sienne. [ne!
Et que plus insensible à de si grands malheurs
A mes tristes discours je m'asse moins de pleurs ?
De pareilles frayeurs mon âme est alarmée,
Comme elle je perdray dans l'une & l'autre Armée.
Je verray mon Amant, mon plus unique bien,
Mourir pour son Pays, ou détruire le mien,
Et cet objet d'amour devenir pour ma peine,
Digne de mes soupirs, ou digne de ma haine.
Helas !*

Jul. *Elle est pourtant plus à plaindre que vous.
On peut changer d'Amant, mais non changer d'Epoux,*

Ou-

'Tis Constancy enough, if we can wait
 Without Impatience so severe a Fate ;
 But 'tis too much, if we shall cheerful grow.

Sab. See some good Genius sends her hither now.
 Her Thoughts on this, engage her to reveal ;
 From you her Friendship nothing can conceal ;
 I'll leave you — Sister, talk with *Julia* now,
 For I'm ashamed my Weakness to avow ;
 And so much Sorrow does my Heart invade,
 That I must hide it in some secret Shade. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Julia, Camilla.

Cam. Why does she wish I should with you converse ?
 Does she believe my Trouble less than hers ?
 Or more insensible of this sad Day ,
 Does she conclude I have no Tears to pay ?
 With equal Teravour I am threaten'd too ,
 And I shall lose as much as she can do :
 The Man to whom I did my Heart resign ,
 Must for his Country die, or ruin mine :
 And all that I can love (such is my Fate !)
 Must now deserve my Sorrow or my Hate .

Alas : —

Jul. Yet her Affliction is more strange ,
 We may a Lover not a Husband change ;

Oubliez Curiace, & recevez Valére,
 Vous ne tremblerez plus pour le party contraire,
 Vous serez toute nostre, & vostre esprit remis
 N'aura plus rien à perdre au camp des Ennemis. [mes,

Cam. Donnez-moy des conseils qui soient plus légitimes,
 Et plaignez mes malheurs sans m'ordonner des crimes.
 Quoy qu'à peine à mes maux je puisse résister,
 J'aime mieux les souffrir, que de les mériter.

Jul. Quoy? vous appellez crime un change raisonnable?
 Cam. Quoy? le manque de foy vous semble pardonnables?
 Jul. Envers un Ennemy qui peut nous obliger?
 Cam. D'un serment solennel qui peut nous dégager?
 Jul. Vous déguisez en vain une chose trop claire.
 Je vous vis encor hier entretenir Valére,
 Et l'accueil gracieux qu'il recevoit de vous,
 Luy permet de nourrir un espoir assez doux.

Cam. Si je l'entretins hier & luy fis bon visage,
 N'en imaginez rien qu'à son desavantage;
 De mon contentement un autre étoit l'objet,
 Mais pour sortir d'erreur scachez-en le sujet.
 Je garde à Curiace une amitié trop pure,
 Pour souffrir plus long-temps qu'on m'estime parjure.

Il vous souvient qu'à peine on voyoit de sa Sœur
 Par un heureux hymen mon Frère possesseur,
 Quand pour comble de joye il obtint de mon Père,
 Que de ses chastes feux je serois le salaire.
 Ce jour nous fut propice & funeste à la fois,
 Unissant nos maisons il desunit nos Rois.

Receive *Valerius* Love, *Curtius* forgot,
 And you'll no more the other Side regret;
 But wholly Ours, and recompos'd within,
 You'll nothing have to lose, when *Rome* does win.

Cam. Ah give me Counsel more legitimate,
 Nor teach me with a Crime to shun my Fate;
 For though my tide of Woes I scarce can stem,
 I rather would endure than merit them.

Jul. Can you believe a prudent Change a Fault?

Cam. And can you think a Perjury is not?

Jul. What can engage us to our mortal Foes?

Cam. But what can disengage what Honour owes?

Jul. You would in vain disguise a thing design'd,
 And which *Valerius* yesterday did find;
 For the Reception you to him did give,
 Hath made his late repining Hope revive.

Cam. If to *Valerius* I then paid Respect,
 You nothing thence must for his Hope collect;
 Another Subject did my Joys produce,
 But I your Error now will disabuse;
 And for my *Curtius* keep a Flame too sure,
 Such a Suspicion longer to endure.

You know his Sister was no sooner led,
 By happy Marriage, to my Brother's Bed,
 But that my Father (prest by him) desir'd,
 I should reward the Love I had inspir'd:
 That time produc'd happy and fatal things;
 At once our Marriage, and the War resolv'd,
 Our Hopes created, and those Hopes dissolv'd;

Un mesme instant conclud nostre hymen, & la guerre
 Fit naistre nostre espoir, & le jeta par terre,
 Nous osta tout, si-tost qu'il nous eut tout promis,
 Et nous faisant Amans il nous fit Ennemis.
 Combien nos déplaisirs parurent lors extrèmes!
 Combien contre le Ciel il vomit de blasphèmes,
 Et combien de ruisseaux coulèrent de mes yeux!
 Je ne vous le dis point, vous vistes nos adieux.
 Vous avez veu depuis les troubles de mon ame,
 Vous sçavez pour la Paix quels vœux afaits maflame,
 Et quels pleurs j'ay versez à chaque évenement,
 Tantost pour mon Pays, tantost pour mon Amant.
 Enfin mon desespoir parmy ces longs obstacles
 M'a fait avoir recours à la voix des Oracles.
 Ecoutez si celuy qui me fut hier rendu
 Eut droit de rasseurer mon esprit éperdu.
 Ce Grec si renommé qui depuis tant d'années
 Au pied de l'Aventin prédit nos Destinées,
 Luy qu'Apollon jamais n'a fait parler à faux,
 Me promit par ces Vers la fin de mes travaux.
 Albe & Rome demain prendront une autre face;
 Tes vœux sont exaucez, elles auront la Paix,
 Et tu seras unie avec ton Curiace,
 Sans qu'aucun mauvais sort t'en sépare jamais.
 Je pris sur cet Oracle une entiere assurance,
 Et comme le succès passoit mon esperance,
 J'abandonnay mon ame à des ravissemens,
 Qui passoient les transports des plus heureux Amans.
 Ju-

It promis'd all, and then snatch'd all away,
It makes us Foes, and Lovers, in a day :
How violent our Grief did then appear,
How many Blasphemies Heav'n then did hear,
And from my Eyes how many Rivers fell,
I tell you not, you saw our last Farewell.
The trouble of my Soul you since have seen,
And of my Vows for Peace have Witness been ;
At ev'ry News in my distracted Breast,
My Country and my Lover did contest ;
Toss'd with uncertain thoughts, I fled for Ease
To the Relief of sacred Oracles :
Judge if what yesterday I did obtain,
Might not assure my drooping Heart again ;
That famous Greek who at th' *Aventine* dwells,
And Heav'n's dark Purposes to Men foretels,
He whom *Apollo* never yet betray'd,
By this Reply my stormy Thoughts allay'd.
“ *Alba* and *Rome* to morrow changing face,
“ Shall to thy wish'd-for Peace at last give place ;
“ And to thy *Curtius* thou shalt then be ty'd,
“ So as no Fortune ever shall divide.
I wholly on this Answer did depend,
And finding it my utmost Hopes transcend,
My Soul to Raptures of Contentment flew,
Beyond what happiest Lovers ever knew.

Judge

Jugez de leur excès. Je rencontray Valére,
 Et contre sa coutume il ne put me déplaire.
 Il me parla d'amour sans me donner d'ennuy,
 Je ne m'apperçus pas que je parlois à luy,
 Je ne luy puis montrer de mépris, ny de glace.
 Tout ce que je voyois me sembloit Curiace,
 Tout ce qu'on me disoit me parloit de ses feux,
 Tout ce que je disois l'asseuroit de mes vœux.
 Le combat général aujourd'huy se hazarde,
 J'en fçus hier la nouvelle, & je n'y pris pas garde.
 Mon esprit rejettoit ces funestes objets,
 Charmé des doux pensers d'hymen & de la Paix.
 La nuit a dissipé des erreurs si charmantes ;
 Mille songes affreux, mille images sanglantes,
 Ou plutoist mille amas de carnage & d'horreur
 Mont arracké ma joye, & rendu ma terreur.
 J'ay veu du sang, des morts, & n'ay rien veu de suite.
 Un Spectre en paroissant prenoit soudain la fuite,
 Ils s'effaçoient l'un l'autre, & chaque illusion
 Redoublloit mon effroy par sa confusion.

Jul. C'est en contraire sens qu'un songe s'interprète.
 Cam. Je le doy croire ainsi puisque je le souhaite ;
 Mais je me trouve enfin, malgré tous mes souhaits,
 Au jour d'une Bataille, & non pas d'une Paix :

Jul. Par là finit la guerre, & la Paix luy succede.
 Cam. Dure à jamais le mal s'il y faut ce remède !
 Soit que Rome y succombe, ou qu'Albe ait le dessous,
 Cher Amant, n'attens plus d'estre un jour mon Epoux.

Ja-

Judge of their height ; *Valerius* then I met,
And could ev'n him behold without Regret :
He spoke of Love too, and I that could hear,
And never thought *Valerius* had been there ;
His Courtship could from me no Anger draw,
For ev'ry thing seem'd *Curtius* that I saw.
I thought all Sounds told me how he did burn,
And all my Answers Echo'd my Return.
The gen'ral Field which must to Day be fought,
I yesterday had heard, but minded not ;
My Soul those fatal Objects did reject,
And still on Peace and Marriage did reflect :
But Night those charming Errors has expell'd,
And made my Soul to dreadful Visions yield,
Wherein vast heaps of Horrour, Floods of Gore
Did rob my Joy, and all my Fear restore :
I saw Men dying, and then lost the sight,
A Ghost appear'd, and then it took its flight ;
The fatal Shades each others Shape suppress,
And by Confusion Terrour did increase.

Jul. An opposite Construction Dreams require.

Cam. I would believe what I so much desire ;
But I, and all my Hopes of good Succes,
Find this a day of Battel, not of Peace.

Jul. 'Twill end the War, and then a Peace is sure.

Cam. The Pain is less than such a guilty Cure.
If *Rome*, or *Alba*, must defeated be,
Dear *Curtius* can have no Pretence to me ;

No,

*Jamais, jamais ce nom ne sera pour un homme
Qui soit, ou le vainqueur, ou l'esclave de Rome.*

*Mais quel Objet nouveau se presente en ces lieux;
Est-ce toy, Curiace? en croiray-je mes yeux?*

S C E N E III.

Curiace, Camille, Julie.

Cur. *N'en doutez point, Camille, & revoyez un* [homme,
Qui n'est ny le vainqueur, ny l'esclave de Rome.
Cessez d'apprehender de voir rougir mes mains
Du poids honteux des fers, ou du sang des Romains.
J'ay crû que vous aimiez assez Rome & la gloire,
Pour mépriser ma chaisne, & haïr ma victoire,
Et comme également en cette extrémité
Je craignois la victoire, & la captivité——

Cam. *Curiace, il suffit, je devine le reste.*
Tu fuis une bataille à tes vœux si funeste,
Et ton cœur tout à moy, pour ne me perdre pas,
Dérobe à ton Pays le secours de ton bras.
Qu'un autre considère icy ta renommée,
Et te blasme, s'il veut, de m'avoir trop aimée.
Ce n'est point à Camille à t'en mesestimer,
Plus ton amour paroît, plus elle doit t'aimer,
Et si tu dois beaucoup aux lieux qui t'ont veu naistre,
Pus tu quittes pour moy, plus tu le fais paroistre.
Mais as-tu veu mon Pére, & peut-il endurer
Qu'ainsi dans sa maison tu t'oses retirer?

No, it *Camilla* never can become
 To wed the Conquerour, nor Slave, of *Rome*.
 But what new Object does my sight surprize!
 Is it thee, *Curtius*? may I trust my Eyes?

S C E N E III.

Curtius, Camilla, Julia.

Curt. *Camilla*, doubt it not, that Man is come,
 Neither the Conquerour, nor Slave, of *Rome* ;
 Nor think he could before your Face have stood
 With *Roman* Fetters charg'd, or *Roman* Blood.
 Glory and *Rome* you love at such a rate,
 You would despise my Chain, and Conquest hate;
 And since alike in an Extream so great
 I fear'd a Victory, and a Defeat——

Cam. 'Tis enough *Curtius*, I can guess thy aim,
 Thou fly'st a Field so fatal to thy Flame;
 Rather than me thy am'rous Heart would lose,
 It to thy Country does thy Sword refuse.
 Let others make Reflections on thy Fame,
 And if they please, so great a Passion blame;
 I can no Quarrel have to this Design,
 What most thy Love shews, most obliges mine:
 And if to *Alba* Succour that denies,
 'Tis to make me the greater Sacrifice.
 But hast thou seen my Father? and could he
 Allow his House should thy Retirement be?

Does

Ne préfere-t'il point l'Etat à sa famille ?

Ne regarde-t'il point Rome plus que sa Fille ?

Enfin nostre bonheur est-il bien affermy ?

T'a-t'il vu comme Gendre, ou bien comme Ennemy ?

Cur. *Il m'a veu comme Gendre, avec une tendresse*
Qui témoignoit assez une entière allegresse ;

Mais il ne m'a point veu par une trahison

Indigne de l'honneur d'entrer dans sa maison.

Je n'abandonne point l'intérest de ma Ville,

J'aime encor mon honneur en adorant Camille.

Tant qu'a duré la guerre on m'a veu constamment

Aussi bon Citoyen que véritable Amant.

D'Albe avec mon amour j'accordois la querelle,

Je soupirois pour vous en combatant pour elle ;

Et s'il falloit encor que l'on en vinst aux coups,

Je combattrois pour elle en soupirant pour vous.

Ouy, malgré les desirs de mon ame charmée,

Si la guerre duroit, je seroit dans l'Armée.

C'est la Paix qui chez vous me donne libre accès,

La Paix à qui nos feux doivent ce beau succès.

Cam. *La Paix ! & le moyen de croire un tel miracle ?*

Jul. *Camille, pour le moins croyez-en vostre Oracle,*

Et sachons pleinement par quels heureux effets

L'heure d'une bataille a produit cette paix.

Cur. *L'auroit on jamais crû ? Déjà les deux Armées,*

D'une égale chaleur au combat animées

Se menaçoient des yeux, & marchant fièrement,

N'attendoient pour donner que le commandement,

Quand

Does Policy or Nature him o'ercome?
And which is dearest to him, me, or *Rome*?
And, to assure our Fortune, let me know,
Did he appear a Father, or a Foe?

Curt. With as much Kindness my Approach he
saw

As could be challeng'd by a Son-in-Law:
But me he hath not by a Treason seen,
Which had unworthy his Alliance been.
I quit not *Alba*, by adoring you,
But keep my Passion, and my Honour too;
And all the War, your *Curtius* hath not been
A better Lover than a Citizen;
Nor to his Country's Cause could Love prefer,
But while he sigh'd for you, he fought for her.
And if we must that sad Contest renew,
I still must fight for her, and sigh for you.
Yes, and in spight of all my Passion's charms,
Did the War last, I should be now in Arms.
But a new Peace gives me this free access,
And 'tis to that, we owe this Happiness.

Cam. O! Who can Faith to such a Wonder give?

Jul. At least you may your Oracle believe,
And may discover, by this good Success,
This day of Battel has produc'd a Peace.

Curt. Who could have thought it? The two Armies
met,

And Both to Fight resolv'd with equal heat,

Quand nostre Dictateur devant les rangs s'avance,
 Demande à vostre Prince un moment de silence,
 Et l'ayant obtenu, Que faisons-nous, Romains,
 Dit-il, & quel Démon nous fait venir aux mains?
 Souffrons que la raison éclaire enfin nos ames.
 Nous sommes vos voisins, nos Filles sont vos Femmes,
 Et l'hymen nous a joints par tant & tant de noeuds,
 Qu'il est peu de nos Fils qui ne soient vos Neveux.
 Nous ne sommes qu'un sang & qu'un Peuple en deux
 Pourquoy nous déchirer par des guerres civiles, [Villes,
 Où la mort des Vaincus affoiblit le Vainqueurs,
 Et le plus beau triomphe est arrosé de pleurs?
 Nos Ennemis communs attendent avec joye
 Qu'un des partis défait leur donne l'autre en proye,
 Lassé, demy-rompu, Vainqueur, mais pour tout fruit
 Dénué d'un secours par luy-mesme déruit.
 Ils ont assez long-temps jouy de nos divorces,
 Contr'eux doresnavant joignons toutes nos forces,
 Et noyons dans l'oubly ces petits differens
 Qui de si bons Guerriers font de mauvais Parens:
 Que si l'ambition de commander aux autres
 Fait marcher aujourd'huy vos Troupes & les nostres,
 Pourveu qu'à moins de sang nous voulions l'appaiser,
 Elle nous unira loin de nous diviser.
 Nommons de Combatans pour la cause commune.
 Que chaque Peuple aux siens attache sa fortune,
 Et suivant ce que d'eux ordonnera le Sort,
 Que le foible party prenne loy du plus fort.

Mais

When our Dictator 'twixt both Armies stands,
And a short Audience from your Prince demands.
“ *Romans* (said he then) whence comes all this rage?
“ What fury makes us thus in Arms engage?
“ At least let Reason our Instructor be,
“ Our Daughters are your Wives, your Neighbors we;
“ *Hymen* so much our Union did pursue,
“ That our Sons challenge Grand-Fathers in you:
“ We but one Kindred, and one People are,
“ Why should we tear our selves with Civil War?
“ Where he that Conquers loses too, and wears
“ His noblest Lawrel water'd with his Tears.
“ Our common Foes expect this Bloody Day,
“ That they that win it may become their Prey;
“ Nor can the Guilty Conqu'ror that avoid,
“ Having himself his own Defence destroy'd.
“ They smile to see us thus our Force abuse,
“ Which against them we should more Nobly use:
“ Let us the little Discords then forsake,
“ Which so bad Kinsmen of good Soldiers make.
“ But if a thirst of Empire be the Cause
“ Which either People to this Madness draws,
“ If with less Slaughter that may be supply'd,
“ It will unite us, rather than divide:
“ Let either City Combatants design;
“ And all her Fortune to their Swords resign;
“ And as of them the Gods shall then ordain,
“ Let the weak yield, and let the stronger reign;

Mais sans indignité pour des Guerriers si braves ;
 Qu'ils deviennent Sujets, sans devenir esclaves,
 Sans honte, sans tribut, & sans autre rigueur,
 Que de suivre en tous lieux les drapeaux du Vainqueur.
 Ainsi nos deux Etats ne feront qu'un Empire.

Il semble qu'à ces mots nostre discorde expire,
Chacun jettant les yeux dans un rang ennemy,
Reconnçoit un Beau-frère, un Cousin, un Amy.
Ils s'étonnent comment leurs mains de sang avides
Voloient sans y penser à tant de parricides,
Et font paroître un front couvert tout à la fois
D'horreur pour la bataille, & d'ardeur pour ce choix.
Enfin l'offre s'accepte, & la paix désirée
Sous ces conditions est aussi-tost jurée.

Trois combatront pour tous, mais pour les mieux choisir,
Nos Chefs ont voulu prendre un peu plus de loisir ;
Le vostre est au Senat, le nostre dans sa Tente.

Cam. O Dieux, que ce discours rend mon ame contente !

Cur. Dans deux heures au plus par un commun accord
 Le sort de nos Guerriers reglera nostre sort.
 Cependant tout est libre attendant qu'on les nomme ;
 Rome est dans nostre camp, & nostre camp dans Rome.
 D'un & d'autre costé l'accès étant permis,
 Chacun va renouër avec ses vieux Amis.

Pour moy, ma passion m'a fait suivre vos Frères,
 Et mes desirs ont eu des succès si prospéres,
 Que l'Auteur de vos jours m'a promis à demain
 Le bonheur sans pareil de vous donner la main.

Vous

" But so, as blushes to the Loser sav'd,
" They may subjected be, but not enslav'd,
" And to no Shame, or Tribute, condescend,
" But on the Victor's Standards to attend.
" Thus our two States we way one Empire call.
He said no more, but this affected all :
Each on the hostile Ranks casting his Eyes,
A Friend, a Kinsman, or a Brother spies ;
They wonder how their greedy Anger flew,
In their own Blood their Weapons to embrew ;
And this Reflection on each Brow did write,
Heat for the Choice, and Horrour for the Fight.
At length this Offer through the Squadrons born,
On these Conditions the wish'd Peace was sworn ;
Three fight for each, but the Commanders take
More leisure this important Choice to make :
Ours to the Camp, yours to the Senate went.

Cam. Oh Gods ! how much you study my Content !

Curt. 'Tis the Agreement, that within two hours
Our Champions Fortune must determine Ours :
Till they are nam'd, we freely go and come,
Rome in our Camp is, and our Camp in *Rome* :
And since no Orders now access refuse,
His old Acquaintance ev'ry Man renewes.
I (by my Passion led) your Brothers found,
And my Love since with such Success is crown'd,
That now your Father's word my hope allows ;
We shall to morrow join our Marriage Vows ;

Vous ne deviendrez pas rebelle à sa puissance ?

Cam. *Le devoir d'une Fille est en l'obéissance.*

Cur. *Venez donc recevoir ce doux commandement,
Qui doit mettre le comble à mon contentement.*

Cam. *Je vay suivre vos pas, mais pour revoir mes
Et sçavoir d'eux encor la fin de nos miseres.* [Frères,

Jul. *Allez, & cependant au pied de nos Autels,
J'iray rendre pour vous graces aux Immortels.*

ACTE II. SCENE I.

Horace, Curiace.

C U R I A C E .

