

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 fadder *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 *Jerusalems* 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.*

## II

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: