
T O
Mr. Henry Bendish.

August 24. 1705.

Dear S I R,

THE following Song was yours when first compos'd : The Muse then described the general Fate of Mankind, that is, to be Ill-match'd : And now she rejoyces that you have escaped the common Mischief, and that your Soul has found its own Mate. Let this Ode then Congratulate you Both : Grow mutually in more compleat Likeness and Love ; Persevere and be Happy : Accept from the Press what the Pen more privately inscribed to you.

The

The *Indian* Philosopher,

OR

Matches made Above,
But Broke in coming down.

September 3. 1701.

I.

WHY should our Joys transform to Pain?
Why gentle *Hymen's* Silken Chain

A Plague of Iron prove?

BENDISH, 'tis strange the Charm that binds
Millions of Hands should leave their Minds
At such a loose from Love.

II.

In vain I fought the wondrous Cause,
Rang'd the wide Fields of Natures Laws,
And urg'd the Schools in vain;

Then

Then deep in Thought, within my Breast
My Soul retir'd, and Slumber drest
A bright Instructive Scene.

III.

O're the broad Lands and 'cross the Tide
On Fancies Airy Horse I ride,

(Sweet Rapture of the Mind)

Till on the Banks of *Ganges* Flood
In a tall Ancient Grove I stood
For Sacred Use design'd.

IV.

Hard by a Venerable Priest
Ris'n with his God the Sun from Rest
Awoke his Morning-Song ;
Thrice he conjur'd the Murm'ring Stream ;
The Birth of Souls was all his Theme,
And half Divine his Tongue.

V.

“ He Sang th' Eternal rolling Flame,
“ That Vital Mass, that still the same
“ Does all our Minds compose ;

“ But shap’d in twice ten thousand Frames,
“ Thence differing Souls of differing Names,
“ And Jarring Tempers rose.

V I.

“ The mighty Power that form’d the Mind
“ One Mould for every Two design’d,
“ And blest’d the New-born Pair :
“ This be a Match for This, he said,
“ Then down he sent the Souls he made
“ To seek them Bodies here :

V I I.

“ But parting from their warm Abode
“ They lost their Fellows on the Road,
“ And never joyn’d their Hands :
“ Ah cruel Chance, and crossing Fates !
“ Our *Eastern* Souls have dropt their Mates
“ On *Europes* Barbarous Lands.

V I I I.

“ Happy the Youth that finds the Bride
“ Whose Birth is to his own ally’d,
“ The Sweetest Joy of Life :

“ But

“ But Oh the Crowds of Wretched Souls

“ Fetter'd to Minds of different Moulds,

“ And chain'd t' Eternal Strife !

I X.

Thus Sang the wondrous *Indian* Bard,

My Soul with vast Attention heard,

While *Ganges* ceas'd to flow :

“ Sure then, I cry'd, might I but see

“ That gentle Nymph that twinn'd with me,

“ I may be Happy too.

X.

“ Some Courteous Angel tell me where,

“ What distant Lands this unknown Fair

“ Or distant Seas detain ?

“ Swift as the Wheel of Nature rolls

“ I'de fly to meet and mingle Souls,

“ And wear the Joyful Chain.