Ainsi Rome n'a point séparé son estime,
Elle eust crû faire ailleurs un choix illégitime.
Cette superbe Ville en vos Frères & vous
Trouve les trois Guerriers qu'elle préfère à tous,
Et son illustre ardeur d'osier plus que les autres,
D'une seule maison brave toutes les nostres.
Nous croirons, à la voir toute entière en vos mains,
Que hors les Fils d'Horace il n'est point de Romains.
Ce choix pouvoit combler trois Familles de gloire.
Consacrer hautement leurs noms à la mémoire.
Ouy, l'honneur que resoit la vostre par ce choix
En pouvoit à bon titre immortaliser trois,

Et

You'll not, I trust, dispute what he commands.

Cam. A Daughter's Duty in Obedience stands.

Curt. Come then, that pleasing Order now receive,
Which must an end to all my Suff'rings give.

Cam. I go, in hope my Brothers there to see,
And know the Period of our Misery.

Jul. Be that your way, the Temple shall be mine,
Where, for you both, I'll praise the Pow'rs divine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Horace, and Curtius.

C U R T I U S .

THUS *Rome* hath not divided her Esteem,
Another choice to her unjust would seem.
You, and your Brothers, this proud City calls
The greatest Soldiers that are in her Walls;
And whilst before all, she you three prefers,
She all our Houses braves with one of hers;
And one may think, as this Election runs,
Rome hath no Soldiers, but your Father's Sons.
By this, three Families must raise their Name,
And nobly consecrate themselves to Fame:
Yes, by this Choice we so much Honour see
Giv'n to one House, as might Eternize three;

F f 4

And

*It puisque c'est chez vous que mon heur & ma flamme
M'ont fait placer ma Sœur, & choisir une Femme,
Ce que je vais vous estre, & ce que je vous suis,
Me font y prendre part autant que je le puis.
Mais un autre intérêt tient ma joie en contrainte,
Et parmy ses douceurs mestre beaucoup de crainte.
La guerre en tel éclat a mis vostre valeur
Que je tremble pour Albe, & prévoy son malheur.
Puisque vous combattez, sa perte est assurée,
En vous faisant nommer le Destin l'a jurée,
Je voy trop dans ce choix ses funestes projets,
Et me compte déjà pour un de vos Sujets.*

[Rome,

*H o r . Loin de trembler pour Albe, il vous faut plaindre
Voyant ceux qu'elle oublie, & les trois qu'elle nomme.
C'est un aveuglement pour elle bien fatal,
D'avoir tant à choisir, & de choisir si mal.
Mille de ses Enfans beaucoup plus dignes d'elle
Pouvoient bien mieux que nous soutenir sa querelle;
Mais quoy que ce combat me promette un cercueil,
La gloire de ce choix m'ensest d'un juste orgueil.
Mon esprit en conçoit une mestre assurance,
J'ose espérer beaucoup de mon peu de vaillance,
Et du Sort envieux quels que soient les projets,
Je ne me compte point pour un de vos Sujets.
Rome a trop crû de moy, mais mon ame ravie
Remplira son attente, ou quittera la vie.
Qui veut mourir ou vaincre est vaincu rarement;
Ce noble desespoir pérît malaisément.*

Rome,

And since in yours, my Fortune and my Flame
Hath plac'd a Sister, and a Wife does claim,
You justly may expect Concerns in me,
From what I am, and what I am to be:
But yet another Reason does constrain
My Joy, and mingles with it much of Pain;
For your fam'd Courage to that pitch is flown,
That *Alba's* Fall already I bemoan.
Her loss is certain now; and naming you,
Ev'n Destiny her self hath sworn it too.
In this Election I read *Alba's* doom,
And count my self a Subject now of *Rome*.

Hor. 'Tis *Rome*, not *Alba*, your Compassion claims,
Viewing whom she rejects, and whom she names;
Her partial Favour may her Fortune lose,
Who having so much choice, so ill does chuse:
A thousand braver Sons she had than we,
Who might with more success her Champions be.
But though my Ruin in this Choice I find,
With noble Pride it elevates my Mind;
My Heart's Assurance gathers mighty scope,
And from my little Courage, much I hope;
Which howsoever Fate intends to treat,
I cannot think my self your Subject yet:
Rome hopes too well of me, and therefore I
Will answer that great Trust, or for it dye.
He that will dye, or vanquish, seldom fails;
That brave Despair most commonly prevails;

How

*Rome, quoy qu'il en soit, ne sera point Sujette,
Que mes derniers soupirs n'asseurent ma défaite.*

*Cur. Hélas ! c'est bien icy que je dois estre plaint.
Ce que veut mon Pays, mon amitié le craint.*

*Dures extremitez, de voir Albe asservie,
Ou sa victoire au prix d'une si chére vie,
Et que l'unique bien où tendent ses desirs,
S'achére seulement par vos derniers soupirs !*

*Quels vœux puis-je former, & quel bonheur attendre ?
De tous les deux costez j'ay des pleurs à repandre,
De tous les deux costez mes desirs sont trahis.*

*Hor. Quoy ! vous me pleureriez mourant pour mon Pays !
Pour un cœur généreux ce trépas a des charmes.
La gloire qui le suit ne souffre point de larmes,
Et je le recevrois en benissant mon sort,
Si Rome & tout l'Etat perdoient moins en ma mort.*

*Cur. A vos Amis pourtant permettez de le craindre,
Dans un si beau trépas ils sont les seuls à plaindre,
La gloire en est pour vous, & la perte pour eux,
Il vous fait immortel, & les rend malheureux,
On perd tout quand on perd un Amy si fidelle.
Mais Flavian m'apporte icy quelque nouvelle. .*

SCENE

How e'er it be, she never shall obey,
Till my last Gasp says, I have lost the Day.

Curt. Alas! my Fortune only calls for Tears,
Since what my Country hopes, my Friendship fears.
Cruel extreams! *Alba* must be subdu'd,
Or else her Triumph with your Blood embrew'd,
And all the Glory for which she has fought,
Can only with so dear a Life be bought!
What can I wish, or what Event desire,
Since either so much Sorrow will require?
And ev'ry way I see my Hopes deny'd.

Hor. Would you regret me, if for *Rome* I dy'd?
A Death so noble, lovely does appear,
And is too Glorious to endure a Tear:
Nay I should court it, and my Ruin blefs,
If *Rome* by my Defeat would suffer less.

Curt. But yet you may allow your Friends to fer
What will to them at least be so severe;
They suffer in your Glory, and one Fate
Makes you Immortal, them unfortunate.
He loses all, who such a Friend must lose.
But hither *Flavius* comes, and brings us News.
Hath *Alba*'s Council yet her Champions chose?

S C E N E II.

Horace, Curiace, Flavian.

Cur. *Albe de trois Guerriers a-t'elle fait le choix?*

Flav. *Je viens pour vous l'apprendre.*

Cur. *Et bien, qui sont les trois?*

Flav. *Vos deux Frères & vous.*

Cur. *Qui?*

Flav. *Vous, & vos deux Frères.*

*Mais pourquoi ce front triste, & ces regards sévères?
Ce choix vous déplaist-il?*

Cur. *Non, mais il me surprend;
Je m'estimois trop peu pour un honneur si grand.*

Flav. *Diray-je au Dictateur, dont l'ordre icy m'envoye,
Que vous le recevez avec si peu de joie?
Ce morne & froid accueil me surprend à mon tour.*

Cur. *Dis-luy que l'amitié, l'alliance, & l'amour,
Ne pourront empêcher que les trois Curiaces
Ne servent leur Pays contre les trois Horaces.*

Flav. *Contre eux ! ah, c'est beaucoup me dire en peu de mots.*

Cur. *Porte-luy ma réponse, & nous laisse en repos.*

S C E N E III.

Horace, Curiace.

Cur. *Que desormais le Ciel, les Enfers, & la Terre
Unissent leurs fureurs à nous faire la guerre,*

Que

S C E N E II.

Horace, Curtius, Flavius.

Flav. I come to tell you.

Curt. Well, and who are those?

Flav. You, and your Brothers.

Curt. Who?

Flav. Ev'n they, and you:

But why so stern, and so unpleas'd a Brow?

Does this offend you?

Curt. No, but does surprize;
The Honour much above my Merit flies.

Flav. Must the Dictator (who me hither sent)
Be told you hear it with this Discontent?
This cold Reception me too does surprize.

Curt. Tell him, in spight of Love's and Friendship's
Yet *Curtius*, and his Brothers, mean to fight [ties,
Against the *Horaces*, for *Alba*'s Right.

Flav. Against them! 'tis too much! but tell me how.

Curt. Carry my Answer back, and leave me now.

[*Exit Flavius.*]

S C E N E III.

Horace, and Curtius.

Curt. Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, now all engage
To act against us their united Rage;

Let

*Que les Hommes, les Dieux, les Démons, & le Sort
Préparent contre un général effort ;
Je mets à faire pis en l'état où nous sommes
Le Sort, & les Démons, & les Dieux, & les Hommes.
Ce qu'ils ont de cruel, & d'horrible, & d'affreux, [deux :
L'est bien moins que l'honneur qu'on nous fait à tous*

*Hor. Le Sort qui de l'honneur nous ouvre la barrière
Offre à nostre constance une illustre matière.*

*Il épuise sa force à former un malheur,
Pour mieux se mesurer avec nostre valeur,
Et comme il voit en nous des ames peu communes,
Hors de l'ordre commun il nous fait des fortunes.*

*Combattre un Ennemy pour le salut de tous,
Et contre un Inconnu s'exposer seul aux coups,
D'une simple vertu c'est l'effet ordinaire.
Mille déjà l'ont fait, mille pourroient le faire.
Mourir pour le pays est un si digne sort,
Qu'on brigueroit en foule une si belle mort.
Mais vouloir au public immoler ce qu'on aime,
S'attacher au combat contre un autre soy-mesme,
Attaquer un party qui prend pour défenseur
La Frère d'une Femme, & l'Amant d'une Sœur,
Et rompant tous ces noeuds s'armer pour la Patrie,
Contre un sang qu'on voudroit racheter de savie,
Une telle vertu n'appartenoit qu'à nous.
L'éclat de son grand nom luy fait peu de jaloux,
Et peu d'hommes au cœur l'ont assez imprimée,
Pour oser aspirer à tant de renommée.*

Let Gods, and Men, and Fate, and Devils too,
Prepare against us all that they can do;
Yet to reduce us to a worse Estate,
I dare defie Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, and Fate:
Horrour it self hath somewhat less severe,
Than this our dismal Honour does appear.

Hor. Fortune hath careful of our Glory been,
And gives a noble Scene to shew it in;
Laboriously she forms us a Distress
Somewhat proportion'd to our Courages:
No vulgar thought she does in us survey,
And therefore treats us in no common way.
For publick Safety to attack a Foe,
And singly fight a Man we do not know,
Is what a vulgar Virtue may beget,
Thousands have done it, and may do it yet;
Who would not for their Country lose their Breath?
Nay would not factious grow for such a Death?
But to resign her all that can be dear,
And from our Bosoms half our Hearts to tear;
With a destructive Fury to pursue
A Sister's Lover, a Wife's Brother too,
And breaking all these knots, to fight with him,
Whose Life we would, with our own Blood, redeem;
This is a Virtue only fit for us,
And for which few will be sollicitous:
Few Men have Hearts of that exalted frame,
That dare at such a rate pretend to Fame.

Cur Il est vray que nos noms ne sçauroient plus périr,
 L'occasion est belle, il nous la faut chérir.
 Nous serons les miroirs d'une vertu bien rare ;
 Mais vostre fermeté tient un peu du barbare.
 Peu, mesme des grands cœurs, tireroient vanité
 D'aller par ce chemin à l'immortalité.
 A quelque prix qu'on mette une telle fumée,
 L'obscurite vaut mieux que tant de renommée.

Pour moy, je l'ose dire, & vous l'avez pu voir,
 Je n'ay point consulté pour suivre mon devoir.
 Nostre longue amitié, l'amour, ny l'alliance,
 N'ont pu mettre un moment mon esprit en balance,
 Et puisque par ce choix Albe montre en effet
 Qu'elle m'estime autant que Rome vous a fait,
 Je croy faire pour elle autant que vous pour Rome,
 J'ay le cœur aussi bon, mais enfin je suis homme.
 Je voy que vostre honneur demande tout mon sang,
 Que tout le mien consiste à vous percer le flanc,
 Prest d'épouser la Sœur qu'il faut tuer le Frere,
 Et que pour mon Pays j'ay le Sort si contraire,
 Encor qu'à mon devoir je courre sans terreur,
 Mon cœur s'en effarouche, & j'en frémis d'horreur,
 J'ay pitié de moy-mesme, & jette un œil d'envie,
 Sur ceux dont nostre guerre a consumé la vie,
 Sans souhait toutefois de pouvoir reculer.
 Ce triste & fier honneur m'emeut sans m'ébranler.
 J'aime ce qu'il me donne, & je plains ce qu'il m'oste ;
 Et si Rome demande une vertu plus haute,

Je

Curt. 'Tis true, time never shall our Names deface,
And we the brave Occasion must embrace;
Of a rare Virtue we shall Mirrors be,
But yours seems somewhat barbarous to me:
There are not many Heroes would grow vain,
By this harsh way, Eternity to gain.
How much soe'er you prize that empty noise,
Obscurity were now the better choice:
I dare avow it, and you might have seen
I have not doubtful in my Duty been:
Nor could my Friendship, nor my Love prevail,
To hold my Mind in an uncertain Scale.
But since my Country by her Vote does shew
She values me, as much as yours does you;
I hope to do, what you, or dare, or can,
My Heart's as great, but I am still a Man.
I see my Death alone your Fame secures,
And that my Honour lies in acting yours;
I must shed Blood, with which I would combine,
So crofs are all my Country's Stars to mine:
Though no weak terror can my Heart dissuade;
Yet dismal horrour does it now invade;
I mourn my Fate, and envy theirs that are
Already swallow'd by this greedy War.
I would not call this sad, fierce Honour back,
Which can't o'erthrow the Heart is does attack;
What I gain thence I like, mourn what I miss,
And if Rome calls for firmer Thoughts than this,

*Je rens graces aux Dieux de n'estre pas Romain,
Pour conserver encor quelque chose d'humain.*

*Hor. Si vous n'estes Romain, soyez digne de l'estre,
Et si vous m'égalez, faites-le mieux paroistre.*

*La solide vertu dont je fais vanité
N'admet point de foibleſſe avec fa fermeté,
Et c'eſt mal de l'honneur entrer dans la carrière,
Que dès le premier pas regarder en arrière.
N'eſtre malheur eſt grand, il eſt au plus haut point,
Je l'envisage entier, mais je n'en frémis point.
Contre qui que ce soit que mon Pays m'employe,
J'accepte aveuglément cette gloire avec joye.
Celle de recevoir de tels commandemens
Doit étouffer en nous tous autres ſentimens,
Qui près de le servir considère autre chose,
A faire ce qu'il doit laſchement fe dispose;
Ce droit saint & sacré rompt tout autre lien.
Rome a choisi mon bras, je n'examine rien.
Avec une allegrefſſe aussi pleine & ſincère,
Que j'épousay la Sœur, je combattray le Frére,
Et pour trancher enfin ces diſcours ſuperfluſs,
Albe vous a nommé, je ne vous connoy plus.*

*Cur. Je vous connois encor, & c'eſt ce qui me tue;
Mais cette aspre vertu ne m'étoit pas connue,
Comme nostre malheur elle eſt au plus haut point.*

Souffrez que je l'admire, & ne l'imité point. [trainte,

*Hor. Non, non, n'embrassez pas de vertu par con-
Et puisque vous trouvez plus de charme à la plainte,
En*

I thank the Gods that I no *Roman* am,
Lest all things humane I should then disclaim.

Hor. Though you're no *Roman*, yet deserve to be,
And better shew how much you equal me;
That solid Virtue which I make my boast,
By any weaker Tincture would be lost :
His race of Honour is but ill design'd,
Who at first start begins to look behind ;
Our Suff'ring to the highest pitch is brought,
I can see through it, but I tremble not.
Where-e'er my Country will my Arm employ,
I must accept it with implicit Joy ;
The Glory of receiving such Commands,
Ev'ry reflection but it self withstands ;
He who room then for other Thoughts can find,
Does what he ought with too remiss a Mind ;
That sacred tie must others uncreate,
Rome arming me, I nothing must debate ;
Nor did I wed thy Sister with more joy,
Than now I'll seek her Brother to destroy :
And this superfluous Language to give o'er,
You're *Alba*'s choice, nor must I know you more.

Curt. Yet, to my torment, I must still know you,
But this rough Virtue yet I never knew ;
And in this sad extremity of Fate,
Let me admire it, but not imitate.

Hor. No, no, embrace not Virtue by constraint,
And since you find such pleasure in Complaint,

*En toute liberté goûtez un bien si doux,
Voicy venir ma Sœur pour se plaindre avec vous.
Je vay revoir la vostre, & resoudre son ame
A se bien souvenir qu'elie est toujours ma Femme,
A vous aimer encor, si je meurs par vos mains,
Et prendre en son malheur des sentimens Romains.*

S C E N E IV.

Horace, Curiace, Camille.

Hor. *Avez-vous su l'état qu'on fait de Curiace,
Ma Sœur ?*

Cam. *Hélas ! mon sort a bien changé de face.*

Hor. *Armez-vous de constance, & montrez-vous ma
Et si par mon trépas il retourne Vainqueur, [Sœur,
Ne le recevez point en meurtrier d'un Frère,
Mais en homme d'honneur qui fait ce qu'il doit faire,
Qui sert bien son Pays, & sait montrer à tous
Par sa haute vertu qu'il est digne de vous ;
Comme si je vivois,achevez l'hyménée.
Mais si ce fer aussi tranche sa Destinée,
Faites à ma victoire un pareil traitement,
Ne me reprochez point la mort de vostre Amant.
Vos larmes vont couler, & vostre cœur se presse.
Consumez avec lui toute cette foibleffe,
Querellez Ciel & Terre, & maudissez le Sort,
Mais après le combat ne pensez plus au Mort. [elle,
[à Curiace.] Je ne vous laisseray qu'un moment avec
Puis nous irons ensemble où l'honneur nous appelle.*

SCENE

Freely enjoy it; and for your content,
My Sister comes to help you to lament:
I'll visit yours, and hope to make her know
What gen'rous things becomes my Wife to do;
That if I fall, she may to you be kind,
And bear her Sorrows with a *Roman* Mind.

S C E N E IV.

Horace, Curtius, Camilla.

Hor to *Cam*. Know you how glorious *Curtius* is to be?

Cam. Alas! how treacherous is my Destiny!

Hor. Now by your Constancy your Birth confess,
And if my Death allows him the Success,
Let him not be your Brother's Murth'rer thought,
But a brave Man that does but what he ought,
Who serves his Country nobly, and does shew
By that great way how much he merits you;
Conclude your Match, as if I were alive:
But if this Sword shall him of Life deprive,
My Conquest then with equal candour use,
Nor of your Lover's death my hand accuse,
I see your Grief by your approaching Tears,
Exhale with him your Sorrows and your Fears;
Quarrel with Heav'n and Earth, of Fate complain,
But, the fight done, no more regret the slain.
You but a minute must with her bestow, [*To Curtius*.
And then, where Honour calls us, let us go.

H O R A C E.
S C E N E V.

Curiace, Camille.

Cam. *Iras-tu, Curiace, & ce funeste honneur
Te plaist-il aux dépens de tout nostre bonheur?*

Cur. *Hélas! je voy trop bien qu'il faut, quoy que je fasse,
Mourir, ou de douleur, ou de la main d'Hørace.*

*Je vay comme au supplice à cet illustre employ,
Je maudis mille fois l'état qu'on fait de moy ;
Je hay cette valeur qui fait qu'Albe m'estime,
Ma flame au desespoir passe jusques au crime,
Elle se prend au Ciel, & l'ose quereller,
Je vous plains, je me plains, mais il y faut aller.*

Cam. *Non, je te connois mieux, tu veux que je te prie,
Et qu'ainsi mon pouvoir t'excuse à ta Patrie.
Tu n'ès que trop fameux par tes autres exploits ;
Albe a receu par eux tout ce que tu luy dois.
Autre n'a mieux que toy soutenu cette guerre,
Autre de plus de morts n'a couvert nostre terre,
Ton nom ne peut plus croistre, il ne luy manque rien.
Souffre qu'un autre icy puisse ennoblir le sien.*

Cur. *Que je souffre à mes yeux qu'on ceigne une autre
Des lauriers immortels que la gloire m'apreste, [teste
Ou que tout mon Pays reproche à ma vertu
Qu'il auroit triomphé, si j'avois combattu,
Et que sous mon amour ma valeur endormie
Couronne tant d'exploits d'une telle infamie !
Non, Albe, après l'honneur que j'ay receu de toy,
Tu ne succomberas, ny vaincras, que par moy.*

Tu

S C E N E V.

Camilla, Curtius.

Cam. But wilt thou go, and this sad Fame possess
At the expence of all our Happiness?

Curt. Alas! whate'er I do, I find that I
Must by my Grief, if not by *Horace*, die;
But as my Torture I this Honour see,
And curse the Favour *Alba* does to me;
I hate that Courage which she so esteems,
Nay my despairing Passion impious seems,
And dares accuse the gods for all this Woe,
I mourn our Fortune, but yet I must go.

Cam. No, thou would'st have me all my Int'rest use,
And thee to *Alba* by my Pow'r excuse:
Thy former Acts have thee so famous made,
That to thy Country all thy Debts are paid;
None better hath than thou the War upheld,
Nor with more Deaths cover'd the guilty field.
Thy Name can be no greater than it is,
Suffer some other now t'ennoble his.

