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**Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq;
Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two
Volumes**

Containing Poems on several Occasions

Dryden, John

London, 1743

Annus Mirabilis: The Year of Wonders. MDCLXVI.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1525



ANNUS MIRABILIS:

The YEAR of
W O N D E R S.

M D C L X V I.

I.

LN thriving Arts long time had *Holland* grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
Our King they courted, and our Merchants
[aw'd.

II.

Trade, which, like Blood, should circularly flow,
Stopp'd in their Channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the Wealth of all the World did go,
And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a Coast.

III.

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,
(a) In Eastern Quarries ripening pretious Dew:
For them the *Idumæan* Balm did sweat,
And in hot *Ceylon* Spicy Forests grew.

IV.

The Sun but seem'd the Lab'rer of the Year;
(b) Each waxing Moon supply'd her watry Store,

(a) In Eastern Quarries, &c.] Pretious Stones at first are Dew,
condens'd and hardned by the Warmth of the Sun, or
subterranean Fires.

(b) Each waxing &c.] According to their Opinion, who think,
that great Heap of Waters, under the Line, is depressed
into Tides by the Moon, towards the Poles,

To swell those Tides, which from the Line did bear
Their brim-full Vessels to the *Belgian* Shore.

V.

Thus, mighty in her Ships, stood *Carthage* long,
And swept the Riches of the World from far;
Yet stoop'd to *Rome*, less wealthy, but more strong:
And this may prove our second *Punick* War.

VI.

What Peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a Peace, it soon must have an end;
For they would grow too pow'rful, were it long.

VII.

Behold two Nations then, engag'd so far,
That each seven Years the Fit must shake each Land
Where *France* will side to weaken us by War,
Who only can his vast Designs withstand.

VIII.

See how he feeds th' *(c)* *Iberian* with delays,
To render us his timely Friendship vain:
And, while his secret Soul on *Flanders* preys,
He rocks the Cradle of the Babe of *Spain*.

IX.

Such deep Designs of Empire does he lay
O'er them, whose Cause he seems to take in hand;
And, prudently, would make them Lords at Sea,
To whom with ease he can give Laws by Land.

X.

This saw our King; and long within his Breast
His pensive Counsels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the Land he freed should be oppress'd,
And he less for it than *Ufurpers* do.

(c) *Th' Iberian*] the *Spaniard*.

XI. His

XI.

His gen'rous Mind the fair Ideas drew
Of Fame and Honour, which in Dangers lay ;
Where Wealth, like Fruit on Precipices, grew,
Not to be gather'd but by Birds of Prey.

XII.

The Loss and Gain each fatally were great ;
And still his Subjects call'd aloud for War :
But peaceful Kings, o'er martial People set,
Each other's Poize and Counterbalance are.

XIII.

He, first, survey'd the Charge with careful Eyes,
Which none but mighty Monarchs could maintain ;
Yet judg'd, like Vapours that from Limbeck's rise,
It would in richer Showers descend again.

XIV.

At length resolv'd t' assert the wat'ry Ball,
He in himself did whole Armado's bring :
Him aged Seamen might their Master call,
And choose for General, were he not their King.

XV.

It seems as ev'ry Ship their Sovereign knows,
His awful Summons they so soon obey ;
So hear the scaly Herd when (*d*) Proteus blows,
And so to Pasture follow through the Sea.

XVI.

To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move,
Angels drew wide the Curtains of the Skies ;
And Heav'n, as if there wanted Lights above,
For Tapers made two glaring Comets rise.

(d) *When Proteus blows*] Cœruleus Proteus immania ponti
Armenta & magnas pascit sub gurgite Phocas. *Virg.*

XVII. Whe-

XVII.

Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,
 Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone :
 Or each some more remote and slippery Star,
 Which loses footing when to Mortals shewn.

XVIII.

Or one, that bright Companion of the Sun,
 Whose glorious Aspect seal'd our new-born King ;
 And now, a Round of greater Years begun,
 New Influence from his Walks of Light did bring.

XIX.

Victorious *York* did, first, with fam'd Success,
 To his known Valour make the *Dutch* give place:
 Thus Heav'n our Monarch's Fortune did confess,
 Beginning Conquest from his Royal Race.

XX.

But since it was decreed, Auspicious King,
 In *Britain's* Right that thou shouldst wed the Maid,
 Heav'n, as a Gage, would cast some pretious thing,
 And therefore doom'd that *Lawson* should be slain.

XXI.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his Fate,
 Whom Sea-green *Sirens* from the Rocks lament :
 Thus as an Off'ring for the *Grecian* State,
 He first was kill'd, who first to Battle went.

XXII.

† Their Chief blown up, in Air, not Waves, expir'd,
 To which his Pride presum'd to give the Law :
 The *Dutch* confess'd Heav'n present, and retir'd,
 And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean saw.

XXIII.

To nearest Ports their shatter'd Ships repair,
 Where by our dreadful Cannon they lay aw'd :

† *The Admiral of Holland,*

So rev'rently Men quit the open Air,
When Thunder speaks the angry Gods abroad.

XXIV.

* And now approach'd their Fleet from *India* fraught,
With all the Riches of the Rising Sun :
And pretious Sand (e) from Southern Climates brought,
The fatal Regions where the War begun.

XXV.

Like hunted *Castors*, conscious of their Store,
Their way-laid Wealth to *Norway's* Coasts they bring :
There first the North's cold Bosom Spices bore,
And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

XXVI.

By the rich Scent we found our perfum'd Prey,
Which, flank'd with Rocks, did close in Covert lie ;
And round about their murd'ring Cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the Eye.

XXVII.

Fiercer than Cannon, and than Rocks more hard,
The *English* undertake th' unequal War :
Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is barr'd,
Besiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

XXVIII.

These fight like Husbands, but like Lovers those :
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy :
And to such Height their frantick Passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

XXIX.

Amidst whole heaps of Spices lights a Ball,
And now their Odours arm'd against them fly :
Some pretiously by shatter'd Porcelain fall,
And some by Aromatick Splinters die.

* *The Attempt at Berghen.*
(e) *Southern Climates.*] *Guinea.*

XXX. And

XXX.

And though by Tempests of the Prize bereft,
 In Heav'n's Inclemency some Ease we find :
 Our Foes we vanquish'd by our Valour left,
 And only yielded to the Seas and Wind.

XXXI.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a Prey ;
 For Storms, repenting, part of it restor'd :
 Which, as a Tribute from the *Baltick* Sea,
 The *British* Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

XXXII.

Go, Mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
 For Wealth, which so uncertainly must come :
 When what was brought so far, and with such Pain,
 Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

XXXIII.

The Son, who, twice three Months on th' Ocean tost,
 Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
 Now sees in *English* Ships the *Holland* Coast,
 And Parents Arms, in vain, stretch'd from the Shore.

XXXIV.

This careful Husband had been long away,
 Whom his chaste Wife and little Children mourn ;
 Who on their Fingers learn'd to tell the Day,
 On which their Father promis'd to return.

XXXV.

(f) Such are the proud Designs of human-kind,
 And so we suffer Shipwreck every where !
 Alas, what Port can such a Pilot find,
 Who in the Night of Fate must blindly steer ?

(f) *Such are, &c.] From Petronius; Si bene calculum p-
 nas, ubique fit naufragium.*

XXXV

XXXVI.

The undistinguish'd Seeds of Good and Ill
 Heav'n, in his Bosom, from our Knowledge hides;
 And draws them in contempt of human Skill,
 Which oft, for Friends, mistaken Foes provides.

