

A PINDARICK ON THE DEATH  
 Of Our Late SOVEREIGN:  
*With an Ancient Prophecy on His  
 Present MAJESTY*

[Written by A. BEHN. 28 Feb 1685]

## I

Sad was the *Morn'*, the sadder *Week* began,  
 And heavily the God of Day came on:  
 From Ominous *Dreams* my wondering Soul lookt out,  
 And saw a Dire *Confusion* round about.  
 My Bed like some sad Monument appear'd,  
 Round which the Mournful Statues wring their hands and  
 weep;  
 Distracted Objects all! with mighty Grief, prepar'd  
 To rouse me from my painful Sleep.  
 Not the sad Bards that wail'd *Jerusalem's* woes,  
 (With wild neglect throu'out the peopl'd street,  
 With a Prophetick rage affrighting all they meet)  
 Had mightier Pangs of sorrow, mightier throes;  
*Ah! wretch, undone they Cry! awake forlorn,*  
*The King! the King is Dead! rise! rise and Mourn.*

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Again I bid 'em tell their Sorrows Theam,  
 Again they Cry, *The King! the King is Dead!*  
*Extended, Cold and Pale, upon the Royal Bed;*  
 Again I heard, and yet I thought it *Dream*.  
*Impossible!* (I raving Cry)  
 That such a *Monarch!* such a *God* should dye!  
 And no *Dire Warning* to the *World* be given:  
 No *Hurricanes* on Earth! no *Blazing Fires* in Heaven!  
 The Sun and Tyde their *constant Courses* keep:

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