Curt. What, shall my Eyes another's Temples see
Bound with those Lawrels Fame prepares for me?
Or by Posterity shall it be thought,
Alba had conquer'd, if I would have fought?
No, since to me she dares entrust her Doom,
She shall by me or fall, or overcome:

*Tu m'as commis ton sort, je t'en rendray bon compte,
Et vivray sans reproche, ou périray sans honte.*

Cam. *Quoy! tu ne veux pas voir qu'ainsi tu me trahis!*

Cur. *Avant que d'estre à vous je suis à mon Pays.*

Cam. *Mais te priver pour luy toy-mesme d'un Beau-
Ta Sœur de son Mary!* [frère,

Cur. *Telle est nostre misére.*

Le choix d'Albe & de Rome oſte toute douceur

Aux noms jadis si doux de Beau-frére & de Sœur.

Cam. *Tu pourras donc, cruel, me presenter sa teste,
Et demander ma main pour prix de ta conquête?*

Cur. *Il n'y faut plus penser, en l'état où je suis
Vous aimer sans espoir c'est tout ce que je puis.*

Vous en pleurez, Camille?

Cam. *Il faut bien que je pleure,
Mon insensible Amant ordonne que je meure,
Et quand l'hymen pour nous allume son flambeau,
Il l'éteint de sa main, pour m'ouvrir le tombeau.
Ce cœur impitoyable à ma perte s'obstine,
Et dit qu'il m'aime encor, alors qu'il m'assassine.*

Cur. *Que les pleurs d'une Amante ont de puissans dif-
Et qu'un bel œil est fort avec un tel secours!* [cours,
*Que mon cœur s'attendrit à cette triste vüe!
Ma constance contre elle à regret s'évertue.*

*N'attaquez plus ma gloire avec tant de douleurs,
Et laissez-moy sauver ma vertu de vos pleurs.
Je sens qu'elle chancelle, & défend mal la place,
Plus je suis vostre Amant, moins je suis Curiace.
Foible*

A good account I'll of her Fortune give,
And die with Honour, or with Conquest live.

Cam. But to betray me then thy Love endures!

Curt. I was my Country's, e'er I could be yours.

Cam. Wilt thou thy Sister's Misery create,
And widow her?—

Curt. Such is my cruel Fate;
Brother and Sister, names so sweet before,
By *Alba*'s choice, and *Rome*'s, are so no more.

Cam. Wilt thou present me with my Brother's Head,
And on that step mount to the Bridal Bed?

Curt. All I dare think (so dear my Fame will cost)
Is still to love, though all my hope be lost.

You weep my Dear—

Cam. How can I Tears avoid,
Who by my cruel Lover am destroy'd?
When *Hymen* would his kindled Torch have lent,
He puts out that, to dig my Monument;
This savage Heart my Ruin can decree,
And says he loves, when yet he murthers me.

Curt. How eloquent are Tears from Eyes we love!
How strong does Beauty with that succour prove!
My Heart dissolves at such a mournful sight,
Nor against that can all my Virtue fight:
Strike not my Fame in this subduing shape,
But let my Honour from your Tears escape;
I feel it shake, and scarce defend the place,
For *Curtius* to the Lover yields apace;

With

*Foible d'avoir déjà combattu l'amitié,
Vaincroit-elle à la fois, l'amour & la pitié?
Allez, ne m'aimez plus, ne versez plus de larmes,
Ou j'oppose l'offense à de si fortes armes ;
Je me défendray mieux contre vostre courroux,
Et pour le mériter, je n'ay plus d'yeux pour vous.
Vangez-vous d'un ingrat, punissez un volage.
Vous ne vous montrez point sensible à cét outrage !
Je n'ay plus d'yeux pour vous, vous en avez pour moy !
En faut-il plus encor ? je renonce à ma foy.*

*Rigoureuse vertu dont je suis la victime,
Ne peux-tu résister sans le secours d'un crime ?
Cam. Ne fay point d'autre crime, & j'atteste les Dieux
Qu'au lieu de t'en haîr, je t'en aimeray mieux ;
Ouy, je te chériray tout ingrat & perfide,
Et cesse d'aspirer au nom de fratricide.
Pourquoy suis-je Romaine, ou que n'es-tu Romain ?
Je te préparerois des lauriers de ma main,
Je t'encouragerois au lieu de te distraire,
Et je te traiterois comme j'ay fait mon Frère.
Helas ! j'étois aveugle en mes vœux aujourd'huy,
J'en ay fait contre toy, quand j'en ay fait pour luy.
Il revient ; quel malheur, si l'amour de sa Femme
Ne peut non plus sur luy que le mien sur ton ame !*

SCENE

With Friendship it hath had enough to do,
And must it strive with Love, and Pity too?
Go, love me not, nor one Tear more expose
For him that dares offend such Charms as those;
I better with your Anger should have fought,
And, to deserve it all, I love you not:
Punish this treacherous, this ingrateful Heart;
At such an Injury do you not start?
I do not love you, can you me endure?
Needs there more yet? my Faith I here abjure.
O! rigid Virtue! at whose Shrine I fall,
Must thou a Crime to thy assistance call?

Cam. Commit no more, and I the gods attest,
My Love shall not be lessen'd, but enreas'd,
My Kindness shall ev'n in thy Falshood live,
All but a Brother's death I can forgive:
Why am I *Roman*? or why art thou none?
That I my self might put thy Lawrels on;
I should thy Valour heighten, not forbid,
And threat thee just as I my Brother did:
But ah! how blind I now those Vows esteem,
Since against thee were all I made for him!
But he returns, O! may *Sabina* be
More prevalent with him, than I'm with thee.

S C E N E VI.

Horace, Curiace, Sabine, Camille.

*Cur. Dieux ! Sabine le suit ! Pour ébranler mon cœur
Est-ce peu de Camille, y joignez-vous ma Sœur,
Et laissant à ses pleurs vaincre ce grand courage,
L'amenez-vous icy chercher mesme avantage ?*

*Sab. Non, non, mon Frère, non, je ne viens en ce lieu
Que pour vous embrasser, & pour vous dire adieu.
Vostre sang est trop bon, n'en craignez rien de lasche,
Rien dont la fermeté de ces grands cœurs se fasche.
Si ce malheur illustre ébranloit l'un de vous,
Je le desavoûrois pour Frere ou pour Epoux.
Pourray je toutefois vous faire une prière,
Digne d'un tel Epoux, & digne d'un tel Frère ?
Je veux d'un coup si noble oster l'impiété,
A l'honneur qui l'attend rendre sa pureté,
La mettre en son éclat sans mestrange de crimes,
Enfin je vous veux faire ennemis legitimes.*

*Du saint nœud qui vous joint je suis le seul lien,
Quand je ne seray plus, vous ne vous serez rien.
Brisez vostre alliance, & rompez-en la chaisne,
Et puisque vostre honneur veut des effets de haine,
Achetez par ma mort le droit de vous hair.
Albe le veut & Rome, il faut leur obeir.
Qu'un de vous deux me tuë, & que l'autre me vange ;
Alors vostre combat n'aura plus rien d'étrange,*

Et

S C E N E VI.

Curtius, Camilla, Horace, Sabina.

Curt. *Sabina* too! my Heart to undermine,
And with *Camilla* must you, Sister, join?
Leaving her Tears her Brother to attack,
Hope you by yours to call my Purpose back?

Sab. No Brother, no, I only visit you
To give you my Embrace and last adieu;
Your Blood's too good, nor need you apprehend
From me what can your great Resolves offend;
If either were by this brave shock o'erthrown,
He that first yielded, I should first disown.
But may not I one favour beg of you,
Worthy this Brother, and this Husband too?
I wish your Quarrel might less impious grow,
And would refine the Glory of the Blow,
That, free from Guilt, it might no Splendour miss,
I would fain make you lawful Enemies:
I the sole Link am of your sacred knot,
Which will unty, as soon as I am not;
Break then the Chain whence that Alliance grows,
And since your Honour now will have you Foes,
Buy, by my Death, right to each others hate,
And *Rome*'s and *Alba*'s Vote legitimate;
Your hand destroying, his revenging me,
Your Combat will appear no Prodigy;

And

Et du moins l'un des deux sera juste agresseur,
 Ou pour vanger sa Femme, ou pour vanger sa Sœur.
 Mais quoy? vous souilleriez une gloire si belle,
 Si vous vous animiez par quelque autre querelle;
 Le zéle du Pays vous défend de tels soins,
 Vous feriez peu pour luy si vous vous étiez moins.
 Il luy faut, & sans haine, immoler un Beau frére.
 Ne differez donc plus ce que vous devez faire;
 Commencez par sa Sœur à répandre son sang,
 Commencez par sa Femme à luy percer le flanc,
 Commencez par Sabine à faire de vos vies
 Un digne sacrifice à vos chères Patries;
 Vous êtes ennemis en ce combat fameux,
 Vous d'Albe, vous de Rome, & moy de toutes deux.
 Quoy? me réservez-vous à voir une victoire,
 Où pour haut appareil d'une pompeuse gloire,
 Je verray les lauriers d'un Frére, ou d'un Mary
 Fumer encor d'un sang que j'auray tant chery?
 Pourray-je entre vous deux régler alors mon ame?
 Satisfaire aux devoirs, & de Sœur, & de Femme?
 Embrasser le Vainqueur en pleurant le Vaincu?
 Non, non, avant ce coup Sabine aura vécu,
 Ma mort le préviendra, de qui qu' je l'obtiennie,
 Le refus de vos mains y condamne la mienne.
 Sus donc; qui vous retient? Allez. cœurs inhumains,
 J'auray trop de moyens pour y forcer vos mains.
 Vous ne les aurez point au combat occupées
 Que ce corps au milieu n'arreste vos épées,

Et

And one at least will justly stake his Life,
That he may right his Sister, or his Wife:
But what? you think your Fame would be less bright,
If for another quarrel you should fight;
Your Country's cause will no new heats admit,
Did you love less, you would act less for it.
A Brother you must kill, a lov'd one too,
Well then, defer not what you ought to do;
But by his Sister him begin to kill,
Or by his Wife his Blood begin to spill;
And by *Sabina's* Blood, if her you prize,
Make your own Lives the braver Sacrifice:
You are a Foe to *Rome*, to *Alba* you,
And my Aversion to them both is due.
What must I live to such a Victory,
Whose highest triumph will but let me see
A Brother, or a Husband Lawrels wear,
Reeking with Blood that is to me so dear?
How shall I then decide my inward strife,
Or well express the Sister and the Wife?
The Conqueror embrace, the conquer'd grieve?
No, no, *Sabina's* Death shall her relieve,
From whomsoe'er my Grief that blow procures,
And my hands must bestow it, if not yours.
Go then, what does your savage hearts restrain,
Against your will, I my desire shall gain,
For you no sooner shall begin your blows,
But you shall see this Bosom interpose:

Nor

*Et malgré vos refus il faudra que leurs coups
Se fassent jour icy pour aller jusqu'à vous.*

Hor. *O ma Femme!*

Cur. *O ma Sœur!*

Cam. *Courage, ils s'amolissent.*

Sab. *Vous poussez des soupirs, vos visages pâlissent!
Quelle pour vous faisit? sont-ce-là ces grands cœurs,
Ces Héros qu'Albe & Rome ont pris pour défenseurs?*

Hor. *Que t'ay-je fait, Sabine, & quelle est mon offense?
Qui t'oblige à chercher une telle vengeance?
Que t'a fait mon honneur, & par quel droit viens-tu
Avec toute ta force attaquer ma vertu?
Du moins contente-toy de l'avoir étonnée,
Et me laisse achever cette grande journée.
Tu me viens de réduire en un étrange point,
Aime assez ton Mary pour n'en triompher point;
Va-t'en, & ne rens plus la victoire douteuse.
La dispute déjà m'en est assez honteuse,
Souffre qu'avec honneur je termine mes jours.*

Sab. *Va, cesse de me craindre, on vient à ton secours.*

S C E N E VII.

Le vieil Horace, Horace, Curiace, Sabine, Camille.

Le vieil Hor. *Qu'est-ce-cy, mes Enfans? écoutez-
vous vos flames,
Et perdez-vous encor le temps avec des Femmes?*

Prefts

Nor shall your impious Swords your Rage pursue,
Unless through me they make their way to you.

Hor. O Wife !

Curt. O Sister !

Cam. Courage ! they dissolve !

Sab. What, can you sigh ? paleness your cheek involve ?
What makes you shrink ? are these the Hearts so brave,
Who in their hands the Fates of Empire have ?

Hor. Tell me, *Sabina*, what thy quarrel is,
That could deserve so sharp Revenge as this !
Or against thee, what could my Honour do,
That thou shouldst it so cruelly pursue ?
But be content t'have forc'd it to a Bay,
And let me finish this important Day ;
Thou hast o'er me a strange advantage got,
But, as thou lov'st thy Husband, triumph not ;
Go then, a doubtful Victory were here unfit,
'Tis shame enough to have dispatched it.
O let me bravely end my Days at least.

Sab. Go, fear not me, thy Party is encreas'd.

S C E N E VII.

Old Horace, and all the rest.

Old Hor. How's this, my Sons ? trifling with Wo-
mens Charms,
When *Rome* and *Alba* call you to your Arms ?

Hh

You

*Prests à verser du sang, regardez-vous des pleurs ?
Furez, & laissez-les déplorer leurs malheurs.
Leurs plaintes ont pour vous trop d'art & de tendresse,
Elles vous feroient part enfin de leur foiblesse,
Et ce n'est qu'en fuyant qu'on pare de tels coups.*

*Sab. N'apprehendez rien d'eux, ils sont dignes de vous.
Malgré tous nos efforts vous en devez attendre
Ce que vous souhaitez, & d'un Fils, & d'un Gendre,
Et si nostre foiblesse ébranloit leur honneur,
Nous vous laissons ici pour leur rendre du cœur.*

*Allons, ma Sœur, allons, ne perdons plus de larmes,
Contre tant de vertus ce sont de foibles armes,
Ce n'est qu'au desespoir qu'il nous faut recourir.
Tigres, allez combattre, & nous allons mourir.*

S C E N E VIII.

Le viel Horace, Horace, Curiace.

*Hor. Mon Père, retenez des Femmes qui s'emportent,
Et de grace, empeschez surtout qu'elles ne sortent.
Leur amour importun viendroit avec éclat
Par des cris & des pleurs troubler nostre combat,
Et ce qu'elles nous font feroit qu'avec justice
On nous imputeroit ce mauvais artifice.
L'honneur d'un si beau choix seroit trop acheté,
Si l'on nous soupçonoit de quelque lâcheté.*

*Le vieil Hor. J'en auray soin, allez, vos Freres vous
attendent,
Ne pensez qu'aux devoirs que vos Pays demandent.*

Cur.

You must shed Blood, then why should Tears surprize?
But shun th' infectious Sorrow of their Eyes:
For if you stay, their cunning tenderness
Will on you both obtain the first success;
And in such Wars to flie is to subdue.

Sab. Fear nothing, Sir, they are too worthy you.
In spight of us, you in them both shall see,
All that your Son, and Son-in-law should be;
If our Tears could an Impression give,
We'll them to your severer Virtue leave.
Come Sister, come, let's no more, Sorrow lose
These Rocks will still resist such floods as those;
'Tis to Despair alone that we must flie;
Go Tygers fight, we'll find a way to die.

SCENE VIII.

Old Horace, Young Horace, Curtius.

Young Hor. Sir, by your Prudence their Escape pre-
Or they'll pursue us with their Discontent, (vent,
And with a noise unwelcome and abrupt,
Their Love and Grief our Fight will interrupt;
Which may give Envy a pretence to stick
Upon our Names, that poor and crafty trick:
And our great choice would be too dearly bought,
If we were charg'd with one unworthy Thought,

Old Hor. I shall be careful, 'go, your Brothers stay,
Think only what your Countries claim to day.

Hh 2.

Curt.

Cur. *Quel adieu vous diray-je, & par quels com
plimens — [sentimens.*

Le vieil Hor. *Ah! n'attendrissez point icy mes
Pour vous encourager ma voix manque de termes,
Mon cœur ne forme point de pensers assez fermes,
Moy-mesme en cét adieu j'ay les larmes aux yeux.
Faites vostre devoir, & laissez faire aux Dieux.*

ACTE III. SCENE I.

S A B I N A.

PRenons party, mon ame, en de telles disgraces,
Soyons Femme d'Horace, ou Sœur des Curiaces,
Cessons de partager nos inutiles soins,
Souhaitons quelque chose, & craignons un peu moins.
Mais las! quel party prendre en un sort si contraire!
Quel Ennemy choisir d'un Epoux, ou d'un Frere!
La Nature ou l'Amour parle pour chacun d'eux,
Et la loy du devoir m'attache à tous les deux.
Sur leurs hauts sentimens réglons plûtoft les nostres,
Soyons Femme de l'un ensemble, & Sœur des autres,
Regardons leur honneur comme un souverain bien,
Imitons leur constance, & ne craignons plus rien.
La mort qui les menace est une mort si belle,
Qu'il en faut sans frayeur attendre la Nouvelle.
N'appellons point alors les Destins inkumains,
Songeons pour quelle cause, & non par quelles mains.

Re-

Curt. How shall I bid adieu, or by what art —

Old Hor. Ah! do not quite dissolve my trembling
My Tongue so sad a farewell does deny, [Heart,
Nor can my Heart Thoughts strong enough supply;
See! ev'n my Eyes swell with unwilling Tears,
Go, do your parts, and let the gods do theirs.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SABINA *alone.*

I Must my Party chuse in this sad strife,
And either be all Sister, or all Wife;
I'll no more vain divided Cares express,
But somewhat wish, and fear a little less:
Yet ah ! what Party in this dismal Fate ?
Can I a Husband, or a Brother hate?
Nature and Love for each does intercede,
And sense of Honour for them both does plead :
Let their sublimer thoughts yet govern mine,
And so my different Duties will combine:
Their Honour is the Object I'll adore,
Their Virtue imitate, and fear no more.
Since there's such Beauty in the death they court,
I must unmov'd encounter the Report,
And no more think my Fate compassion wants,
But weigh the Cause, and not the Combatants :

*Revoyons les Vainqueurs sans penser qu'à la gloire
 Que toute leur maison reçoit de leur victoire,
 Et sans considérer aux dépens de quel sang
 Leur vertu les élève en cét illustre rang,
 Faisons nos intérêts de ceux de leur famille.
 En l'une je suis Femme, en l'autre je suis Fille,
 Et tiens à toutes deux par de si forts liens,
 Qu'on ne peut triompher que par les bras des miens.
 Fortune, quelques maux que ta rigueur m'envoye,
 J'ay trouvé les moyens d'en tirer de la joye,
 Et puis voir aujourd'huy le combat sans terreur,
 Les Morts sans desespoir, les Vainqueurs sans horreur.*

*Flateuse illusion, erreur douce & grossière,
 Vain effort de mon ame, impuissante lumière,
 De qui le faux brillant prend droit de m'éblouïr,
 Que tu sçais peu durer, & tost t'évanouïr !
 Pareille à ces éclairs qui dans le fort des ombres
 Poussent un jour qui fuit, & rend les nuits plus sombres,
 Tu n'as frapé mes yeux d'un moment de clarté,
 Que pour les abîmer dans plus d'obscurité.
 Tu charmois trop ma peine, & le Ciel qui s'en fasche
 Me vend déjà bien cher ce moment de relâche.
 Je sens mon triste cœur percé de tous les coups
 Qui m'ostent maintenant un Frère ou mon Epoux.
 Quand je songe à leur mort, quoy que je me propose,
 Je songe par quels bras, & non pour quelle cause,
 Et ne voy les Vainqueurs en leur illustre rang,
 Que pour considérer aux dépens de quel sang.*

The Conquerors I'll with that Gladness view,
As will from all their Family be due ;
And not reflecting at whose Bloods expence,
Their Virtues raise them to that eminence,
I'll in their Houses Fame concern'd appear ;
Here I am Wife, and am a Daughter there,
And to each Party am so strictly ty'd,
That I must be on the triumphant side.
Fortune, though thou art studious in thy spight,
Yet I have learn'd thence to extract delight ;
And now can fearless see the fight, the slain
Without despair, the Victors without pain.
Flatt'ring Delusion ! sweet, but gross deceit,
My lab'ring Spirits, weak and flying, cheat ;
By whose false light my dazled Soul's mis-led,
Alas how quickly is thy comfort fled !
A flash of Lightning thus relieves the Night,
Making that darker by its hasty flight ;
As these faint beams of Joy my Soul betray'd,
But to involve it in a thicker Shade :
For Heav'n which saw my griefs, by this decrease,
Hath dearly sold me this short minute's Peace,
And my griev'd heart from no one wound is free'd,
At which a Husband, or a Brother, bleed ;
Which sad reflection so much terrour draws,
I only view the Auctors, not the Cause :
Nor can the Conqu'rors fame salute my thought,
But to remember with whose Blood 'twas bought ;

*La maison des Vaincus touche seule mon ame ;
 En l'une je suis Fille, & l'autre je suis Femme,
 Et tiens à toutes deux par de si forts liens,
 Qu'on ne peut triompher que par la mort des miens.
 C'est-là donc cette paix que j'ay tant souhaitée !
 Trop favorables Dieux, vous m'avez écoutée !
 Quels foudres lancez-vous quand vous vous irritez,
 Si mesme vos faveurs ont tant de cruautez,
 Et de quelle façon punissez-vous l'offense,
 Si vous traitez ainsi les vœux de l'innocence ?*

S C E N E II.

Sabine, Julie.

