Appendix I—Penelope Aubin, *The Wellcome* (1709)

The Wellcome: A Poem To His Grace The Duke of Marlborough

From distant Climes, and long Fatigues return’d,

To *Britain’s* Joyful Shoars, who trembling Mourn’d.

Your Absence, and transported now appears,

When the Glad Tidings fills her ravish’d Ears,

That her expecting Shoars at length you reach,

Intranc’d the Crow’d stand gazing on the Beach;

The feeble Aged, and Young together mixt,

O’rejoy’d their Hero’s safe; on whom is fixt

All *Euorpe’s* Hopes, for whom are all our Fears,

Blest Object of our Joys, and Ardent Prayers.

With Raptures seiz’d, the News each Heart does touch,

And every Soul seems Charm’d at thy Approach;

And daz’led with a sight of so much Excellence,

Feels Joys unknown before, and Feasts each busie Sence.

E’en thoughtless Crowds, where Souls unfinish’d, seem

At thy Great Name Awake, of Empire Dream;

By some surprising Pow’r, more active made,

And with loud Acclamations every Shoar Invade,

Permit the blushing Muse to humbly pay

This Tribute to thy Worth, thus to Express her Joy;

Thy mighty Triumphs, and Immortal Victories,

Such Actions as might rank Thee with the Deities.

By a more Celebrated Muse, Recorded were,

Who in the Noblest Numbers did thy Worth Declare:

But tho’ Wife Heaven, has not pleas’d to Bless,

Thy Glorious Arms again with such Success;

Tho’ slaughter’d Armies, Hecatombs of Slain,

Lie not as Trophies on the Blushing Plain:

Nor Vanquish’d Towns, nor Nation’s do Proclaim

Thy brighter Glories, and their Monarchs shame.

Yet *Phoebus* has not with his piercing Rays,

Mark’d out That Hour, nor shining blest the Days;

In which Thou hast not something bravely done

Worthy our Praise, Worthy thy Self alone.

Like Mighty *Jove*, Thou at the Helm dost stand,

And with a steady Head, and Powerful Hand,

The World dost with unerring Prudence steer,

Like Him no Passion feels, by Hopes, and Fear

Unmov’d, Thou Viewest the giddy turns of Fate,\*

And with one Look, or Word, dost Towns Depopulate\*

And read’st the Destiny of each resisting State.\*

With such vast foresight, such unerring Care,

Thou Rulest, and dost the Fate of *Europe* bear.

In thine Inspired Breast, whilst with United Voice,

The World approves thy Conduct, and Great ANNA’s Choice.

With such Respect; and such an awful Fear,

As trembling Vot’ries pay when they appear

Before the Glittering Shrines of Deities,

Scarce daring to lift up their Dazl’d Eyes.

Confusedly move, the sacred Steps approach,

And prostrate Low, the smoaking Alter touch.

With Passion, such as Loyal Hearts must bear,

To *Britain’s* Honour’d General, and Conqueror,

My Muse prepares thy Lov’d Approach to meet,

And lay her Offering at thy Princely Feet.

Garlands of fragrant, and unfading Flowers,

The Charming Muses, and the nimble Hours;

Provide to grace thy Head, and Feasts are set,

In the cool Shades, the wellcome Conqueror to treat.

And Costliest Wines, thy drooping Soul to chear,

With Tunes Melodious to unbend thy Care.

The *River-Gods* their verdant Heads to raise,

And quit their Oozey Beds, to sing thy Praise.

The Lovely *Sylvan* Nymphs, and Gods, the Banks do crowd,

And Echo thy Great Name, thro’ every Vale, and Wood;

The wanton Satyrs Leap, and in full Bouls

Thy Health repeat; and warm their Rustick Souls,

Whilst busie Fame, the Joyful News with hast,

To the glad Isle proclaims, and as she past

She smiling, bid my willing Muse prepare,

To tell the Mighty Things, thy Happy Care

Has for Us done, making the *Gauls* to flye,

And Publish their own Shame and Infamy.

How in Disorder Chas’d to *Seignes* Plains by Fear,

Thy fled, and tell the Wonders of thy Conduct there.

Assist me, Mighty *Homer*, with Poetick Fire,

My Muse inflame, and my Ambitious Soul inspire.

Nor Victories, nor Crowds of Hero’s slain,

I Sing the Subjects of thy Happy Vein.

I weep not young *Achilles*, nor brave *Hector’s* Fall,

Nor Mourn in vain, Their too untimely Funeral.

Nor in soft Numbers and Immortal Verse,

Some Royal Maids sad Tragedy rehearse;

But a far greater Theme my soaring Muse,

Does for the Subject of its Labour choose.

A Hero who has far, far, greater Wonders done,

Than all the Hero’s bold, in thy fam’d *Iliads* [sic] shown.

More than *Ulysses*, in Wise Councils skill’d,

A GOD, both in the Council, and the Field;

Whom to Describe, thy Eloquence I want,

Expressions seem too weak, and Numbers scant:

Great *Virgil’s* Softness, and Sweet *Ovid’s* Stile,

To speak Great *Marlborough*, Wonder of our Isle.

Faintly, alas! Thy shining Virtues must be shown,

Since Admiration, we by silence most make known.

Bravest, of Bravest Men, and best if we,

May dare to think that ought can Mortal be,

That is so Exquisitely Good, and Great as Thee.

Thou Master-piece of Heaven, who dost bear,

Thy Maker’s Image, such a Form dost wear,

As speaks Thee, its Chief Darling, and most Noble Care.

*Aeneas* not a Lovlier shape could boast; tho’ he

Were the bright Off-spring of the Lovliest Deity.

So form’d, was the First Parent of Mankind,

Whom Heaven most perfect of its Works Design’d.

Such Majesty, such Sweetness, in his Countenance shone,

When happy Monarch made of the whole Globe alone;

Such bright Angelick Beauties the great Mortal Blest,

Before he fell, in Thee most perfectly Exprest.

So Graceful was his Port, so Sweet his Mein,

And some new Charm in every step was seen,

Thus thro’ the Lov’ly Walks of *Eden* mov’d,

By all his wond’ring Subjects so belov’d;

Beauties not subject to decay by wasting Years,

But like the GODS, Divine and Lasting is like their.

Thus form’d thy Outside is, most perfect of Mankind,

But who, is able to Describe thy Nobler Mind;

Thy Virtues, Generosity immense,

Stupendious [sic] Wisdom, admirable Sence.

\*presented as triplet in original