XXXVII.

Let *Munster's* Prelate ever be accurst,
 In whom we seek the (*g*) *German* Faith in vain:
 Alas, that he should teach the *English* first,
 That Fraud and Avarice in the Church could reign!

XXXVIII.

Happy, who never trust a Stranger's Will,
 Whose Friendship's in his Interest understood!
 Since Money giv'n but tempts him to be ill,
 When Pow'r is too remote to make him good.

XXXIX.

'Till now, alone the Mighty Nations strove;
 The rest, at gaze, without the Lists did stand:
 And * threatening *France*, plac'd like a painted *Jove*,
 Kept idle Thunder in his lifted Hand.

XL.

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Holland's* Trade,
 Who envies us what he wants Pow'r t' enjoy;
 Whose noiseful Valour does no Foe invade,
 And weak Assistance will his Friends destroy.

XLI.

Offended that we fought without his Leave,
 He takes this time his secret Hate to shew:
 Which *Charles* does with a Mind so calm receive,
 As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his Foe.

(*g*) *The German Faith.*] Tacitus *sath of them*, Nullos mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos esse.

* *War declar'd by France.*

XLII. With

XLII.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite :
 France as their Tyrant, Denmark as their Slave.
 But when with one three Nations join to fight,
 They silently confess that one more brave.

XLIII.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his Shore ;
 But Charles the French as Subjects does invite :
 Would Heav'n for each some Solomon restore,
 Who, by their Mercy, may decide their Right.

XLIV.

Were Subjects so but only by their Choice,
 And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion take,
 Our Prince alone would have the publick Voice ;
 And all his Neighbours Realms would Deserts make.

XLV.

He without Fear a dangerous War pursues,
 Which without Rashness he began before.
 As Honour made him first the Danger choose,
 So still he makes it good on Virtue's score.

XLVI.

The doubled Charge his Subjects Love supplies,
 Who, in that Bounty, to themselves are kind :
 So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
 And in his Plenty their Abundance find.

XLVII.

With equal Pow'r he does * two Chiefs create,
 Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone ;
 Each able to sustain a Nation's Fate,
 Since both had found a greater in their own.

XLVIII.

Both great in Courage, Conduct, and in Fame,
 Yet neither envious of the other's Praise ;

* Prince Rupert and Duke Albemarle sent to Sea.

POEMS on several Occasions. 67

Their Duty, Faith, and Int'rest too the same,
Like mighty Part'ners equally they raise.

XLIX.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's Love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign :
Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* strove,
And conquer'd first those Beauties they would gain.

L.

The Duke beheld, like *Scipio*, with Disdain,
That *Carthage*, which he ruin'd, rise once more ;
And shook aloft the Fasces of the Main,
To fright those Slaves with what they felt before.

LI.

Together to the watry Camp they haste,
Whom Matrons passing to their Children shew :
Infants first Vows for them to Heav'n are cast,
And (b) future People bless them as they go.

LII.

With them no riotous Pomp, nor *Asian* Train,
T' infect a Navy with their gaudy Fears ;
To make slow Fights, and Victories but vain :
But War, severely, like it self, appears.

LIII.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that Warmth in others they expect :
Their Valour works like Bodies on a Glass,
And does its Image on their Men project.

LIV.

† Our Fleet divides, and straight the *Dutch* appear,
In number, and a fam'd Commander, bold :

(b) *Future People*] Examina infantium futurisque populus.
Plin. Jun. in Paneg. ad Traj.

† *Duke of Albemarle's Battle, first Day.*

The

The narrow Seas can scarce their Navy bear,
Or crowded Vessels can their Soldiers hold.

LV.

The Duke, less numerous, but in Courage more,
On Wings of all the Winds to Combat flies :
His murd'ring Guns a loud Defiance roar,
And bloody Crosses on his Flag-staffs rise.

LVI.

Both furl their Sails, and strip them for the Fight;
Their folded Sheets dismiss the useles Air :
(i) Th' Elean Plains could boast no nobler fight,
When struggling Champions did their Bodies bare.

LVII.

Born each by other in a distant Line,
The Sea-built Forts in dreadful order move :
So vast the Noise, as if not Fleets did join,
(k) But Lands unfix'd, and floating Nations strow

LVIII.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack ;
Both strive to intercept and guide the Wind :
And, in its Eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the Deaths they left behind.

LIX.

On high-raisd Decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose Shade our humble Frigats go :
Such port the Elephant bears, and so defy'd
By the Rhinoceros her unequal Foe.

LX.

And as the Built, so diff'rent is the Fight ;
Their mounting Shot is on our Sails design'd :

(i) Th' Elean &c.] Where the Olympick Games were celebr

(k) Land unfix'd] From Virgil: Credas innare revulsa
cladas, &c.

Deep in their Hulls our deadly Bullets light,
And through the yielding Planks a passage find.

LXI.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd Rigging their whole War receives:
All bare, like some old Oak which Tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd Leaves.

LXII.

Heroes of old, when wounded, Shelter fought;
But he, who meets all Danger with Disdain,
E'en in their Face his Ship to Anchor brought,
And Steeple-high stood propt upon the Main.

LXIII.

At this excess of Courage, all amaz'd,
The foremost of his Foes a-while withdraw:
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high Chairs the God-like Fathers saw.

LXIV.

And now, as where *Patroclus*' Body lay,
Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, and there the *Greek*;
Ours o'er the Duke their pious Wings display,
And theirs the noblest Spoils of *Britain* seek.

LXV.

Mean-time, his busy Mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd Sails with Rigging to restore;
And willing Pines ascend his broken Masts,
Whose lofty Heads rise higher than before.

LXVI.

Straight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful Prow,
More fierce th' important Quarrel to decide:
Like Swans, in long array his Vessels show,
Whose Crests, advancing, do the Waves divide.

LXVII.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the Sea
They drive, and squander the huge *Belgian* Fleet.

Berkley

70 POEMS on several Occasions.

Berkley alone, who nearest Danger lay,
Did a like Fate with lost *Creusa* meet.

LXVIII.

The Night comes on, we eager to pursue
The Combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
Till the last Streaks of dying Day withdrew,
And doubtful Moon-light did our Rage deceive.

LXIX.

In th' *English* Fleet each Ship resounds with Joy,
And loud Applause of their great Leader's Fame:
In fiery Dreams the *Dutch* they still destroy,
And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd Flame.

LXX.

Not so the *Holland* Fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their Decks like weary Oxen lie:
Faint Sweats all down their mighty Members run,
(Vast Bulks which little Souls but ill supply.)

LXXI.

In Dreams they fearful Precipices tread,
Or, Shipwreck'd, labour to some distant Shore:
Or in dark Churches walk among the Dead;
They wake with Horror, and dare sleep no more,

LXXII.

* The Morn they look on with unwilling Eyes,
'Till, from their Main-top, joyful News they hear
Of Ships, which by their mould bring new Supplies,
And in their Colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

LXXIII.

Our watchful General had discern'd, from far,
This mighty Succour which made glad the Foe:
He sigh'd, but, like a Father of the War,
(1) His Face spake Hope, while deep his Sorrows flow

* *Second Day's Battle.*(1) *His Face, &c.]* Spem vultu simulat, premit alto corde
lorem. *Virg.*

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

His wounded Men he first sends off to Shore,
 Never, 'till, now unwilling to obey :
 They, not their Wounds, but want of Strength deplore,
 And think them happy, who with him can stay.

LXXV.