Sab. *En est-ce fait, Julie, & que m'apportez-vous ?
 Est-ce la mort d'un Frère, ou celle d'un Epoux ?
 Le funeste succès de leurs armes impies
 De tous les Combatans a-t'il fait des hosties,
 Et m'enifiant l'horreur que j'aurois des Vainqueurs,
 Pour tous tant qu'ils étoient demande t'il mes pleurs ?*

Jul. *Quoy, ce qui s'est passé, vous l'ignorez encore ?*

Sab. *Vous faut-il étonner de ce que je l'ignore,
 Et ne scavez-vous pas que de cette maison
 Pour Camille & pour moy l'on fait une prison ?
 Julie, on nous renferme, on a peur de nos larmes ;
 Sans cela nous serions au milieu de leurs armes,
 Et par les desespoirs d'une chaste amitié
 Nous aurions des deux camps tiré quelque pitié.*

Jul.

The vanquish'd Family claims all my care,
Here I'm a Wife, and am a Daughter there,
And to each Party am so strictly ty'd,
That I must be on the unhappy side.
Is this the Peace I thought so long deferr'd?
And thus, great Gods, have you my Prayers heard?
What Thunder-bolts then can your Anger find,
Since you're thus cruel when you would be kind?
Or which way will you punish an Offence,
If thus you treat the Vows of Innocence?

S C E N E II.

Sabina and Julia.

Sab. Is it done, *Julia*? and what fatal news?
Must I a Husband, or a Brother lose?
Or to their impious Arms does this befall,
That angry Heav'n has sacrific'd them all?
And lest my Horrour for the conquering side
Should ease my Woes, must that too be deny'd?

Jul. To what is past are you a Stranger yet?

Sab. I am; and can you be surpriz'd at it?
Know you not, *Julia*, that the House you see,
A Prison for *Camilla* is and me?
They here confine us both, and are afraid
Our pious Tears their Fury should dissuade,
And that the Sorrows of our spotless Love,
Should in both Armies some Compassion move.

Jul.

Jul. Il n'étoit pas besoin d'un si tendre spectacle,
Leur veue à leur combat apporte assez d'obstacle.

Si-tost qu'ils ont paru prests à se mesurer,
On a dans les deux camps entendu murmurer.

A voir de tels Amis, des personnes si proches,
Venir pour leur Patrie aux mortelles approches,
L'un s'émeut de pitié, l'autre est saisi d'horreur,
L'autre d'un si grand zéle admire la fureur;

Tel porte jusqu'aux Cieux leur vertu sans égale,
Et tel l'ose nommer sacrilège & brutale.

Ces divers sentimens n'ont pourtant qu'une voix,
Tous accusent leurs Chefs, tous détestent leur choix,
Et ne pouvant souffrir un combat si barbare,
On s'écrie, on s'avance, enfin on les sépare.

Sab. Que je vous doy d'encens, grands Dieux qui
m'exaucez!

Jul. Vous n'êtes pas, Sabine, encore où vous pensez.
Vous pouvez espérer, vous avez moins à craindre,
Mais il vous reste encor assez de quoy vous plaindre.

En vain d'un sort si triste on les veut garantir,
Ces cruels généreux n'y peuvent consentir.

La gloire de ce choix leur est si précieuse,
Et charme tellement leur ame ambitieuse,

Qu'alors qu'on les déplore, ils s'estiment heureux,
Et prennent pour affront la pitié qu'on a d'eux.

Le trouble des deux camps souille leur renommée,
Ils combatront plutôt & l'une & l'autre Armée,

Et

Jul. They needed not such Orators as you,
For they were hinder'd at their Enterview:
No sooner they appear'd prepar'd to fight,
But either Army murmur'd at the sight,
To see such Friends, Persons so near ally'd,
Their Country's Quarrel chosen to decide;
This Man's with Pity, that with Horrour fir'd,
Another highly their brave Heat admir'd;
One with his Praises imps their spacious Fame,
Another calls it by a guilty Name.
But yet their different thoughts have but one Voice,
To blame their Leaders, and detest the Choice.
All did this barbarous Combat so condemn,
That with united haste they parted them.

Sab. O Gods! what Incense my Contentment
owes!

Jul. Stay yet *Sabina*, e'er you pay your Vows;
You may increase your Hopes, abate your Fears,
But there's enough still to deserve your Tears.
In vain, alas! the Champions they would save,
For they remain as obstinate as brave;
And their ambitious Souls were so much touch'd
With the great Glory which they now approach'd,
That what the Soldiers pity'd they ador'd,
And seem affronted, when they are deplor'd:
They think that Kindness does their Fame no right,
And with both Armies they will rather fight,

And

*Et mourront par les mains qui leur font d'autres loix,
Que pas un d'eux renonce aux honneurs d'un telchoix.*

Sab. *Quoy ? dans leur dureté ces cœurs d'acier s'obstinent !*

[tinent,

Jul. *Ouy, mais d'autre costé les deux camps se meu-
Et leurs cris des deux parts poussez en mesme temps
Demandent la bataille, ou d'autres Combatans.*

*La presence des Chefs à peine est respectée,
Leur pouvoir est douteux, leur voix mal écoutée,*

Le Roy mesme s'étonne, & pour dernier effort ;

Puisque chacun, dit-il, s'échauffe en ce discord,

Consultons des grands Dieux la Majesté sacrée,

Et voyons si ce change à leurs bontez agrée.

Quel impie osera se prendre à leur vouloir,

Lors qu'en un sacrifice ils nous l'auront fait voir ?

Il se taist, & ces mots semblent estre des charmes ;

Mesme aux six Combatans ils arrachent les armes,

Et ce desir d'honneur qui leur ferme les yeux,

Tout aveugle qu'il est, respecte encor les Dieux.

Leur plus bouillante ardeur céde à l'avis de Tulle,

Et soit par déférence, ou par un prompt scrupule,

Dans l'une & l'autre Armée on s'en fait une loy,

Comme si toutes deux le connoissoient pour Roy.

Le reste s'apprendra par la mort des victimes.

Sab. *Les Diex n'avoûront point un combat plein
de crimes,*

J'en espere beaucoup puisqu'il est différé,

Et je commence avoir ce que j'ay désiré.

SCENE

And by the hands that sever'd them be slain,
Than give their Countries honours back again.

Sab. Can so much Cruelty their Bosoms fill?

Zul. It did, but yet both Armies murmur'd still,
And universally their purpose held
To ask new Champions, or a general Field:
The Leaders Presence they no longer fear'd,
Their Power scarce valu'd, or their Voices heard.
Th'amazed King, this Mischief to oppose,
Since ev'ry once (says he) enraged grows,
Let us on this consult the Pow'rs above;
What impious Man dares their Command disown,
When they in sacrifice have made it known?
He us'd no more words, but these were commands;
They snatch the Arms from the six Champions hands,
And that blind thirst of Fame they so intend,
Sense of Religion does a while suspend;
By some new Scruple, or a great Respect,
Our Prince's Counsel they resolve t'effect;
Which in both Camps so great a Rev'rence found,
As if both Nations had our *Tullus* Crown'd.
The Victims Death will give us farther light.

Sab. The Gods will never own that guilty Fight:
From this Delay some new hopes may drawn,
And sure my Happiness begins to dawn.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Sabine, Camille, Julie.

Sab. Ma Sœur, que je vous dise une bonne Nouvelle.
 Cam. Je pense la sçavoir, s'il faut la nommer telle,
 On l'a dite à mon Père, & j'étois avec luy ;
 Mais je n'en conçoy rien qui flate mon ennuy.
 Ce delay de nos maux rendra leurs coups plus rudes,
 Ce n'est qu'un plus long terme à nos inquiétudes,
 Et tout l'allégement qu'il en faut espérer,
 C'est de pleurer plus tard ceux qu'il faudra pleurer.

Sab. Les Dieux n'ont pas en vain inspiré ce tumulte.

Cam. Disons plutôt, ma Sœur, qu'en vain on les
 consulte ;
 Ces mesmes Dieux à Tulle ont inspiré ce choix,
 Et la voix du Public n'est pas toujours leurs voix.
 Ils descendant bien moins dans de si bas étages,
 Que dans l'ame des Rois, leurs vivantes images,
 De qui l'indépendante & sainte autorité
 Est un rayon secret de leur Divinité.

Jul. C'est vouloir sans raison vous former des obstacles,
 Que de chercher leur voix ailleurs qu'en leurs Oracles,
 Et vous ne vous pouvez figurer tout perdu,
 Sans démentir celuy qui vous fut hier rendu.

Cam. Un Oracle jamais ne se laisse comprendre ;
 On l'entend d'autant moins que plus on croit l'entendre,

Et

SCENE III.

Camilla, Sabina, Julia.

Sab. I have News, Sister, that will please you much.

Cam. I think I know it, if you call it such; My Father heard it now, and so did I, But nothing thence my hopes can fortify: This delay'd Mischief threatens forer Blows, And does but lengthen our too certain Woes; And by the hind'rance of this new Contest, Our Tears are but suspended, not supprest.

Sab. This Tumult was not vainly sure inspir'd.

Cam. But vainly they have of the Gods enquir'd; For the same Gods guided our Princes choice, Nor speak they often in the Peoples Voice; Their Counsel shines not in Vulgar Breast, But Kings that represent them know it best; In whose Supream Authority we see A secret Ray of their Divinity.

Jul. You will contribute to your own distress, To seek their Will, but in their Oracles; And that which yesterday reliev'd your Care, May serve to day to banish your Despair.

Cam. An Oracle is so wrapt up in doubt, The more we guess, the less we find it out;

There's

*Et loin de s'asseurer sur un pareil Arrest,
Qui n'y voit rien d'obscur doit croire que tout l'est.*

Sab. *Sur ce qui fait pour nous prenons plus d'assent-
Et souffrons les douceurs d'une juste espérance. [rance,
Quand la faveur du Ciel ouvre à demy ses bras,
Qui ne s'en promet rien ne la mérite pas ;
Il empesche souvent qu'elle ne se déploie,
Et lors qu'elle descend son refus la renvoie.*

Cam. *Le Ciel agit sans nous en ces événemens,
Et ne les régle point dessus nos sentimens.*

Jul. *Il ne vous a fait peur que pour vous faire grace.
Adieu, je vay sçavoir comme enfin tout se passe.
Modérez vos frayeurs, j'espére à mon retour
Ne vous entretenir que de propos d'amour,
Et que nous n'emploirons la fin de la journée
Qu'aux doux préparatifs d'un heureux hyménée,*

Sab. *J'ose encor l'espérer.*

Cam. *Moy, je n'espére rien.*

Jul. *L'effet vous fera voir que nous en jugeons bien.*

S C E N E IV.

Sabine, Camille.

Sab. *Parmy nos déplaisirs souffrez que je vous blas-
me : Je ne puis approuver tant de trouble en vostre ame.
Que feriez-vous, ma Sœur, au point où je me voy,
Si vous aviez à craindre autant que je le doy,
Et si vous attendiez de leurs armes fatales
Des maux pareils aux miens, & des pertes égales ?*

Cam.

There's nothing certain in't but this Remark,
Who thinks all clear, must know that all is dark.

Sab. Let's give our Confidence a larger scope,
And entertain a reasonable Hope;
When Heav'n begins to grant what we have sought,
They that distrust its Smiles deserve them not;
We hinder often what we so suspect,
And send back Comfort by that rude Neglect.

Cam. Heav'n governs us, without our own consents,
And we are passive in these great Events.

Jul. Hope then with me, that when we meet again,
A gentler Theam our Thoughts shall entertain,
And that this Evening, with a welcome care,
We for your Marriage only shall prepare.

Sab. I hope as much.

Cam. 'Tis more than I dare do.

Jul. Th'event will shew us whose Presage is true.

S C E N E IV.

Sabina, Camilla.

Sab. Sister, your Sorrows I must needs condemn,
Unless their causes did more warrant them;
What would you do, and at what rate lament,
Had you my reason for your Discontent,
And if from what these fatal Arms design,
Your losses could be thought as great as mine?

Ii

Cam.

Cam. Parlez plus sainement de vos maux & des miens.

Chacun voit ceux d'autruy d'un autre œil que les siens,
Mais à bien regarder ceux où le Ciel me plonge,
Les vostres auprès d'eux vous sembleront un songe.

La seule mort d'Horace est à craindre pour vous ;
Des Frères ne sont rien à l'égal d'un Epoux.
L'Hymen qui nous attache en une autre famille
Nous détache de celle où l'on a vécu Fille ;
On voit d'un œil divers des nœuds si différens,
Et pour suivre un Mary l'on quitte ses Parens,
Mais si près d'un hymen l'Amant que donne un Père
Nous est moins qu'un Epoux, & non pas moins qu'un
Nos sentimens entr'eux demeurent suspendus, [Frere.
Nostre choix impossible, & nos vœux confondus.
Ainsi, ma Sœur, du moins vous avez dans vos plaintes
Où porter vos souhaits, & terminer vos craintes ;
Mais si le Ciel s'obstine à nous persécuter,
Pour moy, j'ay tout à craindre, & rien à souhaiter.

Sab. Quand il faut que l'un meure, & par les mains
de l'autre,

C'est un raisonnement bien mauvais que le vostre.

Quoy, que ce soient, ma Sœur, des nœuds bien differens,
C'est sans les oublier qu'on quitte ses Parens.
L'hymen n'efface point ces profonds caractéres,
Pour aimer un Mary l'on ne hait pas ses Frères,
La Nature en tout temps garde ses premiers droits,
Aux dépens de leur vie on ne fait point de choix ;

Aussi-

Cam. Let both our Sorrows equally be known,
 For we are all too partial to our own ;
 But when compar'd to my distress'd extreams,
 Your Griefs will seem but melancholy Dreams :
 A Husband's danger is your only care,
 With whom your Brothers never can compare ;
 When to another Family ally'd,
 From our own Kindred we are quite unty'd :
 Parents with Husbands no Dispute admit,
 To follow these, we those can gladly quit :
 But Love when by a Father's will made good,
 Is less than Marriage, yet not less than Blood ;
 And so betwixt them our Concern is tost,
 Our Choice suspended, and our Wishes lost.
 But you may find a way amidst your fears,
 To raise your wishes, and restrain your tears :
 When if Heav'n still its cruelty intend,
 I can wish nothing, but all apprehend.

Sab. Against each other when such Foes are bent,
 There's small conviction in your argument ;
 For Blood as well as Marriage is a Knot,
 We quit our Kindred, but forget them not :
 Never does *Hymen* Nature undermine,
 Who loves her Husband, does not hate her Line.
 Since neither tye will their Pretensions lose,
 When Life's concern'd, one knows not what to
 chuse ;

*Aussi bien qu'un époux ils sont d'autres nous-mêmes.
Et tous maux sont pareils, alors qu'ils sont extrêmes.
Mais l'Amant qui vous charme & pour qui vous brûlez
Ne vous est après tout que ce que vous voulez ;
Une mauvaise humeur, un peu de jalouſie.
En fait assez souvent passer la fantaisie.
Ce que peut le caprice, osez-le par raison,
Et laissez vostre sang hors de comparaison,
C'est crime qu'opposer des liens volontaires
A ceux que la naissance a rendus nécessaires.
Si donc le Ciel s'obstine à nous persecuter,
Seule j'ay tout à craindre, & rien à souhaiter ;
Mais pour vous, le devoir vous donne dans vos plaintes
Où porter vos souhaits, & terminer vos craintes.*

*Cam. Je le voy bien, ma Sœur, vous n'aimastes jamais,
Et vous ne connoissez, ny l'Amour, ny ses traits.
On peut luy résister quand il commence à naître,
Mais non-pas le bannir, quand il s'est rendu maître
Et que l'aveu d'un Pere engageant nostre foy,
A fait de ce Tyran un légitime Roy.
Il entre avec douceur, mais il régne par force,
Et quand l'ame une fois a goûte son amorce,
Vouloir ne plus aimer c'est ce qu'elle ne peut,
Puisqu'elle ne peut plus vouloir que ce qu'il veut,
Ses chaînes sont pour nous aussi fortes que belles.*

On this side, and on that, by turns we fall,
Extremity of Sorrow equals all :
Whereas a Lover most esteem'd, is still
But a Dependant on your sov'reign will ;
And a capricious or a jealous hour
May make your Rigour equal to your Powr ;
What Fancy can, your Reason may perswade,
So love no more will Nature's rights invade ;
For 'tis a crime to pay no more Respect
To tyes born with us, than those we elect.
Thus if Heav'ns angry cloud will farther spread,
I nothing have to hope, but all to dread.
But Duty offers, (to dry up your Tears)
Aim for your wishes, Limits for your fears.

Cam. Ah ! Sister, I perceive your settled Heart
Never knew Love, nor felt his venom'd Dart :
At first indeed we may the Boy resist,
Who once receiv'd, can never be dismiss'd ;
When Duty to his flame does fuel bring,
He grows a Tyrant from a lawful King ;
He enters gently, but by force he reigns ;
And when a Heart once wears his golden Chains,
To cast them off our wills too weak are grown,
Because that will no longer is our own :
The Fetters glitter, but are Fetters still —

S C E N E . V.

Le vieil Horace, Sabine, Camille.

*Le vieil Hor. Je viens vous apporter de fascheuses
Nouvelles,*

*Mes Filles, mais en vain je voudrois vous celer
Ce qu'on ne vous sauroit long-temps dissimuler.*

Vos Frères sont aux mains, les Dieux ainsi l'ordonnent.

*Sab. Je veux bien l'avouer, ces Nouvelles m'étonnent,
Et je m'imaginois dans la Divinité
Beaucoup moins d'injustice, & bien plus de bonté.
Ne nous consolez point ; contre tant d'infortune
La pitié parle en vain, la raison importune,
Nous avons en nos mains la fin de nos douleurs,
Et qui veut bien mourir peut braver les malheurs.
Nous pourrions aisément faire en vostre présence
De nostre desespoir une fausse constance,
Mais quand on peut sans honte estre sans fermeté,
L'affecter aux dehors c'est une lascheté,
L'usage d'un tel art nous le laissons aux hommes,
Et ne voulons passer que pour ce que nous sommes.*

*Nous ne demandons point qu'un courage si fort
S'abaisse à nostre exemple à se plaindre du Sort.
Recevez sans frémir ces mortelles alarmes,
Voyez couler nos pleurs sans y mesler vos larmes,
Enfin pour toute grace en de tels déplaisirs,
Gardez vostre constance, & souffrez nos soupirs.*

S C E N E V.

Old Hor. Daughters, Sabina, Camilla.

Old Hor. Daughters, I bring you News that's very ill;

But it would be in vain now to forbear,
Since you the fatal Story soon must hear.

Your Brothers fight—for so the Gods ordain.

Sab. I must confess it horrour does contain;
And the Divinity had once my trust
To be more kind at least, if not more just.
Comfort us not, for Reason tedious grows,
When such a tide of sorrow 'twould oppose :
In our own hands, our Remedy we have ;
For who dares dye, may all Misfortunes brave.
Perhaps we our Despair might seem to scorn,
And with false Constancy our selves adorn ;
But when without a blush we may admit
Of grief, 'twere weakness to dissemble it :
We to your Sex can such a cunning spare,
And will pretend only to what we are ;
Nor expect we a courage of your strain
Should stoop by our example to complain :
Receive this cruel news without a groan,
Behold our Tears, and never mix your own ;
And in a Fortune that is so forlorn,
Be still unmov'd, but suffer us to mourn.

Le vieil Hor. *Loin de blasmer les pleurs que je vous
voy répandre,*
Je croy faire beaucoup de m'en pouvoir défendre,
Et céderois peut-être à de si rudes coups,
Si je prenois icy mesme intérêt que vous.
Non qu'Albe par son choix m'ait fait haïr vos Frères,
Tous trois me sont encor des personnes bien chères,
Mais enfin l'amitié n'est pas de mesme rang,
Et n'a point les effets de l'amour ny du sang.
Je ne sens point pour eux la douleur qui tourmente
Sabine comme Sœur, Camille comme Amante ;
Je puis les regarder comme nos Ennemis,
Et donne sans regret mes souhaits à mes Fils.
Ils sont graces aux Dieux, dignes de leur Patrie.
Aucun étonnement n'a leur gloire flétrie,
Et j'ay veu leur honneur croistre de la moitié,
Quand ils ont des deux camps refusé la pitié.
Si par quelque foibleesse ils l'avoient mandiée,
Si leur haute vertu ne l'eust répudiée,
Ma main bien-tost sur eux m'eust vangé hautement
De l'affront que m'eust fait ce mol consentement.
Mais lors qu'en dépit d'eux on en a voulu d'autres,
Je ne le céle point, j'ay joint mes vœux aux voftres.
Si le Ciel pitoyable eust écouté ma voix,
Albe seroit réduite à faire un autre choix ;
Nous pourrions voir tantost triompher les Horaces,
Sans voir leurs bras souillez du sang des Curiaces,

Et

Old Hor. I think your tears so due to your distress,
That all my Courage scarce can mine suppress;
And ev'n that Virtue might surrender too,
Were I as much concern'd in it, as you.
Not that the *Alban* choice makes me so stern,

[*To Sab.*]

To rob your Brothers of my first concern ;
But Friendship would in vain pretend to sway,
When Love and Nature will dispute the Day ;
And my Heart no such tenderness receives,
By which a Sister, or a Mistress grieves ;
I can look on them as the puklick Foes,
And give my Sons, my undivided Vows ;
I thank the Gods their Country without shame
May assert them, as they have done their Fame ;
I saw what Glory all their Brows adorn'd,
When the compassion of both Camps they scorn'd ;
If any weakness had that pity sought,
Nay had they not abhor'd so poor a thought,
My Arm, for such a wrong to Vengeance bent,
Had punish'd that degenerate content ;
But when the Field would needs the choice renew,
I must confess, I then desir'd it too,
And if relenting Heav'n had heard my voice,
Alba had been reduc'd to other choice ;
The *Horaces* had then triumphant stood
With Swords unstained in the *Curtian* Blood,

And

*Et de l'événement d'un combat plus humain
Dépendroit maintenant l'honneur du nom Romain.
La prudencedes Dieux autrement en dispose.
Sur leur ordre éternel mon esprit se repose,
Il s'arme en ce besoin de générosité,
Et du bonheur public fait sa felicité.
Taschez d'en faire autant pour soulager vos peines,
Et songez toutes deux que vous estes Romaine;
Vous l'estes devenuë, & vous l'estes encor.
Un si glorieux titre est un digne tresor.
Un jour, un jour viendra que par toute la terre
Rome se fera craindre à l'égal du Tonnerre.
Et que tout l'Univers tremblant dessous ses loix,
Ce grand nom deviendra l'ambition des Rois.
Les Dieux à nostre Ænée ont promis cette gloire.*

S C E N E VI.

