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A

Pindaric ODE

UPON THE

DEATH

OF

Her Late MAJESTY

Queen ANNE,

Of Blessed MEMORY.

*Quis Desiderio sit Pudor aut Modus
Tam chari Capitis. Hor.*

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Queen ANNE.

I.

THE sable Mantle of the low'ring Night
Had screen'd from Men the Beams of Light,
When gentle Sleep had seiz'd each Breast,
And Nature's self sunk down to Rest;
I slumber'd for awhile,
But soon the Mimick Fancy did my Thoughts beguile.

Methoughts

Methoughts a Noble Oak there stood,
The Chief Protector of the Wood,

Under whose extended Shade
The ever happy Shepherds play'd,
Their tender Lambs securely stray'd,
Such was the Ease by Heaven made.

There as I supinely lay,
I saw th' impet'ous Hurricanes contend,
With all the Rage the Winds could send,
And circling Eddies round me play.
Alas! at length it fell. But oh! how great!
Strain'd by the Torrent of resistless Fate,
Its lofty Top was levell'd with the Ground,
And agonizing Nature sicken'd at the Wound.
Thus fell the Beauty of the Wood, and all
Who shar'd its Refuge, share its Fall.
But when I wak'd to fresher Care,
I knew not what to wish or what to fear.
Born on the gloomy Wings of rapid Fame,
Too soon the blasting Horror came:
PALES is dead! What Muse shall tell
How great, how like Herself she fell!

PALES is dead as far as She could die;
And only lives in Memory.

II.

Ye Sons of LEVI, all around,
With Cypress bound,
Adorn the Herse
With never dying Verse,
And let the vaulted Roofs her Praise resound.
But see each Swain in black Despair
Beats the Ground, and tears his Hair;
Then struck with a Lethargy of Woe,
Their Icy Tears forget to flow,
And all, like NIOBE, to Marble grow.
So ISRAEL to Exile sent,
Mourning fore their Banishment,
What their Golden Harps deny'd,
With Tears and silent Grief supply'd.

III.

Ye Friends of HELICON, lament and mourn,
And all your Numbers to sad Dirges turn;
PALES is gone, the noblest Theme,
The Patroness of you and them;

In whom all Excellence was found,
 In whom each Grace and Virtue did abound,
 All to be valu'd or desir'd,
 All to be imitated or admir'd.

Alas! my Thoughts among her virtuous Beams
 Are lost, as shallow Brooks in deeper Streams.
 In vain we give the Tribute of our Eyes;
 'T' express so great a Loss a Deluge can't suffice.

By Magic Sounds, as DAVID'S Lyre
 (Sounds that could gentle Thoughts inspire)
 Did frantick SAUL'S wild Rage controul,
 And tun'd the Frenzy of his Soul;

In alternate Measures so,
 As wavy Passions ebb and flow,
 While we pay Tribute to Her Herse,
 We calm our raging Grief, and sooth our Cares with Verse.

IV.

The THRACIAN Bard, as Poets tell,
 By Musick's Pow'r went down to Hell.

See! Th' Infernal Hound

Listens to the Sound;

ALECTO'S Snakes their Curls unknit,
 Nor think Revenge so sweet as it;

SISYPH'S

SISYPH'S restless Rock stands still,
 IXION leans attentive on his Wheel ;
 TANTALUS rejects his silent Stream,
 And thinks his Thirst was but a Dream ;
 The glitt'ring Spectres leave the Myrtle Grove,
 The pleasing Sounds
 Increase their Wounds,
 Blow up Desire,
 And unextinguishable Fire,
 Sounds moving Pity, moving Love.
 So while his tuneful Harp his Loss deplor'd,
 The once relentless God
 Soon gave a Nod,
 And soon his Loss restor'd.
 To our CECILIA greater Pow'r is giv'n,
 ORPHEUS by Charms went down to Hell, by Charms She
 [went to Heaven]

F I N I S.