Then, to the rest, Rejoice, said he, to-day ;
 In you the Fortune of *Great Britain* lies :
 Among so brave a People, you are they,
 Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such a Prize.

LXXVI.

If Number *English* Courages could quell,
 We should at first have shun'd, not met, our Foes ;
 Whose numerous Sails the Fearful only tell :
 Courage from Hearts, and not from Numbers grows.

LXXVII.

He said ; nor needed more to say : with haste
 To their known Stations chearfully they go ;
 And all at once, disdaining to be last,
 Solicit every Gale to meet the Foe.

LXXVIII.

Nor did th' encourag'd *Belgians* long delay,
 But bold in others, not themselves, they stood :
 So thick, our Navy scarce could steer their way,
 But seem'd to wander in a moving Wood.

LXXIX.

Our little Fleet was now engag'd so far,
 That, like the Sword-Fish in the Whale, they fought :
 The Combat only seem'd a Civil War,
 'Till through their Bowels we our Passage wrought.

LXXX.

Never had Valour, no not ours, before,
 Done ought like this upon the Land or Main,
 Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
 Than all the Conquests former Kings did gain.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

The mighty Ghosts of our great *Harries* rose,
 And armed *Edwards* look'd, with anxious Eyes,
 To see this Fleet among unequal Foes,
 By which Fate promis'd them their *Charles* should rise.

LXXXII.

Mean-time the *Belgians* tack upon our Rear,
 And raking Chase-guns through our Sterns they send
 Close by, their Fire-ships, like *Jacksals*, appear,
 Who on their Lions for the Prey attend.

LXXXIII.

Silent in Smoke of Cannon they come on :
 (Such Vapours once did fiery *Cacus* hide :)
 In these the height of pleas'd Revenge is shewn,
 Who burn contented by another's side.

LXXXIV.

Sometimes, from fighting Squadrons of each Fleet,
 Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some Friend,
 Two grappling *Aetna's* on the Ocean meet,
 And *English* Fires with *Belgian* Flames contend.

LXXXV.

Now, at each tack, our little Fleet grows less ;
 And, like maim'd Fowl, swim lagging on the Main,
 Their greater Loss their Numbers scarce confess,
 While they lose cheaper than the *English* gain.

LXXXVI.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the Mast,
 Some Falcon stoops at what her Eye design'd,
 And with her Eagerness the Quarry miss'd,
 Straight flies at check, and clips it down the Wind?

LXXXVII.

The dastard Crow, that to the Wood made Wing,
 And sees the Groves no Shelter can afford,
 With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does bring,
 Who, safe in Numbers, cuff the noble Bird.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemarle* did fare:
 He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flie;
 Past hope of Safety, 'twas his latest care,
 Like falling *Cæsar*, decently to die.

LXXXIX.

Yet Pity did his manly Spirit move,
 To see those perish who so well had fought;
 And, generously, with his Despair he strove,
 Resolv'd to live 'till he their Safety wrought.

XC.

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous Fate,
 Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings restor'd:
 But mine shall sing of his eclips'd Estate,
 Which, like the Sun's, more Wonders does afford.

XCI.

He drew his mighty Frigats all before,
 On which the Foe his fruitless Force employs:
 His weak ones deep into his Rear he bore,
 Remote from Guns, as Sick Men from the Noise.

XCII.

His fiery Cannon did their Passage guide,
 And following Smoke obscur'd them from the Foe:
 Thus *Israel* safe from the *Egyptian's* Pride,
 By flaming Pillars, and by Clouds did go.

XCIII.

Elsewhere the *Belgian* Force we did defeat,
 But here our Courages did theirs subdue:
 So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd Retreat,
 Which first the *Asian* Empire overthrew.

XCIV.

The Foe approach'd; and one, for his bold Sin,
 Was sunk; as he that touch'd the Ark was slain:

74 POEMS on several Occasions.

The wild Waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,
And smiling *Eddies* dimpled on the Main.

XCIV.

This seen, the rest at awful Distance stood;
As if they had been there as Servants set,
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue, but wait on his Retreat.

XCVI.

So *Libyan* Huntsmen, on some sandy Plain,
From shady Coverts rous'd, the Lion chace:
The Kingly Beast roars out with loud disdain,
(*m*) And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

XCVII.

But if some one approach to dare his Force,
He swings his Tail, and swiftly turns him round;
With one Paw seizes on his trembling Horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

XCVIII.

Amidst these Toils succeeds the balmy Night;
Now hissing Waters the quench'd Guns restore;
(*n*) And weary Waves, withdrawing from the Fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent Shore.

XCIX.

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed Flood,
Where while her Beams like glitt'ring Silver play,
Upon the Deck our careful General stood,
And deeply mus'd on the (*o*) succeeding Day.

(*m*) *The Simile is Virgil's; Vestigia retro impropinata retro
etc.*

(*n*) *Weary Waves.*

*From Statius Sylv. Nec trucibus fluvii idem sonus; occidit
horor*

Equoris, antennis maria acclinata quiescunt.

(*o*) *The third of June, famous for two former Victories.*

C. The

C.

That happy Sun, said he, will rise again,
 Who twice victorious did our Navy see :
 And I alone must view him rise in vain,
 Without one Ray of all his Star for me.

CI.

Yet, like an *English* Gen'ral will I die,
 And all the Ocean make my spacious Grave :
 Women and Cowards on the Land may lie :
 The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the Brave.

CII.

Restless he pass'd the Remnant of the Night,
 'Till the fresh Air proclaim'd the Morning nigh :
 And burning Ships, the Martyrs of the Fight,
 With paler Fires beheld the Eastern Sky.

CIII.

But now, his Stores of Ammunition spent,
 His naked Valour is his only Guard :
 * Rare Thunders are from his dumb Cannon sent,
 And solitary Guns are scarcely heard.

CIV.

Thus far had Fortune Pow'r, he forc'd to stay,
 Nor longer durst with Virtue be at Strife :
 This, as a Ransom, *Albemarle* did pay,
 For all the Glories of so great a Life.

CV.

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears,
 Whose waving Streamers the glad General knows :
 With full spread Sails his eager Navy steers,
 And ev'ry Ship in swift Proportion grows.

* *Third Day.*

E 2

CVI.



CVI.

The anxious Prince had heard the Cannon long,
 And from that length of time dire Omens drew
 Of *Engliſh* overmatch'd, and *Dutch* too ſtrong,
 Who never fought three Days, but to purſue.

CVII.

Then, as an Eagle, who, with pious Care,
 Was beating widely on the Wing for Prey,
 To her now ſilent *Eiry* does repair,
 And finds her callow Infants forc'd away :

CVIII.

Stung with her Love, ſhe ſtoops upon the Plain,
 The broken Air loud whiſtling as ſhe flies :
 She ſtops, and liſtens, and ſhoots forth again,
 And guides her Pinions by her Young ones Cries.

CIX.

With ſuch kind Paſſion haſtes the Prince to fight,
 And ſpreads his flying Canvaſs to the Sound :
 Him, whom no Danger, were he there, could fright,
 Now, abſent, every little Noiſe can wound.

CX.

As, in a Drought, the thirſty Creatures cry,
 And gape upon the gather'd Clouds for Rain ;
 And firſt the Martlet meets it in the Sky,
 And, with wet Wings, joys all the feather'd Train.

CXI.

With ſuch glad Hearts did our deſpairing Men
 Salute th' Appearance of the Prince's Fleet :
 And each ambitiouſly would claim the Ken,
 That with firſt Eyes did diſtant Safety meet.