Le vieil Horace, Sabine, Camille, Julie.

*Le vieil Hor. Nous venez-vous, Julie, apprendre
la victoire ?*

Mais plûtoft du combat les funestes effets.

*Rome est Sujette d'Albe, & vos Fils sont défaits;
Des trois les deux sont morts, son Epoux seul vous
reste.*

*Le vieil Hor. O d'un triste combat effet vraiment fu-
Rome est Sujette d'Albe, & pour l'en garantir
Il n'a pas employé jusqu'au dernier soupir !*

[neste?]
Non,

And by a Combat less to Natures shame,
 Had sav'd the Honour of the *Roman* name.
 But otherwise the mighty Gods design,
 And their high pleasure must determine mine.
 With generous thoughts I build my great resolve,
 And in the publick Int'rest mine involve;
 Take you that course to stop your Sorrows growth,
 Rememb'ring this that you are *Romans* both.
 * You are by birth, what † you by vows became,
 And there's a noble Fortune in that Name.
Rome shall hereafter to that Empire grow,
 That the whole World shall to her Ensigns bow ;
 The trembling Universe her Yoke shall bear,
 And Kings shall court the Title that you wear.
 This our *Æneas* from the Gods obtain'd.—

* *To Cam.* † *To Sab.*

S C E N E VI.

Old Horace, Sabina, Camilla, Julia.

Old Hor. Dost thou come to us, *Julia*, to declare
 Whose noble brows the Victor's Laurels wear ?

Jul. Rather the Combat's sad effects, for *Rome*
 Is *Alba*'s Captive, and your Sons o'ercome.

Two slain out-right, her Lord survives alone.

Old Hor. Of a sad Fight a sad Conclusion !
Rome, Alba's subject, and in such a need
 My Son not fight, whilst he had Blood to bleed !

It

*Non, non, cela n'est point, on vous trompe, Julie.
Rome n'est point Sujette, ou mon Fils est sans vie,
Je connoy mieux mon sang, il s'agit mieux son devoir.*

Jul. *Mille de nos remparts comme moy l'on pû voir.
Il s'est fait admirer tant qu'ont duré ses Frères,
Mais comme il s'est veu seul contre trois Adversaires,
Près d'estre enfermé d'eux, sa fuite l'a sauvé.* [vé !

Le vieil Hor. *Et nos soldats trahis ne l'ont point acheté
Dans leurs rangs à ce lasche ils ont donné retraite !*

Jul. *Je n'ay rien voulu voir après cette défaite.*

Cam. *O mes Frères !*

Le vieil Hor. *Tout-beau, ne les pleurez pas tous,
Deux jouissent d'un sort dont leur Père est jaloux.
Que des plus nobles fleurs leur tombe soit couverte,
La gloire de leur mort m'a payé de leur perte.
Ce bonheur a suivi leur courage invaincu
Qu'ils ont veu Rome libre autant qu'ils ont vécu,
Et ne l'auront point veuë obeir qu'à son Prince,
Ny d'un Etat voisin devenir la Province.
Pleurez l'autre, pleurez l'irréparable affront
Que sa suite honteuse imprime à nostre front,
Pleurez les deshonneur de toute nostre race,
Et l'opprobre éternel qu'il laisse au nom d'Horace.*

Jul. *Que vouliez-vous qu'il fist contre trois ?*

Le vieil Hor. *Qu'il mourust,
Ou qu'un beau desespoir alors se secourust.
N'eust-il que d'un moment reculé sa défaite,
Rome eust été du moins un peu plus tard Sujette,*

It cannot be ! you are deceiv'd, 'tis plain,
Rome is unconquer'd, or my Son is slain ;
I better do my Blood's true temper know,
And he so well, what he to *Rome* does owe,
He could not, durst not, but o'ercome, or dye.

Jul. A thousand more might see't, as well as I.
He acted wonders till his Brothers Fall ;
But when once left to fight against them all,
And half hemm'd in, Flight did his Person save.

Old Hor. And th' injur'd Soldiers not dispatch the
Would they afford the Coward a Retreat ? [Slave !

Jul. I came away upon the fad Defeat.

Cam. Oh ! my dear Brothers !

Old Hor. Stay ! lament not all !
Two are so fall'n, I emulate their fall.
Let noblest Flowers on their Tombs be laid,
I in their glorious death their loss am paid ;
And 'twas their Virtues Fortune not to be
Survivors of their Country's Liberty ;
Nor see it by a stranger Prince be sway'd
Nor to a neighb'ring State, a Province made.
Lament the base Survivor, and the shame
His coward flight has branded on my Name.
Lament the infamy of all our Race,
And the *Horatian* glory's black disgrace.

Jul. What should he against three have done ?

Old Hor. Have dy'd,
Or by a brave despair been fortify'd ;

Or

*Il eust avec honneur laissé mes cheveux gris,
Et c'étoit de sa vie un assez digne prix.*

*Il est de tout son sang comptable à sa Patrie,
Chaque goute épargnée a sa gloire flétrie;
Chaque instant de sa vie, après ce lasche tour,
Met d'autant plus ma honte avec la sienne au
jour.*

*J'en rompray bien le cours, & ma juste colère,
Contre un indigne Fils usant des droits d'un Pere,
Sçaura bien faire voir dans sa punition
L'éclatant desaveu d'une telle action.*

Sab. Ecoutez un peu moins ces ardeurs géné-
reuses,

Et ne nous rendez point tout-à-fait malheureuses.

Le vieil Hor. Sabine, vostre cœur se console aisément.

*Nos malheurs jusqu'icy vous touchent foiblement,
Vous n'avez point encor de part à nos misères,
Le Ciel vous a sauvé vostre Epoux & vos Frères.
Si nous sommes Sujets, c'est de vostre Pays,
Vos Frères sont vainqueurs, quand nous sommes
trahis,*

*Et voyant le haut point où leur gloire se monte,
Vous regardez fort peu ce qui nous vient de
honte.*

*Mais vostre trop d'amour pour cet infame Epoux
Vous donnera bientost à plaindre comme à nous.*

Vos

Or had he but demurr'd to his defeat,
Rome had been subject something later yet :
He then had left these aged hoary hairs
As bright with honour, as they're white with years ;
And he, though he had dy'd, had carried hence,
For a frail Life, a noble Recompence.
He now accomptable to *Rome* remains,
For all the coward Blood that swells his Veins.
And every drop preserv'd by such a shame,
Has quench'd his Glory, and eclips'd his Fame.
Each hour on's life, after an act so base,
His shame, and mine, still more and more betrays.
I'll cut it short, and whilst my rage puts on
A Father's pow'r o'er an unworthy Son ;
I in his punishment will make it known,
How much the Poultron's baseness I disown.

Sab. Be govern'd less, Sir, by that gen'rous heat,
And do not raise our mischiefs higher yet.

Old Hor. Sabina, you may best these mischiefs bear.
You in these ills have yet the easiest share,
You in this ruin yet do nothing lose ;
Heav'n has preserv'd your Brothers, and your Spouse.
Tis to your Country we are Subjects made,
Your Brothers Victors are, whilst *Rome*'s betray'd,
And dazled by the lustre of their Fame,
You ne'er consider our eternal shame :
But your affection to this Beast will make
Your Bosom soon, our Miseries partake.

Theſe

*Vos pleurs en sa faveur sont de foibles défenses.
J'atteste des grands Dieux les suprèmes Puissances
Qu'avant ce jour finy, ces mains, ces propres mains
Laveront dans son sang la honte des Romains.*

Sab. *Suivons le promptement, la colère l'emporte.
Dieux! verrons-nous toujours des malheurs de la sorte?
Nous faudra-t'il toujours encraindre de plus grands,
Et toujours redouter la main de nos Parens ?*

ACTE IV. SCENE I.

Le vieil Horace, Camille.

Le vieil HORACE.

NE me parlez jamais en faveur d'un infame.
Qu'il me fuye à l'égal des Frères de sa Femme.
Pour conserver un sang qu'il tient si precieux
Il n'a rien fait encor, s'il n'évite mes yeux.
Sabine y peut mettre ordre, ou derechef j'atteste
Le souverain pouvoir de la troupe celeste...

Cam. Ah! mon Pére, prenez un plus doux sentiment,
Vous verrez Rome mesme en user autrement,
Et de quelque malheur que le Ciel l'ait comblée,
Excuser la vertu sous le nombre accablée.

Le vieil Hor. *Le jugement de Rome est peu pour
mon regard;*
Camille, je suis Pére, & j'ay mes droits à part.

Je

These Tears you shed weak Intercessors are;
For by the Pow'rs above I here do swear
These Hands shall wash, e'er Day do quit the Sky,
In his false Blood, the *Roman* Infamy.

Sab. His Rage transports him, let us interpose.
Must we (just Heav'n) still meet succeeding woes?
Our ills are grown too mighty to withstand,
When fury threatens from a Parents hand.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Old *Horace, Camilla.*

Old *Horace.*

GO, no more Breath for such a Coward lose,
Let him flye me, as he has done his Foes;
To save that wretched Life he held so dear,
He has done little; if he now appear,
Sabina may prevent it, or I vow
By all the Pow'rs to which we Mortals bow —

Cam. O Sir! this cruel thought no more pursue,
Or *Rome* her self will kinder be than you,
And she, as much as she by this does lose,
Valour opprest by Number will excuse.

Old Hor. I'm not concern'd what Mercy *Rome*
confers,
I have a Father's rights distinct from hers;

K k

And

*Je sçay trop comme agit la vertu véritable,
C'est sans en triompher que le nombre l'accable,
Et sa masse vigueur toujours en même point
Succombe sous la force, & ne luy cède point.
Taisez-vous, & sçachons ce que nous veut Valére.*

S C E N E II.

Le vieil Horace, Valere, Camille.

*Val. Envoyé par le Roy pour consoler un Pere,
Et pour luy témoigner—*

*Le vieil Hor. N'en prenez aucun soin,
C'est un soulagement dont je n'ay pas besoin,
Et j'aime mieux voir morts que couverts d'infamie
Ceux que vient de m'oster une main ennemie.
Tous deux pour leur pays sont morts en gens d'honneur,
Il me suffit.*

*Val. Mais l'autre est un rare bonheur ;
De tous les trois chez vous il doit tenir la place.*

*Le vieil Hor. Que n'a-ton veu périr en luy le nom
d'Horace !*

Val. Seul vous le mal-tritez après ce qu'il a fait.

Le vieil Hor. C'est à moy seul aussi de punir son forfait.

Val. Quel forfait trouvez-vous en sa bonne conduite ?

Le vieil Hor. Quel éclat de vertu trouvez-vous en sa

Val. La fuite est glorieuse en cette occasion. [fuite ?

Le vieil Hor. Vous redoublez ma honte & ma confusion.

Cer-

And know what genuine Virtue would have done;
 It might be worsted, but not trampled on;
 True Valour never knows a base allay,
 And though it lose, can never yield the Day.
 But let us hear what does *Valerius* bring.

S C E N E II.

Old Horace, Camilla, Valerius.

Val. I'm sent to wait upon you from the King,
 Who mourns your losſ—

Old Hor. That merits not his care,
 And I the needless complement can spare;
 I my Sons Deaths rather than Shame would know,
 And tears than blusheſ better can allow;
 They that are slain, like Men of Honour dy'd,
 And that's enough —

Val. But they are all supply'd
 By him that lives, and his immortal Fame.

Old Hor. Would he had perish'd too, and all my Name!

Val. Can only you his Virtue dis-esteem?

Old Hor. 'Tis I alone that ought to punish him.

Val. And what Offence has in his Conduct been?

Old Hor. But what great Virtue in his flight was
 seen?

Val. Flight in this Case wears an illustrious Name

Old Hor. Why do you cover my gray Hairs with
 shame?

Certes l'exemple est rare, & digne de mémoire,
De trouver dans la fuite un chemin à la gloire.

Val. Quelle confusion, & quelle honte à vous
D'avoir produit un Fils qui nous conserve tous,
Qui fait triompher Rome, & lui gagne un Empire?
A quels plus grands honneurs faut-il qu'un Père
aspire?

Le vieil Hor. Quels honneurs, quel triomphe, & quel
Lors qu'Albe sous ses loix range nostre Destin?

Val. Que parlez-vous ici d'Albe & de sa victoire?
Ignorez-vous encor la moitié de l'histoire?

Le vieil Hor. Je scay que par la fuite il a trahy l'Etat.

Val. Ouy, s'il eust en fuyant terminé le combat;
Mais on a bien-tost veu qu'il ne fuyoit qu'en homme,
Qui scavoit ménager l'avantage de Rome.

Le vieil Hor. Quoy, Rome donc triomphe!

Val. Apprenez, apprenez
La valeur de ce Fils qu'à tort vous condamnez.

Resté seul contre trois, mais en cette avanture,
Tous trois étant blessez, & lui seul sans blessure,
Trop foible pour eux tous, trop fort pour chacun
Il sciait bien se tirer d'un pas si dangereux,
Il fuit pour mieux combattre, et cette prompte ruse d'eux,
Divise adroitemment trois Frères qu'elle abuse.
Chacun le suit d'un pas, ou plus, ou moins pressé,
Selon qu'il se rencontre ou plus ou moins blessé;
Leur ardeur est égale à poursuivre la fuite,
Mais leurs coups inégaux séparent leur poursuite.

Th' Example's rare indeed! and few would die,
If Men could catch bright Honour when thy flie.

Val. Do you a shame, and a confusion call,
To have had a Son who has preserv'd us all;
Who with new Triumphs did *Rome's* Empire save?
What greater Honours could a Father have?

Old. Hor. What Honours and what Triumphs
brings he home,
When *Alba* must dispose the Fate of *Rome*?
Val. What great Success of *Alba* has appear'd?
Or have you yet but half the Story heard?

Old. Hor. Was not the Combat ended by his
Flight?

Val. So *Alba* thought at that mistaken sight,
But she soon found, he fled but as became
A Man entrusted with his Country's Fame.

Old. Hor. Does *Rome* Triumph?

Val. O! his great Story hear,
To whom you so unjustly are severe.
When he against three Foes was left alone,
Each of them having wounds, he having none;
Too weak for all, too strong for either's rage,
He dext'rously himself did dis-engage;
The Stratagem of seeming flight he try'd,
And so th' abused Brothers does divide;
They all pursue, yet not with equal haste,
But as their wounds permit them, slow or fast:

*Horace les voyant l'un de l'autre écartez,
 Si retourne, & déjà les croit demy-domptez,
 Il attend le premier, & c'étoit vostre Gendre.
 L'autre tout indigné qu'il ait osé l'attendre,
 En vain en l'attaquant fait paroître un grand cœur,
 Le sang qu'il a perdu rallentit sa vigueur.
 Albe à son tour commence à craindre un fort contraire,
 Elle crie au second qu'il secoure son Frère,
 Il se haste, & s'épuise en efforts superflus,
 Il trouve en le joignant que son Frère n'est plus.*

Cam. Hélas !

*Val. Tout hors d'haleine il prend pourtant sa place,
 Et redouble bien-tost la victoire d'Horace,
 Son courage sans force est un débile appuy,
 Voulant vanger son Frère il tombe auprès de luy.
 L'air résonne des cris qu'au Ciel chacun envoie,
 Albe en jette d'angoisse, & les Romains de joye.*

*Comme nostre Héros se voit près d'achever,
 C'est peu pour luy de vaincre, il veut encor braver.
 J'en viens d'immoler deux aux Manes de mes Frères,
 Rome aura le dernier de mes trois Adversaires,
 C'est à ses intérêsts que je vay l'immoler,
 Dit-il, & tout d'un temps on le voit y voler.
 La victoire entr'eux-deux n'étoit pas incertaine,
 L'Albain percé de coups ne se traistnoit qu'à peine,
 Et comme une victime aux marches de l'Autel,
 Il sembloit presenter sa gorge au coup mortel,*

Aussi

Horace looks back his scatter'd Foes upon,
Whom he already thinks half overthrown:
He waits your Son-in-law, for he was first;
Who much incens'd to see that so he durst,
His utmost braving does in vain express,
For his lost Blood denies him the Success;
Alba, whose hopes with *Curtius* strength decay'd,
Soon his next Brother summons to his aid,
Who hastening to his Rescue, finds too late
He was preceded by his Brother's fate.

Cam. Alas!

Val. Yet breathless his Revenge begun,
But quickly gives new Conquest to your Son;
Who soon defeated all the Arts he try'd,
And laid him gasping by his Brother's side:
The Air resounds with noises thither sent
From *Roman* Joy, and *Alban* Discontent.
Our Hero, when so near his Triumph drew,
Not only conquers now, but braves them too:
I to my Brothers Shades give what is past,
But to thee *Rome* I sacrifice this last;
Accept, dear Country, this so noble Blood,
(Says he,) and flies to make his Promise good.
The Victory did scarce admit suspence,
The wounded *Alban* making small defence,
But as a Victim to the Altar goes,
And his Throat offers to the deadly blows;

*Aussi le reçoit-il, peu s'en faut, sans défense,
Et son trépas de Rome établit la puissance.*

*Le vieil Hor. O mon Fils, ô ma joye, ô l'honneur de nos
O d'un Etat panchant l'inespéré secours! [jours!
Vertu digne de Rome, & sang digne d'Horace,
Appuy de ton pays, & gloire de ta race!
Quand pourray-je étouffer dans tes embrassemens
L'erreur dont j'ay formé de si faux sentimens?
Quand pourra mon amour baigner avec tendresse
Ton front victorieux de larmes d'allegresse?*

*Val. Vos caresses bien-tost pourront se déployer,
Le Roy dans un moment vous le va renvoyer,
Et remet à demain la pompe qu'il prépare
D'un sacrifice aux Dieux pour un bonheur si rare,
Aujourd'huy seulement on s'acquite vers eux
Par des chants de victoire, & par de simples vœux.
C'est où le Roy le méne, & tandis il m'envoye
Faire office vers vous de douleur & de joye.
Mais cet office encor n'est pas assez pour luy,
Il y viendra luy-mesme, & peut-être aujourd'huy;
Il croit mal reconnoistre une vertu si pure,
Si de sa propre bouche il ne vous en assure,
S'il ne vous dit chez vous combien vous doit l'Etat.*

*Le vieil Hor. De tels remercimens ont pour moy trop
Et je me tiens déjà trop payé par les vostres [d'éclat,
Du service d'un Fils, & du sang des deux autres.*

*Val. Il ne scait ce que c'est d'honorer à demy,
Et son sceptre arraché des mains de l'Ennemy*

Fait

So he gave up his undefended Breath,
Securing *Rome's* Dominion by his Death.

Old Hor. O! my brave Son! true heir of all Renown,
Only Supporter of a falling Crown!
O Virtue worthy of *Rome's* boast and mine!
Thy Country's succour, glory of thy Line!
When into tenderness shall I convert,
All my Injustice to thy great desert?
When shall I my repenting kindness show,
And with glad tears bathe thy victorious Brow!

Val. That your Endearments may soon find a place,
The King will hasten him to your Embrace;
And therefore till to morrow is delay'd
The Sacrifice which must to Heav'n be paid;
This day no other Gratitude allows,
But Songs of Triumph, and the publick Vows;
Where *Horace* waits the King, by whom I'm sent
To ease your Grief, and heighten your Content:
But this is not enough for him to pay,
He'll come himself, and that perhaps to day.
This noble Action does oblige him so,
That his own thanks he will on you bestow,
Who have resign'd your Sons to save his Throne.

Old Hor. That Honour is too great for me to own;
And I'm requited, by what you have said,
For all the Blood my Sons have spilt or shed.

Val. The King, who no imperfect bounty knows,
His rescu'd Scepter from insulting Foes

*Fait qu'il tient cét honneur qu'il luy plaist de vous faire
Au dessous du mérite, & du Fils, & du Pére.
Je vay luy témoigner quels nobles sentimens
La vertu vous inspire en tous vos mouvemens,
Et combien vous montrez d'ardeur pour son service.*

*Le vieil Hor. Je vous dévray beaucoup pour un si
bon office.*

S C E N E III.

Le vieil Horace, Camille.

*Le vieil Hor. Ma Fille, il n'est plus temps de répandre
des pleurs.*

*Il sied mal d'en verser où l'on voit tant d'honneurs,
On pleure injustement des pertes domestiques
Quand on en voit sortir des victoires publiques.
Rome triomphe d'Albe, & c'est assez pour nous,
Tous nos maux à ce prix doivent nous estre doux.
En la mort d'un Amant vous ne perdez qu'un homme
Dont la perte est aisée à réparer dans Rome.
Après cette victoire il n'est point de Romain
Qui ne soit glorieux de vous donner la main.
Il me faut à Sabine en porter la nouvelle ;
Le coup sera sans doute assez rude pour elle,
Et ses trois Freres morts par la main d'un Epoux,
Luy donneront des pleurs bien plus justes qu'à vous ;
Mais j'espére aisément en dissiper l'orage,
Et qu'un peu de prudence aidant son grand courage,
Fera*

Values so much, that all that he can do,
He thinks below either your Son or You:
But I shall tell him with what noble fire
Heroick Virtue does your Soul inspire,
And how much Loyal Zeal to him you bear.

