

F R A G M E N T.

SO here confin'd, and but to female Clay,
 ARDELLA's Soul mistook the rightful Way;
 Whilst the soft Breeze of Pleasure's tempting Air
 Made her believe, Felicity was there ;
 And basking in the warmth of early Time,
 To vain Amusements dedicate her Prime.
 Ambition next allur'd her tow'ring Eye ;
 For Paradise she heard was plac'd on high,
 Then thought, the Court with all its glorious Show
 Was sure above the rest, and Paradice below.
 There plac'd too soon the flaming Sword appear'd,
 Remov'd those Pow'r's, whom justly She rever'd,
 Adher'd too in their Wreck, and in their Ruin
 [Shard.]

Now by the Wheels inevitable Round,
 With them thrown prostrate to the humble Ground,
 No more she takes (infructed by that Fall)
 For fix'd, or worth her thought, this rolling Ball;

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rate to the humble Ground,
structed by that Fall)
Tow'rds

Miscellany POEMS.

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Tow'rds a more certain Station she aspires,
Unshaken by Revolts, and owns no less Desires.
But all in vain are Pray'rs, extatrick Thoughts,
Recover'd Moments, and retracted Faults,
Retirement, which the World *Moresenes* calls,
Abandon'd Pleasures in Monastick || Walls :
These, but at distance, towards that purpose tend,
The lowly Means to an exalted End ;
Which He must perfect, who allots her Stay,
And That, accomplish'd, will direct the way.
Pity her restless Cares, and weary Strife,
And point some Issue to escaping Life ;
Which so dismiss'd, no Pen or Human Speech
Th' ineffable Recess can ever teach :
Th' Expanse, the Light, the Harmony, the Throng,
The Bride's Attendance, and the Bridal Song,
The numerous Mansions, and th' immortal Tree,
No Eye, unpurg'd by Death, must ever see,

|| *Wye* Colledge in Kent, formerly a Priory.

Or

Or Waves which through that wond'rous City roll,
Rest then content, my too impatient Soul ;
Observe but here the easie Precepts given,
Then wait with cheerful hope, till Heaven be
[known in Heaven.

*P S A L M the 137th, Paraphras'd
to the 7th Verse.*

Proud Babylon ! Thou saw'st us weep;
Euphrates, as he pass'd along,
Saw, on his Banks, the Sacred Throng
A heavy, solemn Mourning keep.
Sad Captives to thy Sons, and Thee,
When nothing but our Tears were Free !

A Song of *Sion* they require,
And from the neigh'ring Trees to take
Each Man his dumb, neglected Lyre,
And cheerful Sounds on them awake :
But cheerful Sounds the Strings refuse,
Nor will their Masters Griefs abuse.

How

How can We,
Here, in a fit
Lest we provok
A Name, the
And with rent
Above whate'er

How can We,
Here, in a fit
Lest we provok
A Name, the
And with rent
Above whate'er

*The Battle betwixt
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