CXII.

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds before,
 To reap the Harveſt their ripe Ears did yield,

Now look like those, when rowling Thunders roar,
And Sheets of Lightning blast the standing Field.

CXIII.

Full in the Prince's Passage, Hills of Sand,
And dang'rous Flats, in secret Ambush lay,
Where the false Tides skim o'er the cover'd Land,
And Sea-men with dissembled Depths betray.

CXIV.

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n Angels, fear'd
This new *Messiah's* coming, there did wait,
And round the Verge their braving Vessels steer'd,
To tempt his Courage with so fair a Bait.

CXV.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle Threat,
Secure of Fame whene'er he please to fight:
His cold Experience tempers all his Heat,
And inbred Worth doth boasting Valour slight.

CXVI.

Heroick Virtue did his Actions guide,
And he the Substance not th' Appearance chose:
To rescue one such Friend he took more Pride,
Than to destroy whole Thousands of such Foes.

CXVII.

But, when approach'd, in strict Embraces bound,
Rupert and *Albemarle* together grow:
He joys to have his Friend in Safety found,
Which he to none but to that Friend would owe.

CXVIII.

The chearful Soldiers, with new Stores supply'd,
Now long to execute their spleenful Will;
And, in Revenge for those three Days they try'd,
Wish one, like *Joshua's*, when the Sun stood still.

CXXIX.

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse Fleet,
 Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way :
 † With the first Blushes of the Morn they meet,
 And bring Night back upon the new-born Day.

CXX.

His Presence soon blows up the kindling Fight,
 And his loud Guns speak thick like angry Men :
 It seem'd as Slaughter had been breath'd all Night,
 And Death new pointed his dull Dart agen.

CXXI.

The *Dutch* too well his mighty Conduct knew,
 And matchless Courage, since the former Fight :
 Whose Navy like a stiff-stretch'd Cord did shew,
 'Till he bore in, and bent them into Flight.

CXXII.

The Wind he shares, while half their Fleet offends
 His open Side, and high above him shows :
 Upon the rest at Pleasure he descends,
 And, doubly harm'd, he double Harms bestows.

CXXIII.

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary Pace,
 And sullenly to his Revenge he fails :
 (p) So glides some troden Serpent on the Grass,
 And long behind his wounded Volume trails.

CXXIV.

Th' increasing Sound is born to either Shore,
 And for their Stakes the throwing Nations fear :
 Their Passions double with the Cannons roar,
 And with warm Wishes each Man combats there.

† *Fourth Day's Battle.*

(p) *So glides, &c.*

*From Virgil. Quum medii nexu extremæque agmina cauda
 Solvuntur ; tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.*

CXXV.

Ply'd thick and close as when the Fight begun,
 Their huge unwieldy Navy wastes away :
 So sicken waining Moons too near the Sun,
 And blunt their Crescents on the Edge of Day.

CXXVI.

And now reduc'd on equal Terms to fight,
 Their Ships like wasted Patrimonies show ;
 Where the thin scatt'ring Trees admit the Light,
 And shun each other's Shadows as they grow.

CXXVII.

The warlike Prince had fever'd from the rest
 Two giant Ships, the Pride of all the Main ;
 Which, with his one, so vigorously he pres'd,
 And flew so home, they could not rise again.

CXXVIII.

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,
 In vain upon the passing Winds they call :
 The passing Winds through their torn Canvass play,
 And flagging Sails on heartless Sailors fall.

CXXIX.

Their open'd Sides receive a gloomy Light,
 Dreadful as Day let into Shades below :
 Without, grim Death rides barefac'd in their Sight,
 And urges ent'ring Billows as they flow.

CXXX.

When one dire Shot, the last they could supply,
 Close by the Board the Prince's Main-mast bore ;
 All three, now helpless, by each other lie,
 And this offends not, and those fear no more.

CXXXI.

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain
 A Course, 'till tir'd before the Dog she lay :

E 4

Who.



Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the Plain,
Past Pow'r to kill, as she to get away.

CXXXII.

With his loll'd Tongue he faintly licks his Prey;
His warm Breath blows her Flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the Ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching Eyes.

CXXXIII.

The Prince unjustly does his Stars accuse,
Which hinder'd him to push his Fortune on;
For what they to his Courage did refuse,
By mortal Valour never must be done.

CXXXIV.

This lucky Hour the wife *Batavian* takes,
And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal Stakes,
(g) Where 'twas a Triumph not to be o'ercome.

CXXXV.

The General's Force as kept alive by Flight,
Now not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
Lasting 'till Heav'n had done his Courage Right;
When he had conquer'd, he his Weakness knew.

CXXXVI.

He casts a Frown on the departing Foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watry Field:
His stern fix'd Eyes no Satisfaction show,
For all the Glories which the Fight did yield.

CXXXVII.

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,
He stands confess'd e'en by the boastful *Dutch*:

(g) From Horace, Quos opimus fallere & effugere est triumphus.

He only does his Conquest disavow,
And thinks too little what they found too much.

CXXXVIII.

Return'd, he with the Fleet resolv'd to stay ;
No tender Thoughts of Home his Heart divide :
Domestick Joys and Cares he puts away ;
For Realms are Households which the Great must guide.

CXXXIX.

As those, who unripe Veins in Mines explore,
On the rich Bed again the warm Turf lay,
'Till Time digests the yet imperfect Ore,
And know it will be Gold another Day :

CXL.

So looks our Monarch on this early Fight,
Th' Essay, and Rudiments of great Success :
Which all-maturing time must bring to Light,
While he, like Heav'n, does each Day's Labour bless.

CXLI.

Heav'n ended not the first or second Day,
Yet each was perfect to the Work design'd :
God and Kings work, when they their Work survey,
A passive Aptness in all Subjects find.

CXLII.

* In burden'd Vessels, first, with speedy Care,
His plenteous Stores do season'd Timber send :
Thither the brawny Carpenters repair,
And, as the Surgeons of maim'd Ships, attend.

CXLIII.

With Cord and Canvass from rich *Hamburg* sent,
His Navies molted Wings he imps once more :
Tall *Norway* Fir their Masts in Battle spent,
And *English* Oak sprung Leaks and Planks restore.

* His Majesty repairs the Fleet.

E 5

CXLIV.

CXLIV.

All Hands employ'd (*r*) the Royal Work grows warm:
 Like lab'ring Bees on a long Summer's Day,
 Some found the Trumpet for the rest to swarm,
 And some on Bells of tasted Lilies play.

CXLV.

With glewy Wax some new Foundations lay
 Of Virgin-combs, which from the Roof are hung:
 Some arm'd within Doors upon Duty stay,
 Or tend the Sick, or educate the Young.

CXLVI.

So here, some pick out Bullets from the Sides,
 Some drive old Okum through each Seam and Rift:
 Their left Hand does the Calking Iron guide,
 The ratling Mallet with the Right they lift.

CXLVII.

With boiling Pitch another near at Hand
 (From friendly *Sweden* brought) the Seams instop:
 Which well laid o'er the salt Sea Waves withstand,
 And shakes them from the rising Beak in Drops.

CXLVIII.

Some the gall'd Ropes with dawby Marling bind,
 Or fear-cloth Masts with strong Tarpawling Coat:
 To try new Shrouds one mounts into the Wind,
 And one, below, their Ease or Stiffness notes.

CXLIX.