Old Hor. You'll much oblige me by so kind a care.

S C E N E III.

Old Horace, Camilla.

Old Hor. Daughter, your Tears are out of season
now,

And misbecome the place where Honours grow;
Domestick losses we may well excuse,
When they do publick Victories produce:
It is enough, *Rome* does o'er *Alba* sway,
And all our suff'rings that one word must pay:
You but a Man lost when your Lover fell,
Whom you may quickly now repair as well.
What noble *Roman*, after this success,
But would be proud to make you an address?
But to *Sabina* I this news must bear,
Whose blow must needs be very rude to her;
And her three Brothers by her Husband slain,
Will give her much more reason to complain:
But I despair not to appease her yet,
And she who is so brave, and so discreet,

Will

*Fera bien-tost régner sur un si noble cœur,
Le généreux amour qu'elle doit au Vainqueur.
Cependant étouffez cette lasche tristesse,
Recevez-le, s'il vient, avec moins de foiblesse,
Faites-vous voir sa Sœur, & qu'en un mesme flanc
Le Ciel vous a tous deux formez d'un mesme sang.*

S C E N E IV.

Camille.

*Cam. Ouy, je luy feray voir par d'inaffables marques
Qu'un véritable amour brave la main des Parques,
Et ne prend point de loix de ces cruels tyrans,
Qu'un Astre injurieux nous donne pour Parens.
Tu blâmes ma douleur, tu l'oses nommer lasche.
Je l'aime d'autant plus, que plus elle te fasche,
Impitoyable Père, & par un juste effort
Je la veux rendre égale aux rigueurs de mon sort.*

*En vit-on jamais un dont les rudes traverses,
Prissent en moins de rien tant de faces diverses,
Qui fust doux tant de fois, & tant de fois cruel,
Et portast tant de coups avant le coup mortel ?
Vit-on jamais une ame en un jour plus atteinte
De joye & de douleur, d'espérance & de crainte,
Asservie en esclave à plus d'événemens,
Et le piteux jouet de plus de changemens ?
Un Oracle m'asseure, un Songe me travaille ;
La Paix calme l'effroy que me fait la bataille,*

Mon

Will without pain her generous Soul dispose
To that Submission which her Honour owes.
Till when suppress your Grief you now resent,
Nor entertain him with this discontent:
In brief, let him a Sister meet, and find
In the same Blood, the same heroick Mind.

S C E N E IV.

Camilla.

Cam. Yes, I shall quickly to that Brother prove,
That none can fear to die, who dares to love;
Nor can submit to those stern Parents sway,
Whom cruel Heav'n condemns us to obey.
You blaine my Grief, you call it mean and poor,
But in revenge I'll cherish it the more;
Relentless Father! and my tears shall flow,
Till their streams rapid as their causes grow.
Never did Fortune shift her treach'rous part
So many times, to break a single Heart;
Sometimes she flatter'd, and sometimes did fright;
Never in one day, did one Heart appear
So toss'd, from grief to joy, from hope to fear:
An Oracle assures, a Dream torments,
The Battel threatens, and the Peace contents.
Just on my Marriage Eve, the Cities chose
My Lover and my Brother to be Foes:

The

Mon hymen se prépare, & presque en un moment.
Pour combattre mon Frère on choisit mon Amant.
Ce choix me desespére, & tous le desavouent,
La partie est rompuë, & les Dieux la renouent.
Rome semble vaincuë, & seul des trois Albains
Curiace en mon sang n'a point trempé ses mains.
O Dieux, sentois-je alors des douleurs trop légères,
Pour le malheur de Rome & la mort de deux Frères,
Et me flatois-je trop grand je croyois pouvoir
L'aimer encor sans crime, & nourrir quelque espoir?
Sa mort m'en punit bien, & la façon cruelle
Dont mon ame éperduë en reçoit la nouvelle.
Son Rival me l'apprend, & faisant à mes yeux
D'un si triste succès le récit odieux,
Il porte sur le front une allegresse ouverte,
Que le bonheur public fait bien moins que ma perte,
Et bastissant en l'air sur le malheur d'autrui.
Aussi-bien que mon Frère, il triomphe de luy.
Mais ce n'est rien encor au prix de ce qui reste.
On demande ma joye en un jour si funeste,
Il me faut applaudir aux exploits du Vainqueur,
Et baisser une main qui me perce le cœur.
En un sujet de pleurs si grand, si légitime,
Se plaindre est une honte, & soupirir un crime;
Leur brutale vertu veut qu'on s'estime heureux,
Et si l'on n'est barbare, on n'est point généreux,
Dégénérons, mon cœur, d'un si vertueux Père,
Soyons indigne Sœur d'un si généreux Frère.

Cest

The Soldiers murmur, and revoke the choice,
The Gods again confirm it by their Voice ;
Rome seems subdu'd, and with my Brother's blood;
My *Curtius* only unpolluted stood.
But did my Heart too little grief contain,
To see my Country stoop, and Brothers slain ?
Or did my Fancy give too large a scope,
To love yet guiltless, and yet living hope ?
His death revenges on me that abuse,
With the sad way wherein I heard the news :
Valerius tells it, and to brave my Fate,
The sad event does odiously relate :
An open Gladness did his Visage dress,
Less by *Rome's* Glory caus'd than my Distress ;
Since by his Rival's death his hopes renew,
He seems to share my Brother's Triumph too.
But this is nothing to my present wo,
I am requir'd, with joy, to meet the blow :
I to the Conqueror must my Praise impart,
And kiss a hand that stabs me to the Heart :
And when my Grief so justly great appears,
They place an Infamy upon my tears :
I must rejoice at what afflicts me thus,
And to be noble, must be barbarous.
But from this Father I'll degenerate,
And will deserve this gallant Brother's hate,
For human frailty sure illustrious grows,
When Brutishness for Virtue they impose.

*C'est gloire de passer pour un cœur abattu
Quand la brutalité fait la haute vertu.
Eclatez, mes douleurs, à quoy bon vous contraindre?
Quand on a tout perdu que sçauroit-on plus craindre?
Pour ce cruel Vainqueur n'ayez point de respect,
Loin d'éviter ses yeux croissez à son aspect,
Offensez sa victoire, irritez sa colère,
Et prenez, s'il se peut, plaisir à luy déplaire.
Il vient; préparons-nous à montrer constamment
Ce que doit une Amante à la mort d'un Amant.*

S C E N E V.

Horace, Camille, Procule.

Procule porte en sa main les trois épées des Curiaces.

Hor. *Ma Sœur, voicy le bras vangé nos deux Frères,
Le bras qui rompt le cours de nos Destins contraires,
Qui nous rend maîtres d'Albe; enfin voicy le bras,
Qui seul fait aujourd'huy le sort de deux Etats.
Voy ces marques d'honneur, ces témoins de magis'ire,
Et ren's ce que tu dois à l'heur de ma victoire.*

Cam. Recevez donc mes pleurs, c'est ce que je luy dois.

Hor. *Rome n'en veut point voir après de tels exploits,
Et nos deux Frères morts dans le malheur des armes
Sont trop payez de sang pour exiger dés larmes.
Quand la perte est vangée on n'a plus rien perdu.*

Cam. *Puisqu'ils sont satisfaits par le sang épandu,
Je cesseray pour eux de paroistre affligée,
Et j'oubliray leur mort que vous avez vangée.*

Mais

Appear my Griefs, why should you now forbear?
 When all is lost, what hath one left to fear?
 This savage Conqueror I will not fly,
 But will upbraid him with his Victory;
 Offend his Conquest, irritate his Rage,
 And, if ought can, let that my Grief asswage:
 He comes, let my just Sorrow now disclose
 What to a Lover slain a Mistress owes.

S C E N E V.

Horace, Camilla.

Hor. Sister, this Arm our Brothers has reveng'd,
 And *Rome's* declining Destiny has chang'd;
 Has to *Rome's* Sway subjected *Alba's* Fate,
 And in one day dispos'd of either State.
 Behold what Trophies I have won, and pay
 What's due from you to such a glorious day.

Cam. Receive my Tears then, which are all I owe.
Hor. *Rome* in her Triumphs will not those allow:
 Blood hath too well appeas'd our Brothers slain,
 For you by Tears to wash away their stain.
 A loss that is reveng'd, should be forgot.

Cam. Since then our hapless Brothers need them
 not,
 I shall not think my Tears to them are due,
 Who are so fully satisfy'd by you.

L1

But

*Mais qui me vangera de celle d'un Amant,
Pour me faire oublier sa perte en un moment ?*

Hor. *Que dis-tu, malheureuse?*

Cam. *O mon cher Curiace !*

*O d'une indigne Sœur insupportable audace !
D'un Ennemy public dont je reviens Vainqueur,
Le nom est dans ta bouche, & l'amour dans ton cœur !
Ton ardeur criminelle à la vengeance aspire !
Ta bouche la demande, & ton cœur la respire !
Suy moins ta passion, régle mieux tes désirs.
Ne me fais plus rougir d'entendre tes soupirs.
Tes flames désormais doivent estre étouffées,
Banny-les de ton ame, & songe à mes trophées,
Qu'ils soient dores devant ton unique entretien.*

Cam. *Donne-moy donc, barbare, un cœur comme le tien,
Et si tu veux enfin que je t'ouvre mon ame,
Rens-moy mon Curiace, ou laisse agir ma flamme.
Ma joie & mes douleurs dépendoient de son sort,
Je l'adorois vivant, & je le pleure mort.*

*Ne cherche plus ta Sœur où tu l'avois laissée,
Tu ne revois en moy qu'une Amante offensée,
Qui comme une Furie attachée à tes pas,
Te veut incessamment reprocher son trépas,
Tigre alteré de sang, qui me défens les larmes,
Qui veux que dans sa mort je trouve encor des charmes,
Et que jusques au Ciel élevant tes exploits,
Moy-même je le tuë une seconde fois.*

Puis-

But who will make my Happiness return?
Or call that Lover back for whom I mourn?

Hor. How's that?

Cam. My *Curtius*, ah too brave! too dear!

Hor. Ha! what are those audacious words I hear?
Can my degen'rate Sister then retain
Love for a publick Foe, whom I have slain?
Thy guilty Passion to Revenge aspires,
But govern better thy unjust Desires;
Remove my blushes, and thy flame suppress,
And be in love only with my Success:
Let these great Trophies thy delight confine.

Cam. Give me, Barbarian, then, a Heart like thine;
And since my Thoughts I can no more disclaim,
Restore my *Curtius*, or excuse my flame;
All my delight with his dear Life is fled,
I lov'd him living, and lament him dead.
If thou the Sister seek'st thou left'st behind,
An injur'd Mistress only thou wilt find,
Who like a Fury still must thee pursue,
And still reproach thee with his Murther too.
Inhuman Brother! who forbid'st my Tears,
To whom my Ruin such a joy appears:
Who of thy cruel slaughters growing vain,
Would'st have me kill my *Curtius* o'er again:
May such incessant Sorrows follow thee,
That thou may'st be reduc'd to envy me,

Puissent tant de malheurs accompagner ta vie,
 Que tu tombes au point de me porter envie,
 Et toy, bien-tost souiller par quelque lascheté
 Cette gloire si chère à ta brutalité.

Hor. O Ciel, qui vit jamais une pareille rage !
 Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
 Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel deshonneur !
 Aime, aime cette mort qui fait nostre bonheur,
 Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
 Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome.

Cam. Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment !
 Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon Amant !
 Rome, qui t'a vu naître, & que ton cœur adore !
 Rome, enfin que je hay parce qu'elle t'honore !
 Puissent tous ses Voisins ensemble conjurez,
 Sapper ses fondemens encor mal assurez,
 Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
 Que l'Orient contre-elle à l'Occident s'allie ;
 Que cent Peuples unis des bouts de l'Univers
 Passent pour la d'truire, & les monts, & les mers ;
 Qu'elle-même sur soy renverse ses murailles,
 Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles :
 Que le courroux du Ciel allumé par mes vœux
 Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux.
 Puissay-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
 Voir ses maisons en cendre, & tes lauriers en poudre,
 Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
 Moy seule en estre cause, & mourir de plaisir.

Horace

And by some wretched Action soon defame,
Thy so ador'd, and yet so brutish Name.

Hor. O Heav'ns ! who ever saw such raging
Love !

Believ'st thou nothing can my Temper move?
And in my Blood can I this shame permit?
Love, love that blow which so ennobles it;
And the remembrance of one Man resign
To th' Interests of *Rome*, if not to mine.

Cam. To *Rome*! the only object of my hate!
To *Rome*! whose quarrel caus'd my Lover's Fate!
To *Rome*! where thou wert born, to thee so dear,
Whom I abhor, 'cause she does thee revere.
May all her Neighbours in one knot combine,
Her yet unsure Foundations t'undermine;
And if *Italian Forces* seem too small,
May East and West conspire to make her fall;
And all the Nations of the barb'rous World,
To ruin her, o'er Hills and Seas be hurl'd:
Nor these loath'd Walls may her own Fury spare,
But with her own hands her own bowels tear;
And may Heav'n's anger, kindled by my Woe,
Whole deluges of fire upon her throw;
May my Eyes see her Temples overturn'd,
These Houses ashes, and thy Lawrels burn'd;
See the last gasp which the last *Roman* draws,
And die with joy for having been the cause.

Horace mettant la main l'épée, & poursuivant sa Sœur qui s'enfuit.

C'est trop, ma passion à la raison fait place.

Va dedans les Enfers plaindre ton Curiace.

Camille blessée derrière le Théâtre.

Ah, traître !

Horace revenant sur le Théâtre.

*Ainsi reçoive un châtiment soudain
Quiconque ose pleurer un Ennemy Romain.*

S C E N E VI.

Horace, Procule.

Proc. *Que venez-vous de faire ?*

Hor. *Un acte de justice.*

Un semblable forfait veut un pareil supplice.

Proc. *Vous deviez la traiter avec moins de rigueur.*

Hor. *Ne me dis point qu'elle est, & mon sang, & ma Sœur.*

Mon Père ne peut plus l'avouer pour sa Fille.

Qui maudit son Pays renonce à sa Famille :

Des noms si pleins d'amour ne luy sont plus permis,

De ses plus chers Parens il fait ses Ennemis,

Le sang mesme les arme en haine de son crime,

La plus prompte vengeance en est plus légitime,

Et ce souhait impie, encore qu'impuissant,

Est un monstre qu'il faut étouffer en naissant.

SCENE

Horace, drawing his Sword, and pursuing her.

It is too much: Patience a while give place!
Down into Hell to seek thy Curiace.

Camilla behind the Scene.

Ah Traitor!

Hor. Perish, and be that their droom,
Who dare lament an Enemy of *Rome*.

S C E N E VI.

Horace, Proculus.

Proc. What have you done?

Hor. An honourable act,
Such an Offence does such Revenge exact.

Proc. But to your Sister this was too severe.

Hor. Never tell me how near ally'd we were.
My Father scorns to own a Child so base,
Curses her Country, and disclaims her Race;
All ties of Love are forfeited and gone,
And she is stript of all Relation.

Her nearest Kindred cannot but disclaim
A Beast that brands her Family with shame.

The promptest Vengeance, and most cruel must,
For such a Crime as hers, be stil'd most just;
And those her impious Wishes ought to be
Stifled like Monsters in their Infancy.

L 1 4 SCENE

Mrs. Philips having Translated no more of this Play than to the Sixth Scene of the Fourth Act, we have supply'd it from Mr. Cotton's Translation.

S C E N E VII.

Horace, Sabine, Procule.

Sab. *A quoy s'arreste icy ton illustre colère?*
Viens voir mourir ta Sœur dans les bras de ton Pere,
Viens repaistre tes yeux d'un spectacle si doux :
On si tu n'ès point las de ces généreux coups,
Immole au cher Pays des vertueux Horaces
Ce reste malheureux du sang de Curiaces.
Si prodigue du rien n'épargne pas le leur,
Joinz Sabine à Camille, & ta Femme à ta Sœur.
Nos crimes sont pareils ainsi que nos miséres,
Je souûpire comme elle, & déplore mes Frères,
Plus coupable en ce point contre tes dures loix,
Qu'elle n'en pleuroit qu'un, & que j'en pleure trois,
Qu'après son châtiment ma faute continuë.

Hor. *Séche tes pleurs, Sabine, ou les cache à ma veuë.*

Rens-toy digne du nom de ma chaste Moitié,
Et ne m'accable point d'une indigne pitie.
Si l'absolu pouvoir d'une pudique flame
Ne nous laisse à tous deux qu'un penser & qu'une ame,
C'est à toy d'élever tes sentimens aux miens,
Non à moy de descendre à la honte des tiens.
Je t'aime, & je connoy la douleur qui te presse,
Embrasse ma vertu pour vaincre ta foiblesse,

Par-

S C E N E VII.

Horace, Sabina, Proculus.

Sab. Why stops thy noble Fury here? Come nigh,
See in her Father's arms *Camilla* dye.
Come glut thine Eyes with the alluring sight,
And if thou think'st what's done be yet too light,
To thy dear *Rome* offer the Blood remains
O'th' *Curiatii* in *Sabina*'s Veins.
Never spare theirs, whilst of thine own so free;
But to *Camilla*'s join my Destiny:
Our Crimes, as well as Miseries, are one,
Like her my Brothers slaughter I bemoan;
Transgressing more thy cruel Laws, than she;
She only wept for one, but I for three,
To give thy Fury a more just pretence.

Hor. *Sabina*, dry your Tears, or get you hence.
Render thy self worthy *Horatio*'s Wife,
And that repute thy chaste and virtuous life,
Has from Mankind, as thy just Merit won,
And wound me not with mean compassion.
If th'absolute int'rest of a virtuous flame
Commands our Hearts and Souls to be the same,
It is thy part to raise thy Heart to mine,
I ought not to thy weaknesslesse decline.
I love thee, and I know thy Soul's grown sad,
Call in my Virtue to thy frailty's aid;

In-

*Participe à ma gloire au lieu de la souiller;
Tasche à t'en revétir, non à m'en dépouiller.
Es-tu de mon honneur si mortelle ennemie,
Que je te plaise mieux couvert d'une infamie?
Sois plus Femme que Sœur, & te réglant sur moy,
Fais-toy de mon exemple une immuable loy.*

Sab. *Cherche pour t'imiter des ames plus parfaites.
Je ne t'impute point les pertes que j'ay faites,
J'en ay les sentimens que je dois en avoir,
Et je m'en prens au Sort plutôt qu'à ton devoir.
Mais enfin je renonce à la vertu Romaine,
Si pour la posseder je dois estre inhumaine,
Et ne puis voir en moy la Femme du Vainqueur,
Sans y voir des Vaincus la déplorable Sœur.*

*Prenons part en public aux victoires publiques,
Pleurons dans la maison nos malheurs domestiques,
Et ne regardons point des biens communs à tous,
Quand nous voyons des maux qui ne sont que pour nous.
Pourquoy veux-tu, cruel, agir d'une autre sorte?
Laisse en etrant icy tes lauriers à la porte,
Mesle tes pleurs au miens. Quoy? ces lâches discours
N'arment point ta vertu contre mes tristes jours?
Mon crime redoublé n'émeut point ta colère?
Que Camille est heureuse! elle a pû te déplaire,*

Elle

Instead of clouding it, my Glory share,
And without stripping me my Triumphs wear.
Art thou so great a Foe unto my Fame,
That I should please thee better clad in shame?
Discover now the Virtue of that flame
That seats a Husband in his sov'reign claim
Above th'inferior interest of Blood,
And learn by my Example to be good.

Sab. Some nobler Soul to imitate you chuse;
I blame thee not, alas! for what I lose:
My thoughts are govern'd as they ought to be,
And I do rather blame Mischance than thee.
But I all claim to *Roman* Virtue quit,
If Inhumanity must purchase it;
Nor can I in my own esteem appear
Wife unto him, who is the Conqueror:
But that at once I see my self again
The deplorable Sister of the slain.
Let us in publick, publick Conquests own,
Lament domestick miseries at home.
And not regard a Good derives to all,
When on our selves peculiar Mischiefs fall.
Why (cruel Man) dost thou those Trophies wear?
Lay by those Laurels when thou enter'st here,
And joyn with me in tears.— Will not this raise
Thy Virtue's spleen to end my wretched days?
Can my repeated Crime not move thine Ire?
Camilla's blest could raise thy Fury's fire!

*Elle a réceu de toy ce qu'elle a prétendu,
Et recouvre là bas tout ce qu'elle a perdu.*

*Cher Epoux, cher auteur du tourment qui me presse,
Ecoute la pitié, si ta colère cesse,
Exerce l'une ou l'autre après de tels malheurs.
A punir ma foiblesse, ou finir mes douleurs.
Je demande la mort pour grace ou pour supplice:
Qu'elle soit un effet d'amour, ou de justice,
N'importe, tous ses traits n'auront rien que de doux,
Si je les voy partir de la main d'un Epoux.*

Hor. *Qu'elle injustice aux Dieux d'abandonner aux Femmes,*

*Un empire si grand sur les plus belles ames,
Et de se plaire à voir de si foibles Vainqueur,
Régner si puissamment sur les plus nobles cœurs!
A quel point ma vertu devient-elle réduite!
Rien ne la sauroit plus garantir que la fuite.
Adieu, ne me suy point, ou retiens tes soâpirs.*

Sab. seule. *O colère! ô pitié sourdes à mes desirs!
Vous négligez mon crime, & ma douleur vous lasse,
Et je n'obtiens de vous, ny supplice, ny grace.
Allons-y par nos pleurs faire encor un effort,
Et n'employons après que nous à nostre mort.*

She tempted from thee, what she wisht for most,
And finds below all that above she lost.

