An ODE.

Preſented to the KING, *on his* MAJESTY's *Arrival in* HOLLAND, AFTER THE QUEEN's DEATH. 1695.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.

I.

AT MARY's Tomb, (ſad, ſacred Place!)
The Virtues ſhall their Vigils keep:
And every Muſe, and every Grace
In ſolemn State ſhall ever weep.

II.

The future, pious, mournful Fair,
Oft as the rolling Years return,
With fragrant Wreaths, and flowing Hair,
Shall viſit Her diſtinguiſh'd Urn.

III.

For Her the Wife and Great ſhall mourn;
When late Records her Deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and Men unborn
Shall bleſs her Name, and ſigh her Fate.

IV.

Fair ALBION ſhall, with faithful Truſt,
  Her holy Queen's ſad Reliques guard;
'Till Heav'n awakes the precious Duſt,
  And gives the Saint her full Reward.

V.

But let the King diſmiſs his Woes,
  Reflecting on his fair Renown;
And take the Cypreſs from his Brows,
  To put his wonted Lawrels on.

VI.

If preſt by Grief our Monarch ſtoops;
  In vain the BRITISH Lions roar:
If He, whoſe Hand ſuſtain'd them, droops;
  The BELGIC Darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattel'd Princes wait the Chief,
  Whoſe Voice ſhould rule, whoſe Arm ſhould lead;
And, in kind Murmurs, chide That Grief,
  Which hinders EUROPE being freed.

VIII.

The great Example They demand,
  Who ſtill to Conqueſt led the Way;
Wiſhing Him preſent to Command,
  As They ſtand ready to Obey.

IX.

They ſeek That Joy, which us'd to glow,
  Expanded on the Hero's Face;
When the thick Squadrons preſt the Foe,
  And WILLIAM led the glorious Chace.

X. To

X.

To give the mourning Nations Joy,
Reſtore Them Thy auſpicious Light,
Great Sun: with radiant Beams deſtroy
Thoſe Clouds, which keep Thee from our Sight.

XI.

Let Thy ſublime Meridian Courſe
For MARY's ſetting Rays attone:
Our Luſtre, with redoubl'd Force,
Muſt now proceed from Thee alone.

XII.

See, Pious King, with diff'rent Strife
Thy ſtruggling ALBION's Boſom torn:
So much She fears for WILLIAM's Life,
That MARY's Fate She dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her Beauty, in thy ſofter Half
Bury'd and loſt, She ought to grieve:
But let her Strength in Thee be ſafe:
And let Her weep; but let Her live.

XIV.

Thou, Guardian Angel, ſave the Land
From thy own Grief, her fierceſt Foe;
Leſt BRITAIN, reſcu'd by Thy Hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath Thy Woe.

XV.

Her former Triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new Trophies ſtill be ſought;
And hoary Majeſty ſuſtain
The Battels, which Thy Youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all That fearful Love,
Which made Her hate the War's Alarms?
That ſoft Exceſs, with which She ſtrove
To keep her Hero in her Arms?

XVII.

While ſtill She chid the coming Spring,
Which call'd Him o'er his ſubject Seas:
While, for the Safety of the King,
She wiſh'd the Victor's Glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad BRITAIN now
Haſtens her Lord to Foreign Wars:
Happy, if Toils may break his Woe;
Or Danger may divert his Cares.

XIX.

In Martial Din She drowns her Sighs,
Leſt He the riſing Grief ſhould hear:
She pulls her Helmet o'er her Eyes,
Leſt He ſhould ſee the falling Tear.

XX.

Go, mighty Prince, let FRANCE be taught,
How conſtant Minds by Grief are try'd;
How great the Land, that wept and fought,
When WILLIAM led, and MARY dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the Battel make it known,
Where Death with all His Darts is ſeen,
That He can touch thy Heart with None,
But That which ſtruck the Beauteous Queen.

XXII.

BELGIA indulg'd her open Grief,
While yet her Maſter was not near;
With ſullen Pride refus'd Relief,
And ſat Obdurate in Deſpair.

XXIII.

As Waters from her Sluces, flow'd
Unbounded Sorrow from her Eyes:
To Earth her bended Front She bow'd,
And ſent her Wailings to the Skies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious Lord return'd;
Rais'd is her Head; her Eyes are dry'd:
She ſmiles, as WILLIAM ne'er had mourn'd:
She looks, as MARY ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That Freedom which all Sorrows claim,
She does for Thy Content reſign:
Her Piety itſelf would blame;
If Her Regrets ſhould waken Thine.

XXVI.

To cure Thy Woe, She ſhews Thy Fame;
Leſt the great Mourner ſhould forget,
That all the Race, whence ORANGE came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

WILLIAM His Country's Cauſe could fight,
And with His Blood Her Freedom ſeal:
MAURICE and HENRRY guard that Right,
For which Their pious Parents fell.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

How Heroes riſe, how Patriots ſet,
Thy Father's Bloom and Death may tell:
Excelling Others Theſe were Great:
Thou, greater ſtill, muſt Theſe excell.

XXIX.

The laſt fair Inſtance Thou muſt give,
Whence NASSAU's Virtue can be try'd;
And ſhew the World, that Thou can'ſt live
Intrepid, as Thy Conſort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy Virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs Force
No dire Event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on it's deſtin'd Courſe;
Tho' Death and Envy ſtop the Way.

XXXI.

For BRITAIN's Sake, for BELGIA's, live:
Pierc'd by Their Grief forget Thy own:
New Toils endure; new Conqueſt give;
And bring Them Eaſe, tho' Thou haſt None.

XXXII.

Vanquiſh again; tho' She be gone,
Whoſe Garland crown'd the Victor's Hair:
And Reign; tho' She has left the Throne,
Who made Thy Glory worth Thy Care.

XXXIII.

Fair BRITAIN never yet before
Breath'd to her King a uſeleſs Pray'r:
Fond BELGIA never did implore,
While WILLIAM turn'd averſe His Ear.

XXXIV. *But*

XXXIV.

But ſhould the weeping Hero now
Relentleſs to Their Wiſhes prove;
Should He recall, with pleaſing Woe,
The Object of his Grief and Love;

XXXV.

Her Face with thouſand Beauties bleſt,
Her Mind with thouſand Virtues ſtor'd,
Her Pow'r with boundleſs Joy confeſt,
Her Perſon only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his Sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his Paſſions to abate:
If the great Mourner would reflect,
Her Glory in her Death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was inſtructed to command,
Great King, by long obeying Thee:
Her Scepter, guided by Thy Hand,
Preſerv'd the Iſles, and Rul'd the Sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her Life
O'er Earth and Water bears thy Fame:
In Death, 'twas worthy WILLIAM's Wife,
Amidſt the Stars to fix his Name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives it's Forms, Thy Virtues rowl:
From MARY's Glory, Angels trace
The Beauty of her Part'ner's Soul.

XL.

Wiſe Fate, which does it's Heav'n decree
To Heroes, when They yield their Breath,
Haſtens Thy Triumph. Half of Thee
Is Deify'd before thy Death.

XLI.

Alone to thy Renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro' all Worlds to go:
While She great Saint rejoices Heav'n;
And Thou ſuſtain'ſt the Orb below.

IN
IMITATION
OF
ANACREON.

LET 'em Cenſure: what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defie.
Let the Wretches know, I write
Regardleſs of their Grace, or Spight.
No, no: the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song.
All that They approve is ſweet:
And All is Senſe, that They repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire:
VENUS, String thy Servant's Lyre:

Love