Our careful Monarch stands in Person by,
 His new-cast Cannons Firmness to explore:
 The Strength of big-corn'd Powder loves to try,
 And Ball and Cartrige forts for every Bore.

(*r*) *Fervet opus*: The same similitude in Virgil.

CL.

Each Day brings fresh Supplies of Arms and Men,
 And Ships which all last Winter were abroad ;
 And such as fitted since the Fight had been,
 Or new from Stocks, were fallen into the Road.

CLI.

* The goodly *London* in her gallant Trim,
 The *Phœnix* Daughter of the vanish'd old,
 Like a rich Bride does to the Ocean swim,
 And on her Shadow rides in floating Gold.

CLII.

Her Flag aloft spread ruffling to the Wind,
 And sanguine Streamers seem the Flood to fire :
 The Weaver, charm'd with what his Loom design'd,
 Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

CLIII.

With roomy Decks ; her Guns of mighty Strength,
 Whose low-laid Mouths each mounting Billow laves :
 Deep in her Draught, and warlike in her Length,
 She seems a Sea-wasp flying on the Waves.

CLIV.

This martial Present, piously design'd,
 The Loyal City gave their best-lov'd King :
 And with a Bounty ample as the Wind,
 Built, fitted and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

CLV.

† By viewing Nature, Nature's Hand-maid, Art
 Makes mighty things from small Beginnings grow :
 Thus Fishes first to Shipping did impart,
 Their Tail the Rudder, and their Head the Prow.

* Loyal London described.

† Digression concerning Shipping and Navigation,

CLVI.

CLVI.

Some Log, perhaps, upon the Waters swam,
 An useless Drift, which, rudely cut within,
 And hollow'd, first a floating Trough became,
 And cross some Riv'let Passage did begin.

CLVII.

In shipping such as this, the *Irisb Kern*,
 And untaught *Indian*, on the Stream did glide:
 Ere sharp-keel'd Boats to stem the Flood did learn,
 Or fin-like Oars did spread from either side.

CLVIII.

Add but a Sail, and *Saturn* so appear'd,
 When, from lost Empire, he to Exile went,
 And with the Golden Age to *Tyber* steer'd,
 Where Coin and first Commerce he did invent.

CLIX.

Rude as their Ships was Navigation then;
 No useful Compass or Meridian known;
 Coasting, they kept the Land within their Ken,
 And knew no North but when the Pole-star shone.

CLX.

Of all who since have us'd the open Sea,
 Than the bold *English* none more Fame have won:
 (f) Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'n's high-way,
 They make Discoveries where they see no Sun.

CLXI.

But, what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
 By poor Mankind's benighted Wit is sought,
 Shall in this Age to *Britain* first be shown,
 And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

CLXII.

The Ebbs of Tides, and their mysterious Flow,
 We, as Arts Elements, shall understand,

(f) Extra anni solisque vias. *Virg.*

And as by Line upon the Ocean go,
Whose Paths shall be familiar as the Land.

CLXIII.

(1) Instructed Ships shall fail to quick Commerce,
By which remotest Regions are ally'd ;
Which makes one City of the Universe ;
Where some may gain, and all may be supply'd.

CLXIV.

Then we upon our Globe's last Verge shall go,
And view the Ocean leaning on the Sky :
From thence our rolling Neighbours we shall know,
And on the Lunar World securely pry.

CLXV.

This I foretel, from * your auspicious Care,
Who great in search of God and Nature grow ;
Who best your wise Creator's Praise declare,
Since best to praise his Works is best to know.

CLXVI.

O truly Royal ! who behold the Law
And Rule of Beings in your Maker's Mind :
And thence, like Limbecks, rich Ideas draw,
To fit the levell'd Use of Human-kind.

CLXVII.

But first the Toils of War we must endure,
And from th' injurious *Dutch* redeem the Seas.
War makes the Valiant of his Right secure,
And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with Ease.

CLXVIII.

Already were the *Belgians* on our Coast,
Whose Fleet more mighty ev'ry Day became
By late Success, which they did falsly boast,
And now, by first appearing, seem'd to claim.

(1) By a more exact Measure of Longitude.

* *Apophrophe* to the Royal Society.

CLXIX.

CLXIX.

Designing, Subtle, Diligent, and Close,
 They knew to manage War with wise Delay :
 Yet all those Arts their Vanity did cross,
 And, by their Pride, their Prudence did betray.

CLXX.

Nor staid the *English* long ; but, well supply'd,
 Appear as num'rous as th' insulting Foe :
 The Combat now by Courage must be try'd,
 And the Success the braver Nation show.

CLXXI.

There was the *Plymouth* Squadron now come in,
 Which in the *Straits* last Winter was abroad ;
 Which twice on *Biscay's* working Bay had been,
 And on the Mid-land Sea the *French* had aw'd.

CLXXII.

Old expert *Allen*, Loyal all along,
 Fam'd for his Action on the *Smyrna* Fleet :
 And *Holmes*, whose Name shall live in Epick Song,
 While Musick Numbers, or while Verse has Feet.

CLXXIII.

Holmes, the *Achates* of the Gen'ral's Fight ;
 Who first bewitch'd our Eyes with *Guinea* Gold :
 As once old *Cato* in the *Romans* fight
 The tempting Fruits of *Africk* did unfold.

CLXXIV.

With him went *Sprag*, as beuntiful as brave,
 Whom his high Courage to Command had brought :
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd *Harry* save,
 And in his burning Ship undaunted fought.

CLXXV.

Young *Hollis*, on a *Muse* by *Mars* begot,
 Born, *Cæsar*-like, to write and act great Deeds :
 Impatient

Impatient to revenge his fatal Shot,
His Right-hand doubly to his Left succeeds.
CLXXVI.

Thousands were there in darker Fame that dwell,
Whose Deeds some nobler Poem shall adorn :
And, though to me unknown, they, sure, fought well,
Whom *Rupert* led, and who were *British* born.
CLXXVII.

Of every size an hundred fighting Sail :
So vast the Navy now at Anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd Waters fail,
And, with its Weight, it shoulders off the Tides.
CLXXVIII.

Now Anchors weigh'd, the Seamen shout so shrill,
That Heav'n and Earth, and the wide Ocean rings :
A Breeze from Westward waits their Sails to fill,
And rests, in those high Beds, his downy Wings.
CLXXIX.

The wary *Dutch* this gath'ring Storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the *English* Coast :
Behind their treach'rous Shallows they withdraw,
And there lay Snares to catch the *British* Host.
CLXXX.

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent Den does lie :
And feels, far off, the trembling of her Thread,
Whose filmy Cord should bind the struggling Fly.
CLXXXI.

Then, if, at last, she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her Loom :
She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,
And drags the little Wretch in triumph home.
CLXXXII.

The *Belgians* hop'd, that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut Keels upon the Sands might run :

Or,

Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
 Their num'rous Grofs might charge us one by one.
 CLXXXIII.

But, with a Fore-wind pushing them above,
 And swelling Tide that heav'd them from below,
 O'er the blind Flats our warlike Squadrons move,
 And, with spread Sails, to welcome Battle go.
 CLXXXIV.

It seem'd as there the *British Neptune* flood,
 With all his Hosts of Waters at Command,
 Beneath them to submit th' officious Flood ;
 (u) And, with his Trident, shov'd them off the Sand.
 CLXXXV.

To the pale Foes they suddenly draw near,
 And summon them to unexpected Fight :
 They start like Murderers, when Ghosts appear,
 And draw their Curtains in the dead of Night.
 CLXXXVI.