Dear Cause of all the woes my Heart oppres,
Incline to Pity, if thine Anger cease:
One of the Passions to thy choice propose,
To scourge my frailty, or to end my woes.
For Death by favour or desert I move,
Be't an effect of Justice or of Love,
It shall be welcome, and I'll kiss the brand
Performs that office from a Husband's hand.

Hor. You are unjust, you Gods! why do you give
Imperious Women this Prerogative
O'er noble Souls, and pleas'd sit looking on,
Whilst they insult in their Dominion?
To what a strait am I reduc'd, when I
To save my Virtue am enforc'd to fly?
Farewel, follow me not, or dry your Tears. [*Exit.*]

Sab. Oh Wrath! O Pity! deaf unto my Pray'r's!
My Crime I see's neglected, and my Woe
Does in the repetition tedious grow.
Thus, though I tempt his Spirit various ways,
I can obtain nor Punishment, nor Grace:
But once again my Tears their pow'r shall try,
And if that fail, by my own hand I'll die.

ACTE V. SCENE I.

Le vieil Horace, Horace.

Le vieil HORACE.

REtirons nos regards de cet objet funeste
 Pour admirer icy le jugement céleste.
Quand la gloire nous enfle, il sçait bien comme il faut
Confondre nostre orgueil qui s'eleve trop haut.
Nos plaisirs les plus doux ne vont point sans tristesse,
Il mesle à nos vertus des marques de foibleſſe,
Et rarement accorde à nostre ambition
L'entier & pur honneur d'une bonne action
Je ne plains point Camille, elle étoit criminelle,
Je me tiens plus à plaindre, & je te plains plus qu'elle,
Moy, d'avoir mis au jour un cœur si peu Romain,
Toy, d'avoir par sa mort deshonoré ta main.
Je ne la trouve point injuste ny trop prompte,
Mais tu pouvois, mon Fils, t'en épargner la honte;
Son crime, quoy qu'enorme & digne du trépas,
Etoit mieux impuny, que puny par ton bras.

Hor. *Disposez de mon sang, le loix vous enfont*
maître.

J'ay crû devoir le sien aux lieux qui m'ont vû naître.

Re-

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Old Horace, Horace.**Old HORACE.*

LET us from this sad Spectacle retire,
Heav'ns never-sleeping Justice to admire,
Which, when we swell to Insolence, knows how
To scourge our Pride, and lay our Glories low.
Heav'n Sorrow ever with our Joy combines,
Sows seeds of frailty in the noblest Minds,
And seldom does our bravest Actions grown,
With an unblemish'd and a true Renown.

Camilla did offend, nor do I wear
These clouds of Sorrow in my face for her;
I think my self to be lamented more,
And more than her, alas! I thee deplore.
I do bewail my own sinister fate
To have a Daughter so degenerate;
And thee for having by misfortune dy'd
Thy noble Sword in such a Parricide.
Not that I do thy Heat or Justice blame,
Yet, I could wish thou hadst escap'd the shame:
Her Crime (though worthy Death) had better far
Been spar'd, than thou her Executioner.

Hor. My Life, and Death, Sir, in your Sentence lye,
I thought that Blow due to Rome's Injury:

But

*Si dans vos sentimens mon zele est criminel,
 Sil m'en faut recevoir un réproche éternel,
 Si ma main en devient honteuse & profanée,
 Vous pouvez d'un seul mot trancher ma Destinée.
 Reprenez tout ce sang de qui ma lascheté
 As si brutallement souillé la pureté ;
 Ma main n'a pu souffrir de crime en vostre race ;
 Ne souffrez point de tache en la maison d'Horace.
 C'est en ces actions dont l'honneur est blessé,
 Qu'un Père tel que vous se montre intéressé,
 Son amour doit se taire, où toute excuse est nulle,
 Luy-mesme il y prend part lors qu'il les dissimule,
 Et de sa gloire il fait trop peu de cas,
 Quand il ne punit point ce qu'il n'aprouve pas.*

Le vieil Hor. Il n'use pas toujours d'une rigueur extrême,

*Il épargne ses Fils bien souvent pour soy-mesme,
 Sa vieillesse sur eux aime à se soutenir,
 Et ne les punit point de peur de se punir.*

*Je te voy d'un autre œil que tu ne te regardes,
 Je sçay... Mais le Roy vient, je vois entrer ses Gardes.*

But if that Zeal do criminal appear,
If I eternal brands of shame must wear,
And if my Arm be infamous become,
With one sole word you may pronounce my doom.
Take back that Blood which my unworthy hand
Has by a coward act so basely stain'd.
I could not suffer in your virtuous Race
A Crime that might your noble Name disgrace:
Nor should you with an over-partial Eye
Suffer this blemish in your Family.
In acts where Honour suffers 'tis discern'd,
That such a Father as you are's concern'd.
T'excuse ill Sons, even Fathers should forbear;
Whilst they conceal our faults, they faulty are;
And his own Fame that Father little moves,
Who spares that Guilt his Virtue disapproves.

Old Hor. Fathers sometimes from harsh extremes
And often spare their Sons, themselves to spare. [forbear,
Our Age leans on their youthful strength, and spares
Them, since in them we must be Sufferers.
I look upon thee with a diff'rent eye
From that thou censur'st thine own Virtue by:
And though thy Reputation blemish'd stand,
I know —— but see the Guards, the King's at hand.

S C E N E II.

Tulle, Valere, Le vieil Horace, Horace,
Troupe de Gardes.

Le vieil Hor. *Ah, Sire, un tel honneur a trop d'excès
pour moy,*

*Ce n'est point en ce lieu que je doy voir mon Roy,
Permettez qu'à genoux...*

Tulle. *Non, levez-vous, mon Père,
Je fais ce qu'en ma place un bon Prince doit faire.
Un si rare service, & si fort important
Veut l'honneur le plus rare, & le plus éclatant :
Vous en aviez déjà sa parole pour gage,
Je ne l'ay pas voulu différer davantage.*

*J'ay sçeu par son rapport (& je n'en doutois pas)
Comme de vos deux Fils vous portez le trépas,
Et que déjà voâtre ame étant trop résoluë,
Ma consolation vous seroit superfluë;
Mais je viens de sçavoir quel étrange malheur
D'un Fils victorieux a suivi la valeur,
Et que son trop d'amour pour la cause publique
Par ses mains à son Père oste une Fille unique.
Ce coup est un peu rude à l'esprit le plus fort,
Et je doute comment vous portez cette mort.*

Le

SCENE II.

*Tullus, Valerius, Horace the Father,
Horace, and Guards.*

Old Hor. Great Sir, you do your Servant too much
I blush to see you in so mean a place. [grace,
Permit me that in gratitude thus low ——

Tull. No, Father, rise, and let your Merit know
I pay in this the least of what is due
From virtuous Princes to such Men as you.
Such Services pretend to all whate'er
Subjects can merit, or their Kings confer.

Valerius word was past; nor could I be
Just to my self, till I had set him free.
I heard from him; nor did I doubt before,
With what a noble Constancy you bore
Your brave Sons deaths, and know that to a Soul
So fortify'd as yours, so right, and whole,
What comforts I could bring would only prove
Unnecessary complements of Love:

But now that I have heard what a sad fate
Does on your conqu'ring Son's brave Valour wait,
And that his zeal to th'publick cause has led
His sudden fury to commit a deed,
Deprives you of an onely Daughter; then
Whilst I consider the most brave are Men,
I must confess I cannot chuse but fear
How your great Heart, so great a blow can bear.

Le vieil Hor. *Sire, avec déplaisir, mais avec patience.*

Tulle. *C'est l'effet vertueux de vostre experience. Beaucoup par un long âge ont appris comme vous Que le malheur succéde au bonheur le plus doux; Peu sçavent comme vous s'appliquer ce remède, Et dans leur intérêt toute leur vertu céde. Si vous pouvez trouver dans ma compassion Quelque soulagement pour vostre affliction, Ainsi que vostre mal sçachez qu'elle est extrême, Et que je vous en plains autant que je vous aime.*

Val. *Sire, puisque le Ciel entre les mains des Rois, Dépose sa justice, & la force des loix, Et que l'Etat demande aux Princes légitimes Des prix pour les vertus, des peines pour les crimes, Souffrez qu'un bon Sujet vous fasse souvenir Que vous plaignez beaucoup ce qu'il vous faut punir. Souffrez —*

Le vieil Hor. *Quoy? qu'on envoie un Vainqueur au supplice?*

Tulle. *Permettez qu'il achève, en je feray justice.*

J'aime à la rendre à tous, à toute heure, & tout lieu,

C'est par elle qu'un Roy se fait un demy-Dieu,

Et

Old Hor. Sir, with a troubled, but a patient Sense.

Tull. A brave effect of your Experience.

Many by living long have learnt to know
That happiness is but a step to woe:
But few apply that Knowledge to the best,
And most Mens Virtues truckle, when opprest.
If in your King's compassion you can find
A comfort to th'afflictions of your Mind,
Believe it great as them, and that I do
With the same Friendship love, and pity you.

Val. Since, mighty Sir, into the hands of King's
Heav'n delegates the Law to order things,
And that within their sacred Power lies
Reward for Virtue, Punishment for Vice:
Permit a loyal Subject, in this case,
To prompt that Justice your Compassion stays,
And say you seem this Murther to forget,
Whilst you lament, and do not punish it.
Permit —

Old Hor. What! that *Rome's* conqu'ring Champion
And have his service paid with Infamy? [die,

Tull. Let him say on, *Horatio*, and forbear,
I who am to determine, ought to hear;
And do not fear but I will do you right,
It is at once my Duty, and Delight.
When Justice even and unbisf'd flows,
She then a Monarch for a Monarch shows.
Divinity shines round about him then,
Above the common race of common Men:

*Et c'est dont je vous p'ains qu'après un tel service
On puisse contre luy me demander justice.*

Val. *Souffrez donc, ô grand Roy, le plus juste des
Rois,*

*Que tous les gens de bien vous parlent par ma voix.
Non que nos cœurs jaloux de ses honneurs s'irritent,
S'il en reçoit beaucoup, ses hauts faits les méritent,
Ajoustez-y plûtost que d'en diminuer,*

Nous sommes tous encor prests d'y contribuër.

*Mais puisque d'un tel crime il s'est montré capable.
Qu'il triomphe en Vainqueur, & périsse en coupable,
Arrêtez sa fureur, le & saurez de ses mains,
Si vous voulez régner, le reste des Romains,
Il y va de la perte, ou du salut du reste.*

*La guerre avoit un cours si sanglant, si funeste,
Et les nœuds de l'Hymen durant nos bons Destins
Ont tant de fois uny des Peuples si voisins,
Qu'il est peu de Romains que le party contraire
N'intéresse en la mort d'un Gendre, ou d'un Be-
aufrère,*

*Et qui ne soient forcez de donner quelques pleurs
Dans le bonheur public à leurs propres malheurs.
Si c'est offenser Rome, & que l'heur de ses armes,
L'authorise à punir ce crime de nos larmes,*

Quel

And that which makes me most commiserate
The wretched fortune of your sad Estate,
Is, to hear Justice clamour'd on your Son,
Who has for *Rome* so brave a Service done.

Val. Permit then, justest Monarch, that in me
All virtuous Men appeal for Equity.

'Tis not, alas! that our repining Hearts
Envy those Honours, crown his brave Deserts ;
All you can give, short of his merit fall,
His glorious Actions shine above them all.
Add new, and greater still to those before,
We all are willing to contribute more:
But let him, since he could obscure his Fame
By such an act of horror, and of shame,
At once for Merit, and a Crime so high,
A Victor triumph, an Offender dye.
Check his wild Rage, and rescue those remain
Of *Rome's* brave Off-spring, it you mean to reign.
Your People's ruin, or their safety lies,
Or in his Pardon, or his Sacrifice.
Few *Romans* ever could in *Alba* boast
Of *Alba's* loss, but they in *Alba* lost
Some such Relation, as might force their Eyes
To private Tears in publick Victories.
If such a virtuous Sorrow then become
Criminal to the Interest of *Rome* ;
If his Success oblige you to dispence,
And privilege so great an Insolence ;

*Quel sang épargnera ce barbare vainqueur
 Qui ne pardonne pas à celuy de sa sœur,
 Et ne peut excuser cette douleur pressante
 Que la mort d'un amant jette au cœur d'une amante,
 Quand près d'estre éclairez du nuptial flambeau
 Elle voit avec luy son espoir au tombeau ?
 Faisant triompher Rome, il se l'est asservie,
 Il a sur nous un droit, & de mort, & de vie,
 Et nos jours criminels ne pourront plus durer,
 Qu'autant qu'à sa clemence il plaira l'endurer:*

*Je pourrois ajouster aux interests de Rome
 Combien un pareil coup est indigne d'un homme ;
 Je pourrois demander qu'on mist devant vos yeux
 Ce grand & rare exploit d'un bras victorieux.
 Vous verriez un beau sang, pour accuser sa rage,
 D'un frère si cruel rejallir au visage,
 Vous verriez des horreurs qu'on ne peut concevoir,
 Son âge, & sa beauté vous pourroient émouvoir :
 Mais je hay ces moyens qui sentent l'artifice.
 Vous avez à demain remis le sacrifice,
 Pensez-vous que les Dieux, vangeurs des innocens,
 D'une main parricide acceptent de l'encens ?
 Sur vous ce sacrilège attireroit sa peine,
 Ne le considérez qu'en objet de leur haine,*

Et

Who will this barbarous Conqueror forbear,
Whose fury would not his own Sister spare;
Nor yet excuse the Sorrow all approve
In a chaste Virgin ravish'd of her Love?
Rome, though she triumphs, is *Horatio's Slave*,
He has the sovereign Pow'r to kill, or save;
Nor have we now a longer Time to live,
Than as he's pleas'd to sentence, or forgive.

I could to *Rome's* concernment add how base,
Mean, and below a Man, the Action was;
I could demand to have the murther'd Maid,
His Valour's Triumph, in your Presence laid:
You then would see the yet warm Crimson rise,
And blushing blame a Brother's cruelties.
So sad a sight no Advocate would need,
Her Youth and Beauty would for Justice plead:
But I abhor in such a case as this,
All ways that bear a shew of Arifice.

To Morrow you have set apart to pay
Your Vows to Heav'n for this victorious Day:
And can you think those Deities, that bear
Thunder t' avenge the innocent Sufferer,
Will deign t' accept of Incense from a Hand
In a black Parricide so lately stain'd?
So great a Sacrilege would draw on you
The Vengeance that to him alone is due.
Look on him then as one whom Heav'n does hate,
And that wherein he has been fortunate,

Rome's

*Et croyez avec nous qu'en tous ses trois combats
Le bon Destin de Rome a plus fait que son bras,
Puisque ces mesmes Dieux auteurs de sa victoire
Ont permis qu'auSSI-tot il en souillaist la gloire,
Et qu'un si grand courage après ce noble effort
Fust digne en mesme jour de triomphe & de mort.
Sire, c'est ce qu'il faut que vostre Arrest décide,
En ce lieu Rome a veu le premier parricide,
La suite en est à craindre, & la haine des Cieux.
Sauvez-nous de sa main, & redoutez les Dieux.*

Tulle. *Défendez-vous, Horace.*

*Hor. A quoy bon me défendre?
Vous ssavez l'action, vous la venez d'entendre,
Ce que vous en croyez me doit estre une loy.*

*Sire, on se defend mal contre l'avis d'un Roy,
Et le plus innocent devient soudain coupable
Quand aux yeux de son Prince il paroit condamnable.
C'est crime qu'envers luy se vouloir excuser,
Nostre sang est son bien, il en peut disposer,
Et c'est à nous de croire alors qu'il en dispose
Qu'il ne s'en prive point sans une juste cause.
Sire, prononcez donc, je suis prest d'obéir,
D'autres aiment la vie, & je la doy hâir.
Je ne reproche point à l'ardeur de Valére
Qu'en amant de la sœur il accuse le frére,*

Mes

Rome's Stars have more by their own influence done,
Than by the Valour of their Champion :
Since the same Gods who did his Conquest crown,
Permit him thus to blemish his Renown,
And in one day, after Exploits so high,
To claim a Triumph, and deserve to dye.

This, Sir, is that your Judgment must decide,
Rome here has suffer'd the first Parricide,
The consequence, and Heaven's displeasure, are
The things Religion teaches us to fear;
Preserve your People from his Insolence,
And appease Heav'n by cens'ring his Offence.

Tull. Horace, make your Defence.

Hor. Sir, to what end
Should I an act you know so well defend?
Your Judgment's Law, though it pronounce me dead.
'Gainst Kings results, Offenders vainly plead,
And the most innocent the Sun can show,
When Kings conclude them criminal, are so.
Nay, 'tis a Crime t'excuse our selves to those
Who, by their Title, may our Lives dispose;
And when they cut us off we must believe
It is because we are unfit to live.
Pronounce my doom then Sir, I will obey't;
The Life that others love, I ought to hate:
No do I think *Valerius* too severe,
He prosecutes his Mistress Murtherer.
I do with him against my self conspire,
He would my Death, and 'tis my own desire;

With

*Mes vœux avec les siens conspirent aujourd'huy,
Il demande ma mort, je la veux comme luy.
Un seul point entre nous met cette différence,
Que mon honneur par-là cherche son assurance,
Et qu'à ce même but nous voulons arriver,
Luy, pour flestrir ma gloire, & moy, pour la sauver.*

*Sire, c'est rarement qu'il s'offre une matière
A montrer d'un grand cœur la vertu toute entière;
Suivant l'occasion elle agit plus, ou moins,
Et paroît forte, ou foible, aux yeux de ses témoins.
Le Peuple qui voit tout seulement pas l'écorce
S'attache à son effet pour juger de sa force,
Il veut que ses dehors gardent un même cours,
Qu'ayant fait un miracle, elle en fasse toujours.
Après une action pleine, haute, éclatante,
Tout ce qui brille moins remplit mal son attente:
Il veut qu'on soit égal en tout temps, en tous lieux,
Il n'examine point si lors on pouvoit mieux,
Ny que s'il ne voit pas sans cesse une merveille,
L'occasion est moindre, & la vertu pareille.
Son injustice accable & détruit les grands noms,
L'honneur des premiers faits se perd par les seconds,
Et quand la Renommée a passé l'ordinaire,
Si l'on n'en veut déchoir, il faut ne plus rien faire.*

Je

With this distinction, that I think by that
To keep my Honour in its present height ;
Whereas he thinks thereby to blot that Name
I would perpetuate to live in Fame.
We rarely meet occasions, Sir, wherein
A Heart's whole stock of Courage may be seen :
Valour acts more, or less, as time doth fit,
And as occasion serves or hinders it,
And manly, or effeminate, appears
At the discretion of the Censurers.
The common sort, whose Understandings be
By Ignorance limited to what they see,
Proportion force by its effects, and guesſ
At Valour, as effects are more or less ;
Expecting vainly, that who Wonders do,
Bleſt once by Fortune, should do always ſo.
After an act illustriously bright,
All that ſeem leſs darken that Action's light.
Men look we always ſhould in ev'ry place
Perform our actions with an equal grace ;
Without considering in th'occasion
What could have been, or more, or better done ;
Nor ſeeing that in Actions of leſs Fame,
Th'occasion's leſs, the Virtue ſtill the ſame.
Great Names by this Injustice are defac'd,
Mens first Acts honours perish in their laſt :
And who once reaches a ſupream Renown,
If he will hold it there, muſt there ſit down.

*Je ne vanteray point les exploits de mon bras,
 Vostre Majesté, Sire, a veu mes trois combats,
 Il est bien malaisé qu'un pareil les seconde,
 Qu'une autre occasion à celle-cy réponde,
 Et que tout mon courage, après de si grands coups,
 Parvienne à des succès qui n'aillent au dessous ;
 Si bien que pour laisser une illustre memoire,
 La mort seule aujourd'huy peut conserver ma gloire.
 Encor la falloit-il si-tost que j'eus vaincu,
 Puisque pour mon honneur j'ay déjà trop vécu.
 Un homme tel que moy voit sa gloire ternie
 Quand il tombe en peril de quelque ignominie,
 Et ma main auroit sçeu déjà m'en garantir ;
 Mais sans vostre congé mon sang n'ose sortir,
 Comme il vous appartient, vostre aveu doit se prendre,
 C'est vous le desrober qu'autrement le répandre.
 Rome ne manque point de généreux guerriers,
 Assez d'autres sans moy soutiendront vos lauriers,
 Que vostre Majesté desormais m'en dispense ;
 Et si ce que j'ay fait vaut quelque récompense,
 Permettez, ô grand Roy, que de ce bras vainqueur
 J'em'mmole à ma gloire, & non pas à ma Sœur.*

I shall not boast what Honour I have got,
Your self, great Sir, saw my three Combats fought:
But 'twill be hard ever again to find
And opportunity of such a kind,
To crown my Valour's worth with a success
That must not after these Exploits go less.
So that to give my Fame immortal breath,
I have no way, but by immediate Death.
I should have dy'd before, nor liv'd so long;
I've liv'd already to my Glory's wrong.
A Man like me perceives his Name decays,
When but in danger of the least disgrace;
And my own hand e'er this had clear'd the doubt,
But my Blood's yours, and dare not fally out,
Without your leave: Sir, your allowance must
Precede that action, else it were unjust.
Rome wants no generous Warriors, there are those,
When I am gone, well fight her bravest Foes
As well as I have done, and pluck fresh boughs
Of greener Laurel to adorn her Brows.