* Now Van to Van the foremost Squadrons meet,
 The midmost Battles hastning up behind :
 Who view, far off, the Storm of falling Sleet,
 And hear their Thunder rattling in the Wind.
 CLXXXVII.

At length the adverse Admirals appear ;
 The two bold Champions of each Country's Right :
 Their Eyes describe the Lists as they come near,
 And draw the Lines of Death before they fight.
 CLXXXVIII.

The Distance judg'd for Shot of ev'ry size,
 The Linstocks touch, the pond'rous Ball expires :
 The vig'rous Sea-man every Port-hole plies,
 And adds his Heart to every Gun he fires.

(u) ————— levat ipse Tridenti,
 Et vastas aperit Syttes, &c. *Virg.*

* *Second Battle.*

CLXXXIX.

Fierce was the Fight on the proud *Belgians* side,
 For Honour, which they seldom fought before :
 But now they by their own vain Boasts were ty'd,
 And forc'd, at least in shew, to prize it more.

CXC.

But sharp Remembrance on the *English* part,
 And Shame of being match'd by such a Foe,
 Rouse conscious Virtue up in ev'ry Heart,
 (w) And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

CXCI.

Nor long the *Belgians* could that Fleet sustain,
 Which did two Gen'ral's Fates, and *Cæsar's* bear :
 Each several Ship a Victory did gain,
 As *Rupert* or as *Albemarle* were there.

CXCII.

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,
 Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd Fight :
 But the Minds of his *Dutch* Masters knew,
 Who call'd that Providence which we call'd Flight.

CXCIII.

Never did Men more joyfully obey,
 Or sooner understood the Sign to flie :
 With such Alacrity they bore away,
 As if to praise them All the States stood by.

CXCIV.

O famous Leader of the *Belgian* Fleet,
 Thy Monument inscrib'd such Praise shall wear,
 As *Varro*, timely flying, once did meet,
 Because he did not of his *Rome* despair.

CXC.V.

Behold that Navy, which, a while before,
 Provok'd the tardy *English* close to fight ;

(w) — Possunt, quia posse videntur. *Virg.*

Now

Now draw their beaten Vessels close to Shore,
As Larks lie dar'd to shun the Hobbies flight.
CXCVI.

Who-e'er would *Englifo* Monuments survey,
In other Records may our Courage know :
But let them hide the Story of this Day,
Whose Fame was blemish'd by too base a Foe.
CXCVII.

Or if too busily they will enquire
Into a Victory, which we disdain ;
Then let them know, the *Belgians* did retire
(x) Before the Patron Saint of injur'd *Spain*.
CXCVIII.

Repenting *England* this revengeful Day
(y) To *Philip's* Manes did an Off'ring bring :
England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up Rebellion to destroy her King.
CXCIX.

Our Fathers bent their baneful Industry,
To check a Monarchy that slowly grew :
But did not *France* or *Holland's* Fate foresee,
Whose rising Pow'r to swift Dominion flew.
CC.

In Fortune's Empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless Destiny ;
Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.
CCI.

But what-e'er *Englifo* to the Bless'd shall go,
And the fourth *Harry* or first *Orange* meet ;

(x) Patron Saint:] *St. James*, on whose Day this Victory was gained.

(y) *Philip's Manes*] *Philip the Second of Spain*, against whom the *Hollanders* rebelling, were aided by *Queen Elizabeth*.
Fin

Find *him* disowning of a *Bourbon* Foe,
 And *him* detelling a *Batavian* Fleet.
 CCII.

Now on their Coasts our conqu'ring Navy rides,
 Way-lays their Merchants, and their Land besets;
 Each Day new Wealth without their Care provides;
 They lie asleep with Prizes in their Nets.
 CCIII.

So close behind some Promontory lie
 The huge Leviathans, t' attend their Prey;
 And give no Chace, but swallow in the Frie,
 Which through their gaping Jaws mistake the way.
 CCIV.

Nor was this all: * In Ports and Roads remote,
 Destructive Fires among whole Fleets we send;
 Triumphant Flames upon the Water float,
 And out-bound Ships at Home their Voyage end.
 CCV.

Those various Squadrons, variously design'd,
 Each Vessel freighted with a several Load,
 Each Squadron waiting for a several Wind,
 All find but one, to burn them in the Road.
 CCVI.

Some, bound for *Guinea*, golden Sand to find,
 Bore all the Gauds the simple Natives wear;
 Some, for the Pride of *Turkish* Courts design'd,
 For folded *Turbants* finest *Holland* bear.
 CCVII.

Some *English* Wool, vex'd in a *Belgian* Loom,
 And into Cloth of spungy softness made,
 Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,
 To ruin with worse Ware our Staple Trade.

* *Evening of the Fleet, in the Vly, by Sir Robert Hoimes.*
 CCVIII.

CCVIII.

Our greedy Seamen rummage every Hold,
Smile on the Booty of each wealthier Chest ;
And, as the Priests, who with their Gods make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

CCIX.

* But ah ! how un sincere are all our Joys !
Which, sent from Heav'n, like Light'ning make
Their palling Taste the Journey's Length destroys,
Or Grief, sent Post, o'ertakes them on the way.

CCX.

Swell'd with our late Successes on the Foe,
Which *France* and *Holland* wanted Pow'r to cross,
We urge an unseen Fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious Eyes with *Engliss* Loss.

CCXI.

Each Element his dread Command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a Smile or Frown ;
Who, as by one he did our Nation raise,
So, now, he with another pulls us down.

CCXII.

Yet, *London*, Empress of the Northern Clime,
By an high Fate thou greatly didst expire ;
(z) Great as the World's, which, at the Death of Time,
Must fall, and rise a nobler Frame by Fire.

CCXIII.

As when some dire Usurper Heav'n provides,
To scourge his Country with a lawless Sway ;
His Birth, perhaps, some petty Village hides,
And sets his Cradle out of Fortune's way.

* Transition to the Fire of London.

(z) Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia
Ardeat, &c. Ovid.

CCXIV

CCXIV.

Till fully ripe, his swelling Fate breaks out,
 And hurries him to mighty Mischiefs on :
 His Prince, surpriz'd at first, no Ill could doubt,
 And wants the Pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

CCXV.

Such was the Rise of this prodigious Fire,
 Which, in mean Buildings first obscurely bred,
 From thence did soon to open Streets aspire,
 And straight to Palaces and Temples spread.

CCXVI.

The diligence of Trades and noiseful Gain,
 And Luxury, more late, asleep were laid :
 All was the Night's, and, in her silent reign,
 No Sound the rest of Nature did invade.

CCXVII.

In this deep Quiet, from what Source unknown,
 Those Seeds of Fire their fatal Birth disclose ;
 And, first, few scatt'ring Sparks about were blown,
 Big with the Flames that to our Ruin rose.

CCXVIII.

Then in some close-pent Room it crept along,
 And, mouldring as it went, in silence fed ;
 Till th' Infant Monster, with devouring strong,
 Walk'd boldly upright with exalted Head.

CCXIX.

Now, like some rich or mighty Murderer,
 Too great for Prison, which he breaks with Gold ;
 Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
 And dares the World to tax him with the old :

CCXX.

So scapes th' insulting Fire his narrow Jail,
 And makes small out-lets into open Air :
 There the fierce Winds his tender Force assail,
 And beat him downward to his first repair.

CCXXI.

CCXXI.

(a) The Winds, like crafty Courtézans, withheld
His Flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And, every fresh Attempt, he is repell'd
With faint Denials, weaker than before.

CCXXII.

And now, no longer lett'd of his Prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd Desire ;
O'erlooks the Neighbours with a wide Survey,
And nods at ev'ry House his threatening Fire.

CCXXIII.

The Ghosts of Traitors from the *Bridge* descend,
With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoice :
About the Fire into a Dance they bend,
And sing their Sabbath Notes with feeble Voice.

CCXXIV.

Our Guardian Angel saw them where they sat
Above the Palace of our slumb'ring King :
He sigh'd, abandoning his Charge to Fate,
And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the Wing.

CCXXV.

At length, the crackling Noise and dreadful Blaze
Call'd up some waking Lover to the fight ;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy Eyelids yet were full of Night.

CCXXVI.

The next to Danger, hot pursu'd by Fate,
Half cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire :
And frighted Mothers strike their Breasts, too late,
For helpless Infants left amidst the Fire.

CCXXVII.

Their Cries soon waken all the Dwellers near ;
Now murmuring Noises rise in ev'ry Street :

(a) Like crafty, &c.] Hac arte tractabat cupidum vitium
illius animam inopia accenderet.

The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And, in the dark, Men juttle as they meet.

CCXXVIII.

So weary Bees in little Cells repose :

But, if Night-Robbers lift the well-stor'd Hive,
An humming through their waxen City grows,
And out upon each other's Wings they drive.

CCXXIX.

Now Streets grow throng'd and busy as by Day:

Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire :
Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines play ;
And some more bold mount Ladders to the Fire.

CCXXX.

In vain : For, from the East, a *Belgian* Wind
His hostile Breath through the dry Rafters sent ;
The Flames impell'd soon left their Foes behind,
And forward, with a wanton Fury, went.

CCXXXI.

A Key of Fire ran all along the Shore,
(b) And lighten'd all the River with a Blaze :
The waken'd Tides began again to roar,
And wond'ring Fish in shining Waters gaze.

CCXXXII.

Old Father *Thames* rais'd up his Rev'rend Head,
But fear'd the Fate of *Simois* would return :
Deep in his Ooze he fought his sedy Bed,
And shrunk his Waters back into his Urn.

CCXXXIII.

The Fire, mean-time, walks in a broader grofs ;
To either Hand his Wings he opens wide :
He wades the Streets, and straight he reaches crofs,
And plays his longing Flames on th' other side.

(b) *Sigaa igni fracta lata relucet. Virg.*

CCXXXIV.

CCXXXIV.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
 Now with long Necks from side to side they feed;
 At length, grown strong, their Mother-fire forsake,
 And a new Colony of Flames succeed.

CCXXXV.

To every nobler Portion of the Town
 The curling Billows roul their restless Tide :
 In Parties now they straggle up and down,
 As Armies, unoppos'd, for Prey divide.

CCXXXVI.

One mighty Squadron, with a Side-wind sped,
 Through narrow Lanes his cumber'd Fire does haste,
 By pow'rful charms of Gold and Silver led,
 The Lombard Bankers and the *Change* to waste.

CCXXXVII.

Another backward to the *Tow'r* would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the Wind :
 But the main Body of the marching Foe
 Against th' Imperial Palace is design'd.

CCXXXVIII.

Now Day appears, and with the Day the King,
 Whose early Care had robb'd him of his Rest :
 Far off the Cracks of falling Houses ring,
 And Shrieks of Subjects pierce his tender Breast.

CCXXXIX.

Near as he draws, thick Harbingers of Smoke,
 With gloomy Pillars, cover all the Place ;
 Whose little Intervals of Night are broke
 By Sparks that drive against his Sacred Face.

CCXL.

More than his Guards his Sorrows made him known,
 And pious Tears which down his Checks did show'r :

CCXXXIX

The Wretched in his Grief forgot their own ;
 So much the Pity of a King has Pow'r.

CCXLI.

He wept the Flames of what he lov'd so well,
 And what so well had merited his Love :
 For never Prince in Grace did more excel,
 Or Royal City more in Duty strove.

CCXLII.

Nor with an idle Care did he behold :
 (Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must redress ;)
 He hears the Fearful, and commends the Bold,
 And makes Despairers hope for good Success.

CCXLIII.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
 And orders all the Succours which they bring :
 The Helpful and the Good about him run,
 And form an Army worthy such a King.

CCXLIV.

He sees the dire Contagion spread so fast,
 That, where it seizes, all Relief is vain :
 And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
 That Country, which would, else, the Foe maintain.

CCXLV.

The Powder blows up all before the Fire :
 Th' amazed Flames stand gather'd on a heap ;
 And from the Precipice's brink retire,
 Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

CCXLVI.

Thus fighting Fires a-while themselves consume,
 But straight, like *Turks*, forc'd on to win or die,
 They first lay tender Bridges of their fume,
 And o'er the Breach in unctuous Vapours fly.

CCXLVII.

But stay for Passage, 'till a gust of Wind
 Ships o'er their Forces in a shining Sheet :



Part, creeping under Ground, their Journey blind,
And climbing from below, their Fellows meet.

CCXLVIII.

Thus, to some desert Plain, or old Wood-side,
Dire Night-hags come from far, to dance their round;
And o'er broad Rivers on their Fiends they ride,
Or sweep in Clouds above the blasted Ground.

CCXLIX.

No help avails : For, *Hydra*-like, the Fire
Lifts up his hundred Heads, to aim his way :
And scarce the Wealthy can one half retire,
Before he rushes in to share the Prey.

CCL.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud :
Those offer mighty Gain, and these ask more :
So void of pity is th' ignoble Crowd,
When others Ruin may increase their Store.

CCLI.

As those, who live by Shores, with Joy behold
Some wealthy Vessel split or stranded nigh ;
And from the Rocks, leap down for Shipwreck'd Gold,
And seek the Tempests which the others fly :

CCLII.

So these but wait the Owners last Despair,
And what's permitted to the Flames invade ;
E'en from their Jaws they hungry Morfels tear,
And, on their Backs, the Spoils of *Vulcan* lade.

CCLIII.

The Days were all in this lost Labour spent ;
And when the weary King gave place to Night,
His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective Light.

CCLIV.

Night came, but without Darkness or Repose,
A dismal Picture of the gen'ral Doom ;

When

Where Souls distracted, when the Trumpet blows,
And half unready with their Bodies, come.

CCLV.

Those, who have Homes, when Home they do repair,
To a last Lodging call their wand'ring Friends:
Their short uneasy Sleeps are broke with Care,
To look how near their own Destruction tends.

CCLVI.

Those, who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full Eyes each wonted Room require:
Haunting the yet warm Ashes of the Place,
As murder'd Men walk where they did expire.

CCLVII.

Some stir up Coals, and watch the Vestal Fire,
Others in vain from sight of Ruin run;
And, while through burning Lab'rins they retire,
With loathing Eyes repeat what they would shun.

CCLVIII.

The most, in Fields, like herded Beasts, lie down,
To Dews obnoxious, on the grassy Floor;
And, while their Babes in Sleep their Sorrows drown,
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their Store.

CCLIX.

While by the Motion of the Flames they guess
What Streets are burning now, and what are near,
An Infant, waking, to the Paps would press,
And meets, instead of Milk, a falling Tear.

CCLX.

No Thought can ease them but their Sov'reign's Care,
Whose Praise th' Afflicted as their Comfort sing:
E'en those, whom Want might drive to just Despair,
Think Life's a Blessing under such a King.

CCLXI.