Then with an useless Man (great Sir) dispence;
And if my acts deserve a Recompence,
Let this be it, that with this conqu'ring Arm,
Still with the vigour of late action warm,
I sacrifice my self to my own Fame,
Without a mention of my Sister's Name.

SCENE III.

Tulle, Valere, Le vieil Horace, Horace, Sabine.

Sab. Sire, écoutez Sabine, & voyez dans son ame
 Les douleurs d'une sœur; & celles d'une femme,
 Qui toute desolée à vos sacrez genoux
 Pleure pour sa famille, & craint pour son époux.
 Ce n'est pas que je veüille avec cet artifice
 Desrober un coupable au bras de la justice,
 Quoy qu'il ait fait pour vous, traitez-le comme tel,
 Et punissez en moy ce noble criminel;
 De mon sang malheureux expiez tout son crime,
 Vous ne changerez point pour cela de victime,
 Ce n'en sera point prendre une injuste pitié,
 Mais en sacrifier la plus chère moitié.
 Les nœuds de l'Hyménée & son amour extresme
 Font qu'il vit plus en moy qu'il ne vit en luy-mesme,
 Et si vous m'accordez de mourir aujourd'huy,
 Il mourra plus en moy qu'il ne mourroit en luy.
 La mort que je demande, & qu'il faut que j'obtienne,
 Augmentera sa peine, & finira la mienne.
 Sire, voyez l'excès de mes tristes ennuis,
 Et l'effroyable état où mes jours sont reduits.
 Quelle horreur d'embrasser un homme dont l'épée
 De toute ma famille a la trame coupée,
 Et quelle impiété de haïr un époux
 Pour avoir bien servy les siens, l'Etat, & vous!

Aimer

S C E N E III.

*Tullus, Valerius, Old Horace, Horace,
Sabina, and Julia.*

Sab. Oh hear her Sir, in whose afflicted Mind
A Wife's and Sister's sorrows are combin'd;
Who desolate at your sacred feet, in tears
Laments her Race, and for her Husband fears,
Not that I would by Artifice withdraw
A guilty Man from the offended Law;
Use him like one, maugre his Victories,
But the brave Criminal in me chastise.
Let my unhappy Blood his forfeit pay,
The Victim's still the same, nor can you say
Your Justice is by Pity overcome,
Whilst I, his dearer part, abide your doom.
His matchless Love makes it appear he lives
In his own Person less, than in his Wife's:
And he, if I be sacrific'd, thereby
A sadder death, than in himself, shall dye.
The death I beg, and which I must obtain,
Will finish mine, but aggravate his pain.
Behold Sir, here th'excesses of my woe,
And the sad state my Life's reduc'd unto,
How can I without horror e'er embrace
A Man whose Sword has murther'd all my Race;
And without wickedness a Husband hate,
For his brave Service to his Prince and State?

N n

By

*Aimer un bras souillé du sang de tous mes frères !
 N'aimer pas un mary qui finit nos miséres !
 Sire, delivrez-moy par un heureux trépas
 Des crimes de l'aimer & de ne l'aimer pas.
 J'en nommeray l'Arrest une faveur bien grande :
 Ma main peut me donner ce que je vous demande,
 Mais ce trépas enfin me sera bien plus doux
 Si je puis de sa honte affranchir mon époux,
 Si je puis par mon sang appaiser la colère
 Des Dieux qu'a pû fascher sa vertu trop sévère,
 Satisfaire en mourant aux Manes de sa sœur,
 Et conserver à Rome un si bon défenseur.*

Le vieil Horace au Roy.

*Sire, c'est donc à moy de répondre à Valére,
 Mes enfans avec luy conspirent contre un père,
 Tous trois veulent me perdre, & s'arment sans raison
 Contre si peu de sang qui reste en ma maison.*

A Sabine.

*Toy, qui par des douleurs à ton devoir contraires
 Veux quitter un mary pour rejoindre tes frères,
 Va plûtost consulter leurs Manes généreux ;
 Ils sont morts, mais pour Albe, & s'entendent heureux.
 Puisque le Ciel vouloit qu'elle fust asservie,
 Si quelque sentiment demeure après la vie,*

Ce

By death then, Sir, preserve me from the Crime
Either of loving, or not loving him.
In this extremity I shall embrace
The heaviest Sentence for the Greatest grace.
I soon, alas! with this weak arm could do
The thing for which I do so humbly sue:
But Death will be more welcome, if thereby
I may redeem my Husband's Infamy:
If by my Blood I may those Deities,
His severe Virtue may have mov'd, appease,
Atone *Camilla*'s angry Ghost, and save
To *Rome* a Man so fortunate and brave.

Old Horace, speaking to the King.

I that defence, Sir, then must undertake,
My Son and Daughter unconcern'd forsake;
They with *Valerius* side, and are all three
Combin'd together in Conspiracy
Against that little Blood does yet remain
From War and Ruin, to restore my Name.

Speaking to Sabina.

Thou who by fruitless Sorrows, which oppose
The duty that a Wife the Husband owes,
Thy Husband wouldst forsake, and desperate,
Accompany thy Brothers in their Fate:
Go rather, and consult their gen'rous Ghosts;
'Tis true, their Lives by *Horace* hand they lost:
But 'twas in *Alba*'s quarrel that they dy'd,
And they in that are fully satisfy'd.

*Ce mal leur semble moindre, & moins rudes ses coups,
 Voyant que tout l'honneur en retombe sur nous.
 Tous trois desavouîront la douleur qui te touche,
 Les larmes de tes yeux, les soupirs de ta bouche,
 L'horreur que tu fais voir d'un mary vertueux.
 Sabine, sois leur sœur, suy ton devoir comme eux.*

Au Roy.

*Contre ce cher époux Valére en vain s'anime,
 Un premier mouvement ne fut jamais un crime,
 Et la loüange est deuë au lieu du châtiment
 Quand la vertu produit ce premier mouvement.
 Aimer nos ennemis avec idolatrie,
 De rage en leur trépas mandire la Patrie,
 Souhaiter à l'Etat un malheur infiny,
 C'est ce qu'on nomme crime, & ce qu'il a puny.
 Le seul amour de Rome a sa main animée,
 Il seroit innocent s'il l'avoit moins aimée.
 Qu'ay-je dit, Sire? il l'est, & ce bras paternel
 L'auroit déjà puny s'il étoit criminel,
 J'aurois seulement mieux user de l'entiére puissance
 Que me donnent sur lui les droits de la naissance,
 J'aime*

Since Heav'n destin'd *Alba* for a Slave,
 (If there remain remembrance in the Grave)
 They less repine at their mishap and wounds,
 Being the Glory unto us redounds.

Thy frantick sorrow they will all disclaim,
 Thy sighs, and tears, will disapprove, and blame,
 And will condemn the horror thou put'st on,
 For such a Husband has so bravely done.

Sabina be their Sister, dry your Tears,
 And do your duty, as they have done theirs.

Speaking to the King.

Valerius animates himself in vain,
 Against this noble Hero to complain.
 A sudden Passion in the course of time
 Was never yet reputed for a Crime;
 Rather than Punishment, it merits Praise
 When Virtue does that sudden Passion raise.

To love even to Idolatry our Foes,
 And curse our Country for their Overthrows;
 These are call'd Crimes, these the Offences were,
 He could not even in his Sister spare.

His Love to *Rome*, and her concerns alone
 Prompted his hand to execution.

Had not his Country's love tempted his spleen,
 He at this instant innocent had been.
 How strangely do I talk! what was't I meant
 To say he had been? he is innocent:

J'aime trop l'honneur, Sire, & ne suis point de rang

A souffrir ny d'affront, ny de crime en mon sang.

C'est dont je ne veux point de témoin que Valére,

Il a veu quel accueil lui gardoit ma colère,

Lors qu'ignorant encor la moitié du combat

Je croyois que sa fuite avoit trahy l'Etat.

Qui le fait se charger des soins de ma famille ?

Qui le fait malgré moy vouloir vanger ma fille ?

Et par quelle raison dans son juste trépas

Prend-il un intérêt qu'un père ne prend pas ?

On craint qu'après sa sœur il n'en maltraite d'autres !

Sire, nous n'avons part qu'à la honte des nostres,

Et de quelque façon qu'un autre puisse agir,

Qui ne nous touche point ne nous fait point rougir.

A Valére.

Tu peux pleurer, Valére, & mesme aux yeux d'Horace,

Il ne prend intérêt qu'aux crimes de sa race,

Qui n'est point de son sang ne peut faire d'affront

Aux lauriers immortels qui lui ceignent le front.

Lauriers, sacrez rameaux qu'on veut réduire en poudre,

Vous qui mettez sa teste à couvert de la foudre,

Or Sir, I had with my own hand e'er this
Punish'd the forfeit, had he done amiss ;
I should have made the sovereign pow'r known,
That Nature gives a Father o'er his Son.
Sir, I love Honour, nor can brook Disgrace,
Much less a Crime unpunish'd in my Race.
Of which I only shall his witness need, [Pointing to Valerius.]

He can resolve you what my Rage decreed,
When (ign'rant yet of one half of the fight)
I thought *Rome* ruin'd in his shameful Flight.
I wonder who bids him busie his cares
About my private Family-affairs ?
I wonder whence the Privilege he draws,
Without my leave to plead my Daughter's cause ?
Or by what right does he an Int'rest claim,
Where I her Father unoffended am ?
But 'tis objected, as a politick care,
That others may the like Misfortune share.
Sir, we are only jealous of the shame
That in particular concerns our Name ;
And letting others Infamies alone,
Do only blush at those which are our own.

Turning to Valerius.

Thou may'st, *Valerius*, weep before his face,
He's only angry at the Crimes on's Race :
None, save those of his blood, can blast those boughs
Of Living Laurel that adorn his Brows.

L'abandonnerez-vous à l'infame couteau
Qui fait choir les méchans sous la main d'un bour-
reau ?

Romains, souffrirez-vous qu'on vous immole un
homme

Sans qui Rome aujourd'huy cesseroit d'estre Rome,
Et qu'un Romain s'efforce à tacher le renom
D'un guerrier à qui tous doivent un si beau nom ?

Dy, Valère, dy-nous, si tu veux qu'il périsse,
Où tu penses choisir un lieu pour son supplice ?

Sera-ce entre ces murs, que mille & mille voix
Font resonner encor du bruit de ses exploits ?

Sera-ce hors des murs, au milieu de ces places
Qu'on voit fumer encor du sang des Curiaces,
Entre leurs trois tombeaux, & dans ce champ d'hon-
neur

Témoin de sa vaillance, & de nostre bonheur ?

Tu ne saurois cacher sa peine à sa victoire,
Dans les murs, hors des murs, tout parle de sa
gloire,

Tout s'oppose à l'effort de ton injuste amour,
Qui veut d'un si bon sang souiller un si beau jour.

Albe

Ye sacred wreaths, that Envy wishes dead,
You, who from Thunder have secur'd his head;
Will you that sacred Head abandon now,
Unto a despicable Hangman's blow?
Will ye, O *Romans*, on a day like this,
See and permit the bloody Sacrifice
Of that victorious Champion; but for whom,
And his brave Valour, *Rome* had been no *Rome*?
And suffer here a *Roman* to defame
With Accusations his illustrious Name!
Valerius, say, where would'st thou have him dye,
What Scene is proper for his Tragedy?
Within these Walls, where still the People raise
High Acclamations to his Valours praise?
Or in the Camp, yet fuming with a flood
Of the late conquer'd *Curiatiis* Blood?
Or else amongst the *Alban* Heroes Tombs?
Sure that place worst the Tragedy becomes.
That honourable Field that witnesses
At once his Prowess and our brave Success.
Thou canst not possibly chuse out a place,
To be the Theatre of his disgrace,
Wherein his noble Conquests will not rise
In Glory, to reproach your Cruelties.
The Camp, the Lists, within, without the Town,
All places echo with his high Renown.
All things oppose, and all Men disapprove
The vain attempts of thy unjuster Love,

That

*Albe ne pourra pas souffrir un tel spectacle,
Et Rome par ses pleurs y mettra trop d'obstacle,
Au Roy.*

*Vous les préviendrez, Sire, & par un juste Arrest
Vous scaurez embrasser bien mieux son intérêt
Ce qu'il a fait pour elle il peut encor le faire,
Il peut la garantir encor d'un sort contraire.
Sire, ne donnez rien à mes débiles ans,
Rome, aujourd'huy m'a veu père de quatre enfans,
Trois en ce mesme jour sont morts pour sa querelle,
Il m'en reste encor un, conservez-le pour elle,
N'ostez pas à ses murs un si puissant appuy,
Et souffrez pour finir que je m'adresse à lui.*

A Horace.

*Horace, ne croy pas que le Peuple stupide
Soit le maistre absolu d'un renom bien solide.
Sa voix tumultueuse assez souvent fait bruit,
Mais un moment l'élève, un moment le détruit,
Et ce qu'il contribuë à nostre Renommée
Toujours en moins de rien se dissipe en fumée.
C'est aux Rois, c'est aux Grands, c'est aux esprits
bien faits,
A voir la vertu pleine en ses moindres effets,*

C'est

That would with Blood so *Roman*, and so pure
The Glory of so bright a day obscure.

Alba her self that Object cannot see,
And *Rome* with tears will stay that Tragedy.

Speaking to the King.

But Sir, your Justice will prevent that doom,
You understand the interests of *Rome*.

What he has done he yet may do again,
And once more may her Liberty maintain;
Give nothing to my Age, Sir, in this case.
To day I Father of four Children was,
Of which three in *Rome's* Quarrels buried are,
One I have left, reserve him, Sir, for her.
Rob not this City, by his Sacrifice,
Of that defence which in his Valour lies;
And give me your Permission, that I may
Direct to him, what I have left to say,

Speaking to Horace.

Horatio, do not think the common bruit
Can raise, or lessen a brave Man's repute.
The Rabble ever do delight in noise,
But in a trice, change their inconstant Voice:
And the renown they give us bears no date,
But perishes as illegitimate.
It is for Kings great ones, for Souls that are
Advanc'd above the common pitch by far,
To censure Virtue, to discern, and know
The noble Spirits from the mean and low.

From

C'est d'eux seuls qu'on reçoit la véritable gloire,
 Eux seuls de vrais Heros assurent la mémoire.
 Vy toujours en Horace, & toujours auprès d'eux
 Ton nom demeurera grand, illustre, fameux,
 Bien que l'occasion moins haute, ou moins brillante,
 D'un vulgaire ignorant trompe l'injuste attente.
 Ne hay donc plus la vie, & du moins vy pour moy,
 Et pour servir encor ton païs & ton Roy.

Sire, j'en ay trop dit, mais l'affaire vous touche,
 Et Rome toute entière a parlé par ma bouche.

Val. Sire, permettez-moy — —

Tulle. Valére, c'est assez,
 Vos discours par les leurs ne sont pas effacez,
 J'en garde en mon esprit les forces plus pressantes,
 Et toutes vos raisons me sont encor presentes.

Cette énorme action faite presque à nos yeux
 Outrage la Nature, & blesse jusqu'aux Dieux.
 Un premier mouvement qui produit un tel crime
 Ne s'auroit luy servir d'excuse légitime,
 Les moins sévères loix es ce point sont d'accord,
 Et si nous les suivons, il est digne de mort.
 Si d'ailleurs nous voulons regarder le coupable,
 Ce crime, quoy que grand, énorme, inexcusable,
 Vient de la mesme épée, & part du mesme bras
 Qui me fait aujourdhuy maistre de deux Etats.

Deux

From then alone a true Renown proceeds,
And they alone record illustrious deeds.
Do always like thy self, thy Glory then
Shall live, and flourish amongst worthy Men;
Although a less occasion may perchance
Abuse short-sighted vulgar Ignorance.
Abhor thy life no more, but live, at least
For mine, thy King's, and Country's interest.
Live, *Rome's* Opposers bravely to oppose,
And fight her Battels with the bravest Foes.

Sir, I have said too much, though the affair
May well excuse a Father in his care.
I have pronounc'd the general sense of *Rome*,
And now expecting stay your final doom.

Val. Sir, give me leave.—

Tull. Valerius, no more,
I yet retain all you have said before,
And have consider'd every Circumstance,
Reason, and Word, that serves to prove th'Offence.

This bloody fact, committed in despight
Of Law, and Justice, almost in our sight,
Violates Nature, nay doth higher rise,
With human rage to wound the Deities;
And sudden passions that such crimes produce,
For facts like this, are but a weak excuse.
Our most indulgent Laws herein speak high,
And by their censure he deserves to die.
If by another way, and less severe,
We do consider the Offender here.

His

*Deux sceptres en ma main, Albe à Rome asservie,
Parlent bien hautement en faveur de sa vie.*

*Sans luy j'obéirois où je donne la loy,
Et je serois Sujet où je suis deux fois Roy.
Assez de bons Sujets dans toutes les Provinces
Par des vœux impuissans s'acquitent vers leurs
Princes.*

*Tous les peuvent aimer, mais tous ne peuvent pas
Par d'illustres effets assurer leurs Etats,
Et l'art & le pouvoir d'affermir des Couronnes
Sont des dons que le Ciel fait à peu de personnes,
De pareils serviteurs sont les forces des Rois,
Et de pareils aussi sont au dessus des loix.
Qu'elles se taisent donc, que Rome dissimule;
Ce que dès sa naissance elle vit en Romule;
Elle peut bien souffrir en son liberateur
Ce qu'elle a bien souffrir en son premier auteur.*

*Vy donc, Horace, vy, guerrier trop magnanime,
Ta vertu met ta gloire au dessus de ton crime,
Sa chaleur généreuse a produit ton forfait,
D'une cause si belle il faut souffrir l'effet.
Vy pour servir l'Etat, vy, mais aime Valére,
Qu'il ne reste entre vous, ny haine ny colère,*

Et

His Crime, though inexcusable, proceeds
From the same Sword and Arm have done those deeds;
By whose effects *Rome* bravely overcame,
And I a King of two great People am.

The double Crown on *Rome's* Imperial Head,
In favour of his Life does highly plead:
But for his Valour, I who now do sway
A two-fold Scepter, had been forc'd t'obey;
And where I sit a double Monarch Crown'd,
Had been a Captive made, subdu'd, and bound.
Many good Subjects in their Countries Wars
Can only serve their Princes by their Pray'rs.
All Men may love their Kings, but every one
Cannot secure their States as he has done.

The art, and power to establish Thrones,
Are Virtues Heav'n gives few private ones.
Such Servants are the Nerves, and Strength of Kings,
The Props of Kingdoms, and the glorious things
They do and suffer in their Country's Cause,
Seats them above the censure of the Laws.
Let them be silent then, and here let *Rome*
Forbear to utter an ungrateful doom
On an offence she saw before, when yet
She had no Name, her *Romulus* commit;
In her Deliverer she may forbear
The fault she could in her rash Founder spare.

Live then brave Soldier, Spirit too sublime,
Thy Virtue sets thy Glory 'bove thy Crime.

Since

*Et soit qu'il ait suivi l'amour, ou le devoir,
Sans aucun sentiment resous-toy de le voir.*

*Sabine, écoutez moins la douleur qui vous presse,
Chassez de ce grand cœur ces marques de foiblesse,
C'est en sechant vos pleurs que vous vous montrerez
La véritable sœur de ceux que vous pleurez.*

*Mais nous devons aux Dieux demain un sacrifice,
Et nous aurions le Ciel à nos vœux mal propice,
Si nos Prestres avant que de sacrifier.*

Ne trouvoient les moyens de le purifier.

*Son père en prendra soin ; il luy sera facile
D'appaiser tout d'un temps les Manes de Camille.
Je la plains, & pour rendre à son sort rigoureux,
Ce que peut souhaiter son esprit amoureux,
Puisqu'en un mesme jour l'ardeur d'un mesme zéle
Acheve le Destin de son amant, & d'elle,
Je veux qu'un mesme jour témoin de leur deux morts
En un mesme tombeau voye enfermer leurs corps.*

Fin du cinquième & dernier Acte.



Since Generosity th' Offence did make,
Th' Effect we pardon for the Cause's sake.
Live to thy Country's noblest, bravest Ends;
But I must have you and *Valerius* Friends;
And in a Friendship, such as shall permit
Fury nor Malice to extinguish it.
And whether Love, or Obligation were
The Motives made him prosecute you here,
Of what is past no Memory retain,
But reconcile him to your Love again.
And sweet *Sabina*, let your great Heart chase
These Marks of Frailty from your lovely Face.
You can their Sister you lament express
In nothing more, than in lamenting less.
But we to Morrow set apart to pay
Thanks to the Gods for this victorious Day;
And Heav'n would with an averted Face
Receive our Vows, and would withdraw his Grace,
Should not our Priests, e'er we begin, take care
To purifie th'unhappy Conqueror.
Be that his Father's Task, he may with ease
At the same time *Camilla*'s Ghost appease.
I pity her, and wish her Soul may have
What Satisfaction can be in the Grave;
Since in one Day, one Zeal's ungovern'd Heat
Did her brave Lover's and her Fate compleat.

The Day that saw them die, e'er hence he goes,
Shall see one Monument their Corps enclose.

[*The King rises, and all follow him except Julia.*

S C E N E IV.

Jul. Heav'n sweet *Camilla* did foretell,
The Tragical Event drew nigh;
But did the secret Part conceal,
From the most piercing Judgment's Eye:
It seem'd to speak of Nuptial Joys,
It seem'd to sooth thy Innocence,
And did thy Death the while disguise,
Deluding our Intelligence.

“ *Alba and Rome to Morrow shall surcease*
“ *Their Jars, thy Vows are heard, they shall have Peace,*
“ *And thou be join'd to Curiace in a Tie,*
“ *Never to be dissolv'd by Destiny.*

F I N I S.

Aug: 10th 1770.