Mean-time he sadly suffers in their Grief,
Out weeps an Hermit, and out prays a Saint:



All the long Night he studies their Relief,
How they may be supply'd, and he may want.

CCLXII.

* O God, said he, thou Patron of my Days,
Guide of my Youth in Exile and Distress!
Who me unfriended brought't, by wond'rous ways,
The Kingdom of my Fathers to possess:

CCLXIII.

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied Care
I since have labour'd for my People's good;
To bind the Bruises of a Civil War,
And stop the Issues of their wasting Blood.

CCLXIV.

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the Ill,
And recompense, as Friends, the Good mis-led;
If Mercy be a Precept of thy Will,
Return that Mercy on thy Servant's Head.

CCLXV.

Or, if my heedless Youth has step'd astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious Hand;
On me alone thy just Displeasure lay,
But take thy Judgments from this mourning Land.

CCLXVI.

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble Earth from whence at first we came:
Like flying Shades before the Clouds we shew,
And shrink like Parchment in consuming Flame.

CCLXVII.

© let it be enough what thou hast done;
When spotted Deaths ran arm'd through ev'ry Street,
With poison'd Darts, which not the Good could shun,
The Speedy could out-fly, or Valiant meet.

CCLXVIII.

The living few, and frequent Funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy Wrath on this forsaken Place:

* King's Prayer.

And

And now those few, who are return'd agen,
Thy searching Judgments to their Dwellings trace.

CCLXIX.

O pass not, Lord, an absolute Decree,
Or bind thy Sentence unconditional:
But in thy Sentence our Remorse foresee,
And, in that Foresight, this thy Doom recal.

CCLXX.

Thy Threatnings, Lord, as thine, thou may'st revoke:
But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,
Continue still thy self to give the Stroke,
And let not foreign Foes oppress thy Land.

CCLXXI.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quire
Chose out the Cherub with the flaming Sword;
And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching Fire
From where our Naval Magazines were stor'd.

CCLXXII.

The Blessed Minister his Wings display'd,
And like a shooting Star he cleft the Night:
He charg'd the Flames, and those that disobey'd
He lash'd to Duty with his Sword of Light.

CCLXXIII.

The fugitive Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd;
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,
Ere Faith in Churchmen without Works was heard.

CCLXXIV.

The wanting Orphans saw, with wat'ry Eyes,
Their Founders Charity in Dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer'd Cries:
For he protects the Poor who made them so.

CCLXXV.

Nor could thy Fabrick, *Paul's*, defend thee long,
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Maker's Praise:

F 3

Though

Though made Immortal by a Poet's Song ;
 And Poets Songs the *Theban* Walls could raise.
 CCLXXVI.

The daring Flames peep'd in, and saw from far
 The awful Beauties of the sacred Quire :
 But since it was prophan'd by Civil War,
 Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by Fire.
 CCLXXVII.

Now down the narrow Streets it swiftly came,
 And, widely opening, did on both sides prey :
 This Benefit we sadly owe the Flame,
 If only Ruin must enlarge our way.
 CCLXXVIII.

And, now, four Days the Sun had seen our Woes :
 Four Nights the Moon beheld th' incessant Fire:
 It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,
 And farther from the sev'rish North retire.
 CCLXXIX.

In th' Empyrean Heav'n, the Bless'd Abode,
 The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,
 Not daring to behold their angry God ;
 And an hush'd Silence damps the tuneful Sky.
 CCLXXX.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying Eye,
 And Mercy softly touch'd his melting Breast :
 He saw the Town's one half in Rubbish lie,
 And eager Flames drive on to storm the rest.
 CCLXXXI.

An hollow crystal Pyramid he takes,
 In firmamental Waters dipt above ;
 Of it a broad Extinguisher he makes,
 And hoods the Flames that to their Quarry strove.

CCLXXXII

CCLXXXII.

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every Place,
 Or, full with feeding, sink into a Sleep:
 Each household Genius shews again his Face,
 And from the Hearths the little *Lares* creep.

CCLXXXIII.

Our King this more than natural Change beholds;
 With sober Joy his Heart and Eyes abound:
 To the All-good his lifted Hands he folds,
 And thanks him low on his redeemed Ground.

CCLXXXIV.

As when sharp Frosts had long constrain'd the Earth,
 A kindly Thaw unlocks it with cold Rain;
 And first the tender Blade peeps up to Birth, [Grain:
 And straight the green Fields laugh with promis'd

CCLXXXV.

By such Degrees the spreading Gladness grew
 In every Heart, which Fear had froze before:
 The standing Streets with so much Joy they view,
 That with less Grief the Perish'd they deplore.

CCLXXXVI.

The Father of the People open'd wide
 His Stores, and all the Poor with Plenty fed:
 Thus God's Anointed God's own Place supply'd,
 And fill'd the Empty with his daily Bread.

CCLXXXVII.

This Royal Bounty brought its own Reward,
 And in their Minds so deep did print the Sense;
 That, if their Ruins sadly they regard,
 'Tis but with Fear, the Sight might drive him thence.

CCLXXXVIII.

* But so may he live long, that Town to sway,
 Which by his Auspice they will nobler make,

* *City's Request to the King not to leave them.*

As he will hatch their Ashes by his Stay,
And not their humble Ruins now forsake.

CCLXXXIX.

They have not lost their Loyalty by Fire;
Nor is their Courage or their Wealth so low,
That from his Wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the Pity of a vanquish'd Foe.

CCXC.

Not with more Constancy the *Jews* of old,
By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile sent,
Their Royal City did in Dust behold,
Or with more Vigour to rebuild it went.

CCXCI.

The utmost Malice of the Stars is past,
And two dire Comets, which have scourg'd the Town,
In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd their last,
Or, dimly, in their sinking Sockets frown.

CCXCII.

Now frequent Trines the happier Lights among,
And high-rai'd *Jove* from his dark Prison freed,
(Those Weights took off that on his Planet hung)
Will gloriously the new-laid Works succeed.

CCXCIII.

Methinks already, from this Chymick Flame,
I see a City of more precious Mold:
Rich as the Town which gives the (c) *Indies* Name,
With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

CCXCIV.

Already, labouring with a mighty Fate,
She shakes the Rubbish from her mounting Brow,
And seems to have renew'd her Charter's date,
Which Heav'n will to the Death of Time allow.

(c) Mexico.

CCXCV.

CCXCV.

More great than human, now, and more (d) *August*,
 New deified she from her Fires does rise :
 Her widening Streets on new Foundations trust,
 And, opening, into larger Parts she flies.

CCXCVI.

Before, she like some Shepherdes did show,
 Who fat to bathe her by a River's side ;
 Not answering to her Fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous Arts of modern Pride.

CCXCVII.

Now, like a Maiden Queen, she will behold,
 From her high Turrets, hourly Suitors come :
 The East with Incense, and the West with Gold,
 Will stand, like Suppliants, to receive her Doom.

CCXCVIII.

The silent *Thames*, her own domestick Flood,
 Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Train ;
 And often wind, as of his Mistress proud,
 With longing Eyes to meet her Face again.

CCXCIX.

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,
 The Glory of their Towns no more shall boast,
 And *Sein*, that would with *Belgian* Rivers join,
 Shall find her Lustre stain'd, and Traffick lost.

CCC.

The vent'rous Merchant, who design'd more far,
 And touches on our hospitable Shore,
 Charm'd with the Splendor of this Northern Star,
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

CCCI.

Our powerful Navy shall no longer meet,
 The Wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade :

(d) *Augusta*, the old Name of London.

